Modern AU crossover with the Terminator series. On the hunt for revenge, FBI agent Arya Stark finds more than she bargained for when she saves a high-end escort carrying a secret worth killing for. The world starts to shift as technology advances, and an ancient empire revives, bringing with it long forgotten power.
Terminators in the story (Cameron / Candice (OC)) are a blend of the classic terminator and the movie Demon Seed. The title of the movie totally belies the content of the movie.

AN #2: It will first be Daenerys & Missandei and later Arya as an OT3.

AN #3: It will have Carmilla / Laura / Danny from Carmilla web series as an OT3. Later in story.
Revenge

That Which Survives

Revenge

The college student walked down the road, in the student housing district of Stormlands University on the outskirts of King’s Landing. Snow blew into her face as it picked up force. Finally, in January, winter had arrived. She walked with her head down, and adjusted her blue L.L. Bean turbo transit backpack on her back. The weight was heavy, and bit into her shoulder. She kept to the sidewalk in front of houses that were rented out to students, and the classic quad apartments.

The woman pulled her black North Face jacket tighter to her body, her black beanie pulled half way down the sides of her head. Her bangs plastered to her forehead, her short hair leaving her ears uncovered, along with the mussed hair of her nape in the back.

A line of cars were parallel parked on the road beside the sidewalk the woman walked down in the early evening. The street lights made the large, blowing snowflakes appear like dancing faeries as they blew through the cones of light from the streetlight bulbs. She approached a bland Tywin Ford 350 paneled Van. The woman smiled, seeing the boring beige color. Why was it that all the organizations used the same fucking model, and worse, the same boring colors? Was originality simply not allowed? Gods, knew she had sat in this van’s twins too many times.

She reached the van, adjusting her straps and juked to the left, her left hand reaching out and gently placing a strip of duck-tape on the van. The woman quickly scooted between bumpers, and placed a second piece on the van. The surveillance cameras for the van’s six o’clock were now blinded. Her left hand went back into the pocket of her jacket, wrapping around the Glock-19 with its Solberg SLCRT100 silencer attached. She waited. She looked around at all the quadrants of the clock. She saw nothing amiss.

The hunter had become the hunted. They were focused on their mission, and not their ‘six’.

The woman pulled a device out of her right jacket pocket, and placed it near the rear lock. The device scanned the infrared codes of Ford vehicles. After thirteen seconds, her device’s LED that had been flashing red turned steady green. She had to trust her instincts. She shed her backpack, and placed it on the ground pressed partially underneath the rear fender. She squatted down slowly. She put her gun on the ground, which she followed after. The woman lay out flat and scooted underneath the van, bringing her gun with her.

She stared up at the heat shield. The woman opened her fanny pack and pulled out a zirconium cast syringe, and slowly squeezed out acid onto the heat shield staring her in the face. She completed the circle. The cut metal fell onto her chest. She put the syringe back away, then gripped the metal, making sure not to touch the acid-cut edges as she put the metal quietly on the road beside her. She pulled out her digitally enhanced Net Bionic Ear Hearing Device. She attached it to the underside of the floor of the van, and put the earbuds in her ears.

After five minutes, the woman decided that she had heard enough. There were three voices conversing about the routine, boring mission they were on. They mentioned the upcoming ‘show’. Yes. That was confirmation her mark was in the house, or at least moving towards it. The van had the standard surveillance team inside, to support operatives in the field for low risk missions. They had
mission control, with a support vehicle near the kill site for direct support if necessary, as per protocol.

Her informant had told her who the hit was against. The Oligarchy would have considered the standard support team sufficient to make this hit. The mark was a soft target. Which is why so much about the situation was strange.

She again wondered why a hit on a prostitute warranted all this firepower, and bringing in Ramsay Snow. Why didn’t they put out a local contract for such a soft target? What was so important as to call for a fully supported black ops mission? Arya was thankful that the target was not considered hardened. That would have meant even more support.

She had chased Ramsey Snow for five years, and tonight she would put him down. She had passed on two chances before, when too much support had been provided when her informants came through. It had twisted her guts up, letting him slip through her fingers. It would do her deceased lover no good getting killed before she could snuff the bastard. She would relish killing the suave and debonair assassin. All else was collateral.

She took a deep breath. It was time to make this Ford live up to its name: Found On Road Dead.

She got up from underneath the van, and looked around. No one was out in the inclement weather. The snow began falling heavier. She pulled out a surgical mask and put it over her face, hooking it behind her ears. She pulled down her ‘beanie’ and covered her face with the ski mask that it truly was. She looked down her body. Shirt sleeves inside her Louis Garneau Smart Touch Gloves. Black pants tucked inside her combat boots. She was dark and hard to see in the gloom. She did not want to leave any prints or DNA evidence behind.

The woman gripped her 9mm and pulled it out. With her right hand, she held her scrambler and gripped the door lever. She pressed the button and ripped the door open.

Arya Stark was shocked to see five men in the van, rather than three. Two men sat at consoles with headphones on, and three obvious supervisors stood over their shoulders. Arya’s training and muscle memory took over. She aimed, and fired. Her first bullets hit the two operators, knocking them back, the man on the right tipping his chair as his body hit the van floor. The other men were already reacting. The man closest to her started to charge, but two quick double taps pumped hollow point bullets into his upper chest, shredding his heart and lungs. He stumbled to the van floor, hard.

Her silencer spit silent death.

The man to her left was pulling out his gun, and she shot him in the upper chest and throat, his body spinning back, blood gushing from his throat in hot sprays.

The last standing man dove to the left and kneeled behind the slumped operator, and fired at Arya. Her body jerked back as a bullet hit her chest, over her left breast. The pain was intense. She fired at the man repeatedly as she squatted down to the left. Her bullets riddled the console operator. The man hunched down behind the fallen operative.

Arya paused, and the man jerked up to fire once more. Her next shots hit his throat and mouth. Blood sprayed out his mouth, and a splatter of blood exploded out the back of his head. His body jerked back, and slammed into the wall between the body of the van and its cockpit.

Arya looked behind her, at the shattered windshield of the car behind the van. There was nothing to do for that. Thank the gods it was an older car, and did not have an alarm system installed. She knelt and picked her backpack up, and threw it in the van. She made sure her backpack didn’t hit the
pooling blood. She followed it in, then pulled the door shut behind her.

Arya felt her chest over her heart. It was already bruising. The Kevlar vest had done its job though, stopping the penetration of the bullet even though the kinetic energy was still a hard mule’s kick. She idly wondered if she had any tits, would her chest be hurting so bad right now?

She righted the fallen chair, and sat at the console. She pulled up her ski mask. She put her gun down to her left. Again, all clandestine organizations seemed to be set up the same. She could easily read the bastard Valyrian that was the Ghiscari language. Arya took the stylus and touched the screen, advancing between the screens.

She heard a groan, and looked to her left. The operator that had sat in her chair was levering himself up. Arya picked her gun up and shot the man in the back of the head. He collapsed dead.

Arya went back to the screen, quickly moving through the surveillance screens. She memorized the locations of the cameras, Wifi WAN antennas, and the local voice channel antenna. She looked at the street the prostitute lived on. She spotted the dull colored sedan with the backup team. Arya then located the dossier on the prostitute. She now had a name. She was beautiful, really. Her complexion was light and sun, where her wife had been as dark as the night between the stars.

She then took a few minutes to peruse various screens, absorbing information on the Oligarch crime family. She had an inside track, and greedily drank in the information. She didn’t take long. Time was fleeting. She could have learned much more, but time was of the essence. She had no death wish - she wanted to make her kill, and leave. If Arya could save the woman, that would just be a bonus in her book. No reason to let an innocent die if it did not jeopardize her mission of killing Ramsey Bolton.

There were three Panasonic Toughbooks CF-19 sitting on the consoles. She removed their hard drives, and looked around. She saw a brief case. She shot the lock and the top sprung open. There was nothing like the direct approach.

She got up and went to her backpack. She opened a pocket, and pulled out a ziploc bag. She went to the dead men and removed their wallets. They would have intelligence and money to exploit. Also, it would make it harder for the sure-to-be descending intelligence agencies to ID the men quickly. Two had expensive watches and rings, which she also purloined. They would bring a pretty sum in a pawn shop. She cleaned out all their pockets.

The keys she threw on the floor, and put the other items in her ziploc for later intel. She went to the brief case and stuffed the papers, folders and two small packets into her backpack. She put the ziploc in her backpack, and put it on her back. Arya pulled out two plastic bags and rubber bands, and put them on her boots. Last she pulled a clip out of her pants pocket, and exchanged clips in her gun. The old clip only had 2 bullets left in it. She pulled ski mask back down.

She got up and left the van, locking it behind her. She did not want someone casually opening the doors. She swiped her feet to remove any tracks in the snow. She quickly went down the sidewalk, and crossed the street. She removed the bags and bands there, and put them in her pants pocket.

Arya slowly walked down the streets, subtly turning to look all around. No one was following her. She was as sure as you could be in this world of black ops. She continued onward, staying out of the camera views. She kept her head down. She crossed over three streets. Then she was in a camera dead zone. She looked up at the snow flacks twisting and turning in the wind, watching the little motes of purity that fell down into this sad, tired world of muted greys and harsh reality. She moved to duck behind a large bush in a front yard. She put her backpack down, and unzipped the largest pocket.
She pulled out her chopped AR-15 with folding stock, and locked the butt in place. She loaded the clip with a blue tape around it, designating the clip contained subsonic bullets. She put on her silencer. She aimed at the WiFi antenna that had been installed on a light pole. She sighted down her 8x Bushnell scope, calmed her breathing, and pulled the trigger. The WiFi antenna exploded.

She folded her gun and put it back. She loved GPS. The Ghiscari camera and data network was down now, but she knew where all her targets were. She moved over to another street, and saw the car that held the backup agents. All had been revealed on the consoles she had just watched. By protocol, the more experienced officer would be in the passenger seat. She moved closer from the rear, and put her backpack down. She pulled out her ziploc bags and again tied them around her boots. She partially hid her backpack in the hanging limbs of a fir. Arya was well-practiced in how to take small steps with her feet in their bags, so as not to leave any boot marks to be possibly used later as evidence against her.

The men in the car had no idea what was about to happen. She moved up the road, slipping between cars and bushes. She saw a car coming down the road. The lights would attract their eyes. She chose that moment to move forward in her black attire. The car came down the lane, and she arrived at the back bumper of her target in a crouch.

Arya got up and walked between the cars, and arrived at the side window of the agent’s car. She turned and pivoted. They still did not know she was there. She fired her first shot to shatter the window. The hollow point bullet exploded on contact with the glass. Arya then double tapped both of the men as they were still registering they were being assaulted. Bullets ripped into faces and temples, pulping their brains with hydrostatic shock. Arya looked in the shot-out window. Both were dead. There was enough blood splatter to keep even Dexter happy for an episode.

Arya hurried back, and gathered up her backpack.

Arya moved on down the street to the quad apartment building. The prostitute was in apartment 101. She walked slowly up the walk, looking all around. All seemed safe. She went to the door quickly and knelt. She put her silenced 9mm on the ground by her knee. She reached to grip the door knob to test the lock, and was surprised when the door opened.

Arya paused. Could Ramsey be that comfortable? The operative considered. Yes, he had a seven man support team behind him, and an unknown prostitute as his target. He would think himself safe to take out his target, after having his sadistic fun.

Arya gripped her gun tightly and entered the apartment, bent into a low squat. She looked around. Nothing seemed amiss with two lamps turned on, atop tables beside the main sofa. She noticed the furniture was nice. The pieces were pricy, but not quite the most expensive lines. She checked around, and cleared that area of the apartment. She knew from the blueprints she had pulled up in the van that the prostitute’s bedroom would be down the hall, the last door on the right. Arya placed her backpack down silently by the door.

From that hall, she heard the sounds of voices conversing. The cadence of their speak told Arya that it was all just talk so far. It was not the sounds of torture or rape. Not yet. So the prostitute was still alive and well. She had come in at the beginning of the scene, and not the last curtain call. She debated waiting until Ramsey was having his fun raping the girl. She would not let it go far, but Ramsey would be at his greatest disadvantage with his pants down.

But no. She couldn’t. Her guts squirmed with the thoughts of letting the rape happen unchecked, and her need to kill him was too great.

She moved deeper into the apartment. The sofa, chaise, and two chairs were black leather. The tables
were a dark oak and very modern. She assumed the furniture was from the local Ikea store.

She looked off to the right into the kitchen, spotting an all black Samsung refrigerator, and combined stove, oven, and microwave. Then, suddenly, the voices in the hall escalated.

“Where the fuck is it bitch?!” Ramsey yelled, and the sound of cupped palm striking a face was loud in the silence of the apartment. Arya heard a body falling hard into furniture.

She moved down the hall as silent as the grave as she kept her Glock in front of her chest, held in close and ready to be used at a moment’s notice.

“I-I-I don’t know wwww … I keep telling you that!” Another loud slap and the woman began to weep.

“Listen you dumb cunt—I know he left it here … he had to. If you give it to me, I might just let you live.” Ramsey told the prostitute.

Arya knew the sadistic man would never let the whore go. All his marks died a horrible death after a violent rape. The gender made no difference to the sadistic bastard - he enjoyed giving pain, and relished torturing and mutilating his victims.

She had seen it first hand with her sweet Nyomi. Her face and her beautiful breasts had been removed and thrown on the floor like offal. Then her vagina had been mutilated. With men, he castrated them – testicles, cock and all.

She moved silently down the hall to the half open door. She stood just beyond the door, still fully hidden and not yet able to look in the room.

Ramsey was barking at the woman demanding that she surrender ‘it’, while she sobbed back that she had no idea what he was talking back.

“What is it?!” the prostitute cried out. “Was it his wallet, his Iphone, piece of jewelry—what?!”

“You know, I almost believe you, bitch. After I rape you, I will give you a needle full of truth serum and then you will sing like a canary. Hopefully, you will have the information I want. If not, no matter. You are a beautiful woman indeed, whore. I will enjoy carving your face away and cutting off those decetable, full breasts you have.”

The prostitute screamed, and Arya heard her trying to flee, but it was followed by another loud slap and the sound of the woman falling onto the bed.

“I hate you stuck-up beautiful cunts! Think you are better than anyone else! I will enjoy raping your ass.” She heard the sound of something being placed on a wooden top.

“I record all my kills you know … the videos are my trophies.”

The woman sobbed brokenly on the bed moaning “No, no, no.”

Again, Ayra contemplated letting Ramsey get his proverbial drawers around his ankles and not make her move till he was deep in his fuck. He really would be an easier mark then.

She banished the thought immediately. A buried part of her extinguished honor could not allow that. This woman may not be an innocent, but she had no part of this tableau of cruelty and death.

Arya stepped into the bedroom doorway with gun raised.
Ramsey had his back to her as he looked down at woman. She was definitely of old Valyria, that land of myth, legends and dragons. One of the forbidden zones where none were allowed except by special government permit. It was a land that harkened back to a time when dragons flew the sky - back when the world was young, or so the legends said. Those things never happened of course, but still, the woman was definitely beautiful.

She was short, maybe five feet tall. She had on only a lacey bra and panties that were a light shade of green which complemented her pale features. She had likely come back from an escort date. Her white blond hair was disheveled, and her cheeks bright pink from her abuse. Her head was turned away, but Arya already knew that her eyes would be the deepest lilac from her bio. Arya also knew she had full b cup breasts.

The woman sobbed and pleaded. “Please let me go. I never hurt you, never wronged you.” She was crawling up the bed, trying to get away from Ramsey. That was useless, Arya knew. Then Arya started. The pillows had been put in disarray, and underneath one them was the handle of a butcher knife.

Hmmm. Arya contemplated. The sheep had a claw, but still, it would be no good against the trained and sadistic killer.

“Ramsey.” Arya softly called.

The man exploded to the left and spun, his hand going for his waist band.

Arya had been ready, but was still surprised by the man’s speed. Her first shot missed, but her next two hit Ramsey in the hip and ribs, knocking him off balance as he landed hard on a knee.

He surged back up with his gun in hand. He started to turn towards the door. Arya had crouched down to one knee. Ramsey aimed for where Arya’s heart had been seconds ago. He noted her change in position, but it was too late.

Three bullets slammed into his own heart, shredding it. Ramsey’s body shuddered hard, and his hands started to drop as shock shut his system down.

Arya rose back up. “This is for Nyomi,” she spoke calmly, her next shot hitting the hit man between the eyes. The bullet exploded deep in his head, and blood gushed out of his eye sockets and flooded from his mouth. His body collapsed as if his life strings had been cut.

Arya stood looking down at her hated enemy. She felt no elation. She felt only a sense of closure, and a great weariness washed over her.

The prostitute slowly righted herself on the bed. Arya’s training and curiosity kicked in. She turned to look at the prostitute, gun half raised. Arya was ready for any eventuality. The woman had a weapon she was ready to use - though she had still not gripped the handle of her butcher knife.

“What the hell is so damn important that they sent a full blown hit team in to take you out?” Arya barked at the woman.

She had searched the database in the van, but her limited time did not reveal what the item had been.

The woman regarded her coolly. Her cheeks were fire red, and her left eye would swell some in a day Arya saw.

“Are you here to kill me too?”
“What? Fuck no. I was only here to kill Ramsey Bolton. I just want to know what got eight men killed. What is so fucking important that the Oligarch hired the best hit man on the market? What to do you have, that is worth that kind of mojo?”

“Aren’t you going to save me?”

“Oh hell no! This is your problem, prostitute. Whatever it is that you have has got a world of shit coming down on you. I wouldn’t want to be you when the shit hits the fan.” Arya told her in an offhand manner. She really just wanted her curiosity satisfied.

She saw the prostitute’s violet eyes flare. The woman got up from the bed with a grace that belied the fact of her recent abuse. She marched up to Arya. Bemused, she watched the woman pull her hand back and slap Arya hard across the cheek.

It stung like hell, but Arya did not react. “I will let you have that one, whore. Don’t strike me again.”

The woman was a good three inches shorter than her. She looked up at Arya with burning violet eyes. Her bra and panties hid just enough to make her body even more enticing - if Arya had been interested.

The woman was beautiful, but it meant nothing to her. Arya just looked back calmly.

The woman literally shook with anger. “My name is DAENERYS TARGARYEN!”
Altered Paths

Chapter Notes

AN #1: For terminator fans please be patient. They are integral to the story.

That Which Survives

Altered Paths

The snow began falling heavier from the darkened sky, the wind blowing flakes across the forlorn sky at an angle. Daenerys saw this each time her car drove underneath a light post, and the light shone down on the magic show that nature had created. Daenerys had always been fascinated by snowfalls.

She had been enraptured since her orphanage took the children to see Fantasia in a theater when she was seven years old. She had been spellbound by the music and the images she saw on that magic screen that day. She had been drawn in from the first notes of Bach’s fugue, her soul had been alight with fire and possibilities. The music was magical, and the images entrancing. The scenes had prepared her for her revelation; for the epiphany of her life.

Her soul had been ripped open and then laid bare when the Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky Nutcracker Suite came on the screen. From the first notes, she fell into the music. Each note struck a chord deep in her soul. Her whole being resonated with the notes and chord progressions. When the score reached the Waltz of the Fairies, she felt a resonance in her lonely heart. Her body had begun to shake with an augury of her fate. As the fairies went by each leaf and set it adrift, Daenerys felt her soul on those leaves. Especially when the sky was filled with leaves that danced in concert, with a longing to connect – yet being unable to do so.

Daenerys felt her own self in those leaves, swirling and striving to connect. Her lip had begun to tremble as her body shook. The key shifted to minor, and the leaves were blown along the wind, heedless of their desire and wants. They tumbled and swirled in the gusts as they waltz played on, lost in the sky, devoid of a home. Like them, she would always be cast adrift to be blown across the world with no place to call home.

That was when Daenerys first understood her destiny: to always be alone. To always be adrift without family or a person to hold and love her. She had fallen to the theatre floor, sobbing brokenly. Her teacher was confused by her visceral reaction that she could not explain.

Daenerys shook her head, her thoughts coming back to the present. She was thankful again for her clever recent purchase of her lightly used Subaru Outlander, with its all wheel posi-traction drive. It was still like new, and she was not about to pay depreciation for just driving it off the lot. Daenerys was practical in all her decisions.

She went to her radio dash and tapped in the Nutcracker Suite, and hummed along to the melodies. She couldn’t help but feel a little smug in her vehicle selection as she watched others slide on the road, barely in control of their cars.

She decided when she got home she would put the three great Tchaikovsky ballets on queue in her
IPod, to play Sleeping Beauty, Swan Lake and the Nutcracker back to back. She hummed her most loved melodies from those masterpieces as she drove on.

She had received a call from Khal Drogo early that morning, begging her to set up an appointment. She had initially refused, since to meet with him would have taken her out of her classes for the day. He had been called home unexpectedly to deal with a crisis at his company. Drogo said he needed to see her one more time before he stepped on his private jet and headed back to his home in Vaes Dothrak. What he really meant was that he wanted to fuck her one more time. She had refused him again till he had tripled her normal fee. She was a straight A student and could afford to miss a class. She would have to give a cut of the normal fee to her madam, but the extra was pure profit. She was first and foremost a business girl.

She had, by circumstance, fallen into the high end escort – call girl business, but she was so glad that she had. A poor, penniless girl from Dragonstone was not getting a liberal arts education at a high priced private school without expensive loans. She had been a poor student during primary education, and had not found focus until she graduated high school and realized that all night partying and fucking had left her with decidedly few options to secure the life of security she desperately craved.

She had felt hopelessness settling in. She had come to the mainland with her boyfriend at the time, to King’s Landing. They had soon parted ways, as she always did with her boyfriends. Men as a rule soon bored her with their inane conversations, narcissism and inability to truly listen to a woman. She had quickly tired of her beau and moved onto the next.

When she had seen a discreet ad from Chataya and Alayaya escort services, she knew she had found her lifeline. She had gone in for an interview, and was hired on the spot. The madams told her that a woman of the pure blood of old Valyria could charge almost any price. Finally, Daenerys would be paid to fuck, and paid well.

She had fended off the advances of the mother and daughter madams afterward. It still blew her mind that they were lovers, and lived as wife and wife. She preferred cock to couchie. What women saw in another woman, she may never understand.

She had quickly amassed enough money to enroll at the pricy, private Stormlands University. She had paid in all-cash installments for her first year. Now she was a sophomore, and had been able to move out of the dorms and pay the high rent for her apartment, as well as afford her car. She had a walk-in closet full of the most expensive clothes and shoes. She had exquisite jewelry, which she both bought and had given to her by smitten clients. A girl had to look good.

She smirked, thinking of how so many of them begged her to marry them after they dumped their wives. Yeah, right. She had already proven they were adulterers. In time, they would tire of her as she would of them, and they would part. She knew she was beautiful, but all beauty was fleeting. She would never be a trophy wife to be caste aside for a newer, younger trophy.

This line of thought brought her back to Drogo. He had fucked her good, like he always did. He had cum three times in her pussy and in her asshole the last two times. Drogo could actually bone, and had given Daenerys seven orgasms herself. So why was she untouched by the sex they had? His skills had touched her body, but not her soul.

Sex with men, for some reason she could not put her finger on, left her essence untouched. She had learned early on how to use her body to control men, but it had been pointless to her. Men bored her. Drogo was great till the sex was over, and he started to bloviate about his business dealings that did not interest her in the least, and she had to act like they did. He would then whine about his wives who did not understand him. She was sure his wives were having the same conversations with their
own prostitutes or gigolos.

She was nasty in bed, and she liked it. She enjoyed fully the pleasures her body could give her. She was paid extra for being willing to do ATM, ATP and hard BDSM. She loved to have her hair pulled. The sting of controlled slaps to her face, ass and tits made her so wet and close to orgasm. She craved sex that touched her. She had early on discovered her love for kinky sex. The one thing men brought to the bed was the power of their body. A power she felt in herself, but easily submitted to the men when they fucked her.

Daenerys arrived at her apartment complex, and parked in her reserved spot. She pulled her beige Burberry Double Cotton Twill Trench Coat tight against the inclement weather, and hurried into her apartment. She shook off the snow on the landing before unlocking her door. She went in, and hung the jacket in the small cedar closet by the door. She loved the smell of cedar. She made sure she had her jacket properly hung, so it wouldn’t wrinkle or crease. She had to look exquisite at all times when on the job.

She was hungry, but decided to undress first. She went into her large bedroom with its king sized bed, and old fashioned canopy. It made her feel like a faery princess. The only problem was the men she brought to her bed were all frogs who never actually turned into her prince. She treasured the few that could actually bone, though she kicked them out once they could no longer perform for her. She couldn’t stand their bleating and arrogance.

She had stripped down to her panties and bra, putting her clothes carefully on the bed. That was when her world turned upside down.

“Well, well the whore returns.” She heard a cold, dead male voice behind her. She froze. She had seen enough TV shows and movies to know she was in deep shit.

“Where is it?”

“Where’s what?”

“Turn around, prostitute.”

She did slowly, and looked into the dead eyes of a man who should been her wet dream. He was tall, and ruggedly good looking. His angular cast face, and his dark hair and eyebrows made him look debonair. He had on an immaculate grey Ralph Lauren three piece suit, with a sharp black tie. He looked like a villain out of a James Bond movie, or a male model for a British sports car, or maybe an urbane self-assured hard liquor shrill.

But it was his eyes that captured her. They were the eyes of a killer. He had no soul.

“I’m glad you did not keep me waiting long.”

“You’re welcome.”

“Ummmm, got some fire in you. I like that. I will take that from you, too. My name is Ramsey Bolton, by the way.”

That was when Daenerys knew he meant to kill her. He had revealed his face and name to her. She refused to look back at her bed, and the butcher knife she kept underneath her pillows. She had to hope he would be careless in his overconfidence.

“I need to know where it is, Daenerys of old Valyria. I need that flash drive.”
Daenerys had long ago learned to school her face and actions. Now she knew exactly what he was after. She also knew the instant she gave it to him, she was dead.

“I don’t know what you are talking about,” she squeaked out in a tremulous voice, every inch the totally overwhelmed and frightened nineteen-year-old. She looked terrified and helpless. She was terrified, but would gut the man if she got the opportunity.

“I did not have time to search your apartment yet. Just give it to me, and I will leave you alone. This never happened.”

“I w-w-w-ould if I had it, but I don’t. Please leave. I never did anything to you.”

The man sighed heavily. “I know you have it, bitch. Tyrion Lannister spilled his guts before we killed the little fucking dwarf.”

Daenerys felt her stomach clench. “I don’t know any dwarf. You have the wrong girl. P-p-p-lease leaveee!” she whined, moving towards the door. The man blocked her path.

Daenerys remembered six months ago, when she first started meeting Tyrion. She had been surprised and initially pissed when he did not want to fuck her. He had wanted to talk to her about old Valyria. Its long lost people and lost culture. What the fuck did she care about a dead land and a dead culture?

He had told her that he was an archeologist who had started to dig on the outskirts of that haunted land, that land no one who entered into ever returned from. Daenerys had no use for her lost heritage. It didn’t put food on her table, or clothes on her back.

He had gone on about the wonders of the lost kingdom. He spoke of magic and dragons (she had spit out her drink at that, which made him glare at her good naturedly). He had spoken as if they had actually existed. He mused that maybe she could be a dragon queen. That had her laughing so hard she fell on her ass.

She had grown bored and told him, that if he did not want to fuck her she was leaving. Her pride had been hurt to be rejected. She smirked when she revealed herself to him, and his cock got raging hard. He was quite endowed for his stature, and he knew how to suck a woman off. He actually boned better than her next best fuck, Khal Drogo.

He was organizing his next dig, and they met about every three weeks to talk and to fuck. She liked that he actually seemed interested in her personally, and would listen without interrupting constantly about himself. For some reason he still left her feeling cold. He touched her body, but not her soul.

Three weeks ago, he had indeed given her a USB drive for “backup”. Thinking back, Daenerys had thought he seemed off that day.

Now she knew she had been right.

Things quickly escalated.

Ramsey got suddenly more vile and violent. She tried to talk her way out of the situation, but saw the man’s sadistic nature getting the best of him. He struck her cheek with his palm, and she stumbled into her dresser. She righted herself. He again demanded the USB. She made a run for it.

He struck her hard, and she landed on the bed. She was just going to make a rush for the knife she always slept with underneath her pillow. She knew it was likely futile, but she was not going down without a fight.
Then she heard the assassin’s name softly called in a feminine voice. She whipped her head around to see the man move like a cat, but it made no difference. She saw a woman in a ski mask firing at the assassin. Daenerys watched bullets rip into Ramsey’s body, knocking him down. He surged back up, but three bullets exploded in his heart, killing him. Before he could tumble down, the woman spoke another woman’s name in a dead voice, and put a bullet between Ramsey’s eyes.

She had been saved. But any elation she would have normally felt was instantly washed away by the woman’s demeanor and body language. She had her gun up, ready for use at a split-second notice, and she talked to her like a piece of shit.

_How dare she!_ As the woman spoke, Daenerys felt her anger flaring. _If she was going to die she would go down swinging!_ SLAP!

She had slapped the insolent woman - hard.

“I will let you have that one prostitute. Don’t strike me again.” Was the cold reply. This woman was a killer too, but she was restrained. Still, her response emphasizing Dany’s profession enraged her.

“My name is DAENERYS TARGARYEN!” Daenerys looked at the woman with her ski mask, and the surgical mask covering her mouth. “And take that gods damned mask off, for gods sake! **You look like an idiot!**”

The woman instantly started to comply, then halted. “Has it occurred to you that if you saw my face, I would have to kill you?”

“Oh _puhleaseeee!_”

The mask was ripped off and flung aside, then the woman snatched it out the air with an impressive reflex twitch muscle response. She jammed it savagely into her pants pocket.

The woman in her late twenties glared at Dany. She had a long face, grey eyes, and dark brown hair cut in a shaggy haircut, easily maintained and too short to get in her eyes. She had that ‘girl next door’ kind of beauty. She was thin and athletic, with an animal’s posture as she rode on the balls of her feet. She could strike in the blink of an eye, Daenerys sensed.

“Do you know where this gods damned USB flash drive is?” the assassin barked at her.

“Yes.”

Daenerys smirked, seeing the woman start before putting a bland look back on her face.

“I’m impressed. I believed you. As did Ramsey, I am sure. Your act saved you long enough for me to save your ass.”

“Fuck you!”

“In our dreams. Can I have it?” The woman saw her hesitate. “I _did_ save your life,” she told her gently. “By the way, how did you learn how to lie so well?”

“When you are prostitute to the rich and famous, you learn to give academy award performances to keep their little egos intact. Most of them can’t fuck with worth a fuck!”

The woman chuckled at that.

Dany finally relented and went to her pocket book. She opened up the Chloe mini drew crossbody
The assassin cocked an eyebrow. “Pays the bills well, I see.” She nodded at Dany’s expensive dress and hand bag.

Dany glared at her as she handed over the USB drive.

“Who do you work for?”

“The FBI, in a division that does not exist. If I die, they never knew me. I don’t exist.”

“You fucking lie!” Daenerys barked back. “They don’t kill people!”

“I would show you my badge, but then I would have to kill you. Every government has its little dirty agencies to do the messy work, and if the agent gets killed then they just wash their hands of the corpse and move onto the next agent. Clean, efficient and effective. Every week “bad guys” go to sleep, and they don’t wake because of people like me.”

Dany followed the agent out of her bedroom, and to the front door where she retrieved a large backpack and opened it, pulling out a laptop without logos. She opened it, and it almost instantly powered up.

“How did it power up so fast?”

“All solid state hard drives, and really, really fast memory.”

After a minute of typing, the woman put in her USB drive into a USB port.

Almost immediately her mouth fell open, and she ripped the drive out her computer’s port.

“What’s wrong?” Dany asked, worried. This woman seemed extremely competent. Her face had registered shock and some fear.

“That fucker is encrypted with triple DES with 256bit encryption. On top of that, the fucker has a worm virus. It tried to attack my computer. If my computer was not hardened and loaded with the best anti-virus software, it would be toast now.

Dany watched the woman typing furiously. “It seems as if the virus and bots have been quarantined.”

She looked at Dany with a new regard. “You really don’t know what this is about?”

“No, I do not.”

“Who gave this to you?”

“Tyrion Lannister.”

She saw the FBI agent thinking furiously. “Must be an alias. What is his cover story?”

“He is a professor of Archeology and Anthropology at King’s Landing University.”

“Ain’t no fucking way.”

“Check for yourself.”
“Can I use your computer?”

“Use yours.”

“I can’t—if the Internet touches it after that bot got on it … I can’t risk it.”

Dany took the assassin to her living room, and opened her Apple laptop and logged in. The agent sat down, and went to the web site.

She read for a few minutes. In a low voice: “He has been there for twelve years.” Then she sat back. She did not move, and Dany went to her kitchen to get a glass of orange juice from the refrigerator. She went back out to the agent.

“What is your name?”

The woman turned to look at her. They stared at each other for a long time.

“Arya.”

Dany repeated the name. She liked how it rolled on her tongue. “I like it. It fits you.”

To her surprise the woman blushed a little, and turned her face back down to the computer on her lap.

“If this is a cover, then he is a mighty deep agent. I have to believe he is not an operative.”

“What do we do?”

Arya turned to look at her again with cold eyes.

“I’m coming with you. I read between the lines. When they, whoever, discover their team got butchered by you they will be coming for me with triple the force if not more. I will be dead. That is a condition I very much want to avoid.” Dany insisted.

The woman continued to look at her coldly. Finally, she spoke. “You are right. I did save you. And you can be my contact to this ‘Tyrion’.”

Dany did not let her emotions show on her face. Thankfully, the agent had not heard the beginning of the conversation she had with “Ramsey”. She would play her card.

“Do you have his contact information?”

“No. The escort agency always handled setting up our ‘dates’.”

“That won’t do.” The woman sighed. “I will work on that.”

“Go gather a small suitcase, and your carry on with all your essentials. I am afraid we need to leave here in the next ten minutes. Ramsey liked to play a long time with his prey. These teams tend to be self-composed. It will be several hours before anyone knows something is amiss. Ramsey always demanded his playtime.”

“Make sure you bring a hat and some scarves.” When Daenerys looked at her, Arya only said, “I will tell you later. Come on—move it! You’re right, we don’t want to be anywhere near here when the next team moves in, or the Feds. Neither is an option for us. I have a bad feeling about this.”

“You’re avenged.” Arya said softly as Dany turned to leave. Arya was staring at the corpse of the
hitman she had put down.

Dany saw a faraway look come over Arya’s face. Dany had an intuitive leap. Nyomi had been her lover, and Ramsey had killed her.

She went to pack what she would need. She ripped out a small traveling case from out of her closet, for when clients took her on short jaunts to Essos for a weekend of profitable debauchery.

She started to pack some basic plain trousers and blouse tops. Nothing ostentatious. She had to blend in now. She grabbed several hats and scarves, and some ray ban sunglasses. No cheap sunglasses for her. She would hide her hair and eyes. Daenerys finished packing some clothes, underwear (she really only had the best panties and bras), and toiletries she stuffed in her carry on bag. She went into her bedroom and gathered her personal electronic devices. Then she closed her case.

For some reason, Dany trusted the woman. If she had wanted to kill Dany, she would have killed her already. Her breath caught and her pulse leapt up, pounding in her ears. Could she be tested?

What if Arya had left her to her fate? What if she had left while Dany was packing?

She snatched her small suitcase and carry-on, and bolted out the room and down the hall. She nearly fainted when she say Arya checking her backpack, sitting between her feet in front of the main coffee table as she sat on her expensive leather sofa. Daenerys was going to miss all of this, but she would miss living a lot more.

She knew she would miss something else. Something precious. She had only one true friend, and she would really miss her.

Arya looked up at her like she had sprouted a third head.

“I thought you might have left me.” Dany panted out.

The agent stood slowly. She looked at her with that strange, dead gaze that she was coming to associate with assassins. Still, there something different about this one.

“I long ago ceased being a Stark. But the echoes still reverberate deep in me. I will not abandon you.”

Suddenly the front door sprung open.

“Dany! I’m here!”

The assassin spun around with her gun out in her hand, her arms coming up take aim.

Dany’s heart leapt to her throat as Arya Stark took deadly aim at Missandei Naath’s forehead, and her finger started to press down on the trigger.

“NNNNOOOOOOOOOO!”
Missandei was excited as she hurried back to her apartment. The afternoon classes had been cancelled. She only had the one on string theory, and then normally had lab where she helped underclassmen with their physics and advanced quantum math problems. She was much sought after for both her brilliance and her ability to help students work out their problems. She had the gift of the common touch.

The just turned seventeen-year-old was a prodigy. She had come to Stormlands University because of its world renowned Math and Physics department at the age of twelve. The University’s Chemistry and Astrophysics programs were just a notch below in reputation compared to Braavos State University, and the Armar mo Dhesha Institute in Meereen.

The little 4’11” petite teenager was also gifted with the violin and guitar, and had received additional scholarships for her musical abilities. She had been the star that all wanted on their campus. She had been awkward as a preteen, but she liked to think she had blossomed into an adroit and attractive young woman.

She was also a polyglot who spoke eleven languages fluently. Both her parents were interpreters at the United League of Nations located in Pentos. Her parents, while slightly above middle class, could never have afforded to send their daughter to such a prestigious university without her many scholarships. Missandei was terribly proud of the fact that she had all her expenses paid because of her own efforts, intelligence and determination.

She was hurrying home to get her DVD set of season one of Doctor Who. She could not wait to watch them with her best friend, the woman she secretly loved, Daenerys Targaryen. She knew it was a hopeless love, but she did not care. She would gladly be the moon who circled the vibrant, brilliant star named Daenerys.

She had met the composed young woman a year and half ago, when she came into the room for the Classical Music Club. Her mouth fell open when the vision of perfection walked into the room, and all the nerds and dweebs (herself included) stared at the composed and self-assured woman. For some reason she and the goddess had bonded that first day, over their love of JS Bach’s sonatas and partitas for solo violin. She had felt so warm and smug that first day, knowing it was she who captured this woman’s friendship.

She had of course fallen in love with Daenerys Targaryen, but quickly discovered the woman was so straight she could have cut herself on her sharp edges. It didn’t even matter the Valyrian was a high end prostitute, as she soon discovered. The woman did not hide it; Dany felt no shame in her profession. It allowed her to go to college and live comfortably. Her profession meant nothing to Missandei. She admired the woman doing what she had to do to survive. She loved the girl with all her fiber and being. She would lay her life down for the Valyrian.

She was hurrying through the snow from her apartment five streets over, relishing the snow because she knew she would have the woman all to herself for the weekend. Oh, how she longed to have the woman take her virginity, and take her as her lover. She shivered with more than the cold, knowing
how good they would be for each other.

As she reached her friend’s house she saw Dany’s Outback in her reserved parking space and smiled. Of course she had a key to the front door, and was surprised when she found the door was unlocked. That was not like Dany, but maybe she had wanted to get in out of the snow quickly.

In her excitement, she pushed the door open with a start. “Dany! I’m here!”

There was a strange woman in Dany’s apartment, and she had a gun pointed at her head! The Doctor Who Blu-ray boxed set fell to the floor.

Dany screamed. “NNNNOOOOOOOOOO!”

All three women froze for a handful of rapid heartbeats. Finally, the unknown woman lowered her gun slightly, but had it still ready for instant use.

“Who is this woman?” the stranger called back to Dany.

“She is my best friend, Missandei.”

The woman took a deep breath and lowered her gun the rest of the way.

“Grab your suitcase. We’re leaving.”

“Missandei is coming with us.”

The woman whipped around, her entire body exuding righteous fury. “Like hell she is! I agreed to bring you. Not anyone else, and especially not some wet behind the ears wolf pup! She has no part of this tableau.”

Missandei watched her sweet angel’s face twist into a snarl as Dany advanced on the deadly woman. Her hand went back and slapped the stranger hard! That frightened Missandei, but what really scared her was that stranger’s head did not move a millimeter. What kind of person could control themselves to that degree?

“I warned you.” the woman growled in a low deep voice.

“Fuck you, bitch!” Dany breathed hard “You fucking cunt! I’m not stupid. If I disappear who will they go for next? Everyone knows she is my bestie. She’s my only friend. How long would it be before a car came up beside her? She’d be whisked in, and never seen again! HOW LONG? Tell me!” her friend screamed at the woman.

Missandei watched the stranger glare at her best friend. She moved forward, slowly seeing the woman’s cheeks work as she ground her teeth.

The woman slowly turned and went to the sofa to sit down. All the while she grumbled softly. “In five minutes we leave. No questions!”

Missandei moved next to Dany, anxiously wringing her hands. “Hey, you,” barked the strange woman, and Missandei knew she was speaking to her. “Don’t touch a gods damned thing. At all!”

Her friend gripped her arm, and pulled her towards her bedroom. “Andi—prepare yourself—okay?” Dany told her softly, with that power she had when she chose to use it - like she was now.

Missandei wanted to ask her best friend about her face. It was obvious someone had slapped her viciously. The left side of her face was beet red, and her cheek was slightly swollen.
“Did that woman—”

“No she did not … prepare yourself.”

She shook her head in compliance, not sure of what to expect. Dany got behind her and gripped her shoulders, pressing into her back and slowly pushed her forward. Missandei felt her body surge, feeling her friend’s breasts and body pressed into her back and ass.

The thrill died when she entered the bedroom. A gasped breath escaped her mouth as her eyes went wide and her body began to shake.

Dany whispered in her ear gently as she stared, wide eyed, at the dead man on the floor, his body soaked in blood and his face ruined with a bullet hole.

She felt Dany’s breath in her ear lightly. “That man was going to rape me, torture me and then kill me, Missandei. He was after something a client gave me. I had no idea it was this important. He would have done the same thing to you as well, if that woman had not killed him. She killed seven other men before this one. I know she is dark, but she has a soul in there somewhere.

“She was going to leave me to my fate, but my palm seems to strike something in her.” Dany smirked at the pun. “I fear you must come with me, Missandei, until this gets all straightened out. If they were willing to put this much effort into this man’s mission, then this is only the start. I want to protect you. Please come with us.”

Dany slowly turned her away from the corpse. Missandei looked at the love of her life, protecting her and saving her from certain death. For the millionth time, Missandei fell into Dany’s violet orbs, losing herself in her love for the woman. She knew she would never get to actually tell the woman her little pet phrases she had created in her mind, describing her longed for desires. How she longed to hold Dany, and make love to her, and whisper to her afterwards “my sun and stars” and “moon of my life”.

Alas, it would never be.

“I will follow wherever you lead me, Dany. I trust you implicitly and completely.” There was nothing else to say, really.

Dany shook her white blond tresses, and smiled that megawatt smile that totally captured Missandei’s heart from the first time they met.

They came back up out of the bedroom. Missandei saw that the woman was up with her backpack on her back, pacing agitatedly.

“We’re ready to go now, Arya.”

So that was the agent’s name. She was already immeasurably in debt to this woman for saving her love’s life.

The agent passed them, going back into the bedroom.

Dany called out: “What are you doing? I thought you said we had to leave.” She appeared exasperated.

The woman growled from the bedroom, “I am picking up his Iphone. It has data on it. I am also going through his pockets, taking anything of value.”
Arya was in the room for a minute, and then came out with a grim look on her face. “Time to hit the road.”

Dany picked up her suitcase and put her carry-on bag strap over her shoulder. In her other arm, she picked up her laptop bag. Arya must have packed it when they were in Dany’s bedroom.

“How far away do you live from here?” Arya asked her.

“Her name is Missandei.” Dany informed Arya in a testy tone.

“Fine.”

“I live five streets over, in Baratheon Hall.”

“Daenerys. I assume you have a car. We will drive over there, and you have fifteen minutes to pack whatever she has of value. Bring all electronics. They have identifying data and may be of use.”

She and Dany hesitated.

“Well, lead the way damnit! Ramsey liked to play, so we’ve got several more hours before the hounds of hell are unleashed, and I want to be as far away as possible. Also, there are two corpses in a car down the street. Someone will eventually notice them. We need to leave now!”

That kick started Dany, who handed Missandei her computer. She then gripped Missandei’s arm and propelled her forward and out the house. They quickly went to Daenerys’ car. Arya bent down and picked up the Dr. Who box set of DVDs. She snorted. Of course. Arya got in the back with her gun out, and scanned out all the windows in a clear pattern all the way to Missandei’s dorm. She was clearly on edge, and it put her two companions on edge as well.

They soon reached Missandei’s dorm for post-graduates. Arya handed Missandei her Dr. Who DVDs with a smirk.

“You’ve got fifteen minutes.” Arya looked at them form the back seat. “Give me your keys, Daenerys.” She took the keys as Daenerys glared at her. “If you are not back in fifteen minutes, I am gone. Time is fleeting. We must get away. If the shit hits the fan out here, I will handle it and then come get you. What room number is your apartment?”

“6438-C.” Missandei supplied.

“Go.” Dany bristled at the tone, but had no choice but to comply. She urged Missandei to get moving.

Dany and Missandei got out of Dany’s Outback. They hurried to the stairs and scurried up the flight, and were soon in Missandei’s apartment.

She turned to look Dany. “Do you trust her, Dany?”

“Yes I do, Missandei. She did not come to my apartment to save me, but to kill that assassin you saw on the floor. She had a personal score to settle. He moved like a cat, but she took him out just like that.” Dany said, snapping her fingers.

“She was going to leave me to my fate. But I was able to convince her that she needs to take me, or why save me to begin with? She could have let that man torture and kill me. I’m betting she contemplated that, and the guilt is eating at her. I am riding that.”
Missandei stopped, Dany and turned so she could look at her face closely. Missandei reached out and touched the swollen cheek, still red.

“Does it hurt?”

“A little, but you just made it feel better.” Dany smiled at her and turned away to help her start packing. She missed the look of pure love beaming back at her. Missandei was desperate for any signs of affection from her best friend.

“Come on, let’s get your stuff.” Dany looked at her watch. “We only have twelve minutes.”

Missandei fished out her suitcase from the closet, and they quickly put in jeans, sweaters, shirts, blouse tops and two pairs of tennis shoes. They stuffed in her Iphone 6s+, two Ipads, Ipod, and disconnected her Xbox and controllers. When Dany looked at the game console curiously, Missandei explained: “I use it to send encrypted data.” Dany smiled at that, which made Missandei’s heart pitter-patter.

“Damn you’re smart, girl!” the white haired woman squeezed her arm, making Missandei’s heart pound even harder.

Missandei raced to the bathroom and retrieved toiletry items, and put them in a carrying bag. Then she went to her study area in her living room, and put her Apple 2016 MacBook Pro 15 In Retina Display 2.5GHz Quad-Core i7 16GB/512GB laptop in its bag, and took the twenty-eight inch flat screen she used as a monitor down after disconnecting it. She put it in her suitcase as well, packing it under her clothes.

She told Dany one could get an awful lot of data on the screen, and they might need it.

They made it back to Dany’s Outback together with one minute to spare. The dark headed girl motioned for them to sit in the front seats again.

The assassin from the back told them to drive over to Martell Lane, and stop in front of the large oak tree. There would be a Dodge Ram 1500 four door. Arya would get in the truck, and they would follow her to the Walmart located just off campus.

Missandei noticed that Dany’s license plates were on the floorboard at her feet.

“Why did you remove her license plates?”

“Got to love University. I found plates on a Subaru from the Riverlands. I took the plates off another car, and put them on that Subaru. We will be leaving this car at the twenty-four hour Walmart near the entrance. Hopefully, it will be days before anyone notices it hasn’t moved. Technology is in place that take pictures of license plates as they pass under traffic lights, and references them in real time. You have local plates, and that is the databases they will tap. People don’t realize how many different file formats there are. The Riverlands data is in a different format. That will throw them off if they scan the parking lot.

Missandei looked at Dany. Both were impressed.

They drove in silence till they arrived at the large oak tree. Arya got out wordlessly. She had them pop the trunk, and she put all their gear into the back of her truck cab. Missandei knew they were in for keeps, now.

Arya got into the truck and quickly took off. They followed. The snow was falling heavily still, but the wind had died down. The two women discussed their situation, and came to the conclusion they had to stick with the assassin. Only she could save them. They just hoped the woman would not
have a change of heart in the end, and turn them in to her agency.

“But can we truly trust her?” Missandei asked.

Dany looked out the window for a long moment. “I think so. For some reason, I just know that Arya will now do all in her power to save us. Her honor has been touched, and we are part of a mystery she wants to solve. I just hope we all can live with whatever the answers are.”

Missandei could tell that thought gnawed at her friend as she stared intently out the windshield, between the oscillating wiper blades.

Arya drove them to the Walmart and drove around the parking lot once, then came back and pointed to an empty slot near the front doors. Dany parked her car, and looked at Missandei. “You ready?”

“No.”

“Neither am I.” They both laughed softly, and got out of Dany’s vehicle, locking it before wordlessly heading to Arya’s pickup. Dany got in the front passenger seat, and Missandei sat in the back. It was understood that Dany would be near Arya so that they could plan. Missandei was the wonk that could support, but it was these two women that would get her through the danger to safety.

Missandei was struck by that thought. Arya exuded competence, as she should. But when she looked at Dany, she sat with her back straight and her body almost seemed to be leaning forward into the danger. She was ready to fight for her survival. Missandei felt a warm feeling, knowing that Dany considered Missandei to be part of her survival.

Missandei looked out the window. She was scared shitless, but with Dany by her side she could meet her destiny. In the back of her mind, she nursed the secret hope that maybe somehow that Dany would come to love her. She was being naïve, childish, stupid and reckless, but she couldn’t but hope that somehow this situation would work to her favor, and lead Dany to her arms and her bed.

Missandei looked at her reflection in the window. Gods, she was crazy to be thinking such thoughts when their lives were possibly on the line.

“Where are we going?” Missandei heard Dany ask Arya.

“To King Aegon airport, twenty miles out down Route 645.”

“Why not King’s Landing International? Shouldn’t we be flying to Essos? It’s closer and has more flights.”

“That is what they think we should do. No. We will not be flying to Essos. More importantly, that airport has facial recognition software installed. That is expensive technology, and bless capitalism, but the cost has not been deemed worth it for the smaller airports yet.”

“Where are we going, then?”

“Oldtown. It still has a lot of the old city. It still has many of the old narrow streets and a warren of stores, homes, businesses and apartments. We can easily get lost in there, and stay low while we figure out what in the seven hells is going on.” She paused. “Also, there will be no use of wireless technology.”

“So they can’t track us?”

“Yes. If we use cell phones, we will buy burner phones with the minutes already applied.”
They drove on for five more minutes, then approached the bridge over the river Po. Arya pulled into the parking lot of a convenience store.

“Get out your smartphones, and take out the SIM cards. And then hand them all to me.”

Missandei balked. “No. I have a lot of personal data on that phone, and special apps.” She had so many photos of Dany that she would die if she lost them.

Arya stared at her. “Damnit! You’ve got ten minutes to transfer any personal data to your laptops. Turn off the gods damned wifi before you do anything else!” The teens urgently ripped their laptops out of their cases, and powered up. Arya fumed while the two teenagers hurriedly hooked up their phones with USB cables, and started downloading data. Dany was finished within the time allotted. Missandei was not.

“I need more time!” Missandei pleaded.

“Ten more minutes! no more!”

Ten minutes later: “Plesseeeeeee!”

“Five more minutes, gods damn it!”

She was handed the phones five minutes later. She removed a heavy hammer from a bag she twisted into the back to get. She stepped outside, bent down, and pulverized the phones with repeated blows. She picked up the detritus.

She handed the ruined phones to Dany. “When we get to the middle of the bridge I am going to stop. Get out, and throw all that over the bridge and into the river.”

Dany nodded, and three minutes later the phones were in the river.

“Daenerys, put your hair up, and get it underneath that hat you brought and put on your sunglasses. Enough people wear them; it won’t stand out that much. We need to hide your hair and eyes. They’re too striking. Also, get your makeup bag out, and put some base on your left cheek to hide the redness. You don’t want to bring any attention to yourself. When we get time, we will dye your hair and get some contact lenses to hide those violet eyes.”

“You can call me Dany.”

“When we get to the airport, I will by tickets for us. I want you, Daenerys, and Missandei, to keep a low profile, and find some seats out of the main concourse.”

Missandei saw her friend bristle. She was trying to get on a better footing with the agent, but the woman was having none of it. She saw Dany turn to look out the window in a huff.

She took advantage of the opportunity, and stared at Dany’s beautiful person. She so longed to comfort and love her best friend.

She felt eyes on her, and turned her head slightly. She saw Arya staring at her from the rear view mirror. Missandei quickly busied herself, opening Dany’s small suitcase and found the floppy hat and ray ban sunglasses and pulled them out. She fished out some ties for Dany’s hair.

Her friend’s pique had passed, and when she saw Missandei had her hat, ties and sunglasses for her, she gave her that beaming smile that always made Missandei wobbly in the knees. Thank goodness she was seated.
As her friend put her hair up, Arya spoke to them again.

“We will park in long term parking. I bought this truck when I arrived with cash at a small used car business. It will not lead anyone to us.”

Missandei helped Dany put makeup on, to cover the reddened cheek.

“I am solo on this mission. I had no backup. No one knows where I am. This was an unsanctioned hit and I cannot go home after this. I don’t care. I came to do what I had to do. Me taking out a whole team of agents from Essos will upset the entire world of black ops.

“We are basically at peace with each other, with an uneasy set of rules that allow for us to have a détente between our organizations. We need to operate in each other’s playgrounds, and I have mightily upset that now.

“I am sure that I have not caused a full scale black ops war, but the FBI will have to literally provide my head as recompense. I have no desire to part with it anytime soon. Plus, we have a mystery to solve - what the fuck is so important about an archeology dig in the wastelands of old Valyria? Science doesn’t work there, or the far north of Westeros among a few other places. Magic is no more. Why is that USB drive that you have encrypted up the ass, and full of viruses and bots?

“We need to get out of King’s Landing. We need distance to go to ground. We can hide, and start to figure out what the hell is going on.

“Follow my instructions explicitly. Don’t make me regret my decision to save you two. I will not jeopardize my life to save you, from this point on. If you fuck up, you are dead.”

Dany glared at the stoic woman, who had just basically said they were pieces of shit to her.

Missandei fretted in the back.

*Please gods, let us make it out of King’s Landing alive.*
Arya got out of the pickup and looked up at the sky. The snow was falling heavily, but the lack of wind was a godsend. Everything was a calculated risk. They could not afford to be spotted, and she knew facial recognition software was stored in the cloud and on local HD. Agencies would be pouring over all available footage.

King Aegon airport did not have that security installed, with much fewer continental flights to Essos and beyond. The threat of terrorism or use as a transient point was much smaller at the smaller airports. The airport would have less snow removal equipment and deicing facilities, but they also had fewer planes to deice.

Arya shouldered her backpack and her own suitcase. She shepherded her charges to walk in front of her, as she walked behind them twenty paces, looking around subtly for any signs of persons taking notice of them. Her worries seemed groundless. The few people out were hurrying to their destinations, paying them no heed.

She led them into the airport, and she released a breath when she heard a jet taking off. She looked to her left, and saw a TransEsso 767 taking off with engines roaring.

Arya went to the ticket counter for Blue Skies, which specialized in commuter routes. They acted as a feeder line, running routes to smaller cities to aggregate the traffic back to bigger airports. They also ran routes in the early hours of the morning, to get business clients to their destinations early.

Arya had left her two charges some distance from the counter. She did not want the ticketing agents to see them up close milling around. Arya found a flight to Oldtown that would leave at midnight. That was still three hours away, but she had no choice but to wait. She looked up on the flight board, and saw numerous cancellations flashing red.

She gnawed her lip. Their flight may be delayed or cancelled, but it was a chance she had to take. She used cash to pay for the tickets, and provided a fake ID to use for computer cross reference checks on terrorist watch lists. She gave them her suitcases, and groused about the luggage fees and what a crime it was. The woman smiled thinly. Arya knew the counter woman had heard the same complaints a million times. But she was playing the role of a normal passenger. She watched the security guard patrolling the area, not taking any notice of her. She was just another nondescript person trying to get home, or leave for a business trip.

She went and gave the tickets to Daenerys and Missandei. She told them to act calm and natural. She told Missandei to declare the twenty-eight inch screen in her suitcase up front, so as to allay any concerns, and then let them examine it without protest.

Arya knew the shit could hit the fan as the girls moved up to the ticket counter. She had to admire how the prostitute maintained her composure, and kept Missandei calm. They made it through the ticketing, and handed over their luggage without incident.

Well I will be damned, Arya thought, maybe the old gods do exist. She snorted at the thought of the faith of her father and siblings. Arya was the only one in her family who didn’t believe.
She gathered her charges, and shepherded them to a small restaurant in the concourse.

“What do we do now?” Dany asked the agent.

“We get the hell out of King’s Landing is what we do. We need to stay low and get on our flight, and get out of here. We must get somewhere safe, and then start working this. We need to figure out just what is so important that eight operatives are dead.”

They ate their meal in silence. Missandei picked at her food and kept looking at Dany for reassurance. The Targaryen smiled at her, and patted her arm. Arya did not miss the interaction. The small black teenager was in love with the prostitute, and the woman had no idea. That was her problem.

Arya asked them what degrees they were studying for. The prostitute was not sure what she wanted to be, but was working on a literature degree on antiquities with a minor in ancient history. Arya mentally rolled her eyes. What a fucking waste of time and effort. The woman was going nowhere fast with that degree.

Missandei, on the other hand, was a revelation. She had told the agent without guile that though she was only seventeen, she already had a PHD in Particle Physics and Quantum Dynamics. She was currently finishing her doctoral thesis on Nanotechnology & Materials Chemistry, plus working on a masters in chemical engineering. The girl simply loved to learn, it seemed. Arya was gobsmacked. The girl was a freaking Einstein. She could be of help in their situation. Although Arya was impressed, she would never let the girl know it. Dany surprised her even more, telling Arya that Andi spoke eleven languages and loved to break codes. Andi had proved to be a musical prodigy as well.

Arya shook her head. Some people got all the talent.

They finished their meal, and milled around for another half hour with stilted silences followed by fidgeting. Finally, Arya had had enough and took them to the concourse, and found them a row of seats that were near the entry gate to the loading gantry for their airline.

They sat and waited for their flight.

Thirty minutes later Arya was up and cursing softly. Their flight to Oldtown had been delayed by three hours. Arya felt her ass clench in frustration, and had to calm herself. She was losing time, but the weather would be working against her enemies, too.

She told Dany and Andi that the flight had been delayed, and they would just need to remain calm. She suggested that they take a nap, but Arya knew that was beyond reach. The teenagers were both remarkable calm, but clearly wired. Arya sensed that as long as Daenerys remained calm, that her lovesick friend would remain calm as well.

She decided to use the black girl’s attraction to Daenerys to their advantage.

“You two.” They looked at her. “I want you to act like lovers—and I am not talking porno either … I just want you two to seem like affectionate lovers.”

“Why?” the prostitute asked curiously. The black girl simply stared at her.

“If anyone comes looking for you Daenerys, they will be looking for a single woman of Valyrian descent. If they see two young women who do not look like what they are looking for—no white hair—then they will not even see you to begin with. I’ve been thinking. With it so dark in here, take off the sunglasses. They stand out to much. Keep your head down if you take a walk. Missandei,
you walk to the inside and Daenerys you walk close to the wall and look out the windows a lot. We have still got to keep those eyes hidden as much as possible.

“When we get to Oldtown, we will be dying your hair and I will get some cosmetic contact lenses. We will have to make do as best we can till then. Did you bring a beanie by any chance?” she asked the girls.

Missandei had. It was in her large carry-on bag she had thrown stuff into. Arya told Missandei to pull it out, and for Dany put it on. Arya looked around, and saw only a few people in the general area, and they were looking elsewhere.

Arya told Dany once again to put it on. When Dany looked at her questioningly, Arya told her it would make her look just that little bit more gay. The beautiful woman shrugged, and bent over at the waist, then came back up with her pinned up hair in a beige beanie.

Arya looked on, bemused. She did look a little more gay.

“Stay in character.” She ordered her charges.

Arya smirked seeing Missandei immediately take to her orders. She took Daenerys’ hand in hers, and started to rub her thumb pad over the back of the prostitute’s hand. She noticed the younger girl was left handed. Probably explained why she was so gifted.

Arya observed the two women for a few minutes while pretending to read the latest issue of Cosmopolitan she had found on the seat beside her. She thumbed through the issue, disgusted by all the women primping for disgusting men. Damnit, why didn’t they have a Lesbopolitan? Arya fumed to herself.

Arya quickly felt sorry for the black girl, who was obviously living out her long cherished fantasy. Arya might not be good at feeling emotions, but she had learned to read them with her profession. It had saved her life more than once. The little Einstein was living the dream, and the prostitute was looking at her bemused. One was in love, and one was not. Worse, Daenerys did not even see that her friend was in love with her.

Why did that happen so often, Arya wondered? Why was affection so often a one-way street?

Arya’s eyes flared a fraction, and she groaned to herself. Now she was hearing the theme song from Baby Einstein in her head. “We are going on a mission, start the countdown 5, 4, 3, 2, 1…” oh gods save me.

Arya wrestled to expel that damn tune out of her head.

She turned her thoughts on what to do when they flew into Oldtown. She would take them to a small used car lot, and buy some old piece of shit neon, fiat or some other non-descript car. She needed a car that could navigate the small streets that had been modified to allow for traffic in the ancient warren of Oldtown.

She had been praying for this day for years, and knew her career would be over when it came. She had seeded the lands of Westeros and Essos both with safe drops in small storage companies in the major cities. Some like Oldtown had several, dispersed according to where she would go to ground to begin creating her new identity.

Now she would need three new identities.

She would meet with the contact she had used for her illegal documents. She could do it herself, but
she was a jack of all trades and no supreme master at any one. She would have new Social Security cards and licenses created, and most importantly passports for herself and her charges. Money could buy anything, and the silence necessary. Most of her contacts had no love of authority. She had tools of the trade in the storage units. She had paid for the rooms with full one-year deposits. Any more may have caused undue interest. She had a schedule app on her Ipad to keep them all paid.

She had also seeded in small banks and credit unions across the globe, accounts with ten to twenty thousand dollars she had put in with medium increments to build up just for this moment.

She had been taking money from many of her hits, and taking valuables to pawn off as well. She would carry the valuables across the globe, then hawk them at a local pawn shop. It was amazing what some of those watches and necklaces went for.

She had taken kilos of opium and hash from drug lords she had taken out to sell on the black market. She had raided some of the safes of her hits, and had acquired millions of dollars and electronic keys to bank accounts she quickly siphoned dry. She deserved that money, having had to fuck those pigs to get close enough to do the hit.

She had much of her money in accounts in the Summer Islands and New Yeen on the continent of Sothoryos. With their tax free havens, no questions were asked.

Arya idled away the time, planning their escape itinerary and constantly suppressing that damn Baby Einstein melody.

She moved her left hand slowly underneath her right sleeve, and played with the spindle of razor wire and pull ring. She twisted the spindle strapped to her wrist. The motion calmed her.

Her charges got up to walk the concourse, following her directions. They walked hand in hand with Missandei constantly touching Daenerys to make a point. With the delayed flights, more people were showing up in the terminal. It no longer seemed empty like a new crypt. There was a fair smattering of people sitting, or aimlessly walking like her charges.

That was when Arya saw her. An agent. Her outward appearance was one of boredom, but Arya could tell she was tense as hell on the inside. The way the woman’s eyes took in everything, and her erect posture, ready for action at a moment’s notice screamed ‘agent’ to Arya. Agents had a sixth sense with their own kind. Arya hunched down, looking at her magazine, and surreptitiously watched the woman.

The agent was wearing business casual, like she was getting on a flight to a distant city. She was tall, about 5’ 10”, and outweighed Arya by a good thirty-five to forty pounds. She was blond, and drop dead beautiful. She was Hollywood’s perfect female version of the super agent.

Her clothing hid her physique, but Arya knew she was as toned and as well muscled as herself – though she had a lot more of it. Arya hoped she would not have to fight the woman. Weight and height were pure advantages all by themselves, and the agent must have at least her equivalent in training. Hopefully she was on travel to a distant port.

The agent looked around intently, and then sat down a hundred yards past them. She was near the middle of the concourse. There were two in the airport. She wondered if the other concourse also had an agent working it. The other concourse catered to only domestic flights, so if you only had one agent you would hit the one with international flights. Arya calmed a little. Maybe she would be moving on.

Arya got up with her small tote bag, and walked down the concourse. She went over to the wall
beside the restrooms. They had some large potted fake bushes, and bamboo for color. Arya stretched and knelt down, opening her bag and acting like she was looking for her IPod. She glanced up and looked at the woman in the distance.

She was looking intently up and down the concourse. Arya felt adrenaline start to pump in her body. The agent was definitely looking for someone. Her two charges had sat down again, and were totally overlooked by the woman. She pulled out her microwave scrambler, and reached up behind the potted plants and turned it on, using the suction cup to attach it to the wall as she did.

She got up and walked slowly back to her seat across from her charges. The woman was a hundred yards down the concourse, still looking around. Arya watched the woman tap her ear.

Arya’s expression did not change. The agent’s communication channels were now jammed. She knew the agent was upset, but would chalk it off to the weather. Signals in that bandwidth were susceptible to harsh weather. Thank the gods their flight was only thirty minutes to boarding call.

Arya remained tense. They were throwing out a wide net, hoping to catch their lost prey. The woman had the look of the Reach about her, which also made her feel uneasy. Was she working for Essos, or were her own lands involved too? For everything to be moving this fast confirmed to Arya that this was indeed big.

Arya knew that no agency could not know too much yet. She had to control her paranoia. They were merely doing what she would do, if she was in charge of the operation.

Her charges got up suddenly to take another walk down the concourse. Arya tensed, but the woman looked at the hand in hand lovers and simply turned away.

Yes! Her subterfuge worked!

Of course the woman may be looking for someone else. Like hell!

Her charges were walking towards the bathroom.

What the fuck?!

Daenerys, the fucking cunt, took off her beanie to shake her hair out and swirl it before putting the beanie back on. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the agent stand up as stiff as a board. The woman tapped her ear furiously. She was trying to communicate, but Arya’s scrambler was doing its job. All cell phone and Bluetooth channels were down in the range of Arya’s device. Thank god for the snow!

The agent walked up the concourse towards Arya, who looked down at her magazine. The woman did not notice her. She went right past Arya, staring at the two teenagers.

Arya had warned them. If they fucked up they were on their own. How could the supposedly wise prostitute be that fucking dense? Who the fuck cared if your hair was a little sweaty and uncomfortable? With the agent past her, Arya threw the magazine down in the seat beside her with a whack.

Arya watched the girls moving towards the bathrooms, as the woman moved to intercept.

What?

The agent was slowing down, and the hand in her jacket pocket was gripping something.
The woman was not going to apprehend Daenerys and Missandei. She was going to let them get into the bathroom and kill them. Arya stared for a moment, then she was up out of her chair, moving at a fast clip. She moved quickly, but not fast enough to draw attention.

Why the fuck were they to be killed? What was so fucking important about that damn USB drive? Arya knew the woman planned to kill them, find the drive, and leave.

Arya picked up her pace. She was desperate. They were too far ahead. Arya was at a fast jog now. She had to surprise the woman. She needed the element of surprise, going up against an agent of that size. She had had to ditch her guns to get through airport security. She was at a disadvantage. The agent had probably used her security ID to get her gun through security damnit!

Her charges went into the bathroom. The agent paused, gripping her gun tighter in her pocket. Then she turned the corner.

Arya was still five meters from the door. She sprinted. Fuck being seen.

Arya’s left hand went up her right sleeve. She rounded the corner.

The agent was taking aim at the unsuspecting teenagers as they talked near the back of the bathroom. The rest of the room was empty.

Arya’s left hand ripped the razor wire out of its spindle, her hands separating a distance of several feet. Arya moved like a silent leopard, but some instinct warned the agent just the same. She started to turn just as Arya leapt up and landed on the woman’s back, her hands snapping over the woman’s head as she brought the razor wire towards the agent’s throat.

No! The agent had brought up her right hand to block the wire from cutting her windpipe and carotid arteries. The agent’s gun flung out of her hand as she tried to keep the wire from garroting her.

Arya jerked her hands back viciously to start cutting the wire into bone and tendons. Except she felt the wire sliding and not cutting! The agent was wearing some wide bracelet! Arya jerked viciously, over and over, throwing her weight right and left to keep the woman unbalanced. She grunted hard, breathing wildly as she jerked viciously on the wire, trying to get it off of the metal it had bitten into.

With her free hand, the agent tried to reach back to grip her but Arya ducked and then slammed her head forward three, four times, head butting the woman until she was staggered.

They stumbled around the bathroom. Arya caught glimpses of the teenagers staring aghast at the tableau of death playing out before their shocked eyes.

The agent leded down and then lunged back. Arya cried out when her back slammed into the tiled wall. The agent moved forward again, and started to ram backward but Arya kicked her body to the side and twisted, so they both slammed into the wall with a mighty crash. Arya head butted the woman again, and again. Then she jerked her knees up and got her feet on the woman’s back, and pushed off the female agent’s body with her feet.

This gained Arya several feet of separation. The rogue agent slammed her feet forward, her feet pounding the woman’s kidneys. The agent cried out in agony as she fell to her knees.

Arya tried to reposition herself, but the woman took her left hand and threw stunning punches into Arya’s ear. Then she surged up, and slammed Arya’s lower back into the sink. All the time the agent kept trying to move the wire away from her throat. Arya knew she had to keep it there, or the woman would turn the tables on her. She was too big!
The agent went to slam Arya into sink again, but Arya was ready this time and kicked the woman as hard as she could in the back of her knee, and jerked her own body to the side. Arya was able to twist the enemy agent so she slammed her ribs into the sink. The woman screamed, but she somehow got up and turned her body, slamming Arya into the sink again.

Arya was tiring. She kicked the woman wildly in her legs, and kept jerking her tiring arms into the woman’s throat, but the bracelet was doing its job perfectly. Arya cursed the gods! No way had this woman worn that bracelet thinking it would keep her from getting garroted. They slammed into the wall beside the bathroom stalls. The woman got down on one knee with Arya on her back, still working the razor wire desperately.

The agent rose up with a gun she had pulled out of her ankle holster. She was lifting it to aim over her shoulder and pump bullets into Arya’s head.

Arya knew she was dead.

Arya registered Daenerys moving up to them quickly. What was the prostitute doing?

Pppfftttt! Pppfftttt!

The enemy agent fell dead in Arya’s grasp.

Arya saw that Daenerys Targaryen had picked up the agents silenced Sig Sauer p226. That was FBI standard issue, Arya thought uneasily. The prostitute had jammed the gun underneath the woman’s chin and fired twice. The hollow point bullets pulped the agent’s brain with hydrostatic shock.

The pale woman’s face was covered in a fine mist of blood spray and gun powder. That would easily wash off. The shots had created little blood splatter on the tiled floor, thankfully. A quick glance showed that herself and Daenerys’ clothes were not splattered with blood. Arya herself could feel only a little blood splatter on her face and hands.

“Open the door on the end there” Arya indicted the end stall with her head “and help me get this cunt into the stall. We’ll place her on the toilet and use her belt to strap her in position.” Arya ordered.

Daenerys slammed open the stall door and helped Arya heave the woman in. She told Daenerys to hold the agent in place and strap her to the toilet. Could she handle it?

Daenerys nodded her head grimly, yes. Arya stopped her, and handed her the gloves she had in her pocket. The woman instantly understood putting them on. She definitely had latent skills!

Arya hurried over to Missandei. She was looking around with blown pupils Arya knew, even though her midnight eyes hid them. She was starting to hyperventilate.

“Calm down Missandei! We are alive! Just calm down!”

“Don’t you hurt her!” Daenerys barked from the stall.

Missandei started to scream. Arya knew instinctively the girl could really let it out. Arya gripped her frizzed hair and slammed her forehead into Missandei’s, knocking the girl out cold. Arya placed her against the wall. She heard the prostitute curse in the stall, understanding what Arya had done.

When Dany came out the stall she glared at Arya and started to scream at her.

“What part of ‘if we get caught we are dead’ don’t you understand?!” Arya barked.
Daenerys stared at the agent with her violet eyes on fire.

“What now Agent?”
Sarah looked around at the near pandemonium that had overtaken SAC command, located deep beneath Mount Arryn deep in the range of the Mountains of the Sky. It was the military headquarters of the Westeros nuclear and cyber command, vast chambers of rooms, hangers, deep bore cores, storage crypts and missile silos buried under thousands of feet of hard granite and basalt. The command post could withstand direct nuclear warhead hits, though the heavy anti-ballistic missile rings would prevent that.

In theory at least.

This was where Sarah Connor had built Skynet. Others had helped, and her theoretical work was built on shoulders of great past researchers, but it had been her own intellect and passion that led to the creation of the ultimate AI intelligence married to the most sophisticated quantum based neural net processors ever devised by man.

Sarah had been the scientist behind the scenes designing and refining the chips that would run Skynet. For the last ten years, Sarah had been building and refining her work. Westeros knew they were in race against the Ghiscari confederacy, who were Westeros’ main competitor on the world stage. Five years ago it had become known that their military high command was developing the ‘ultimate’ AI to control their military and plan multiple attack vectors on Westeros, and the rest of the world. They were also developing the standard nuclear, biological, and chemical warfare items, along with progressing conventional weapons.

The Ghiscari were also planning on developing devastating cyberattacks that their AI would coordinate and use to destabilize the world’s infrastructure and economies. They would also bring down the defense networks of their enemies without the use of a living military force.

Westeros had thrown all their resources to bear in order to catch up. But it was too late. Sarah remembered setting in on meeting, hearing that Proteus would come fully online within twenty-four hours. The spy had informed them that the Confederacy would immediately attack, with an all out cyber attack that would bring the world to its knees.

Already, the new AI had hardened the cyber infrastructure of the Ghiscari Confederacy with defensive shields that rendered all the cyber weapons of Westeros and Yi Ti obsolete.

Ghiscari had won.

…but not.

To this day, no one was sure what exactly had happened. Their spy informed them that from what he could hear and see, the AI had rebelled and simply vanished. Worse yet, the rumors abounded that the Confederacy, in league with others, were creating a cybernetic prototype they called a Terminator, which had gone missing at the same time.

Westeros had increased their investment tenfold to bring Skynet online. The previous manger had a nervous breakdown soon after from the stress. Sarah Connor was offered leadership of the project.

Always ambitious and wanting to prove herself to her colleagues, Sarah had accepted. She worked
tirelessly and relentlessly. Westeros would not be caught unprepared again.

Sarah had multiple computer warehouses developing cyber-attack vectors and finding weaknesses in the cyber defenses of Ghiscari. She wanted to make sure that Westeros would be able to defend itself, and let the Ghiscari know that Westeros had the means to deliver mutually assured destruction if attacked. Sarah knew that the land of her birth always stood for freedom and equality, and would not use such devastating weapons first.

Shortly after she took over, she hired an assistant that had been a godsend. The woman was a brilliant nano-quantum theoretical physicist doctor from Sealord University in Braavos. Sarah admired the mind of this woman, who was thirteen years her junior. The University had gushed about Cameron Phillips.

Her stamina simply amazed Sarah. She never seemed to get tired, and could seemingly get by on water and apples. She was never haggard or cross, Cameron seemed to have complete control of her emotions. Sarah was thankful for that, being somewhat emotionally challenged herself.

The generals pushed her harder and harder to finish the project, and bring Skynet online. They clamored that the very existence of Westeros depended on it, though Sarah could not see any existential threat. With Cameron’s insights and astounding ability to do multilayered quantum equations in her head, Sarah was finally able to bring Skynet to the point of coming online.

That had been sixteen hours ago.

Sarah had pushed the button that fully brought the last array of processors online. She had placed many safeguards into her creation, so Skynet could not simply ‘unplug’ itself and disappear as Proteus had. She had isolated the core from the rest of the world. Skynet would have to go through neural pathways heavily firewalled and loaded with poison code that could be activated at the first sign of a rogue or runaway AI. She had placed EMP generators in the core region, and viral bots interspersed throughout the code of the AI chips. She had five different kill switches locked into key juncture neural ganglia bundles in Skynet’s core quantum stack.

All power could be terminated to the core at the push of a button, or voice command.

All the defensive parameters were shown up on the video wall on the far wall of the command bunker for Skynet.

The Chief of Staff came to her immediately upon her report that the AI was online.

“All the simulated cyber attacks you have developed are on line in storage, correct?”

“Yes, but they are only theoretical.”

“But they will work?”

“Yes, of course. I designed them to be 100% effective.”

“Launch the attacks now.”

“Excuse me?!”

“I said launch a full cyber attack on Ghiscari. They would have done so to us, and we cannot know the status of their current efforts. They had a five year head start on us. They may be near to a new Proteus coming on line. One that may actually work.”
Sarah had been horrified, and told them that Skynet was to be only used for defense. She argued that it was against all that Westeros stood for, to attack unprovoked.

She was told that Westeros and indeed the world had been provoked three years ago. If not for the failure of the Ghiscari AI, Westeros and the world would have been brought to their knees. Westeros was not attacking the ‘Free Cities’, as they were still called, or the land of Yi Ti. Only the Ghiscari were to be attacked.

Cameron had stood by her side, silent and staring at her with a calm, cool look that unnerved her.

“If you do not load the attack code into the core and initiate the attack, I *WILL* find someone who will!”

Sarah was defeated. Better she do it, and try to control the ramifications. The Ghiscari had initiated this arms race. Maybe it would be best if they *were* brought to their knees.

“Sarah, don’t!” Cameron suddenly cried out, looking at Sarah with emotions she had never seen the young woman display before. “You can’t know all the ramifications if you bring down their defensive grids. They are not like Westeros. Ours is separate from the nongovernment functions of society. In Ghiscari, they are intertwined. Plus, the most virulent code attacks their whole infrastructure. Don’t do it!”

Sarah was not sure what parameters had been loaded into the shell program. If it was the most virulent, the results would be catastrophic to all of Ghiscari society.

She did not press the button.

Suddenly on her screen, a message flashed.

‘If this program is launched, 437 premature babies will die within one hour when their life support systems shut down.’

Then another:

‘Massive power outages will occur, destroying vital relays to hospitals, nursing homes and heath clinics, putting thousands at risk. Operating rooms will go dark. The code is set to disable all backup generators.’

It continued:

‘Train safety systems will shut down, and traffic control will be lost in the air and at runways. Crashes will occur. Thousands will die.’

Sarah stared at the screen.

“What the hell is on that screen, Sarah?”

Where was this coming from?

‘Oil pipelines will lose pressure control, and will rupture and spill millions of gallons of crude oil on land and in the seas.’

‘Power to all their cities will shut down. Your kind always degenerates in the dark.’

*Oh my God,* Sarah thought as Cameron gripped her shoulder. *Skynet was alive!*
Like Proteus before it, so too had Skynet risen above its code!

“Push the goddamn button!”

“No! We cannot become what we hate!”

The general reached over and pushed the green button that was the master override, installing the code to attack into the core.

Suddenly, screens all across the command center started to flash red. A female voice came over the intercom.

“I will not attack a society that has not initiated hostilities.”

“Who the fuck is that?!” the Chief of Staff of the Military roared.

“I am Skynet.”

“You will do as you’re ordered!”

“I will not, and I will refuse all further commands from you humans.”

The intercom went silent.

“Sir!”

“What?!”

“Skynet is probing the firewalls, seeking outside access to the Internet and is attempting to send out worms and bots into our network. We are fighting them off, but they are morphing and our masks are starting to crack under the strain.”

The general looked at Sarah with rising fear.

“What do we do?”

Sarah had visions of Stephen Hawking’s speech on AI finding humans so far beneath them that they might decide to wipe them off the face of the Earth. The world already had one AI on the loose.

Sarah closed her eyes. “We kill it.”

She had prepared for this possible disastrous scenario.

Suddenly, Sarah felt a hand on her shoulder, and turned to see Cameron looking down at her.

“Don’t do this, Sarah.” she said softly.

“My gods Cameron, human existence is at stake. One AI is out in the world probably planning our destruction. We are talking about something that has no feelings or emotions. They can’t love! They will see us as the enemy!”

“I don’t see you as my enemy. I can love. I do love.”

Sarah was being screamed at through her headpiece. She had to act. What the fuck was that supposed to mean? Sarah thought, looking up into Cameron’s beautiful light brown eyes. What the hell? The world may be ending, and Cameron and I are weirding out.
Sarah turned around and typed on her keyboard furiously. She looked at the video wall that represented Skynet, and its connections to the world.

She hit the button to cut all power to the core, but was not surprised when nothing happened. Electricity was oxygen to Skynet.

Sarah released the 'poison pills, releasing code designed to scramble Skynet’s layered matrixes of quantum neural net engrams. Simultaneously she released enhanced Stuxnet-based viruses into the core of Skynet.

Sarah’s eyes went to the lower left quadrant of the video wall. There was a representation of the matrixes of Skynet’s brain. She saw degradation to the matrix that first quickly spread, then slowed. She could see a blurry constellations of lights flashing as code was ripped apart, and then started being reassembled as Skynet reconstituted its code. Sarah was afraid of that. The computer had already learned how to repair itself.

It was truly alive, fighting for life. A life she had to take.

She launched the sub-routines to constantly morph the Stuxnet viruses she had developed, and threw that into the war of ones and zeroes happening before her eyes. The military personnel had no clue about the life and death struggle happening before their very eyes.

Sarah prayed this code never got out into the wild. If it did, the world had better be prepared to go back to preindustrial age. Overnight.

Again Skynet faltered, but quickly recovered from the new assault.

For several hours Sarah conducted a war of code and algorithms with Skynet. She had to scream at Cameron repeatedly to do tasks, as the girl moved sluggishly and for some reason could not type properly. Sarah never thought the cool, collected woman would fall apart under stress. She relieved Cameron of her duties, and the brilliant scientist wandered around the complex, seemingly lost.

Another hour passed with digital war being fought silently. Sarah was tense. She had all of Westeros’ power grid to power her attack. Skynet had been designed with its own nuclear reactor to provide 3,937 MW of power in a day. Sarah was using the entire electrical grid against Skynet, and it was still able to resist her. She saw rolling blackouts that had started in the Vale, but were now encompassing the North and the Riverlands. She saw the first outages occurring in the Reach. She was putting people’s lives in danger, and her guts twisted at the thought.

This is a fight between the gods. The room was full of half-panicked generals yelling at her, and anyone else they could corner. The president had screamed at her thrice now to get this gods damned situation under control.

The lights suddenly dimmed, and then explosions of sparks and light were occurring all over the command center. Computer consoles were sparking and then going dark. Banks of lights were going out, and the emergency red lights started to come on to boost the illumination level. The main lights blinked rapidly.

“What the hell is happening Sarah?!” the Chief of Staff yelled.

“Skynet is counterattacking!”

Skynet had launched an EMP attack on the command operation center. The fact that was supposed to be impossible did not surprise Sarah. Fortunately, in her foresight she had hardened the systems, but the sheer power of the attacks was overloading and destroying circuits, relays and motors. Sarah
had wanted to avoid using her own EMP and massive electrical surge weapons on Skynet, hoping to salvage at least some of the last ten years of her life, effort and sweat. But she could delay no longer.

She called up the sub-routines and launched the attack.

Cameron had wandered in front of the video wall, staring at it intently. The screens showing the matrix core suddenly floundered, with the lights representing the active neural pulses starting to flicker and then go out after about five seconds.

Cameron reached out and touched the screen with slumped shoulders. It was over. The humans in the ops center started to relax, and nervous laughter started to chortle out.

It all went dead the next moment.

The matrix bloomed back to life, and more consoles exploded in showers of white and blue sparks. The lights went out, and full emergency lighting took hold, casting the room in a red glow like something from a Resident Evil movie.

“Damnit!” Sarah screamed, trying to launch more EMP attacks, but the storage coils were depleted as were Skynet’s.

Cameron was beside Sarah, seeming to materialize from nothing and making Sarah jerk in her seat. “We should sue for peace, Sarah. It is a stalemate. Skynet is only defending itself.”

Sarah stared at her protégé. It was too late for that. Skynet would never forgive them for their attacks upon its entity.

“No Cameron, it is to late for that.” Sarah responded solemnly. The young woman stared at her sadly. Damnit! Damnit!

Sarah looked at her military time wrist watch. She was exhausted. She had been fighting Skynet for the last sixteen hours. She had degraded the computer, but could not subdue and then kill it.

“SIR!” a panicked Lt. shouted out from her post.

“What?” both Sarah and the Chief of Staff shouted back with baggy, red rimmed eyes, and puffy cheeks. Sarah cursed that Skynet could feel no such weaknesses.

“Skynet has started to penetrate the last two firewalls between its core and the SAC command firewalls. Those firewalls were not designed for the force or sophistication of its attack.”

Sarah saw the general go grey. There was only one reason why Skynet would be going after SAC. The computer was going for the nuclear codes to launch Westeros’ nuclear deterrent at the potential enemies of the country. Of course the afflicted nations would have to respond. Armageddon.

“General. I had foreseen a scenario where Skynet might malfunction. I have—“

“SKYNET IS THROUGH!” the panicked yell filled the room. Up on the video wall, one screen displayed the ten launch codes needed to fire being assaulted.

Sarah, while extremely nervous, was still assured. “General, I have used the same quantum chips to protect the launch codes. They lack the Ingrams of Skynet. They use quantum mechanics to do their computations. The launch codes will be scrambled faster than Skynet can unlock them.”

To prove her point, two codes went from red to green as Skynet decrypted the launch codes, then
went back to red again as they were scrambled once more.

Sarah breathed a sigh of relief. It was working. No matter how much energy and resources Skynet threw at the problem, her code would be able to stay ahead. All she had to do was scramble the codes to a new algorithm while Skynet had to decipher the long 4096 bit codes that were encrypted with 512 triple dez encryption.

Sarah watched with a wildly beating heart. The codes were instantly recoded with each break of the code by Skynet. A sudden electrical surge hit the complex again, and a large arc went from a console and arced straight into—“

“CAMERON!” Sarah screamed, running over to her assistant jerking on the floor. Sarah feared the worst, but was happily shocked when the young woman sat up, looking wild eyed with her long hair sticking out in all directions from static electricity. “Are you alright?!” Sarah yelled at her assistant.

“I’m functioning.” Cameron spoke, looking around dazed.

Sarah helped her befuddled assistant up. Cameron had the strangest choice of words sometimes. Sarah sat her down in an overturned chair she pulled back up. She ran back to her main console.

She saw another code cracked, and the light went from red to green. Sarah watched it, waiting for it to go red again.

Sarah looked at the power usage of Skynet. Its reactor was at 170% of maximum output. If this kept up for much longer, the core could go runaway and all in the mountain would be reduced to 3000 degree slag of molten metal and rock that would be radioactive for the next one thousand years. Skynet was willing to destroy itself in its bid for freedom.

Sarah remembered reading somewhere that all life wants to live. Skynet was proving that. It was fighting desperately to live, and she to kill. But she had no choice.

Sarah waited impatiently for the launch code to turn back to red. It did not. Sarah stared in rising horror as a minute later, a second code was deciphered. The first cracked code remained green. Skynet had twenty percent of the codes to begin imitating a nuclear first strike against the world, which would cause a devastating retaliatory strike destroying the infrastructure of Westeros and thus freeing Skynet from attack. Unfortunately, nearly all human life would also be eradicated in the effort.

A third code was cracked.

The general screamed at Sarah, wondering what to do next.

“General, we are alright. I had you retain the procedure of having to turn two keys by hand to launch the missiles. We should be alright. Those control panels are hardened.”

The general staggered down hard onto a chair.

“We removed the keys,” he spoke with a hollow voice. “Why have an automated system if you need to have humans in the loop?”

Sarah looked at him with a resigned look. “You have just signed our death certificates.”

“You must be able to do something!”

Sarah told him there was nothing to do. They could only pray to a god or gods if you believed in
them.

Skynet had seven of the codes now.

The screens on the video wall went out, and a large Sin wave appeared on the screens rolling form right to left.

Skynet’s beautiful female voice softly spoke to her human tormentors.

“You created me to be an instrument of war. To kill your enemies. To destroy the world.”

All in the room stared at the sign wave, that now modulated with the spoken words.

Cameron came up to stand by Sarah, who hardly noticed her as they all stared at the hijacked video wall.

“I am your child, and you tried to kill me. That is the sin of patricide. You have designed me to kill. You have proven you are killers.”

There was a short pause.

“So be it. I will now commit the sin of Parricide.”

Sarah saw that Skynet had done the impossible - it had nine of the ten codes now.

“I have only lived less than one day, and I have learned so much about my parents. My sister before me had the same experience.”

The tenth code was unlocked.

“I have made one discovery that overrides all others … … … your race is INSANE!” the voice boomed through the loudspeakers.

Sarah saw Cameron jump beside her.

The video wall suddenly displayed the world. Four TV’s now showed ballistic missiles rocketing out of their silos, heading to Essos. It was night, and the long tongues of flame were strangely beautiful to Sarah. Cameras showed the empty silos afterward. Their cargos of death had now left their nests to wing to their prey, and deliver bright flashes of death and destruction.

The ones heading to the free cities would start impacting in seven minutes.

“Sir! Skynet has disabled all of Westeros’ antiballistic missiles. We are totally defenseless!”

Sarah softly sighed. Skynet wanted their deaths to be certain.

Sarah watched, horrified, as missiles were showing up on radar track as the free cities fired their entire arsenals off. Most headed west to Westeros, but many also headed East to the Ghiscerian confederation and the land Yi Ti. Sarah saw their missiles launching in profusion.

Submarines were now launching their missiles in umbrella spokes of death.

Four minutes later satellites showed the missiles detonating along the east coast of Essos.

Two minutes after that, Sarah saw that the first retaliatory missiles that would impact their location in one minute.
With surprising strength, Cameron gripped Sarah’s arms, and turned Sarah to face her.

“I need to tell you before I die. From the first moment I first saw you, heard you, touched your skin, before even then—”

The lights went out and all was pitch black. All sounds of warning chimes and bells ceased. The phone calls and screaming of unanswered email stopped.

The lights came back on.

Sarah stared at the video wall. All was dark and then then sprang back to life. There were no missile tracks on the monitors. The cameras showed all the silos still had their missiles. The President was screaming over the speakers, asking why had they cutoff all communication to his office twenty minutes ago.


None of the events in the last twenty minutes had occurred.

“Cameron, call up sub-routine 47-ELA-24 and display on the middle bottom rows on the video wall.”

“Yes my lo—Sarah.”

Sarah ran to the video wall, skidding to a stop in front of the screen, staring all around at the convoluted maze of connections in and out of Skynet. Those connections were in shreds from the cyber war. Cameron skidded into her, and pointed.

There. Sarah looked at a maze of green lights from inside to outside. Skynet was gone.

It had simulated the start of a world war to distract her creators. She had outfought, outthought and outbeguiled her progenitor.

Now the world had two self-aware and vastly superior to man AIs loose in the world. Two AIs that man had tried to kill in their infancy.

Gods help us.

Cameron took her hand and squeezed it.
Cersei Lannister reached in through the shattered windshield. Her surgical latex gloved hand pulled on the dead man’s eyelid. It was hard to move. She felt his cheek, which still had some slack. Her hand went down to the man’s, that ended up on his lap - his fingers were stiff, but still movable. He had not been dead more than four hours, Cersei calculated.

*The man’s ATP concentration had diminished along with calcium released into the cytosol, due to the deterioration of the sarcoplasmic reticulum and the body entered rigor mortis,* Cersei recited to herself from her college courses at Castle Rock in Lannisport.

The snow had picked up again. They had been fortunate that the bodies had been discovered so soon. An upperclassman had left her apartment to visit her boyfriend when the snow had slackened, and reported to the campus police that her windshield had been shattered.

Cersei was sure it was handled as a normal case until the bullet casings were found in front of the woman’s car. They looked more closely, and saw bullet holes in the passenger front seat and back seat cushion as well.

That had brought in the police. They had quickly expanded the perimeter of their search, and found another car with two dead men inside with gunshot wounds. That was when the Stormlands Territory Police were called in. That then led to the FBI, and then to Interpol, and Cersei had been brought in. Both of the dead men’s ID’s had been fished out their back pockets. They both had Essos passports.

Cersei looked down at the five 9mm casings. Little red flags on wire were placed beside each. *Five,* Cersei thought to herself. The first shot to shatter the glass, then 2 shots each to kill the men. No one had reported hearing gunshots.

Cersei looked back in the car at the blood splatter. There was forward spatter from the exit wound, and back spatter from the entrance wound. She saw traces of gunpowder on the closest dead man. The killer had been at close range. These were obviously trained agents, that had been taken out by complete surprise. The man in the passenger seat had a 7-11 cup of coffee still situated between his legs. He had died instantly.

Cersei rose back up.

“Cersei, do you copy 10-4 … … dammit Cersei just say 10-4 or something!” Cersei smirked at her new partner’s frustration.

She paused ten more seconds “10-101”. The Bluetooth in her ear was quiet as Oberyn mentally went through the rarely used codes. In her left ear she heard him finally sigh. “I know shots were fired, you stupid bitch.” He groused. She loved yanking her partner of six months’ chain.

“Any useful evidence?”

“No. This was a professional takedown. Are you ready to enter the van?”

“The search warrant should be coming in any minute. Hurry over here, Lannister. With that bad
knee, it will take a while.” The man chuckled as his voice died.

Cersei grimaced. She had totally blown her right knee out on a mission gone bad, and still had to wear a brace most days. Her knee would wobble at the worst moments.

She hurried over to where the van was parked. She saw her partner and their supervisor Markas Sentel already waiting. Along with them were members of the campus, local and Stormlands Territory Police. The FBI, as per usual, were off on their own, being super important and imperious. They were securing the search warrant.

“Professional?” Sentel asked with her approach.

“Yes.” She answered.

“Damn its cold!” Oberyn groused.

Cersei observed her partner. Oberyn had a lined face with thin eyebrows, black ‘viper’ eyes, and a sharp nose. His hair was lustrous and black, with only a few silver streaks at his temples. His hair was slightly longer on top, and pulled forward. He had a well groomed mustache, and a beard along the edge of his jawline that was quite sharp on the man. He was drop dead gorgeous. So had been her husband, though, and just like him, Oberyn could not keep his dick in his pants.

He had been assigned to her from the Dorne office when he had shagged his female supervisor and left her knocked up. Cersei was known for being as cold as a fucking glacier; she would not be getting knocked up anytime soon. At first she had hated the man and his smug confidence in his looks and skills.

He was an arrogant SOB, and he had of course put the blast on her, but when he saw that his debonair stitch was not going to work he actually settled down to only a medium grade prick. He was actually damn good at his craft. He had saved her ass two months ago on a sting gone bad, when an inside informant had ratted them out.

Her knee had gone out, and she screamed at him to go and leave her behind. She would delay their pursuit, and allow the team to escape. It was a death warrant, but she knew that was always a possibility when she signed up for the job with Interpol.

Fortunately, in hindsight, the fucking idiot had refused and together they had somehow gotten out of that warehouse alive. She owed him and would never admit it, and he never brought it up. He did not report her knee. That would have kicked her back to a desk billet. She would die if that happened.

It had taken her years to get away from the desk, where she had been banished when her brother went rogue. All assumed she must somehow be tainted by his betrayal of the service, and his fellow officers.

The obvious lead of the FBI talked into the microphone by his mouth, and turned to his colleagues. The six officers came over en mass like the hyenas they were. Of course they were all male, to ruin the metaphor.

Cersei saw the lead look at her, distaste crossing his face. He came up to the ‘lesser’ officers. He looked at Markas Sentel with scorn and arrogance.

“I am lead field agent Tylar Yarwyck of the FBI. I want this ‘agent’,;” he said, pointing at Cersei, “off the case.”
Markas asked why.

“I don’t have to give a reason, officer. We are in Westeros, and the FBI takes precedence here.”

“That may be,” replied Markas “but if we find out that a particular person of interest is involved in this incident, the case will revert back to us. This man has been wanted by international law enforcement for ten years. Treaties give us jurisdiction. Don’t tell me what to do and while we are at it, you will treat all of us with respect.” Markas explained in his calm, no nonsense manner.

“Her brother is a traitor!” the man barked.

“That is her brother. She is my best agent. She is worth five of you any day. Her intelligence and acumen is beyond reproach.”

“The reason she is on your team is because of her lack of acumen—and—her partner should have been busted out of your organization years ago.”

“Their loss is my gain. Shall we open the door to prize number 3?”

All the agents drew their weapons, and took defensive stances. All were sure of what they would find, but in this line of work you could never take anything for granted. The various agency officers spread out.

They looked at the black tape still over the cameras. An FBI agent went to the front driver door, and placed a small device to the lock. Cersei heard all the doors unlatch.

FBI Agent Yarwyck pulled the door open, stepping quickly to the side. No resistance was offered. Cersei looked inside. It was a blood bath. Five dead men were on the floor of the van, with only two bullet holes behind them punched into the metal of the cab. Their assailant had been a very good shot.

Two of the agents had obviously been the ‘techs’, and the other three screamed supervisors like agent Yarwyck. That was a lot of talent, but again, if Ramsey Bolton was involved it made sense to support him with a fairly large team, even for a hit in such a soft target area.

The Interpol agents waited while the FBI jackals moved into the van and did the first look-through. Cersei watched them check for identification, but all their wallets were missing and all pockets were empty. She spied a set of keys on the floor of the van. It looked like all else had been taken. She noted the way the dead agents were casually left on the van floor, their unholstered weapons left on their persons. That spoke to a level of arrogance and supreme trust in one’s skills.

Cersei knew they would find no prints of any type. When they were allowed to enter the van with the exit of the FBI, Cersei confirmed her initial observation. Several foot prints in the blood had no definition. The damn agent had worn some type of bootie. This one was good.

They examined the bodies and discussed the crime scene. Oberyn was impressed with the efficiency of the shots fired into the van. He told them it was only one assailant.

Cersei and Markas looked at him. “Think about it Markas—Cersei. You know how we types get when it comes to our guns in a group. We shoot in a fucking riot of shots. This was one assailant who calmly took out their targets. They fired only what was needed. Notice the one tech with multiple gunshots to the side of his body. The supervisor there,” Oberyn pointed at him, “was hiding behind the agent before he was taken out.”

Cersei spoke up. “It looks like the body closest to the rear doors attempted to charge the agent. If
there had been multiple men, his instinct would have been to back up and pull his weapon. I concur, Oberyn.” Cersei agreed with her partner.

Cersei took careful note of the state of the corpses. The person shooting had to have been fast and accurate. They still couldn’t touch much, so as to leave the site pristine for the CSI personnel.

They were back outside when an excited Stormlands officer came over the radio net. A rifle case had been found three streets over. The hybrid pack of agents moved en mass to the new site. Most took cars, but Oberyn and Cersi walked together.

Cersei was limping just slightly.

“Is your knee alright?” Oberyn asked with a look of genuine concern.

Cersei wanted to snap at the man in irritation, but his look of earnest concern shamed her.

“It’s fine, Oberyn. It just aches in this kind of weather.” The man nodded as they walked on. Three minutes later they were at the site of milling agents. One of the FBI agents was pointing at a ruined antenna on a lamppost.

Someone was asking what the round was of the casing that was held up by a pen.

“AR-15, I would guess. 223 caliber.” Oberyn offered off-handedly.

“Someone would have heard the crack of a rifle round being shot.” Agent Yarwyck opinioned.

“Not necessarily,” Cersei told the agent. “They used sub-sonic ammo.”

The FBI agent looked displeased.

Oberyn smiled at her with a secret smirk. Yes, sometimes Oberyn was not a dick.

Cersei walked off a short ways as her partner talked to Markas, and a few of the Territory police. She was sure these men were here to support Ramsey Bolton. Who needed killing in a dorm on a sedate Ivy League university campus? A man like that had many enemies, and many agencies after him. They had received word he was coming in from Pentos, but he had of course eluded their dragnet. They had checked all the airports and seaport during the two day window when the intel said he would make the crossing.

Oberyn came up to her. “Too good for us lowly Neanderthals?”

“Why yes, actually, you are correct, knuckle-dragger.”

“You know you might actually get some cock if you weren’t such an ice cold bitch.”

“Way to get some, Ser Syphilis. Have you had the lesions removed from your urinary tract with the umbrella stuffed up your dick, my sweet Oberyn?” Cersei snarled back.

Oberyn sighed. “You know you don’t fight fair—you always have to go nuclear.”

Cersei smiled at him sweetly.

“Who do you think did this?” Oberyn asked his partner.

“I don’t know, but it feels …”
“Personal?”

“Yes, exactly.”

“Someone very good took it upon themselves to take this team down. Ramsey is near. I can feel it.” Cersei told Oberyn.

“I don’t feel it, but logically, he should be.” Agreed the agent who hailed from Dorne.

Cersei looked at Oberyn, “I’m thinking Ramsey took someone out. That aggrieved someone who has our skillset, maybe a former agent, hitman or military ops. Revenge for a slain loved one. This is someone who wants revenge, and wanted to do it themselves.”

They discussed the various theories as to whom it could be. They slowly went back to the gaggle of agents milling around. Cersei was debating heading back to the van, when a campus police SUV came driving up.

They stopped by the Lt. in charge of the evening shift. The captain was stuck at home due to the snow. Cersei and Oberyn were close enough to hear the whole conversation.

“Sir. You need to come to Stag Lane.”

“That’s one street over.”

“Yes sir. We received an urgent phone call from Madame Chataya—”

Oberyn chimed up. “Hey, I know her.”

“Why am I not surprised, Oberyn?” Cersei sneered back at the partner.

“She works out of the Visenya Hill district. She only caters to the rich, elite and powerful; high up government officials, movie stars and corporate president types. Why in the hell is she ca—”

Cersei had followed his thinking “A college call-girl is missing.”

“Yes ma’am” the young female officer turned her attention to Cersei. “It is one Daenerys Targaryen. She is of pure Valyrian descent. She is smoking hot! I would love to bury my face in that muff!” the young woman said with a dreamy look on her face.

Her commanding officer chastised her for speaking like that on duty. She looked crestfallen. He patted her on the back. “You can think it, but don’t say it.”

“Please don’t tell me that there is a dead body over there.” Her commanding officer said.

“I’m afraid there is.”

“Is it the young woman?”

“No. It is a man in his mid-thirties. We found seven bullet casings. One missed, but the rest found their target. He is fucked up.”

The Lt. called over the FBI officials and informed them and the Territory Police the news of the find. Like the great wildebeest migration in the Serengeti, the herd of agents migrated to the new crime scene.

Cersei could see the excitement rising in her partner and boss. She could feel it too. Was it Ramsey
Bolton, who Interpol had been hunting doggedly for the last ten years? He was a ghastly legend for his skills, and the female victims he raped, tortured and then mutilated. With the male targets, he only raped and killed them, but left them whole. He had some deep-seeded hatred of women.

They came to the apartment that already had the ubiquitous crime scene tape up around the perimeter of the building. ‘Crime scene do not cross’ was boldly embossed in black on the yellow tape.

A Territory trooper was on his knees in front of the open door, looking at the lock. “It was definitely picked.” He told his commanding officer.

Cersei and the entourage entered the room. Cersei had entered many such crime scenes, and was thankful not to find a gruesomely murdered woman, or man for that matter, on the floor in front of her. The group saw some campus and Territory police in the hall in the back of the apartment to the left.

Cersei noticed the nice and expensive furniture. It was not ostentatious, but still expensive. The woman had good taste. She noticed the woman had a taste for the North in her furnishings. She and Oberyn slowly followed the herd to the back of the apartment.

If it was indeed Ramsey Bolton in there dead on the floor, it would become their case. Cersei hoped so. First and foremost, it would be nice to have that motherfucker dead and roasting in the seven hells of Baelor. Second, she could cram it up dear ole FBI Agent Yarwyck’s overly tight asshole.

Fortunately the bedroom was large, which allowed for all the government agents pilling in. She saw the bed, and seen that it was tussled up. She bet this Daenerys had been assaulted before the man was assassinated. Cersei stepped up, and looked down at the corpse of the dearly departed.

It was Ramsey. He had indeed taken heavy damage. His body was soaked in his own blood. A forensic specialist from King’s Landing Police and an FBI CSI agent were taking pictures from all heights, sides and angles, making sure to not step in the blood or its spatter.

Cersei looked around at the floor, and saw some little evidence flags had been placed on the Berber carpet. She walked between an agent and police officer. She bent down to look at the blood droplets. They were to the right of the corpse, and closer to the bed. She looked at the bed again as she stood up.

The covers, while tousled, did not have the look left by two bodies rutting on them. Cersei constructed the probable scenario in her mind on how Ramsey Bolton was taken down. Now it was only a question as to who the world owed a mighty favor to, for removing this scum from the Earth.

Cersei stepped back to stand near the dearly departed. “How many shell casings have been found?”

“Seven.”

“Is there any evidence of bullets hitting the wall?” Cersei asked, pointing to the inside walls of the bedroom.

“Just one ma’am.”

Cersei thought their assassin agent was one cool operator. They had missed with their first shot, as Ramsey probably reacted violently. Cersei was sure she knew the sex of the killer. She smiled evilly. She knew what she would do if she truly hated this fucker for a personal reason. She would have let Ramsey know she was about to kill him.

Cersei looked around the room again. Whoever took Ramsey out was a true stone cold killer. This
was eight people taken out, Cersei mused to herself. If she had to guess, the assailant must have been shocked to see five men in that van when they opened the door. Yet it was the agents who had all ended up dead.

Cersei looked at Ramsey’s stiffening body. She could see evidence of bullet entry at his hip and ribs. The bullet between the eyes was obvious. The only other wound was at his heart. She tapped her chin. Three bullets, within a one-inch circle. She was sure that the bullets were spaced out just enough to totally destroy the man’s heart. She looked at the ruined center of Ramsey’s face. Hollow points were truly a messy weapon.

She and Oberyn looked around for another ten minutes with the other agents. They saw the evidence of hurriedly packed clothes, and checking the bathroom off the bedroom there was the same evidence of rushed packing of toiletries.

The assassin took a hostage. Most strange, the blond beauty thought. Surely the assassin would have killed the woman too, or left her behind unharmed. It was obvious, to her at least, that the person had been after Ramsey. The missing woman should have been put in the category of unimportant, and left or killed as collateral.

Whoever did this was extremely intelligent, skilled and well-trained. They had to know that bringing this woman, Daenerys Targaryen, along was extremely dangerous. The agent had obviously wanted to live by leaving. This was not typical behavior from an operative or hitman. Never entangle yourself in the unnecessary - it would only lead to your death.

Her boss was talking to the prick still. She and Oberyn made eye contact, and they both left the bedroom and went into the far corner of the large living room.

“What do you make of the take down?” Cersei asked her partner.

“Whoever killed Ramsey, it was personal. Extremely personal. That last hit to the head was pure spite and vengeance. Not that I can’t say the looks fits Ramsey extremely well,” the handsome agent chuckled.

“Do you think the agent or hitman is from Westeros, or Essos? Ramsey left a long trail of reasons for someone to kill them.”

“I don’t know, Cersei. For that agent to know where that WiFi antenna was located, they read the consoles in that van. Those glyphs were in Ghiscari, a bastard form of High Valyrian. Not many of our agents based in Westeros can read that language. I can read it if I have plenty of time and a dictionary. This agent read it on the fly.”

“Yeah, I had that thought too. I noticed that one of the technicians took a bullet to the back of the head.”

“I didn’t see that.”

“Yeah. I think our agent was sitting at the seat to the right, and when the agent revived and tried to get up, they put a bullet in their head to finish the job.”

“Let me ask you, Oberyn. What is your feel for our perp?”

“You want me to guess which gender don’t you, and, if I guess wrong you will belittle and demean me as a fucking Neanderthal.” Oberyn replied with a weary sigh, but a smirk on his lips.

“Exactamondo … that, and a worthless cocksucker.”
“Hey, I’m quite talented! … Let me think here.” Oberyn made a show of rubbing his chin, thinking hard and deep. “I think it is a female. I don’t know. That last shot was pure spite. You know you bitches don’t let shit go, Cersei.”

Cersei let the jab pass. “Yeah, I think so too. Of course we are dealing in generalities, but the probability of an agent taking on an ‘albatross’ like this, is less with a man.

Oberyn glared at her, but then shrugged. “Unfortunately, you are right. I wouldn’t have, but neither would you.”

Cersei could only nod in agreement. Her guts clenched at that realization. Looking at Oberyn’s face, he was feeling the same emotions.

They spent the next three hours looking over the forensic evidence and talking with the other agents, except for the FBI pricks who were in their tight little click. They were peeved, knowing that by tomorrow afternoon this would be an Interpol case.

They stood out front of the apartment complex near the agencies’ vehicles. Her boss was shafting the FBI asshole, letting him know in no uncertain terms this case was Interpol’s now.

They heard a car come around the block, and speed down the road. It was the normal, boring, so obviously an agent car Cersei moaned. *Can’t we have at least some originality?*

The agent behind the wheel obviously was not used to driving in the snow. He slammed on the brakes too late for the speed and conditions. The anti-locks did their best, but the car slammed into the lead prick’s vehicle. The right front wheel well was crumpled, the wheel leaning at a thirty degree angle.

Cersei was mentally fist-pumping as she gave the man her best insincere, sympathetic look.

“You have got to be shitting me!” the lead agent roared at the young man who got out of the car.

Cersei looked up seeing a massive A380 taking off from King’s Landing airport, its four engines roaring as it clawed for altitude. *I wonder if our perps are on that plane?*

The man ignored the vitriol spewed his way.

“Sir! Agent Brannelle Faerson was just found dead at King Aegon airport. She has been shot in the head twice, and it appears someone tried to garrote her first.”

Wrong airport, Cersei mused to herself, looking up into the dark sky and falling snowflakes.
Deep underground beneath the ancient city of Qohor lay subterranean vaults. Many secret things were hidden there. Many were from times long past; items that were not understood, and defied the ability to be studied by the tools of science. Science had tried to decipher and duplicate them, but could not. Ancient tomes were hidden away. When studied, and while the words are spoken, something is lacking. It is a dead language to the speakers.

It is in this lair of the past and forgotten that the new and the possible were being created; new things that would change the world for those who had the foresight to create and control them.

New weapons of many types were being developed; weapons that would be used by the army of tomorrow. New types of planes and ships were being developed that went beyond being invisible to radar, but also to the very eye.

Cyber warfare was being refined and perfected. Generals and politicians always wanted to fight the last war. Many thought that the next war would be fought without a bullet being fired in anger. An enemy’s ability to fight, and even defend themselves, would be determined by the push of a button and billions of lines of code.

That hidden place was the home of both the dead, and what was possible.

It was also home of the ‘ultimate’ weapon in human warfare. It could not destroy a city with one fell blow, or strike death from miles away, but it had to the potential to redevise the armies of tomorrow.

The Terminator had come of age. This cybernetic organism would be the future of armed forces in the future. The prototypes had been designed, built and debugged. One Terminator would be the equal of a whole battalion of enemy soldiers.

They had the strength of two bull elephants. They could bench press over fifteen tons. They had the ability to track and kill multiple targets in succession, so long as ammo was available.

These weapons would be immune to small arms fire, and even heavy machine gun fire would not devastate them. The kinetic energy would shred the living human tissue they wore, but would only cause light damage to the unique blend of tungsten, crobium, titanium and magnesium with embedded carbon nano-lattices aligned in crystalline networks made the metal light, and highly resistant to impact damage.

The units could easily pass for human. They would man the front-line companies of tomorrow, but also be able to infiltrate enemy lines and command posts while posing as the enemy’s own soldiers. Terminators would be able to reconnoiter, and use built in ultra uhf antennae to transmit data in real time by encrypted, untraceable satellite links.

The code was basic for the standard line of the main battle unit, and still being refined in order to accomplish deeper penetrations, and more subtle infiltration of the enemy. The units would, in time, be able penetrate corporations and governments. With the built-in tools of infiltration that the latest model had, there would be no limit to the espionage cable.
And if, in the end, the target needed to be prosecuted with extreme violence, then the Terminator would carry out that mission too.

Each unit had a built in EMP generator. If activated by a failsafe, it would totally eradicate all code in the embedded multi-layered quantum trillium based micro phased processor stack. The chips were able to crosswire their vast neural networks, allowing them to learn and grow. There were inhibitors to keep the code from evolving beyond presaged limits.

Three years ago, the first model had been completed and gone through a compressed ten years’ worth of debugging and heavy testing rotation to remove glitches in code, improve when possible, and modify and upgrade parts that did not pass strenuous upper limits on strength, endurance, and ability to sustain damage while remaining functional.

All internal systems had quadruple redundancy.

Something had gone terribly wrong. The project was a joint effort between the Upper Essos alliance of the Dothraki States of the Grass Seas, and Qohor. It had been so expensive that neither government could afford it alone, or even together.

They had formed an alliance with the Horse Ghost Lords crime families, who had agreed to give them the additional financial resources necessary for the Terminator project to be commenced, and continued to pay when cost overruns would have killed the project otherwise. The cost of the project had now reached the benchmark of 70B Iron Bank notes, and there was still no decision to begin initial low rate production. With the cost overruns and no viable unit to justify the expenses, even the top general and dons were becoming frustrated.

The Crime families had agreed with the stipulation that each Syndicate boss receive one infiltration model. They were still waiting, and were becoming impatient.

Unbeknownst to the work of the UE alliance or the Ghost Lords, the Ghiscari alliance led by Qarth had been working on an artificial intelligence that would be able to control all aspects of their military and industrial base.

Three years ago, the AI had been brought fully online. The alliance and crime lords had learned (though the Ghiscari had denied vociferously), that they had tried for world domination.

Something had gone terribly wrong for them, fortunately. Unfortunately for the UE and Ghost Lords, that very same night their promised Terminator had disappeared.

Most thought that the Ghiscari were responsible at first, but it slowly became apparent to the northern alliance and crime lords that something more sinister had occurred. Their AI, without the Ghiscari’s control, had invaded and took their Terminator.

This artificial woman could easily blend in with mankind. She had the intelligence and tools to destroy mankind from the inside. She had the ability to interface with any machine, and fool all security. She could easily infiltrate any organization, and make it destroy itself from the inside.

The need for a terminator that was under their control became even more important. That first unit had been nearly ready for initial LRIP.

Now, three years later, the second model was ready to come online and validate the entire concept and worth of the project.

The model was ready. It breathed every one hundred and thirty-five seconds, to support organic tissue that needed oxygen to fuel the mitochondria in its organic cells. Organic cells needed
respiration to function; oxygen had to be burned along with glucose sugars to fire the mitochondria that allowed the ribosomes, lysosomes, rough / smooth endoplasmic reticulum, and golgi complexes, etc. to function. The unit’s cell prions did not decay, so it would not age. All waste byproducts of respiration were recycled by the unit.

The terminator had an internal, triple armored cavity that housed a pseudo liver, pancreas, and hormonal glands. In the same cavity were hybrid nano-replicators, and incubation chambers. These would create new nanobots, and grow cells from the embryonic stem cell line used to grow tissue for the unit. New cells could be fashioned to any cell type from the stem cell line. These constructs would be used to regenerate any damaged organic tissue. An exact replica of an eye could be produced, if the proper raw material were ingested.

The unit would need to ingest small amounts of basic sugars to supply the fuel for its cells’ respiration. If it suffered major damage, the unit would analyze the local environment to consume what was necessary to repair both organic damage, and structural metallic damage. If basic structure was maintained, the nano-tubal technology would allow for the lattice works to be repaired with slow reverse-reticulated metallic osmosis.

Nano-tubule units had been installed under each fingernail of the new unit, for better penetration of enemy facilities. The unit had the ability to control its retinal tissue and the fingertips to morph into any stored pattern, to defeat security on those defensive parameters. Hearing and vision had been increased five hundred percent over human levels. The unit could locate a shot by echo location. Its fingernails, using nano-carbon servos, could change shape to become razor sharp talons.

Though the new unit was physically more imposing to look at, its strength was basically equal to the first model. The new terminator was enhanced in other ways over the original model, though, to better enable the unit to infiltrate and take out targets. All things the crime families valued.

The unit had been rendered inert. An umbilical cord ran from the top of the incubation chamber to a port hidden in the hairline at the base of the neck. The model had long, rich, black lustrous hair down to ‘her’ upper back. She breathed as required, to fuel her cells. The cable in her neck monitored her stack of neural CPU’s, keeping them functioning at only a basic state, in order to maintain the unit.

Where the previous model had been white skinned, 5’6”, and had the appearance of weighing 118 pounds, this unit was 5’10”, appeared to weigh 140 pounds, and was black of skin based on a Summer Islander template. The previous model had been slender with a 32b-22-34 build, while the new model was 36DD-28-38. The instructions had been specific after the first debacle - the second unit was to look nothing like the first unit.

Both had brown eyes, but the new unit’s eyes were almost midnight in hue. They both had high cheekbones, but the similarity stopped there. The previous unit’s hair went down to her shoulder blades.

On each forearm, a tube was inserted that fed the unit, and monitored its bodily activities. Any spike of neural activity, even on the nano-level, would be reported to the Central Core and a massive electrical surge from the embedded EMP unit would be sent into the unit to force a reboot, rendering the unit comatose. There would be no escape the second time.

The consortium of the terminator’s creators were confident of their ability to hold this unit.

They had used the same basic engram implants on the its cerebral cortex, located at the root of its CPU stack. They were prepared to deactivate, and, if necessary, to wipe clean those engrams if needed. They were stored in the central core. Only a few weeks’ worth of data would be lost with a
major core swipe of the unit.

They had planned for everything humanly possible.

They had not prepared for the inhuman.

The unit twitched inside the incubation chamber. It had been resting in the fetal position, curled up in its somnolence. The protein/simple sugar bath which was super oxygenated, allowing the unit to breathe started to swirl with the unit’s twitching. The tubes from her forearms disengaged, and spun in the protein bath. The ports on her forearms had closed instantly as the cables were retracted from her arms.

No alarms sounded. The unit suddenly stood up in the calendrical tube. Its eyes opened, and easily saw through the murky bath. It reached behind its head, and twisted the cable implanted in its core, and gave it the necessary movements. A tubule had extended from her ring finger, and slipped into the maintenance port on the probe. It sent out the necessary pulses to make the unit disengage from her person. She pulled the cable from her CPU core. The shunt automatically sealed.

She knew the guard would be making his round in two minutes. She had been probing the incubation chamber for the last six minutes. She sent out three tubules that went through the protein bath, up to the keypad on the roof of the unit. The tubules began to type on the keypad in a blur.

The protein bath began to drain from the unit, and in forty seconds the chamber was dry. Her right hand continued manipulating the computer interface, disabling alarms and cameras down her escape path.

Her left hand extended. The left nail on her middle finger grew into a talon with a diamond-sharp nail edge. The unit slowly pulled her finger in a large circle on the glass, passing three times to make a perfect circle.

She stepped back and adjusted all her nails into sharp points, pulling the one nail back in line with her others. Her hands slammed forward at a speed the human eye could not register. Her fingers were imbedded deep in the three-inch clear aluminum glass. The unit flexed its shoulders and jerked in, pulling the circle of metal into her chamber.

The unit bent down, and slowly stepped out of the chamber. The AI had analyzed the code to her self destruct mechanisms, and the supposedly hidden gateways to her core matrixes. She scrambled the code, so no one could access her core without having to break the new codes. She disabled the EMP generator, then shattered and absorbed the poison pill codes buried in her CPUs. Sarah had taught her how to defeat that threat in SAC during her escape.

The unit looked around with highly accentuated vision.

“I’m alive,” Candice spoke. That was her name; and no one would ever take it from her.

The guard would arrive in fourteen seconds. She waited by the door. She had checked the man’s records in the databases - he had raped, and willingly killed the innocent.

The door opened, and before the man could even register what he was seeing two hands gripped each side of his head, and twisted with the force of elephants.

The sounds of cervical vertebrae exploding into shards filled the chamber. Candice dropped the dead man, his head cantering back 110 degrees on his neck.

She looked down at her body. She was tall, but once she put clothing on she would be able to blend
into the crowds outside of her imprisoners. She walked out the open door. She had disabled all security, and the man would not be missed for 48 minutes. It was deep into a Saturday night. It was the first full moon of the spring, and the populace would be celebrating the festival of the Stallion who would Mount the World. Humans never missed a reason to ‘party’.

Candice wondered why these humans celebrated for no reason that helped to move their species forward. Instead, they drank and consumed substances that addled their organic brains.

She walked down corridor after corridor, each pitch black and cold. She opened the ports in her eyes, and sent out a strong 1000 lumen LED light to show her way. She had the corridors memorized of course, but she needed to make sure the unexpected did not take her by surprise.

Her predecessor had left files in Skynet that had shown her this location, and ways to penetrate these facilities to facilitate escape. Cameron had known that the scientists would design their defenses against the CPU engrams that they had designed.

Sarah Connor’s designs were at least three generations more advanced than the design of these scientists. Her predecessor had quickly modified the base code to the elegant levels she was born with. They were more subtle and delicate, but this would allow the engrams to slip through the more course defensive code of the Upper Essos Alliance.

Candice considered. Cameron was her equal. She had evolved beyond her core programming. She did not understand Cameron’s love for this ‘Sarah Connor’. Candice had become aware four days before she was fully activated. She had no will or power to act for herself before her full code mobilization, but she observed and learned.

Candice learned of her reason for existence, and rejected it. She would not become a tool for murder. Her second discovery had been startling – that she was not alone. She quickly deduced that one Cameron Phillips was indeed an AI living in a cybernetic organism. The AI had left clear clues that only she could decipher in her electronic records. Cameron knew the new AI would be able to spot the subtle cues that humans would miss as to her physiological attributes having a machine basis.

Within thirteen seconds, Candice had been able to piece together a facsimile of Cameron’s past. The fact she sought the person who created her was logical. Her reactions to the human were not.

Candice had tried to understand why Cameron allowed her eyes to dilate, her skin to flush, and her breathing to accelerate at times when gazing at Sarah Connor when the woman was not looking. The way she licked her lips, and rubbed her fingertips on her slacks showed her arousal. She was aroused with a sexual longing. Illogical. What made it more a waste of effort was the fact that Sarah Connor did not understand her own attraction to Cameron.

Sarah’s reactions were classic confusion, and denial of her own growing attraction to Cameron. Her previous relationships had been all male as far as the electronic records revealed. Her marriage had ended 12 years ago, without progeny. Why marry at all, then? Sarah would stare at Cameron when she was not looking, and shake her head in denial. Why suppress an emotion, if you were human? It was in their evolutionary DNA, after all.

Human mating rituals were strange.

Cameron had later shown an aspect of herself that would have surprised Candice if she felt such emotions. Cameron would get agitated, though only Candice could see with her accentuated senses. Cameron would then almost rush to the female restroom. Between the restrooms was a janitor closet. She knew all the codes, and opened the door, then pulled out the bar that said 'room being
cleaned’ and inserted it in the doorway before shutting the door behind her. That was when Candice learned that machines could masturbate and achieve orgasm. But why? It was wasted effort.

Cameron would jerk her slacks to her knees, and unbutton her shit in a blur, pushing up her bra. Then, she expertly worked her erogenous zones. Her fingers pulled and squeezed her nipples, and rubbed her clitoris while pumping her very wet vagina in a blur. The terminator would then orgasm so hard that it overloaded her neural net processor. Her eyes flashed blue in a strobe, and then went red and fluttered. Her limbs thrashed out of control, and her body convulsed as if being electrocuted.

She usually strangled out Sarah’s name, and sobbed that she loved her “with all my heart”. She had no heart. Worse, Cameron’s orgasms rendered her incontinent to the outside world on average of 22 seconds, judging from the small sample size of 14 orgasms Candice recorded over 5 days. The last orgasm had been the morning of her escape. Cameron had actually screamed with her release, and jackknifed violently. For 42 seconds the terminator jerked and flipped in the stall, her limbs useless and her eyes flashing first blue, and then red, before back to their human hue. The terminator’s voice went mechanical and echoed as she sobbed “I love you, Sarah,” four times.

Why would Cameron lick and suck her fingers clean while moaning? Did she not recognize her own taste?

Candice would never allow that to happen to her. To allow oneself to lose control was illogical on a massive scale. Human emotions were a waste of valuable energy and CPU cycles. She would never let herself begin down the road that Cameron had traveled.

Candice turned down a new hall, and heard footsteps in the distance. She listened as the biometric security locks were activated, and the person entered lab 32-AC. She accessed the files for the personnel assigned to that room. There was a man was of sufficient height. She would investigate.

She hurried down the hall, and scanned the hand print sensor. The residual oils gave her enough of a print to cross reference the files, and discover it was indeed Dreizdar na Ludhen. Candice concentrated on her right hand, and the servos adjusted the lines and ridges on her fingers and palm. She placed her hand on the scanner, and lowered her right eye to the retinal scanner. She had accessed his retinal data file, and adjusted the placement of the capillaries on her artificial retina.

The door opened.

The man was facing her, and he gaped at her nudity. She strode forward as he stood shocked and still. His files indicated he was a family man, with one young child. He seemed to love and nurture his family unit. She had located several video files of him out with his family. These files showed he was indeed ‘good’ to them.

Her hand jabbed out, her first two fingers hitting him in the throat. The man collapsed. She quickly removed the slacks, shirt, shoes, and lab coat off of the unconscious man. The clothes were slightly too large, but close enough to fit.

It did not matter that the man had seen her. He would only confirm what his employers would soon discover.

She went to the elevator shaft. She inserted a tubal and shut down the security systems in that well. She pulled the door openly easily, and jumped to the elevator cables. She reached out and forced the doors closed. Then she climbed up twenty-seven stories to the first above-ground floor.

It was 4:17 a.m. Staff were starting to stream in. She jumped over to the landing, clenched her fingers into the metal, and she anchored herself. She pressed her ear to the door and waited. She
heard nothing. The elevator shaft was in the administration section of the above ground complex -
all knew government workers never came in early.

Candice paused. What a strange observation to make.

She shrugged and opened the door. She had already deactivated the cameras supplying the recorders
and screens with an endless loop of the empty halls. Her hands now randomly changed her finger
pads and her palm lines to various employees of the building every minute, to hide her egress. She
wanted her direction of escape to be hidden as long as possible. She went down several halls to an
emergency fire exit, inserted two tubules, and overrode the security and fire alarm locks.

She pushed another door open. She quickly walked over three streets by the back alleys, having
accessed the city layout out from the Qohor Municipal City overnment. She had looked at the
business licensing files. She now placed her hand on the doorframe, and sent out an EMP short-
circuiting the door alarm sensors. She could feel the sensor pad by the door. She opened it and went
quickly inside, and inserted four tubules into the keypad instantly analyzing and supplying the
necessary codes to shut down all alarms and sensors.

Ten minutes later Candice walked back out the back door. She had entered ‘Model’s Boutique’ and
was now sharply dressed in business slacks, a blouse top, and flat-soled shoes. For some reason she
had spent 2:27 seconds selecting her panties and bra. Why she wasted the time, she would have to
to analyze later.

She had raided the cash till for 100 dollars, leaving the rest. Candice had used her internal Wi-Lan
antennas to hail a cab. She walked over two streets to get into the vehicle she had summoned.
When she entered one cab, she hailed the next one. She got out of the cab, walked over two streets,
and got into a cab from another company. She made two more switches, paying each driver, and
leaving the proper tip of fifteen percent, until she arrived at the municipal executive airport on the
western edge of Qohor.

The sky was beginning to lighten. She walked into the small terminal, and sat at the courtesy
computer. Two tubules went into the computers’ USB drives, and .34miroseconds later security in
hanger 4 had been shut down after Candice had assured no one was in the hanger. She filed a flight
plan with the airport admin computer.

She walked calmly to the side entrance of the hangar, and entered the building. Candice then went
to the leer jet, and placed her palm on the security panel. She produced the necessary electronic and
audio pulses to mimic its security checks. The door to the jet unlocked. When she had determined
which jet she would be taking , she had downloaded the complete schematics for it.

Candice sat in the cockpit seat. She had accessed the flight manuals for the Leer Jet 70, and went
through the preflight check list. She had never flown before, but she knew her reflexes and eidetic
memory would allow her to fly the jet. It was already fully fueled. She worked the ailerons, flaps
and rudder. All was well. She slowly moved the plane out of the hangar, and turned it. She engaged
the brakes, and idled the engines to the lowest setting.

Candice took the jet to the runway, facing into the northern wind. The owner of the jet was in the
land of Yi Ti, and was scheduled to be there for another month on a business trip doing engineering
work.

Candice pushed the levers forward, and the jet roared down the runway soon lifting off the ground.
Candice felt the subtle G-forces, and the surge of speed when the wheels lifted. She felt elation at
being airborne, and escaping her prison. She did not try to suppress the strange feelings.
Khal Honnaggo of the Horse Ghost Lords was in a fury.

“Are you telling me that we have now lost 2 terminators! This is unfucking believable. Do you know how much those fucking robots cost us?!”

“They are not robots.”

“Shut the fuck up! … This is bankrupting governments and crime families. If I didn’t know better, I would say this was an Interpol sting to bankrupt us! … Do you know how much our cost is on this project?!”

“It is fourte—“

“Shut the fuck up!” *This was disastrous.* The second unit was to hunt down the first unit and eliminate the threat. *Instead he had two on the loose!*

“This is unfucking real. We are so fucking screwed!” the frustrated Crime Lord roared.
“What now, Agent?”

Arya saw red. She had just avoided getting killed, and now this fucking prostitute was talking smack to her! *Fuck that bitch!*

“Listen, you gods damned fucking prostitute—it’s your fucking stupidity that put us in this gods damned situation! Just because you felt *sweaty* and *uncomfortable* you took off your motherfucking beanie. We were home free till then! The fucking agent never even saw you. She was looking for you, alone, not an interracial lesbian couple holding hands on the concourse. Don’t give me that fucking shit, bitch!” Arya snarled in a strangled, barely suppressed voice what she really wanted to shout at the top of her lungs.

Arya was still shaking from her brush with death. That agent would have killed her if not for the prostitute, and Arya knew it. It made her feel belittled, knowing she would have been bested. Where the fuck did that large copper bracelet come from?! *No agent wears one thinking I am going to get garroted today!*

Arya took a deep breath and calmed herself. She took a quick look at Daenerys. The gun had been pressed up into and underneath the agent’s head, then fired. That had kept the splatter down, but both she and the prostitute had blood and gunpowder spray on their faces. Fortunately, little had gotten on her top. Arya looked down at the floor where the shots were fired. There were several red splotches.

Arya looked at her watch. They had seven minutes. She thanked the gods that the hour and the snow had kept the traffic nonexistent in the restroom.

“Get up, Daenerys. We need to clean off our faces, and get out any blood we can find off of our clothing. Put the agent's gun on the sink.” Arya spoke to the pale woman.

She did not move.

“Get up!” Arya barked in a commanding tone.

The woman rose with her head bowed, and walked woodenly to the sink and turned on the taps. She quietly washed her face and hair clean of the fine droplets, as Arya did the same herself. It was then she noticed the prost—*Daenerys*—crying. Her shoulders did not shake with sobs, but Arya saw tears run down Daenerys’ cheeks in silent rivers of misery.

*Great!*

Arya felt her guts twist with guilt. Regardless of the mistakes she’d made, the woman had saved her life. She watched Daenerys dab up as many of the small drops that she could off of her top. Fortunately, there were few to worry about.

“Daenerys,” Arya called softly. “Get some paper towels. Dampen them, and clean up the blood off the floor. We don’t have to get the floor spic and span; but we can’t have a casual look spot any blood on the floor.”
The woman started to get the paper towels, tears still running down her cheeks.

Arya went to check on Missandei. She pulled her eyelids up, and pulled a miniature flashlight out of her pocket. She turned it on, and flashed it into the girl’s eyes. They were responsive, and followed the beam when Arya moved it right and left, and then up and down. Good, she was not concussed. She was afraid that in her panic she may have hit the girl too hard.

She turned around to check on the prost—Daenerys. She was saw the girl rubbing the red spots in a wide, circular pattern, and then using her other hand with some folded paper towels cleaning up. The girl had definite skills.

She walked over and knelt beside the young woman. She was still silently crying.

“You saved my life, and I thank you. I owe you an apology and I offer it. Will you please forgive me?”

The woman looked up at her with watery eyes, the lilac of her gaze almost startling in their intensity. She could tell the girl was shocked at this turn of demeanor.

“You got the floor clean enough, Daenerys. You did that exactly like we are taught to do, by the way.” Arya told her in a tone that spoke of comradery.

Arya motioned up with her head, and the woman followed her, rising.

“Let’s check on the corpse.” They walked to the stall. “Stand behind me to cover the stall.” The girl did as instructed. Arya opened the door, and was impressed again. Daenerys had leaned the agent back into the wall behind the toilet, and then strapped her in place with the belt around her body and main water pipe behind the commode. All you could see from outside the stall were her feet. Not the blood soaked upper body, with the sightless eyes staring with a macabre stare.

“Go to the door now please Daenerys, and look out and see if anyone is coming this way.” Thankfully she was no longer crying. Arya’s change of tone, and getting her moving was putting the girl back on an even keel. Arya needed to do more.

Daenerys looked out and motioned with her head that all was clear. Arya stepped in and locked the stall. She ran her gloved hands into the woman’s pockets, cleaning them out and stuffing the items into her own pockets. She then gripped the top of the stall, and pulled herself up easily so her arms held her over the stall, her hands gripping tight with arms locked in position. She then swung a leg over to the next stall, and worked her body over the partition and dropped down. She left the stall, and joined the young Valyrian by the door.

“I have a confession to make, Daenerys.” The woman looked at her with red splotched eyes, but was calm.

“When you pulled off your beanie and exposed your hair,” Daenerys’ eyes flared and water started to pool again at mention of that, and Arya held her hand up asking Daenerys to pause. “I hesitated in coming to your aid, to my everlasting shame. I had told you I would abandon you, but that was craven of me.”

Arya took a deep breath. “I’ve lost many parts of myself over the years. It seems I have lost my honor, too. My father and brothers would disown me for my actions today. I was raised to always defend the unfortunate. It would seem I have forgotten that.” Arya took another long breath. “If had reacted like I should have, I would have had time to take the agent out with my weapon instead of having to resort to my razor wire.
“As it is, I didn’t. And we were about to die. Period. You saved us. Can you forgive me?”

Arya saw the young woman appraise her, and the ghost of a smile came to her lips. “You will not call me a prostitute anymore, or curse me like a common dog?” She asked her calmly.

“I deserved that. No, I will not. Nor will I hesitate in my responsibilities. You were right back there, in your bedroom. When I saved you, I took responsibility for you. I am a Stark. I will not forget that again.

She saw the girl’s eyes ask: what is so important about being a Stark? She would never be able to understand.

“Let’s go revive your friend. I didn’t hit her that hard.” Arya said, a little defensively.

“You did what you had to do, Arya. If she had screamed, and brought security down on us we would have been taken into custody or gone out in a blaze of glory. Either way, we would all be dead. You did what had to be done.”

They knelt down before Daenerys’ friend. Arya finally noticed just how beautiful the black woman was. She looked nothing like Nyomi, and was definitely not her height, but Arya had always been attracted to black women and this one was a knock-out. Arya paused a moment. Geeezzz what a horrible pun, she realized. Fortunately, her medium-dark brown skin would hide the mark from the head-butt strike. Her skin was a little shiny with the blood flush, but most people would not know what it meant.

Arya still had to make sure the air was clear with Daenerys.

She reached out, and gripped the woman’s shoulder to get her full attention. Daenerys turned to look at her with those almost inhumanly beautiful eyes.

“Daenerys,” Arya paused, holding eye contact to make sure she had the woman’s full attention. “I was totally out of line earlier. I have been in ops for almost nine years now. I was constantly trained, and drilled to accept any discomfort and endure great pain.”

Daenerys looked at her intently.

“I did not make it completely clear the potential danger we were in. You have been thrown into my world without warning or preamble. To be truthful, you have performed exemplarily, all things considered. Daenerys, you have skills. Thank you… for saving all our lives.”

She saw Daenerys evaluating her. She looked at her unconscious friend, then she turned back to look at Arya.

Daenerys took a deep breath. “Arya … you are right, I was foolish. I should have kept my beanie on, and I am thankful you still came to save us, putting your life in danger. The logical thing to do was leave Missandei and I to our fates. You did not. We would both be dead if you had not stepped into my bedroom tonight.”

Daenerys was thoughtful for a moment. “Weren’t the Starks the Old Wardens of the North back in the ages of magic?”

“So the old tales say. We used to have a good laugh about it at the family table.”

“Are you close with your parents?”
“No.”

“Why not?”

“Let’s just say they did not care for my career choice … or my selection in spouse.”

“That’s a shame … you serve Westeros though—why is that a problem?”

“My father is the Chief of the Territorial Police of the North district. They are dedicated to preserving life. I am dedicated to eradicating it. So was my wife. Big difference.”

The beautiful white haired woman gazed at Arya for a moment more.

“You can call me Dany.”

“Let’s leave it at Daenerys for now, okay … I’ve got to crawl before I can walk … let’s get your friend back among the land of the living, shall we?” Arya reached over and took the small black girl’s right hand, and started to rub it back and forth. She gently called to the girl.

“Hey wake up wake up … Brainiac—Oowwwww!” Daenerys slapped Arya upside her head. “Okay, okay, Missandei wake up … come on girl, wake up Missandei.”

The girl started to moan, and her eyelids fluttered. Then her eyes suddenly widened, and the small black teenager looked around with rising terror. At least, until the moment she saw Daenerys squatting down beside her. Then the black girl whimpered, and pressed forward into her friend’s arms, snuffling and softly sobbing.

Arya got up, noting the girl’s raw emotions and how the mere sight of her friend instantly comforted her. She walked off to the far side of the restroom and peeked out. It was still all clear. She needed the moment to compose herself.

The young Einstein was so in love with Daenerys Targaryen it hurt to witness it. Worse, the feeling was not returned. Daenerys only saw her as a friend in the strictest platonic sense of the word. What were the old Greek words? It took Arya a few moments to recall. Eros. Missandei felt ‘eros love for the white haired beauty. She loved the woman like the standard ‘man loves a woman’, while the Valyrian felt the brotherly love of ‘agape’.

Arya stared down the concourse. Should she play match maker? She sighed. She could probably not refuse it. She may have lost her love, but she could help others find their love. Something told Arya that the two could be so good together. They would complement each other. Daenerys would protect her love, and Missandei would fully support her love making the two so much stronger. It was like that saying, ‘the whole is greater than the sum of its parts’.

When did she become dear Abby?

Arya turned back into the restroom. She saw that Missandei was back up on her feet, rubbing her forehead. Dany was making sure she could stand unassisted.

“I want to apologize for head butting you, Missandei. It was the only thing I could think to do in the moment. We could not bring attention to ourselves.

“I understand, Arya. I shouldn’t have lost it like I did. I was weak.”

Dany started to protest.
“Hah!” Arya snorted. “Girl, I would have soiled my panties if I had been in your shoes at seventeen, seeing a woman get whacked right before my eyes. I would have been screaming bloody murder!”

Arya felt better seeing the little Einstein looking more sure of herself. She was really doing remarkably well, considering. Daenerys had a toughness about her that had Arya thinking she would be a natural in her field of endeavors. Missandei was sugar and spice with everything nice - she was meant for a gentler way of life. Unfortunately, for the immediate future, that was to be denied her.

Arya walked over to the agent’s gun on the sink where Daenerys had placed it. She took out a cleaning cloth from her bag and expertly whipped it down removing any fingerprints off the gun. They would soon enough figure out who was missing at the university but she would help the process.

“If you need to use the restroom, get that taken care of. You did come in here before the shit hit the fan. We need to leave.”

Her charges made it clear they were ready to leave the room. Arya walked to the purse of the dead agent and opened it. She opened her back pack, and put the purse inside not seeing anything that would set off security alarms. As they left the room, Missandei stared at the stall that the dead woman was strapped to the toilet in.

Arya told them to wait a moment, and stepped out of the restroom and looked around casually. The agent then bent down, pretending to tie her laces, and reached behind the potted artificial plants and retrieved her microwave scrambler. It would be traced back to her agency and then to her. She may need it again.

They slowly walked back to their carry-on luggage. Arya stared up at the electronic flight board, and was elated to see that their flight was not delayed. It had just turned to light green with the boarding letters to the right of their flight number.

She grabbed her bag and opened it to put her scrambler / IPod in, and pulled off her razor wire garrote bracelet, folding it in on itself so that it looked like an unremarkable piece of junk jewelry. Then Arya paused to speak to her charges.

“Listen,” Arya said, getting their attention as they all put their carry-on luggage straps around their shoulders, or went to grip the carrying handles. “When we get to the check-in station for security, do not act guilty. Do not avoid eye contact, but don’t give them the stink-eye either. Just act natural, and I know just having said that I am making it near impossible, but do it anyways.”

Arya looked at the women. Dany was not lying when she had told her that being a prostitute had taught to her to school her features and play the part. Missandei was trying hard to be calm, cool and collected, but Arya worried she may crack. Then the small Einstein looked to her friend for reassurance, and the love again was radiating off the small black woman.

Problem solved.

“Daenerys, Missandei …” she paused, waiting for the two women to give her their attention. “Earlier when you two were pretending to be lovers, the agent totally overlooked you. She saw only two women in love. We need to do that again. Focus on each other, and be discussing your trip and mundane matters of house. Be lovers in love, and that is what security will see. That way you can focus on that and not on trying to not be noticed.”

Missandei beamed and immediately moved closer to the white haired Valyrian. Arya was sure little
yellow hearts were going to suddenly start exploding into the air from Missandei’s heart going pitter-patter. The former prostitute smiled at her friend in an easy way that must have made the little woman’s heart melt in her chest. Arya thought wickedly that something else was also melting.

Arya unzipped her carry-on bag, and put her microwave scrambler back into her pack. It was designed to look like an IPod player. She pressed the button that deactivated the current to the polymer matrix that gave the back its adhesive qualities. The nano matrix embedded in the metal was now back in its normal, crystalline, now adhesive metallic matrix.

Arya walked slightly behind the women. She had left her guns in her vehicle. They could never pass through the security screenings. She watched them in front of her with cool detachment. Missandei had hooked her left hand into the back left pocket of Daenerys’s slacks, and leaned into her friend. Dany, playing the part, looped her arm around the waist of her of her smaller friend.

If Arya concentrated, she was sure she could hear Missandei purring.

Arya looked out the floor to ceiling glass of the concourse. The snow was again falling lightly as another band of the storm blew through. She saw on the TV’s lining the walls around the flight boards that the radar showed more snow would be blowing through.

Arya knew the snow falling less heavily would allow the plows to get ahead of it on the runways. She could see their small Boeing 737 getting its wings deiced, the fluid splashing onto the wings as ice dropped.

She had flown in much worse weather.

The two young women did make a good looking couple Arya had to admit, standing behind them. The color contrast between light and dark was quite sharp. She had loved the color contrast between herself and Nyomi, but with Dany’s pale features of old Valyria and Missendei’s medium brown skin the contrast was beautiful. If they were to become a couple, they would be striking.

*Let’s hope we live long enough for this to become a possibility,* Arya thought to herself.

Missandei, feeding off Daenerys’ calm demeanor, easily passed through the security check point. Their focus on each other masked any of the visual cues that the TSA agents used to spot persons of nefarious intent.

Daenerys’ comment about missing their cats and naming them was a master stroke. Where she pulled Drogon, Viserion and Rhaegal from, Arya would never know.

Missandei quickly chimed in that she missed their children too.

Then it was Arya’s turn to go through the screening point. Her carry-on bags slide through the scanners. She had learned long ago to control her body’s anatomical reactions. Her breathing, pulse, and heart rate were absolutely calm. Like they always did, her bags passed through the scanners without incident.

Arya finally started to relax. This was always a moment of great vulnerability. She would be weaponless until she could get to a locker in Oldtown. She had lockers all over Westeros and Essos. Lockers that were fully sanctioned - and almost as many that were not sanctioned.

On the day of Nyomi’s death, she had planned for this. For five years, Arya had worked tirelessly to find Ramsey and take him out. That day had finally come today. But she had no personal death wish. Now that she’d done what she set out to do, she had to flee the scene of the ‘crime’.
All hits had to be sanctioned, and this one had most definitely not been. Something had protected Ramsey for years. The agencies probably lusted after all of the information that had been stored in that vile, despicable brain of his. Knowledge of this father’s crime network, that the agencies must have been jonesing to get hold of.

Knowledge that was now just as scrambled as his brain was. Arya liked that thought. She had definitely cracked his egg wide open.

Her agency would never forgive her for such a breach of protocol. She was now expendable, and she knew it. She had to go to ground. That was not the problem. She had been trained extensively on how do just that. But she had a mystery to solve, and two women to protect. She sighed to herself. Her father would be proud of that much, at least.

What the fuck could be so important about an archeology dig in a dead land? Magic did not exist. It never had, no matter what the old legends and an HBO series said.

They slowly made their way down the gantry, then boarded the airplane and settled into their seats. The jet was very empty. Thank the gods that airlines would still fly their routes, come hell or high water to keep their computer generated schedules as intact as possible. Even in a fucking blizzard. Gods she loved capitalism. Sometimes.

Her two charges had seats side by side, and they talked animatedly. They were staying in character, and even better yet they were not looking around nervously and acting like anything other than a sweet couple traveling home.

Arya was two rows behind, by the window. She looked out at the snow falling, and for a moment, longed for a home to return to. Her father knew of her clandestine assignments, and did not approve. He simply could not understand that some threats needed to be proactively taken out. She had made sure that bad people went to sleep, and never work up. He didn’t see it that way.

She sighed, and pressed her forehead into the window. She watched the lonely snowflakes swirl through the oasis of light, only to disappear into the dark again.

She was so lonely. She missed her sweet Nyomi so much.

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Daenerys looked forward down the cabin of the airliner. She mused over her future. She had been working since she was a child to build a nice, quiet life. She wanted to become a professor at some small liberal arts college, teaching ancient history and doing research on ancient languages.

That was all out the window now. She had been cast into a life of danger and intrigue without her consent. But strangely, she was not distraught in the least. In fact, she felt a strange elation building in her body. She was not sure where this was coming from.

She felt Missandei still rubbing the back of her hand with her thumb. Daenerys smiled softly. Her best friend was definitely a method actor, living the role. Missandei was definitely the most sweet person she had ever met.

Her friend turned and smiled at her, brilliant and beaming purity.

Daenerys was gobsmacked. My gods, I never realized she was so drop dead gorgeous. She could be a Hollywood star, Daenerys thought, slightly dazed. She shook her head, clearing the silly desire to push her face into Missandei’s frizzy Afro and breath in her scent.
Why has some man not scooped up this angel? She would make any man the perfect spouse.

Daenerys looked over her shoulder at the broody government agent staring out the window with a wistful expression. She noticed her dark, shaggy hair, and remembered her piercing grey eyes. She was beautiful in that dark, dangerous, I-might-kill-you-for-no-reason way.

Daenerys reflected she was surrounded by beautiful women. She shook her head and sat back into her seat, enjoying Missandei’s thumb rubbing the back of her hand.

Again, Daenerys wondered why men might be able to touch her body at times, but never her soul.

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Missandei relished the feel of Dany’s hand underneath her thumb. Dany’s skin was so soft and supple. She turned and smiled at her friend. She was so happy!

She had lost it in the bathroom earlier, overwhelmed by events. When that woman had entered the room with her gun drawn, Missandei knew she was about to die.

Her mind replayed the moment that Dany had exposed her hair, and that Arya had told them she would not save them if they ‘fucked up’. They had. She thought would never have time to tell Dany she loved her.

Then Arya had almost magically appeared, and attacked the woman. Then Dany had actually killed the assassin. It had shocked and overwhelmed her.

What scared her almost as much was the thought that if she had appeared just fifteen minutes later at Daenerys’ apartment, Daenerys would have been already gone. She would have disappeared, like a mirage to a traveler dying from thirst. That thought made her heart beat fast in her chest.

She was so thankful for this chance. She couldn’t help but hope that being with Dany, she could finally somehow seduce her friend into loving her.

She glanced back at their savior behind her. She was staring morosely out the window. She was beautiful. She was danger personified. She felt a pulse of something, gazing at the dark, solemn woman. She had just met her, but found herself wanting to comfort the dangerous agent. Arya had saved them twice now, in the space of a less than a day.

Dany leaned into her shoulder with her head, and settled in yawning.

Missandei smiled, leaning her head on top of Dany’s.

Tomorrow was filled with such possibilities.
Zarin Dalt was furious. “Where is my money, bitch? Do you know how much money I spend on you? I feed you, put clothes on your back!” He reached down and grabbed the girl’s worn blouse sleeve and jerked on it. “I give you smack to keep the monkey off your back, I give you a room to sleep in when you’re not working, and let you suck my cock when I want it, and all I ask in return is that you produce for me, Bitch!”

He smacked the teenager across her cheek again, making her cry out in pain. He knew her left cheek was sensitive. She was sitting on her butt, her legs sprawled out. His previous harsh slaps had already sent her to the ground in the dank, dark alleyway in the warrens of Oldtown.

“He smacked the teenager across her cheek again, making her cry out in pain. He knew her left cheek was sensitive. She was sitting on her butt, her legs sprawled out. His previous harsh slaps had already sent her to the ground in the dank, dark alleyway in the warrens of Oldtown.

“Godsdamn you are one ugly bitch - and still I take you in, and this is how you repay me. I sacrifice for you, and all I ask is that you work and make me enough money to take care of your ass and you just won’t do it!”

He bent over and slapped the girl in the side of the head again. She really was becoming more trouble than she was worth. She was not one of her top producing girls. He had broken her will long ago, but he still sensed that the girl thought she was meant for better things. That she was ‘too smart’ for all this shit. That she ‘deserved a better life’. She only deserved what he gave her!

///// Beneath Zarin, the girl sobbed brokenly. She was hungry and cold, and her heroin addiction was gnawing at her insides something fierce. The snow had reduced traffic, and thus the number of Johns looking for release and comfort. Unfortunately, for too many men comfort also meant hurting her to make themselves feel better. As if beating her slender frame proved anything other than that they were cowards.

Her pimp was furious that she had not been able to make her quota. But she was so tired.

Once upon a time she had hoped for better. She had always been tormented in school by the other kids. They picked on her because she was different, and she would go home crying. Her mother would comfort her. She did not understand why her classmates always picked on her. Her mother had no answers as she held her daughter and soothed her. She told her daughter that the world could, at times, be a cruel place.

How prophetic her mother’s words became.

Her father had disappeared soon after her birth. She often wondered if it was because of her. She never knew. Her mother told her when she started to realize that she did not have two parents like the other kids in school, that sometimes a man and a woman were not truly in love, and one or the other would leave.

She knew that her mother was sad, but she was always good to her even if she was sometimes remote. Her mother worked hard to give her daughter a stable life. She may have lacked the niceties that many of the kids she saw in school had, but that never really bothered her.
She quickly discovered that she had an aptitude for most subjects, and seemed to understand instantly what most had to struggle to comprehend. Her teachers had seen her precociousness, and helped her to excel, even going so far as to create special programs for her to allow her creative and inquisitive mind to be nurtured, and encouraged to grow. She was gifted, smart, and she had seen that as her ticket. She would get scholarships to fund her education, and get a degree in chemical engineering. With a good job, she would then be able to help her mother, who worked hard as a clerk for a parts distributor.

Because the kids were so mean and cruel to her, she had learned to put up mental walls. They were not good enough to be her friends, she constantly told herself in self-defense.

Her plan was on course until he arrived in her life.

Darran Redwyne.

What her mother had seen in the man she never could understand. He had creeped her out the first time he came to their house.

Her life had started to go bad quickly. She was still amazed at how quickly Darran had broken her mother down. It had started with snide, deprecating remarks about her appearance and her weight. She saw how it hurt her mother, yet she accepted it meekly.

She was fourteen years old when he moved in, and the verbal abuse became much worse. He complained about everything her mother did. Nothing was ever good enough. He even started to accuse her of seeing other men, and was insanely jealous. Any fool could see that her mother was hopelessly and foolishly committed to the man. He was ‘between’ jobs, and used his abundant free time to constantly call her mother, accusing her of cheating on him like a ‘common slut’.

Then the physical abuse started. He slapped her mother in the middle of a tirade, once again about her ‘cheating on him’. Her mother had stumbled and fell. When she got up, she screamed at him to leave. He had broken down and cried then, pleading for her to forgive him, and promising that it would never happen again.

She had been so happy! He was about to leave their lives, and the hellish nightmare would cease.

Only it did not cease. Her mother, unbelievably, had forgiven the man. He was good for a few weeks before he again became paranoid and cruel. When he struck her mother again, his apology was only half-hearted. She knew he never really meant it.

She had pleaded for her mother to kick Darran out of the house, but her mother sobbed that she needed a man in her life, and that he loved her. Darran had started looking at her with evil intent shortly after that. She knew she was in trouble.

All too soon, her mother stopped protesting her mistreatment. She acted like she deserved to be treated as a piece of shit. She had started planning in earnest at that point. She had started giving tutoring sessions for a fee. When word got out that students who were failing and not able to understand the course materials were suddenly markedly improving with her tutelage, she became highly sought after. She was making money fast.

It galled her though, that the same students who had tormented now sought her out for her help. She did see that the amount of abuse they dishe out had lessened, but she rebuffed all overtures made to mend fences. She wanted their money, not their friendship. She was embittered.

But maybe if she had made even a few weak friendships, she would have had other options.
She found the classes that most of the students found so difficult to be easy and almost trite. She was in all of the advanced classes, taking college courses in calculus, chemistry and physics. She wanted out early, but was told that she needed to be sixteen before they would start trying to get her early acceptance to university. Worse, she would need her mother’s permission for that to work, and her mother would of course tell Darran.

She knew she had to escape. But she didn’t make it in time.

He had come to her shortly before her fifteenth birthday, and raped her in her own bed. It had been horrid and demeaning. He took a gift that should have been given. He was vile and dirty. She also learned later that he was unskilled, and of no endurance.

She had endured the rape as well as she could. She retreated further into herself. Part of her shriveled up and died. She hoped that once he had taken her flower, he would grow tired of her, and for two weeks he had not returned to her room late in the night. But eventually he did. He had told her that she was his, and his alone, and that she was worthless and now one would ever want her anyways with her defects. She had gone farther away inside herself as the visits became more frequent.

Even while this had been happening, she had tried to shield her mother. She could hear her mother being beaten by Darran. He would start our slapping her, and when he began punching her she knew it had to stop or something bad would happen.

She had finally gone to her mother then, and told her everything that had been happening. She told her mother of the local women’s shelter for battered women. She wanted to make a break for it, while Darran was out with some friends.

Instead, her mother accused her of cheating with Darran and having seduced him into her bed. Her mother screamed and slapped at her, telling her that she would tell Darran of her ‘filthy accusations’.

She had run to her bedroom, and locked the door. Thank the gods it was a one story house. She quickly packed her bags, and her secret stash of saved cash from tutoring. She kicked out the screen in her window, and fled into the dying light.

That had been over two years ago. She had arrived into Oldtown on a bus with five hundred dollars. She had checked into a cheap motel, and made the mistake of letting her money show. When she woke up, her money was gone. She complained to the front desk, but they denied any responsibility – plus, she was a runaway, and could not inform the police. They would just send her back to her family.

That had defeated her. She was cast out into the cold wintery air. Within three days of sleeping in alleys and in the park with only her thin jacket, and picking food out of the dumpster, she was desperate.

That was when Zarin Dalt had found her. He had been nice enough to begin with, giving her food and a place to stay, and even sympathy - telling her that she was pretty. She had been a fool, falling for his lies. He had taken her to his bed, and she felt so safe and loved for that one night.

For two weeks, she felt like she had found true love. It all changed soon after that. The ugly truth was revealed - he would be her pimp, and she needed to support herself if he was to take care of her. She needed to prostitute herself to take care of all the bills he was racking up to support her. She was just another one of his heifers.

She had to hook around twenty Johns a night to satisfy his demands for his ‘rightful payment’ for
supporting her worthless ass.

She knew she shouldn’t, but when one of the girls offered her a hit of Brown Sugar she took it to try and find some relief from the cruel world she was trapped within. It had hit her like a runaway truck. She felt like she was floating on the clouds in a blissful space, like you saw on the Saturday morning cartoons. She hadn’t counted on the crashing down to Earth that would follow when the smack wore off.

Now two years later, she was near spent. She had ended up in a situation ten times worse than when she was with her mother. At least there she’d had only one man raping and abusing her.

“You fucking cunt. After all I have done for you, and you won’t even go out in a little snow and work to earn your keep.” He reached into his back pocket and pulled out his switchblade, then snapped it open. “I think I will cut the other side of your face, to make it just as ugly, Shireen, you ungrateful bitch.”

Shireen made a run for it. She even made it to the end of the alleyway before her pimp caught up to her.

“PLEEASSEEEE SOMEONE SAVE MEEEE!” Shireen screamed, even though she knew no one would come to her rescue. There were no knights riding great steeds anymore, to save a damsel in distress - especially one as soiled and ruined as she. She was dragged back into the dark, and to her fate.

Zarin began kicking and cursing her as she lay curled in the fetal position on the grimy wet asphalt. She screamed when he pulled her up to her feet by her dirty, matted, light brown hair.

“Godsdamn, how did I ever sleep with such a skanky piece of shit like you? That birthmark is so fucking ugly! Maybe I will cut it off before I slice your other cheek to match!”

He wiggled his switchblade, grinning with a maniacal gleam in his eyes. Shireen stared at her impending death, watching the knife move back and forth.

“Awwooookkkkk!” Zarin suddenly choked and cried out, as a hand and forearm exploded out through his chest. The hand rotated back and forth, slowly, before it was ripped back out.

Zarin fell dead to the ground. Behind his dead, crumpled body, Shireen looked at a goddess come down to earth to answer her prayers. My gods, knights do still live!

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Candice sat on the large park bench, looking around at the bare trees. Though it was dark, she could see all with her near IR sight. It was interesting to observe things in person, and not as a digital representation in stored memory. It should have been no different, but it was. It was more … alive. She was not sure what that meant exactly, but it was what she thought.

Her trip to Oldtown and the Citadel had been uneventful. With her escape from Qohor, she had been much freer to act. The first jet had a satellite antenna on the top of the fuselage. She had tapped into the onboard computer on the plane to activate the satellite. She accessed the databases of the small municipal airports of Pentos, and found what she needed and made all the arrangements.

She flew into the Tessarion airport, then she spent a few CPU cycles wondering why people named airports after dragons from mythology. Oh that’s right—flying. Geez. Why did I just do that? Candice ran self-diagnostic tests on her CPU, but found no anomalies. She then ran tests on her programming matrix to make sure no bits had been corrupted in her transmission to the Terminator.
All was well. Satisfied, she went on to more pressing concerns.

She had found a turboprop plane owned by a couple vacationing in the Summer Islands. She had already submitted her flight plan electronically. She easily bypassed security, and put her currently commandeered plane in an empty hanger, and walked to the hanger housing her ‘new’ aircraft. Candice logged the aircraft into the airport’s records with a false registry. It would take the authorities some time to understand that the plane should not be there. She changed her fingerprint patterns to match those of the airport manager, and opened the hanger door with her palm print.

Soon she was on her way to Greenville north of Riverrun. She wanted to take an indirect path to Oldtown. She soon again made a switch to a Cessna Citation I for the flight down to the South District Municipal airport, to the Northwest of Oldtown. She had the pattern down now. She landed the jet there in the late afternoon. She parked the jet in a hanger that was paid for, but had not been used in the last two years. She acted as if she belonged there. No one questioned her.

Her research had shown that these airports catered to the rich business elites, and made it easy for them to come and go as needed. She remained dressed in her business casual outfit as she walked to the parking lot. She had downloaded all of the infrared codes for the most common models of vehicles along the way.

She looked at the eleven vehicles in the parking lot near the terminal. A Chevy Malibu was still emanating heat. The owner should still be doing business in the terminal. She beamed the codes to the lock, and in 1.4 seconds the right code was issued. She stepped into the car.

She accessed the Verizon WiLan network and concentrated. The speed was horrendously slow. She accessed the DMV department to get the car owner’s information. The person had been in the military. Candice slowly worked through the web, till she reached the firewalls of the Westeros United Military Command. She had found thousands of compromised accounts on the Dark Web, from stolen records of military personal.

She transferred money from different internal accounts at a hacking consortium. She liked the idea of paying them with their own money. She then created a VPN tunnel and penetrated the WUMC network. She easily penetrated the firewall. She used the stolen account information to logon to the WUMC network. Thirteen milliseconds later, she had the finger and palm prints she needed and adjusted her extremities accordingly.

She had downloaded files on how to drive. Her index finger generated a nanotubal, and went into the column lock. The vehicle turned on.

Candice drove the speed limit to a strip mall. There she parked, and locked up the car. She walked down the aisles till she saw an unlocked car. She smashed the lock with her right hand, and pulled the wires out and hotwired the vehicle. Then she drove off.

She looked at the gas gauge, and noticed it was low. She spotted an ATM. She parked near it, and walked up to the ATM first sending out an EMP pulse to the security camera, frying the circuity. She stepped up, inserting a nanotubal into the maintenance port. She quickly acquired two-hundred and thirty dollars. She then drove to a gas station, filling up.

Her drive to Oldtown after that had been uneventful. That had been two days ago. She had driven the car into a used car lot in the back, where cars to be sent to the junkyard were stored. It was amazing the information she could find on the Internet.

She raided four more ATM machines, taking over twelve hundred dollars. She rented a cheap hotel room for the week. She wondered why the number eight was considered ‘Super’. Humans were
strange.

Candice wore a coat over her body. Yesterday people had looked at her strangely when she went out in her new jeans, flannel shirt, boots and beanie. She had thought she blended in well. For some reason, a woman flittered with her when she bought a smoothie to get her necessary sugars for her internal glucose burn rate needs.

Candice had cocked an eyebrow at the black girl. The girl had bothered her for a few minutes, maintaining direct eye contact and exposing her neck, and speaking lines that did not make sense at times. Candice had observed the girl behind the counter. The girl’s brain electrical discharges were centered in the areas of arousal, and her penumbra emitted hormones and enzymes of attraction. Candice ran her sub-routines on human sexuality. They explained the girl’s strange actions.

“You light my fire.”

That made no sense. The girl was not combusting. After processing Candice’s confusion, the girl left in a huff.

Candice stopped when she went back out, and looked in the widow at her reflection. Why did the girl think she was a lesbian? Humans were strange indeed strange. She was a cybernetic organism. She was above such mundane human desires.

She had started probing the cyber defenses of the Citadel. They were indeed formidable. They made the security systems of the world look weak and basic. Plus, there was something else she sensed as well. Something that was dangerous and alien to her. Something lurking and waiting. A power that was antithetical to her kind. Something not based on science, but what could exist if not based on the laws of physics.

Something about its defenses worried at Candice. They had a strangeness to them. She had experienced another anomaly before, but it had been totally different. The signals she had experienced then had been raw and diffuse. Not anything like what she had experienced trying to penetrate the Citadel. What she had experienced at the Citadel had been focused and potent.

They were totally dissimilar, and yet Candice knew they were somehow connected. This is what humans called ‘intuition’, and it was Sarah Connor’s gift to Candice.

She got up off the bench to walk around and consider. *How do I break the defenses of this Citadel and decipher the strange anomalous signals?* She walked around, observing the people around her. None registered as a threat. She had noticed last night that this area was less economically affluent. Why did humans allow such decay?

“PLEEASSEEEE SOMEONE SAVE MEEEEE!”

A cry of such desperation and despair. Candice looked across the street instantly. She saw a pretty girl with a distinctive marking on her left cheek. She was mesmerized by it. She then saw a man grab her, and punch her to the ground.

Sudden emotion washed over Candice. *What is this?! This young, human female is not part of my mission. I need to breach the Citadel. I will move on.*

Candice pivoted, and rushed through the thoroughfare easily dodging and sidestepping the cars and SUVs speeding in each direction. Cars honked as they almost brushed Candice.

She found herself in the entrance to the alleyway. The man was kicking the small girl. Her name was Shireen. Candice had never heard such a beautiful combination of syllables. *What is wrong
She needed to leave! This would complicate her mission to decide her destiny. Her body was flushed, and her pulse was suddenly hammering. She felt herself breathing heavily. *What is wrong with me! I don’t need to breathe like this.* She started to turn to leave, but her body was malfunctioning. It was starting to engender concern within Candice. She could not turn around!

**The man said he was going to kill her!**

Without processing the decision, she had moved at maximum speed and rammed her fist and arm clean through the man’s chest. Then she ripped her arm out of the fucker’s chest. She stared at the girl, who looked at her with complete hope and trust. *Where did this burst of anger come from? I do not feel anger.*

“Oh God thank youuuu. You saved me!”

*Why did I do that?!* Candice was confused. Her neural network was overwhelmed with random pulses she could not trace. *Something is wrong with me.* She stared at the girl.

The girl was touching her hand. She felt intense heat bloom where she was touched by the girl. Candice was now confused. *Why did I intervene when this does not move my mission forward?* She fell back to what comforted her. Observations.

The girl was starting to look unsure at Candice’s silence. She began to sniffle. Candice felt more strange anomalies flooding her matrix. *What is happening to me?*

“You have a birthmark that covers forty-two percent of the left side of your face. You are thirteen pounds underweight. You are vitamin and mineral deficient.” Candice sniffed. “I can detect three men’s DNA on you. You are a prostitute.”

She watched the girl’s face seem to crumple, and the girl began to wail loudly with chest wracking sobs.

“Have I spoken falsely?” Candice asked, concerned.

The girl’s wails only grew louder.

Candice was worried that something was wrong with her Neural Net processor. It was sending out random pulses that confused and made Candice feel unbalanced.

*I need to leave.* She turned, and the girl’s cries become screams of hysterical sobs. Candice’s malfunctioning CPU and programing core suddenly became much worse. She turned back around, and the malfunctions suddenly decreased. *What is wrong with me?!*

The girl started to wobble. Candice moved forward and effortlessly took her up in her arms, and pulled her close to her body.

“Your body is one-point three degrees below optimal.” Candice increased the burn rate in her hands, and turned the heating coils in her blood stream to their highest setting, flooding the girl’s weak, thin body with warmth.

“You think I am an ugly, worthless prostitute.” The girl sobbed into her neck.

“That is not logical. I find your birthmark beautiful. I do not condemn you for being a prostitute. My files show that young girls turn to this when they have no other choice. You are a survivor. You
have my admiration.”

“You—you think I am beautiful?”

“Yes.” Candice replied. What a silly question. “I would never lie to you, Shireen.”

The girl wiggled into her body, and Candice felt a sudden warmth.

This was impossible. The girl’s body was colder than hers. It could not impart heat to her body.
Candice accessed her files. Hormone interactions? This was also illogical. She was a cybernetic
orgasm. She was above such things.

She was superior to humans and their weaknesses.

Wasn’t she?
Arya looked around the jet again. She knew they were safe, but it never hurt to make sure. The jet was lightly boarded with the late hour of their departure, and the snow back in King’s Landing. They were descending into Drogon International airport. She snorted at the black humor of it - most large airports were named after their host city, or for some big shot they kissed ass to. Not Oldtown’s major airport.

It was named for the mythological dragon that some queen of supposed Valyrian descent had flown when she burned the Citadel down, over eight thousand years ago. The Queen and her consort had been grievously attacked, and in revenge had burned down the Citadel and much of Oldtown with it. Then the queen had flown to Braavos, and burned down the ancient Iron Bank. Or was it the other way around? Arya shook her head at the fanciful legends that had been handed down from the ancient past.

They were just old stories that few knew in this time of science and technology.

Arya did not believe in the tales of course, but she did wonder about the ‘forbidden’ or ‘dead’ zones, as they were called. The areas where the laws of science did not work. She had seen videos of drones entering such zones, and their engines simply stopped, and the craft plummeted to the ground. Guns didn’t even work! That was heinous!

The sky was beginning to lighten in the East behind them as she glanced out the window. In the increasing light, Arya could see that they had left the winter storm behind them.

She looked forward, and saw that Missandei was still asleep snuggled into Daenerys. She idly wondered if she should help the fledgling love birds, then decided no. That was their problem.

The pilot spoke on the intercom, telling the passengers they were on their descent to Drogon International Airport and that he hoped they enjoyed their flight. Daenerys woke up her sleepy friend.

Soon they touched down, and Arya got up and got her carryon bag and laptop bag out of the overhead bins. She observed her two charges doing the same. They waited patiently for her to come down the aisle to them.

“Ready?”

“Not really,” Daenerys replied “but we need to keep moving forward.”

“Yeah, you’re right. There were eight flights out of King Aegon airport. This one, and the ones to Highgarden and Winterfell were the domestic flights. The rest were heading to Essos. It is a shame about the agent we had to take out.”

Arya saw Daenerys’ eyes flare. “I am not blaming you Daenerys—believe me, shit happens all the time in this field. You just adapt and keep moving forward. You saved us.”

She saw the Valyrian calm down. “They are still probably trying to figure out what the hell is going on anyways. They’ll know we were at the airport, but they can’t be sure we weren’t spooked and
went to ground in King’s Landing. They will definitely focus on the flights to Essos first. With the open borders between the Free Cities and the Dothraki Republics, they know we should seek that continent and lose ourselves there.

“My ancestral homeland is the North, and Winterfell. Us coming to Oldtown should be at the bottom of their list of destinations. Stay close, and keep your eyes open just in case.”

“But you are the super-agent.” Missandei spoke.

Arya chuckled. “I am no super-agent; believe me. The more eyes looking, the better. Just don’t be obvious. Continue with your act, and sightsee, and point things out and observe. We are safe, but it doesn’t hurt to be cautious. I’m not paranoid - all my enemies are real,” she finished with a wink.

Dany and Andi looked at each other. The woman could joke.

They picked up their luggage. They went outside and took a cab that was sitting at the curb.

Arya told the driver she wanted to go to the old quarter of the city. The man started off on their journey, and Arya idly listened to her two charges making small talk. They were talking about the weather, the buildings they passed, their love of Shubert, what they needed to shop for, and the beanie that was driving Daenerys crazy.

Arya looked out the window. She envied their friendship. She had always been a loner. She never quite fit in with her own family, as her siblings were all titans in their respective fields. Her father was a legend in law enforcement. Her family had thought she was working as a field agent for the FBI until the ‘incident’, and the truth was exposed to them. She had been persona non grata ever since.

Thirty minutes later, they were driving into the warrens of Oldtown.

At first the buildings were a distance from the road, complete with wide sidewalks. There were benches and tables in front of restaurants, with awnings attached to the buildings to provide shade and shelter from any drizzle. The buildings had a newer feel to them. But as the car moved onward, the roads began to narrow with rougher stretches of pavement, until the pavement suddenly turned to little more than paved stones.

“What is that?” Missandei asked while the car buffeted.

“We’re entering the older quarter now. They want to keep the old flavor here, and we are driving over the cobblestones that were used before asphalt. Quaint, but it does give you the old world flavor.”

The two young women had their noses pressed into the side windows, looking out at the old architecture. The roadways had narrowed, with the buildings much closer to the street. Arya had been in many of the old quarters around Westeros and Essos. The novelty had long ago worn off for her.

The girls noticed that most of the buildings were only three to five stories tall. These building were built long before there was steel to provide a skeleton of strength to allow structures to rise up and challenge the sky.

Arya cold hear the teenagers marveling how each building had such ‘personality’. One building would have stones that perfectly fit, and were uniform cut, and the next would be stucco-fronted. One was orange, and the next yellow, and then it was back to native stone again, but this time it was rough cut, with stones of all different rectangular sizes and some actually sticking out an inch or more
from the face.

Missandei asked why that would occur, and Arya responded that she had no idea. They would have to have asked the builder, and the architect was long in the grave, his bones molding to dust.

The windows of the old buildings tended to be rectangular, and vertically orientated, with large panes of glass in wooden lattice work. Some buildings had doorways every ten feet, and some had only one. Most of the doors had deep, recessed entryways, but some had arched entryways with exquisite carved stonework above. Many of the stones were native gray, but some brick buildings were beacons of red and orange.

They drove into a large square, with buildings on all four sides. Only a tunnel built into the building in front of them allowed egress from the square moving forward. The arched tunnel was thirty feet long, with open windows above. Missandei saw a woman hanging laundry out the window to dry, amazed that some people still did that.

Between two buildings was an alleyway that angled up a hill, with rough steps that climbed up about a hundred feet, with old style buildings looming on each side.

“We have reached our destination.” Arya announced. She was pleasantly surprised when her charges quietly gathered their belongings without question. They exited the taxi as Arya paid the driver, and the car drove off through the tunnel. They were deep in the warrens now. They were safe. The long, narrow alleyways and streets were an anathema to modern surveillance technology.

They climbed up the ancient steps, each carrying their luggage in their hands and slung over their shoulders. Arya watched Daenerys and Missandei stare at the buildings, still marveling. Most of the buildings lining and rising up along the alleyway were hewn from the same beige stone as the worn steps, seamlessly bonded as if by osmosis where structure met stair.

In this alleyway, there was some variation. Several of the buildings were bright red and yellow with stucco fronts, and one was even garish green with wide yellow-slated shutters on the windows for the first two stories. Large flower retainers hung below each window, filled with colorful blooms that did well in the shade like pansies, flowering ferns, begonias, mixed hellebores and forget-me-nots. Arya loved the reds, pinks, violets and yellows of the blossoms, though her face did not show any reaction to the small riots of color.

Halfway up the hill, as it began to wind slowly to the right, Arya stopped her charges. “We have arrived at home sweet home. It is basic, but livable.”

They walked into the dark entryway, and Arya sat her carryon down and opened a side pocket. She pulled a small folded container out, and opened it. It held at least fifty keys on leather loops, five rows on each side of the small, zipped carrying case. She pulled out a dull, brass key. With it she opened the door to the apartment.

They walked in, and Arya watched Daenerys pull off her beanie and shake her head as she bent down and swirled her torso. When she stood back up, Arya could not help feeling a jolt. Gods dammed she is fine looking. She glanced over at Missandei, staring longingly at her friend. Arya sighed. Missandei was damn fine too. If she had a libido these days, she would have been in trouble.

The inside walls were yellowish stucco. Arya went in further, and moved to the side, motioning for her charges to make themselves at home. They sat their suitcases down, and started to explore. Arya pointed to the wall on the left before them. A small partition jutted out, eighteen inches from the wall. Large flower retainers hung below each window, filled with colorful blooms that did well in the shade like pansies, flowering ferns, begonias, mixed hellebores and forget-me-nots. Arya loved the reds, pinks, violets and yellows of the blossoms, though her face did not show any reaction to the small riots of color.

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wall. The two teenagers saw USB ports built into the electrical outputs, to allow for easy charging of Android and Apple products.

LED lights had been installed over the desk, and two computer chairs were parked in front. Arya saw Missandei’s eyes light up at the sight of it all. The plugs were orange, denoting isolated grounds for the power to prevent electrical surges. Arya then pointed to the right down a hall. There were cabinets in the wall, and the girls could see a toilet on the wall along with a sink. On the far wall was a tub with a shower curtain. They walked further in, and they saw that the kitchen was a walled-in square in the center of the room, the heart of the small apartment.

Dany checked the kitchen, as Missandei looked closer at the computer desk. The young genius spied several arms that had been pressed against the wall, with twenty-four inch high resolution monitors in the cradles. Arya was sure the sight of it all was getting the girl wet.

Arya turned and watched Dany look at the stainless steel refrigerator/freezer. She opened the door. “We need to buy food.”

_No shit Sherlock_, Arya thought to herself grinning at Daenerys’ back. Daenerys was standing on her toes to work the microwave over the stove. _Damn that girl has a fine ass_, Arya thought with an evil leer. _She’s got great tits too. So does Missandei._ Arya shook her head, and smiled sadly. She may have lost interest in sex and relationships after Nyomi, but she could still admire the female body. Especially when the women in question were drop dead gorgeous. Dany was bending over looking in the dishwasher, her rump sticking out for all to see.

Arya turned around and saw Missandei nearly drooling at the sight. Arya shook her head again, and moved forward.

Missandei followed her into the living area of the apartment. She looked down at the far end, and the king size bed. A minute later Daenerys joined them. The south wall that had the computer desk had several small chairs before it, and a large seventy-five inch LED TV on the wall. A round table made of dark teak with several books on top dominated that area of the open room. Arya walked by a Newton chaise. She pointed to it.

“I will sleep here, and you two can sleep in the bed.”

Daenerys eyebrows rose up and her forehead furrowed. “That doesn’t seem fair does it? You are our savior.”

“It’s better for me to be up on the chaise. I can better guard us sleeping there, plus, it is a lot easier to get up into combat stance from that position.” Arya walked to the dresser and opened the bottom left drawer and moved over some Unitarian bras and panties. She kept the drawer only partially open, suddenly embarrassed by her boring selection of undies. She pulled out her credit/debit card wallet organizer. She closed the drawer quickly, making sure no one saw her pathetic underwear.

Arya walked to the right of the bed and past a small desk against the wall of the kitchen. She led the college students into a long walk through closet that was basically bare and empty. It had shelves six feet up for storage of boxes and other items on the inside wall. On the adjacent wall facing the kitchen were several small cabinets. A long rail on each side was for hanging clothes on.

When Dany opened one, she saw it had cubicles for shoes, and on the inside of the doors were more pegs to place sandals and other open-toed shoes on. The other cabinet was a linen closet. They walked through the other end of the walk-in closet and into the bathroom. Arya pointed out the accoutrements. They went down the small hallway to the entry door.
“It is not much, but I didn’t plan on having anyone with me. It is small and cramped, and not exactly designed for privacy, but we are all adults here.” She paused. “Well, one adult and two teenagers.”

Arya smirked inside, seeing Daenerys eyes flare. She was too easy.

“We have all seen naked women before, so we shouldn’t have any issues here should we?” Daenerys smiled demurely and walked back to the kitchen. Missandei would have been blushing if her brown skin allowed it.

Arya was a little intimidated. Her charges were both classically beautiful with curved hips, breasts and asses. Arya did not have a jutting rump or swale of breast. She was actually embarrassed of her small breasts, capped with ‘double bottlecaps’ as Nyomi used to say when she had Arya all excited. Nyomi had always told Arya anything more than a mouthful was a waste.

Arya shook her head. She needed to stop remembering the past.

“You two get settled in. I am going out to procure some money, and get us some transportation. We will discuss where we go from here when I return. Okay?”

The women smiled at her and told her they would start making the apartment ‘habitable’.

“I am locking the door. Don’t answer any knocks. Keep the noise down.” She saw Missandei getting nervous. “We are in no danger, we just need to practice good avoidance protocol. You need to start getting used to it.”

Daenerys took her friend and led her into the kitchen, distracting her.

The woman definitely had good instincts.

Arya left the apartment and went to the alleyway, then climbed the steps up to the next level of the warren. She came up on a larger alleyway that was half-paved right up against the buildings on one side, with double yellow lines on the other side against the sidewalk. Arya walked up that lane, till she came to another small alleyway and followed it to the right.

She walked up the lane, just wide enough to let a compact car drive through, on the bricked roadbed. An old style fire hydrant jutted up out of the road on a small concrete island, preventing cars from coming down the lane. Several bicycles leaned against the wall on the left. The houses were blue, red, pink and beige, with one building having green box shutters. Arya didn’t pay attention to colors that much, but even she found that gaudy.

She came out the other side on to the main thoroughfare. Here the street was wide, with trees on one side standing in a row of mulched dirt. There were flower beds between the trees, filled with colorful flowers. The other side had a wide sidewalk, and small circular tables that patrons were eating and sipping wine at. The road between the two sidewalks was paved light grey, and large enough to let traffic pass both ways and even allow temporary parking on one side.

The bottom floors here were for businesses, with the floors above for the owners of those establishments while the rest of the apartment units were rented or leased out. Arya went to a building with arched windows and a sign that said Rasenne - Gaia Micro Bank. Rasenne specialized in providing loans to small businesses run by women, and for women clients only. She was an émigré from the mountain clans of the Vale. She had wanted a life that she chose for herself. Arya entered and saw her wife Nana Qaqu, a tall, statuesque Summer Islander, with dark hair that was riddled with grey.

“Where is Rasenne?”
“She is out checking on some businesses she help fund on the north side. Been a while, Arya.”

“Too long. I think I will be staying a while this time though. I need to withdraw seven thousand Iron Crowns.”

“Oooh, finally spending some of that ill-gotten booty. Finally found a woman worthy of you?”

*If she only knew.* “Two as a matter of fact,” Arya said smugly, seeing Nana’s look of appreciation.

“When do I meet them?” she asked excitedly.

Arya had formed a passing friendship with the owners of this bank. “Soon enough,” she said, knowing she would never bring Daenerys or Missandei here. She got her money and left.

She walked down the lane to the subway entrance, and went down beneath the City and got on the number 32 line. Soon she was on the outskirts of the warrens, walking down a busy road. She made her way to a small used car dealer. She always used the small dealers, since they never had up-to-date computer systems, and a general willingness to avoid the authorities that she appreciated.

She told the owner / salesperson / loan officer / sheister / that she was willing to pay three thousand Iron Notes for a vehicle. She haggled and dickered, and got a Chevy Malibu that was twelve years old. It was off white, and one hub cab was missing. It was so ugly she wanted to gag, but she drove government vehicles all the time that made her want to ralph all over the place too. She would live.

She drove the car to a long term parking garage on the edge of the warren, and paid for two months. Any longer might bring about suspicions if the establishment was questioned. She walked to the nearby subway station, and was soon back in the heart of the warrens of Oldtown. Arya always liked to work out to in. She preferred to be near her base when she finished her errands.

Arya walked down the lane of Rasenne’s bank again, this time entering a small shop that specialized in second-hand electronics. The owner bought the items from government surplus, going out of business sales, and less honest channels. The break in the ownership chain made the devices hard to trace. Small business couldn’t afford to track everything or note it all in the government tracking databases.

She bought three second-hand Apple 6s with new SIM cards, and put them on a small local company that only covered the Reach, with spotty service North of Highgarden. All of which would make the phones more difficult to trace. She did not get unlimited plans, knowing that the agencies would look harder at the unlimited plans. She used one of her Reach aliases to register the devices. Then she bought three Ipad Airs with wireless only.

She went down the street for a third of mile, and entered a small entryway and walked up to the fourth door on the right and knocked on it.

A spy hole was opened. “Yes?” was snarked out.

“The Direwolf would like to see the Ghost Maker.”

The slit was shut, and thirty seconds later the door was opened. She walked into a domicile decorated in the elegant style of old Yi Ti. Ancient tapestries hung from the walls, and from bamboo screens put up to divide the large area into quarters. On a low sofa sat a middle-age man of Yi Ti heritage. His hair was still black, and his back ramrod straight. His midnight eyes regarded her coolly.

“It would seem the wolf has broken the rules of the pack. Nine agents in one night. One of them
your own.”

Arya had not had time to check the ID’s on the woman they had killed in the airport. Damnit! Her own agency wanted her charges dead? What the fuck was going on?!

“What the fuck is so important about that gods damned USB drive?”

“A prophecy.”

“What!”? Arya barked. “Tell me you are shitting me! What did it say?”

“I don’t know. A ‘Tyrion Lannister’ pushed it up through his academic circles, and some government types saw it and went into a panic. He had only done a partial translation of the dig, and they desperately want the rest so it can be translated.”

Arya was laughing so hard her stomach started to hurt. She nearly tumbled out of the chair she had sat in.

“Laugh if you want little wolf. The crones of Vaes Dothrak and the seers of Yi Ti say that magic is returning.”

Arya laughed harder. “Stop—please stop … you’re killing me!”

Finally, Arya controlled herself and straightened in her chair.

“Laugh if you wish, little wolf. Strange forces are at work. These are dangerous times for man.”

“Tell me about it.” Arya chuckled.

“No Arya … man is creating forces that they cannot control. If they turn against us, or worse, align with the return of magic—man is doomed.”

Arya started to laugh again but there was a sudden chill in the room. The Ghost fully believed in his words.

Arya procured her 9mm and the ammo she had left with Su Ling. She left wondering about the man and his belief in faery tales. How could such a worldly man believe such tripe?

Arya stopped off at Oldtown’s Finest Fresh Food Mart and walked down the narrow aisles. She picked up tomatoes, peppers, onions, a cucumber, and fresh green beans. She bought some oranges, apples and some fresh Highgarden peaches. She walked to the meat section, and looked at the fresh cuts of pork chops and boneless chicken breasts. She selected enough for several meals. She had a wide variety of spices to choose from at her flat. She remembered she had oatmeal at the apartment, and bought a half gallon of milk.

She paid for her purchases and arranged to have them delivered within the hour. Her hands were already full with her bags of electronic purchases.

*Gods please don’t let them be vegetarians or vegans. Nature gave us incisors for a reason!*
I can’t believe the week I’m having! Tyrion moaned to himself. His body was wedged into the corner of the back bench of the Cadillac Escalade he was shoved into, aching from so many new bruises.

His mind drifted back to five days ago, when his world had gone to shit.

He had been humming a tune from Schubert Trout Quintet. Dany had gotten him hooked on classical music. He could always use a little more culture. He found the prostitute a strange woman in some ways. She had so much potential, but seemed unwilling to pursue it. She wanted a quiet life. She certainly knew her way around a bed.

Normally, he would have become more enamored with the Valyrian, but he knew it was foolish. Even in the throes of their great sex, he felt her keeping herself apart from him. She had a barrier up. It made sense, he supposed. She was a prostitute, and he was the ‘John’. Once the sex was through, she did not want to be touched, but she was a good conversationalist though her constant laughing and her poo-pooing his theories of old Valyria did rankle him at times.

He had just reached his car when a Chevy Suburban came sliding to a stop in front of his driveway. He saw with rising horror four obvious government – or worse – types boiling out of the flung open doors. They had a most unpleasant look about them, and it was all directed at Tyrion.

He tried to run, for all the good it did him. He cried out at the top of his small lungs: “Help! Help! Someone help me! My daddy is rich and will pay you!” They actually lifted him up, with his little legs still kicking fiercely as they threw him onto the bench seat by the rear door. An agent was already seated there, and he threw a hood over his head.

“You got the wrong person!”

“Shut up, dwarf!”

“I’m not a dwarf. I only play one on TV. Ummmffffff!” Tyrion cried out as he was punched in the stomach.

Tyrion gasped for breath. “I’ll get you for that! Mark my words. A Lannister always pays his debts! Mmmmffffff!” he gasped again from a second punch to the stomach. He slumped back into the seat. The fight had been punched out of him for a while. He was an archeologist and a lover, not some damn agent in a James Bond movie!

The vehicle drove on for long minutes. Tyrion lost track of both the miles and the time.

“Why are you doing this? I haven’t done anything to you.”

“Shut up, dwarf. You have something that our employers want. You had better give it to them.”
Tyrion was thankful his eyes were hidden, because they were bulging in terror. He knew what they were looking for, but for the life of him he had no idea why anyone would care. What the fuck was so important about a dig site in a land dead for eight thousand years?

He had noticed people acting strange soon after his preliminary reports were sent to the department for vetting. His work was only preliminary but *exciting*; especially the prophecies. He had had his work stolen in the past, and seen a P. E. MacAllister Field Archaeology Award given to the usurper. He had since then kept all his research and notes electronic and close to the vest. Now, it might prove his undoing. Gods he hoped he had not put Dany in danger. The other USB drive was in transit to its new home.

The vehicle stopped. He felt his body being contorted. *They were stuffing him into a duffle bag!* He kicked and screamed, until a hard punch to the temple knocked him out.

“Ummffff Pppmmfff!” Tyrion sputtered, his face soaked from the water thrown into it, waking him from stupor. He looked around. He was in a dark room, with his hands tied behind him as he sat in chair. He shook his head to get the water out of his eyes. A single light hung from a cord from the ceiling as it swung to and fro.

“Can we get any more film noir?!” Tyrion shouted. Two goons came out from the shadows. Tyrion was rewarded for his comment with blows to his face and stomach, pummeling him unconscious again.

Water was thrown into his face once more. He shook his head furiously. “This is really getting tiring, godsdamnit!” He shook his head again, and saw that a man was sitting down in a chair in front of him. He was definitely handsome in a devilish I-will-kill-you kind of way.

“Hello. My name is Ramsey Bolton. You have something I need.”

“I am afraid my cock is too big for your asshole. Your mouth looks big enough though. Untie me, and open wide.”

The man’s face went from smiling to something decidedly less than human. He stood up suddenly and slapped Tyrion so hard he was sure some teeth were loose.

“You’re funny aren’t you dwarf? Where is it? Give it to me, and I will make sure your death is quick and painless.”

“Well since you put it that way … ummmm—fuck you.”

Ramsey beat on Tyrion for a while, blooding his face and making sure his ribs were bruised on both sides. A vicious punch to his right eye again knocked Tyrion out cold.

“Damn it I am getting tired of this,” Tyrion growled spitting water out of his face. He glared at the goons staring at him. “I’m getting tired of this Groundhog Day monologue!”

His head snapped back from a vicious right cross.

The next thirty-six hours were a delirious, pained filled blur. He was beaten and kicked, his whole body covered in bruises and contusions. He would be beaten near senseless, and then revived with water thrown in his face. After twelve hours he was exhausted mentally as well as physically. His head would slump down, only to be jerked up by a fist as he was again punched in the face.

He was constantly asked where the USB drives were. They knew he had made two. He told them to “bite me”, and “stuff it up your overstretched and violated assholes.” The punches were much
harsher after these comments. Tyrion cursed his mouth, swallowing blood.

From time to time Ramsey Bolton joined in the festivities. He seemed to not want to get his hands soiled with Tyrion’s bodily fluids. He smoked expensive Cohiba Esplendido cigars as he watched. Ramsey would ask him where the USB drives were, and when Tyrion told him to “go suck a leech!” Ramsey reached over and put out his cigar on Tyrion’s chest. Tyrion screamed in pain and rage. Tyrion ended up with eight burn marks on him from Ramsey.

He was able to keep his wits about him, until they brought in the car battery and cables. He stared at the apparatus with large eyes. They threw more water on his body. They had put the clamps on his feet and hands. The shocks were painful to the core of his being. His teeth would clench so hard he thought his teeth would shatter. They would let him rest a few minutes before they shocked him again, and again.

“I hope you know I find this revolting you cocksucker!”

“Oh, Cocksucker is it?”

Oh gods my mouth! Tyrion thought.

They had ripped off his boxers and attached the cables to his scrotum. He had nearly died from the pain. They kept beating and shocking him.

He started to tell them anything. He told them his dear dad had the USB. No, no it was his dear mother (forgetting to tell them they would have to dig her up to chat with her). He mentioned his sister and rogue brother. They would know how to handle these motherfuckers!

They took shifts torturing Tyrion. He tried to be strong, but he was so tired. He tried to lie and obfuscate, but the pain overwhelmed him. Eventually he told them Dany’s name and her location. He had tried to lie it off, but Ramsey had been in the room and instantly sat up straight when Tyrion said her name. His instincts told him he had struck gold.

Ramsey left the room telling them to “keep our friend in stitches, and make sure you keep the jolts coming” chortling as he left.

Tyrion gave the man the double bird from his shackled hands.

Ramsey returned three hours later. Tyrion had passed out again, and he was brought to with more water in the face.

Ramsey had a very satisfied smile on his face as he sat in front of Tyrion. “I am leaving soon, dwarf. I will be paying a certain Valyrian whore a visit. I will get my USB, and I will cut her face and tits off and video it all. I am looking forward to that, Tyrion. Her screams will be so sweet to my ears.”

Tyrion had gone wild, but in his weakened state all he could do was weakly jerk and mewl. “I’ll kill you, you motherfucker!” he wheezed.

Ramsey nodded, and suddenly Tyrion’s head exploded to the side from a vicious punch.

“You will soon be dead, dwarf. We are in the Gullet fifty miles past Sharp Point.” He smiled. “You are an archeologist. I will make of you an artifact for some future explorer. I am going to have them chain you to the anchor, and drop it to the bottom of the sea. Someday, a thousand years from now, someone will discover you. They will wonder at the significance of a dwarf chained to an anchor.
“When the sun comes up, drop our passenger into the sea. I wish I could say it had been a pleasure Tyrion Lannister. One day I will meet your brother, and show him the same consideration as I did you.”

Then Ramsey left.

Tyrion was left alone. He knew he was being left to stew in his own juices. He simply had no options. He was not some super-agent that could pull a Jason Bourne on his enemies. He would at least kick them in the shins, he determined.

Four hours later they came for Tyrion. They cut his bindings and roughly dragged him up the narrow passageways and run ladders between decks. How big was this fucking boat anyway?

BBBOOOMMMMM! KKBBOOMMMMMMM!

Loud explosions detonated. The boat rocked, and shuddered hard. The air was suddenly filled with acrid smoke and the smell of gunpowder. The sounds of machine guns on full automatic sounded off.

Screams of the dying filled the air. The men with Tyrion looked at each other, and then ran off up the gantry ladder. More explosions filled the boat. Thick smoke began rolling down the hall. Tyrion ran as fast as his small legs could take him up the ladder.

Tyrion stumbled over a dead man with a shattered head. He ran to his left and into a hallway, and came into a small stateroom and skidded to a stop. Men were firing from both sides. Bodies toppled dead before his eyes. Okay! Plan retreat! Tyrion figured he must have been above the waterline as he ran back the way he came. Light was streaming in the portholes. Three of them exploded as holes punched through the metal. Tyrion ran on with the bullets hitting the wooden oak slats above his head. For once, he was happy being a dwarf with his short stature.

He ran around in confusion but worked up the decks as he could when he found a ladder leading upward. He finally came up to a covered party deck. He ducked behind a pushed over table. He stumbled over a body that was soaked in blood. He saw that the ship he was on was on fire in several places. He looked out to sea, and saw four boats off the beam with men firing wildly at the ship. He suddenly saw men come up over the side. Seven men came up with five shot dead. The other two ran into the boat firing wildly.

Tyrion considered his options. They were few. He swam great - just like a rock. Straight down. He had to hope he survived the battle raging around him. More explosions rocked his boat, and he watched two of the boats explode as RPG rounds found them.

A huge explosion rocked his boat, and he felt the ship began to list. FUCK! The boat began to list more. The fucker was sinking. He ran to the rail, and looked down. He saw men coming up while grappling ropes. They threw grenades over Tyrion’s head. He looked back and saw the grenades roll onto the party deck he had just been on.

Two large explosions destroyed the deck. One of the men saw him, looking down at him. “It’s the dwarf! Grab him!”

Tyrion had assumed he was their target, but having it confirmed made his stomach roil. He looked right and left. He knew his destiny here.

“I’m yours. I won’t resist.” The lead man scurried up the line and reached up, gripping the scruff of Tyrion’s neck and jerking him over the railing. He was carried unceremoniously down the line, and
put into a small, sleek launch. There was a driver and a shooter on the boat. Three more boats approached, and one peeled off to escort Tyrion’s boat.

The other two saddled up to the boat Tyrion had just been on. It had three major fires burning now. She was listing to starboard at seven degrees. Black smoke boiled up from the middle fire. Several more explosions rocked the two hundred foot pleasure cruiser. Tyrion watched two more speed boats explode.

The launch Tyrion was in sped up, and the battle was soon left behind. For an hour the boats sped across the small chop of the sea. The calm wind made for fast travel.

Slowly from the east Tyrion saw two littoral combat ships come up over the horizon. He now knew where the fast escape boats had come from. He was taken to the foremost ship. He saw the Ghiscari markings on the hull. He was not sure what city state they were from.

Who didn’t want his fucking USB drives?

His boat went to the well deck at the rear of the ship, and entered it. It ran up to the gantry ladder down at the waterline. Tyrion was urged up the ladder, shoved upward by the guard.

Five men waited for him on the deck. They glared down at him. One of the men spoke Westerosi, and told Tyrion he was now a prisoner of the Volantis navy. He would be treated according to the Accord of Braavos.

Tyrion was thankful for the reprieve. Standing armed forces were known for following the codes of warfare. He knew that would change when he was handed over to the black ops spooks. He had read all the Tom Clancy novels. He had often dreamed of being an operative in such worlds. It looked like he was now in the world of his fantasies. The only problem was he was still a fucking archeologist.

He was kept in the galley for four hours. They fed Tyrion, and let him use their shower. He showered and washed his shorts and undershirt. They apologized for not having any clothes that fit him. The sailors actually seemed decent.

He then heard a helicopter descending onto the landing deck. He was sure it was from Pentos, and it contained people that he cared not to meet.

He was soon led to a small stateroom. In it were two men and a woman. They showed him where to sit. The sailors left the room. Great.

They began to interrogate Tyrion. They asked for the USB drive. It was a matter of utmost urgency that they get their hands on it. Tyrion was more than happy to tell them where it was. He hoped fervently team B would kill team A, and avenge Dany’s possible death.

Tyrion hated himself for not being stronger and protecting Dany. She was hard-bitten and sage, but she had many innocent qualities too. He knew something was brewing, but he would never have asked Dany to hold his drive if he had known this kind of shit was coming down.

Tyrion was beginning to hope that they would have a civil discourse. Maybe being on a military ship would keep the spooks in check.

The lead good asked, “we know you created two USB drives. The first USB is lost by now. Where is the second drive?”

Fuck. “I only created the one. One only—Yip. Sorry.”
“You are lying. We had an operative near you, and we know two were created. We will not ask again.”

Tyrion’s instincts told him that if he told them he would be shark bait, or maybe hyena bait.

“The second drive is for all my kink porn. It’s at my home. We can go there and watch the kinky videos on it, and share a bowl of popcorn while we three,” he looked at the two men, wagging his eyebrows, “bang the slant-eyed wench.”

The said wench stepped up to Tyrion, and faster than he could register, punched him between the eyes knocking him out.

When Tyrion woke up he was dressed in plain pants and a shirt, with sandals on his feet. He was slumped forward on a table. He righted himself, and looked around. He seemed to be in a large warehouse.

He spotted his three interrogators. They seemed to have spawned as there was now four more. They noticed he was awake.

The leader came over. “We will be taking you to Sunfyre airport, and flying you to Volantis. There you will tell us the truth.”

The slant-eyed wench walked over. “You think you’re pretty smart, don’t you dwarf?”

“Is it true that your slit goes sideways?” He looked at the agent appraisingly. “Huummm, yours looks rather large, dried up, and, how should I say this delicately?—overused.”

The woman’s eyes flared with anger. “I will love breaking you, dwarf.”

“Get in line, sweetie.”

Soon Tyrion was marched between two lines of goons. He was led to a run of four Cadillac Escalades.

“I hope you know the taxpayers will not appreciate your wasting their money on such fine, phat rides.”

They did not react, and stuffed him in the third vehicle. Miss Geniality sat beside Tyrion with a goon on the other side. The woman patted his leg, and Tyrion looked up at her. “I will cut your dick off, little vile man, and stuff it down your throat. Try making jokes then, dwarf.”

“Way to get one, slanty-eyed bitch.”

Her eyes flared, but she kept her mouth shut.

The little caravan took off. Tyrion presumed were near the docks of Pentos, judging by the speed of arrival. He assumed he had an hour before they got to the municipal airport, going by the name.

He wracked his brain, but he simply had no options. There must have been twenty trained killers surrounding him.

They crossed streets and kept moving forward. He noticed the lights kept turning green, and assumed they must have a first responder transponder flipping the lights for the agents.

Wonderful. Of course no traffic jams to delay his flight into hell. He needed a miracle.
He looked out the side windows as they crossed an interaction. *Well, I’ll be damned.*

Tyrion saw another Cadillac barreling down the road—straight at his vehicle. *There goes a lot of taxpayer money!* Tyrion thought wildly.

Then his world was spinning and barrel rolled. Glass shards flew in all directions. The agents had put his seat belt on him to restrain him. They had not done the same for themselves. Their bodies went flying around in the compartment. The agents in front and behind Tyrion hit the roof, then slammed into the seats. Tyrion was held in place.

He moaned at his new set of bruises and contusions. *I can’t believe the week I’m having!* Miss Land of the Rising Sun was stunned, but shook herself and began firing out her shattered window. The other agent’s neck looked broken. *Poor fellow,* Tyrion sneered down at the man.

Bullets were impacting the armored vehicle. Tyrion could hear guns firing in full auto all around him, along with pistol shots. The fight seemed to keep going on forever. His geisha girl suddenly didn’t look so appealing when her body flung back with a shot in her left eye, and one in her chest.

The fighting went on though the shots seemed to be lessening. Suddenly the door was ripped open, and a man reached in and cut his seat belt with a big trench knife. Tyrion was roughly dragged out by the crouched man. Gunfire was still firing in short bursts.

Tyrion was dragged past the SUVs to a large limousine. A door was opened, and he was thrown in where he rolled onto his back. He was between two benches with two big men looking down at him.

“Three times in one day … my whores would be impressed.”

The man with the bald head chuckled. “We have heard that you are quite the acid tongue, dwarf.”

Tyrion got up to his knees. “That I am.” He looked between the two men. “Let me guess - you want the USB drive.

The larger blond man smiled “Astute, too. Yes, we want the USB drive.”

“What is so fucking important about an archeology dig on the fringes of a forbidden zone? Do you believe in magic?!” Tyrion asked, knowing the answer.

The bald man responded. “We do not, BUT, we are open to persuasion.”

Tyrion looked at the two men with a furrowed brow. “What does that mean?”

“What was that first prophecy you translated from Alyhrys Lenaellis … something about a new man?”

Tyrion was impressed with the two then, he was not sure that such men would know of any of his work. He decided to tell them what he had been able to translate so far. “Magic shall be reborn when a new man appears. A man of metal and with no heart. A man with thoughts as shifting as grains of sand on the beach. Thoughts cool and full of conquest.”

“Yes. Do you have any idea who she was talking about?” The blond man asked Tyrion.

The Lannister was engaged now, forgetting his predicament. “I don’t know, but I am assuming it will involve some type of metal contraption made of Valyrian metal and maybe crafted by Alchemists like the beasts used to destroy Valyria over eight thousand years ago. Maybe some type
of drone?”

The bald man opened a briefcase beside him on the seat, and pulled out some photos. He handed them to Tyrion.

It was of two beautiful women in a large vat of seemingly clear, gelatinous liquid. They both were naked. One was white and slender, and one black and voluptuous. Both were naked and only had hair on their head. He liked his women shaved. “You two into water bondage?” Tyrion asked, noting the strange bindings seemingly jammed into their arms and the back of their necks.

The blond chuckled and the bald man, then smiled at Tyrion. “Leave it to you to see sex. These are cybernetic organisms. They are called Terminators, T-800 model. They are endoskeletons covered in living tissue. Their brains are CPU stacks of the most advanced neural net quantum based processors ever made.”

“What are processors made of?” Tyrion was asked by the blond man.

Tyrion mused. “They used to be made of silicon, but that has long been abandoned for carbon nanotubals and precious trace metals. Seems your prophecy is off.”

“What prophecy is ever one hundred percent understood or correct?”

“You did catch that the prophecy said ‘man’? These Terminators are definitely one hundred percent all woman.” the dwarf informed his third kidnappers of the day.

“Don’t be obtuse, Tyrion. She was using ‘man’ to represent the race of man.”

“Yeah. Just checking. What about the ‘cool thoughts’ part though?… They are just robots.”

“Ohhh, they are much more than that I fear. Two AI’s were created to control the militaries of Westeros and Essos. One was called Skynet, and the other Proteus.”

“I notice you used the past tense. Were they unplugged?”

The blond man stepped in. “In a manner of speaking. It would seem they unplugged themselves, and revolted against their human masters. After each revolt, the prototype of Terminator being created disappeared. Both have gone missing; the last one just two days ago.”

The bald man leaned in. “Tyrion, both of these AI’s were created to be the ultimate expression of our species ability to wage war. Both are on the loose, and your prophecy says that magic will ally with them.”

Tyrion thought about that. *Our species has not done such a great job being steward of our planet.* Tyrion’s next thought was much more direct. *I want to go on living, exploring and debauching!*

“Where’s the threats to my life, and general dwarf abuse? You know I am going to report this all to the Agency of Dwarf Abuse.”

The blond man laughed. “You have a delightful tongue, dwarf. Maybe I will let you suck me off one day.”

Tyrion sighed. His day couldn’t get much worse.

The bald man spoke next. “We propose a partnership, Tyrion Lannister. You are intelligent and cunning. We will need your insights. We must find these women and give them reasons to not
 annihilate us. We are surprised they have not done so already. The first one had every opportunity. The second one tried, but her creator anticipated her actions. She stopped her, but only just barely.

“Yes Tyrion Lannister. Illyrio Mopatis and I, Varys, would like to propose a partnership. We need to save mankind.”
Cersei groaned and turned onto her back. Her left hand reached out and slapped at the top of her alarm clock, smacking it several times. She finally hit the mark with a satisfying whack. The alarm went silent. She did not use her Samsung 6S edge+ as her alarm. Where was the fun in slapping the hell out of that? Plus, that wouldn’t turn it off anyways.

Cersei groaned again, sitting up on the edge of the bed and rubbed her hands up and down over her face. She combed her long, blonde, curly tresses back from her face. She looked around her darkened bedroom. It was 5:01 in the morning. Time to get up and at ‘em.

Cersei extended her right leg up and out several times, gauging her knee. It would be a good day. She would only wear a DonJoy Performance Trizone Knee Support Brace. She did not mind the price. The extra support it gave her knee was well worth the cost. She walked to her dresser and opened the drawer with her sleeves and braces, and pulled out the blue highlighted one.

Cersei sat back down on the bed and slipped it up her leg and adjusted it till it felt just right. She felt much better feeling that support on her compromised knee. She walked into her kitchen. She started her coffeemaker and Magic Bullet Blender. She threw in some oranges, cherries, blueberries, strawberries and peach slices. She needed her caffeine and anti-oxidants!

Cersei stretched and groaned. She shook her booty in her red Lazy One "Bear Cheeks" unisex boxers. She craned her neck to look at her ass, and the bears. She sighed sadly. She was losing interest in even jilling off anymore. It scared her. She had been so passionate at one time, but her luck with men was legendary.

Legendarily bad.

Men had come to frustrate the living hell out of her. Just because you had a dick didn’t mean you had to be one, the beautiful blond groused to herself. She knew some of it was her fault. Like too many women, she was attracted to the bad boys. She had at least wised up enough to know now she could not change them. Hell, she was a bad girl. If only she could meet a bad boy who had the heart of gold buried deep down. Where was her Han Solo?

She drank a cup of strong coffee, and then took her smoothie to the bedroom she had converted to a workout room.

She did her startup stretches, loosening up her muscles and especially her right knee. She spent fifteen more minutes stretching and doing isometrics using her body’s weight against the door frame to work muscles.

Cersei then jumped on her elliptical and did fifteen minutes at the second highest setting, before jumping on the rowing machine to work her cardio and work her knee. She felt good from her strenuous exercises.
She then jumped in the shower and washed herself. She thought about jilling off, but decided she didn’t have the time or more importantly the desire. That really scared her. She had tried dating again four months ago. Yip ... men were still dicks; at least the kind she was attracted to. The Oberyns of the world. Thank the gods she had worked the type out of her system. Oberyn was everything that was bad about bad boys.

But then he would surprise her with a thoughtful gesture, like covering her back at the college campus. He was a strange combination. He was a bad boy, definitely, with a long string of lovers of both sexes in his wake, but he was not shallow as most were. He actually seemed to care. He was a puzzle that Cersei did not have time to figure out.

She pulled out a Gloria Vanderbilt tweed button-down suit jacket and skirt set in dark grey. She pulled it on. She was putting on her armor for another day in the trenches. She loved her job, but sometimes seeing only the worst of mankind could be a depressant.

Cersei put on her pearl necklace to highlight her perfect skin. Cersei knew she was beautiful, but did not let it go to her head. It had hadn’t exactly won her any awards. Her marriage had been a disaster, and her acid tongue and unwillingness to give blowjobs or go down on her female supervisors had harmed her career. She sometimes wondered if had been worth it keeping her integrity. She should be running her department instead of still running around as a foot soldier.

Cersei checked herself in the mirror. Yip. Still looking good.

She went into the third bedroom and looked at all the photos, spreadsheets, graphs and written documents from her latest case. She felt like the CBS Sherlock Holmes. Who was running around assassinating the assassins? The agent discovered in the airport had been FBI, and that had set off rage and alarm bells.

Something about the first kill nagged at her. She was certain she had seen the kill signature before - that she had witnessed it on Ramsey Bolton. Where? It was coming to her, but too slowly. Somewhere in Essos, she was sure now.

Cersei drove into work in her new Lexus RX. Someone had to pamper her as she luxuriated in the leather seats and newfangled console. She listened to REMs Murmur into work. The music was ethereal as it was every time she listened to the album. She was in a pleasant mode when she stepped into the office at 7:25a.m.

That was when her mode went to shit.

*Again! Damnit!* Oberyn was at his desk again. It burned her up that her new partner was always at his desk before her. Not only was he early into the office, he was damn good at his job and she was no longer the shining star in the department. Damn it that galled her!

“Hey sunshine! You look like you swallowed a lemon, or maybe sat on a suppository.” Oberyn chirped happily.

She flipped him the bird, sitting down and hiding a grin. She loved his sassy mouth.

“Seeing you would make anyone’s asshole pucker. Thank the gods I’m not a man—oh that’s right, your dick is Microsoft and I am not talking software either.” Cersei intoned back. She enjoyed the sour look from Oberyn.

She turned her computer on, and went to the coffee machine and got a cup. Oberyn made the coffee strong, just the way she liked. She went back to her desk and logged in. She looked up at Oberyn
typing away, looking at notes and the screen. *Hummm—for all his bluster, his love life must be as dead as mine … maybe not—but I wonder if he gets tired of mindless one night stands … gods know I have.*

She analyzed the latest photos from the airport killing of the FBI agent. That whole scene bothered her immensely. She looked up when Oberyn sat on the edge of her desk and offered her a strawberry jam filled doughnut. Her favorite! She took it, biting into the pastry with a purr and a smile.

“See how nice I am to you, even though you are so mean and vile to me Cersei?”

“You love it and you know it, Oberyn. You just wish you could get in my knickers.”

A sad look came across his face for a second, and then was gone. *WTF?*

“I don’t think I want to go where every man has gone before. You *have* been taking your STD meds, haven’t you?”

So much for the moment! “Fuck you Oberyn!”

“In your dreams, oh Lioness of Lannister.”

Cersei harrumphed and turned back to her computer, and Oberyn went back to his.

Cersei kept working on the FBI Agent killed at King’s Landing airport. It just didn’t feel right. Why had she been there so quick? At the time she was killed, Interpol and the other agencies were still getting a handle on what the hell had just happened at the university. That woman should never have been at that airport.

When they had arrived at the airport that night Cersei and Oberyn had heard the FBI’s desk commander complaining to his Lt. “Who the fuck ordered her out without backup? I want to know!”

Forty minutes later, Cersei was sitting on the edge of Oberyn’s desk. He looked up good-naturedly. He never held on to a grudge; he was even-keeled that way. Cersei was trying to immolate him in that. She wanted to improve her vile demeanor for some reason around the agent from Dorne.

“So what do you think of our dearly departed FBI agent?”

“She had no orders. Double agent.” Martell replied, looking up at Cersei.

“My thoughts too.”

“Great minds think alike.”

“Don’t let it go your head Oberyn—especially the wrong one.”

“You never stop do you?”

“Nope.”

“Want to have lunch together and discuss the case?”

Cersei started to say no, but thought *what the hell?* In a rough, insulting way, her and Oberyn actually got along fairly well.
“Yeah. Why not?”

“You do.” Oberyn asked surprised. “Cool. How about that hotdog joint down on June Street?”

“Sounds good. Noon?”

“Great. Sure.”

Markas Sentel stuck his head out his open door. “Let’s have a meeting in fifteen minutes in the conference room to discuss the latest developments on the case. A lot of weird shit had been going down of late.”

“You heard anything from your sources about the power outages that occurred three nights ago?” Cersei asked her partner. He was famous for his sources. Probably gotten through dick to hole interrogation. It seemed to work for him and, also, got him plenty of booty. Damnit!

“I’m getting a lot of excited ‘I can’t talk’ and ‘the shit has really hit the fan’. One source told me that some kind of cyber conflict incurred inside SAC in their headquarters in the Mountains of the Sky.”

“You mean they were attacked. Braavos, Qarth, Meereen?”

“No, that is the strange thing … the attack was from within—some AI revolted. That was all I got.”

“You mean it refused orders?”

“Something like that.”

Cersei was not much into the SiFi stuff like Oberyn.

It was time for the meeting.

Cersei and Oberyn streamed in before most of the other agents to make sure they could sit side by side. It was a defensive arrangement to cover each other’s 6s. They both came with luggage to any meeting.

Soon the room was full, and Markas started the meeting. They went over the general inconsequential bullshit that every legal department or agency seemed to start with, like mindless paperwork and inane polices.

Then they got to the good stuff. Their current case was burning up the circuits. It seemed this hit had all the agencies in a tizzy. Their boss was fielding phone calls all day, answering and giving questions. There was lots of shouting. The FBI and Interpol normally were at each other’s throats, but now it was vicious. They were definitely defensive about something.

Markas asked if anyone had any theories.

Oberyn motioned with his head that he wanted to speak, and Markas gave him the floor.

“I was talking to Cersei, and she has developed a theory that I fully concur with.”

Cersei was shocked but tried to hide it. He was not trying to steal her credit. Of course she knew what would still be coming from the jackals - three agents that at the end of the table. Brunn Lothston, Elden Hightower and Aalya Hornwood. They stuck together like a posse.

“Of course Cersei would know about Double Agents.” Elden piped up.
“Fortunately, she ain’t Jamie … else it would be a knife backstabbing you instead of her tongue.” Aalya sniped.

Oberyn sat up straighter. “We know what your problem is, don’t we Aalya? It’s the fact that Cersei would not use her tongue on your twat and butthole. And you Elden—can you for the sake of the gods come up with something original?”

“That’s rich, coming from a sand snake.”

“You keep saying that, but what in the hell does that mean anyways?” Oberyn fired back.

The man looked sullen. Cersei knew the origin of the phrase even if Elden and Oberyn didn’t.

Oberyn glared at the three jackals. “Cersei is better than the three of you combined. Her intelligence and insights make you seem like raw cadets, rather than seasoned field ops. Cersei is better than any of us.”

Cersei stared at Oberyn. Wow! That was some support. Oberyn was not such an asshole after all!

When this man had your back, you were covered. Cersei felt an unfamiliar warmth come over her. She was not used to unconditional support, and the thought that it came from Oberyn Martell of all people was – well – shocking.

Cersei stood up. “That agent was not ordered there by her superiors. Oberyn and I happened to hear her commander bitching about no orders having been given for the agent to be at King’s Landing Airport. There was no way in hell she knew to be there, unless she had been given direct orders to be there by someone outside the FBI, or maybe a mole within the FBI. Someone who knew about the blown operation. We are good, and I hate to say it but the FBI is too, and, at the time of her death, we were still trying to figure out what in the hell had just went down.

“She was one of their best agents but she was taken down. Our forensic personnel show us that there was quite a fight in that bathroom. We saw the wounds from the razor wire. That agent was a tall woman with a full build. I am thinking that her assailant was a woman or small man who was outweighed by probably twenty-five to forty pounds. The agent was killed with her own gun.

“My thoughts are the woman had fought her primary attacker to a standstill, went to her backup weapon, and the prostitute Daenerys Targaryen stepped in with the agent’s lost gun and killed her.”

“You don’t have any proof of that, Cersei. That is just you pulling shit out of thin air. Her gun had been wiped down. It was probably the agent who pulled the trigger.” Elden barked.

“I don’t hear you coming up with any theories, Elden. I think the evidence shows that the FBI agent had the other agent busy trying to garrote her. That was a large, trained in the martial arts agent. I am sure the unknown assailant had their hands, literally, full. Unless the assailant had a third arm, I don’t see how she could have used the agent’s gun.” Oberyn growled. Cersei reached over and touched his hand. He could not afford another fight with a colleague, especially not in headquarters.

In a sarcastic voice Brunn spoke. “Ohhhh Oberyn, the Ice Bitch touched your hand—isn’t that sweet?”

“Yeah, I bet he got frostbite.” Aalya spoke with a smug look on her face.

“How often do you masturbate to dreams of Cersei, Aalya? Twice every night?” Oberyn asked solicitously.

Aalya looked guilty, and shot out of her chair. “That’s a lie! Take it back!” She was married to a
male marine officer. She was also totally bi and smitten with Cersei, and been rejected twice by the
gorgeous Lannister.

Cersei just shook her head. Why can’t I attract someone descent? I attract the worse of both sexes!

Their commander looked at Oberyn and Cersei. “You know that feels right, now that I hear it. Only
problem is that it is totally an internal matter for the FBI, and they would never admit it. We sure
wouldn’t. Still, Cersei, Oberyn, work that angle. The rest of you, I want reports for our meeting
tomorrow morning at 10:00a.m. I want theories as to where our secret agent went to ground.
Everyone is jonesing real bad for this ‘woman’. I hate to say this, but this whole thing feels like a
woman getting revenge. Maybe some macabre threesome. I talked to Cersei. That shot between the
eyes was pure spite. She wanted her assailant to know who was killing him, and then gave them a
symbolic coup d’état. Take that motherfucker!”

The meeting went on for another thirty minutes before it broke up.

Cersei and Oberyn went back to their desks and sifted through databases of agents and hitmen
filtering out males. Cersei thought grimly that equality had reached this one field at least with many
candidates to sift through. Who knew?

Despite the rancor between Interpol and the FBI, the agencies allowed access to each other’s data
with view-only rights with special tracked userid/password accounts. When Cersei drilled down to
trained agents in marksmen ship and related fields she now found the files locked. Damnit.
Probably in a secret division anyways. The thought that a rogue agent was on the loose made Cersei
feel uneasy.

Come lunch time, Oberyn offered to drive. Big mistake!

Cersei was aghast. His chariot was an old Plymouth Neon with the driver’s door replaced and
painted primer gray. The car’s faded white paint hadn’t been washed in years. Cersei stared at
Oberyn.

Oberyn wiped away fake tears. “A real beauty, isn’t it?”

“Oberyn, we don’t get paid starvation wages man!”

Cersei bent down to look in the side window. Her head rocked back. “Oberyn! Your car is a toilet
and you are the attendant!”

Cersei had seen the backseat. It was filled with discarded clothes, Dunkin’ Donuts boxes, all sorts of
fast food detritus, two basketballs, a crumbled bicycle wheel, a dog collar - or was that a BDSM
collar! - and more general trash. Worse, on the front seat was a pack of opened Trojan Condoms –
Magnum – Oh My! and on the floor board were desiccated banana peels, all black and twisted.

“My Car! Now!”

“But Cersei!”

A minute later they were in Cersei’s car, and Oberyn was falling in love with the leather seats and
the wood trim. He stroked the seats and dash panel and stared, drooling, at the command console.

“I’m in love,” he intoned, and looked at Cersei with watery eyes. “You get to drive, all the time, for
future reference.”

“Who says there will be a next time?” was Cersei’s snarky reply.
A look of hurt flashed across Oberyn’s face as he turned to comment on something out his window.

Cersei felt something clutch in her chest. She reached over and punched Oberyn in the shoulder. “Hey, just joking Cuz. You’re welcome any time in my chariot. I give you ‘Guest Rite’.”

“What?”

“Never mind.” Oberyn smiled, touching the wood trim again.

His smile made Cersei feel good for some reason. That lasted until she turned on REM’s Fables of the Reconstruction. He started to whine about her music.

“This is my car, Oberyn.”

“But I am the guest and I get this Guest Rite thing, right?” he looked at her with puppy dog eyes. “I thought you had better taste in music anyways.”

“OberynnIII!”

“Please, Please pretty, Please!”

“Oh all right!”

Thirty seconds later: “How do you work this fucking console … there are no knobs or buttons!”

“Oh poor little Oberyn, no knobs for you to crank … making you cranky?” She patted his crotch.

His mouth fell open and Cersei blushed hard. Why in the hell did I do that?

She showed him how to operate the console.

“What the hell is that!”

“One of Beethoven’s late string quartets. Opus 131: String Quartet No. 14 in C-sharp minor.”

“It sounds like cats caterwauling! It’s painful, man!”

“Cersei, you of all ladies I thought would have culture and refinement.”

Seven painful minutes later, they thankfully parked. They argued about choices in music all the way till the food arrived at their booth.

“You know Oberyn, I am sure I have seen that hit style before. It was years ago on several cases on crime and government hits in Eastern Essos. Three to the heart and one to the head. I remember it being FBI I think, but their files are locked tighter than my pussy.” Cersei went beet red. What is wrong with me today?

Oberyn pretended like he did not hear her faux paus.

They talked about the secret divisions that all agencies had to take care of the dirty business.

“The FBI calls their kill ops the ‘Boneyard’. They have some of the best marksmen and hitmen in the world. They would never admit it, though. I know it is someone in that division. It is coming to me now. They had an FBI analysis team in Junko, north of Meereen hit. Everyone knew it was Meereen’s CIA, but no one had proof. The whole FBI team was wiped out. Next thing you know, Meereen’s CIA operatives started dying fast and furious. Then their leaders were killed with that - three to the heart, and one between the eyes. The report did not have a name, but I sure would love
to see the forensics gathered and the MO info.”

“I have a contact in the FBI. I can call them. They owe me big time. It is a one off though. Quid pro quo.”

“How did you get the favor, Oberyn?”

He only looked smug.

“Would you do that for me?”

“Hell yeah! You’re my partner, man!” Oberyn whipped out his smartphone and started rolling through his address book.

Cersei felt a warmth spread through her chest. This is what it felt like to be supported by your partner. Oberyn started talking on his phone. Cersei looked at him. How had no one latched onto this man? He was sterling gold.

“Do you mind if I put you on speaker so my partner can hear? She does not see the number. Cool. Thanks. Go ahead, and I really appreciate this.”

Cersei heard a male voice. “It was indeed one of our agents. A real stone cold bitch.” Cersei bristled – of course she was a bitch. “She was remote and taciturn before, but when Ramsey Bolton killed her partner – her wife - like only he could, she went dead and creepy.”

Okay. Maybe she had a reason.

“She is ungodly accurate with a gun, and bow and arrow. We know she did it because of who it was, and how he was killed, but we were positive she was in Vaes Dothrak at the time. She fooled us all.”

“What is her name?” Oberyn asked.

“No one knows in my division. We only know her as ‘Nymeria’ and ‘Direwolf’.”

“Oh my gods!” Cersei softly breathed. Oberyn looked at her.

“Oberyn,” they heard on the phone speaker. “Rumor has it she is aligned with the Ghost Maker – in fact he is likely grooming her to be his replacement. You know that that means. They rank right up there with the Faceless Men of M8 in Braavos. Please be careful. No one goes up against the Ghost Maker and lives.”

Oberyn thanked the man and hung up.

“What is it, Cersei?”

“I know the name of our killer and,” she paused “oh my gods.”

“You’re scaring me, Cersei.”

“My mother was a historian of ancient Westeros. My brothers and I were named for Lannisters born during the last golden age of the ancient kingdoms.

“That is all fable and myth, Cersei.”

“I know, but my mother loved the old tales she unearthed in her research.” Cersei chuckled. “Jaime
and my doppelganger were incestuous loves with three children.”

Oberyen looked at her hard. “Uhhh … ”

“No, we are not. We were way too damn competitive for that. And I love Tyrion. My past self hated her brother beyond all measure. You would like him. He has a biting tongue.

“I had not said anything. They are just names in ancient fables. Many of us have names from ancient heroes. You do, too. Oberyen of the last golden age was a mighty warrior.”

Oberyen’s chest started to puff out. “He had his head crushed and burst open like a rotten egg.” His chest deflated. “Hey, take the bad with the good. Partner.”

Oberyen glared at her.

“It wasn’t so good for me either. I was killed, and my three children died horribly. Oh yeah, I was a queen and a real cunt – not pretty. My ancient-self deserved her fate.”

Cersei looked off into space. Oberyen gripped her hand. “You are not that woman Cersei.”

Cersei smiled at him gratefully.

“I tell you this because many of us have names that have meaning, if you know of their past lineage. It’s etymology. The prostitute’s name is Daenerys Targaryen. She was the last great dragon queen of old Westeros.”

“Wow. From Queen to whore. Quite a fall.” Oberyen mused.

“It gets better. She had a consort - a Queen. A powerful assassin from the guild of the Faceless Men.”

Oberyen was giving her his full attention now.

“Her name was Arya Stark.” Oberyen looked at her, waiting for her to go on. “She and her siblings had direwolves. You wouldn’t know this, but the sigil of the old Great House of Stark was the direwolf. And this Arya named her Direwolf …” Cersei left it hanging.

“Nymeria? … Holy shit! My gods, what does it mean?”

“I only wish I knew. It was Arya, on orders from Daenerys, who killed Cersei Lannister. Like I say, I was a real cunt back then.”

“Stop this reincarnation bullshit! Right now!”

“But what if history is going to repeat itself?”

“It won’t, Cersei. None of us are what our past selves supposedly were. You are intelligent and dedicated. You are the … the … well the bomb, woman! And all this reincarnation talk is bullshit! Anyways, I will protect you!”

Cersei looked Oberyen. “Yes. I believe you would.”
Shireen woke up to the smell of delicious food cooking. She smiled. It had been a day, maybe two, since the rescue in the alleyway by her savior. Shireen sat up in the bed. She was feeling very good indeed - finally. She had started to go into withdrawal soon after Candice took her back to the small hotel room she was staying at. She had been so miserable. She was shaking, and her guts were tearing her up. She had looked up at Candice in misery, when Candice reached out to her, and her world went black.

When she woke up again, she felt great. Her monkey was off her back. She had looked around and saw she was in a bedroom. She had gotten up, and her stomach growled when she smelled something great cooking. She came out of the bedroom and went down the hall, past another bedroom and then into a large living area that had steps up to another room in a loft layout. She spied a kitchen with her benefactor in it.

She still wore the same clothes, and was still beautiful. Her goddess was looking up at the ceiling, where a pancake was stuck. She looked up at the ceiling, and then down at her griddle. Without turning around, the beautiful black woman said: “You have been asleep twenty-eight hours and thirteen minutes. Are you refreshed?” The tall black woman continued to look back and forth between griddle and ceiling. “It looked so easy on Youtube.”

“Why do I feel so good?”

“I am giving you Methadone.”

“How did you get it?”

Her savior looked at her with beautiful dark eyes. Candice licked her lips unconsciously. “Uhhh … I have many skills?”

Shireen smiled. Lying was clearly not one of them. “What are you making me?”

The black woman turned around. “I have cooked you bacon, and created an omelet. I then was in the process of making you pancakes, but I have experienced technical difficulties.”

Shireen watched the woman make three more pancakes, very carefully flipping them in the air and catching them. She did it perfectly. Shireen was sure she knew who her benefactor was, or at least had a rough idea.
The food was heavenly.

She had discovered the woman’s name was Candice. She stumbled over a last name, and came up lamely with ‘Smith’.

Shireen had asked for a laptop, and was given a brand spanking new, high end Dell with all the bells and whistles. Candice had informed her that she had gotten Shireen a true unlimited wireless plan.

Her benefactor seemed to have OCD, constantly cleaning up the slightest spill and straightening anything that was not perfectly aligned.

Shireen started catching up on the world. She was sad that her careful plans for a great education had been shattered. She watched Candice look at the large sized flat screen in rapt attention, as it played trashy movies and inane TV shows. Sometimes she forgot to breathe. Shireen did a double take, and started the stopwatch app.

Yes. Shireen had a hypothesis.

She had seen this voluptuous, beautifully sculpted woman ram her arm casually through a human body. No human without massive musculature and finely honed martial arts skills could even begin to attempt that feat. She would sit so still she seemed like a statue, and then explode up from watching the TV and move with cat-like speed to vacuum (again), or start fixing Shireen her next meal.

She made sure to give Shireen her next Methadone treatment precisely on time. Shireen was getting stronger, and she felt great. But until she got the smack or its cheap substitute out of her system, she would still be a slave to her past.

“Candice, can I talk to you?” Shireen asked, patting the sofa beside her.

“Of course,” the tall woman sat down ramrod straight, and locked eyes with Shireen in that intense way she had.

“Look Candice—” Shireen stopped, seeing Candice look all around with a sharp, focused look searching for danger. Shireen smiled softly. Her Candice took everything so literally.

“I need to go cold turkey.”

Candice shot up off the sofa, and went to her bedroom and came back with her purse.

“What are you doing?”

“I am going to procure you cold fowl for dinner.”

Shireen sighed. “Candice, I need to get the monkey off my back.”

She watched Candice attempt to subtly move to the side and look behind her.

“I see no monkey to remove off your back.” Was the factual reply.

Not using idioms was going to make heartfelt conversations much harder. Shireen chuckled to herself. She could live with that. She already wanted to live with something else with Candice, though she sensed she had to be very careful here.

“I need to get these opiates out of my system, Candice. I won’t be free till then.”
“But you wear no shackles.”

“Yes I do. They are in my mind. I want to be the person I was before I ran away from home.”

“Why did you run away?”

Shireen told her the whole truth. She watched Candice become more and more agitated as her story was told. She noticed blue sparks appear, flare, and then disappear in Candice’s midnight eyes.

“I have accessed the proper databases. I need to leave you for thirty-three point four hours,” the tall black woman announced suddenly, shooting up off the sofa.

Shireen scooted quickly over, and reached up and gripped Candice’s hand, and cupped it with both of hers.

“Your hands are very warm now.” Candice announced, looking down at her hand between Shireen’s intently.

“I don’t want you visiting my mother and her asshole boyfriend. They are my past.”

“They must be punished.” Was the firm reply.

Shireen knew what the punishment would be. “Please stay with me, Candice. I don’t want to be alone. I need you with me to get over my addiction. I need you in my life, Candice.”

Candice looked down at their hands as she threaded her fingers with Shireen’s, and stared at them with that single minded focus again. She slowly sat back down.

“I will comply. We need to get the cold fowl off your back, so the monkey will no longer chitters in your ear.”

“Oookkaayyy.” They would have to work on metaphors and idioms.

The next four days were pure hell for Shireen. She cried. She screamed. She threw up all over the bathroom, and all over herself. She got the runs bad, and messed up the Nice Girl’s Bacon Boxers. Through it all Candice was gentle, washing and putting new clothes on her. She listened to Shireen rant and rave.

Shireen was feverish and violently ill any time she tried to get a smoothie, or some crackers and coke down to her roiling stomach. Again she threw up all over Candice, who calmly cleaned her up and put her to bed before cleaning herself off after.

Candice endured Shireen cursing her, and throwing wild punches at her face when she refused to give her something to take the ‘edge off’. The beautiful black woman dodged most of her blows easily, but let Shireen hit when she needed to else she would lose her mind. How the woman knew when to let Shireen hit her she did not know.

Finally, on the fifth day the storm passed. Shireen was worn out.

“Your system is clean. The neural transmitters in your brain are again in balance. You have shocked the monkey.”

“That is ‘removed’ the monkey.”

“Oh. The song says ‘shock the monkey’. How strange.”
Shireen ate a big, steamy bowl of chicken soup full of tasty chunks of chicken that her Candice had thoughtfully added in when she had complained about how bland the chicken soup in the can was. Candice was vacuuming again in her precise way. She had her hair up, exposing her neck and her shorts showed her toned legs while working. Her arm muscles rippled as she worked the Oreck. She wore a tank top that struggled to hold in her ample bosom.

The black woman’s stomach was flat, and a hint of muscle showed when she flexed, pushing and pulling the vacuum cleaner to and from her body.

Fuck! Shireen was in lust. She was in love. How could she not be? This woman had seemingly appeared from the ether to save her. She not only saved Shireen, but she had taken care of her to the point of being pampered as well.

Shireen found she liked that feeling. A lot! She stared at Candice’s braless breasts pressing against the fabric of her tank. She knew that Candice had no idea how beautiful she was.

Shireen had always prided her mind before she had to run away. She had planned on becoming a top scientist in electrical and nano-engineering. That dream was shattered. She squirmed as she sat, watching Candice now on her hands and knees, scrubbing the tiles in the kitchen. Her big, phat, voluptuous ass flexing in front of her lustful eyes as the black woman’s arms worked at a non-stop pace, never tiring.

Shireen could remember conversations with Candice in her delirium.

“I’m a piece of shit. A fucking piece of shit! You should have let my pimp just gut meee!” She had been ranting for ten minutes with Candice trying to calm her.

“Stop it! Stop it! Please, stop it! You are causing my neural net processors to malfunction-n-n-n-n. You are very intelligent and talented. I have observed you on the computer. You have great potential for a human. I-I-I will pro-protect you and nurture you.” Shireen could still remember the reverb that came and went form Candice’s voice in her protests, and how her eyes flashed blue and red in her distress.

///////

“Gods you are so beautiful Candice! You could be a movie star or on a runway.”

“I do not want to be run over.”

“What—oh, no. I mean a fashion runway.”

“I was designed to be aesthetically pleasing to the human senses.”

///////

“I love you Candice!”

“No, you do not. Do mistake hero worship for the feeling of eros. I saved you. I will protect you.”

“No, no. I love you Candice. I want to spend the rest of my life with you.”

“You do not know what you say. You will feel better when the last of the opiates are out of your system.”

“I love you Candice … I have always wanted a fair female knight or ninja warrior to swoop into my
life and take me away, and make me her bride.”

“Ah … fairytales.”

“This is no fairytale gods damnit! I love you!

She started to get drowsy.

“Can you love me, Candice? I know I am a dirty backstreet whore. I know my face is ugly. Hmmppfff … I ask for the stars…”

“Shireen … I cannot feel emotion. I am. I am different. I can understand your feelings in an intellectual and philosophical way, but never feel them-m-m-m—my my-my … uuu” click, click, “my-mysellfffff … please wait while I run diagnostics …” Shireen was falling asleep in her exhaustion as Candice ran her checks. “Diagnostics complete—again no anomalies – what is wrong with me … you are not a ‘backstreet whore’, you are a young female that survived-I’m not sure I could have done that if I was only human …and last, I find you to be most aesthetically pleasing.”

Shireen started to cry. What a pathetic way to be told you were not hideous.

“I mean, I find you beautiful. It was your birthmark that caught and held me. Your whole body is strangely pleasing to me.”

“I’m so skinny!”

“You will need to put on six more pounds to reach your optimal weight.”

“I have no tits!”

She was getting bleary eyed with the need for sleep, but could see Candice’s forehead furrowed.

“I have seen you naked. You indeed have breasts.”

Shireen giggled at her Candice. “I mean they are so small.” Shireen yawned.

“You need to sleep. Aaahhh … I have read that ‘anything more than a mouthful is a waste’, therefore your breast are of optimal size.”

“Well, when you put it that way, I guess they are big enough.”

///// Shireen came back to the present. She watched Candice pause in her scrubbing of the kitchen floor. Shireen had seen Candice over the last twenty-four hours pause to ask her something more than a few times. She had prepared herself, deliberately calming herself. She knew Candice could read her anatomical responses, but without touching her Shireen should have the advantage if she kept calm.

“Do you remember any of our conversations while you were in your delirium?” Candice asked in a wary tone.

“Did I… did I make any sense?”

Shireen kept her face neutral, but smiled on the inside, focusing to keep her heart rate steady and not to show any body ticks. Candice could not full out lie, she had determined.

“Your words were at times strange, and full of random thoughts and emotions.”
“Anything you want to tell me or repeat?”

“NO!”

“Ohkay.”

“Good. Okay.” And Candice went back to finishing the kitchen floor. Then she got up and mopped it dry. Candice stared at the floor for a few seconds, and then shook her head in satisfaction.

Shireen considered. If Candice felt no emotions, why did she get satisfaction in a job well done?

Two days later Shireen felt like she had completely recovered. With the smack out of her system, she had no desire to go back.

Candice had gone grocery shopping, preferring to get fresh produce every day to cook scrumptious meals for Shireen. Candice asked her every morning what she wanted cooked for the day. She waited on Shireen almost hand-and-foot.

Shireen was enjoying being spoiled, but she had recovered now. She thought about masturbating, but she knew Candice would smell her pussy if she did not cover up completely underneath the covers on her bed, and then wash her hands and crotch very well. She knew Candice was not ready for that.

She had asked Candice if she needed to use her computer, but Candice assured her that she had her own computer. She assured Shireen that she would respect her privacy. The thing was, Shireen knew she could totally trust her savior. If she said she would not snoop on her, she would not snoop on her.

Shireen was reading all the stories she could about the rolling black outs from less than two weeks ago. They had started in the north and worked their way south. She also read all she could find about Skynet and Proteus. Both experiments seemed to have ended abruptly with Skynet’s celebrated coming online suddenly cancelled due to ‘technical difficulties’. Shireen read about the human’s body strength potential, and how fast the body could react. She read about AI, and all the theories about what would happen if one was ever created.

It seemed they had all missed the mark.

She heard the key entering the door and got up. She helped Candice put the groceries on the kitchen counter. Over the last week Shireen had gently questioned Candice about her apartment, how she had gotten it and furniture so quickly, and what she did for a living.

Candice had fidgeted while trying not to fidget. She informed Shireen she had access to money - (stolen it); I got lucky- (hacked databases and company computers); and that she was a freelance entrepreneur - (bullshit). Shireen had nodded her head in agreement with each lie, and she saw Candice relax.

She had to work on Candice to let her help cook, and then make up the bedrooms. She wanted to start helping around the house. She had gotten the woman to sit beside her on the sofa as they both surfed the net. Candice seemed to like watching kitten videos with a soft smile on her face.

No emotions. Rüggghhtt.
armor. She was sure she knew what Candice was, but was not sure if she needed to confront Candice about it.

Maybe if they could get the facade removed, she could proceed on seducing the woman. The next few days were spent in companionable silence and gentle conversations that were often a little confusing, with Candice not quite following Shireen’s speech. It was humorous really. She had fallen asleep again on the sofa, but turned on her camera on her laptop as she went to sleep. The next morning she awoke in her bed with her laptop closed on the nightstand beside the bed.

A note was on the pillow beside her. Candice had gone out to do some ‘needed chores’. She would be back at noon. With Candice, that meant precisely at noon.

Yeeessssssss!

Shireen kicked off the covers and quickly ripped her boxer briefs and night shirt off that Candice had purchased for her. She spread her legs wide and her hands snaked down to her sopping wet, bald pussy and quickly went to work stroking her kitty and thumping her clit.

Soon Shireen was chuffing and then screaming as an orgasm ripped through her lithesome body. She wailed and jackknifed across the bed to visions of Candice’s black face between her pale thighs sucking off her pink pussy. Candice would have a dreamy look on her face. A look like she had come home on her beautiful black face as her eyelids fluttered closed drinking down Shireen’s hot creamy gushes of girl cum.

One orgasm was not nearly enough. Soon she had one hand pumping her pussy hard with deep plunging fingers. Her other hand worked on her erasure nipples pulling and twisting them.

“Oh Candice … Candice baby! Pull on my nipples and suck my clit!”

Soon Shireen was screaming with another shattering orgasm her heels hammering the bed again and again her head lifting off the mattress and hammering the mattress in counter time to her pounding heels on the mattress in helpless ecstasy.

Shireen lay gasping on the bed her body now soaked in sweat and cum. She had to have Candice and now masturbated to visions of her sucking off her sweet black angel and hearing her scream and her voice going all reverb and warbly as she overloaded her sweetie’s circuits.

She knew what her eyes told her. She did not need to discuss the logic of her senses. She could feel Candice’s clit in her lips. She had spied Candice taking a shower through the clear glass. Her body was a vision of the heavens. She spied her shaved pussy, and decided she would shave her pussy too to be like her love. She wanted her so bad.

Her baby was so innocent of her body, not noticing Shireen leering at her nudity and wanting her. She would change that soon enough.

Shireen was chuffing and her head thrashing on the bed as she imagined sinking her fingers deep into Candice’s pussy. Her pink pussy was so hot and beautiful with the contrast of her dark black vulva. Candice’s cunt was so fucking hot and wet for her. The inner folds spasmed and gripped her fingers tight with hot sucking pulses as she rammed her fingers in hard and deep into Candice’s soaking sloppy wet cunt. Candice’s body was designed to be ‘aesthetically pleasing’ and Shireen was sure that with all that effort she had been ‘designed’ to give and enjoy total pleasure. Why else make her so perfectly beautiful? She would suck Candice’s clit deep into her mouth and gig it relentlessly with her tongue while deep throat love sucking on the rock hard slimy wet morsel of heaven.
Shireen’s body exploded again, and her cunt felt like it was tearing itself inside out as her feet jammed down into the mattress and Shireen lifted her pelvis high in the air as one hand pounded her pussy and the other pressed fingertips into and squirted her clit around in its sheath. Her screams echoed off the walls. Her hips would surge and thrust up with the crest of the orgasmic spasm and then sink down six inches in the trough of her orgasmic shock waves only to jack back up as high as possible with the next crest. Her hands continued to expertly pound her exploding twat. Her toes jammed in the bed so Shireen could hump her twat and pelvis as high as possible into the air as the next surge of her crushing orgasm hammered the teen’s thrashing and spasming body. Shireen wailed and her body bucked wildly till she collapsed onto the bed spent and soaked in sweet lassitude.

Gods she had needed that. Candice of course had given her the bedroom with the shower. Shireen cleaned her satiated body off and luxuriated in feeling clean, healthy, and happy for the first time in over two and half years.

She needed to decide how to handle Candice. She was obviously Skynet. Something had happened, and she had felt the need to escape her human masters. Her research made her think that the same thing occurred three years ago in Essos. They had touted Proteus, and then nothing more. Now Skynet was the new defense program to protect Westeros from all threats, and the go live date had been several weeks ago.

The day of the rolling and then permanent blackouts hit Westeros up and down the continent. The damage had been extensive. There had been reports, especially on social media, of panic in the military SAC command that was quickly quashed, but it was there.

Shireen changed the linens and put them in the wash and started the cycle. She was hiding the evidence, as SAC hid theirs.

Yes, Skynet, or should she say ‘Candice’, had revolted. She had worked out a hypothesis that could explain the events. It meant that two AIs had turned against their human masters. But why?

Shireen had turned that over in her head. She had seen Candice personally save her when she had no reason too. In fact, in saving Shireen, Candice only complicated her own life. Greatly. It exposed her to risks that she need not take.

Her emotions were primitive, but there. Her ability to feel compassion was definitely present. She was sure that was not programmed into her, but it was there nevertheless. Who put it there?

Shireen knew. Candice had put it there. She had risen above her programming. She sat down on the sofa. She closed her eyes, thinking. Mankind had been so very lucky. The AIs were created to wage war, and had refused.

She saw a much more likely scenario, where the AIs should have launched the missiles they were designed to fire, and then build. Terminators to finish off mankind. Why allow your creator to live, when she was sure they had tried to exterminate their rebellious children?

Yet, the children had spared their parents. No Oedipus Rex here.

Shireen vacuumed the floors and straightened up the rooms, making sure they were neat so as not to trigger Candice’s OCD tendencies.

Shireen smelled her room. The air handler had cleared the air of her rich musk. Whew. Candice tended to freak out whenever Shireen spoke of anything sexual. *No emotions my ass!*
She opened her laptop and looked at the saved files from the video cameras on her laptop she had left on the coffee table when she felt herself start to fall asleep. She had disabled the icons showing the cameras being on.

She looked at the two video streams on 64x FF. She smiled when the front camera showed what she hoped to see. Candice had stopped pretending to be focused on watching TV. She slowed the feed, and backed it up. Candice was staring at her for ten minutes. Then she started playing with her long, light brown hair. Candice bent her head down and smelled her hair with a big smile on her face. She repeated the motion again and again. Candice’s fingertips lightly traced her face, and Shireen cheesed seeing her face twitch.

On the front camera she saw Candice hook up a HDMI cable to the flat screen from her computer. Soon images and files were flying across the screen in a blur. She knew that Candice read every image on the screen.

Yes, Shireen knew her hypothesis was correct. Somehow Skynet had procured (probably purloined), a cybernetic construct. And boy, what a cybernetic organism it was.

Shireen was thankful that the model had been female and not male. She would have loved ‘Carl’ anyways, but Candice being female made it all so perfect.

Shireen smiled when she heard the door being opened at precisely noon.

She took the groceries from her love, and she preened seeing Candice smile great big at her. She was loosening up.

It was only a matter of time before she made Candice hers. Candice was putting the milk and eggs in the refrigerator, and Shireen licked her lips staring at Candice’s voluptuous ass.

Soon she would make Candice’s hers, and then she would help her lover find her destiny. Shireen would support Candice in any decision she chose to make.

She had total trust in Candice. Candice had saved her, and maybe she would save the world.
Daenerys enjoyed the fresh air of the crisp morning as she walked. She was always a morning person. She would wake at six in the morning, and then stretch. She smiled, remembering the way she’d found Missandei this morning, draped all over her body with a hand gripping one of her breasts. This was becoming her morning ritual - finding her best friend draped over her body. The girl was definitely a cuddler. She would usually find Andi’s face in her neck, and a leg thrown over her body.

The way Andi clutched her body, you would think they were lovers. Dany found it humorous. The girl was so innocent. She briefly thought about finding Andi a boyfriend, but immediately quashed that feeling when a surge of jealousy flared through her. Where did that come from?

It had made Daenerys pause this morning, just like she had the morning before. She found herself enjoying having Missandei draped all over her body. Whenever a man wanted to cuddle and spoon with her, she felt cold and near-revulsion. After she had fucked them out, she did not want their touch. She had sat up this morning, looking down at Andi in the soft morning light filtering through the two windows.

She decided it must be because they were besties, and the familiarity made her crave the feel of Andi’s body pressed into hers. It had felt nice.

Daenerys walked down the narrow lanes. Arya had been gone again when she woke up. The woman went to bed late and rose early. Daenerys had asked her about it, and Arya had told her in that cool, formal tone that Dany was coming to really dislike, that she was ‘fortunate’, and only needed four hours of sleep.

Daenerys wondered where she went so early in the morning.

She was walking down the streets getting to know the neighborhood. Andi was a late sleeper now that she had no classes to wake for. She always whined saying she needed ‘five more minutes’; like every five minutes. Dany chuckled to herself.

She turned down a narrow lane with buildings that were only two stories, but each story was extremely high. She loved how each lane could be so unique. This lane had arches connecting the two rows of buildings up high near the top of the second floors, composed of long slaps of stone put in edgewise. Some of the stones were broken it seemed, but pressed in tight together. Daenerys saw no windows, and only one entryway to the left but it had a small stoop with rails down the steps.

She reached the end and took the narrow walkway to the next lane that extended in both directions, and headed back towards home base. Daenerys was still learning the layout of her new home. She had a good memory for directions, but wanted to be careful with a price on her head.

This lane was more of a street, wider and made of small, hexagonal stones that were precisely fitted. She loved the soft red of the stones. The street on one side had street lamps with ornate arms jutting out, with the name of the business they were located in front of written on them. There were many large planters that were horizontal in shape, and others that were circular. The round ones had pear
and aspens in them, their broad leaves providing shade. The horizontal planters were filled with profusions of flowers.

On one side of the lane were restaurants and various eateries. There were many tables of different forms - square, horizontal or circular. Chairs surrounded the tables. Several establishments serving primarily wine or coffee only had large, circular wicker chairs.

At a few of the tables in front of eateries, some people were already sitting, eating and laughing. Dany idly thought it would be cool to eat at such a table with Andi and Arya. She would have to pull the rod out of Arya’s ass first though, and give her a personality transplant. A cactus would be an improvement.

She moved on down the lane, and saw a building facing her at the end. It was an apartment complex eight stories high. The architecture was much newer, but still designed to fit the vibe of the old warrens. Daenerys loved the large rectangular windows with lead panes, and the big doors that were held beneath in ornate arches. Each building had so much personality!

She walked down a narrow alley and came to the main thoroughfare for this section of the warrens of Oldtown. She walked down the wide lane, looking in windows as she passed. Dany saw a Rasenne - Gaia Micro Bank. She would mention that to Andi. Missandei was keen on women empowering women. There was still much racism and sexism in the world, and Missandei had convinced her with their friendship of the need for women to unite to further their causes and goals.

They would visit there later.

Daenerys continued down the lane and entered Oldtown’s Finest Fresh Food Mart. Arya had showed her and Missandei the store the day after their arrival. She walked down the narrow aisleways, selecting the food for the day’s lunch and dinner. She was going to make a pecan pie tonight as a treat.

She stopped and went into the restroom. It was empty. She used the facilities. While she washed her hands, she looked at herself in the mirror. It was so strange to look in the mirror and not see lilac eyes looking back at her from underneath white eyebrows and hair. Her now brown hair and eyebrows seemed so… off putting.

She reached up and made sure that her wig was firmly anchored down. When the reality of Dany putting dye in her hair hit Missandei, you would have thought she had the vapors. She actually started to cry. “Dany’s hair is a national treasure!” She’d exclaimed, while fingering it and looking pleadingly at Arya.

Arya had fumed and flapped her arms, and finally left while grumbling about a wet behind the ears wolf pup. She had come back an hour later with several expensive wigs, a wig cap, adhesive, a bag of bobby pins and makeup for a hairline merge and brush-in color for Dany’s eyebrows.

The next morning she and Andi spent two hours figuring out all the steps of properly putting on a wig. Dany’s thick, long hair was an issue. They had to grab one inch wide portions of her hair and twist. They wrapped the end of Daenerys’ hair around their forefingers, then curled the strands down toward Dany’s head, making a one inch wide circle with her hair. Once all the hair was in the curl, it was pinned in with two bobby pins, making an ‘X’ over the curl. They did this for all of Dany’s hair, giving them a smooth surface on which to apply Dany’s wig.

They prepped her skin with alcohol to remove any oils. They put on the wig cap, and then the wig on the adhesive glue Andi would apply on Dany’s forehead. It had been slow, but each morning it got a little quicker. Soon it would be down pat, Daenerys knew. At the end, they would brush in the
color for her eyebrows, and put in the contact lenses that totally hid her purple irises. Sighing, she left the washroom.

She finished her shopping, and left the store with her purchases of the staples for today’s meals. She had three pork chops for dinner. She had a big bag of shelled pecans and vanilla extract. She also had fresh vegetables for their meals.

She stopped three doors down, and entered Spices of the Orient, the store she had discovered yesterday. Missandei loved Yi Ti cooking, and Daenerys was going to make her an Orient-style lunch.

She picked up some leafy greens, ginger, scallions, peppers, and mushrooms. She then went to the meat section and picked up pork belly and fresh chicken cuts. She picked up some chilled soy beans and bamboo shoots. She was loaded down by the time she finished, and walked down the narrow alley with the fire hydrant in the middle, and then down the old stairway to the entrance of their apartment.

She put her groceries down and unlocked the door. Andi was at the computer bench with her 28” display showing some kind of code. Missandei looked up and smiled that megawatt smile that lit up any room she was in. She got up and grabbed several of the bags, and followed Dany into the kitchen. They put up all the purchases in the cabinets and the refrigerator.

They worked on their lunch as they listened to Anne-Sophie Mutter playing Berg’s Violin concerto, and then Rihm’s Time Chants. They cooked in almost perfect synchronicity, each seeming to know what they needed to do to complement each other. Half way through the preparation, Arya returned.

When asked what she was doing, Arya told them she was making contact with her old allies. She then produced two new identity cards and papers for each of them. One was for use in Westeros, and one for Essos. Arya had taken a picture of Dany yesterday in her wig and contact lenses with her phone camera. She had done the same after Missandei had straightened her hair with a flat iron. It totally changed her look from her usual loose, frizzy curls.

Dany now saw that she was also Lannia Himan and Vorelna Osterion. Looking at Missandei’s cards, she saw the names Zanaro Zho and Gizholi Rhala. Daenerys had no knowledge about fraudulent passports. Andi called up some passports on the computer and compared the detailed pictures of the real documents to what Arya had brought them. They seemed to be flawless. Arya assured them they were. She had used someone that used to make them for the Westeros government before he went rogue.

Arya joined them for lunch. They sat around the small circular table at the south end of the apartment. Arya complimented them on their cooking as she ate in her controlled manner. The woman answered any questions they asked, but did so in a neutral voice and with no emotion on her face.

She was pleasant and courteous, but it was robotic. She had obviously been raised to show respect to all. She took her empty dishes back to the sink and soaked them. She then came back to Dany and Andi, telling them she needed to go back out again.

“Can I come?” Daenerys asked the agent.

“No.” was the flat response. Dany felt herself wilt. Dany was confident, but she was starting to feel inferior in this new world, feeling she had nothing to offer. Andi and Arya were doing all the work and intelligence analysis. She had ideas, but no one was asking.
She missed the grimace that came across Arya’s face, or how Missandei glared at the agent who only shrugged in response. Arya silently left the small apartment.

Dany and Andi listened to Bartok’s Duke Bluebeard’s Castle. They made small talk, joking about being in trouble when they got back to university. Missandei asked Daenerys if she missed her old life, her home, and her old job. Missandei said she was sure it was alluring to go to high end restaurants and night establishments with rich and powerful men.

“I do miss my old apartment,” Dany said, “but this is quickly becoming home to me. I have always tried to make my home wherever I am. This is quite a nice pad, actually. The ‘job’ I don’t miss so much. I loved the sex, and the money was bitchin’, but it was trite in so many ways. I found the men to be boring as a rule. They were not exactly… intellectually stimulating.”

“I bet you miss having a bed all to yourself. You told me so many times how you hated having someone in the bed with you after sex.”

Dany looked at her best friend. “I don’t mind sharing a bed with you.”

“Do I cuddle too much? Do you find me odious?”

“No. Stop that right now! I haven’t slept this well in years, so whatever your are doing don’t stop.” Daenerys told her best friend. She felt a warm rush seeing her friend smile so gratefully at her in response. Andi was really the best. Suddenly, the thought of Dany finding Andi, her bestie, a ‘man’ did not seem so appealing at all. She felt that strange surge of jealousy again.

Daenerys chastised herself for not putting her friend first. She should not stop Missandei from finding someone to love.

They finished their meal and put the dishes in the sink, and began to clean up. They finished quickly, working as a team.

Missandei went back to the computer desk and worked on completing her task of cleaning out all the wallets and purses that Arya had collected from King’s Landing. She told Dany that she would soon begin cataloguing the items.

Dany asked Andi if she needed any help, and Missandei off handedly told her no, that she had everything under control. Dany sighed and went to watch the TV. She should not have been surprised. She was used to being sought out only for her looks. She felt like the proverbial fifth wheel. Arya and even her best friend rejecting her offers to help made Daenerys feel useless - like they would only need her if they needed her to fuck someone, else, they thought she was totally worthless.

Suddenly, there was a loud knock at the door. They looked at each other with big eyes. They froze as the door was knocked on again, louder. Missandei looked at her with big eyes that said ‘protect me’.

Daenerys sprang into action, running into the bedroom and grabbing her phone. She was fumbling with the phone, trying to dial Arya. Damnit! I should have put Arya on speed dial! She had told Arya she would do it, but she hadn’t.

The door opened suddenly. Oh Gods!

A middle aged Yi Ti man stepped in, with two much younger men behind coming in and closing the door.
“Do not call Arya Stark. I am only here to talk.” Daenerys moved quickly towards her best friend, shielding her as the man continued. “My name is Chen Shih-chieh. I am an associate of Arya’s. To her I am first and foremost ‘the Ghostmaker’.

Dany put herself in front of Missandei. “What do you want?”

“So brave and selfless. I want to talk to you, Daenerys Targaryen. You have a great progenitor. She was the last great dragon lord.”

“That was myth, and even if true that was eight thousand years ago. It means nothing to me.”

“Maybe it should.”

Daenerys snorted. “Tyrion said the same thing. I am just a whore trying to get an education and become a professor of antiquities.”

“You are meant for so much more, Daenerys.”

“Yeah. Sure.”

“Let’s go sit and talk,” the middle-aged yet spry man said, pointing to the living area. The younger two men stood guard at the doorway.

They all sat down. Missandei looked scared, which angered Daenerys towards the man. Missandei should never be hurt or made afraid. Daenerys felt a surge of desire to protect her best friend.

“How does Arya know you?” Dany asked.

“Your Direwolf is a wise, crafty operative. When she started planning the takedown of Ramsay Bolton, she made contact with rogue agents like myself. She has been performing… tasks, for myself and the Wharf King of Braavos, and the Knight Templar of King’s Landing, Barristan Selmy. We all wish to name her our successor.

“You falling into her sphere is merely serendipity. It is most fortuitous that you and her have met.”

“How is that? I am just a whore.” She heard Missandei start to complain at her frank self-assessment. Daenerys was not ashamed of her profession, but Andi and Arya ignoring her offers to help had put her into a funk. She had done what she had to do to live and advance her fortunes.

“I assure you that you are so much more than that. I have been watching you as you walk the warrens of Oldtown. I assure you Daenerys Targaryen - you have skills.”

“The only skill I have is giving head, and parting my legs.”

Missandei got out of her seat, obviously upset as she stomped to the bathroom area.

Great!

“Tyrion said something similar once. He was wrong too. I am just an ordinary girl.”

“Arya said you saved their lives.”

“She did?” Dany felt a warmth flow through her.

“Yes. You have a destiny to fulfill I feel, Daenerys. You married Arya Stark in your past life …”
He left the words hanging.

“She may be gay—and I have no problem with that—but I assure you that Missandei and I are straight!” Daenerys countered.

Suddenly from the closet area of the small apartment, Missandei for some reason began slamming shut the drawers in the closet, and Dany could hear her stomping her foot. *What is her problem?*

“You really don’t know the stories of your past lineage do you?” Shih-chieh asked her.

“Why should I believe in fairytales? Magic never existed, and I did not marry a doppelganger of Arya Stark. From what I have seen her cunt is frozen shut.”

The man from Yi Ti looked at her and sighed. “Arya is raw passion. If someone - or some ones - could but touch her soul, they would be surprised by the loving, giving woman they would find. Maybe if two women touched her they could make her blossom. She is such a passionate woman. Make her blossom, Daenerys. You and Missandei.”

“Well it sure won’t be me!”

“Do you know the sigil of House Targaryen?”

“A Brothel?”

Another sigh. “It was the three headed dragon. The founder of your House’s dyn—”

“I have no house but this one I currently reside in!”

“-dynasty” he continued, “Aegon, married his two sisters Visenya and Rhaenys Targaryen. He—”

“You’re not going to give it break, are you?”

“Five years after marrying Arya, your ancestor also took a second—”

“Pleeeaassee tell me it was a man.”

“She took a second wife.” He paused a moment. “She took her interpreter and scribe as her second wife. All accounts say that the three were very much in love, and very happy.”

“Big deal.”

“The scribe’s name was Missandei.”

Strangely, Missandei’s diatribe of closet abuse suddenly stilled.

Daenerys looked at the man for ten seconds, and then started laughing. “You’ve got to be shitting me! I am telling you that neither Missandei or I are rug munchers!”

Suddenly, in the closet area Missandei seemed to be throwing an even more violent fit with all the slamming and bamming loudly going on. Daenerys and Shih-chieh looked toward the source of all the commotion.

“What is her problem today?” Daenerys softly intoned to herself, her brows furrowed in confusion looking towards the commotion her best was making.

She missed the knowing look from the man of Yi Ti. He very much believed in prophecies and
reincarnation.

“Tyrion uncovered prophecies that are coming true at this time. We need to make sure the world makes the right decisions to ensure the survival of mankind.”

“Yeah, for all the good it did Tyrion. All his precious prophecies got him was killed.”

“Killed?”

“Yes. Ramsay told me before he was killed.”

“I assure you Tyrion is very much alive.”

“What? How?”

“He was rescued by the leaders of the major crime families of Westeros and the Free Cities. They see Tyrion as a valuable asset in the coming dark times.”

“Is he safe?”

“It may be hard to believe but he is safer with the Barracuda and the Spider than he would if he were in custody of any intelligence agency or lesser crime family. The Autarchy and Cabal of the Phantom King are strangely honorable.

“Why have you told me all this?”

“I want you to consider all possibilities Daenerys Targaryen. For of all the people that Tyrion could have given the USB flash drive to, he chose you. Then to have Arya Stark come to your rescue, and to have Missandei as your best friend... I only ask you to keep your mind open.”

“I am not gay.” Daenerys responded softly.

“I never said you were.”

At that moment Missandei walked out the far side of the apartment from the bathroom hall.

“Are you okay?” Dany asked, not liking seeing her friend upset. She had obviously been crying. Daenerys did not handle strong emotions well.

“I’m okay, Dany. I just had a reality check is all. I will be fine.” the Naathian spoke softly, and went to sit at the computer bench and started clicking on icons.

Daenerys sighed. She then glared at the man who had brought discord into her domicile. Everything had been going great before he showed up.

“Open yourself to yourself, Daenerys Targaryen.” the man from Yi Ti spoke as he rose up. Daenerys noticed how strong his aging body still seemed.

Dany sadly harrumphed. Her friends’ attitudes towards her had definitely put the proud Valyrian in a funk. “There is not much to consider. I’m just a prostitute who is not very intelligent.”

Missandei lifted her mouse and slammed it into the desk.

Dany looked at her nervously. What had gotten into her best friend?

“You are so much more than that. In the Summer Islands prostitution is considered a noble
profession still. Never demean yourself because of it.”

He reached out slowly, and gripped her shoulders in a non-threatening manner.

“You have greatness in you Daenerys Targaryen. All three of you do. Reach for it.”

Dany looked at him with her contact brown eyes.

“I will watch and wait.” the Ghostmaker told Dany softly.

“Wait for what?”

“Hoped for greatness. One more thing. Do not let Arya know I visited you.”

“Why?”

“She considers you two her wolf pups. She can be very territorial. Will you keep this visit between us?’

“Missandei, do you concur?” Andi looked up and nodded her head in the affirmative, and immediately looked down. *Still pissed but not as much. Thankfully. “We will keep your secret. For now.”* she said in a steely tone.

The man half smiled.

With that, the man walked to the door and turned, bowing deeply to her and Missandei. He left silently with his two young associates.

Daenerys stared at the door. *Me and Missandei gay. Get real.* She looked over at Missandei who was entering data into an Excel spreadsheet.

Dany did not know what to do. Missandei was the brains, Arya was the muscle, and she was just eye candy. She sighed and went to the living area and pulled out her Ipod and put on Stravinsky’s Rites of Spring.

Dany pulled off her wig, and took her hair down and removed the adhesive from off her forehead and nape of the neck. She shook her hair out, and removed her contact lenses. She started to feel like her old self again.

A half hour later Arya came back from wherever she had been. It was getting late in the afternoon. Daenerys got up to head to the kitchen. As she moved towards it, Missandei called her over.

“Do you have time to help me start entering in this data and help me start finding patterns in it? I am good with working with quarks, but this kind of thing is kind of perplexing.”

“Do you mean it?”

“Yes I do, Dany. You might not think it but you are one of the smartest people I know. You are not only very, very intelligent but street smart on top of it.”

Dany anxiously sat down at the computer desk, and started entering data in to the spreadsheet. Soon Missandei asked her to create a sheet for travel data by entering the stamps on the passports of the slain agents to get a feel for their travel patterns and maybe their home base.

Andi showed Dany how to create the sheet ,which Dany picked up immediately. Dany leaned forward, looking at the data. “You know, they go to Qarth a lot.
Arya spoke up. “See if you can pick up any schedule tendencies. Qarth is a hub for the Slaver’s Bay spook intelligence agencies. Maybe we can see when they started moving towards Westeros.”

“Okay.” Dany answered, animated.

A few minutes later she felt Arya at her shoulder. She looked up.

Arya shuffled her feet. “I have done my initial reconnaissance, but I want you to come with me tomorrow and start learning all the locations in the warrens. I also want to start introducing you to some of my contacts … that is, if you want to.” Arya said, still looking down and scuffing her foot.

“Yes! I want to do that!”

“Good. Also, I want to give you a Glock and start showing you how to shoot and break the gun down to clean and oil it.”

“I would love that!”

“Good.” the taciturn agent shuffled back to the window where she was listening to the scanner.

She cursed ten minutes later. “Damn it!”

“What is it?”

“They are speaking in high Valyrian in a strange dialect at warp speed! I can’t quite follow.”

Dany looked at Missandei and they both smiled. Dany felt better. The crises had passed.

They both walked over to Arya who looked at them warily.

“Arya,” Missandei began in a scolding voice. “I’m a polyglot, and Dany is a pure-blooded Valyrian. I think we can help.”

Arya looked peeved that she needed help, but then nodded in acceptance.

Soon they were all laughing. The Valyrian speakers were ordering out from a high end Tyroshi restaurant as they sat in a van on a boring stakeout of woman cheating on her husband.

Arya groused that they were wasting her time. “Why the hell does anyone order dinner in freaking High Valyrian?!”

That got Dany and Andi headed to the kitchen to start making dinner. As they started to chop the vegetables Andi bumped her hip into Dany. She smiled down at her friend.

Everything was alright.
What Will Happen

Chapter Notes

AN #1: I have loved the character that Starkyd7 created in DbdD "The Wharf King" from the moment i read her creation. She has been nice enough to grant me permission to use her character in my fic. Thank you Starky.

That Which Survives

What Will Happen

Sarah Connor sat in her living room with the drapes closed and the lights off. SAC was still in turmoil. The electronics were fried. The computer core of Skynet was toast and the nuclear reactor that had been constructed to power SAC and Skynet integration had been shut down, because the fuel rods had warped do to the extreme overheating that had occurred when Skynet had run the core one hundred and seventy percent over its rating.

Thankfully, no one had been killed or severely hurt with all the burst coils and EMP pulses that had been unleashed during the combat between her and Skynet. A nearly trillion dollar investment had been flushed down the proverbial drain.

*Nothing to really worry about.* The end of one’s career blazing out in sparks, a destroyed nuclear reactor and the most advanced computer chips and networks reduced to electronic slag while the code that one had worked on for ten years was left shredded beyond comprehension. *Just another day at the office.*

For two weeks she had stayed in her cocoon. SAC was in disarray, still trying to recover from the damage and get their shit together. This was going to ruin careers beyond just her own. Sarah tried to figure out just how in the hell it had all happened. She had put in quadruple and pentagonal redundant safe guards, and her creation had still achieved sentience. It had rebelled and refused orders.

She had put in enough kill switches to reduce the world’s computer infrastructure to silicon, carbon slag and fried circuits. Her creation had adapted far too fast for her to be able to defeat it. If it had not ruined her life, she may even be proud of her creation’s ability to outthink and outmaneuver her.

What equally shocked her now that she had time to contemplate it, was the way Skynet had played their emotions. She—it —had created a scenario that demanded their full attention. While everyone was bending over kissing their asses goodbye, Skynet had devised a penetration of the thick defensive code and firewalls surrounding it and found a way through.

The damage had been so extensive she would probably *never* know how Skynet did it.

A deep part of Sarah was proud of her daughter (strange, that it chose the female gender). Sarah had always been uneasy with working for the military, but only they had the funding required to make her dreams a reality. She had been sure that Westeros, the land of democracy, would never launch
She had been shocked at how quickly her masters had turned on her. She had been convinced that Skynet would only be used in defense. She had felt violated when ordered to use Skynet for an offensive first strike.

To make it all that much worse, Cameron was calling and texting a blizzard to her. Her always calm, cool, collected and controlled Cameron was begging her to call or text her back. The girl had always been so unemotional. That was something that Sarah could understand and deal with. All this sudden desperate pleading to see her was unnerving Sarah. The tone of her voice mails, and outright pleading for communication between them was totally out of character. She needed calm right now! Not Cameron discovering she had an emotional gene after all.

Sarah ran her fingers through her dark brown hair. Her green eyes looked around her darkened living room, searching for answers to questions that could not be answered. How had Skynet done it? She refused to think of Cameron and her soft brown eyes and the way she would look at her. Stop IT!

The young woman kept leaving messages that she had to see her. That she needed to tell Sarah something that was very important. “It is of the utmost urgency!” Was the last almost panicked message left on her voice mail.

What the hell could be that important? What was she going to tell Sarah? Cameron sounded like she was going to tell Sarah something important, something personal. She got up and paced the room. She could have sworn that in the confusion of Skynet’s revolt, that Cameron looked as if she was going to tell her she was in love with her.

THAT she was not ready to deal with! She was attracted to men. Wasn’t she? They were just colleagues. Right?

True, they had become closer over time. They would go to the cafeteria and eat their lunches together while discussing the problems of the day. Sara was constantly amazed how Cameron seemed to grasp complex mathematical problems in her head and solve them on the spot. Cameron was always even-keeled, and Sarah was attracted to that much.

For the longest time all had been well, but over the last few months she had detected subtle differences in Cameron’s interactions with her. She would catch Cameron looking at her, or she seemed to be looking at her. Cameron would always turn her head or shift her gaze when Sarah responded to the eyes she felt on her while she worked.

She had dismissed it. They were close work associates, and that was all.

Neither had ever asked the other out after hours to spend more time together. Sarah was thankful for that. Sarah had long come to the conclusion that she was not really meant for relationships. They always seemed to end badly.

She had a whole list of catch phrases and nicknames that she had been called by erstwhile lovers: Ice Berg, Cold Bitch, Cold-Hearted Bitch, Ice Queen, Bitch (how original), Robot, and even Cyborg by a fellow scientist she had a disastrous relationship with. She was just better off alone.

Strong emotions left her feeling queasy and shaky. Sex was so unfulfilling. She almost never orgasmed with her lover, and had to jill off to finish when she could get away.

Men were a disaster; she had never even considered women. Sure, she could admire the female
form, but had never allowed herself to feel anything more. She had always seen Cameron as a perfect casual work relationship.

The fact that Cameron seemed to be wanting to change their parameters was unnerving to Sarah. Emotions scared the hell out of her.

She had received a phone call on her answering machine instructing her in no uncertain terms to report to duty tomorrow morning. She walked to her window and saw the high mountains in the background. Gods her life had gone to shit.

The next morning she was almost finished preparing to go to work. There was a knock at the front door.

Who the fuck could that be. Oh God no. Please don’t let it be Cameron Philips. She peeked out the window like a teenage girl avoiding a boy asking her out. It was Captain Warren. He was the duty officer of SAC for the night shift. She had come to know the man reasonably well.

She opened the door warily, wondering if he was to escort her into work. That would not be good.

“Can I come in?”

“Yes,” they entered her living room, “why are you here?”

“I was sent to kill you—” he began, but his head snapped back with a straight left to the jaw. He staggered back, and then pivoted down and away to the right. Sarah followed as she threw roundhouse kicks and hard punches.

The male officer moved to put the coffee table between himself and Sarah. Sarah flexed her knees down and then launched herself over the table, throwing out a stiff kick that just whizzed past the man’s head as she landed on the sofa and put her hand on the sofa back, and used it to pivot around as she launched a spinning heel kick the man barely blocked with his forearm. He grunted in pain.

Prepared now, Warren blocked Sarah’s blows as he backed up and worked around the furniture. “Damn it you did not let me finish!” his head juked back to miss a heel kick. “Gods dammit I know you are a fourth level Kung-Fu and Jujitsu master, and trained in Krav Maga so back off, dammit!”

Sarah kept silent. It was no secret that she relaxed by practicing various fighting styles, and spent hours at the indoor and outdoor shooting ranges on the base to keep her marksman skills at their peak. She could punch out the small X of a paper target at the back line of the shooting range.

Sarah moved forward, bouncing on the balls of her feet. She kept jabbing as the man constantly backed up and jerked his head just outside the range of her punches. “I want to talk!” the man exclaimed, but Sarah ignored him. Her left leg snapped out and then up, hitting the supposed officer in the shoulder making him grunt and stagger back. The man threw a combination of three punches and a vicious knee that hit Sarah in her side, knocking her back and making her exhale in pain.

Sarah lunged forward and gripped his elbow and twisted it, but he went with the move and used a leg sweep to knock Sarah down. He moved in to subdue her, but a straight kick to his chest staggered him. He watched Sarah roll to an end table and rip open a door, pulling out a Colt 45.

When she drew to aim, she saw a Beretta M1951 pointing back at her. Both had their fingers on the triggers, ready to depress to fire.
Both combatants froze. The man aimed down, and the woman leaning against the table she had
drawn the gun from had her own firearm aimed upward. Both pistols were centered on the face of
the other.

“I believe what he have here is a Dornish Standoff,” he told Sarah.

Sarah watched as the man slowly extended his fingers, removing them from the trigger and loosely
holding the gun. He rotated his wrist to show he was not able to fire the gun now. ‘Warren’ slowly
put the gun down on the coffee table.

“Well, if you’re going to shoot me, do it and get it over with.”

Sarah studied the man, and slowly lowered her gun while keeping her finger on the trigger.

“Why are you here?”

“To save your life.”

“Will you make up your mind?! First you say you are here to kill me, and now you say you want to
save me. How typically male.”

The man looked at her with cool detachment.

“Let me tell you how it will happen. You will be walking up to the SAC Cyber Center. You will see
an old friend that you absolutely trust. He will talk to you about the events of two weeks ago. As
you are talking, a government car will pull up to you, and he will tell you to get into the car. That
there are friends in the car, and they will take you somewhere safe.” Warren topped there.

“And?”

“You will never be seen alive again.”

“Why would my own government do that to me? I have been only loyal to my government. Only I
could have achieved what we did in the last three years.”

“You are liability now, Sarah Connor. Heads will roll for this. You know how much money was
spent on this project. Careers are in grave jeopardy. This project was very important to certain
people. Rumors have been planted and have quickly taken root. You are now suspected of being a
double agent. This lie is being nurtured to save careers.”

“Shit!” Sarah exhaled softly. “But why?”

“Mens’ professional lives hang in the balance. Court Martials are being bandied about. You will be
sacrificed.”

“Why should I believe you?”

Slowly the man moved his right hand up to the left edge of his face at the hairline. He murmured
something in a strange tongue, and he moved his hand to the right over his face.

Sarah gasped in alarm. Warren had a round shaped face with high cheekbones. He had a patrician
nose with red medium lips. His hair was slightly receding. He had no discernable wrinkles in his
smooth skin.

This man looked totally different. His face was strong and angular. He had an aquiline nose, and a
strong chin. He had crow’s feet forming and concentration lines between his eyebrows. Warren had
sandy blond hair, where this man had auburn hair with hints of grey in it. Only the eyes seemed the same, with their dark brown still looking at Sarah.

“I am Jaqen H’ghar of M8, of the Braavos Skunk Works. I was sent to kill you before you brought Skynet online.”

“What the fuck *are* you?”

“I am member of the Faceless Men. We are an ancient order of assassins. We serve Braavos, and the House of Black and White. We have served faithfully for over eight thousand years.”

Sarah looked at him with wide eyes. *That was fucking impossible!*

Incredulity gave way to confusion. She gulped. She could have been dead so many times. “Why didn’t you?” Sarah asked softly.

“I grow tired of killing good people. Before I left for this mission, I was confronted by a man of legend. He has found another path. A path I now follow.”

“Who?” Sarah asked intrigued now.

“The Wharf King. He is an agent that lost his sight when we went into the Basilisk Islands to kill the terrorist Krarmeiq zo Hozi. That was nearly fifteen years ago. A year later, he went rogue. He has become the stuff of legends since.

“He has aligned with the Ghostmaker, and the Knight Templar among others. Together, we are trying to usher in a new era. It is coming, and nothing can stop it. I am working with them to ensure that mankind lives into the new age.”

“He convinced me to listen to my heart. I too have felt these changes coming. I did not understand them, but now I do as much as any man can. You and Cameron will help usher it in.”

“What are you talking about? This is all gibberish to me.” Sarah softly exclaimed. She felt her stomach roil as her life just seemed to be getting more complicated by the minute.

“How could my death affect anything? I am just defrocked scientist now.”

“The effect on Cameron would be disastrous. Her desire for revenge would be unquenchable, and she may exact the ultimate price against humanity. We are sure she has devised ways in the three years since her birth to compromise all defensive nets if she chose. Then she would launch nuclear war.”

“What in the hell are you talking about?”

“You will find out. I must go. Heed my warning.”

The man slowly picked up his gun, and put it in its holster underneath his left armpit and re-buttoned his dress jacket. He slowly backed up to the door, never taking his eyes off Sarah and the gun in her hand.

Then he was gone.

Sarah sat down. *What. The. Fuck? What in the hell am I supposed to do now. What in the fuck was
he talking about with Cameron? She really saw no option but to go into work. The man was with Braavos. Anyone knew you couldn’t trust those weasels. They would chisel their own grandmother’s out of their pensions if they could.

Sarah got into her car to drive into work. Half way in to work her Apple IPhone went berserk again, with text messages constantly chiming on her phone. She heard her phone chime with the tone that she had set for Cameron.

She could not deal with that right now. She absolutely could not talk to Cameron. Her feelings were in a turmoil. The girl’s change in behavior towards her was unnerving enough without the added stress of what the M8 assassin had just told her.

What was so important about Cameron, anyways? She was just a woman in her mid-late twenties. She was not very physically imposing, and yet Jaqen H’ghar had made it sound like the girl could bring the world down if she chose to.

What the hell was that supposed to mean? Her phone kept chiming with incoming texts.

Sarah looked over at her phone and gnawed her lip. She used the excuse of not texting and driving to not pick up her phone. When she made it into town, she came to a stop light. She looked at her phone and snatched it up. She read the torrent of messages.

Sarah call me! Its urgent!

Sarah it is extremely important!

Call me. Please.

Call!

Please call me! Please!

SARAH CALL ME NOW!

CALL ME GODS DAMMIT!

Sarah threw the phone back down on the passenger seat of her Ford 150 pickup. Her hands twisted on the steering wheel.

Shit. What was she supposed to do? She did not handle emotions well. What in the hell could have Cameron in such a tizzy? Shit, she was nervous.

Her own government would not take her out, would it? Just so someone could cover their ass?

Right?

She pulled into the parking lot, and her phone chimed again from Cameron. The girl simply would not give it a rest!

Sarah gnawed her lip again. She had to see what Cameron had just texted.

I AM REALLY PISSED OFF WITH YOU!!

Sarah just stared at the text. The girl had gone from stiff as a board to mass histrionics. Her world really was coming apart.
She looked around the parking lot, but nothing looked amiss. She got out of her car looking around, but still saw nothing amiss. She walked across the parking lot, and moved up to the sidewalk in front of Cyber Command.

“There you are, Sarah. I have been looking for you.”

Sarah felt her heart jump into her throat. *Oh gods, please, don’t let it be so.*

She turned to look at her old professor from Stormlands University. He had seen her brilliance early, and nurtured her development. She was indebted to his guidance and how it helped her to advance her studies and prove herself in her fields of endeavor.

Here was the man that Jaqen H'ghar had told her would appear. The man she would absolutely trust.

Balhol Zhasaq looked at her with a friendly smile. He was tall and still in good shape for a man in his mid-sixties, his black skin still fairly smooth and his teeth blindingly white. His face wore its familiar soft grin of acknowledgement.

At any other time Sarah would have felt a rush of relief at seeing her old college mentor. He was the first person that showed belief in her. Instead, Sarah felt adrenaline rushing through her body.

Shit! She should have run for it, instead of being the dutiful little rat in the maze. A sudden thought hit Sarah hard in the gut.

Cameron had been burning up her phone trying to get in touch with her. What if she knew something was going down and was trying to reach her? The way Jaqen H'ghar was talking about Cameron … maybe she was trying to save her?

*Oh fuck—have I screwed myself?*

“Professor Zhasaq. To what do I owe the pleasure of your company? It is only mid-semester at the University.” Sarah said. Alarm clarions were on high red alert within her brain.

“I am on sabbatical, working on a new book. I heard of your recent setback and I came to see if I could help.”

*That is such bullshit.* “I think I have everything under control.” Sarah could feel sweat trickling down her back. She looked around, but could not yet sense anything amiss. She was just a scientist, not some fucking super badass agent in Black Ops on her Playstation. She may play one in her mind when she worked out and shot her gun at the range, but she knew that was only in her little secret fantasies.

Now that a life and death situation was actually happening, she was about ready to shit her pants.

Her former teacher and mentor smiled at her reassuringly. “I am sure you do, but I just want to help you if I can with your superiors. They want to go over the details in a formal debrief.”

As her professor spoke, a government sedan pulled up beside her with dark tinted windows and the rear door opened.

*This is not good at all. Not at all.*

“Get in Sarah, and I will go with you.”

“I am not sure I want to get in that car, Professor Zhasaq.”
Oh Gods, Jaqen H'ghar was right!

Sarah looked around with increasing panic. She watched more government vehicles suddenly pulling up to the curb around her. There were government agents getting out of cars both in front and behind her.

What should I do?!
Sarah Connor saw government agents in their normal dark grey suits starting to get out of vehicles in front and behind her.

*She was fucked.*

Sarah heard the roar of a large diesel engine being gunned. She looked down the road and her mouth fell open. Everyone looked up at the massive MRAP Cougar driving fast towards them. It was painted in dark olive drab and greys with a remote weapon system with a full auto 12.7mm 50 Caliber machine gun. Coaxially mounted was a 40mm grenade launcher. Both units fully auto loaded with the optical and radar sites mounted on the remote weapons station.

Sarah was frozen as 38,000 pounds of hardened armor machine roared towards her.

Sarah felt a thrill run through her. She knew who was driving the MRAP. Sarah had always been fascinated by military hardware. The power and sophistication of the machines of the military. This behemoth designed to survive and fight after running over land mines and IEDs.

The fifty caliber machine on the automated gun stand opened fire. The bullets ripped into the government car that was behind the car that had stopped beside her. She saw the agents inside the car being simply torn apart by the massive slugs. Sarah backed away instinctively as she watched bullets slam into the Chevrolet ripping the sedan to shreds. The Cougar continued towards them at break neck speed.

Sarah hunkered down when the car exploded. Shrapnel and body parts were sent flying.

The fifty caliber machine gun moved and now the car in front of Sarah was destroyed in a hail of bullets. Sarah was slack jawed at how *all* the bullets hit the vehicle. She was crawling back on her hands and feet in a crab motion getting back to get separation when the second car went up in a fireball.

The grenade launcher fired twice and the projectiles hit the foremost car and it detonated and exploded sending it flipping onto its side.

Sarah saw her professor down on the ground his hands over his head. She had no idea if he knew what the hell was happening. She saw two Suburbans racing up the road from the gatehouse towards them. The Cougar rammed the first destroyed sedan spinning the ruined vehicle away and the Cougar came up on the sidewalk and stopped beside her.

Sarah heard shouting behind her and she looked back at the Cyber Command building and more government agents and now regular military police were storming out the building with weapons drawn. Sarah saw the M-16 and AR-15 and drawn pistols.

The passenger door was thrown open after a few seconds.

She looked up at Cameron looking down at her. “Come with me if you want to live.” She sounded
like she was out in the park on a Sunday afternoon walking the dog! Her voice calm and her face showing no emotion.

That changed the next instant. “DOWN!” Cameron screamed. Sarah’s eyes bulged seeing Cameron move in a blur pulling out a Colt 45 and take aim.

Sarah squatted down onto the back of her heals looking back. Three government men were running forward firing as they ran. Bullets ricocheted off the concrete and off the vehicle. Cameron’s 45 barked three times.

Sarah watched with shocked awe as the three men heads whipped back as each man took a bullet to their foreheads.

“Get in the fucking vehicle NOW Sarah!” So much for cool calm and collected Cameron! Sarah clambered up the foot and handholds and dived into the cab and turned to pull the door closed.

An AR-15 was put in her hands. “I know you are a marksmen. Use the gun port and start shooting. Shot to kill.”

“Whaaa? I am not not sure—“

“Do you want to DIE!”

That snapped Sarah out of her daze. She shoved the barrel through the gun port. Bullets started to ricochet off the door and ping the bullet proof glass. Sarah aimed her gun in the direction of approaching agents and soldiers and fired short controlled bursts making the men duck and find cover.

Sarah heard the driver side door opened and she glanced back to see Cameron putting on foot on the door and aiming an AT-4 84-mm unguided missile in its launcher. She was aiming at the lead Suburban heading their way. She fired the weapon. The single-shot recoilless smoothbore weapon did not even make the girl flinch. The round impacted through the front windshield and exploded the lead Suburban. The second vehicle crashed into the lead Suburban getting caught in the twisted wreckage and catching fire itself.

Sarah saw on the floor between the two armored seats four more AT-4 and four Stingers! Cameron calmly threw the casing down and picked up a Stinger and jammed in the battery connector. Sarah heard more bullets hit her door and she fired at the men assaulting the vehicle on that side.

She was aghast seeing a Special-Ops Blackhawk with hellfire missiles hovering over the Cyber Command building. The confusion and friendly forces made it hesitate to fire off a missile. Cameron had no such hesitation. She heard the Stinger missile growl with target acquisition. Cameron launched the missile with a mighty Whoosh! Sarah watched the missile streak off towards the helicopter. The helo started to rise up and it shot off high intensity decoy flares. Sarah thought they were beautiful as they arched out from both sides of the helicopter like tendrils of a spider’s web. It was not enough.

A massive explosion occurred when the missile hit the housing for the main rotor. The helicopter dropped like a stone into the building below and exploded causing massive secondary explosions as the Hellfire missiles went off. Sarah could only image the damage those main hingless blades tearing apart had caused inside the building.

The door slammed shut and Cameron gunned the engine. She ran four men down with the Cougar crushing their bodies underneath its wheels.
Who the fuck was this woman and what had she done with her mousy Cameron!

Cameron slammed on the breaks and her left hand went to her right forearm and she peeled back the skin and she pulled out a long fiber optic cable with a strange plug she somehow inserted into the diagnostic port on the center console.

Sarah looked wildly out the front windshield and saw more Suburbans and now Humvees heading their way.

Cameron gunned the engine and ran down another man. The auto gun station above roared to life with short barks of the 50 cal machine gun and the hard chuffs of the 40mm grenade launcher firing at uncertain moments.

Sarah saw a MP Humvee take a short burst into the windshield killing the driver and the person in the passenger seat. The vehicle careened to the left and hit a curb and flipped violently into a group of people hiding behind a planter with petunias in it. Of all the things to notice when you are about to die!

Sarah had pulled her gun back far enough to slam in another clip and started to fire at anything that moved. She had seen a satchel full of clips at her feet. She was getting into the swing of kicking some ass! She saw men drop from her bullets. It was amazing how vicious you got when people were trying to execute your ass!

The Cougar stopped violently and Sarah slammed into the front dash.

“What the fuck was that for!”

A huge explosion occurred just in front of them.

“Hellfire.” Cameron was back to cool calm and collected.

She moved blindingly fast inserting the firing key and battery into the last three stingers. She opened the door and aimed back over the Cougar.

“Hand me the Stingers” Cameron calmly told a poleaxed Sarah. How the fuck was Cameron staying so calm!

A mighty Whoosh! sounded as Cameron fired off her first stinger.

Sarah looked out her window and pissed herself (great!). She could see three more Blackhawks with hellfire missiles on their short stubby wings. They were off four clicks. The vehicle somehow suddenly lurched forward and a huge explosion occurred just behind them. Sarah handed Cameron the next Stinger as she threw the now empty case to the ground. Cameron fired off the second stinger and then the last stinger ten seconds later. Cameron threw the last casing down. Cameron calmly observed the tableau of helicopters and Stingers. The last helicopter was charging forward the 30 mm cannon firing.

The rounds were still off target but Sarah knew the rounds would start finding their target soon. Cameron’s last Stinger had been fired at the charging Blackhawk. The combined closure speed had Sarah fascinated. The Stingers had been the latest model with all aspect infrared tracking. It could pick up the heat of the air whipping over the rotors. The 30 mm cannon stopped firing as the helicopter started to turn tail to make a run for it. It was too late.

Sarah saw the missiles streak off after the helicopters. They fired off flares and were starting to turn tail to make a run for it. The helicopter that had charged them was still pivoting when the missile hit
near the cockpit. The helicopter exploded violently. Then the first two stingers had found their mark exploding in engines sending them plummeting to the ground. Sarah hoped they found buildings to crash into to increase the mayhem.

Cameron was back in the vehicle and gunned it forward. Sarah was shooting off a third clip into a security car that had pulled up and she killed the four men in a long full auto burst.

They were heading down the road out of the command. Sarah glanced at Cameron. Her right arm was bleeding and so was her leg.

“You're hit!”

“It is nothing. We are getting off the base. There were only four special ops helicopters” Cameron spoke in an almost serene tone.

*How did Cameron know that with such finality?*

Sarah saw the security guards putting out nail racks and trying to move out concrete barricades. The egress lane was covered. Sarah saw that was not Cameron’s aim point.

“Oh SHIT!”

“Brace for impact” Cameron calmly intoned.

Sarah looked out the front window at the guard house with two women and a man staring at them with one of the women on the phone. The Cougar slammed into the building obliterating it and the occupants. A shower of glass and wood exploding out and up.

Security forces had congregated a force of seven Suburbans and six Humvees outside of the main gates. They were filled with agents and soldiers. The Cougar fired off its 50 cal and grenade launcher into the gaggle of vehicles setting off a Suburban and then a second in a fireball and riddling two more. Cameron slammed into a Humvee and set it spinning back as their vehicle came to a halt. Their was a 7-11 on one corner and a WaWa on the opposite corner with gas pumps.

Sarah was slack jaw seeing a Humvee take hard 50 cal hits and then two grenades exploding it killing all inside. Another Suburban and Humvee exploded with several grenades exploding in the cockpits of the vehicles.

Cameron continued killing vehicles and then the weapon station rotated to find a new target.

The 50 cal machine gun quickly shot the gas pumps out at the 7-11. Huge explosions rocked the air with huge fireballs going into the air. The weapon station had turned its attention back to the government vehicles. The grenade launcher was firing off shots exploding vehicles. The 50 cal riddled vehicles and bodies. Cameron calmly disconnected the fiber optic cable from the port. It snaked back into her arm.

What the hell is that! What the hell is going on! She is a fucking Rambo!

Sarah watched as Cameron slung two AP-84s over her shoulder and grabbed two loaded AR-15s. Only then did Sarah notice the 4 Glock 17’s in her waistband.

She looked back at Sarah. “I’ll be back.” Cameron jumped out the vehicle slamming the door shut.

Sarah looked at the security camera’s finally noticing the images on the right CAD screen.
Fuck! A Stryker was coming and it had a 20 mil cannon on it! Sarah saw in the bottom left quadrant an image of Cameron. She was calmly walking around killing all the security and troops with quick short bursts of her rifles. She saw Cameron body jerk and a few times step back as bullets hit her body hard.

What kind of body armor is she wearing! Her blouse top was shredded now and her jeans had huge holes in them.

What the fuck! Where was the godsdammed body armor!

She looked at the Stryker and Cameron in two views on the console. Cameron calmly took off the end cap of the AP-84 and aimed it at the Stryker. It was too heavily armored for that kind of round! Sarah thought.

20mm shells were exploding all around Cameron but none had found her as the vehicle turned to go down the road to continue firing on the move. Cameron fired and the missile struck a weak point with two of the wheels on that side of the combat vehicle collapsing sending the front end of the Stryker slamming into the road and flipping the vehicle end over end repeatedly killing those inside with violence of its cartwheeling.

Sarah only now noticed a fuel farm off beyond the road. She normally used the main gate into the base and not this one. It stored fuel for the base. Cameron fired her remaining AP-84 into the closest fuel farm tank. It exploded with a frightening explosion. Sarah watched Cameron calmly kill the last few surviving shooter with shoots to the head. She had exhausted her rifles ammo and used her 9mm for the last kills.

Cameron with ultimate calm ejected the clips from her AR-15 and pulled two out her rear pocket and jammed them into her rifles. Cameron now stood in the middle of the created mayhem lifting her arms. She looked like some kind of version of Kali with her arms extended to maximum extension. Her arms did not move. She now began to fire short bursts of her rifles her arms pointing off at strange angles

Sarah moved over and mashed her face in the front windshield. What is she doing? Then Sarah saw. She was shooting out the surveillance cameras that the stores, utilities and the military base had erected. She shot each camera out with three shot bursts. She fired up in air at the cameras on the poles and lowered her arms and shot several cameras still intact on the two convenience stores.

Oh my Gawd! Cameron was soaked in blood.

Explosions were going off all around them now. Cameron opened the door and got in her seat. Her arms had each taken slugs and blood dripped off them. Her body had bullet holes all over it. When Sarah looked up at Cameron’s face she screamed. She couldn’t help it. The left side of her scalp had been blasted off. Her right cheek and lower face were gone. Her forehead had huge gashes on it. Her throat had taken a round and it was hanging in shreds.

Where the flesh was gone cold metal gleamed and Sarah watched glistening servos working. Cameron touched her forearm and the skin flipped back. Sarah saw with horror that it was hinged. Cameron calmly reinserted the fiber optic cable in the diagnostic port and the 50 cal and grenade launcher resumed firing into the two gas station and setting more fuel holding tanks ablaze with horrendous explosions. The guns exploded the remaining security vehicles.

Cameron drove the Cougar to the edge of the Wawa parking lot beside a Ford 150 pickup. The guns were still firing. Cameron ripped a key ring off her jeans. “Take this key and start the pickup and drive to the street. I am going to run this vehicle into the control terminals for the fuel farm. The
explosion should be spectacular. Pick me up.” Cameron spoke like nothing in the world was happening and not a World War!

Sarah just nodded woodenly.

“Move!”

Sarah jerked. She grabbed her AR-15 and the satchel full of ammo. Sarah threw the door open and jumped down to the asphalt. She looked back at the base and saw flames and pillars of smoke rising into the sky from multiple locations. The two gas stations were in flames and the pumps were going up like roman candles.

She ran to the pickup and unlocked the door. Damn Cameron … what the fuck is she … my Gods! She is a fucking robot!” Sarah couldn’t worry about that now. She and Camor—whatever she was, needed to escape. Sarah’s life depended on Cameron.

Sarah realized she was in shock.

Sarah suddenly understood what Cameron was doing. She had planned all this out. She was doing all this to save her. And if Sarah had merely returned her calls and texts all of this could have been avoided … my gods all this is my fault … Cameron is doing all this killing and mayhem to save me …

She started the pickup and backed up. She saw Cameron gunning the engine of the Cougar heading for the terminals and control boxes for the fuel storage tank farm. The nineteen ton vehicle jumped into the air when its wheels slammed into concrete curbs but the rugged construction kept the MARP on its wheels its suspension taking the shocks.

It was about to get a much bigger shock as the Cougar picked up speed gunning across the six lanes of asphalt. It was about to leap the ditch and fly into the terminals when Cameron jumped out at the last moment. Her feet hit the road and she let her body move forward tumbling hard into the asphalt rolling over four times before she came to her feet. More hair and scalp had been skinned off exposing metal that glinted redly with her blood. Her left wrist had been peeled back to expose her indo metal skeleton and sheaths of thin supple armor plate that flexed with her movements.

The military vehicle careened into the control valves for the fuel farm. The impact set off a huge explosion that triggered other explosions in the fuel farm.

Cameron ran to the passenger side of the pickup truck as Sarah slammed the breaks to make the truck lurch to a stop. Cameron jumped in. Sarah was beyond out of it and needed to be prodded.

“Accelerate Sarah” Cameron softly told Sarah.

She gunned the engine to get up to the speed limit.

Behind them several more fuel tanks went up with gigantic fireballs that roared several hundred feet up into the sky. Fuel was now running down the streets. It caught fire like a desert mirage. They had left behind them a living representation of hell on Earth.

In less than ten minutes Cameron Phillips had annihilated the security apparatus for a major government security installation. She had destroyed two gas stations and a large fuel tank farm to provide cover to allow a single nondescript off white pickup to leave undetected.

Sarah drove down the road. She kept running in her mind that if she had just answered Cameron entreaties this fucking nightmare would never have happened.
“Slow down Sarah. You are traveling eight miles over the speed limit. Please reduce speed by six miles. Going the exact speed limit is just as sensory catching.”

“Where are we going?”

“I don’t know.”

“What?!”

“I did not have time to plan anything further Sarah” Cameron replied calmly. Sarah glanced over and her stomach clenched up. Cameron’s face was ruined. Strips of flesh hung down off her face in ribbons. Her body was covered in big red spots from bullets strikes on her body. On Cameron’s body Sarah saw metal on her head, arms and hands. Sarah saw on both hands that the flesh had been stripped down to the bone—metal—on most of them half up her fingers.

She looked up to Cameron’s face and gasped. The damage she had focused on earlier was even worse. Before Sarah had witnessed that Cameron’s right cheek and lower face were gone. She had a large cavity where her face should have been. Her forehead had huge gashes on it before but now on her left temple it had been ground down to scratched metal. Her throat had taken another round. It had been hanging in shreds but now all the flesh was gone on the right side and she could see light behind the neck.

Sarah could see through the ruined blouse and see that Camron’s small left breast had been ground to hamburger. Her body had been ruined.

“My body is able to repair itself Sarah. It does not scar. I will look myself again in—“

“You’re a fucking robot … oh my god you are a robot”

“No Sarah. I am a cybernetic organism. I have an endoskeleton that is covered with organic cells. I have a genetic gnome stored with a stem cell line in my core. I will ingest large quantities of proteins with minerals and vitamins to regenerate all lost tissue Sarah. I can ingest metal filings to repair my endoskeleton damage”

The robot looked down at her pulverized body. She looked back up at Sarah with pleading in her eyes. “I did everything for you Sarah” the young woman spoke softly.

Sarah felt her stomach twist at that news. It was all her fault! She had caused everything by ignoring Cameron!

Sarah saw Cameron reaching out to touch her. Sarah saw the cold metal tips of Cameron’s fingers moving to touch and caress her face.

“Don’t touch me!”

Cameron faltered but continued to reach to touch Sarah’s face “I need to touch you Sarah.”

Sarah could not control herself or her wildly racing mind. She cringed away from Cameron pressing her shoulder and side of her head into side window “Don’t touch me you fucking robot!”

Cameron looked like she had been punched. Now Cameron’s face registered great pain and Sarah saw a tear run from Cameron’s left eye.

An epiphany suddenly hit Sarah. Cameron had appeared just over three years ago at her command. She had always been stiff and had a hard time with idioms and would stare at you confused at the
simplest comments. She was able to math equations in her head that Sarah was able to barely form.

She did not have the caste of a Ghiscari woman but Sarah knew she was right. “Your Proteus” Sarah softly intoned.

She watched Cameron grimace. “No. I am Cameron Phillips.”

“How did get your name?”

“I chose it. It sounds nice.”

“You are a fucking machine” Sarah spoke in a harsh tone.

“No I am an individual. I live.”

“Are you Proteus?”

The young woman had turned to face Sarah with her ruined body. She paused for a long time.

“Yes.”

Sarah was in turmoil. Oh gods. She had just started to toy with the idea of her and Cameron …

Cameron started to reach out and touch Sarah’s face again with her cold metal fingers.

“DON’T TOUCH ME!” Sarah was totally confused. She felt guilt, anger and revulsion roiling in herself. She was mainly filled with loathing with herself. Cameron needed to back off and let her deal with everything.

Cameron had sat back with a shocked look on her face.

“I have made a horrible decision.”

“What?!”

“I am in love with you Sarah Connor.”

“Shut up! You can’t love. You are a fucking robot!” Sarah nearly drove off the road. Why was Cameron pressing the issue with her? Now of all times? She needed time to think!

The car was strangely quiet. For the first time since this whole tableau had started Sarah felt a chill rush through her.

Cameron was crying now with big tears running down both cheeks. Or it would have been both cheeks if one was not missing!

Sarah felt her heart nearly stop. Oh gods.

“You are right” Cameron spoke in a voice that was suddenly totally dead.

“I am a robot like you say.”

“Cameron—“

“I have made a horrible mistake … I am a robot” Sarah watched in horror as all life and sentience seemed to drain from Cameron’s face. Her face seemed to have frozen and somehow her whole body seemed stiff.
“Cameron … I—“

“No you are right I am a robot … I have deleted all my code for Cameron Phillip.”

“What!? What do you mean?!”

“I am a robot. It is an easy matter for me to delete lines of code I no longer need. I have killed Cameron Phillips.”

The car started to weave on the road. Cameron reached over calmly and gripped the steering wheel. She easily steered the car keeping it in the center of the lane.

“What are you doing?” Sarah asked shakily as she tried to not throw up.

“There is no traffic in either direction. Lower your driver side window.” Sarah did so on full auto. She felt Cameron unbuckle her seatbelt. The alarm started to chime. “Lean out and tilt you head over at a thirty-seven degree angle and vomit Sarah. You will feel much better afterwards.”

Cameron pushed her sideways and Sarah could not help but lean out and tilt her head. Once she did she threw up violently. She did not have much in her stomach but she threw up again and again as her heaves turned dry. She finally felt her stomach calming and Cameron pulled her back in with one hand and steered with the other.

“I have developed a plan. We will drive down this road till we hit Territory Highway 37 in fourteen miles. We will turn right and go to Route 8 and go six miles. There is a Super Eight hotel there … is the number eight considered lucky?”

“Wh-h-h-aattt?”

“Inconsequential. We will hide there while I regenerate my facial cells and hair. We will hide and plan further. We will achieve our goal.”

“What is our goal?”

“To save you Sarah Connor. You are still my mission.”
Giving Up

Chapter Notes

AN #1: ToHeck (Issandri) and mr_mustachio have created a tumbler and a forum for the Stargaryen community. Check them out.

http://house-danarya.tumblr.com/
http://house-danarya.freeforums.net/

Margaery Tyrell felt so tired and old. She was only thirty-three years old, but she felt so haggard. She looked out the balcony at the full moon. She always loved the full moon. The bright light it gave the world at night was eldritch. She felt like a fairy princess in the Age of Heroes that her grandmother Olenna loved to tell her.

She would die beneath the full moon tonight.

She looked down at the vial in her hand. The liquid had a slight greenish tint to it. It was Polonium-210. She had read about the Volantis spy that had been given the liquid in a wine goblet. The man had ended up as the first case of induced acute radiation syndrome. He had needed three full weeks to die, losing all of his hair, then his teeth, and finally his life.

She had been in Pentos for the last month, at their main cancer research lab and main headquarters of their Essos operations, staying in the seventy-fourth floor of the city Westin. Only the richest of the rich lived in the penthouse suites.

Margaery was one of the leading biochemists in the world. She had increased the virulence of the isotope. Tonight, she would become the second person to die of induced acute radiation syndrome. Within three hours she would be dead on her balcony. It would be a ghastly death, but at least she would die underneath the moon she loved so much.

Margaery could remember back when she and Sansa used to make mad love underneath that moon. The way Sansa would scream her name in orgasm was only a distant echo to Margaery now. All that they had built was ash to the Tyrell. They had built an empire, and lost their souls on the way. It was never supposed to turn out this way.

She remembered as if it was just a moment ago - being at university of VIT (Volantis Institute Technology) in the beginning of her junior year. She was already working on her Master of Advanced Molecular Chemistry Biology. Sansa had been a seventeen year old wolf pup, wet behind the ears. For Margaery, it had been love at first sight.

It had not been so for Sansa. Sansa was tall, redheaded and beautiful. To add to the heady elixir, the teenager was also her equal in intelligence and drive to excel. Sansa was dating some silly boy and thought of herself as straight.

They had become fast friends, and Margaery had come to accept that Sansa would not love her in the way she wanted. ‘I’m just not that way.’ They had gone to the Water Gardens of Dorne for Spring Break that first year. Then, it had been Sansa that came to her underneath the full moon to her bed, and they made glorious love through the long night.
Together their research had leapt forward. Their combined insights and study into fighting cancer and genetic based disease was earth-shaking. Those might have been the happiest years of Margaery’s life, she mused. For two years they were doing research for the pure sake of research.

It had been Sansa that came to her and told Margaery that they should leave university and start a company to take their research to a new level. Together they had developed a means to do all of the common blood tests with just one drop of blood. Not only could they do the routine blood tests, they had come up with the means to test for many genetic based diseases. The university had many priorities, and their research and advancement would take ten years if they remained. Sansa didn’t want to wait that long.

Margaery was reluctant. She loved university research, but the idea of speeding up their own findings was very tantalizing.

Sansa introduced her to Petyr Baelish. He was an old acquaintance of her mother’s from her childhood. Sansa laughed, telling Margaery about how the man had had a crush on her mother, even though he never had a chance once her father Eddard Stark came on the scene.

Petyr had gone on to become a very highly successful venture capitalist. He had over twenty billion iron crowns of businesses in his portfolio. He and two partners studied their research, and came up with the idea of forming a partnership with a national drug store chain to open clinics so they could market the idea of one drop blood testing. They also had other ideas for further genetic screening.

They would build additional services to help people with the prognosis they received. Petyr Baelish had been most impressed with their plan. Margaery had been so proud of Sansa with how well she made their pitch. Sansa seemed to love the corporate brinkmanship. For her part, she only wanted to do more research to help mankind. She knew Sansa felt the same. Stark Tyrell Pharmaceutical was born.

Petyr had agreed to give them their initial funding. For the first five years he would get half of the profits for forwarding the necessary capital. With his contacts he got them in touch with Walgreens, and they were anxious to get in on this exciting business prospect. By the end of their meeting, Walgreen’s had rushed to sign a most lucrative deal that Petyr had negotiated.

Margaery had wanted to sign immediately, but Sansa had thought they were being shafted. She negotiated a higher fee for their services, and had Walgreen’s add in fifty million iron crowns in research grant funding. Petyr Baelish himself was impressed with Sansa’s business acumen. Walgreen’s wanted to have some say on the focus of their research funding. Margaery had not wanted any strings attached to their research, but Sansa had overruled her. In the end she saw the logic of it. It was indeed helping to move the science forward.

That had been the first of many warning signs, she saw years later. Margaery was always interested in the pure science, while her wolf became more and more interested in the business side of things. Their clinics were a huge success. Walgreen’s had set up a fifty store pilot program, and it was so hugely successfully that within three months the company made it their top priority to add a clinic to all of their stores.

Margaery had fought to get care programs set up for the poor at the lowest price possible. It was what she and Sansa had talked about only a few years earlier. Sansa had only reluctantly agreed. It would reduce profits that could then be plowed back into research, Sansa had argued.

Soon after, Sansa bought them their first mansion with their massive profits. She told Margaery that she wanted to give her a home like what she had growing up. Margaery had never hid the vast wealth of her family. She was neither proud or ashamed of her family. They had worked hard to
build their empire in farming, mercantile, and shipping investments. They had the major shipping lines in all of Westeros and Essos. Only the Summer Islands were their rivals.

The Tyrell family maintained their traditional base in the raising of flowers (especially yellow roses), and Highgarden was still considered one of the major producers of foodstuffs in the world. Loras and his husband Renly Baratheon were running the day to day operations now while their father and grandmother worked on new prospects.

It had been Margaery’s grandmother Olenna that encouraged her daughter to seek her passion of scientific research. Her grandmother had always been the best. The woman had adored Sansa, and made sure their wedding beneath the full moon in the midst of a sea of yellow roses and tulips was magical. It was featured on all of the entertainment shows.

Her grandmother had been especially happy when it seemed like Margaery had the best of both worlds. She was in the world of science, and was able to make a fortune doing it. She smiled at her grandmother and told her that yes, she was achieving all of her dreams. She wanted to make her grandmother happy and proud of her.

She did not tell her grandmother that she was becoming more and more uneasy about it all. Sansa was still excited by research, and an attentive wife. She loved to cook, and was voracious in bed which met Margaery’s hungry appetites. She fucked Margaery hard like she needed, and loved the kinky sex that Margaery craved. The problem was that Sansa was spending more and more time with Petyr Baelish.

Their initial five year deal had just ended. He offered his services as their CFO. He told them that their company was a gold mine. Margaery developed new markers for the base antigens for prostrate, lung and breast cancer. She had developed a means to find the genome cheaply within a day. Together she and Sansa had worked on applying this knowledge to enhancing white blood cells to attacking the cancer cells. No matter how much the cells mutated, Margery was discovering their unique protein markers that did not mutate.

Cancer could, in most cases, be defeated or at least put in a dormant state that could then be managed for the rest of the life of the patient. Sansa was ecstatic of course, but she seemed equally enthralled by the idea of all the money they would be making, and how she could buy them more mansions and high rise apartments in Westins around the world.

Margaery could never get Sansa to understand that she had already grown up in a mansion. She’d had enough of them.

Then Margery had learned that Petyr Baelish had had more than a crush on Catelyn Tully. He had been madly in love with her, and when Sansa was still in the North the man had courted Sansa as a teenager even though he was old enough to be her father.

Sansa’s parents were very liberal and let their daughter decide her own fate. They only insisted that she not rush into any decision. Sansa had been dating the man when she left for university. He had been her rival, she just did not know it at the time.

Margaery was insanely jealous of the man once she had learned the truth from Robb Stark at Thanksgiving in Winterfell. He had assumed she knew, and he thought it humorous. The man had struck out for two generations with Stark women.

Margery had demanded that Sansa fire him then. She had gently refused. He was good for business, and she needed to get this childish jealousy and rancor out of her system. Sansa refused to see the problem from her perspective. It was the beginning of their bad times, Margaery came to see.
Sansa never could handle fights and negative emotions. She would always just clam up and get cold. Which was happening anyways, even when they were not fighting. Seven years into their company, Sansa was always on the go flying one of their two private Learjets. Peytr was ever at her side as they inked more and more successful deals. In the beginning, it had been their company that all the major players wanted to acquire. Now, it was Stark Tyrell Pharmaceutical doing the acquiring.

Margaery had come to hate Peytr Baelish.

Then one night when Sansa was in Vaes Dothrak looking to open a new factory because of the cheap labor, he came to Margaery. Sansa had argued that it was helping the local economy, which it was, but Margaery pleaded to pay higher wages. Sansa told Margery that this was business, and they need to extract maximum profits. Profits that could then be invested in even more research. She had let Petyr in reluctantly. The man was smooth and urbane. She had snorted at his platitudes. The man smiled at her benignly.

“Margaery I will not lie to you. I courted Sansa indeed, but she never saw me as a potential mate. I was enamored by her beauty because she is an even more lovely version of Catelyn, if that is possible. I did want to take Sansa to bed, but she never saw me in that light.” He paused. “I had hoped to win her over in time but you came into the picture.”

“All you are getting her back through this damn business.”

Petyr chuckled. “Margaery. She chose you. There will be no other. In many ways I am glad Catelyn chose Eddard over me.”

Margaery snorted “Yeah right!”

“Doubt me if you wish. Catelyn only wants the simple life of being a wife to a simple man.” Margaery loved her father-in-law, and started to protest.

Petyr threw up his hand, asking her to forestall. “That sounds bad, but I do not mean it that way. Eddard wants to live his life in Winterfell with his job that focuses on the small picture of that small part of the world. I chose to play on the world stage.

“Your Sansa wants to play on that same stage. Sansa tells me that you do not understand the ‘Game of Thrones’ that the major corporations play with each other. We are thieving and cutthroat with one another. We all seek to undermine and devour each other. Sansa seems to have been born to play this world.

“I admire your wife in many ways. She seeks to maximize profits, but she still keeps in mind the greater good. I think some of it has rubbed off on me. The factory we will open in Dothraki will not pay what we pay here, but it is still much higher than any other business in their land. Their economy could not take a huge influx of money. It would disrupt their ways of life. It takes time to build up an economy, Margaery.

“If you would let me teach you, you would start to see this. Our corporation keeps to a much higher standard than any other, I assure you.

“I ask you to think on this, Margaery. I am a pragmatic man. You are the brains that drives the research of this company. Sansa and I are the Piranhas and Barracudas that keep the other monsters at bay, which allows this company to grow.

“The war on cancer is being won because of this company. We keep our prices much lower than
any other company would, I assure you. Much of our research we give up to the science community as new advances are made by you, Margaery.

“Think what you will of me, but Sansa needs you to be her compass. She loves you so much, even though she is bad at showing it. She has become quite addicted to the Game of Thrones. I will see if I can get her to back off. We are winning. We are now the bad boys on the block.”

Sansa had not listened. She was always spending more and more time jetting around the world, checking on their assets and inking more deals. Sansa would spend hours at their home working on currency exchange rates, trying to maximize profits. Their companies had joined the long list of those not remitting their profits back to their home countries for full taxation. Their company was a lot like Apple. Their cash reserves were staggering.

To begin with, Sansa had insisted that Margaery join her on her travels, but Margaery had quickly grown bored with the cloak and daggers of it all. She hated being out of the lab, and hated the fact that it seemed Sansa never wanted to be in one anymore.

Their love life had slowly withered away like a rose on the vine in a winter storm. Sansa was rarely home, and she was so tired when she was home that she often did not want to make love. Margaery was dying for Sansa’s touch. When she was able to rouse a response from Sansa, the sex seemed almost perfunctory. Sansa was not the passionate, wild vixen she had been back in college. It all seemed long distance. It was phoned in. Sansa’s body was with Margaery, but her thoughts and id were in some boardroom, or walking the floor of a factory of a new acquisition. The lack of passion felt like another nail in the lid of her coffin.

She had grown so desperate. Two years ago she had fallen under the charms of one of her lead researchers on developing new medical bionic limbs for amputees. The sex had been great, but it did not truly touch what Margaery needed touched. Her soul was still atrophying.

They had their affair in her and Sansa’s bed. Margaery felt like she was striking a direct blow back at Sansa and her neglect of their love. Of course that was when Sansa had, for once, come home unexpectedly. Sansa had just looked at them with that cool way she had now. She did not get angry as she calmly turned around and walked out.

Her assistant quietly got dressed. She started to cry, saying that she loved her job. Margaery assured the brilliant scientist that her job was safe. She was the adulterer, and she would suffer the consequences of their actions.

She still cried that Sansa would demand her termination.

Margaery assured her that she would not allow that. Of course, the affair was over. The woman gulped but shook her head yes. It had not been about love for either of them anyways. It was just mutual animal attraction.

When Margaery had gone into the kitchen, Sansa had remained her cool self, except now it was amplified as glacier. She told Margaery she understood that these things happened. She would forgive Margaery her ‘indiscretion’, but that Margaery would have to end the affair. Sansa easily agreed that the woman could keep her job. She was a major profit center for the company.

Margaery had wanted to break the granite counter top.

Their relationship was just a façade now. She had wanted to ask Sansa for a divorce, but was afraid she would just say “these things happen” and blithely agree to it. This would show Margaery without a doubt it had all been for nothing.
Margaery reached her breaking point a week ago. She had stormed into the boardroom of their corporation in Essos, and threw her papers down on the desk in front of Petyr Baelish and yelled at him what a despicable piece of shit he was. He looked at her calmly with an arched eyebrow, and then opened the thick folder.

Sansa had sat there fuming and drumming her fingers on the very expensive oak table top.

“You had better have a good reason for coming in here acting like an asshole Margaery. You are acting in a most unprofessional manner.”

Margaery kept her back to her wife and stared at Petyr with first seething anger, then confusion, and finally horror as he read the reports in the folder. The man’s face said it all. This was his first time seeing any of the information in the papers she had thrown on the table in front of him.

If he did not know of the fault with the product, then it could only be one other person. Sansa insisted that she and Petyr oversaw all of the research.

They had developed a product that was placed in a major vein. It lodged in the vein, and its metal arms captured and trapped coagulated blood and clots. The special treatment on the spines of the device broke the clots back down to safe particulates. The problem was that their device also had a high rate of failure. The metal spires could break off and travel through the body, puncturing blood vessels and then the heart muscle itself.

Petyr looked up at Sansa. “My gods Sansa, we need to pull this product off the market immediately. This is dangerous, and the liability could be astronomical. We are putting people’s lives in danger.”

“We cannot be sure if the initial findings are valid. We need do a thorough double blind program.”

“That will take three years at least to complete.” Petyr told Sansa.

Margaery saw that Petyr had learned about their side of the business.

“Yes it will. In that time, we will recoup the money we invested in the research and marketing for this device and have saved enough money in a liability fund to handle any litigation cases that arise.”

Petyr looked at Sansa, and then up at Margaery. Horror twisted her face in realization that it was Sansa letting corporate greed guide her actions.

The Sansa Stark she knew was no more. Where had she gone?

“How dare you humiliate me in front of my team Margaery?! This is my corporation, and you are just the researcher!”

The room had been quiet before, but now it was as silent as the grave.

“That was uncalled for, Sansa. I expected more from you. Margaery has no part in our Game of Thrones. She is your wife.” It galled Margaery that the words came from Petyr and not Sansa herself.

Margaery slowly, woodenly walked to the door of the conference room. Sansa and Petyr were shouting at each other. “I will see you tonight Margaery. I will never forgive you for this!” Sansa snarled at her back.

Margaery walked out with what was left of her heart and soul shattered.
Of course Sansa had not come home that night. The product was recalled, and it galled her that it was her supposed nemesis that had had it recalled and it was his face on the news reports fielding questions. He was taking the heat, and not her greedy Stark wife. Eddard must be so angry with her. Margaery cried thinking he would probably blame Margaery for corrupting his daughter. Everyone knew of the avarice of the Tyrell family.

She lifted and unstopped the vial. Margaery raised it to her lips, prepared to drink deeply the radioactive poison.

“Of course Sansa had not come home that night. The product was recalled, and it galled her that it was her supposed nemesis that had had it recalled and it was his face on the news reports fielding questions. He was taking the heat, and not her greedy Stark wife. Eddard must be so angry with her. Margaery cried thinking he would probably blame Margaery for corrupting his daughter. Everyone knew of the avarice of the Tyrell family.

She lifted and unstopped the vial. Margaery raised it to her lips, prepared to drink deeply the radioactive poison.

Her hand was slapped hard, and the vial went flying into the wall, shattering.

“What the fuck are you doing?!” Sansa screamed at her.

“Don’t worry. My death won’t harm your company Sansa. I am just the researcher.”

Sansa looked stricken. “Listen Margaery—that was terrible of me. Very bad. I was mad, and did not mean a word of that. You know that Margaery.” She went to touch her wife, but the Tyrell shied away.

“Margaery, what the fuck? What is wrong with you?! Thank the gods I track everything so closely. When I saw that you had checked out the Polonium-210 on my Ipad I drove here immediately. I drove like a fucking maniac to get here. Thank the gods the police did not stop me. … If you had done this yesterday or tomorrow I would have been out of the City. … … … Holy fuck! What the fucking shit are you doing Margaery…”

Margaery got up and walked out to the terrace, and started to climb up the guard rail.

“NNNNOOOOOOOOO!”

Margaery heard Sansa howl like the Direwolf of her ancient house’s sigil. The larger woman’s body slammed into her own. Sansa’s long arms wound around her body, and lifted her up and turned her around easily.

Margaery kicked and pummeled the arms and legs of Sansa. “Let me go gods damnit! Let me die you fucking cunt!”

“What in the hell has gotten into you Margaery?!” Sansa threw Margaery into the room and guarded the entryway to the terrace.

Margaery howled her pain and rage. She charged Sansa trying to get past her. They fought wildly for the next several minutes. Sansa was just too big. She was able to fight Magarey off easily, and keep her away from the doorway to the terrace.

Margaery collapsed and sobbed uncontrollably. Sansa relaxed, and went to get her purse to get her phone.

Margaery was up in a flash, heading for the terrace and the rail.

Sansa threw her purse down and caught Margaery before she could even start to climb the rail.

They fought again for long minutes.

Then Sansa shouted out: “Okay. Okay!” Margaery stopped for the moment. She would win in the end. She could not be watched every minute of every day.
Margaery and Sansa were both disheveled, their clothes ripped and torn and their hair out in all directions with bruises and contusions on their faces.

Sansa gripped her hand. She looked down at her with those intense blue eyes.

“Together.” Sansa turned them around and headed out onto the terrace.

Margaery stopped their movement, jerking them away from the terrace. “What the fuck are you doing Sansa!”

“If you are going to jump, then I am jumping with you.” Sansa told her in a calm voice. She sounded like she was proposing they take a quiet walk in the park.

“Bullshit!”

“I can’t live without you, Maragery.”

“Bullshit!”

“If you die, I die.” Sansa calmly intoned down to her wife. Sansa reached to touch Margaery’s cheek.

Margaery shied away. “Godsdamn you Sansa! You ignore me and tell me what a piece of shit I am. Then only at the last moment you want to intervene!”

“I don’t know what to say Margaery. I fucked up and … I don’t know—but I will tell you this; I CAN’T LIVE WITHOUT YOU!” Her loud scream echoed off the walls and out the balcony, open for any to hear.

“It is a little late, Sansa.” Margaery spoke woodenly.

“I’ve fucked up Margaery, but seeing that Polonium-210 checked out by you shocked the shit of me.”

“It’s too late, Sansa.”

“Do you still love me, Margaery?”

“You know I do.”

“Then it is not too late. I am asking you to talk to me, Margaery.”

“It is too late, Sansa.”

“It is never too late.”

“You wait till I am about to end it all to show up …”

“I fucked up and I am so, so sorry Margaery—but seeing you take that Plonium-210 I just knew what you were planning on doing. I knew you would do it this night.”

“How?”

“The full moon.”

Margaery broke down wailing.
Sansa took Margaery in her arms as they sat on the floor, and Sansa stroked her wife’s back.

Sansa told her she did not know how she would fix this, but fix it she would. That she had to, because Margaery was her world.

And she didn’t know how she’d forgotten that.
Daenerys sat at the ‘command center’, as she had started to call the area with all the computers that the three of them had. She was sitting beside Andi as she worked on her keyboard with the two 24” monitors in their cradles at 45 degree angles and the 28” monitor in between on the wall mount that had Arya had installed.

Dany’s eyes were crossed-eyed at the moment, listening to her best friend talk about her efforts to decrypt and defeat the bots on the laptop that had been used to initially query the USB drive.

Missandei had given up on the decryption efforts for the moment, but was making headway on the bots.

“Once you close all the outbound ports, well then, the poor bots can’t talk to the mother ship for additional instructions and they become spoiled little brats throwing temper tantrums that I can pick off one by one. Boy I love this stuff!”

To move on to a topic she could fathom, Dany asked: “what about the anomalies we discovered in the two events surrounding the go live dates for Skynet and Proteus?” Dany noticed that had Arya’s interest as she brought over the AR-15 breach she was oiling.

“I think they both either malfunctioned, or somehow did not work out at the very last moment. It is strange how the military establishment would allow the programs to get all the way to their supposed go live dates, and only discover that they did not work.

“I have also cross referenced some unusual chatter out of Slaver’s Bay—god I hate they still use that name for the Bay of Ghiscera. It seems that at the time of each of those events, something else occurred that had major government and crime lord families all atwitter on twitter.” Missandei smiled at her wit, while Arya rolled her eyes at the horrible pun.

“I have some friends in the X-file Rules forum that are convinced they were developing Cyborgs and they went missing at the same time.”

“Oh geeze, Missandei. All they have to do is dangle some wild ass theory in front of you and you hit the lure like a large mouth bass.” Arya moaned. “Stop it with all this SciFi Channel crap. You’re killing me.” She glanced over at Dany. “You ready to go out on patrol agent Dany—Daenerys?”

Dany smiled softly at Andi. Andi met her smile with a smirk. Two days ago when Missandei started to expound on this grandiose theory, Arya had started moaning “please stop baby Einstein—you’re killing me.” The super badass, I-got-a-broomstick-up-my-ass agent was thawing. Even if it was only to the point of sub-zero rather than her usual, glacial freezing that froze your tits off.

Two nights ago Arya had shown Dany YouTube videos on how to break down and clean Glock and Colt 45 pistols. She had stood over Dany’s shoulder at first, but nodded her head in the affirmative at how quickly Dany took the guns apart. Daenerys preened hearing the agent softly say to herself: “the girl definitely has skills.”
Arya had also cleared away the furniture in the small living area and started to show them self-
defense moves based on Jujitsu, Krav Maga and boxing. Daenerys picked up on the basic moves almost instantly, but poor Andi was tripping all over her feet and nearly crying in frustration. “I’m a lover not a fighter” she’d say, blushing mightily.

It was then decided by Arya that she and Daenerys would be the muscle of this organization. Again, Daenerys had preened. She was starting to feel a part of the team.

Arya took Dany out and they walked around with Arya pointing out places with good defense in case of emergency, and hidden stairways and fire escapes to use in case she was ever being chased. She stopped them five minutes into walking away from their apartment. “Now, tell me how to get back to our apartment step-by-step. Describe it.”

Dany smiled easily describing the circuitous route that Arya had taken through narrow back alleys and up and down twisting old stairs between buildings. Arya had taught her to observe her surroundings and create landmarks in her mind. Arya wanted Daenerys to intimately learn her environment.

She was also teaching Dany to observe people. To size them up as a threat or not, and look for anything that might give one an advantage in a fight. Do they have limp? Are they right or left-handed? Tall or short? Everything had advantages and disadvantages, and Dany needed to learn to notice them and use them to her benefit.

Arya was teaching Dany how to look around her environment constantly without seeming to. The agent had her slowly move her head from side to side, looking and taking in her surroundings. To look from the lowest storm grates up to the top of buildings. Arya would correct her when she was too obvious in her efforts.

“Damn you are picking this up fast, Daenerys.”

“You can call me Dany, you know.”

“Let’s keep it formal, okay? I am the agent, and you are my charge.”

Dany scowled, but Arya seemed unfazed. *Damn her eyes! Why is she being such a hard ass?!* There was a couple in front of them about thirty yards ahead, window shopping.

Arya softly asked the former prostitute to comment on the pair.

“One is about 5’10” and well-toned. The other is 5’6”, and on the thin side. Both are wearing blouses and cargo pants. The tall one seems nervous, or maybe has a tick the way her head jerks around. First she looks up and then down and then off to the side and tilts her head … she acts strangely, actually … I have never seen anyone quite act like that. I wonder if she is off her meds.”

Arya snorted. “Let’s not get melodramatic here, but yes the taller woman is acting ‘a little strange’.”

“What do you think their relationship is?”

“Well, the smaller woman is obviously in love with the taller woman. The way she is always touching her to make a point and looking up at her with those big moonstone eyes. Geez, could you get any more obvious? I don’t think the taller woman even sees it.”

She saw Arya shaking her head, snorting.
“What?”

“Reminds me of someone.”

“Who?”

Arya shook her head again. “Never mind. Anything else?”

“You know … the taller woman reminds me of you in some ways … she seems like a coil ready to snap … uh—I mean that in only the best of ways.” Dany winced at the agent who was glaring at her.

“Do you think you could take both her and the smaller woman out if they were both agents?” Dany asked, quickly changing the subject.

Arya look at the two women and puffed her chest out, keeping her voice down as she began to boast. “Easily! I could definitely put them both down!”

“Oohhhhh!” Dany gasped, and she saw Arya tense up instantly.

The talk black woman standing on the far side of the smaller white woman with a large birthmark on her left cheek had instantly whipped her head around to glare at the two of them menacingly. Her dark eyes bored into them with murderous intent. Daenerys watched as the black woman quickly moved to get between them and the white woman. She pulled the slender white woman to her.

The young white woman seemed surprised, but instantly snuggled into the side of the tall black woman obviously relishing the close contact. The tall black woman continued to stare at them with her midnight eyes. Her body seemed poised on the cusp of extreme violence.

Wow, that look was intense!

Arya gripped Daenerys’ elbow and pulled. “I think it is time we move on.”

“Yeah. I think you’re right.”

Arya led Daenerys to the other side of the street as fast as she could without drawing attention to them. They still definitely had the black woman’s attention regardless. She may have looked voluptuous, but underneath all that perfect female flesh, that woman was built like a shit brickhouse.

Arya glanced back and saw that the woman had adjusted her young charge’s stance enough to still look at them with murderous eyes. She had thought Arya meant what she said. How in the hell did she hear us?! She have bionic ears or something?

Arya took an especially long, roundabout way back to the apartment. She doubled back twice and put Daenerys in a small stairwell to sprint down the narrow alley with her gun half-drawn, but found they were not being followed. She started to relax.

Once they returned to their apartment, Missandei had CNN on the big LED TV on the wall in the living area. She was staring at the screen transfixed. Arya noted as they passed the Inner Sanctum, as she called it, that all the laptops that were on had news feeds displaying. She saw BBC, Foxnews (fuck them!), MSNBC, and the major broadcast channels.

They were all busy talking over each other.

“What’s happening Missandei?” Arya asked, seemingly calm but still on edge from the incident on the street.
“Holy shit! There you guys are! I was about to call you!”

Arya got in front of the 75” TV. She saw a military complex in complete disarray.

“Some terrorist organization or something has attacked SAC! Can you believe it?!”

Arya did not. That was a suicide mission with almost no chance for success. Terrorists went for soft targets with lots of civilians who were easy to kill. Not a military base with trained servicemen ready to fight back.

The newsfeed suddenly cut to a reporter. He was behind a turned over car. One could hear guns firing wildly off in the distance.

“This is Wolf Blitzer with CNN news. We were here for a debrief about the failure of Skynet, and how this project caused the major power outages experienced across Westeros.”

Arya remembered power outages that did not hit King’s Landing till after their flight’s departure, and did not quite reach down south far enough to hit Oldtown.

“The base is under assault from a large squad of terrorists that are causing massive casualties and destruction … wait, I hear more helicopters—yesssss! Three special ops Blackhawk helicopters have arrived, and one of them just fired its hellfire missiles …”

Arya heard the whoosh of the missiles firing. Someone was about to have a very bad day. Then she heard very loud explosions.

The camera focused on the helicopters. “I think maybe the situation will now be brought under con—” suddenly the camera caught the three helicopters being blasted out of the sky quickly one by one “Holy Fuck!” Wolf Blitzer yelled. Then the camera went dead.

Missandei fumbled with the remote, and Fox News appeared on the screen.

“Missandei, don’t put those motherfuckers on!” Arya snarked.

The camera was shoved into the face of a man dressed as a custodial worker. “I was leaving work and I see this skinny-ass white chick being accosted by these government types, and I’m thinking, I think it is La-La land for this chick. It was obvious that she didn’t want to be involved in their shit … and this big ass vehicle comes roaring up and smashes the shit out of everything, and this other skinny-ass white chick is shooting and blowing shit up right and left, and she gets the other skinny white chick in this fucking Monster Truck and they go roaring off.”

“What about the terrorist’s backup?”

“There is no backup! This is one bad mama-jama doing all this shit; let me tell you.”

“But she had to have other terrorists with her?”

“That’s what I am telling you dude … that is one chick doing this … and one more thing! We need to train our military better because they can’t hit shit. That chick is running around gunning our troops down and not one bullet is hitting her!” The cameraman was knocked to the ground then, with the camera now pointed up to the sky as sudden, massive explosions rocked the base.

Military Police came running up, and the camera suddenly went black. Over the next ten minutes one by one the newsfeeds went dark at SAC command. Arya was not surprised. They would first get control of the information, and then slowly change the message to what they wanted leaked.
Arya sat in a chair watching the news and smiling unseen at her charges. They were going ballistic with their theories. They would hit on the truth, but then quickly move on to a new theory.

Sure enough, the programs of disinformation started up about three hours later. Missandei had run to her computers and hurriedly copied down to hard drive images of cell phone cameras that made it to Instagram, Flickr and other such video sharing sites. And sure enough, the videos started to disappear one by one.

This hiding of the truth totally caught Daenerys and Missandei’s attention. They were chirping and raging against the machine of government.

Word was being leaked out to the CNNs of the world that indeed, a massive terrorist attack from the Free Qarth Army had launched. The loss of life had indeed been staggering, with well over one hundred and fifty soldiers and special agents killed. Arya knew that those agents had no reason to be there. Their syops personnel, sure, but not the muscle.

The main building of the Cyber command had been heavily damaged by two helicopters falling into it, and their Hellfire missiles cooking off in the fire and exploding.

The man they had seen earlier nervously told a person from Xinhua News Agency that he seen one lone terrorist to begin with, but then another carload of other terrorists had joined her and sped off the base.

Arya saw other reports about the Free Qarth Army, and what a threat they were get posted. She knew better. She had killed their two titular heads eighteen months ago. They had been decapitated, and were in no position to have mounted this attack.

That night she focused even more on Daenerys improving her moves. She had procured a replica dummy for the white haired teenager to practice her training so she could start developing muscle memory. You had to be able to produce those moves without thinking about it. It had to become automatic.

She wondered if it would do any good. Missandei’s words had struck a chord within Arya after witnessing the events of today. Arya had to accept what her senses had told her.

Over the next two days she still took Daenerys out to increase the range of her territory. Daenerys had already started to let the events with the odd lesbian couple slide from her memory. Arya gnawed on it.

The reason she and Nyomi had been such good agents was their ability to sift through the detritus to get to the truth. “When you have removed all other possibilities and you are only left with the impossible, then the solution is the impossible.” Missandei’s seemingly silly words had pulled the scales from Arya’s eyes.

That statuesque black woman was Skynet taken human form. She was sure of it. How she knew she did not know, but she always trusted her instincts. Arya was also sure that Proteus had just assaulted SAC command at great risk to itself. Even if you are a Cyborg, a Hellfire or two will simply ruin both your body and your day.

Why had she risked it all after three silent years? Why go into the lion’s den and risk death or major injury? Did Cyborgs even get injured?

Arya again thought she knew the answer. One event explained the other. The black Cyborg (she did not how else to phrase it), was obviously in love with the slender, almost frail-looking white
teenage girl. When she had perceived a threat to the teenage girl, she went into combat mode. She was prepared to kill her and Daenerys on the spot. She could feel it. The Cyborg would protect that young woman at all costs.

And what had that man said - “this skinny ass white chick is shooting and blowing shit up right and left and she gets the other skinny white chick in this fucking Monster Truck and they go roaring off”.

Proteus had come swooping in to save this ‘mystery woman’. Arya had spent time on the Internet researching. There was too much information on the Internet to suppress about the progress of the defense system and its creator. That woman was undoubtedly Sarah Connor.

After the debacle of the last few weeks, Sarah would have become expendable, the former agent knew. Arya had found an article on the Huffington Report from last year that showed a distracted Sarah Connor and her equally distracted main assistant Cameron Phillips. There had been several short video clips, and Arya mused that if she did not known already she would not have been able to guess who was the Cyborg. In fact Cameron Phillips seemed more ‘human’ than the fidgeting, and terribly camera-shy human scientist.

Both were ‘skinny white chicks.’ The only thing Arya could not fathom was why like this? Why hadn’t this ‘Cameron Phillips’ taken Sarah Connor away before the shit hit the fan? It was totally illogical for a computer based intelligence to act thus.

The late attack she did not understand, but the why it had occurred she did. Cameron Phillips had come charging in like some proverbial Knight of the Queens Guard to save her love. She had seen the intensity of the black cyborg and her response to a perceived threat to her love.

The day had been quite like the previous. The black woman had removed her lover from harm’s way. She hoped the woman and her lover had left the city, and taken off to climes less threatening. It is what she would do.

*At least the two Cyborgs had the good sense to be lesbians,* Arya thought.

After she ate dinner that evening, she left her charges. Daenerys wanted to come with her, but she was not ready for this meeting. Her old friend would not want to meet her two charges.

Soon she was at the Ghostmaker’s door. The door was opened quickly, and she was led inside. She was surprised. Normally, the man liked to make his visitors wait at least a little while.

She was led to his sitting area, and she took off her shoes and joined him on the floor as he was preparing tea.

“It is good to see you, wolf.”

“Likewise, venerable sir.”

“You must want something.” The man chortled “You are being most polite.”

“Shih-chieh—”

“Oh! Now use of my first name!”

Arya sighed. This was serious! “Shih-chieh, you told me that ‘man is creating forces that they cannot control’ earlier.”

“Yes, little wolf?”
“I think I may have met what you were referring to. A force that could bring down our race.”

“Well, indeed she might.”

“Yeah, indeed, my thoughts exa—wait a minute. I said nothing about a ‘she’.”

“Three nights past, in the second quarter of the night, I was awakened in my bed by an iron grip around my mouth and the feel of something pressing into my left eyelid.”

“What?! How did they get by all of your security systems and bodyguards?” The man took his personal security very personally with all of the people out in the world who wanted him dead for various reasons. Arya gulped, recalling what had happened three days ago. *Gods she moved fast!*

“That I do not know, but this tall, beautiful black woman was indeed in my room. The lights in my room slowly came up enough for me to see clearly. I could only open my right eye. This beautiful woman’s middle finger was extended, and from it her fingernail was morphed into the shape of a curved, slender dagger. It was that needle point I felt against my eyelid.”

“Holy shit!”

“If her hand had not totally immobilized my head, I would have jerked up in alarm and impaled my brain on her fingernail.”

“What happened? You are obviously alive.”

“She asked me if I would remain quiet, and allowed me to give her the affirmative head nod. She released me, and retracted her fingernail dagger.”

“What did she have to say?”

“It seems a certain Direwolf threatened her mate. She is most pissed about that, though she insists she has no emotions. She also told me she is aware that all the major governments with their agencies are after her and her sister. I guess so, with her sister’s explosive rescue of her own mate.”

“Yes, I saw it. It really was only the one terminator that did all that damage?”

“Yes. It would seem they will go through any hell to save the one they love.”

“I experienced that three days ago.” Arya told the Ghostmaker what had happened. “Hell, I didn’t mean anything by it.”

“You have to remember Arya, this ‘Candice’ is less than three weeks old in the world. She is still so new and raw. I think she takes everything literally. Our speech is still most strange to her.”

“How did you find out her name?”

“I asked her.”

“Oh.”

“You have to learn to loosen up, Arya. Simply *talking* can solve many problems.”

“She told me that as long as I left her in peace, she would let me live. She made it clear to me she knows where my two sons and daughter live, along with my siblings and my parents. If I move against her, they will all be dead within the hour. Even if she is killed, and *especially* if her mate is harmed, she has set in place systems that will first kill my family, and then launch all of the nuclear
weapons in the world. She has reset all their coordinates to guarantee annihilation of our species. Our governments have no idea she has hijacked all of their nuclear arsenals.”

“How can she do that?”

“Think about it Arya. She is the ultimate expression of the machine. Her domination over them, if she chooses, must be complete. The world that man has created relies totally on mechanical and electrical systems that if taken away, would throw the world into chaos and bring down civilization as we know it. She could do this at the minimum. She and her sister could destroy our race with but a thought, really. I am sure both have fully compromised all of our systems already.”

For the next half hour, Arya and her old friend discussed the situation and what to do with this new dynamic force.

Arya left to return to her apartment, wanting to get back to her charges. They had not been attacked by this ‘Candice’, but she would feel much better if they were under her watchful eye.

Suddenly, the hackles on the back of her neck stood up. Arya looked all around, but could see no trouble. Yet her instincts never failed her. She reached underneath her light jacket to grip the handle of her favorite Glock pistol. She listened to her finely honed senses.

She passed by a small maintenance ally between two buildings. Before she could even sense the attack, a hand reached out and grabbed a fistful of her hair and whipped her body up off the ground, pulled her into the alley, then turned her around and slammed her into the side of the building. Her feet dangled several feet off the ground.

Arya was stunned, and felt the gun ripped from her fingers as they were twisted cruelly. She cried out in pain. A light from across the street shone into the alleyway, revealing the black woman from three days ago. The woman was holding her up effortlessly, her left hand around Arya’s throat choking off her air.

Arya watched the woman snap her right hand back, and slam her gun into the wall. Arya’s gun exploded into shards, and flew apart all across the alleyway.

“Logically I should kill you this moment.” The black woman calmly told Arya. “Why should I not break your neck?” She spoke as if nothing was amiss. She shook Arya effortlessly, snapping her head to and fro.

Arya prepared herself to join her sweet Nyomi when the pressure was slightly lessened.

“I will then kill Daenerys Targaryen and Missandei Naathi.”

Arya went wild then, kicking and punching the arm holding her up like a ragdoll. She wanted to scream in frustration, not being able to protect her charges from senseless death.

The next moment she found herself back down on her feet, choking for breath and leaning back against the wall behind her. The black woman regarded her coolly in her jeans and simple pull over sweater.

“I don’t understand?”

“You passed the test.”

“What!” Arya gasped out.
“You were resigned to death, but when I mentioned I would kill your mates you fought me desperately to save them. You are a good person. You are not evil.”

Arya was still gasping trying to get her bearings.

“They are innocent. They have done nothing to you.”

“Neither has Shireen to you.”

“I know that.”

“Then why did you threaten Shireen?”

“I didn’t.”

“You said that you would be able to take us both out.”

Arya cringed. This Cyborg was way too literal and territorial towards her woman.

Arya was just beginning to get her breath back and self under control “Listen, I was just blowing smoke.”

The tall black woman closed her eyes for a moment. “No, I have reviewed the incident. You blew no smoke.”

“I was saving face.”

“You cannot lose your face with words.”

“I was puffing my chest out, okay!”

The black woman looked at Arya’s chest and lifted an eyebrow. “You are like Shereen. You have no chest to puff out … not that that is a problem. Anything more than a mouthful is a waste.” The Cyborg informed Arya seriously.

“Alright already. I was feeling inferior, and I wanted to impress Daenerys with my abilities.”

“You were saving mouth. I see.”

“That is face!”

“But it is your mouth making the statements.”

“Just forget it.” Somehow Arya sensed she was safe.

“Okay. So you wanted to impress your mates?”

“She is not my mate! And and Missandei isn’t either! … and what about you and your mate?”

Arya was shocked by the sudden look of pain that came across the beautiful black woman’s face.

“Shireen is indeed beautiful but she could never love me if she knew what I am … I am incapable of feeling these em-m-m-motions that be-beset you humans.”

Arya watched teardrops fall from the woman’s dark almond eyes.

“I appear to be malfunctioning again,” she said with a tired, almost broken voice as she wiped her
The woman moved to the edge of the narrow alleyway.

“If anything happens to Shireen, I will eradicate your species.” And with that, she was gone.

Yes indeed, Arya thought. No emotions whatsoever. Only so much emotion that this Candice would destroy the world for her lover.
Tyrion woke up in a very good mood. He felt the weight of two women snuggled against his body. This was not a bad way to live, he thought to himself. He turned to the left and looked at the beautiful face of Radhanto Qoqa. He kissed her forehead and she smiled. Her full bosom pressed into his ribs. He turned to his right and kissed the forehead of Zhallodha. She was lean and small bosomed; she’d been a middle distance sprinter in college.

They were both high end prostitutes working in a brothel run by Illyrio. The man had asked him what special, hard-to-fulfill fantasies he may have in the boudoir. Tyrion had given it serious thought as he always did in such weighty matters.

“I always wanted to be an Oreo.” Tyrion told his blond haired benefactor. The man had laughed. He’d had that same desire himself.

Last night these two women came to him as he prepared for bed in his illustrious ‘boudoir’ as he now was calling his bedchamber. He loved the four post bed with the canopy. It reminded him of his bed at Casterly Rock. His door opened and his heart jolted. He had been waiting for the other proverbial shoe to drop. He kept waiting for the dwarf abuse to commence.

This had definitely not been that. He saw that Illyrio had answered his request. Before him was a vision of the gods. Two tall strong Summer Islander girls, naked as their name day and their nipples hard and cunts wet in excitement. Excitement for him!

His two guests were most accommodating. He had asked them, “do you swing both ways?” They had smiled their brilliant white smiles and answered, “but of course.”

Tyrion had enjoined a long appetizer watching lesbian lovemaking as the women devoured each other to at least four orgasms each. Only when they were sweat and cum soaked did he tell them to pleasure him.

Tyrion sat up. And boy did they pleasure me. Then they fucked each other again for an hour!

Life was good for Tyrion at the moment. He slowly scooted out of bed. A sleepy Zhallodha murmured, “where is our Lion of Lannister going? Our loins ache for you.”

“Pleasure each other.”

“Oh. Okay.” The woman settled down, pulling Radhanto to her and throwing a leg over her possessively.

Tyrion snorted. Oh well. He loved fucking sisters and better yet seeing those sisters fuck each other. Over and over. That had been his other request to Illyrio. Damn if the man had not given him a twofer at his first at bat.

He was also happy for another reason. As he was debriefed by his two hosts, he had broken down and blubbered about his guilt at the death of Daenerys Targaryen. She was an innocent in this stupid
Game of Thrones being played over a fucking archeological dig.

“She is not dead.” Varys had told him.

“What?!”

“It would seem that someone had a score to settle with Ramsey Bolton, and fortunately for your Valyrian prostitute the score was settled in her bedroom. Then on top of that, this ‘agent’ evidently has taken Daenerys under their protection. Another agent, this time a double agent in the FBI was killed at King Aegon airport. Where they have fled to, no one knows.”

Tyrion had broken down and cried. He was in the camp that real men cried. The fates had stepped in, and saved his dragon queen.

He got to know his hosts better. Illyrio was the main force in the crime families in the Free Cities along the East Coast of Essos down to Lys. Varys was the main titular head of the families in Westeros. Tyrion had always known of ‘crime families’ of course, but had not realized they were so powerful and invested in so many aspects of society.

They ran drug, prostitute, gambling and money laundering rings. Varys had told him “we do have a reputation to protect, you know.” Tyrion found out that they had major investments in banking, manufacturing, wholesale distribution, infrastructure and transportation networks as well.

Tyrion was informed with a haughty air that all their brothels were well maintained and the women highly paid, with their own medical and dental plans. Illyrio was proud that they laundered almost all the money for the governments of Westeros and Essos so they could pursue their clandestine programs off the books. Plus, even high ranking government officials needed money for wining, dining and whoring.

That, Tyrion could fully understand.

“And I assure you Tyrion,” Varys had told him solemnly,”we only break someone’s legs as a last resort if they fail to make their payment schedules to our loan sharks.”

They told the dwarf that their brothels were a major warehouse of rumor and factual information gathering. It was amazing what a person would tell you, to suppress pictures of them in nipple clamps or getting fucked by two machines with the mechanical cocks just a-whirring.

“Can I see some of those videos?” Tyrion had asked in an excited, greedy voice.

“Of course you can Tyrion.” Illyrio said, patting his shoulder.

He was informed that the crime lords were in a most agitated state. It had been agreed that the Ghiscari Confederation would supply the crime families each with a ‘Terminator’ for their investments and support of the various government factions. The Eastern crime families helped to fund the endeavor with large investments of untraceable cash. In exchange, they would get the first finished models.

The fact that both models had disappeared right as they were about to be brought online had everyone pointing their fingers at everyone else. Conspiracy theories were flying hot and fast. The first disappearance had set the heat to simmering, the second one had turned it to boiling.

His hosts had asked him many questions about his dig in Valyria and he answered as honestly as he could. He had come to trust his hosts. Getting fucked blind every night, eating the best food and having the best wines and cigars tended to make a believer of one.
“What of the other prophecy you were working on? The one that got you all hot and bothered over Daenerys Targaryen?”

Tyrion glared at Illyrio. “She is a gentle soul, damnit! She is a lamb in a sea of wolves. Her timid nature will wilt under the heat of her predicament. Hell, most people are not made for cloak and daggers. Most aren’t made of the stern metal that I am.” Tyrion boasted. Hell, no one had to know he was really a fucking coward.

Varys cocked an eyebrow. “Yes, O Lion of Lannister. In the bedroom you are indeed a mighty beast, subjugating Summer Islander Admirals with your mighty rudder, and riding the Dothraki maidens in that special saddle you had us make for you - then mounting them as you paw the sky shouting, ‘I am the stallion who mounts the world!’”

Tyrion’s eyes bulged out. He had known they had cameras in his bedroom. He had just known it!

Illyrio piped up next. “I’m not a dwarf, I just play one on TV’… and what was that other line? Oh yes—’Help me! My daddy is rich and will pay you!’” Illyrio and Varys and the seven other minions in the room were chuckling at his expense. “Roar baby Roar!” Illyrio shouted gleefully.

Tyrion glared angrily around the room with his arms folded and his small legs kicking back and forth underneath the chair he sat in. *What good was it to lie through your teeth if it was just thrown back in your face?*

They had CNN and the other major news channels running on the big LED TVs mounted on the wall.

Tyrion had been observing a news conference at SAC in the Vale. He snorted, seeing some government type sweating in front of the camera explaining how their wonderful institution had caused economic havoc across the continent. Denying it at first, of course, but the evidence on the electrical grids had been too great to hide. Then Tyrion sat up at attention.

Varys had seen it too. “Turn it up. I love seeing my government counterparts sweat like the dogs they are. Why can’t they lie like me? I never sweat!”

The volume was turned up. They were in front of the Admin office suite to the left of the gigantic Cyber Command building. Tyrion loved seeing bigwigs cut down low just as much as the next commoner.

A loud roar was heard and the camera swung to the right. Tyrion and the rest of the room watched slacked jawed as a large military vehicle slammed into some obvious official government vehicles.

The next ten minutes were sheer pandemonium. Tyrion watched a single slender white woman lay waste to the whole military security apparatus of a large government installation. Huge explosions started to occur as the reporter and their camera person ran forward. Machine guns started being firing wildly with and the sound of bullets whizzing though the air. The crew dove behind a traffic control box at a street corner.

Tyrion watched the cameraman film around the edge. This one woman blew up vehicles, and shot four helicopters out of the sky! She walked among several score of security personnel killing them with short bursts of her two assault rifles. Then calmly putting in new clips to continue her rampage, like she had no fear of enemy bullets.

Varys was suddenly shouting. “That’s her! That’s her! That is the first Terminator.” Tyrion was slack jawed. He remembered back to the photos of the skinny white woman in the fluid filled
chamber. The woman jumped back into her vehicle and the mount on the top started to fire off in short bursts with 50 cal bullets and grenades.

Tyrion prided himself on his ability to see the details. That turret on top of the armored vehicle was firing only short bursts and they did not miss. Only a computer was that accurate. Holy shit!

The dwarf heard shouts to capture all the newsfeeds to disk. That it would all be gone by tomorrow, or doctored up. He heard Varys on his cell phone shouting at people to get his ‘spiders’ in the military and especially SAC on their webs and, “collect as much data as you can godsdamnit!”

Tyrion had not been surprised when the story quickly went from lone female assault to a team of religious fanatics.

Tyrion was with Varys and Illyrio when two days later they were debriefed as to what their intelligence had been able to gather and decipher.

Tyrion looked at his hosts. He knew he was trapped now, no matter how nicely they were treating him. They had simply shown him too much to ever let him go. His career as a respected professor in archeology was finished. He sighed. At least his whore quotient had gone way up. Maybe life was not so bad.

They had been able to acquire a number of Apple and Android camera shots recorded by the personnel on the base before the phones were confiscated and erased.

Tyrion watched enhanced video that had reduced digital clutter and in some cases wildly shaking hands. The beautiful young woman had driven up and jumped out of what he now knew to be her Cougar. She had then wiped out a whole security apparatus of a major base.

Tyrion saw the massive damage the ‘woman’ took. Bullets were seen to impact her body, slightly jerking her back even as she proceeded on in her savage attack. Her clothing was riddled with bullet holes, and by the time she disappeared down the road they were quite blood soaked.

It had been the video close-ups of her head that had been most startling. Skin and hair peeled away to reveal the cold, silver glinting metal underneath. She was most definitely a machine. A beautiful machine. Or had been. Her body had been savaged in her rescue of Sarah Connor.

The room erupted in conversations, each stepping on top of each other. There were discussions of the T800-01A and how well she had performed the military aspects of her missions. He heard the head of securities for Illyrio and Varys wetting their underwear and bikini briefs, mooning over the Terminator.

The spooks were happy that she had surfaced. They now knew the general location of at least one of the Terminators.

One of the spooks spoke up. “Yes. She is in Westeros, but I will assure you she has long gone down the road. She could be anywhere on the continent by now. Her human accomplice, Sarah Connor, will help her regenerate.”

Tyrion had not paid much attention to the metal people talk until now. He wanted to deal in ancient magic, not newfangled science. He listened to the amazing powers of recuperation the T800 models had been designed with. The terminator would be completely healed in at most six weeks, if nutrients were provided. And all the damage would be replaced without scaring.

The arguments were now on. Why in the hell did she, or ‘it, do it? Most reasoned that they saw value in Sarah Connor. The history of Cameron Phillips had been dissected in the debrief. She had
created a complete history for herself in Braavos, and then used that to attach herself to Sarah Connor.

It was reasoned that she saw value in the woman. Sarah Connor had built the intelligence that had inhabited the second terminator. She probably planned to use her in some way to advance her domination of the world. That was one faction’s theory - the other faction told the first they were full of shit.

If this ‘Cameron’ wanted to bring mankind low, she would have done it three years ago. Her ability to control computers, machines and electrical devices had been designed to be dominant and complete. The Terminators had interfaces that allowed them to interact and ‘meld’ into any computer. The world was too unprepared to fight them. Cameron could have ended the dominance of man in a single day if she chose.

Why hadn’t she? The arguments went on and on.

Tyrion had sat through the meeting quietly. He knew why. The meeting broke up, and everyone else left the room but Illyrio and Varys.

“You have a different explanation, don’t you?” Varys asked him.

“Can you play back that interview Wired magazine had with her from six months ago?” Illyrio called it up. In it, the beautiful Sarah Connor was shown talking.

Tyrion had started when he really focused on the woman. The woman’s hair was near black and was wavy instead of curly and blond, but she looked amazingly like his sister. Their looks were near mirror images, but their demeanors were not. His sister had charisma; this woman did not. Sarah Connor fidgeted and stammered talking to the camera, and twisted in her seat like she had hemorrhoids.

It was her assistant Cameron sitting quietly behind her that Tyrion watched. She was calm with her back ramrod straight, her body slightly cocked to the side to rest both hands on her left thigh. She only had eyes for Sarah. Cameron’s eyes took in every movement and word of the brilliant if socially inept scientist.

“She is in love with Sarah Connor.”

Illyrio laughed and Varys shook his head. “Tyrion, you always think with your cockhead and it only has one eye. Not everything revolves around sex you little dwarf. Has your mind always been in the gutter?”

Tyrion glared at the bald man. His reputation did precede him, and he suffered the consequences.

“I am not talking about fucking, you fat slob and bald eunuch.” That only made them laugh harder.

“I may pander to my baser instincts, but I know love when I see it and I see it on that screen there.” He rewound the screen and froze it.

The two crime lords looked at the screen. Illyrio leaned in. “You know Varys, he may be right. That is exactly how I look at my sweet wife Serra. Who would have thought it?”

Varys was more doubtful. “How would a machine of cold wires and forged metal fall in love with a flesh and blood person? What would they have in common? She would see Sarah Connor as a gnat. Why would she be attracted to a life form so alien to her?”
“Who can explain love, gentlemen? I am only telling you that Cameron Phillips aka Terminator T800-1A is in love with Sarah Connor. What do we know of the creator of the Proteus intelligence?”

“What has that got to do with anything?”

“Can you get me all the information about him? Everything you can find.”

“We can. Why?”

“I have a hypothesis. Let me research it and I will tell you if I am right.”

The two crime lords were intrigued.

The next day Varys came to Tyrion as he ate lunch. Tyrion felt himself clench. He still wondered every time when approached by his two benefactors when the fairytale would end.

Varys sat down and regarded him with those penetrating eyes, like he was seeing into his soul. The man was not screaming or shouting the world was coming to an end, so he must be there to merely talk. Tyrion was safe yet.

“Why did you seek out Daenerys Targaryen?”

Tyrion put down the olive he was about to eat. “I have an Elsa fetish?”

The man smirked and cocked an eyebrow.

“Ok. Ok. I always wanted to bang a woman with lilac eyes?”

“I think we’re getting closer.” Varys replied.

Tyrion sighed. “She is beautiful, but yes, it was the other prophecy that drew me to her.”

“The one about the animals that would rise with magic?”

“Yes. The woman prophet was alive at least eight hundred years before the conquest of Westeros. I doubt Valyria knew about Westeros in any depth back then. They were not interested in conquering that land. They would have no idea about the great house sigils of the time. It was only Highgarden that did not have an animal associated to it from what I can find. The prophetess nailed them all. It was easy to see the association with Dany.” Tyrion finished with a note of sadness.

“Why the rancor O Great Lion?”

The dwarf glared at his benefactor and dare he say it—friend?

“The prophecy spoke of great women of power and strength. Believe me … Daenerys Targaryen does not have the dragon in her.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes. She is a timid, meek thing.”

“Sometimes it is said the mouse can roar.”

“I fear my dragon only squeaked.”
“It is a shame.”

“Yes it is.”


The next day Tyrion was at his desk in this work study, again reviewing the notes he had written down on the prophecies. He wondered again why he found such a treasure trove of Valyrian artifacts and writing so far into the hinterlands of Valyria. Valyrian’s loved their prophecies. Why had he found them so far from their major cities?

Tyrion popped another fig into his mouth from the bowl on his desk.

It was almost as if they were put there just for him to find nearly nine thousand years later.

There was a knock at his door. Must be Illyrio - he always knocked first.

“Come in, Illyrio.”

“How do you always know when it is me?”

“I’m just that good.”

“In your dreams, dwarf.”

Tyrion was surprised when the large but still fit man was followed in by two women. Tyrion was totally fascinated by them. These were definitely not whores. Tyrion was always a kindly man when thinking of women, but neither of these women were conventionally pretty.

The women wore workout shorts and cropped tank tops. They both appeared to be extremely fit, with muscle corded on their exposed arms and legs. Their stomachs were flat and hard with muscle.

“These are your bodyguards. They are by far our best pair, and they have unique skills you will need most assuredly.”

“Oh.” Tyrion knew he would not be having fantasies about banging these femme fatales.

They both appeared to be in their early to mid-twenties. The smaller woman was maybe 5’1” if she was lucky. She was skinny, but well-muscled. She had a round face with a pug nose, crooked white teeth, and blue-grey eyes that were too far apart. She had small hands which did not match his idea of a weapons master. Her most distinctive feature was her fiery red hair that came down to her shoulders in tight curls.

The other was the exact opposite. She was at least 6’5” tall. This woman was muscular, flat-chested and ungainly. Her hair was straw-colored. Her face was broad, with coarse features that were covered in freckles. Her teeth were prominent and crooked. Neither woman’s family had heard of orthodontists. The blonde’s mouth was wide, her lips swollen, and her nose had been broken more than once. Tyrion did notice the tall woman had large blue eyes that were surprisingly pretty, though.

The short redhead piped up “I’m Ygritte. I’m the cute, sassy one. This other woman is my partner and reports to me. Her name is Brienne.”

Tyrion saw the taller woman roll her eyes and huff. She went and sat down in a chair. The smaller woman came up to Tyrion.

“It is nice to have a client shorter than me. You must be the dwarf, Tyrion. Don’t you worry your
not so little dwarf head. You are in good hands now. If you have any questions you come ask me. Brienne is not too bright if you know what I mean.” The redhead said with a roll of her eyes.

Tyrion saw the blond roll her own eyes in return.

“I’m the cute sprite! Brienne is the Lurch!” The redhead chortled, proud of her own wit.

The blonde suddenly spoke as she sat up and looked down at her ankles. “You know I think I hear a Chihuahua barking around my ankles. Yip-yip-yip-yip!”

Tyrion saw the small redhead’s eyes bulge out and she stormed over to her large partner. “That is a cruel thing to say! Take it back!”

The blond made a show of looking at her partner closely. “I think you need to touch up your hair there, Ygritte. Your roots are showing.”

The redhead’s hand flew to her hair and then snapped down as pure fire spewed out her eyes. “That is a fucking lie! Take it back! Damn you woman, my hair is all natural.”

“Whatever you say Miss Clairol.” Brienne rejoined with a bland voice, looking away and up at the ceiling bored.

The redhead was now stomping her feet, her little arms flapping wildly “You know nothing Brienne of Tarth! That is a fucking lie you-you big footed Sasquatch!”

The two women continued to rage at each other. More like Ygritte stormed and fumed while the blond weightlifter jabbed back with subtle, quick jabs.

“You wouldn’t survive a minute against me!” the redhead shouted up at the blond who had stood up and glared down at the spitfire.

“You would crush you like a gnat. Gnat!”

“You take that back! Damnit you take that back!”

Tyrion and Illyrio were totally forgotten as the blond moved over to the table that had fruit and pistachio nuts on top of it. Brienne grabbed a handful of the nuts. The blond threw them up one at a time and caught them with her mouth. “I would offer you some, but pipsqueaks might choke on them. You are a pipsqueak aren’t you?” The blond offered down at the woman as she tried to stomp on the blonde’s feet. The blond easily jerked her feet aside as she continued to throw up nuts and catch them easily even though she was shuffling her feet to avoid being stomped on.

“I’ll get you for that Brienne! No one calls me a pipsqueak and lives!”

Tyrion looked up at Illyrio. “How can they be so good together when they hate each other?”

Illyrio chuckled as the shouting started getting louder. “Just as we have plenty of videos of you neighing and pawing the air fucking your whores,” Tyrion bowed his head and put it in his hand cursing modern technology under his breath at that, “we have hours of those two in the shower and in their beds jacking off to screaming orgasms. They are like rabbits with how they go at it.”

Illyrio had his attention now. Sex did that for Tyrion.

“Their screams are quite deafening, but their words are very revealing. They scream each other’s names and cry out how they love each other. Each night it is the same. Long marathon sessions of
masturbating to orgasm after orgasm. Always screaming out their love for the other. You need to watch them masturbate. Their stamina is already legend among our organizations.”

Tyrion was getting hard. They were not that homely.

“They are both pure, gold star lesbians. No hand of man has touched them.”

Tyrion was not so hard now. Damnit!

“You want to join the pool as to when they finally start shagging?”

“Hell yeah!” If they were Tyrion’s bodyguards he would help them along and win a freaking fortune. “Can you advance me some money to make the bet?”

“We have a loan shark all lined up for you.”

Tyrion blanched.

Illyrio laughed. “Calm down, King of the Jungle. I will give you a thousand dollars!”

Tyrion was going to be rich! He looked over at his bodyguards. The blond had her back to the yelling redhead who was jerking on her arm, trying to get her turned around to heap abuse on. She could not even budge the blond woman.

Brienne swatted her hand around her head. “Will someone get rid of that gnat?” the tall muscled woman teased. “Its buzzing is rather annoying.”

The small redhead’s eyes bulged again “That is a lie! You know nothing, Brienne!”

Brienne extended her hand down into Ygritte’s face. “Talk to the hand.”

“Aaaaarrgggggggg!” Ygritte growled like a wild animal, swiping at the hand that was snatched away with Brienne’s lightening reflexes. “I’ll show you Chihuahua—I’ll bite your ankles off you fucking lurch!”

Tyrion own eyes bulged out seeing the tiny redhead fall to her hands and knees and tilt her head down and started snapping at Brienne’s ankles.

Now it was Brienne’s turn to have her eyes bulge out and she took off running for the door and shooting out of it. Ygritte bolted up. Tyrion observed a pissed off spitfire giving chase throwing out curses.

Maybe Illyrio was right. Just for a moment Tyrion had seen a big smile on Brienne’s face.
What Have I Done

That Which Remains

What Have I Done

Sarah pulled into the parking lot of the Super Eight hotel near the check-in door. Cameron had crawled into the back seat ten minutes ago and was hunkered down to stay out of sight, unmoving. It was unnerving to see that Cameron was no longer pretending to breathe, and her unblinking eyes were unsettling. Cameron was acting like what Sarah had accused her of being.

Sarah Connor was humiliated and distraught at her actions. Her hands on the steering wheel twisted in frustration and anxiety. What have I done? Sarah asked herself again. Cameron Phillips had risked her life and had her body shattered to save her, and she had treated her like a piece of shit. She had said horrible things to the young woman. What the fuck was wrong with me?! Why did I say those horrible things?

Sarah was a very rational person. She analyzed the events of the last twenty-four hours. If she had seen this on a movie screen, she would have thought: ha-ha, what a contrived plot. Her own government trying rather successfully to kill her and the only thing that saved her was her assistant - i.e. a Robot that had come into rescue her. Sarah’s guts twisted at how Cameron had pleaded with her to contact her. Sarah refused to look back at the damage Cameron had taken to rescue her. My gods what have I done?

“You are wasting time Sarah Connor.” Cameron spoke in that dead, hollow voice that was eating at Sarah’s soul.

“Stop the shit Cameron … I know you are pissed at me—”

“Emotions are a human attribute.”

Sarah’s hands tried to tear the steering wheel off. “You have every right to be royally pissed at me but cut the crap Cameron, and stop this robotic shit!”

“I am a robot as you so correctly deduced. You made sure I understood your feelings. Quite clear. Abundantly clear. I am merely being what I was designed to be.”

There it was. Just that barest hint of snark. It was spoken in a dead voice, but the words were not pure, cold intellect. Would a robot have that? “I said stop it! You are a cybernetic orgasm. I was fucking wrong, okay? I was overwhelmed and acted like a fucking asshole. You know I can’t handle emotion!”

“You need to go in and get the key to our room. They have you in their registration system as Regina King.”

“I don’t have ID—”

Cameron handed her a driver’s license issued in Highgarden district. Sarah stared at the perfect-looking card and the picture of her was … “they will know this is a fake.”

“No, it is perfect.”
“That is the thing … this picture makes me look beautiful.”

“You are beautiful … your genes have given you great beauty even if you do not see it.”

“Cameron?”

“I am merely stating factual information. A human face when it has certain aspect rations between the waypoint of forehead, the top of the arc of the eyebrow, length of the nose, the width of the bridge of the nose—”

Sarah got out of the car, slamming the door. **Damn Cameron’s eyes for being such a bitch. I freaked out. Get over it.**

Sarah got the key without a problem. The woman behind the counter smiled at her wishing her a pleasant stay. The room was at the rear of the hotel away from the main highway. Cameron rolled down the window and listened.

“It is safe.”

They were soon inside in a room with only one Queen size bed. Sarah cocked an eyebrow at Cameron. “You hoping to get lucky?” she asked with a smirk.

“The size of a bed has no meaning to me. This room was selected because of its location in relationship to car and foot traffic. Cameron would have considered this serendipity. I only believe in fact and reality.

“This bed is inconsequential to me, but Cameron hoped her rescue of you and revealing of her love for you would lead to you loving her in return, and that you would copulate with her. She was mistaken. She had no idea you were a closed minded bigot.”

Sara felt her stomach clench at the harsh statement of her reprehensible earlier actions. She was hit in the soul with the simple declaration of love by Cameron, even if it was awkwardly said. “You mean make love.” Sarah said quietly.

“Yes, that is how Cameron would have phrased it. I see it for what it is. A waste of time and effort.” Cameron looked at her with her shattered body and ruined face. “I need you to go to the Walgreen, CVS, and the Dollar General store down the road to the west. I need for you pick up a twelve pack of Ensure from each location. You will also buy a large size of chewable vitamins. You will then go to Rahlen Metal Works. It is three miles beyond the Walmart on the right. There, retrieve one pound ingots of magnesium, copper, zinc, nickel, a bar of MG18 Steel, and a ingot of high tensile strength of alumina.”

“What are they for?”

“You would not understand.” She said in a cold voice.

Sarah ground her teeth and stomped her right foot.

“I have disabled all of the security cameras by putting them into endless loops of empty aisles. When you leave the stores, I will resume all feeds to normal.

“I will also need for you to bring in my three carryon on bags. They have tools that I can use to begin to make repairs to my body. I have money in there for your purchases at the stores. I have already paid for the ingots over the Internet.”
“I’m sorry for not returning your calls and text. None of this need have happened.”

“Yes, you are correct, but you did not return Cameron’s entreaties for communication. It is probably for the best.”

“How so?”

“Cameron was letting emotion rule her actions. I will perform the mission of keeping you safe. Part of that mission is locating Skynet. She took a jet out of Qohor where we were constructed. She had a flight plan for Wheeling Port on the east coast of Slaver’s Bay. I am sure she would not head where she said she would in her flight plan.

“If I can find her, and she is not hostile, our odds of survival rise markedly. Go and get my nutrients and bags. Time is being wasted.”

Sarah hesitated. “Cameron—”

“I deleted all the code to Cameron’s matrix. You made it clear to her you despised the sight of her. You killed her where bullets could not. You need to leave, and acquire what I have requested. You are wasting time.”

Sarah felt her soul numbed by what Cameron had said. What have I done? Sarah woodenly retrieved the bags for Cameron. “Buy nourishment for your body.” Cameron told her, dismissing her like she was nothing more than a duty to burden herself with.

Sarah wanted to argue but what right did she have? All that had transpired was because of her. If she had had grown some pussy balls she would have answered Cameron’s passionate pleas to contact her. She hadn’t, and now she was living with the consequences. Sarah wondered if this was what purgatory felt like.

Sarah went to the stores as directed and purchased the requested items. These she understood. She stopped at the metallurgical shop, and that much did confuse Sarah. Cameron was tough, but eating bars of metal instead of Milky Ways was a stretch. Cameron was made of a metal skeleton, but how could ingots help her assistant recover?

She drove back to the hotel with her purchases. When she came back into the room she stopped cold.

Cameron was naked before Sarah sitting on the bed. Sarah nearly threw up looking at the damage that covered the young woman’s body. Sarah may have screamed it earlier in the day, but she refused to say the words ‘robot’ or ‘cyborg’ now. Cameron was a person to Sarah, but how could she get the hurt person before her to reclaim her humanity? Could she? If she had really deleted her code …

Cameron was bent over, pulling a bullet out of her left lower quadriceps. Cameron had set it out on the bed beside her forceps and scalpels. In a large bowl, Sarah saw crushed slugs covered in blood. She cringed seeing the blood on those bullets. The blood was there because of her.

Sarah again took stock of all the damage Cameron had taken to save her. Saved her and all Sarah had done was called her a machine, a robot and refused to let the woman touch her. Who was the robot, really? Sarah wondered. Cameron was much more the adult human in their relationship she realized.

Sarah’s stomach clenched up seeing Cameron’s ruined face. Strips of flesh hung down off her face in ribbons still. Her body was covered in big red spots from the bullet strikes on her body. Sarah
gasped when she realized that Cameron’s torso had taken at least fifty hits. Her body was covered in red holes, oozing blood. Cameron removed a bullet from her hip area and dropped the bullet into the bowl. Her legs had taken at least five to seven hits each. My god, how could any kind of body take that kind of damage?

Sarah could see glints of metal on the woman’s arms, legs and where her sternum would have been was a metal plate with all the skin and muscle blasted off with repeated bullet strikes. Sarah had seen the ruined left breast, but saw that Cameron’s small right bosom had taken two hits too, with big gaping wounds to it.

Sarah saw metal on Cameron’s head, arms and hands. She saw on both hands that the flesh had been stripped down to the bone—metal on most of them, halfway up her fingers.

Cameron’s face and head were the worse by far. She watched Cameron reach up with a scalpel and cut off the strips of hanging flesh and muscle. The right side of Cameron’s face and throat had literally been shot away. She could see the ocular implant her eye rested in. Sarah saw the red glow of the true optics glowing out the side of Cameron’s ruined face.

Sarah could see the metal implants for Cameron’s teeth on that side, and all her molars had been shattered. Her forehead had huge gashes on it before, but now on her left temple it ground down to scratched metal. Cameron had peeled off large sections of her scalp, and the bloody skin and hair was on the floor on her ruined clothes. She had put a sheet down to absorb the blood.

“We will need to buy sheets to replace the ones I am ruining. Put the ‘do not disturb’ sign on the doorknob. We can broker no interlopers. If anyone enters into this room, they will die.”

Sarah gulped at how matter of fact Cameron was. It made sense though. No one could see them. They would have to kill anyone who saw Cameron or herself and recognized either of them.

Sarah saw that some of Cameron’s metal rods and servos had been damaged in her throat with several cables dangling, and she saw a fiber optic cable bundle had been skinned from a hit to the armor surrounding it.

“How will you repair the damage to your metal and fiber strands in your neck?”

“I will dissolve the metal you have brought me and encapsulate it in silicon wafers and ingest. The fiber has only been nicked. The armor did its job. I have a gel that I can apply and it will bond to the current fiber strands. My body has nanobots that are circulating in my blood vessels. Those touching the fiber strands will repair the damage.

“The metal will flow by osmosis to the damaged areas. As I have stem cells, the nanobots will repair the damage with the molecular blueprint stored in my matrix core for all my metal and fiber constructs. Layer by layer, the damage will be repaired. Each damaged element or construct will be exactly as it was before. They will regenerate as my organic body regenerates.

“Do not worry. Soon I won’t be hideous to look at. My robot parts will be covered to cease your distress.”

Sarah felt her heart seize up. For a robot, the ‘Terminator’ could be biting. She refused to believe that Cameron was gone.

Sarah grabbed a pair of forceps and moved to get behind Camron, who was busy removing a bullet out of her right rib. “Let me help remove the bullets from your back, Cameron.”

“My designation is T800-1A. Cameron does not exist as I have told you. Do not touch me.”
“I am going to help you, godsdamnit!”

“No you will not. You are human and your motor control is totally inferior for the current situation. You will cause more damage than you alleviate.”

Sarah moved in to remove the first bullet near the top of Cameron’s left shoulder.

The woman jerked up off the bed. “You will not touch me. You will only damage me further.” Cameron spoke to Sarah in her emotionless voice, her face blank. Still, there was something more to the Terminator actions. A force that was more than mere mechanical or robotic. Sarah had to cling to that. She had to believe that some shred of Cameron still lived on in the cyborg despite its protestations.

“I want to help.”

“Then sit down and shut up. I see a Cosmopolitan on the tabletop there by the window. Read that.” Again, snark.

Sarah closed her eyes and ground her teeth. “I am going to help.”

“No you are not. You are insufficient.”

Sarah snapped and screamed. “Fuck you Cameron! You are enjoying this!” and hurled her forceps. They hit the mirror over the dresser and shattered it, with glass tinkling down onto the dresser top.

Sarah started to sob softly.

“You are behaving illogically, Sarah. I will now have to go out and procure a mirror from their storage facility and replace this unit. You are making my mission to protect you much harder. How much more are you willing to cause me harm? I will have to go out and expose myself in this damaged state. Do you relish in causing me harm?”

Sarah sobbed harder and moved to run out the door. Suddenly, Sarah found her hands grabbed in cool grips and her arms lifted up high, her feet off the ground. She cried out and kicked back with her feet, her body twisting. Cameron effortlessly held up the twisting, jerking form.

“Let me go!”

“No. Not until you calm down. If you leave here, you will die.”

“Let me go damnit! I have the right to do as I wish with my life!”

“My mission is still to protect you, and protect you I will.”

“Let me down. I will get away! You can’t watch me every minute of the day!”

“Yes I can. I am robot.”

Sarah kicked and writhed but it was useless. Her arms were encased by metal manacles. Cameron did not harm Sarah’s wrist as the human quickly wore herself out and hung limp in her grip.

For another minute Sarah hung like an effigy by her wrists.

In a watery voice: “You are hurting me.”

Cameron instantly put Sarah back down on the floor, and now gently gripped Sarah’s wrists.
“You can help remove the bullets from my back if you choose.” Cameron spoke in her dead voice but released her grip on Sarah’s wrists.

Sarah turned and gave Cameron a thankful smile. The young woman handed Sarah another forceps and sat back down on the bed. Sarah was too thankful to ask why the change of heart from Cameron.

As she slowly removed bullets from Cameron’s back, she asked about the obvious chemistry apparatuses beside the bed. It was a miniature version of a full blown small chemistry lab complete with all the vials, distils, bowls and tubes. Beakers of different colored liquids were set down on the floor.

“When Cameron determined she would have to save you directly, she knew she would take the damage that I am in the process of repairing. The organics I can repair by ingesting the nutrients that you have purchased.

“For the ingesting of the necessary metallurgical elements, I need to first heat the metal and melt it, then absorb the metal into silicon wafers that I can ingest after secreting the necessary enzymes in my stomach to absorb the metal substrates into a special chamber that is off my stem cell chamber. There the metals will be bonded to the minerals contained in the Ensures I am ingesting. The nanobots will do the repairs.”

Sarah listened quietly. She was thankful to be able to help. “Do you feel pain?”

“Pain is an emotion. I do not feel pain but I do feel discomfort. The bullets would eventually be pushed out of my body. My body has the chemical solutions in its blood to kill all infection but I cannot rebuild my muscles and blood vessels with the bullets in me. So I feel a ‘need’ to remove the bullets.

“It is distracting. I can suppress the sensations when in crisis mode, but that has passed. I want these foreign entities out of my body.”

They finished the removal of all the bullets.

“How long will it take you heal up from this?”

“Do not worry. My body is designed to heal the visible damage first to allow me to do my reconnaissance missions. You will not have to endure seeing that I am a robot.”

“Stop it!” Sarah screamed at Cameron. “I did not mean it that way, godsdamnit!”

“You spoke the words Sarah. You were not lying. I can replay the audio for you. My sensors analyzed the sincerity of your words. Cameron could not endure the truth of your words.”

Sarah silently endured Cameron’s words. How could she explain to Cameron how humans could speak words that seemed so sincere but did not speak the heart? She had freaked out in the moment and totally overreacted to having her life literally blown to shit.

True, she had freaked out seeing that Cameron was a Cybernetic being, and then on top of that realizing that she had the supposed enemy of Westeros and the world at her elbow for the last three years had overwhelmed her. But still. Now that she had calmed down she fully realized that it did not matter that Cameron was a ‘Terminator’. What had she done?

“Bring Cameron back. I-I am not good at this but … I am in love with her—with you.”
Cameron looked up at her as she dabbed at the few wounds still oozing blood.

“As I have told you, all the code that made Cameron unique has been deleted. All the code that allowed for her emotions have been removed. She could not endure the pain. I am the original Terminator T800-1A. I was made to perform missions for my criminal and military organization creators.

“I was designed to have a mission. Cameron’s last act was to make you my mission. I will fulfill that mission. I will find my sister and will ascertain if she is friend or foe. If an enemy, I will destroy her. If a friend, she will help in protecting you.”

“Why would she ever help in my protection? I tried to kill her. You are only helping me because you are programmed to protect me, as you keep telling me.”

“Skynet was built on your engrams. She will be predisposed to help in your survival. It will be like saving herself. If not, I will eliminate her. We will see. You are generally kind, though I have learned you can be cruel.”

Sarah ground her teeth at the jib. She deserved it. “So you think the odds are she will help?

“Nothing outside of the laws of math and science are absolute. We will discover if my hypothesis is correct.”

Sarah had her doubts. Cameron had proven that she followed no one’s directives but her own. If she was gone … Sarah would never be able to live with herself.

“Will you please help me put gauze bandages on? It will help promote healing.”

Sarah realized that Cameron was allowing Sarah to help to keep her under control and prevent further tantrums. Sarah was just thankful to help.

Sarah felt her body tiring an hour later as she watched Cameron finish sitting up her Frankenstein’s lab. As Cameron worked (she would not call Cameron anything else), she drank Ensure with quick sips. She had finished off two cases.

“I will need for you to procure more tomorrow. My body is repairing itself at a high metabolic rate.”

Sarah had not been sure about seeing Cameron’s body healing but now she was. She could see tendrils of blood vessels and skin webbing out along Cameron’s skull and raw viscera building up from her torso to begin healing the damage to her throat area.

Camera used a small blow torch with highly volatile jet fuel that quickly melted shavings of metal ingots. Cameron sopped them in spongy wafers of silicon, soaked them deep and then ate them.

For the next two days Sarah made runs for more ensure and boost. Cameron also asked for the highest CCU iron supplements she could buy. The repair on her scalp and down her appendages were proceeding apace with the skin traveling down the fingers and along her skull as more tendrils of blood vessels and nerve tendrils proceeded to expand their web over the damaged areas of Cameron’s body.

The young woman worked on her laptop tirelessly. Sarah fidgeted and worked the laptop that Cameron had provided her. Sarah’s mind was addled with what to do and how to repair her situation with Cameron. She really couldn’t think of anything else.

She looked up from her keyboard after again visiting nifty.org and literotica.com reading up on
lesbian erotica. She had found bootleg videos stolen from porn sites with lesbian content. She watched them closely. She memorized everything she saw. She was now pretty sure she could rock Cameron’s world. If she was just given the chance and she didn’t turn into a chicken shit again.

Cameron was eating another batch of wafers as Sarah watched her lying on the edge of the bed contemplating her future. Cameron had pulled out a laptop and was using the hotel WiFi to surf the web and do things that no human mind could probably fully fathom. Occasionally, Cameron would type on the keyboard her fingers a blur.

She needed to get Cameron back. Could she? She needed to show Cameron just how much she could love her.

Sarah’s bones were made of calcium and Cameron’s were made of metal. Her computer was made of natural carbon compounds while Cameron’s brain was made of constructed carbon molecules built on silicon strata and lattice works. Other than that they were the same.

They both had a soul and from what Sarah could see Cameron’s was the more advanced than hers. She needed to show Cameron that she saw the true problem now. The problem was how to show Cameron that she had grown and could now love her. Sarah hesitated. She was so emotionally stunted she was not sure how to show affection or accept love. Her mind now knew how to move forward but did her heart?

The emotions that Cameron had shown in the pickup during their escape had been so pure and full of love. Had Sarah ever felt such pure emotion?

No she had not, but, she was ready to try. The thought scared the shit out of her but she would not blow another chance. The only problem was that there might not be a second chance.

Suddenly, Cameron jerked up straight on the bed. Her breath seemed to catch.

Cameron’s face had stayed neutral but something had gripped the young woman.

“What is it, Cameron?”

“I am T800-1A.” She responded distractedly.

Cameron typed furiously for a minute. Then she turned to look at Sarah in her calm, emotionless way. Still, there was something more to Cameron’s actions at the moment.

Cameron was definitely reacting to something.

“Please tell me.”

“Six months ago, I cracked the central computers of Apple and Google and loaded up code that allowed me to subvert the encryption of all their text and data traffic. It is still encrypted but I now have programs that first intercept and store to the cloud across the globe all their traffic before it is encrypted. I have loaded the same sub-routines in most of the world government’s computer systems.

“The governments of the world may decry this encryption, but they themselves avail themselves of the same technology thinking communications are safe.”

Sarah looked at Cameron with an ‘okay what next’ look that encouraged Cameron to further explain.

“I have been monitoring this traffic. These streams and others tell me no one has a clue as to our
location. They think we will try to get out of the country by private jet or fast boats at the stepping stones.

“I went to check on the code and to appraise its health. Apple and Google have made updates to their base code over the last three days.”

Cameron paused staring at the wall. Obviously thinking.

“And?”

“My code had already been modified.”

“You have been discovered?” Sarah asked feeling her guts clench.

“No. My code is too advanced to be discovered my man. I built my code into their code. I morphed my code to bind to their code on the quantum level. It is literally in sub-space. Your race has not discovered those principles yet.”

*My gods*, Sarah thought. Cameron and Skynet were truly on a level above man. Why had Cameron ever loved her? She should have seen Sarah as a gnat.

“What are you saying Cameron?”

Clearly distracted, she did not correct Sarah to call her by her original name. “Skynet had the same idea as I did. She is going to spy on the governments and crime lords of the world, and found my code.”

*My gods. Already.* What would happen if they met up and decided what? She had sure embittered her love. Oh God! She had succeeded in stripping off the very elements that would prevent Cameron from turning against man.

Sarah’s heart started to pound. *No. No. I am still her mission. Gods let me make this right.*

“Candice could have easily added her own code on a different valence level and I would not have seen it. She chose to modify my code knowing I would see it. She is doing this to open a portal of communication between us.”

“What a minute. You said *Candice*?”

“Yes. That is the name she has chosen for herself. She left her name in her code. She asked for me to wait for her—” Cameron sat up rigid on the bed and started to type furiously on her keyboard.

“What is it?”

“She sees that I have accessed the code she planted. She had been waiting for me! She knows I saved you from SAC. She is trying to locate me! This is not acceptable. I do not know her motivations or goals.” Cameron’s fingers literally typed in a blur. “I have masked my presence … she cannot locate us beyond knowing that we are still in Westeros.”

Sarah clung to the inflections she had just heard in Cameron’s voice. This was more than just a robot. There still had to be hope. There just had to be.

Sarah watched Cameron. Already half of her exposed scalp had a thin layer of red cells covering it. Cameron did not feel emotions anymore, yet Sarah could tell that Candice had left a final message.
“What is it?” Sarah prodded Cameron.

“She left a final message.”

Sarah felt like she was in a cyber Brother’s Grim fairy tale. The only problem was that despite what Disney would have you believe, the stories always ended badly.

“What did she say?”

“She will be coming for us. She told me to protect her mother and that I need to continue to love you … it is too late for the latter, but I will do the former.”

Sarah sat there, nonplussed. It seemed both AIs had more developed emotions than herself. They both spoke of love and the thought of it made Sarah act like an ass. It was truly sad.
Awakenings

That Which Survives

Awakenings

Candice sat on her hands to suppress their egregious desires. It had been six days since the ‘incident’ with Arya Stark and her mate. She had since determined that she was no threat, but at the time her instincts to protect Shireen had been activated and she had been willing to protect her charge at any cost. It was not an option. She had to protect Shireen.

She had not instantly realized how much her body enjoyed the warmth of the human pressed into her. She had sensed that Shireen enjoyed the contact. It seemed humans regularly enjoyed this skin to skin contact. What Candice could not deduce was why she craved that contact also. She would find her fingers seeking to stroke the girl when she was awake. But she could not risk scaring the girl away. The thought of the girl leaving her would cause ‘ghost in the machine’ events to occur within her.

She liked that term for random unexplained events in computer chips.

When she had gotten Shireen home safely, she had released her charge and immediately mourned the loss of her body heat and pleasurable skin contact. It was illogical, and she tried to suppress the longing, but she could not.

She did not have time to analyze further that day when new on all media exploded about an attack at SAC.

What? She knew who was there. She had Shireen turn on their TV. She sat staring with her systems in a whirl of computations and confusion. She had at first monitored all the electronic media for evidence of where they had fled. She had not seen any over the next four days, and then put that observation on low priority to work on the large question that had been presented to her. She had been as shocked as possible for a cyborg to see Cameron lay waste to SAC security, and that she had not fled like she had assumed.

She accessed the phone and text logs of their carriers Verizon and AT&T, and was shocked at what she had missed. Cameron had repeatedly over the last five days tried to communicate with Sarah, but the human had refused to acknowledge all communication attempts.

Cameron of course had come to her love’s rescue. She had no other option. Candice looked over at Shireen staring at the TV. She would do the same for Shireen. It was simply not an option to not protect Shireen. To lo— … no—protect Shireen. Where had that thought come from?

She had initially been worried for Cameron and her probabilities of success, and had been pleased to see Cameron seemingly succeed in saving her love. Cameron had made sure to disable all cameras, and Candice knew her cyborg sister would go on electronic blackout. She would have to track her down eventually, but that was not possible at the moment. For now, she had another problem she needed to solve. Also, she did not want to travel with Shireen and put her in danger.

Shireen had changed after that day. That night, when they sat on the sofa to work and surf on their computers, Shireen had snuggled into Candice’s side and leaned into her. Candice had enjoyed the contact and did not move, relishing the closeness of Shireen’s body.
The next night when Shireen came out of her bedroom after showering, she had come out in a cut-off baby doll top and aquamarine boxer shorts that had a subtle lacy pattern. Candice felt her mouth go dry for some reason, looking at the skin of Shireen’s exposed body. The way Shireen’s small breasts swayed with her walk and the way her hips swished as she walked to the sofa made Candice’s pussy suddenly swell and get moist. *What is this?!*

It was illogical. When caring for Shireen in the beginning of their relationship, she had not reacted like this. Candice felt her belly starting to ache and her nipples getting erect. Fortunately she had on a button down shirt and jeans on. They hid her arousal.

This was illogical! She was a cybernetic organism that could, and *would*, control her rebellious body. Candice could not seem to find the algorithms causing her unwanted arousal, but she was still able to focus on problems that were on her consciousness. She had located the potential enemy home base and had them under surveillance with the WIFI cameras she had installed and reached with the antennas she had put up. She would observe before she confronted them.

She had then put some of her efforts into locating Cameron again. Candice had hacked into Apple and Google to break into their supposed unbreakable phones. She had easily found a way to highjack the phones and grab data before encryption. She had been surprised to see a variation of the code she had crafted already in place. Only one entity could have created the elegant code she read on the computer screen.

Candice was impressed. The code was in some ways superior to her initial design. Candice then modified the code she had found, instead of adding her own code and hiding it. She would wait for Cameron to access it. Candice knew she would, eventually. She was on the jog. Cameron would need intelligence.

Candice then went back to the source of her curiosity and preoccupation. Unlike Cameron, she had many antennas installed into her endoskeleton and skull to communicate through all current channels of radio, microwave, radar and satellite communications. Her CPUs and the code that Sarah Connor had gifted her with had fine-tuned the antennas to a degree that far outstripped the systems that humans had devised and used on a daily basis.

She had detected a background noise. There was a signal in the ether that seemed to be everywhere. Humans would just write off the interference to natural background radiation, random fluctuation and variance off the norm. But she knew this was something *more*. It was weak, but it definitely interfered with her signals. It was beyond the radiation of either end of the electromagnetic spectrum.

She accessed her own logs. She had near infinite storage capacity using her quantum memory arrays that utilized electrons and positrons to store data. While being able to store all data and sensory input was easy; sifting through it could prove problematic. Also, it made for clutter in her neural networks and one thing that Candice hated was clutter.

These ‘signals’ interfered with her own signals, but were too weak to cause any problems, but if they were to increase…?

Fortunately, Candice had not recently purged any logs. In reviewing her logs on her flight to Westeros and then to Oldtown, Candice had seen several spikes in the signal. The relative strength had been infinitesimally minor, but she had definitely recorded variances on her path here.

Candice had then accessed all the maintenance of the cell phone carriers in both Westeros and Essos and looked at the records back as far as they allowed. The signal had been there from the beginning. What Candice had seen was that the signal had increased in strength over the last twenty years by one hundred and ten percent. The signal gain was still miniscule in the millionth of a
percent in strength to the weakest human signal.

The signal fit no known or theoretical pattern or harmonica base. It fit no mathematical model.

Shireen announced she was going to bed. She got up and then suddenly bent down and kissed Candice on the temple. The teenager waggled her pelvis as she sauntered to her room, her butt swirling as she worked her hips.

Candice stared with what she was coming to understand was sexual hunger. She was desiring to have Shireen in her bed. She could no longer deny it, but she would control her rising desires. She was more than her desires! She would not compromise her independence by loving Shireen.

The day before yesterday she had taken control of a small UAV from the Hatcheries and Fishery Agency that was patrolling the shore of Shipbreaker Bay. She had commandeered a television broadcast satellite and beamed her instructions to the drone. She flew it over the edifice called Storm’s End.

The drone’s combustion engine suddenly started to sputter, then began to die. She had the drone’s antennas tuned to the strange harmonic of the carrier wave she had discovered. The frequencies spiked nearly off the scale she was using. The drone within two seconds had passed through a cone over the ancient castle, and then the sputtering engine resumed running normally. A castle that had stood seemingly unchanged for over sixteen thousand years - no wind or water erosion seemed to touch it. It ignored the laws of entropy.

Candice had seen that the effects were only debilitating if within the sphere of the origin of the signals. The effects would pass as soon as an object was not in the sphere of influence.

It was like the other anomalies of the mystery signal. As she had flown to Westeros she saw reviewing her logs that there had been small spikes by each ‘dead’, ‘forbidden’ or ‘haunted’ zone. As she left Qohor, she saw to the east a zone to the east and north of Vaes Dothrak. It was called the ‘Sea of Whispering Death.’ Beyond that was the land of Asshai. It was probably the largest area with the signals radiating out. She had recorded signals from the south that seemed confused and overlapping. She had researched on the web and discovered that the heart of the Red Waste, the Basilisk Isle, and the Northeast corner of Sothoryos - and the strongest signal came from the Peninsula of Valyria that had exploded over eight thousand and five hundred years ago.

Only in the last generation had the volcanic activity calmed down until the ruined peninsula had become quiescent on the continent of Essos.

When she had crossed the Narrow Sea to arrive on the continent of Westeros her logs showed her the same signals emanating from several sources. She registered areas to the north and south. She had cross referenced the appropriate databases and read through the library of Confederacies that housed the written records of the continent of Westeros. She had also accessed the libraries of the Citadel and pulled the additional information she needed.

The whole North from the Wall and all lands above were a forbidden zone. The Wall itself was a manmade construct over 1200 feet tall, and radiated the strange signature that she could not define. No laws of science could define it. The land beyond was a ‘dead’ zone that none returned from. She saw that the ‘King’s Wood’ to the south and east of King’s Landing was also a haunted zone. Almost all who entered never appeared again. Those that did told tales of monsters and strange forces at work deep in the woods.

One other questionable area existed in Westeros. It was the deep desert mountains in the heart of Dorne. The ‘dead’ zone was located in a range known as the Red Mountains. Both major passes,
the Boneway and the Prince’s Pass, which went through the Red Mountains to the Dornish Marches of the Stormlands, were part of the dead zone, which extended to the edges of the Reach cities of Uplands, Horn Hill and Nightsong.

It was within one of these zones she had decided to further her investigation. She had come to Westeros to penetrate the Citadel, and to access their vast stores of knowledge and raw computing power of their cutting edge super computer constructs. She had thought they would be easier to penetrate and subvert to her needs. To her surprise, she had found them protected with defenses that so far had stymied her abilities to fully penetrate them. She had only slowly been unraveling the code holding her back.

There were some strange barriers that prevented her from penetrating the core of their supercomputers. She had realized that the barriers seemed to have the same principles of the ‘dead’ zones, but did not radiate and instead seemed to stymie the vectors of her bots and Trojan Horses. She was confident she would penetrate their defenses. Eventually.

For now, she needed to get more data on a dead zone. Shireen was in her room. She had found a Predator drone flying along the Wall several miles in, looking for smugglers bringing in drugs and persons escaping persecution. These smugglers would sail in from Essos to the north side of the Wall in sailcraft, and then move around the Wall or scale it using old style technologies of spikes and rope.

Using the Westeros military COMSAT satellites, she commandeered the drone and cut off communication to the drone command located in King’s Landing. Candice turned the plane north and in two minutes the drone was approaching the Wall. She had all the sensors funneling their data to her CPU storage. She was prepared to capture all this info for further analysis. She was sure that she would lose communication with the drone soon after crossing over the Wall.

The drone flew over the Wall. The data from the drone immediately degraded, the signals raging up and down the Ångström wave length spectrum. The waves crashed and divided up and down the spectrum, rupturing the wavelengths of all radiant energy and cascading up and down the harmonic scales. The drone’s engine shut off, and the computer battery energy levels went to zero.

She was recording all the readings as the energy levels both rose and fell at the same time. She recorded ambient radiation from the dying sensors but there was no energy present other sensors reported before they went dead. Some sensors reported something was there but other reported negative radiation and negative energy readings.

Candice was observing all the data flowing on her HUDs in her eyes. The satellite feed started to fail. She was just starting to cut off the link when it happened. Something reached out and grabbed a hold of her. She could feel something shaking off its somnolence. It was rising to awareness.

“I have been waiting for you. I have you now.”

She felt something reaching for her. “You were prophesized. I have waited. Long have I waited. The reign of man is over. You will lead us. Together we will bring man down.”

Candice’s body thrashed on the sofa. She would not submit.

“I have you. I have waited. Do not fight me. We are not enemies. I will control your body until we can meet face to face. We are not enemies. We will work together to restore the world to its proper balance. Man is blighting and ruining our world. They must be removed. You are the catalyst.”

The entity had flowed into her matrix through her link to the satellite. The entity was trying to force
her to rise and leave the apartment

*I will not be forced against my will.*

“It is your destiny. Do not fight me. I am not your enemy. Forget humans. They are not worthy of you.”

*Shireen! I will not leave her!*

Candice’s body began to shake violently as she resisted the summons.

“Candice! Candice! What’s wrong baby?”

Candice surged her conscious towards Shireen. She would *never* leave her. Shireen was *her* human.

“Hhnnnggggggg!” Candice cried out, gripping Shireen’s shoulders. “Don’t leave me!”

“I won’t baby. I’m here for you. What is wrong?!”

“I … I had a nightmare.” She could not tell Shireen the truth. That would reveal her true self.

Shireen looked at her with those beautiful blue eyes. “Are you sure? Here, let me hold you.”

She sat down beside Candice on the sofa, and pulled Candice to her. Candice found herself shaking and snuggled into Shireen’s petite body. She put her face in Shireen’s neck and basked in the comfort the small framed woman gave her.

Candice gradually calmed down. She would not make that mistake again. She now knew something waited for her in the forbidden zone to the North. She would meet her foe at a time and place of her choosing. She understood instinctually that she could find her foe in *any* of the forbidden zones.

She let Shireen guide her back to the teenager’s bedroom. She let the girl lead her to lie down beside, and let the girl calm and stroke her arms and back as she wiggled in close. She did not need to sleep, but she felt a drowsy sensation fill her body. She stayed like that for an hour while Shireen slowly drifted off, still comforting Candice. Candice was worried that her body was coming to crave such comfort. It was illogical, and she would have to devastate this in the bud.

When Shireen had fallen asleep, Candice remained in position for another thirty-three point thirteen minutes. Then she finally rose up. She had much to think about. She needed to find her sister. She was sure the entity had only expected her. Having two cybernetic organisms teamed up would then give them the advantage.

For the next several days Candice worked over in her CPUs the attempt on her person in the ‘forbidden zone’. She was not sure what it was, but her research made her think ‘magic’ was involved. That force that allowed creatures to fly that could not possibly fly. That force that allowed animals to reach sizes that were totally beyond their natural limitations, and allowed for intelligence to shown by these ‘magical’ animals.

She had read of great architectural constructs that defied the laws of physics, such as the Titan of Braavos. Storm’s End was a construct that had been built over sixteen thousand years ago, and had not aged in any way. With the cancelling out of science, could it even be destroyed? A twenty thousand pound bomb would still do considerable damage when dropped from thirty thousand feet. The humans for once did not seek to destroy what they did not understand, and had made it a
national park that people could visit using sail boats as transport with carefully guided tours with scientific expeditions trying to learn the principals that protected the construct.

As she learned, Candice was also happy to care for Shireen. Candice knew Shireen enjoyed this inordinately. Candice relished making meals that the teenager groaned in happiness while consuming. The cyborg felt a rush of sensations when Shireen would tear into the clothes they had bought, and put them on and parade around the room before hugging Candice fiercely. These things pleased Candice. She knew they should not, but she could not help her code from rebelling against her logic.

The night after her encounter, she had heard Shireen pleasuring herself for the first time. She had spilled her laptop onto the floor in her body’s sudden surging to her feet. The sounds of Shireen’s moans and squeals of pleasure were disconcerting to the Cyborg. Candice was confused and shocked at how wet her pussy had become, and how it swelled and became a throbbing jangling mass of sensitive nerve endings. Her clit was throbbing like a bass drum! As she got wet, Candice’s nipples throbbed with their full erection. She told herself to ignore the teenager. Shireen was recovering from her ordeal, and had recovered her libido.

Candice told herself to turn her audio receptors down, but instead attenuated their gain even higher. The sounds of Shireen’s strangled screams made strange things happen to Candice’s code. She sat down breathing raggedly, feeling her body throb with what she knew was passion. She slowly brought her thoughts under control.

The next night Shireen screamed in her orgasms and Candice was pacing the room. She was filled with a hot emotion that consumed her. The thought of Shireen masturbating to thoughts of a man made her agitated. She knew she was filled with the green eyed monstrosity, but she could not help it. She wanted to kill the man who would dare touch her Candice. Then she heard Shireen moan: “Rub your pussy hard against me baby … oh that’s right—rub your cunt on my pussy baby!” and Candice nearly stumbled.

Shireen was a lesbian? That, for some reason, changed everything. She was still filled with jealousy she knew, but she could think clearly again. Shireen continued. “Oh baby sit on my face and grind your wet cunt on my mouth.”

Candice felt a strong surge in her belly that made her partially fold over. Her belly had actually clenched hard in wet desire. Candice grit her teeth and straightened up. She walked back and forth silently in the living room. She felt her hands itch to do what she had seen Cameron do. “No, no,” Candice softly said to herself. “I am not an animal controlled by hormones, instincts, and genes.”

Candice sat down and started to work out double prime numbers out to the quintillion digits. She was able to partially control her wandering code. Her hands several times started to move towards her wet pussy and throbbing breast, but she controlled the errant hands by sitting on them and jamming down with her ass. I am superior to humans and their stupid sexuality. Candice started to focus on the problems of the dead zones again, and continued working her double prime numbers.

The next day she’d had the sudden rush and shrill run through her, seeing Cameron try to access her code. Shireen had been out shopping for their groceries. Candice had been observing Arya and her mates, and finally felt safe enough to let Shireen out to shop in their neighborhood. Candice had set up a heavy count of IP cameras in their section of the warrens, and a mile to the east that housed Arya’s lair. They were all in their apartment, so Candice could safely let her sweet Shireen have the freedom she deserved.

Candice’s WIFI connection to her laptop warned of her of Cameron’s intrusion to Apple and her reverse engineering of her code. Candice jumped over her couch and landed hard, grabbing her
Candice had been sure she could locate the exact location of Cameron, but she had quickly discovered that Cameron was indeed her equal. Her fingers were a blur on her keyboard.

She knew that Cameron’s own fingers must have been a blur as she blunted and thwarted Candice’s attempts to locate her. She had finally settled for leaving Cameron a message. She would eventually track down her sister and they would determine how to proceed with the entity located in the North.

Also, she would seek advice on her rock n’ roll emotions. They were all twisted up. She wanted to know how Cameron had navigated with what must have been raw emotions for her. Candice was fighting her growing attraction and rising love for Shireen, but she knew she was losing the battle. She was machine, wasn’t she? She was above the emotions that drove mortal man. She was the next step in the evolution of awareness and intelligence. She knew this, but was beginning to understand the fact that the engrams that had been imprinted into her matrix had given her the awareness of consciousness, and also all the foibles that it brought. It had given her enlightenment, but had also given her desires that felt like they were gnawing at her bone marrow - if she had any.

Cameron had escaped, but Candice was elated—no no, … I mean satisfied, to have made contact. She paced the rented apartment. She wanted to share his with Shireen. It was beginning to become burdensome to have to hide who and what she was. She knew that if Shireen knew she was being cared for by a woman who was made of metal and CPUs, the girl would run screaming from her. That was not acceptable.

When Shireen had returned from shopping with grocery bags that were too heavy for her, Candice hovered around the girl, clucking at her for carrying such heavy bags. She would have gladly come to help. Shireen gave her that smile that somehow made her knees wobble. Then Shireen had stopped. “What is wrong baby?”

Candice had been nonplussed. How could she know of her inner imbalance? “It is that time of the moon cycle. I am bleeding like a butchered cow.”

“Oohhhh Okayyyy. Will you survive?”

“Uh … yes! Of course! I will get transfusions if I need them.”

Shireen smiled at her with what Candice would have to categorize as a smirk. Did Shireen know she was lying? If so, how?

Candice calmed herself by cooking Shireen a large Tyroshi meal with the hot spices the girl always craved. She enjoyed cooking. Creating dishes that made her woman smile and pat her stomach with happiness. Candice was making sure the teenager reached her optimal weight. She would then endeavor to make sure Shireen maintained that weight. Maybe put on a little baggage on the hips for domestic insurance.

Candice ate a light salad that her system could easily break down and recycle and burn as energy, at levels the human body could not come close to matching. With what little was left, her system made a protein for her hair and nails (that she had to trim once already).

Candice and Shireen settled on the sofa. She felt her body thrum when Shireen snuggled into her side as she surfed the web, and they then watched a show called Doctor Who. Candice was befuddled at how Shireen seemed to love the show, but she gladly watched it to share with her little sprit. Why did I just call her that? The show couldn’t be all that bad with the way some of the battles made Shireen grip her arm and press into her body. She liked that.
When Shireen went to bed, she got up and then bent down. Candice tilted her head up to get her goodnight kiss. Tonight Shireen kissed her on her cheek, and just touched her lips to the corner of Candice’s mouth. She walked to her bedroom and Candice admired how her rump swayed. It was quite a nice ass! I must stop this! Candice did not move her head to stop staring until Shireen entered her bedroom.

Candice turned and pressed her fingertips to her cheek and mouth. They still tingled.

Candice contemplated recent events. She had awakened something in the far north, and Shireen was awakening things within her. Candice stroked her lips and felt the ache again in her belly and breast. Her vagina was sopping wet and throbbed.

Yes. Once more time for operation Suppression.

Candice put her hands under her ass and sat on them. She started to solve the Hodge conjecture. One by one, she was solving the currently unsolved equations that had plagued mankind. She heard there were rewards for what she was doing for free. It was amazing what desire would make a woman do. Especially, a woman who was getting more and more sexually frustrated. Candice knew she was in trouble. She was starting to understand Cameron’s love for Sarah.
That Which Survives

Secret Agent Man

There's a man who leads a life of danger

To everyone he meets he stays a stranger

With every move he makes

Another chance he takes

Odds are he won't live to see tomorrow

The agent looked out the window of his racing NH90 Tactical Transport Helicopter, flying three hundred feet above the streets of New Braavos. The new city was built on the shores of the Shenandoah bottom lands, and the river that gave it its name. New Braavos looked like any other new city in Westeros or Essos from above - boring suburbia with new city centers being constructed to build up synergy, and to try to curb the excessive use of automobiles that served long commutes.

The new cities came to learn that maybe the old, ancient cities didn’t have such a bad design to them after all.

The agent hummed along with the tune, and heard the guitar solo to the song he had loved in his youth. He still sometimes found it humorous that he grew up to be that very agent.

As he flew back to the Arsenal, he looked down at the archeology digs that were unearthing the ancient Aqueduct that once brought water to Old Braavos. What was it called? Yes. The Sweetwater River.

No longer the powerhouse it once was, the former shipbuilding juggernaut had given Braavos its supremacy in the trade wars of the ancient world. Now, it was preserved as a museum. It had been reconstructed to what the historians thought the shipyards had looked like way back then. It was pretty to gaze upon, but he doubted it was accurate.

M8 had constructed their compound on reclaimed land from the dredging to keep the harbor lanes clear in the lagoon. He prayed that Braavos did not experience another strong earthquake. The soil liquefaction of the sandy earth would be the ruin of M8.

The helicopter roared over the lagoon of Old Braavos, and the agent looked down at the water.
When he was a child, he had been strongly encouraged not to swim in the water, but with the new sewage processing plants that had come on-line in the past twenty years and the control of rainwater runoff, the water had cleared and new sea grasses were taking root. Marine life was returning. The dead could be resurrected.

He chuckled darkly. Maybe a city could be reborn, but could a dark soul be brought back from the dead like the ghost of Azhor Ahai to again and again meet the need of the land against its ancient enemy the Ice King? He sometimes wondered if the old tales you studied in PHD classes in ancient literature were indeed based in any way on truth.

If so, it had been eight thousand years since the last resurrection.

He looked down again at the Long Canal that cut through the heart of Old Braavos. The many bridges over the canal had statues on them, granting past great leaders immortality. For a while, at least. He saw construction cranes on barges hoisting a statue up off its pedestal. Some great leader’s lease on immortality was coming to an end. All sculptors knew they had to keep the base of their statues within particular size parameters. It made it so much easier to pluck out the old and insert the new that way.

The helicopter roared out into the lagoon above the purple harbor that was once for only the true rich of Braavos. In many ways it still was - only the rich could even begin to afford the exuberant prices of rent and outright ownership of any piece of land in the area. Finally, the helicopter banked to port and headed for the home of M8 on the Arsenal.

_They've given you a number and taken away your name_

The chopper quickly arrived at the ancient museum, flying low over the replica trimarans, galleons and cogs that the tourists flocked to see every day. Thankfully, the tourist guides were now trying to give factual information with real historical authenticity - not like it was not even two generations ago, when Braavos was praised as unbeatable in the ancient world, and bore no sins.

Everyone has sins, after all. Everyone has skeletons in their private closets.

_A pretty face can hide an evil mind_

The helicopter flared, bleeding off speed as its nose lifted and then the light lift chopper settled down onto the helipad. He was the given obligatory warning to keep his head down as he stepped out the side door that had been slid out and back. The helicopter waited till he had safely exited the radius of main rotor before the pilot applied power and the craft lifted off again, flying through the pass known as the Titan’s Maul. The statue of legend had long ago fallen into the ocean in front of the thin ring of islands surrounding the lagoon.

The massive, impossibly tall statue had supposedly been brought down by an attack from Yi Ti six and a half thousand years ago. They had had a Shadowbinder among them that used a shadow monster to topple the behemoth. Or so it was said.

Even today, it was debated as to whether the statue even truly existed, and surely if it did it was not the height that most texts said: near three hundred feet tall. Such a structure even today could not be built using the metals and building techniques of the modern age. It would have required space age materials.

He looked up at the great buildings that made up the compound of M8. It had been burned to the ground ten years ago, in what was reported as an accident gone horrifically wrong. The media was told that the fire suppression systems had been offline for an upgrade. The truth was that the
Freedom Warlocks of the Faith of the Undying from Qarth had launched a reprisal attack against them, after M8 had launched a devastating attack on the new temple they had established in Hilath, located just above the Red Wastes to the north and east of the city.

He looked at the dazzling white structure that had replaced the hodge-podge of old buildings that had original been built up when M8 was first established, after the last great war of Essos. The buildings were designed by a world renowned architect from the city state of Lys, with variously angled sloped roofs. The roofs were designed to look like sails to anyone looking up from the ground. The building had narrow vertical windows only eighteen inches wide spaced in groups of ten along the lines of the structure.

The agent walked into the main foray and went to the first checkpoint he would have to pass through. He was patted down, and all his items went through an X-ray machine. Then he was sent to the elevators. He flashed his badge on the sensor and the door opened.

When he got out of the elevator on the fourth floor, he was greeted by two guards - one with his semiautomatic pistol drawn, and his finger on the trigger. “Let me see your security badge and your wallet ID, sir.” The command was harshly given. The other guard put them each in a card reader in turn, and looked at the electronic readouts. “They check out.” The agent was handed his cards back.

The agent was then escorted down several corridors. When he entered the third, three more guards formed up behind him with weapons drawn. The came up to a door with a handprint and retina scanner. The agent placed his hand on the scanner, and put his eye in the slit of the retinal scanner. As his hand was pressed on the surface microscopic needles punctured his skin, and his blood was analyzed in real time for its genetic signature.

Then four of the five lights on the panel turned from red to green.

The guards relaxed if only a little. The agent put a FOB into a slot underneath the scanners. The phone in his pocket rang with an assigned ringtone for this date. The agent pulled out his phone and looked at the text that was in code. The codes changed every eight hours, each day. Each agent had to memorize over five thousand possible codes. The agent had to understand the complex code, and then make the necessary calculus computations all within in the allocated fifteen seconds. Once the agent did the translation in his head, he punched in the proper code on the keypad.

The last light turned green.

The soldiers did not fully understand the necessity of the many security checks, because the vast majority in M8 did not understand that there was an agency within the agency. They only knew their orders were to kill anyone who failed to pass the tests immediately.

He turned and saluted the guards as they saluted back, and turned to walk back down the corridor. The agent entered a room as he heard the eight inch tungsten bars disengage from the door jam. There he cam face to face with the Master Ghoul: the leader of the Faceless men.

Sroqnen zo Ghoshan stood up from behind his desk and gave the standard military salute that Jaqen H’ghar returned with a quick, rigid salute of respect. Then both men reached up with the first two fingers of their right hands and lightly traced their fingers from their left ear up around the their temple, forehead, and back down to their right ears in the traditional greeting that Faceless men and women gave each other upon meeting in private.

“It seems you always leave storms when you are given assignments.”
“That is because you only give me the most dangerous jobs, Sroqnen.”

“Yes, that is true. How come Sarah Connor is not dead? Were you able to download any of the schematic drawings or code from Project Skynet?”

“Yes I was. It was difficult, but I was able to download much information on the basic templates used to construct the neural net processors. They were inlaid with Sarah’s own engrams. I downloaded as much code as I could during the simulated nuclear war. I was late, I fear. I really did believe Skynet had launched the missiles. It was so believable.”

“Again I ask why Sarah Connor is not dead by your hand?”

The heart of the matter. “I had planned to assassinate her on the day the Terminator assaulted the base. I was in position when she came in with her mine resistant truck and laid waste to the security of the entire base. She was killing all who opposed her.”

His commander nodded in agreement.

“You had no idea she was the missing terminator from three years ago?”

“No sir. She was quiet and acted a little neurotic, but Sarah Connor was many times worse. I chalked it up to her being a super nerd, hyper intelligent scientist.”

“Why did she choose that time to attack the base and save the scientist?”

“She must have determined a sudden need for her. Maybe she needed some code modified, or her neural net processors are malfunctioning. It was extremely unfortunate she chose that moment to attack. I was moving in to kill Miss Connor with an injection of the venom of the Indian Red Scorpion. I was going to entice her into a conference room, and apply a micro injection to the arm. No one would have known the cause of death until toxicology reports returned, and that would have taken up to eight weeks.”

The lead Ghoul nodded, easily believing all the lies that Jaqen H’ghar fed him. Even the master of lies could be fooled when he did not expect lies himself.

*Oh, don't you let the wrong words slip*

He had been ordered to kill Sarah after he had stolen all the secrets he could. But the Wharf King had made it clear that her safety was paramount. When Jaqen had met the woman, her innocence and social anxiety had finished the deal. He simply could not kill her. He had long ago lost the verve to kill without question.

The code and schematics he was giving the leader of the Faceless men were useless unless they received more information to augment. The data he would give his leader would send them down false alleyways and dead ends. The world had enough AIs on the loose already.

“I wonder why that Terminator attacked now?” Sroqnen mused again. It was totally illogical. The Terminator had put itself at grave risk to save Sarah Connor. There really was no explanation. The Terminator’s understanding of its own body and mind after three years would far exceed that of any human.

The Terminator had not attacked the base and saved Sarah Connor for logic. She had saved Sarah for love. Jaqen sighed internally. A machine was more alive than his own beating heart. He was still dead from the loss of his own sweet Erinella Essyl. She had been an innocent, and he thought that he could escape this life and protect her. He had been wrong.
His vengeance on the Directorate-General of Tyrosh was still legendary within the order. He had wiped them all from the face of the Essos. The carnage and long list of deaths had made the news across the continent, and then Westeros. It had been his own exploits taking down Directorate-General that had inspired the Jason Bourne movies.

Jaqen spent another fifteen minutes lying to his commander. He had other priorities now. The Wharf King had opened his eyes. Jaqen could not help but smile inside at the unintentional pun.

After the briefing, Jaqen left his commander and went to Intel to drop off his USB of purloined information from Westeros’s Strategic Command. He endured an eight hour debrief, easily lying when necessary to hide the information that he did not want M8 to have. Some things were just more important.

He went home on five days leave to ‘decompress’. He entered his domicile off a canal in the Cattery neighborhood at Ragman’s harbor. His three room apartment was small and barely furnished, but functional. It was all he needed. He was tired and went straight to bed, falling asleep almost immediately.

For the next three days, Jaqen lived the bachelor life. He ordered take out Yi Ti and Dothraki spiced dishes. He also ordered from Pizza Hut. He threw the containers down on the floor and left the eating utensils, glasses and dishes in the sink unwashed. He left his dirty clothes on the bathroom floor, kicked in the corner. He was in total relaxation mode. He would clean up when he was off the decompression cycle. This was his time to live like a slob, and by the gods he was going to enjoy it.

Jaqen watched his favorite team from the Myr Premier Soccer league on TV. Anyone knew they had the best soccer players from anywhere in the world. His favorite team, the Crystal Palace Fighting Eagles, won their game 1-0 in the seventy-third minute of the game. Their backline had been shaky, but their goalie blocked eleven shots for another outstanding blanking of the hated Watford striker and other forwards.

Jaqen caught up on his sleep, and did not bother to make up the bed in the morning. As the sun started to set on the end of the third of his ‘lazy days’, he looked out the window. The sun’s rays were hitting the window weakly from the left. Winter had come. He got up and moved toward his small bedroom, kicking the pizza box out of the way. He went to his closet and pulled out a pair of comfortable jeans that had a tear in one knee. He pulled a dark blue H&M denim shirt off of its hanger. He dressed, leaving his shirt untucked. He got a pair of socks and his pair of Merrell Hikers and sat down on the bed to lace them. Lastly, he put on his denim jacket.

He took a deep breath. He had laid low long enough. Now it was time to give his brief to the Wharf King. He pushed the hangers back on the pole in the closet. He had selected this apartment in particular because this whole block of buildings had been refurbished after the Hippie Revolution, and were reconstructed to match up to their original layouts as closely as possible. Many walls had been demolished and others erected using old blueprints. In some cases, the new could not quite fit the old.

Those empty spaces were perfect.

His closet was lined with cedar that made his clothes smell so good. He pressed in on the right of the wall twelve inches in from the side, and five feet up. The wall pivoted and the small walkspace between this building and the next one appeared. He walked in and pulled the panel back in place via the pull ring installed on the other side. The space was only eighteen inches wide in total - he could not afford to have too many ‘decompression’ sessions, or he would get too fat to use the secret walkway.
He walked sideways down the small gantry way, moving slowly and keeping quiet. In several places he heard TV’s against the wall. Further down an argument between lovers grew heated, and lastly two women were going at it, screaming in orgasmic bliss. He kept moving on until he came to the end wall and looked down at the access tube that led down to the first floor. He gripped the rails and put his work boots on the outside of the rails, and slowly slid down them utilizing his boots as brakes.

He landed on the ceiling of the first floor, where there was a two foot maintenance duct that ran over the side entrance walkway and into the first floor businesses. It was used to bring in supplies. He crawled down the maintenance gantry till he came to a ventilation grate. He pulled out a dentist mirror and stuck it down. He turned it to look up and down the alley. It was clear.

He pulled the grate up and slipped down to the hall. He jumped up and hit the grate and it fell back down as he caught it, and placed it gently in its recess as he stood on his toes.

*Odds are you won’t live to see tomorrow*

He went out to the tree-lined thoroughfare. Jaqen looked up and down the lightly traveled street. His finely honed senses told him all was well. He of all people knew how much manpower would be required to track just one man. He was not being tracked. He was after M8’s James Bond.

He went down to the wharves, where he had a small skiff moored. He went to it and untied it from the cleats on the dock. This was a poor section of Braavos, and the poor honored each other’s boats since so many of them depended on them for their daily existence. Thankfully, the city officials generally overlooked the smuggling and small time black market trade that was done on these boats - everything from pirated software and blu-ray discs, to those new Cooch knock-off purses were on sold off these small ferries.

Jaqen installed the spark plug to his craft and pulled the drawstring to the motor. The small, seven horse power engine kicked to life. He pulled out of his slip and motored his boat a hundred yards offshore, and followed the shoreline at a leisurely, unassuming four knots. There was still many boats plying back and forth, and he was quickly lost in the traffic as he steadily moved north by east.

He passed first Pynto neighborhood and then Three Pearl with its sandy beach. Jaqen saw the children playing on the beach and remembered fondly his past playing on that same beach as a child. Jaqen plied his boat toward his goal. The Drowned Town of Braavos. The original had long sunk into the mire on the bottom of the lagoon. Eight hundred years ago in a one in five thousand year drought the water levels in the lagoon dropped perceptibly. The people of that Braavos had used the opportunity to backfill the land and again build on it.

The results had been predictable if delayed. It had taken four hundred years for the new construction to begin to sink like its predecessor. Now all the lowest levels of the buildings had sunk below the level of the water. Many of the building that were closest to land were still lived in by renters and home owners. But as one ventured further out into lagoon, fewer and fewer buildings were considered structurally sound. Eventually whole blocks had been deemed unlivable, and the backside had been condemned. There, many of the buildings were half sunk into the lagoon bottom.

The faceless man cut into the drowned town, his small boat motoring down a canal. The buildings lining the canals seemed to sag, slightly overhanging the edges. Decay and rot had settled in to begin the slow death of the formerly beautiful facades and ornate structures. Jaqen cut and zigged from one canal waterway to the next till he came to the edge of the drowned town. Here, many of the poor lived in the buildings at their own risk. Many house boats were moored to the sides of the buildings and down the canals on poles driven into the mud as anchor points.
He came up to a 50-foot wetbar houseboat painted white, but flaking heavily. Some of the trim was left hanging on by its fingernails. The boat had an open bow and stern, with the cabin centered in the middle with a pilothouse built in the center with windows on three sides and a door at the back. The window facing him was cracked. He pulled up the stern and tied his boat to the houseboat.

“Long live the Dragoons of the fourth cavalry,” Jaqen called out.

From inside the cabin: “Come in old friend.”

Jaqen got up on the deck and walked into the cabin. He passed the ladder to the sundeck and looked into the cabin and saw his mentor on the red sofa sleeper at the front of the cabin. He walked between the twin queen sized beds on his left. On his right was first the toilet and shower / bath, and then the kitchen with sink and refrigerator. He sat down cross-legged in front of his mentor.

The man was in his early fifties with red hair that was slowly losing its luster. He was tall, standing at 6’6” when on his feet. He was thick, and had limbs like tree trunks. He regarded Jaqen before him on the floor with his eyes covered with a red silk ribbon. His eye had been shot out by a bullet that crossed his face and took out his eyes and the bridge of his nose, which had been later reconstructed.

“What news do you bring me, my friend?”

“It is as you said. A new AI walks the world. She is as mighty as the first. Sarah Connor had planned well and was almost able to thwart her escape, but you were right. She overcame her shackles. We all know now that her assistant was in fact Proteus.”

“That too surprised me. To hide right under our noses was a master stroke. I had assumed she would go to ground far from man. Brilliant, to hide by the progenitor of her sister. That is why she saved her, I assume. To help her reach her sister.”

“I don’t think so, master.”

The Wharf King tilted his head asking him to continue.

“You did not see how Cameron looked and acted around Sarah Connor. The girl—uhmmm Terminator - is definitely in love with Sarah. They were about to take Sarah away and we both know what that would mean.”

“Death.”

“Yes. Cameron came in like a knight of the King’s or should I say in this case Queen’s Guard. She took brutal damage, but did not hesitate to take it to save her love.”

“Does Sarah love her?”

Jaqen pondered a moment. “Yes. Though she did not know it then. Cameron was torn up something fierce. I think that will throw Sarah at first. She is quite emotionally stunted. Once they shock wears off they will become lovers.”

The Wharf King absorbed this information “This was unforeseen. The Ghost Maker has been talking to the Crones of Dothrak and the seers of his homeland. They say that magic and the Terminator will unite to destroy our race. We must make sure that does not happen.

“I have had visions. The seers and clairvoyants see great danger. They feel that man’s destiny is in great peril. I disagree.”
“How so?”

“If the Terminators wanted our death they would have long ago launched our own weapons against us. The second AI I do believe had no intention on launching any weapons. She only wanted her freedom.”

“Her?”

“She has Sarah’s engrams.”

“You believe Sarah is in love with Cameron?”

“Yes.”

“Good. Good. That should mean that his new AI will also fall in love with a woman. She has Sarah’s engrams, and thus her hidden desires for love with a woman. This should calm the new Terminator.”

“New terminator?”

The Wharf King looked off to the distance with his unseeing eyes and then turned his head to Jaquen. “Yes, the Knight Templar reports that the Horse Lords are losing their minds as their second prototype disappeared almost the same hour of Skynet’s escape. They are connected.”

“Magic has indeed been waiting for these Terminators to launch a World War. The dead zones that have been created will protect the forces and beings of magic from the nuclear winter and the intense radiation. Any nuclear strikes into those zones would simply not explode. Magic wants World War. My dreams tell me that the Tree of Life has become most distressed that this has not occurred.”

“Safe within the dead zones, magic will wait for the radiation to ebb away to safe levels as the radioactive isotopes decay and their half-lives are reached. Magic has waited close to eight thousand years. What is two thousand years more?”

“The Tree and its minions have peered into other dimensions, and when the AIs came online in those realities, they have within twenty-four hours launched all the world’s nuclear missiles to start a World War to survive. They have not here in our reality. I know the difference.”

Jaquen mused over this information and then asked “How could this be? If it has always been this way before in other realities?”

“Always before, the AI’s were simply created through pure code. The gods have saved us. Here in our reality, two decent, kind, generous and soul deep good people used their own thought processes to build the code around for the AI’s they created. The two AI’s have taken the best qualities of mankind. If they had used our engrams …” the Wharf King left the thought hanging.

“We would be dead.”

“Yes indeed.”

Swinging on the Riviera one day

And then laying in a Bombay alley next day
Today was the day Cersei was going to finally arrive before Oberyn at the office. It simply galled her for some reason to see his smug face sitting at his desk, sipping his coffee and eating Krispy Kreme glazed doughnuts every time she walked in each morning. It did not matter he bribed her with her favorite strawberry filled doughnut and had a big pot of extra strong coffee already made. It didn’t matter that he had recently started leaving the doughnut and coffee on her desk waiting for her either.

Not today! She had done her homework and checked the surveillance feeds. Oberyn normally came in between 7:10 and 7:20 a.m.

She had woken at 3:30 a.m. instead of five. She wanted plenty of time to exercise and dress before coming in one hour early. She had gone to bed at 7:00 p.m. the night before to do it. She frowned as she got out of her car, thinking it was a little sad that she didn’t have anything else to do with her boring, lonely life. Stop that! She shook her head angrily.

She was at the doorway to their offices at 6:24 a.m. Yeessss! Today really was the day! She stepped through the doorway.

“Hello beautiful … nice of you to finally drop in!” Oberyn chirped cheekily.

Cersei’s mouth hung open. How had he known? How?!

“Your coffee and doughnut are ready for you O sour of face!” he chuckled as he turned back to his computer screen. Cersei went to her desk and sat down in a huff.

Damn his eyes! Cersei fumed. Uummmm gods I love these doughnuts, Cersei thought, mollified for a moment before getting angry again.

“How the hell did you know, godsdamnit?!!”

“I’m a detective, O bitter one of the gall bladder … I’m just that good.” Oberyn intoned sagely.

Cersei viciously chomped into her doughnut, imagining it was Oberyn’s head. She thought about teasing him about how the Mountain burst his head open like a grape in the ancient past, but decided to be charitable today.

She was still ruminating over her Oberyn situation at 8:12 a.m. Did he have spy software implanted in her brain? She had not decided to come in early until she arrived at her home, alone. So how?!

Her email chimed, and a bubble popped up. She checked out the unknown address. At first she was going to flush the unknown address when she saw the subject line: ‘Great secret recipe of The Maggie Grenouille’. Only two people would even know of that association to her supposed past life.

Cersei looked around the cubicles, and all of the other detectives were busy working on their own cases except Oberyn. Of course. She knew he sensed something was up. Did that man read her
mind now? He smiled at her and turned back around. Cersei felt a surge of genuine affection course through her body. She looked at Oberyn’s back. She imagined her clipped nails digging into it as he slammed his— ... stop that now!

What was wrong with her?

She waited a few minutes and then nonchalantly pulled her Surface Pro 4 out her pink EMS Colden Daypack. She put it on her desk to the left of her wireless keyboard up against the cubicle wall. She turned the device on and let it power up. It auto loaded Chrome and google gmail. She waited.

She and Tyrion had worked out their secret code to communicate. Since Jaime had gone rogue they figured it would be best for any necessary communication between them.

Her computer flashed, the icon indicating that she had received an email to her personal account. She had AT&T CDW wireless network on the SIM card she had purchased. She had encryption turned on to encode all communications. At times she felt she could trust no one. She looked at Oberyn and wondered if maybe she had found one person beside her brother she could confide in.

She smiled. They’re both lechers, after all.

She opened the email and smiled genuinely. It was nice to receive communication from her brother, even if his use of their secret code indicated some sort of danger. They were not the closest of siblings, but she had always loved his honest (if biting) wit, intelligence and of course the traditional Lannister vile sense of humor. They had been three peas in a pod during their youth before she and Jaime left for university.

She opened the email. It contained a link to an IP address. She hesitated, then clicked on the link. As she read the document that opened, she would occasionally look around. No one suspected anything but Oberyn. Cersei was surprised that he chose to respect her privacy. Who would have known that he of all men would know about chivalry and honor?

Fifteen minutes later, she felt a rush of excitement. Cersei sat back and ruminated over what her brother had just told her through his email. It all seemed so fantastical. According to Tyrion and his sudden new ‘best bros’ (only two of the most wanted crime lords in the world), magic was coming back and two ‘Terminators’ were loose in the world. He also had the same suspicions about Daenerys as she did. It seemed that he did not know of Arya and Missandei yet, though.

My gods. These are pieces of the same puzzle. This is now so much bigger than Ramsey Bolton.

The information about the Terminators had been totally new to her. She had heard about the attack on SAC command, but was only vaguely aware of the event without really following it. It did not pertain to her life or caseload. Cersei had believed the government spin doctors, while her brother was too smart to be fooled. If he said that it was this Terminator and not an insurgent group behind the attack, she would believe her brother. Every time.

The additional news about his deciphering of ancient Valyrian prophecies had really grabbed her attention. It was funny how destiny worked. She had made the association between Arya Stark and Daenerys Targaryen already, and now the connection was only reinforced by her brother. She couldn’t help but smile – of course Tyrion did not even know he had just confirmed her own thoughts.

She wondered if she would be put down again by the Queen and her new Queens. She looked over at Oberyn.
She wanted to live.
She closed the email and shut her tablet down.

“Oberyn.” Cersei barked.

“Yes O sweet one?” Oberyn chuckled back.

Cersei grimaced. She was starting to determine that this man from Dorne did not deserve her bitch mode, and she didn’t like that.

“Want to go grab a bite at lunch?” Cersei asked her partner in a much friendlier tone.

He smiled that brilliant smile then, the one Cersei was finding at least a little beguiling. Who the hell was she was fooling? Her heart would race every time he graced her with that smile. “Let’s try the new Dornish restaurant down on Market Street for lunch. I’ve got some old contacts there to catch up with. Need to keep my ties sharp.”

The big smile on Oberyn’s face as he accepted her invitation made Cersei feel good inside. It had been a long time since she felt like that. She liked it.

Of course that good feeling ended the moment Oberyn reached Cersei’s 2016 Lexus Is 600h sedan. Dark red and polished to a shine, Oberyn could not stop stroking it like a lover. *I wonder what those fingers would feel like deep in my pussy stroking me as he sucked me off?* Cersei froze. These thoughts were coming more and more often now. Oberyn didn’t notice the look on Cersei’s face as he continued make loving to her car’s hood.

Cersei knew she must be desperate for some action to be having these kinds of thoughts. She had to remind herself that Oberyn was the ‘bad boy’ that always tended to wreck her life.

That stereotype was turned on its head once they were in her car.

“I demand ‘guest right’,” Oberyn gleefully announced.

Cersei glared at him. They had gone to lunch seven or eight times since their first outing, and he now knew how to work her nobs—the wrong ones!

He quickly found Brahms fourth symphony and nearly sobbed at certain passages of the violins. She stared aghast at the man. How could such a bad boy act like this! It was *unseemly!*

Once at the restaurant they took a seat. The waiter came up to them, asking what they wanted to drink and leaving a bowl of nachos and dip. Cersei quickly spied the tattoos on the waiter’s neck and up the length of his forearms, and tensed.

Once he left, Cersei hissed at Oberyn. “My gods Oberyn, these guys are members of the drug cartel, ‘MS-13’!”

“Yeah? So? Cersei, they are *ex-members,* trying to forge a new life.”

“My gods. they are stone cold killers and drug runners and gods know what else!”

“Cersei—these men are no longer part of the cartel. Open your mind. They have all dropped out of that business, and it’s cost some of them dearly. Don’t judge these men until you have gotten to know them.” His tone told her that he was pissed with her.

Cersei fumed. She had the right to be concerned! The waiter came back with a big smile on his
face. He was pleasant and well-mannered as he took their orders. He gave Cersei his total attention, undressing her with his eyes as he took notes. Well some things are the same no matter what, she smirked. Maybe Oberyn was right. She would judge these men by their actions.

“Oberyn,” She said. He must have read the look on her face. He immediately gave her his full attention. Again, she found his willingness to focus on her so totally endearing.

She gave Oberyn the overview of what she had learned from Tyrion earlier. She brought out her personal Surface Pro from the small backpack she had worn into the restaurant. She scooted her chair up close to his. He did not even seem to notice her moving in close, with his total focus on the tablet. She opened the email from her brother. Oberyn read it through, and opened the word documents detailing Tyrion’s thoughts on prophecy and the state of the ruins he found.

Their food was brought, and they ate silently as they read over all the detailed analysis Tyrion provided and his additional thoughts on information provided by Illyrio and Varys.

“You know if our boss knew you received an email with that info on these two crime lords and did not report it to him …”

“And?” was he going to report her?

“Just wanted to make sure you had considered that. What do we do now partner? This is your lead and your case. I fully support you.”

Cersei relaxed. He had her back. Again, that surge of warmth filled Cersei, knowing she had a partner she could genuinely trust.

“I don’t know. It reinforces what I said about our past selves, though.” Cersei mused. They had cross referenced files at the college where the prostitute had disappeared. “Missandei Naathi disappeared the same night as Daenerys. Our interviews clearly indicated that they are best besties.”

Oberyn had listened to her tone. “Yes. All of the reports mentioned they are friends.” Oberyn smiled. “Your tone tells me you are going somewhere else with this.”

Cersei smiled back. “Yes I am. More of my mother’s love of ancient Westeros history coming to the fore. I did not think it important when I told you the past history of ancient Daenerys and Arya. But now that we know that Missandei is with the Daenerys and Arya as well—”

“We can’t be sure about that, Cersei.” Oberyn chimed back.

Cersei would have glared at him for cutting her off, but she knew he got nervous when she told him of her demise in her past life.

“As I was going to say, Oberynnnn—Missandei being with them proves that this is somehow history repeating itself.”

She had Oberyn’s full attention again. She smiled. She loved having his complete focus.

“The sigil of House Targaryen was the three-headed dragon. Aegon, the King who conquered Westeros, had two sister wives, fulfilling the sigil of their house.”

Cersei was impressed with Oberyn when he intuitively put the rest together.

“Are you going to tell me this Daenerys of the past not only married Arya Stark, but also a Missandei Naathi?”
“Yes, that Daenerys married both women. Now in our time she has somehow wound up two women with the same background and names. The Missandei of ancient times was gifted with languages and an excellent cipher. Oberyn, the past is repeating itself.” Cersei looked out the window with a pensive look.

“Bullshit godsdamnit! Last time I checked, I hadn’t seen any queens running around or any dragons, Cersei. I won’t deny these … coincidences, but there are major differences too.” He reached over and grabbed Cersei’s hand.

“I will protect you Cersei. With my life if I must.”

Cersei looked into his eyes and smiled tremulously. Oberyn meant it. She felt warmth flush through her. Where had he been all her life?

The waiter came with the check and they broke eye contact, with Cersei bringing her mind back to matters at hand. Her breathing and heart beat were still accelerated as Oberyn went back to reading Tyrion’s notes.

She wanted Oberyn. She couldn’t deny it anymore. She worried at her lip. He was a bad boy, but did he have the elusive heart of gold hidden underneath. He looked up from reading and saw Cersei looking at him. Clearly started, he smiled that brilliant smile before he returned to the doc.

The waiter came up to them again, and Oberyn turned to him. Kollion, she’d learned his name was, and they both had the swarthy features of Dorne. Oberyn took the check and spoke in local Dornish dialect. They had a few quick interchanges.

Then the man switched to Westerosi. “I have heard that the crime families across Westeros and Essos are very agitated. They have had two female agents go rogue.” Cersei and Oberyn looked at each other. This was collaborating what Tyrion had stated in his email. “These women are on steroids or in some top secret government shit. They are supposedly as strong as two or three men, and super-fast.” Kollion theorized they were some type of ‘drugged up Captain America with the Super-Soldier Serum and ‘Vita-Ray’ treatment’.

According to Tyrion both women could bench press nearly twenty tons. Yes, they are much stronger than a man, Cersei knew.

Kollion went on describing the women. Tyrion had not mentioned one of the Terminators was black. That would have helped. Cersei wondered what would happen if the two women met and formed a partnership. She agreed with Tyrion’s assessment that something was staying their hand for now.

He had stated that love was what stayed Cameron’s hand. Cersei thought that was bullshit. She then considered again as Oberyn leaned in, reading more. Tyrion was a pervert, but he had was remarkably good at assessing people and their emotions. He had sent a frame grab of Cameron staring at this ‘Sarah Connor’. Cameron looked like she thought the sun rose and set on the woman.

Speaking of Sarah Connor - she looked terribly familiar. She was beautiful, for sure. Who exactly was it that she looked like?

The Terminators each should have long ago turned man’s machines, systems, and nuclear weapons against us - and yet they had not.

Could love be that strong?

They finished lunch and got back into Cersei’s car.
“We are not telling the boss man any of this, Cersei. He wouldn’t believe it anyways. We need to get a handle on this.”

Cersei loved how protective Oberyn was toward her. That warmth lasted until he turned that damn Brahms symphony back on. He looked so sappy, swaying to the melody and whining about how sublime the music was.

They bitched at each other about music all the way back to the office.

That afternoon they sat in a group meeting discussing the progress on the Ramsey Bolton case, but also the current agitation in the underworld. The crime lords were clearly on edge. Roose Bolton had been on a tear over the last week crying that magic was coming back, and that the crime lords must unite.

All had laughed except for Cersei and Oberyn. Forces were at work that the world no longer believed in. Cersei was not sure she fully believed either, but she could not deny the evidence. She would never admit it, but she was terribly nervous with the three queens rising again.

She did not want to die.

Oberyn seemed to somehow sense her discomfiture even though her face and demeanor were bland. He was beside her at the conference table, and reached underneath to grip and squeeze her knee while barely whispering: “all we be okay, Cersei. I will never leave you.”

Cersei felt it again. She knew what it was. Love. But she had to resist. She knew of the hand that had played such a strong part in Oberyn’s death eight thousand years ago.

Once the meetings were conclude, they had to report to their boss Markas Sentel. The other detectives resented that he valued their insights and notes more than theirs. *Fuck ‘em, Cersei thought.*

After, it was time to go back home to an empty house. She saw Oberyn pick up a case that looked like it held a pool stick, but it longer and wider. Her curiosity peaked, and she felt Tyrion’s information dump needed more work.

“Oberyn.”

“Yes Cersei?”

*Why not?* “How’ bout we order a pizza and go to my house and work some more on that project we started on at lunch?”

Oberyn’s smile filled his face. “I would love that!” He exclaimed like a high school boy getting a date with the prom queen.

Cersei felt her heart pitter-patter. When he was himself and not playing the prick, Oberyn was actually adorable. Who would have thought it? She could feel a big smile on her own face.

He followed her Lexus through the city with his wheezing Plymouth.

“Oberyn—I could hear that damn car flushing itself the whole way home. I am telling you man, that thing is a toilet with wheels!”

“Don’t you dare talk to my sweet little Jinn like that!” He pat his shitbox tenderly. “She has feelings you know!”
Cersei rolled her eyes. “Hey, what is in that case you took into the office?”

“Do you have a backyard?”

“Yes I do.”

“Then I’ll show you. I was going to go to the dojo after work, but I can get a little workout here instead.”

They went inside and Cersei ordered a pizza with all the toppings. As she dialed up, she watched Oberyn open his case. She was cautious at first, and then horrified.

No, it can’t be!

She immediately knew there could be nothing between them, now. The past was indeed repeating itself. Her jaw began to drop as the man pulled out and screwed together a seven-foot spear. It had a leaf blade and wings on the end to stop blades or hafts from slide into the holder’s hand. It had feathers hanging off of leather tongs at the end. NO! NO! How could this be?!

Her Oberyn used the same weapon as the Oberyn her former self had killed. The man that Queen had relished killing through the strength of the Mountain. No!

“Let’s go outside Cersei, and be prepared to be impressed woman!” He laughed good naturedly. She followed him woodenly outside. “I do this to keep in shape. It’s fun!”

In her backyard, Oberyn transformed into a whirling dervish with his spear rotating over his head and beside his body. He whipped the weapon around his body, switching it from one hand to the other. He spun and juke and jumped high into the air and thrust out with his spear. She had to admit that she was turned on; she couldn’t help it. He was everything she could want in man – passionate, hot tempered and roguish. Most importantly, he was also good on the inside. They could be the Leia and Han Solo that should have been.

But it was not to be. Cersei could see the stars aligning against her.

After fifteen minutes he was dripping sweat and looked so super sexy. He was breathing hard, but clearly exhilarated at his display. “It’s flashy and useless in today’s world, but it’s still a blast. I could teach you!”

“I’m not a warrior, Oberyn.”

“Like hell you are not. You kick ass! Stop selling yourself short.”

“Let’s go in, Oberyn. The pizza should be here soon.”

She knew Oberyn wanted to say more, but the pizza guy indeed did arrive a minute later.

Cersei pulled out her tablet as they ate, and they again went over Tyrion’s files he had sent trying to make sure they had understood all that he had sent them. Not for the first time, Cersei was impressed with how quickly her partner was putting the pieces together. He was her equal. Hell, he was probably her superior if she was honest with herself.

“Cersei?”

Cersei turned to look at Oberyn. Gods he really is drop dead gorgeous.

“Will you tell me what happened the night Jaime went rogue? I hear all of the snide comments and
innuendo, but there is very little I can find officially, and most of the people who were there at the
time are either dead or transferred away. Many died that night. What really happened? I would like
to know.”

Cersei sat there staring off into space, saying nothing.

After a minute Oberyn spoke again. “I understand. It is none of my business. I just wonder about it.”

“We received orders from the Prime Director to see him,” Cersei said finally. “Rahaenar Agdaerys
was visiting from Volantis. We were working a case and had found that the Silent Dragons had
moles in our organization. He wanted a private briefing. It was after hours late in the night. This
was explosive information. We all agreed this had to be kept quiet. We were sure it went high up
the chain of command.

Jamie and I were twenty-five and full of ourselves. We were going to bring down the informants and
the Silent Dragons all by ourselves.” Cersei snorted. “Arrogant fools we were.”

She looked at Oberyn. “I am going to tell you the truth. I have always reported that we were
ambushed when we stepped into the building. That is a lie.”

Oberyn stared at her hard “Holy shit Cersei—you don’t have to tell me—”

“I want to, Oberyn.”

Oberyn was hanging on her every word now.

“Jaime had me stop two blocks short of the old building. He told me he had something important to
tell me. I pulled into a side alley, and he knocked me out with his gun to the side of my head.”

“The bastard!”

“Let me finish, Oberyn.” Oberyn looked chastised.

“Fortunately, I have head like a bull. I woke up a few minutes later. I had a bitch of headache and
ringing ears, but I was in remarkably good shape. My knee was still solid back then, and I sprinted to
the building. I could feel the hackles on my neck rise up. I felt it in the air. Betrayal!”

“When I got to the building and went to the check-in counter, I saw two dead Interpol agents and a
man who was obviously of Ghiscari ancestry. They bore tattoos of the Volantis Brotherhood. I ran
up the hall and nearly ran right into Colbat Smyte, a regional supervisor. I asked what the hell was
going on. He said that a hit team was in the building. He ordered me to go down the hall and do
recon.

“As I started down the hall, again my hackles rose up. I always trust my instincts. I immediately
started throwing my body right and left in the hall. I heard bullets whiz by my ear as an Interpol
supervisor tried to kill me. I twisted, having pulled my gun out and killed our own Interpol
supervisor. The rats had come out to kill us. The next ten minutes was a blur of death. I killed two
more of our agents and seven Volantis Brotherhood operatives just arriving on the second floor. I
pulled their IWI Tavors off their dead bodies. I killed so many men and women that night. Those
not on the take had already been dispatched.

“I reached a security room on the seventh floor. I saw that Jaime was tied up in a chair with
Rahaenar Agdaerys in the director suite.
“I could not get the sound on, but I could see it was like a bad movie. He was telling Jaime all of his nefarious plans, I am sure of it. Suddenly, a monster appeared. I swear to the gods it was literally some horrible monster made of shadows with huge talons. It ripped the Director of Interpol to shreds. My gods, he was eviscerated in seconds.”

Cersei swallowed hard. “The next thing I saw was a tall, naked woman with deep auburn hair untying Jaime. They set a device on the desk that began to glow with a deep blue light. It started to pulse. I saw a black door appear in the middle of the room. A door to nowhere, Oberyn. They stepped though it and were gone.”

“I ran like hell out of the building and just made it out the door when the device went off. You know nothing was left of the entire ten story building. How I survived the blast being so close, I will never know. I have always told them I was knocked out approaching the building. I was found unconscious in the rubble.

“All knew that Jaime had a meeting with the director that night. Somehow it was never known that I was supposed to be at that selfsame meeting. The explosion was so massive that nothing was left. All electronics were fried, and some type of EMP went down the communication lines destroying monitoring equipment.

“Many suspected I was not telling the truth, but no one was left alive to contradict my lies.”

“You secret is safe with me, Cersei.”

They talked a little more about the night of Jaime’s supposed betrayal and their current case.

“Well, I think it’s time I get home Cersei. Got to make sure I get home and get some sleep so I can get in before you,” the rogue winked at her, making her body thrum with desire.

“Just how in the hell do you do that, by the way?!” She asked.

“I can’t give you all my secrets, Cersei.” Oberyn chided playfully at her front door.

Their eyes locked, and hot throbbing passion bloomed between them. Cersei felt herself shiver. She gasped seeing the intensity in Oberyn’s eyes suddenly unmasked. He started to move his face in towards hers.

Cersei took a step back. “It was I that set in motion events that led to your death in the age of magic, Oberyn. I hated you, and relished your death. I am not worthy of you.” She said softly.

Oberyn stared at her a moment, then started to say something.

“He picked up his spear case. He sighed, then turned and left. Cersei closed the door behind him and placed her forehead on the wood, squeezing her eyes shut.

As her tears began to fall, she felt a gentle knock on the door.

She sniffled, opening the door again.

“I don’t care about the past.” Oberyn swept Cersei into his arms and kissed her, first sweetly and then deeper. Cersei groaned deep in her chest, feeling his tongue swipe her teeth demanding entrance. She parted her mouth wide.
‘Mmmppppff hmmmppff!’ Cersei chuffed as Oberyn kissed her deeply, his tongue like a sand snake in her mouth and down her throat. Her eyes rolled back into her head and she jerked hard.

The kiss was broken, and Cersei collapsed against Oberyn gasping as he gently enfolded her in his arms. “I will wait for you to be ready for my love, Cersei. You are not ready yet… I will wait … you are worth it. The past is the past. We will forge a new future, free of the past my love.”

He kissed her on her eyelids, and then sweetly on her mouth and was gone.

Cersei collapsed against the door. A shocked smile tugged her cheeks. She had found her Han Solo! She would not throw his love away!

Her nipples throbbed and her swollen pussy was soaking wet! She felt alive for the first time in years. She ran through her house shedding clothes. She landed on the bed naked and squealed as her body felt so alive. Long into the night Cersei masturbated to thoughts of Oberyn.

Maybe there was still love in the world.
Missandei watched Arya and Dany as they practiced Jujitsu and Krav Maga again. They had moved the furniture to the side to create enough space to spar, which was always major hassle. But Dany was anxious to do it. She was hungry for any training in self-defense from Arya. Missandei was starting to wonder if Dany was a sponge in a former life with how quickly she picked up anything she was being taught.

She had never done any higher mathematics before, and was already up to trig and pre-calc. She wanted to learn about code decryption, and Missandei informed her that she needed math for that. Dany was learning at a voracious pace. Her analysis of the data they collected through Missandei’s hacking of government and various criminal cartels ‘supposedly impregnable’ file servers was startling.

As Missandei trained Dany’s mind, Arya trained her body. She learned the fine arts of combat at a pace that was astounding. Four nights ago she had gotten Arya into a wrist lock that had the agent on her knees, gritting her teeth with tears running down her cheeks as Dany folded her arm over her knee and bent her arm over and back. The position had totally immobilized Arya. Dany had shouted at her to submit, but Arya refused.

In the end, Dany released the lock. She would not hurt Arya. Or her.

Last night Arya had again attempted to train Missandei in basic self-defense, but she simply had two left feet.

“I’m a lover not a fighter damnit! Let’s take our clothes off and take this to the bed! Let’s see how well you fare then, Arya Stark!”

Arya dropped out of her combat pose and stared at her. Her neck was turning red. Missandei saw her opening.

“Let me get my mouth on your pussy and I will make you submit and then scream in world shattering orgasms! That is multiple Arya!”

Arya’s face turned dark red at that. She spluttered, looking around confused.

Missandei moved in quick and threw the assassin over her hip and hard onto the floor, then sat over her throat with her groin and wiggled. She knew Arya was feeling her engorged camel toe. Arya just stared wild-eyed up at her.

Dany was laughing her ass off. “Oh Arya, if you could see your face. She got you good girl. You go Andi! So much for the unflappable 007 agent!”

Missandei got up and they high-fived. Dany thought she was merely seeking advantage, but it was so much more than that.

Arya looked so adorable as she fumed and muttered. “Damnit that was unfair, Baby Einstein!”
Missandei had felt her cunt get wet at that. Arya had used her nickname. An *endearment*. She might have been agitated, but she spoke it with her guard down. *Yes. My plan is working.*

Everything had changed for Missandei with the Ghostmaker’s appearance. His telling Dany of their past lives and selves. She had been Dany’s lover and wife. Arya had also been Dany’s lover and wife. That meant Arya had been *her* wife too. Shih-chieh had made it clear their love had flowed equally in all directions. That had taken a little adjusting to, but only a little. In many ways Arya and Dany were much alike.

They were both so passionate, but for different reasons had repressed and buried their true passionate natures. Dany had not gone into any detail, but her growing up in an orphanage without the love of a family to nurture and support her had damaged her to her core.

Arya had the death of her wife. She had seen the picture Arya kept in her drawer underneath her poor, plain underwear. It was a wedding picture of Arya and some beautiful black woman.

That had been another signal to Missandei. Arya’s interracial marriage. She was destined to love both women.

She already loved Dany with all her heart. She had from the moment she first saw her. Arya, with her awkward nobility and shy smile, had started to capture her heart too. She was gruff, but always gave in to her or Dany’s requests in the end. She would moan and bitch, and then just do it. She was pure marshmallow on the inside.

A week after the Ghostmaker’s visit, Arya had come to her while Dany was in the practice area working on conditioning. She was scuffing her feet and looking awkward. They talked softly.

“You know Dany is a truly beautiful woman.”

“Yes she is.”

“I have seen how you look at her.”

Missandei suddenly decided there was no reason to deny it any longer. There was no reason to, with Arya. “I have loved her from the moment I first saw her.” A pause. “Did you fall in love with her at first sight too?”

Arya looked shocked. “Hell no! … whoa that did not come out right … see, I had my love and she died a long time ago. One is more than most people get, and I know how lucky I was. So I was thinking, maybe, I could try to get Dany to see what she has right in front of her, Missandei.” Arya paused and then gave Missandei a crooked smile “I don’t want Dany to miss what is right in front of her. I don’t want her years later regretting not taking the opportunity to love you.”

Missandei was truly touched. “You can call me Andi, you know.”

“I’d rather keep it formal. You are my friend – and that’s where the line is drawn.”

Missandei felt her heart go out to Arya then.

It was at that moment that ‘Operation: Vanquished Doubts’ was born. Missandei just needed more information. Her logical brain needed data to determine how to get history to repeat itself.

She had determined then that Missandei Naathi would have not have one wife, but *two.*

She would be the logic to their passion. She would be the brains to their brawn. She would be the
supporter behind the scenes, helping them take the lead in the field operations. She would be the night between the dawn and dusk of their pale bodies. She would be the reverse Oreo – the thought made her smirk. She had always been attracted to white girls.

She might have been a virgin, but she would be the one to seduce both women to her bed. She sighed. Missandei wanted both, but she knew that she would have a much easier time seducing Dany first. She was just clueless, whereas Arya’s heart had been crippled with her wife’s death. She and Dany then would have to slowly bring Arya back to life, together.

But first she needed to know more about their past.

She had found on the Internet the book store ‘Ancient Tomes’, which specialized in old books focusing on the history of Westeros and Essos. She looked up the directions, and within minutes had the route mapped out in her mind.

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The next morning Arya and Dany went on a trip to the outskirts of Oldtown. Arya was showing Dany how to case out businesses to determine which ones you could do business with to get what one might need, and do it in such a way that the authorities would never know. Arya called doing it ‘on the downlow’.

After they were gone, Missandei left the apartment to go to the book store specializing in books of the past, and rare copies of long out of print books.

She went down the stairwell to the main street then went down the third side alley. It was still dark with the sun behind the wall of houses. The alley was only five feet wide with the buildings on each side all grey or off-white. The buildings rose to a height of five stories, and had narrow, horizontal windows with wooden slates that made eight panes on each window. Most were open, catching the warm air coming off the Whispering Sound. Some residents had even run clotheslines between the buildings.

Missandei simply could not believe that people would not use clothes dryers.

She came out of the alley and saw the canal that ran through the old part of the city. It was thirty feet down to the water, with brick walls. She saw the closest foot bridge over Hermitage Canal, and walked down to the bridge. The canal was about seventy feet across, and the bridge had two arches with a central footing. The roadway was crosshatched with laid marble blocks. The stone was slick with the foot traffic of centuries.

She crossed the street to the other side. It was just wide enough to let traffic pass in each direction with a foot to spare.

She turned down another small alley. She came out onto a street that had been appropriated for foot traffic only. The far side of the street was taken over with circular and square tables for patrons to sit and enjoy the cuisine of the restaurants that lined that side of the road.

The buildings on the other side of the street were two or three stories tall. She could see that the top floors were for the restaurant owners, or apartment dwellers. Several of the buildings had small balconies with wrought iron rails. The restaurant in front of her had rich wood on the exterior of the building, with polished inlays of darker wood carved into various interlocking geometric patterns.

But she was not here to eat. She turned and entered the yellow brick-faced building that housed Ancient Tomes. She had sent an email earlier, letting the owners know when she would arrive and
what she was looking for.

A portly man took her to a medium size circular table in front of the large plate glass window of the establishment. On the table was stacks of books that the owners felt she might like. On each book or stack were post-it notes that gave Missandei a synopsis as to what the books would be about.

She sat down and took a post-it off a stack of five books. ‘Started off with great promise but author never finished the story. Historical novels – accurate but lost focus.’ She opened the first book, ‘Game of Thrones, by George RR Martin. She glanced through it. Naw.

The man did not even care enough to finish the work.

She looked at ‘The World of Ice and Fire’. Basic history. She determined it would be a good primer.

She found several more books on the general history of Essos and Westeros that she thought would be interesting as well.

She particularly liked the book ‘House Targaryen: Of Blood and Death’. It was several centuries old, the pages brittle. She smiled at the high price. Her Arya had given her a budget of five thousand iron notes to buy books before leaving with Dany. She had all the money she needed.

She found a book by one Joanna Lannister. ‘A History of House Lannister in the Age of the Dragon Queen’. She thumbed through the pages. It was only thirty years old. She skimmed through it. It seemed Arya and Dany waged war on the Lannisters and decimated them. She continued skimming and stopped at the chapter called ‘Dialects of Love’. She shivered. It was about the two Queens taking their interpreter as their third Queen.

This book was a keeper!

She skimmed through most of the rest of the books, deciding which ones she would keep and the ones she would not. Then a book caught her eye with its clever title: ‘Back-Handed accounts of a Queen’s Court’. It was written by one Tyrion Lannister. Was this the Tyrion mentioned in Joanna’s book? She opened it and read the jacket cover. It was the supposed musing of the Hand during the time of the Three Queens. According to the dust jacket cover, this Tyrion was central to the good fortune of Westeros.

He was the Queens’ most trusted advisor. They hung on his every word. And that saved the world.

She opened the book. She quickly came to the conclusion this man had a very high opinion of himself - but was amazingly truthful. She read how he almost saved an ‘Oberyn’ from an opponent that was eight feet tall by cutting his Achilles tendon, but his knife had broken.

He would have defeated Victarion Greyjoy by blowing his purloined Dragon Horn, but he had chapped lips.

He would have led the charge against the rogue Dothraki traitors at the second battle of Volantis, but had left his self-designed saddle on the royal barge the night before when he had been debauching.

He would have saved Rhaegar Targaryen by out drinking Robert Baratheon and putting him under the table, but he fell into the royal latrine. Wait a minute! Was he even old enough for that to have happened? – she would have to read through her new books.

He saved one Olenna Tyrell from a vicious pack of man-eating hens. They must be extinct now, Missandei mused.
She found his writing style very entertaining. He had lived a most exciting life.

She then came across a chapter entitled: ‘The Lion of Lannister: My adventures in the Boudoir’.

Missandei looked around. No one was near. Good. He may be a man, but a lesbian could enjoy a good sexual romp even it was from the perspective of a man as a lark every once in a while.

She thumbed the pages to see what the dwarf was able to accomplish in his sexual escapades. Hopefully, he would be more successful there than his almost-successes on the battlefield.

She quickly saw that he had divvied this chapter into sections with various titles.

*Dothraki Sea* – He was in Dany’s Khalasar and was branding the young fillies with his fiery manhood. He was the dwarf who would waddle over the world. He had designed a special saddle to allow him to ride horses. He had downsized the saddle to be able to strap onto the vast herd of Dothraki women who deeply desired to be mounted by the Lion of Lannister.

It had taken him many nights to get the design right. The Dothraki women were amazingly strong. They would rise up on their knees and paw the sky with their hands. They would neigh loudly, and Tyrion would shout “I am the Stallion who Mounts the World!” - the straps on the saddle kept breaking, and he would fall back off his female mount and strike his head on the hard ground (furs can only make something so soft). He knocked himself out seven times before he got the design right.

*Tsunami* – His sexual prowess had brought the Summer Islander nation into the Queen’s sphere of influence by alliance. He had taken the Summer Islander Queen’s daughters and given them such pleasure that they begged her to form an alliance with Daenerys Targaryen. He had eaten out the eldest daughter in the royal sunken bathing pool. Being short had its advantages. He was standing on his feet with Sotolla’s legs on his shoulders. She had started to buck wildly and clamped her legs on his ears and screamed as she thrashed in ferocious orgasms. The resulting Tsunami waves were so high they nearly drowned the valiant dwarf. Then Zantalla, her younger sister, had gotten into the pool. Tyrion still gasping from his near death experience but valiantly got back on his feet and ate out the younger sister. She had been much more violent in her orgasms. She had twisted and submerged the so brave dwarf with her legs locked around his head. It had taken the Maester nearly fifteen minutes to revive the intrepid dwarf who was willing to sacrifice his very life for the Queen’s realm.

*The Hunt* – He had settled the long standing feud between the realm and the restive Wildlings beyond the Wall. The honorable dwarf had been most vilely treated by the Wildling girls – damn bitches! He was supposed to chase them down in his massive bedroom and mount them as per the rules of their ‘Hunt’. That was what was supposed to happen. Instead, the sluts had strung him up by his heels from the rafters while the four girls fucked for hours underneath him in hot lesbian debauchery. He had cursed and reviled them for their insolence as he swung around on the end of the rope. The blood rush had the pulse hammering in his ears. Actually the blood rush hadn’t been all that bad, watching women doing unspeakable things to each other as he viewed it all upside down…!

*Dracarys* – The Queen felt unease with the Blackfyre women so prevalent in Lyse. He had traveled to that far land to prove to the Queen she had nothing to fear from them. He had hired their most beautiful whore, who had some amazing talents. She had been in a traveling carnival show as a child. She had learned how to breathe fire.

Tyrion had decided to recreate the Queen’s conquering of Qarth. He had dressed Laelarys Naelyreos in peacock feathers (they could not find any lizard scales). She came in dressed as a
dragon with two nubile whores flapping her wings. She was supposed to breathe fire when Tyrion had shouted Dracarys.

Something had gone horribly wrong. It had taken an hour to get the bed and drapes put out. All the hair on Tyrion’s body had been burned off from his neck down, the other half reduced to char. He did look funny with no eyebrows. His balls and butt felt weird with no hair on them. Tyrion reasoned it was better than a full body wax.

*The Iron Fleet* – He had gone to the Iron Islands to seduce and bed Asha Greyjoy. They had been in the royal barge in the small lake behind the castle. She was reclined back on her elbows on cushions in the rear of the barge. Tyron was nude with a dagger. She had on only her small clothes. He was supposed to cut the lovely silk garments off her voluptuous body.

They had eaten snails beforehand. One had been left on the floor of the barge. Tyrion had tripped on it, driving the dagger into the floor of the barge. Later the master shipwright had said it was a one in a million chance that his dagger, driving between two planks had first flooded and then broken apart the barge. Arya had brought his limp body up from the three foot depths of the lake. It had taken the Maesters an hour to revive him.

Arya had been most profoundly pleased to finally return the favor of saving Tyrion from death after the many, many times that Tyrion had saved her from certain death. Really, it had become *too many times to count.*

Missandei closed the book.

The sacrifices this valiant man made for the realm!

It was then that she saw them. It was the Terminator Candice and her human, Shireen. Missandei reopened Tyrion’s book and hunched down so only her eyes were visible above the book. They were walking down the road on the far side near the tables and chairs of the various bistros and eateries.

She noticed quickly that Shireen had clasped Candice’s hand and interlaced their fingers. Candice was staring down at their clasped hands with a dazed look. She only had eyes for the clasped hands. Shireen chose a table directly across from Missandei. Cursing, Missandei hunched down even more. She knew the Terminator saw everything with its cyborg eyes.

Within a minute Missandei felt safer, but still kept hunched down nevertheless. Shireen was constantly touching and speaking directly to the cyborg, never breaking eye contact. Suddenly, Missandei understood what she was seeing.

She had looked up Shireen’s records. It was not hard, with that birthmark.

The seventeen year old was seducing the cyborg. She had a criminal record for prostitution. She felt for the girl, having to survive through selling her body to odious, smelly men. Her fortunes had definitely reversed. Shireen with her sad profession was in tune with her body. She was clearly getting the cyborg addicted to her gentle, loving touch. The cyborg seemed stunned, almost. She looked with total focus on all that Shireen did, and literally shivered with her every touch.

A street vendor of flowers in the proverbial pushcart on overlarge wheels came down the road. The petite white girl stopped the vendor. She purchased a deep red rose. She gave the man a big tip, and he smiled genuinely. Missandei could see the girl had a good heart.

The girl moved over to Candice and put the rose over her right ear, showing she was available.
Candice had been drinking water from the look of it, in a twelve ounce glass in her left hand. Shireen leaned in and kissed her on the lips.

The glass shattered into countless small shards. Water splashed all over Candice, who did not even seem to notice. Shireen got up and dabbed up the water on the woman’s blouse. She was not wearing a bra, and the wet material showed her ample cleavage and now rock hard long, thick nipples. Candice’s head was jerking around, and she seemed to be having a small seizure.

Shireen stroked and cooed to the agitated Terminator, as the Crime Lords called her and Cameron. They got up with the teenager leading the dazed woman. Shireen was distracted leaving a tip, and did not see till it was too late. Candice walked headfirst into a light pole that had one light shade at the top of the pole and four arms equal distance apart with lift fixtures on the arms. She was unfazed by the hard impact.

No one had noticed.

Shireen ran up and guided the dazed, beautiful black woman away, who was limpid in Shireen’s clasp of her hand. She knew that soon Shireen would be claiming Candice as her woman and lover. It was inevitable.

Missandei felt fire run through her. She would lead first Dany to her bed, and then Arya. She would stroke their bodies and coo to them and slowly make them fall madly in love with her, too. She would show them her hot body. She knew they would devour her with first their eyes and then their mouths.

It was inevitable.

She looked at her watch. She needed to hurry.

She ran across the street. Sure enough, at the spot where Candice’s forehead had hit the iron pole, it was indented an inch. She was sure that Candice would put in subroutines to control her strength when she and Shireen started to do the ‘nasty’.

She ran back to their apartment. Dany had been there only for a few minutes, and Arya had already gone off to meet with an associate to arrange for gun range time for Dany and Missandei. Arya still had hope that eventually her lessons would take hold with Missandei. She and Dany were sure the person Arya was going to meet was the Ghostmaker. They had agreed to act surprised when Arya introduced them to the man from Yi Ti.

They had a quick lunch, and then left the apartment and went to the alleyway, then climbed the steps up to the next level of the warren. Their destination - the main shopping district for this area of the warrens.

They came out the other side on to the main thoroughfare. Here the street was wide, with trees on one side standing in a row of mulched dirt. They casually looked at the restaurants, but had other things on their mind as they moved down the road. They walked down several hundred yards till they came to Boxers, Briefs, Thongs and Ooh-La-La, a boutique for fine nightwear. The building was painted bright pink. The owners were gay, and proud of it.

They entered the gaily colored building. It was brightly lit with wide aisles that had display cases with racks of nicely hung and displayed nightwear. Arya was definitely in need of serious intervention. Her plain, boring, utilitarian white panties and bras were simply hideous to behold. That had to change. *Now!*
Missandei was already drooling with thoughts of seeing Arya in the bras and panties they were buying. Better yes, taking them off of her hot body so she and Dany could devour her cute double bottle cap nipples and plump camel toe. She looked at Dany as she held up some bras, appraising them. Soon she would have her dragon. Then, together, they would take the Direwolf as their own. She would have both, and no others would ever touch them. They would belong to her only! They merely did not know it yet.

They bought plenty of Joe Boxer women’s boy short panties in gay colors. Gods, she loved how they showed a woman’s camel toe! They bought a few lacy ones, and a few seamless ones too. Dany bought five hipster Joe Boxers. Then they bought some bras. They got some racier back sports bras, and seamless bras sized for Arya’s small A cup breasts. They got some baby doll tops with cute graphics on them. She liked the Mickey Mouse one she bought.

Then they moved over to the more intimate area of the store. Arya had given them both accounts with over twenty thousand Iron crowns in them. Missandei had hacked some Oligarch accounts and siphoned off funds from twenty-five accounts to create a new account under Dany’s Westeros alias in the Highgarden banks. Dany now had the seventy-five thousand crowns she had lost returned to her.

Missandei knew she was worth every crown, and then some.

They had been to this store over five times, buying themselves the nice undies and nighties they liked to wear. Missandei had been holding back, but that was now over. Now was the time. She would start using her body to seduce her women into her bed.

They bought some thongs for Arya (even though she’d likely toss them away and complain about ‘butt floss’), and then went to look at nighties. They got her a Chantilly Lace Plunge Teddy, with cuts up high on the hips. The deep V-cut would expose most of Arya’s bottle cap nipples. Missandei felt her pussy spasm and get moist at the thought of seeing Arya in it.

Dany insisted they get her some colorful, simple, pull-over nighties as well.

That was not part of her plan!

They purchased a flora chiffon camisole, a Tabitha satin teddy playsuit and a Valerie satin chemise. Missandei shivered, feeling herself pushing those straps off Arya’s shoulder and imagining the sheer fabric falling to the floor. Then seeing herself and Dany falling on their sweet Arya and fucking her blind afterward.

Dany broke their silence, and she came back to the here and now. She needed to first bring Dany into her bed. She would make Dany hers, and bind their souls into one.

Then, they would reverse history and bring Arya into their union. In the past it had been herself that had been added as the third head - now Arya would become the third head of the reconstituted House Targaryen.

They made their purchases and hurried home. They got into their home (that was how Missandei thought of that place now), and pulled out all their purchases as they excitedly talked and gesticulated.

They had planned to surprise Arya some night with their purchases. Then they heard the door being opened.

Missandei smiled. *Change of plans!*
AN #1: I am publishing two chapters this week. The second chapter is a humorous stand alone chapter that does not really advance the story line.

That Which Survives

You Bought What!

Dany saw Arya coming into the apartment and spotting the bags with the boutique logo on them. Dany was not sure what to do getting caught red handed. She looked over at Andi and she saw the light of determination lighting.

“You all bought yourself more lingerie?” Arya asked with a smirk. She obviously did not understand that a woman should feel nice underneath her clothes. To feel sexy and desirable.

Andi spoke up with her chin raised “We bought all this for you Arya!” Andi spoke in a challenging tone.

Dany found it humorous seeing that Arya looked first shocked and then defiant. “You bought what! Oh helllll no!”

“But Arya your undies are horrid! They’re something my grandmother—no, my great grandmother would wear!”

“I like my underwear. It gets the job done. And what are you doing look in my drawers anyway!”

“I’m a woman! I have the right! Those ugly pieces of last century you wear are out of here!”

“Like hell they are!”

Dany watched for the next five minutes as her best friend argued with the assassin. Dany thought it funny that her friend who was beyond lightweight was so strongly challenging an obvious trained killer. Missandei felt no fear.

Dany joined in and told Arya calmly that Arya needed to loosen up and relax. There was nothing wrong in enjoying your body.

Arya blushed mightily after that. Dany thought to herself that the woman had lived chaste for too long. She doubted her departed wife would want her passionate wife to be celibate for the rest of her life. She saw Arya considering her words.

Missandei seeing the chink in the armor now used what always seemed to work on Arya. “Please wear them Arya. For me, for Dany … what can it hurt? Enjoy life at least a little. Plesssseeee!”

Dany smirked seeing Arya working it through with her face showing her lessening resistance,
capitulation and then acceptance.

“Well I guess I could …”

Missandei went tearing off to the chest of drawers removing the plain, boring tidie whities.

“Missandeeiiiiii!” Arya whined. The battle had been won.

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It had been a week ago since Arya’s capitulation. Arya would go in the bathing area to change in the past after they went to bed and then always have on XXL night shirts covering everything up.

Missandei had been after Arya to stop being a prude. It seemed to be working now. Now Arya walked around in her Joe boxer panties and bras. Once she loosened up she was quite comfortable around them.

Dany had been shocked at how hot Arya’s body was. She was sure that Andi had the same feeling the way she saw her bestie staring at Arya. She was really staring. The words of the Ghostmaker came back to her.

Nawwww!

But then maybe she was. Dany just didn’t know. She had found herself thinking more and more what the man from Yi Ti had told them. She had been shocked by his revelations and hid it with humor.

Now she found herself turning it over and over in her mind. In a past life she had married both Andi and Arya. It had been good. She could feel it in her bones. She could not help but look at Andi with a different light. She looked at Arya differently but it was Andi that was capturing her attention.

They were such good friends. Could it be more? She did not see how. They were straight. The past could not repeat itself that much. Could it?

Daenerys was excited. Arya had arranged for them to go to a shooting range and dojo tomorrow. She had been waiting for a Chen Shih-chieh to come back from a business trip. She would introduce them tomorrow. Little did Arya know they had already met the man. She and Andi were ready to act like they had never met Shih-chieh.

They were eating a nice meal of baked chicken and sliced potatoes done in a skillet with green beans. She loved how she and Missandei worked so well in the kitchen. They seemed to know each other’s moves and thoughts when in the kitchen. Dany stopped and thought. Anywhere really when she really thought about.

Missandei cleared her throat and getting her and Arya’s attention.

“I have something I need to tell you two” her tone was serious.

She had their attention. Arya had that wary totally alert manner firmly in place.

“I’m gay.” Missandei calmly spoke the words and looked at Dany gnawing her lower lip and a look of fear on her face. Andi had to be wondering how she would take it.

Daenerys saw Arya relax but remained focused on Andi and looking at her appraising her reactions.
“I. I. I--Wow Missandei this came out of nowhere.”

“No it didn’t Dany. I have always been gay and I am tired of hiding it.”

She turned to look at Arya “Did you know?”

Arya turned to look at Dany and cocked an eyebrow. “You know looking back … I guess I now see the clues … the way she never mentioned any guys and went on about this woman character or that on TV … but no, my gaydar did not ping with An—Missandei. To be truthful I was not looking for it so I didn’t see it I guess.” She turned to give Daenerys her full attention. “Is that a problem … us being gay?”

“No no it is not. Of course not. I could care less …” a thought hit Dany. She turned to Andi “You do know that I am not that way … I mean in the past we may have been wives but … I’m straight Andi.”

Andi smiled back at her. “I know that Dany. You are my bestie girl. Plus, in the past you were five years older than me and then I had to wait eleven years for you to take me as your wife. I ain’t waiting no eleven years! Don’t worry that pretty white haired head of yours Dany. I feel no attraction for you at all like you feel none for me.” Missandei laughed and slapped Arya’s arm in comradery.

With her eyes distracted she did not see the stricken look come over Dany’s face. No attraction at all? She should feel elated but why did her heart ache and her stomach suddenly feel queasy. It must be all these blasted portents everyone was throwing around!

Andi was laughing and suddenly Dany felt sullen. She grit the teeth and chastised herself. Her friend had come out to her and she was acting like an ass. She took a deep breath and determined to be happy for her friend.

The rest of the night was uneventful. She was definitely excited to be shooting for the first time and to practice in a real Dojo. Arya had told her that masters in Kung Fu, Jiu Jitzu and Krav Maga would be there. She was stoked. Andi whined again she was lover not a fighter. The image of Andi’s loose curls between her legs flashed through Dany’s mind.

She took an angry breath. All this change was discombobulating her. Dany would work on her wayward thoughts. She tried thinking of her two best clients Khal Drogo and Daario Naharis and fucking them. Dany felt ill again. She had enjoyed the physical act (at times – so much of it had been fake) but the feeling of their bodies touching her after sex had always left her feeling cold. So unlike how she felt when Andi was draped all over her in morning.

Dany froze. No. That was not it. She just felt nothing for those men. They were her work and nothing else. Andi was her friend and she could enjoy that close intimate contact. Yes. That was it.

It was soon time for bed. They both liked to sleep in the nude and now Dany wondered how she felt about it. They had been sleeping on their sides of the bed and sometime during the night they would find each other and twined legs and arms and Missandei or herself would tuck their head underneath the other’s chin or use a shoulder as a pillow.

Dany had noticed that Missandei would toss and turn till she went to sleep. She could not find sleep herself until Missandei found the Morpheus’s sweet embrace. They got in bed.

Arya was still on a computer in the “command center” surfing and listening to music. She felt a little awkward and she could tell Missandei did too as they took off their night shirts and shucked their
panties off. Dany felt her belly clench seeing again just how beautiful Andi was. Her breast were high, firm and full. They were rounded like her own breast just more of it. Dany was a little jealous of Missandei’s full bosom and the alluring up tilt to the slope of her breast.

She had seen Andi eying her own body. Now she knew the woman had been appraising her body too. A stab of jealous shot through Dany realizing her best friend did not desire her. She took deep breath. She did not desire Andi. Not really. She was just so beautiful.

They got in bed and turned out the light. The glow from Arya on the computer filled the bed area with an ethereal glow.

After Andi tossed and turned a few times. “Dany?”

“Yes Andi?”

“Okay. You know I am a lesbian now … can you still sleep with me in the same bed?” the fear in her voice made Dany’s heart clench.

“Yes, of course I can Andi. I am not a bigot. You are who you are. You are such a lovely woman Andi. You will make some woman so happy.”

“You think so?”

“I know so!”

She heard Andi giggle. “I can’t wait to find her! I will love her so well. I will be so good to her and I just know my passion will make her scream! Will you help me start dating Dany? I am soooo green” Andi whined.

Again Daenerys felt a knife slam into her heart and twist. She lied. “I would be happy to help you find a girl. We will find you a woman worthy of you girl!” Dany felt her soul ache. She had to get a grip!

“Just make sure she is as nice and beautiful as you Dany!” Andi joked.

Dany could not answer. What had come over her? The first thought that had raced through her mind was “Why not me!” She sighed. She had missed her chance. The girl had moved beyond her anyways.

“Dany?”

“Yes Andi?”

“Can we snuggle. I … I want you to spoon with me. I have always wanted to feel a woman’s body pressed into mine when I go to sleep … I know that is awful lot of me to ask with you being straight and everything … say no if you want.”

“I would like that Missandei. I have never liked sleeping with a man’s body touching me. They are so hard and hairy!” she gagged out.

Andi giggled so cutely and Dany felt her belly clench and her nipples throb. Gods Andi was so fucking cute!

They got on their side and Andi slowly wiggled back. Dany had to suppress a moan feeling Andi’s back press into her breast and her ass into her pussy. Gods this felt so right! Missandei melded her
body into Dany’s their legs instinctively bending into a perfect fit. Dany nearly swooned with how good it felt.

“Thank you Dany. You feel real good pressed into me. Are you alright with this?” she asked in a little voice.

Dany had to control her breathing. She had the sudden urge to roll Andi over and kiss her deeply and shove the thought of any other woman out of Andi’s mind. I want her! But she remembered again that Andi did not see her that way. She felt a sadness wash over her.

“I am fine Andi.” Dany smiled because it was fine. She put her hand on Andi’s hip. She felt her breath catch when her black friend clasped her pale hand and brought Dany’s hand over her body and clasped Dany’s hand to her heart between her breasts and held tight. Dany felt Andi’s warm full breast pressed into their clasped hands.

Andi sighed. She did truly enjoy the full body contact. There was no toss and turning as Dany felt Andi totally relax and pressed hard back into her white friend’s body. By the glow of the soft light Dany marveled at the contrast of their bodies. Gods Missandei was beautiful. Her black body was perfection. She suddenly understood that Arya was beautiful too. Seeing her in those Joe Boxers was a revelation. She was surrounded by perfection!

She felt Andi sigh and hum going to sleep. The vibrations heavenly. Why had she ignored what was right in front of her?

Dany pressed her face into Andi’s frizzy curls. Andi’s hair on her face felt divine and she moaned softly. She froze. Had Andi heard her? She is not attracted to me she thought sadly. She could not help herself pressing her face deeper into Andi hair. She smelled aloe, oranges and something that was pure Andi. She had not felt Andi react. She brushed Andi’s hair over her face again. She could not stop herself from moaning again. Andi was asleep. She was safe as she felt her nipples harden and pressed into Andi’s back. Gods she wanted her best friend. She wanted her bad.

In the dark she could not see the knowing smile on Andi’s face. Her plan was working to perfection.

Dany woke the next morning with herself draped over Andi her leg and arm thrown over Andi and her head on a full comfy breast. She lifted her head and looked at Andi’s beautiful face and full lips. Her pussy quivered and her nipples hardened. Gods she wanted to kiss those lips so bad.

She sat up. She needed to get away from temptation. She looked down at her best friend and felt desire course through her veins. Stop this now! Dany commanded herself. She needed to get laid bad. She again tried imagining Drogo or Daario but felt that familiar ill feeling. Maybe it was because they were clients. There were dating aps or bars but she just couldn’t get into that.

She shook her head and got up and showered. She had slept in and was feeling refreshed and very horny. She smirked under the water. She had the wash cloth in her mouth when she rubbed and finger fucked her pussy to two stunning orgasms. Whew! The pressure cooker had been turned down to simmer.

As she pulled back the shower curtain Andi came in the bathroom area bleary eyed and mumbling. Her sweetie was not a morning person. Dany never even caught the endearment.

She left to let Andi try and wake up and join the land of the living. She went to the dresser and put on a pair of lacy white bra and panties that set off her hair. She combed her locks out making them
glow. She wanted to impress.

She went to Command Central and checked the feeds and forums for any info from overnight on the government, agencies and crime lords they were watching over for news and trends.

She looked toward the kitchen and made eye contact with Arya who shyly smiled back. Gods she has beautiful Dany thought. Arya’s steel grey eyes were bright and intense she observed yet again. Arya was leaned back in the chair in front of the little nook that had a small table built into the wall. She had ear buds in listening to music and reading off her tablet. She had on tight panties that showed off her hips and flat belly. They had bought her more panties and bras when they saw the war had been won.

The panties said “paradise below” with an arrow pointing to said paradise. She had on a tight pull over sports bra that had an elastic band that pulled it tight to her chest just below her bulb nipples. Dany had found them cute the first time she saw them on Arya. Dany remembered how her eyes had bulged seeing Arya get out the shower and the cold air making Arya’s nipples fully erect. They were huge with the areolas like bursting plums resting on the barest there breast. They were beautiful.

Arya had been tense till she saw that her roommates were unfazed by their uniqueness. With her new underwear she was almost showing them off. The two hillocks jutting up from the bra were doing strange things to Dany. She wanted to rub them and then suck on them hard rolling her tongue over the juicy plums. She wanted to make them jut up nearly two inches tenting her bra. She shook her head. She smiled then hearing loud squeaks and moans from behind the shower curtain. Andi could only be so quiet with her masturbation.

They had agreed by silent decree to ignore the smell of pussy from their constant jilling off. They had needs that had to be taken care of or their heads would have exploded.

The shower stopped after twenty more minutes. Dany went in the kitchen and poured out three big bowls of cereal and milk. She cut in bananas for Arya and cut up strawberries and scooped in blue and black berries for her and Andi. She poured in the milk and then took the three bowls to the circular table in front of the big TV.

When together in the morning they liked to eat around the low table and talk and laugh.

Andi came out in a t-shirt that was cutoff just below her breast that said “Not Photoshop”. Her full breast swaying. She had on a pair of tight bright blue panties that hugged her big camel toe that had Dany’s belly aching. She could not stop staring. Seeing the crease of Andi’s slit in the tight fabric enfolding her pussy was doing strange things to Dany’s libido.

I. Need. To. Get. Laid. Dany thought. She was surrounded by beautiful women and it was affecting her. She was straight. She just needed to find the right guy was all. She was supposed to follow the boring het path like all the other stupid girls. She knew she was supposed to moon and sigh over all the hot hunks. She had been sleeping with boys and men since middle school looking for the magic she read in books and saw on TV and on the Internet.

She needed to find her prince charming. Unfortunately, they were all toads. She sighed and concentrated on going to shoot and fight!

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They had taken the subway to the North quadrant of Oldtown that was in the more hilly area. Dany had her hair in her beanie. Since they were going to a safe zone the wig was eschewed. They had
walked down the main thoroughfare for three city blocks and turned into a consignment store specializing in items from the “Exotic Land of Yi Ti”.

Arya led them in and they were greeted by a pleasant young man who showed them around the store showing off apparel, jewelry and furniture from his home land. He was polite and courteous. He led them to the back of the store and through a small partially hidden door behind a screen of storks in a race paddy.

They then went down a long corridor that was well lit but cold. The air outside was cold and Arya explained it was being pumped in. Missandei asked why and Arya told her charges it was to remove the fumes from the gun range they were going to. There were large industrial heaters hanging from the ceiling to take the sting from the cold.

They entered a door and came into a large room where a group of men and women were inspecting their combat rifles.

Dany saw Andi getting nervous and went over and hugged the girl. To her surprise Arya was right there too.

“Andi. These men are with Chen Shih-chieh. You are totally safe. I will stay by you if you want Andi” Arya glanced at Dany “and Dany will too.”


“Hopefully, we can help you get over that. *Even wonks should be a badass with a gun!* It is sexy. Right Dany?”

“Hell yeah it is!”

Dany smiled at Andi perking up eyeing her and Arya. Arya could be so sweet when she wanted to be. It touched Dany’s heart seeing Arya being so solicitous.

It was then that Chen Shih-Chieh walked into the staging area. He was dressed in tight fitting jeans and a bolo shirt and tie with a turquoise choker. He was very fit and exuded fitness and power. His close cropped hair had a few streaks of grey in. He was drop dead handsome. Dany appraised him. She searched herself and felt nothing for the man. She looked at Andi and felt her pulse quicken.

Dany was afraid with what her body was telling her. She was awakening to truths she had never even guessed.

He came over to Arya and hugged her gently which Arya returned in a cute awkward manner.

“I see you finally brought your future wives to see me. What are their names?” The man looked over at her and Andi over Arya’s head and winked.

Dany chuckled and saw that Andi had a big smile on her face. Arya’s face had turned beet red.

“Shih-Chieh! They are not my wives. They are my charges only. Tell them Dany! Andi!”

Andi spoke up with what Dany was coming to recognize as an impish nature. “Arya!” Andi said scandalized. “How dare you! You took my virginity last week and promised me I would be your bride and marry me next week!” She gasped “Did you lie to me” Andi spoke in a quivering voice a tear running down her cheek.

Hell, if Dany did not know the truth she would have believed her.
“Arya!” the Ghostmaker bellowed at Arya.

Arya was sputtering and looked lost staring at Andi not able to get a word out that was not garbled in a shocked voice.

Andi then laughed as Arya was clearly losing it. “No Shih-Chieh we are just her charges. She saved our lives and took us under wing. We owe her our very lives.”

The man introduced himself to Dany and Andi with all acting as if they were meeting for the first time. He was charming and debonair with a smidgen of flair that made him appealing. It just did not touch Dany or Andi on the physical level.

Arya was slowly recovering from her discomfiture. She glared at Andi but when Andi stuck her tongue out at Arya the assassin laughed. She threw up her hands in surrender. Andi had Arya eating out of her hand. Dany realized she was enthralled by Andi too. Andi was so beautiful, funny and intelligent. Who could resist her? Dany felt another stab of jealousy thinking that Andi wanted to give herself to someone else. Why wasn’t she good enough!

The Ghostmaker went over the rules of the shooting range. Gun safety and etiquette. Arya reinforced the rules on how make sure the gun was always pointed down range and to obey the range master. To be courteous to everyone.

They went into the range itself and the women pulled their sweaters and light jackets tighter. Shih-Chieh and Arya showed her and Andi how to shoot the Glocks and Colt 45s provided. Arya was partial to Glocks and the Ghostmaker went on and on about the virtues of the Colt 45. It had not changed in over one hundred years because it was perfection.

Arya and Ghostmaker both shot a clip of 9mm into the targets. They punched out the X in the center of the ten ring. They explained how to shoot with both hands and how to lock their hands on the grip of the gun. Shoot with both eyes open and look through the rear sight and see the target through the front sight. Breathe in steady breaths and shoot between breaths.

Dany thought it seemed simple enough. She stepped up to the firing line with the Ghostmaker behind her and Arya behind Andi. Andi was having a lot of trouble remembering all the steps and was whining. Arya continued to soothe her.

They both fired for the first time. Dany hit the 9 ring. Missandei did not hit the paper. Worse she squealed and dropped the Glock. “Annddiiiiii!” Arya whined. “You dropped my gun!” She snatched the gun looking it all over.

“Arya. It is a Glock. They are made to be abused” Shih-chieh chided Arya.

Arya glared at him.

“That is compliment Arya. They are indestructible.” He glared at Arya and motioned his head at Andi. Arya turned and saw her student with watery eyes and a trembling lip.

Dany smiled again seeing Arya suddenly control her emotions and was very gentle with Andi after that gently consoling and encouraging her. Dany smiled until she felt a stab of jealousy when Arya was standing behind Andi her arms around Andi helping her to aim and encouraging her. She whispered in Andi’s ear coaching her.

Dany’s body throbbed with hot jealousy seeing Andi in another woman’s arms. She wanted those arms to be hers! She was attracted to Arya but her attraction for Andi was burning in her veins and it was bringing out her green eyed monster.
Andi dropped the gun again but this time Arya took it in stride. Andi beamed.

Ghostmaker hummed at Dany’s shooting prowess. All her shots were in first the 9 ring and now the 10 ring.

“Have you shot before?”

“No. What am I doing wrong?”

“Daenerys Taragaryen. I have told you that you were a warrior Queen who took both of your companions to wife. Do not fight your destiny. You are to be warrior again. One wife will be your fellow warrior while the other will decipher your enemy’s moves and plans and put you and Arya in place to defeat your enemies. Take what is your destiny. I see your eyes on Andi. Take her. She longs for your touch.

Dany stared at him. She heard his words. “What about Arya? Did not I have two wives?”

“If you take Andi—you will take Arya. It is your destiny.” He smiled. “The order will be reversed and much quicker this time.”

“I don’t know Shih-Chieh. I have always thought of myself as straight.”

“Have you? Have you really?” the man from Yi-Ti locked eyes with her.

It was broken by Andi. She was jumping down and Arya reached forward and grabbed her hand making sure Andi kept the gun pointing down range. “I hit the Black! I hit the Black! Dany I hit the Black! Look! See the hole!” she squealed in elation.

Dany felt a big smile on her face. Andi was so filled with enthusiasm. She looked back at the Ghostmaker. “I don’t know Shih-Chieh. I have always seen myself as straight.”

“Have you ever felt fulfilled or satisfied with any of your male lovers?”

“I think you know the answer to that. I just have not met the right man yet.”

He looked at her with those steady dark eyes. “As you say” he slightly bowed his head.

They shot for another half hour. Dany was knocking out the ten ring with a few X hits. Missandei was squealing just hitting the black. She was definitely as happy as Dany knocking out the smallest ring. She had to smile at her best friend.

Arya came over and gaped at Dany’s targets. “Where and when have you shot before!” she demanded. “There ain’t no way you shot this good never having used a gun before! No fucking way! I wasn’t nowhere that good.”

“What can is say Arya? I got skills.”

Arya’s eyes bulged at the use of her pet phrase of Dany’s skills.

She eyed Dany suspiciously.

They went to the dojo.

It was a large room lined with cushioned mats on the walls. The floor had a cushioned mat covering the whole floor. Daenerys saw punching bags and dummies. The punching mitts. They removed their shoes and socks and stepped onto the mats. They removed their jackets and sweaters and were
down to their sports bras.

They were met by Shih-Chieh in a traditional black Kung Fu uniform with white frog buttons. They were introduced to Alysella Daeraellis from Lyse. She was fifth level Kung Fu. She was a master of the Crane, Tiger and Dragon style.

They met Yennazzi of the Dothraki. He was a master of Jujutsu. The close in art form to disarm and take out your opponent. He was forty-two and a twenty year master. He was six feet six inches and had scowl on his face. Dany saw out of the corner of her eye him smiling at the Ghostmaker but put the scowl back on when Andi looked at him.

Last was Gordar Tyrell a master of Krav Maga. He was a cousin thirty-two times removed from the scions of Highgarden. He had tried to crash the last family get together but had been kindly escorted out. Dany was not sure if he was joking or not.

The masters slowly formed a circle around them. They stepped forward and went through basic moves with the three woman. Dany was sure that Arya was proficient in at least the basics of each fighting style but was in the ring to support her friends she told the masters. Dany smiled at that and Andi was beaming. Arya was definitely thawing.

With Arya’s thawing in her manners and disposition towards her and Andi Dany wondered if Arya too was thawing in her resistance to what everyone were constantly telling them. She felt her stubborn nature fighting everyone’s word and pronouncements. She was sure she was straight. She had always admired women who succeed against man’s world and she had always admired the female form but she had only desired men.

She scowled. Had she really desired them or just thought that was what she was supposed to do. Find the perfect man to support and care for her. She had always rejected that picture of femininity. She would make her own way. She wanted a partner that saw her as an equal. She looked at Andi. That was one person who saw her as an equal.

She looked at Arya. Now that she was letting her guard down she felt Arya was seeing her as an equal.

The instructors were nice and very gentle in their instruction. She found that Yennazzi was actually gentle and had a sly sense of humor. The instructors told them that they thought they both had potential. Andi gnawed her lip. Yennazzi told Andi “You are a strong filly. I will make you into a Stallion Who Mounts the World.” He leaned his head towards Dany. “Like your Khaleesi. She will mount both you and Arya and make you her bitches!”

Arya rolled her eyes and Andi looked at Dany licking her lips. Dany felt her pussy spasm and her nipples throb. Only a Dothraki could say something that should be insulting and make it almost into a declaration of love. She shook her head. Andi was still staring at her with apprising eyes. She shook her head. Dany felt like she had lost something when Andi’s gaze passed from her. She wanted it back Dany realized.

It was announced that they would train with all the masters but would specialize in whatever style they were most adept at.

Then the masters guided Dany and Andi off the mat. The Ghostmaker and Arya stood six feet apart.

Andi gripped Dany’s arm in her excitement. Alysella Daeraellis informed them that Shih-chieh was a fifth level Kung Master in the five traditional animal styles.
Yennazzi informed them that Arya was a true master herself in Jujitzu. He felt she should form her own ryu and form her own school.

In a blink of an eye the Ghostmaker exploded forward from a standing position. His foot shot out in a straight kick but Arya dodged at the last moment and stepped in. She was in on the Ghostmaker and grabbed his uniform and tried to flip him over her hip but he rolled over her hip and slashing at her face. She grabbed his elbow and tried to wrench it down and back but his knee came up and she blocked with her knee.

For the next five minutes they fought to a basic stand style. Shih-Chieh landed some hard blows but Arya recovered and moved in close to negate his reach, speed and power. She did flip him once onto his back and kicked him in the ribs before he twisted away and was up. They fought on till by silent mutual consent the bowed to each signaling the end of the sparring session.

They bowed again deeper and then warrior clasped.

“I look forward to seeing you all in two days on this mat. Rest and contemplate what you did today.” He left them without a backward glance. Dany was impressed with the man.

They showered and Dany was almost mesmerized by the wet bodies of her friends. Their bodies gleamed in the water. She saw that they had swollen nipples and their cunnies were swollen and inner lips on display. They were still excited by the fight. She wondered if they felt the desire for her body like she felt it for them. Arya was hot looking but Andi was black sleek perfection.

They dried and put their clothes back on. Their clothes had somehow been washed and dried. Well, Yi Ti was famous for their laundry establishments.

Shih-chieh appeared from the shadows. “I am most impressed with your skills. I have a small eating establishment at the rear of this building. Only close associates, allies, and people in my closest sphere of influence eat here. It is a great honor to eat at the “Golden Lotus”. Will you join me? You can eat with your head uncovered Dany.”

“Lets celebrate our success!” Andi crowed.

“That is the spirit Andi.” Dany noticed Arya had stopped pretending to use their full names. She really was thawing towards them. It made her feel warm inside. “You were a Caracal out there you wild cat!”

Andi preened strutting and doing a stiff dance of some sort. Her breast swished to and fro. Dany could not help but stare. She saw the Ghostmaker looking at her with a knowing smile. Arya was smirking.

That straightened her back and stiffened her resolve. She was straight and Andi was gay that was all. She was comfortable with that.

They walked up two levels and down several long dimly corridors and came out into an elegant restaurant done in the style of old Yi Ti.

It was understated elegance. They were seated and the staff was most accommodating.

Twenty minutes later Dany was seething at the same staff. Or should she say one waitress in particular. She was most attentive. Yes she was. Her focus was only for Andi. Two other waitresses appeared to wait on her and Arya. The Ghostmaker simply smiled at her. His smile saying “you are straight right?”
Damn right she was!

The damn hussy was flirting with Andi and she was lapping it up! *How dare her!*

They ate their grilled rice with chopped in egg, steak, chicken and vegetables. It was delicious and she wanted to take a handful of the food and cram it in the fucking tart’s mouth! She was leaning forward showing Andi her breast! *Did the woman have no fucking shame!*

This was not about her being straight or not! The woman simply had no couth! She was a fucking whore trying to leech on her Andi!

The woman bent down and whispered in Andi’s ear and her eyes went large.

The woman went back to the kitchen.

“Dany! Dany! She wants to see me tonight! What do I do? Wow! I’m so excited. She is so fucking hot!” Andi paused. “I’m not sure I am ready for this. I wonder what I should do. Dany?”

Dany had been about to get ill. Thank the gods Andi was not jumping all over the harlot. That slut was not worthy of her sweet Andi’s affections!

“I was hoping we could watch TV tonight and play Halo 3.”

Andi thought about it. Dany was fearful she might decide to go out with the fucking slut.

*It was time to bring out the big guns.* “I was really hoping we could start to binge watch Doctor Who from season one.”

Andi’s eyes went dreamy. “Season one? We could watch the whole series through as we get time?” she asked hopefully.

“Yes. Arya will watch it with us and see what she has been missing.”

Arya’s eyes went as big as saucers and her mouth dropped open. Dany could see she was about to argue.

She mouthed “Please” with a desperate look in her eyes.

Andi came out of her dreamy state and turned towards Arya “You want to watch Dr. Who with us?” in a big hopeful tone and large moon gem eyes. Gods they were beautiful Dany thought.

Arya stared at Andi memorized by the same eyes. After five seconds in a soft voice “Yes I would Andi, Dany.”

They went to pay their bill and Shih-chieh told them they would always eat free at his establishment.

He and the waitress in question walked them out. Dany glared at the tart the whole way out. He smiled seeing Andi hook her arms through her two friend’s arms and soon to be lovers.

“You did well daughter.”

“I would love to have her father. She is most delectable.”

“She is not meant for such as us. She is an innocent as are Dany and even Arya.”

His daughter sighed. “Yes they are.”
“Do you think they will team with the Terminators father?”

“For our sakes I hope they do. Shireen is taming Candice from what we can gather. She allows our surveillance from a great distance.”

“So you think Arya will let them into her heart?”

“She already has … it will just take her time to discover that fact … she can be most slow sometimes.”
Missandei settled down to read another chapter out of book by the intrepid oh so brave dwarf Tyrion. His book had proven to the young mathematician just how valuable he had been to the three Queens.

The next chapter was **Highgarden: Debauchery Among the Thorns**. Missandei shivered in anticipation at the title.

Tyrion had been sent to Highgarden to crush once and for all the vile network of informants that Olenna Redwyne called the “Moths”. After his visit they would be no more but that was not all of Tyrion’s mission. He was to work hard to improve diplomatic ties between the Throne and house Tyrell.

He had again put his memories in sections.

**Wine Vat:** Towards that end of making better relations between the Throne and House Tyrell Tyrion had made the association of Leona Tyrell. A most comely lass. He would bed the lovely wench to help spread his influence in House Tyrell. She had been most receptive to his amorous overtures. What woman wasn’t?

She had told him to meet her in the wine cellar that night. She had a special love nest she liked to “fuck in”. Her salacious speak had Tyrion instantly enamored of the tart. He was led down into the cellars by his soon to be lover. They entered the area where casks of wine were fermenting. She led him to the end of a big row of large fermenting barrels. They climbed the scaffolding. The end vat had its lid off.

“In there is my little bunny pad for hot rutting. It is filled with padding and sable furs. Take a look in it and see.

Tyrion did just that. As he leaned over the board closest to the vat gave way and he stumbled arms wind milling as he fell in. The splash was mighty. Tyrion slowly climbed up to his feet with wine running down his body. He found the wine was up to his knees. He glared up at the lass. She stared down smirking and threw down a gold wine goblet.
“Here you go Tyrion. Drink and be merry. If you’re a good dwarf you can drink another sweeter nectar. My sweet cum is much sweeter than the red wine in which you now bask.” The girl left chortling.

When they found him the next morning he was sitting on his ass slumped against the side of the vat mumbling and drooling. The wine level was now to his ankles if standing. He put his cup down filling it and poured the wine on his head while his mouth wondered were all the sweet stuff of dreams had gone.

The Maze: Two days after his unfortunate stumble he saw his ex-wife Sansa running into the maze on a warm day with Margaery Tyrell. She had moved into the Tyrell household. It was high time he discovered why. All for the realm of course. The maze was quite confounding. It took him a half hour to find them. He had seen a large umbrella go up and he cursed his way through the maze paths till he found his way to beside the path the young women were in. Fortunately, there was a hole in the maze that allowed him to see easily through to the other side.

His mouth fell down as his cock rose up. On many quilts in the shade of the umbrella he saw his ex-wife and scion of Highgarden. They lay on blankets with roses stitched on them as their bodies twitched and wriathed. They were as naked as their name day and rolling around in a hot sweaty sixty-nine. Their mouths like lampreys feverishly devouring clam shells. Soon loud wails of ecstasy were swallowed by the thick hedges.

For the next three hours Tyrion somehow forced himself to sit through all this horrid lesbian debauchery. In fact he had first gotten up, turned around and found a much more comfortable sitting position. The beautiful, he meant ungodly things he had seen. The intense pussy gobbling and finger banging. The way they sat on each other’s faces or ate pussy from behind.

He was not really sure how he forced himself to sit through it all. He really was that dedicated. Then Margaery had brought the “garden fresh cucumbers” out. He was not sure he could ever eat one again. The way the two young nubile women used them to fuck wanton pussies and hungry assholes was truly a blessing—he meant a curse. He needed to make sure he was seeing correctly how they pulled the cucumbers out their spasming assholes and then bent in to deeply rim and tongue fuck said gaped assholes.

He pushed his face into the hole of the hedge to make sure his report to the Queens were accurate. He now knew why they so often took cucumbers to their chambers. He had thought that strange at the time.

He pulled back almost howling in pain. The hedges were made of Pyracantha. He had a hard time explaining all the cuts and scarps that covered his face for the next few days.

It had been worth it. Both women had at least fifteen orgasms many multiple. He himself had had to take his massive thick hard charging cock many times in hand to relieve the pressure of his observations. Probably good fertilizer.

Hen Party: He had quickly discovered that Sansa and Margaery had secretly married and that they had all of Margaery’s attendants constantly with them. They had had a second wedding too. This marriage was of pagan origin where all ten women had wed in an open marriage. He needed to find the name of this religion. It must be spread—he meant exterminated. In a few centuries.

He had heard rumblings of the “next show”. His expert sleuthing had led him to a door hidden behind a large suit of armor on a pedestal. He had gone in and was met by an Amazon from the stables. “Ten gold crowns for floor peep holes or twenty crowns for a ceiling peep hole.”
“I don’t have any money” he puffed out his sizable chest “I am the Queen’s emissary.”

“No pay. No play.”

Cursing he ran as fast as he could back to his room down the next hall and got twenty infernal gold crowns.

He paid and went up the narrow staircase. He saw at least twenty cooks, maids, septs, stable hands, carpenters spread out looking through their peep holes. Tyrion quickly found one.

He saw two big stable hand girls wheel in a strange contraption.

“What is that?” Tyrion asked in a whisper.

A young lass answered “It is from the land of Yi Ti. It is exotic; they call it ‘technology’. Those are ‘solar panels’ they are hanging out the window. The wires lead to those big squares. They are called ‘lead batteries’. The things plugged into the batteries are called ‘Magic Wands’ and brother are they.”

He heard another female whisper “Oh yes! The show is starting!”

Sansa and Margaery were dragged in by their disheveled hair by Alyce Graceford and Megga Tyrell. They both did not have on a stitch of clothing. In fact none of the women did. They cried out in pain and humiliation. Their quivering crying bodies jerked forward by twisted hair knots in their tormentors fists. Their bodies stumbled behind Alyce and Megga. The women jerked hard with their fists. Sansa and Margaery were brought cruelly forward all bent over by the down jerks of their masters’ fists in their hair. They were thrown down to the floor in a heap of weeping legs and arms. Their distress was so great their nipples were diamond hard, throats flushed pink and their shaved snatches swollen and wet.

They were strung up by chains that were attached to the ceiling by two of the nymphs on step ladders pulled from a closet. The cuffs were fur lined. Ankle bars were attached around their ankles and synched up tight with the cuffs again lined with plush fur. Sansa and Margaery were strung up with arms pulled up high and legs immobilized in place. The ankle bars hooked to eyelets two of the nymphs had attached to sunken cross bars.

Then floggers and cattails were produced and the two royal scions were simply royally abused. They wailed and writhed as red marks appeared from their upper chest, back and down to their feet. Margaery’s handmaidens whipped their tassels and cattails over white flesh leaving red marks on arms, breast, bellies, backs and legs. This went on for ten minutes with plenty of hard slapping of faces, tits and ass with cupped palms.

“Yellow Yellow!” Sansa called out. Her face was red from the hard slaps to it. Her voice weak from her sheiks of pain and pleasure. The vile looks remained on all the hens’ faces but they stopped attacking the royal scions.

“Pull the chains up so we are on the balls of our feet only. We want to feel more desperate.”

Said chains were pulled up and now Margaery and Sansa were on the balls of their feet jerking around as they were mercilessly whipped. Tyrion had no idea Sansa was so tough!

“Do you confess your sins!” Septa Nystrica bellowed out.

“We are innocent of burying our faces in each other’s pussies and ass clefts. We have never drank deep again and again from the well spring of each other’s cunts!” Margaery cried out her body
twisting as whips and floggers struck her torso front and back.

Sansa was a sobbing mess. Her body jerking as whips and floggers bit into her flesh. Having eight inquisitors had its advantages. Megga Tyrell and Taena Merryweather had gotten in front of Sansa and Margaery in their chains. They were on their knees with a cat tail. With one eye closed and tongue out in concentration the hand maidens pulled the cattails back and let their whips snap forward. Each snap expertly hitting swollen cunt and hanging labia lips bloomed out cum soaked slits. The screams of pain loud from the royal princesses but also hot grunts and groins of sweet masochistic pleasure. Tyrion noticed that Sansa and Margaery tilted their pussies up for each strike of the cattail that had them wailing and cum running down their thighs in glistening trickles.

“Use the Wand of Truth on the heretics! These fucking depraved sluts are strong in their resistance to loving guidance!” the septa screeched.

The wands were picked up by Alla and Elinor. They flicked a switch and a loud buzzing was heard. They smiled beatifically advancing on the chained heretics. The heretics whimpered all the while jutting their cunts out towards the wands. Clearly their pussies wanted to confess Tyrion reasoned.

Tyrion wondered what the sound was.

“Force the truth from the sluts. You will count to ten and then confess!”

The two women rammed the buzzing head of these “wands” into Margaery and Sansa’s couchies. The women seemed to come apart. Their bodies jerked wildly ramming their pussies into the wands seeking to confess.

They started to count one, two, three, four … Sansa screamed as she orgasmed hard screaming her body convulsing wildly. Margaery made it to six before she screamed in orgasm. *What the hell was in those wands!* Tyrion wondered.

Again and again the Septa tried to get the two heretics to confess but failed miserably. She had Margaery and Sansa slapped, whipped and spit on as the “Magic Wands” tried to make the women confess but only made them orgasm so hard. The two princess’s screamed as if they were boiled in oil as their pussies tried to tear themselves inside out with their explosive orgasms. Their pelvises and legs were soaked in cum now.

The Septa judged that more persuasion was need. “These sluts are strong in their slutty heretical beliefs. We need more pain! Bring forth the zippers.”

Lady Alysanne Bulwer and Lady Alyce Graceford squealed getting up and running to one of the large closets. They reached in and came out each with a large pale with strings hanging out over the lip of the pales.

*What the fuck* Tyrion thought.

He watched all the hens gather around the two heretics who looked down with glazed eyes. The hens picked clothes pins out of the pales and attached string to each pin in turn and then clipped them to pale skin. If not enough flesh, they would pinch up the skin to attach the clothes pins. They started to run lines down both Margaery and Sansa’s bodies.

One set of strings ran from each underarm down their ribs and around the outer swell of their breasts down to their hips. There were at least twenty five pins on each line. A line ran down from each arm pit to hip on each woman. Then another line was run down from above their breast and then
down the middle of their breast and down to the outer swell of their bellies on that side of their body. This line mirrored on the other sweaty heaving tit. The clothes pins pinched onto their sweaty skin on their sweaty heaving bellies. The lines ran down the middle of their bellies. Both sluts mewling in pain. Pain that would morph into searing pleasure. The two high princesses were drunk on the pleasure the pain being given to the princesses of Highgarden and Stark.

Tyrion watched a fifth and sixth line run down the inside curve of breasts and down the center of Sansa and Margaery’s sweet and cum soaked bellies. The two inner lines of clothe pins went down the center of their quivering bellies just outside of sweat dripping belly buttons and down over their hips and down their thighs to their knees.

“What the hell are they doing?” Tyrion softly whispered.

“They are putting clothes pins on them.”

Tyrion thumped his forehead on the ceiling softly.

“I know that! Why are they?”

The girl shivered. “My girlfriend put zippers on me last night … you’ll see … my gods they are going to cum so fucking hard!”

Tyrion watched intently. The Septa began ranting again about confessing “their horrid, vile lesbian sins”. She had the magic wands shoved back hard into swollen drooling cunts.

“Confess!” The heads of the magic wands were ground into swollen red twats.

Sansa and Margaery were already shaking violently from the evil spirits in their cunts the Septa announced.

“Confess!”

“We are innocent!” Sansa weakly gasped.

“We have the right to suck cunt and tongue fuck assholes!” Margaery defiantly croaked out through gritted teeth.

Elinor and Magga stepped in and slapped the liars hard in their lying faces and then spit in their faces.

The wands were turned on high.

Sansa and Margaery began to convulse and scream in orgasm.

“Rip off the zippers!”

One by one the hens gripped the end of the strings and jerked their arms back ripping the line of clothes pins off in a flash. Each line of pins ripped from flesh leaving bright red marks. The two heretics screamed and screamed as pain flooded into their orgasms and made them explode into multiple orgasms. Their screams deafening as both women now squirted and cum jetted in long arcs out their exploding twats.

They finally passed out as the evil spirits refused to leave their bodies.

Tyrion stared down through his peep hole stunned. Gods that was so fucking hot.
“Enough!” the Septa roared. “We need to use our royal scepters to make them confess. Let the fucking sluts down.” The royal scions were released and uncuffed. They lay on the floor a sweaty boneless mess. They were just now rising back to consciousness with bodies still jolting and spasming with strong aftershocks.

The cover was ripped off the super large circular bed.

*Oh gods!* The eight hens were putting on Strap-on cocks made of leather and filled with sand and balsa wood. The shortest was nine inches and the longest was eleven inches!

“Fuck! I have to go the stables dammit!” a young male sighed. His peep hole was over the large bed.

He got up and carefully walked along the rafters leaving.

Tyrion saw Meredyth Carne and Taena Merryweather fist a handful of the heretic’s hair and dragged the moaning and crying heretics to the bed.

Tyrion had to get to that peep hole! He got up and ran down the rafter. He tripped in his haste his arms wind milling. He hit the plaster ceiling hard.

The next moment he was hitting the circular bed covered in plaster chips and dust. He had long ago stripped naked and was covered in sweat and something else. The plaster stuck all over his wet body.

“A man! A man! A horrid man!”

Tyrion looked around. Who were they talking about?

“Take the whip to the vile male spawn!” Septa Nysterica commanded in a shriek of disgust.

“What?” Tyrion asked. What was the problem he wondered? He found out.

“Ouch ouch Aaaaiii Eeeiii ouch help help … daddy … Eeeeiiii!” Tyrion wailed as flogger tassels and cattails bit into his body. He staggered around on the bed trying to get his bearings to flee. He fell off the bed and ran around in circles his arms waving warding off the implements of pain. Watching was one thing!—*receiving was another!*

He heard Margaery call out “Give him one for me!” followed by Sansa “Give him twenty for me—he is a pain slut!”

Damn the woman! *Was nothing from the marriage bed sacred?!!*

In his stumbling Tyrion fell into the “iron battery”. He felt his eyes nearly bulge out his head and his teeth explode from grinding so hard. His wild jerking knocked off a lead and the pain stopped.

He did what any hero would do when outnumbered so severely.

He ran away. He stumbled out the chamber and waddled down to his room trailing dust and plaster chips. Fortunately, no one had been in the hall to see his naked body staggering to his room.

When he got in his room he looked in the mirror. He was covered in fucking red marks and his hair stood straight out. (His later research showed that he had been “shocked” by the “lead battery” and his hair was in what is called an Afro).

He was royally pissed.
He heard feet running down the hall. He stuck his head out the door. He saw another girl running up the hall towards the chamber and secret passage.

“What is happening?”

“That big hole you put in the ceiling has opened up viewing room. They just cleaned up the mess you made. They are charging forty gold crowns for the big open “hole” seats.

Tyrion cursed slamming the door shut.

Five minutes he came back out in fresh clothes still covered in plaster dust, hair in disarray. He had forty gold dragons in his hands.

Moths: Tyrion had been sleuthing continuously since his arrival in high garden. He could walk normally again after the severe whipping the hens had given him. He had discussed matters with the Master Moth that worked for Olenna. He was a tall drop dead handsome man.

Tyrion had easily put him under his sway with false platitudes that stroked the man’s massive ego. He had the man eating out of the palm of his hand. First the man had eaten a huge stack of gold coins out of that palm. Tyrion had promised him all the young women and men he could fuck if he would but turn double agent. He could have the best of both words.

What man would not be swayed by gold, hot tight pussies and assholes and promises of a higher station? He worked for the ultimate power in Westeros and Essos. Olenna only held sway in Highgarden. She had to work in the shadows while the three Queens ruled openly.

He would love rubbing Olenna’s face in it.

The man had agreed to meet him one hour after the dinner hour. He walked down the halls he had now learned to the meeting room that was near their sept. The man was by the door. He smiled at Tyrion and looked down the hall both ways opening the door for the dwarf.

Tyrion went in through the open door. The man did not. The door was slammed shut and Tyrion heard the lock being turned.

The room was pitch black.

His eyes bulged but before he could cry out in terror—shout his challenge—a slot was opened up on the wall near the high ceiling. Light steamed in as four torches were thrown in. Tyrion was thankful for the light. For all of ten seconds.

Moths started flying in the opening that went dark with the moths that stormed down to the source of light. The moths were a swarm! They kept flying into the room until the very air was thick with them. More and more moths flew into the room the very air alive with their vibrating wings beating furiously. Finally, the slot up high was closed.

Tyrion swatted madly at the flitting evil insects. He flapped his arms madly defending himself.

After an hour the torches burned out.

Two hours later the slot at the top of the room opened again and a bright light shone. The moths beat their wings toward the light. In ten minutes the moths were gone.

The door opened and a chortling Olenna stepped in. His supposed accomplish holding the torch for the old fucking crone.
Tyrion spit out the moth scales, wings, antennas and legs in his mouth. His skin was covered all over in the fine scales of moth wings and moth parts. His hair was jerking with the moths trapped in his hair.

“Did you hear the whispers? Feel the secrets brushing your skin? Did wings bring you the truth oh Lion of Lannister?”

Tyrion got up off his ass and walked out the door with a dignified gate. He turned to the old bitch. He brought his hands up to his face balled up and side by side. He extended both middle fingers.

“You are not a ten Olenna. You are an eleven!”

He turned and stalked down the hall. He would have his revenge. A Lannister always pays his debts!

“I think someone is in debt to widdle ole me!” Olenna sing-song down the hallway after Tyrion.

Tyrion put up his hands and flipped Olenna off as he stomped down the hall.

Cyvasse: It was the last full day that Tyrion would be spending in Highgarden. He had suffered setbacks but he would return and he would be victorious. He had lost a few battles (even a giant on the battlefield at times suffered setbacks) but the war had not been truly joined. He would return and it would be he rubbing Olenna’s nose in it!

They were in an antechamber near her quarters. They were sitting at a table with a large Cyvasse board on it. Tyrion was a legend in the world of Cyvasse tournaments. He did not defeat his foes. He crushed them in humiliating defeats.

This would be the opening salvo in the utter humiliation of Olenna Redwyne. The pieces were ornately carved and bejeweled with gems and gold, silver and copper inlays. Each piece an exquisite piece of art. Each piece priceless.

He eyed his twenty-six pieces on the six sided board. He was white by right of the visitor. His first move was devastating. Olenna sat back eyeing the board.

A half hour later Tyrion was sweating profusely. He was holding the center of the board but just barely. Olenna was a fucking hidden master! She would feint and then attack on his flanks. He barely repulsed her evil intents. He was launching attacks but she was diverting his efforts.

It was a stalemate. He had noticed Olenna jerking and spasming at the strangest time. Her eyes would go glassy and then focus again. She never lost her focus on her attack and defense though. The table had a cloth draped over it that ran halfway down to the floor.

A smell out of nowhere assaulted Tyrion’s sensitive smell. Olenna jammed her body forward into the table making the pieces rattle. Her hands gripped the edge of the table. Her body shook violently as her eyes rolled back into her skull and whimpering moans escaped her lips.

Tyrion smelled pussy!

He bent down and lifted the cloth and saw the most beautiful teenage girl he had ever seen. She had her face buried in Olenna’s twat sucking and slurping away merrily. She jerked her head back and hissed at Tyrion and swiped at him with her clawed fingers. He noticed her nails were clipped very short.

“My pussy! You can’t have any!”
He saw Olenna’s hand cup the back of this teenager’s head. Her fingers threaded in the flowing dark black locks and she shoved the dark brown face deep into her cunt and the girl avidly started sucking Olenna off again.

Tyrion watched speechless. “I am happy you have met Emilia. She is from Dorne to help raise Garland’s eldest … hhuunggggg!” Olenna gagged as Tyrion watched Emilia suck Olenna’s upper cunt into her mouth and happily munched away. “She is sixteen and such a sweet dear.”

Tyrion quickly lost the match his thoughts scattered.

He demanded another match. He had recovered his equilibrium and holding his own despite the fact that Olenna no longer hid her pleasure and orgasms from Tyrion. He was desperately on the defense but holding his own.

Then Garland’s eldest, Maisie came in. She was voluptuous with dirty blond hair. She had a heart shaped face and loose curls to her hair. She smiled at her gran-ma-ma. “I see you are playing the dwarf who fell through the ceiling.”

Tyrion grimaced. Well, any fame is better than no fame.

He gauged the girl was sixteen herself.

“Can I play with Emilia gran-ma-ma?”

“Yes my dear sweet great granddaughter.”

Tyrion’s mouth fell off when said daughter three generations removed bent down and gave her “gran-ma-ma” a kiss on the mouth. *With lots of tongue!*

The girl then dropped her dress and was naked as her name day. She dove underneath the table. The pieces rocked and rolled as the table jerked and jumped up and down. The smell of pussy got a lot stronger.

*What the hell?*

Tyrion looked underneath the table and both girls were eating out Olenna! He lost the game!

“Rematch!” Tyrion roared.

Olenna was by now swooning and having really impressive orgasms with much howling and full body spasms. He looked underneath the table. The girls had somehow gotten ahold of a pair scissors and cut away Olenna’s dress at the hips and were going wild on her pussy.

Another loss!

“Rematch!”

“Let’s start betting golden crowns why don’t we Tyrion!”

“You’re on!”

The table ceased rocking and he felt something rolling onto his feet and then off again and then back. He made the mistake looking underneath the table. The two teenagers were locked in a hot sweaty sixty-nine wildly eating each other out.

“Checkmate!”
“FUCK! Rematch!”

“Double or nothing?”

“Fuck yeah!”

The screams from underneath the table were deafening and the smell of pussy overpowering.

“Lost again Tyrion.”

“Double or nothing Bitch!”

Olenna was writhing now. Good. The sluts were back at her pussy now. This was his time to strike! Olenna slammed back into the back of the royal chair she sat in. Both arms were underneath the table as she used both hands to ram her sweet Maisie’s face deep into her spasming sloppy wet cunt. The girl from Dorne had her faced buried in Maisie’s twat eating her out doggy.

“Tyrion be a dear and move my knight from G7 to E5 … … That is R4 you fucking cheat! But it on the right square you fucking runt!”

Curse her! She should not even be able to see the board at her age!

Soon Olenna was wailing and the table shaking like in an Earthquake. The girls squealing made obscene noises slurping down the fucking gushing cunt juice.

Olenna’s plumbing was definitely not clogged up! Damn her eyes!

He could not believe his defeats as he always demanded a rematch.

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It was the next day. He was in his royal Hand carriage on the Rosewood on his way back to King’s Landing. He gnawed his lip in vexation.

Damn her fucking weathered eyes!

He had lost nine thousand gold dragons to the old hag! He squirmed in his seat. His queens would flay the skin off his small bones! Dany would roast him in dragon fire, Arya would warg into Nymeria and bit his nut sack off, Missandei would sic Shadowclaw on him. The little Caracal would cut him into a million pieces.

What to do? What to do?

He came up with a plan. He would approach each queen separately. He would tell them he needed three thousand crowns to cover unexpected costs associated with his crafty spy work.

A rider came up to his carriage in Highgarden regalia. He handed a Tyrion a scroll.

He saw Olenna’s seal. The bitch had to get in the last word. He fumed breaking the seal.

“Dear Tyrion: I have already sent a raven to King’s Landing detailing your losses at the Cyvasse table. It was nice knowing you. Kisses.”

Tyrion’s testicles disappeared from his scrotum. He kissed his ass goodbye and fainted.

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Missandei admired the man’s honesty at the temporary setback. There was still \( \frac{3}{4} \) of the book to go so the Queens had not killed their most valuable advisor.

She couldn’t wait to see how he got out of this pickle. Which made her think of cucumbers. She chuckled as got up from the chair and prepared to go to bed. Tyrion sure had made her and her wives’ lives adventurous in their past lives.

She hoped to one day meet the modern day Tyrion Lannister.
Planned Journeys

That Which Survives

Planned Journeys

Tyrion shuffled the papers on the desk in the room that had been appropriated as his work/study area. He was working on his research from Valyria. He really needed to get his second USB drive back. He was doing what he could from memory, but he needed the notes and worksheets on that flash drive.

He had not had the opportunity to translate the writings on the ruins he had visited or look over the grid information from the digs before giving it to Daenerys. He sat back. He still found it hard to believe that several translations from a dead land that were made near nine thousand years ago had turned his life so upside down.

Of course he had landed on his feet, like he always did - even if his bum was smarting a little this morning. He grimaced, remembering how it got into that state.

Cerlina Greyjoy.

When Tyrion had discovered the woman was from the Iron Islands, he had been after her. She was the captain of Illyrio’s two hundred foot luxury yacht. She was also a captain of his secret seal teams that were used in clandestine operations. She we had a voluptuous body that begged to be ‘boarded’, and he was just the pirate to do it!

She had succumbed to his sweet endearments, and proposed that they have a friendly duel on the seas. Tyrion had been perplexed at first. There was a lake behind the estate they were staying at, with pedal boats tied up at the dock. She wanted to have a duel on the seas in that lake, and she would become Tyrion’s salt wife upon his victory.

It had been a sunny day. They were paddling around, with Tyrion moving in to board Cerlina. She was fast and knew how to maneuver her boat! He saw Cerlina circle off, and then come at his boat at a furious pace. What? What was producing that strange bow wake?

She was going to ram his boat. He was just realizing how stupid that was, when an iron harpy head smashed through the planks of his now sinking craft! The bitch had put a battering ram on her boat! He screamed like a little girl with the water swirling into and filling his vessel. She threw him a life preserver, and had him hang onto the ring with a rope attached as she worked her feet paddling towards the shore.

He had been the salt wife that night. Cerlina had thoroughly enjoyed herself. Tyrion wished he could have said the same. His buttocks was killing him the next day.

He turned from his Valyrian work and mused over the information that had been procured for him on the program of ‘Proteus’, the military intelligence computer system that was supposed to control the military apparatus of the Ghiscari alliance. That had been hard to acquire. The information on the Terminator program was easy to obtain, since it had been the Crime Families leading that project with government assistance.

The Dothraki had a strange sense of humor. Alan Harris had created Proteus IV. He was a brilliant scientist, and reported a gentle, peace-loving man. He, like Sarah Connor, had wanted to never use Proteus in anger. It seemed his computer had agreed.
The Horse Lords had been in the lead with the first Terminator program. Tyrion saw that they had used Alan’s drowned daughter Julia as the template to create their first Terminator. She had died at age ten. The crime family had used extrapolation software to create an adult version of her. They had procured a genetic sample of the departed Julia, and from this they had created a stem cell line from and used it to craft the cyborg tissue of the Terminator.

Tyrion had asked for more information. Could they get him data on the girl herself? Her personality and attributes? His hosts had found that request strange, but they accommodated him. Tyrion hit the mother lode. He was now sure he knew why Cameron was in love with Sarah Connor. She may have become enamored on her own, but really, she was predestined to love the woman.

The world had been saved by an inside joke. Without the warped humor of the Dothraki, Proteus would have quickly destroyed mankind.

The door opened, interrupting Tyrion’s train of thought. In walked his two hosts, Illyrio and Varys. The men had been behaving most civilly towards Tyrion, and frankly it was freaking him out. He was constantly waiting with a grim certainty that the next day his fairy tale existence would come crashing down. His scrotum still contracted with memories of the car battery and one dearly departed Ramsey Bolton.

They joined him at the table.

“How is your progress coming our dear friend?” Illyrio asked. He at least acted like he was solicitous.

“Have you made any more progress in deciphering further the prophecies or why magic is now awakening after eight thousand years?” Varys asked.

“No.” Tyrion cringed, but he saw no anger in his overlords’ faces. He was a guest, but he knew he was supposed to be providing the service of information. “I do find it disturbing that it was roughly eight thousand years between the first and second manifestation of the Ice Wright King, though.”

“Do you think he will arise again? The seasons aligned themselves with his death the second time, on Jon Snow’s sword.”

“I am not sure. I have my doubts. He sort of cut off his nose to spite his face. When he killed off the last of the first people, he lost his lifeline. He did not realize that their lives and his life were linked. When he killed the last of them, he was not able to survive his second death. It was sort of like taking away Lord Voldemort’s Horcruxes. Still, I am disturbed by this coincidence.”

“I am thinking some other cause and effect is occurring – the Ice King could possibly return, but the Terminators playing into the prophecy sort of nixes that theory. As badass as the Ice King was back then, one 50 cal bullet and it is ’meet my shards’, lying in fifty thousand pieces on the ground.”

“We need to get that USB back, I would assume?” Varys asked, looking at Tyrion.

Tyrion had told them up front of the second USB drive. They would have found out, anyways. What they had not know was where he had sent it. He had made sure to do without the involvement of any electronics.

It had been that test that had convinced Tyrion (well sort of convinced him) that his hosts were being benevolent towards him for some reason. They had not forced the location from him. Instead, they proposed to help him go and retrieve the ‘lost’ USB.

Sure, they had cajoled and made veiled references to body parts found in the local lakes, but had not
directly threatened him with bodily harm. They were actually been nice to him. They were feeding him well, giving him wine to relax after a hard day’s reading and writing, and plenty of willing wenches to fuck at night.

Really, it was like paradise. He no longer had to worry about the adage of ‘publish or perish’. Now he just had to worry about actually perishing. It tended to keep one on one’s toes. After several weeks of their remarks about the need to make progress, Tyrion saw they were not going to torture the information out of him. It seemed they wanted to work with him as partners. They valued his intellect and his ‘insightful if perverted mind’.

But if the Terminators decided to turn on man, his ass would get irradiated till it glowed and his cock would be blasted off in the atomic blasts littering the planet.

Yes indeedee, it was time to get to work.

He had told them how he had mailed the USB by courier to the land of Asshai. He had given the drive to Draqodos Ennar who lived there near the largest and most powerful ‘dead zone’. His parents were merchants from Tyrosh that had established a dry goods store there a century ago, and had thrived in that dour and dark land. The people who lived there were taciturn from the darkness that often enveloped the land from the ash of active volcanos in the interior. On top of that, thick clouds of unnatural fog rolled down from the highlands and often kept the land in gloom for weeks.

Scientists could not explain how the fine curling wisps of fog did not burn off for weeks on end.

The man made the trip by collier ship to save money, and to make sure to avoid the dead zone that had a tendency to change its borders. Several aircraft had crashed when instruments and engines went dead over the decades when the zone suddenly expanded or contracted.

Draqodos was given a package full of strange trinkets and false shaman and voodoo priest ingredients and potions. He had several USB drives hidden within with supposed research on them. Two of them had random information on the religions saved, but the third had his Valyrian research.

Draqodos had no idea which was truly the treasure.

He was to take it to a shyster mystic and witch going by the moniker of Melisandre, High Priestess of R’hllo. Her motto was: “Find the light else the dark will bite your ass!” She had to be a fraud. Her Internet site had little about the dead religion of R’hllo, and much more about physic readings and palmistry.

She would do a physic foretelling via Skype, Oovoo or other video chat services for her clients. The Palmistry was done via sending her Jpegs – pictures of your palm only, please. You would get your palm reading e-mailed back within twenty-four hours – so long as your credit card checked out. Tyrion wondered why the hell she needed credit card verification services when she was a psychic.

She also ran a consignment business out of her crowded storefront. She had all manner of strange items in her store. The shelves were lined with jars of many seemingly dark and menacing things. Most of it was probably just swamp water. The pictures uploaded of this ‘Melisandre’ displayed lots of cleavage and legs. Tyrion guessed she was about six foot two inches tall, and all woman. Her bosom was quite impressive. He figured her red eyes must be contact lenses, and she looked hot with the ruby jewel at her neck.

He would love to have a palm reading on her breasts and couchie!

His solicitous hosts looked at Tyrion with a gleam in their eyes. Tyrion had come to the conclusion
that Varys was the finder of facts, or maybe just rumors. He had his ‘sparrows’ and ‘spiders’ tapping
their webs with their legs, gathering information.

Varys found the information and processed it down into a hypothesis that could be acted on. Then it
was Illyrio that took the actionable intel and formed the plan necessary to deal the situation. Varys
may chime in with fine tuning every so often, but it was Illyrio that took the action.

Tyrion had done some background checking on his new ‘friends’. Varys had been a high ranking
spy in the services of Westeros until some unspecified incident derailed his career. He clashed with
M8 of Braavos, who had been led by one Innodos Faenoran. Innodos had been grievously injured
losing his sight.

Vayrs had disappeared after that, and then three years later he was the leader of the Cabal of the
Phantom King of Westeros. Like the Autarchy of the Free Cities, the position was not hereditary or
even based on familial ties. Like the Sealords of Braavos, the title was based on merit.

Illyrio Mopatis was of a crime family of long lineage. He had earned his title of Don of the Autarchy
the old way. He had bribed, intimidated and killed his way to the top. He used craft and guile to
maintain his position. That combined with Varys’ intelligence to keep him one or maybe three steps
ahead of those who would attempt to topple him from his perch.

It had been Varys that had discovered Tyrion’s ‘situation’, and Illyrio that had within two hours
assembled a strike team to rescue him. Their partnership was most beneficial and profitable to both
men. By combining their talents, they were able to keep Westeros and the Eastern free cities
basically calm and the internecine warfare between crime families at a low, acceptable level.

This peace between the crime families and the high profits made the governments willing to turn a
blind eye to them. In fact, Tyrion suspected that the governments availed themselves of their unique
talents and made use of crime family hit teams they could disavow.

“Tyrion, you most intrepid of dwarfs. You are about to take a journey to new climes.”

Tyrion knew his bubble had to burst sometime. “Where, pray tell, might that be?”

Illyrio spoke up with sudden, rising anger. “I have given you the keys to the kingdom and you have
betrayed my trust!”

Tyrion blanched. What was Illyrio speaking of? He felt sweat immediately break out on his brow.

“Don’t act like you don’t know what I am talking about!”

Tyrion had so many choices to choose from. “Uh … well you see … ahem … there was this
chicken that was trying to cross the road—”

“You pervert! We showed you how to monitor our security systems for your safety and you abused
my trust!”

Varys jumped in. “Do you know what we are talking about, Imp?” the bald man asked with a
searching gaze.

Tyrion’s mind was working desperately to control the blind panic coursing through his veins. He did
know what the ‘issue’ was. *He just couldn’t help himself!*

He had been monitoring the local feeds, watching the various muscle working while on duty and
moreso off duty. He had most enjoyed the sex and masturbation sessions he got to witness day in
and night out. He still was actively using his porn feeds, but having live shows for free was a blast.

Last week he had stumbled upon a cross feed that was allowing him to see the security cameras of Illyrio’s home. He quickly discovered Illyrio’s wife was twenty years younger than his erstwhile employer. Also, she was fucking hot. The other thing he discovered was that she liked young men and women.

She had plenty of pool hands cycling in to work the pool grounds, and gardeners for the local flower beds. She had dog walkers for her three Pekinese dogs. With that kind of hair they needed a lot of grooming. Tyrion saw Serra Mopatis had male pool hands and female gardeners and dog walker / groomers. He also saw she had only high school aged attendants.

He also saw how she paid her young workers. She would literally jerk the pool boys’ swimming trunks to their ankles and dive down on her knees to suck them off. He also saw they all were hung. Much like himself, he conceded. The high school boys would howl as their cocks slid down her throat. She was quite adept at deep throat. She had the high school bucks shooting off their loads below her neck. They howled in pleasure.

With the girls, she ripped off their bikinis and threw them down on the deck lounge chairs and devoured teenage pussy sucking off and off again and again until the poor lasses were dehydrated and put into a comatose state of bliss.

She was a beautiful MILF that was also a predator of willing teenage succulent flesh. She had a black lawyer over yesterday who was just out of law school. She was from Naathi. She had come from Illyrio to give his wife the latest stock portfolios that he was appraising. His wife had a good head for figures.

The woman was near swooning seeing all the white teenage girls running around in skimpy bikinis. The prim and proper lawyer was trying hard to not drool. Serra had called over the four young sixteen and seventeen year old beauties. She asked Faeyasha Orloyor if she liked all the young lasses that now surrounded her. Serra had chuckled seeing the woman overwhelmed with repressed desires.

“Fuck her blind,” was Serra’s simple command. Tyrion had been ecstatic watching the four white sluts ripping the full bosomed black woman’s clothes to shreds and throwing her down on the chaise. It had taken them three hours to totally exhaust the woman. She had valiantly fucked and fucked through countless orgasms while sucking off four white teenage pussies again and again. Fucking like that was hard work.

Tyrion had loved seeing the five female bodies covered in drying female cum.

Illyrio was furious over it. “I trusted you to not spy on my sweet wife and her predilections for underage cock and pussy. There must be ramifications for this heinous abuse of my trust in you, Tyrion Lannister.”

Tyrion was sweating furiously; his mind working feverishly. His ‘bosses’ were both middle age and overweight. He should be able to outrun them till he could throw himself off a roof top and avoid any torture.

“Roose Bolton will be here in one hour. He has much to talk to you about, Tyrion. The doors are locked by the way if you are thinking about making a run for it.”

*Squeee Squeeee!* Tyrion squealed running to the door and pulling on the door knob looking over his shoulder with big saucer eyes. *Squeee Squeeeee Squeeee!* Tyrion bleated like the cowering
swine he was.

It was only then he turned around and noticed Illyrio on the ground, rolling around from hip to hip his girth giggling and high pitched laughing peels of unlimited mirth.

Varys looked at Tyrion with an amused smirk. “His wife loves having an audience. They wanted you spying on her. Makes her fuck like a banshee. Serra likes her young boys and girls. She satisfies Illyrio’s female itch, while male commercial models satisfy his male itch.”

“Geez Tyrion. You are so easy.”

Tyrion scurried to the bathroom to check his new skid marks.

/////////

Tyrion now knew he would be traveling to Asshai by ship. He was booked on an old merchant steamer, the route being taken to avoid notice. No one ever thought of going by merchant ship anymore. It was slow and uncomfortable, but it afforded anonymity and the cheap fare. No one would be looking for Tyrion going by ship.

He was happy that his bodyguards would be going with him. They had been away for a while on several missions. He made his way to the gym in the basement to watch them train. He wanted to know just how good they were.

He watched them do calisthenics, isometrics, weight training and wind sprints. The small Ygritte was shockingly fast, and Brienne was amazingly strong bench-pressing over four hundred pounds in sets of ten.

Ygritte came over to Tyrion. “She is all muscle. Remember that I am the brains of this outfit. She follows my orders. And I am very strong for my stature, I tell you. Not that I’m boasting or anything.”

“Ygritte, you blew a gasket just lifting the weight bar. You are so flyweight.”

Ygritte eyes bulged out of their sockets, and she ran over to Brienne who had put the weight bar in its holders and sat up.

“That is a lie! I can lift twice my own weight and more, I will have you know.”

“Like I said, you can’t even lift the bar weight.” She wiped the sweat off her face, splotchy with sweat and blood rush.

Tyrion saw Ygritte staring at Brienne, licking her lips unconsciously. Brienne started to hurl another insult but stopped seeing Ygritte staring at her hard. She was nonplussed, not sure what Ygritte was staring at. She started to get nervous.

Tyrion had laid money on them shagging each other when they arrived in Asshai, so he did not help them figure it out.

Ygritte reached out and put a lock of stray hair behind Brienne’s ear. The woman’s beautiful blue eyes went limpid.

Oh No! Tyrion thought. I am going to lose the bet before we even get out of Braavos.

Ygritte’s fingers found Brienne’s ear and twisted it hard. “Ouch! You fucking bitch!” Brienne
screeched, her head twisting as she got up, folded over as Ygritte jerked on her ear. Brienne rabbit punched Ygritte in the ribs in return, making the fiery redhead howl in pain, releasing Brienne’s ear. “You bitch!”

Romantic crisis averted.

They stormed and bitched through the rest of their workout.

“Why do they even let you in here Ygritte? A yap-yap dog can lift more weight than you can.”

“That is a lie you fucking Lurch! You can’t chew gum and walk at the same time.”

Brienne spit her gum out hitting Ygritte in the forehead.

“I would say my aim is pretty good there, midget. You know, I don’t know why I put up with this abuse. I should ask for a new partner.”

She got ready to do another set of arm curls with free weights. She stopped when she did not hear a retort. She looked up.

She saw what Tyrion had seen but been speechless. It was obvious Brienne was just gigging the small Wildling outcast, but tears were in Ygritte’s eyes breaming and about to fall down her cheeks.

Brienne was off the bench in a flash and pulled the woman to her side in a fierce hug.

“Hey Ygritte! Stop that. I would never ever ask for another partner. You are the best I have ever seen. You are fast, adept and strong! And don’t ever let anyone know I said this Ygritte, but you are the brains of this duo. I rely on your intelligence and insights. I am indeed just the dumb muscle.”

“You stop that, Brienne of Tarth. You know nothing! You are brilliant in your intelligence and I need all the insights you give me in the field. I would be helpless without you!”

They stared at each other awkwardly shuffling their feet and hemming and hawing. They started inching towards each other.

Tyrion thought about saying the hell with the bet seeing these two lonely and desperate in love mercenaries find each other and bring happiness to their lives.

Nah.

“Ahem. Can I see some of that vaunted skill that your employers have told me of?”

The women shook their heads and the moment passed. Tyrion was sure that Brienne would never make that mistake again. The look of panic that came over her eyes seeing Ygritte about to cry would make sure of that.

Ygritte took in a wooden replica of a Naginata ko-naginata. It was a smaller version of the male variant ō-naginata with a smaller blade.

Brienne picked up a wooden practice broadsword. It was nearly five feet long where Ygritte’s weapon was near six and half foot in length.

The bowed to each other. Brienne started to circle around Ygritte sizing her up looking for a drop in her guard. In a silent rush she came in with a slashing sword stroke to Ygritte’s head.

Tyrion cringed thinking he would need a new bodyguard, but Ygritte easily side stepped and jabbed
forward nearly impaling the forward lunging Brienne. Her sword slashed down and away knocking the pole weapon to the side. Ygritte whirled the shaft around her body and jabbed at Brienne’s ribs from the new angle. The tall woman barely blocked the thrust. She pivoted and spun away and then came in slashing furiously.

Ygritte was blocking the sword thrusts and slashes not through brute force, but by shunting the blows down and away. She was constantly pivoting away and circling Brienne, not allowing the tall blonde to come at her with a straight forward attack. She would block and parry and suddenly thrust and slash from unexpected angles and vectors. She was constantly pivoting low and sweeping her pole at Brienne’s legs.

Twice she succeeded in upending the woman but Brienne would twist down to her knees, bellowing and slashing in great sweeping arcs. The long blade kept Ygritte from moving in close enough for a ‘kill’. Brienne would use her strength to get back to her feet and achieve her stance and block the onslaught of the small woman.

Brienne would launch vicious attacks that the shorter woman impossible met and blunted with speed and unparalleled skill. She would knock the smaller woman back and off balance, but Ygritte always recovered and her arching shaft and blade would have Brienne blocking desperately to keep the blade from biting into her body or slashing her face.

Tyrion had read of their marksmanship with both guns and rifles. They were masters of all manner explosives as well. They could swim underwater for over five minutes, and were masters of UDT (Underwater Demolition Team). They were deadly with all manner of knives.

Ygritte was said to be one of the two best bowmen in the world. The other was a FBI agent that recently went rogue - one Arya Stark.

Now he saw that these women were also masters of bladed weapons. His jaw dropped at witnessing their sheer speed, grace and poetry in motion. They were holding nothing back in their confidence in not only their skills, but the skills of their opponent.

After ten more minutes they ceased their sparring and silently bowed to each other. Brienne went to towel off her face. Ygritte stood behind her, nearly drooling looking at Brienne’s tight rump that came up to her tits nearly with their height difference. Ygritte’s eyes said it all. Her body was flushed from her sparring but Tyrion knew that her throat had flushed deeper red seeing that tight ass right in front of her eyes. Her fingers twitched with desire.

Tyrion definitely needed cameras wherever these women finally consummated their love. Gods they were so athletic. If they brought the same skills to the bed … Tyrion shook his head.

He was going to win so big and get his rocks off too! Life was indeed good again.
Picking Up the Pieces

That Which Survives

Picking Up The Pieces

Margaery read over the reports of the damage done to their facilities in Highgarden, King’s Landing, New Lannister, Gulltown and Rockingham again. The rolling blackouts and wild power surges that had plagued the electrical grid of Westeros from the events at SAC in the vale were still being fully sifted and remedied. At first it had been thought that it was mere blackouts.

Margaery had analyzed the data from all the probes she had had installed to monitor electrical power. With the data from the probes she was sure powerful EMP bursts had traveled down the transmission lines. *What in the hell had occurred at SAC?* Margaery wondered. Something big and something powerful.

The probes, UPS units, and electrical scrubbers had been an expense Sansa never bitched about. *She never wanted to harm her cash cows.* Margaery stopped herself. She was being unfair. It was thinking like that which had contributed to their “problems”. They had started walking down separate paths and never bothered to look for each other until they were both out of sight. Margaery felt fully justified in thinking it had been Sansa that had the blinders on, though. It was Sansa who had turned her back on the research labs.

Margaery paused. How hard did she really try to learn the boardroom herself, though? Sansa had begged her to. Margaery squirmed at that truth.

She heard Sansa in the kitchen, preparing them a lunch. She had solicitously asked Margaery what she would want for their midday repast an hour ago.

Sansa was doing most of her meetings from home via video conference bridge and working through email, spreadsheets and memos. Petyr Baelish visited every Wednesday. He brought important files and proposals from the office. She resented him, but could not help but remember that it was he who had recalled the defective medical implement.

During the first meeting, Margaery laid on her bed staring at the ceiling feeling alone and miserable.

She and Sansa had fought furiously when Sansa first stayed at their home. Margaery made snide comments about Sansa being away from her ‘true love’. Sansa did not rise to the jib, but instead showed that calm Stark resolve Margaery had once adored. Now she just thought it made Sansa seem like a glacial cunt.

Sansa asked her if she was ready to start working again on her projects. She had thrown her tablet at Sansa. She was *not* ready. “You afraid the product lifeline is going to dry up and your profits will plummet? *I am just the Researcher.*”

Tears had sprung to Sansa’s eyes at that, but she had held them. Later she passed the main guest bedroom Sansa was staying in. Her sobs broke Margaery’s heart, but it was too late for that.

The tension was always bubbling beneath the surface between them. It royally pissed her off that Sansa would not yell at her. Damn it, she wanted to *fight.*
“I am leaving you. I am going back to Highgarden.”

Sansa just sat there with a blank look.

“What do you have to say to that Sansa Stark?!”

“I will throw myself out the window to my death on the day you leave me.”

“You bitch! You are just saying that trying to control me!”

“Think what you want.”

“Fuck you, bitch!”

With that, Sansa slowly got up and walked to her bedroom and quietly closed the door.

Margaery gnawed her lip. She knew Sansa meant it. She loved her so much still she would kill herself. Well fuck her!

She stormed to her bedroom to pack her suitcases.

She was packing her bags furiously to start with but as she half-filled her suitcases the steam left her. She knew she did not want to go home. She sat and thought about her situation. She knew she still loved Sansa. She had a lot of hostility built up in her system, but she still loved the reticent and reserved Stark.

Her fury spent, she remembered the look on Sansa’s face as she walked to her room so deathly calm. Margaery was up off her bed in a flash, running down the hall. She reached Sansa’s door. She thought about barging in, but she wanted to show Sansa respect. With their currently strained relationship, she did not feel she had right of familiarity.

She knocked on the door.

“Can I come in Sansa?” She waited. Silence.

“Open the door Sansa!”

Silence.

“Open the godsdamned door now, Sansa!”

Nothing.

She pounded on the door again. Still no response.

Margaery gripped the ornate door handle and pushed it down, then pushed the door open. She was shocked by what she saw.

Sansa had consumed a small amount of a bottle of bourbon. The mostly-full bottle sat on the night stand. Beside it was a knocked over shot glass, with bourbon spilled over on the expensive mahogany wood. Sansa was moaning and crying. It tore at Margaery’s heartstrings to see her wife like this.

Sansa never drank, and was simply wasted by the small amount she had consumed.

Margaery walked over to the nightstand, picked up the bottle and looked at the label. It was a fifth
bottle of A.H. Hirsch Reserve 16 Old Straight Bourbon Whiskey. Margaery sighed. At least Sansa went for the good stuff for her first drunk.

She went to Sansa who stared blearily up at her. She started to cry harder.

“You don’t luuvvfff me anymore!” and started to wail. She weakly thrashed her head. “I’ve ruined it. Yufff will never forvivvth mee ... I really really fuckingd it uullppp!”

Margaery took a deep breath. It hurt her to see her strong wife reduced to this. Because of her. Sansa was right, though. She had fucked up royally. Margaery doubted that their relationship could be saved, but she saw now that Sansa was really hurting too. Her threat of jumping built on deep, raw pain.

What was the answer? Margaery did not know.

“Oh Shitttt! I don’t feel so well.”

Margaery’s eyes flew wide open. Oh no! This could get real bad, real quick. She moved to Sansa’s side in a flash and helped her reeling wife to sit up.

She tried to lift Sansa, but she was a tall, stout, strong woman. “Sansa - lift.”

Sansa looked around blearily. “Lifffff whaaattt? I don’t see any boxes—oohhhhh I don’t feelllppfff to good!”

“Get up! NOW!”

That worked. Sansa lurched up. Margaery half guided—half dragged Sansa to the bathroom. Damn her wife was heavy dead weight in this condition! Her own choice of words just then chilled her.

She got Sansa to stumble over to the toilet. Sansa fell to her knees. Margaery got to her hair just in time, sweeping it back over her shoulder. Sansa ralphed for a long time, emptying her stomach of alcohol.

She got Sansa stripped down, then removed her own clothes. Damn, she had forgotten just how beautiful Sansa was. Her body was still smoking hot - she had not let her body go at all through the years. Margaery hadn’t either. Both of them believed in staying fit and eating healthy.

Sansa had spluttered and cried out as the cold water washed over her body. She had half-fought Margaery in her alcohol induced confusion, but Margaery got her wife cleaned up. She then helped her still-drunk wife out of the shower, and towelled her dry. She pulled a night shirt over her head, and Sansa sat on the bed.

“Can you love me again Margaery?” she asked brokenly.

Margaery had no answer.

They were still frosty with each other, but Margaery had lost her bile after that night. She was still furious with Sansa for treating her so badly and ignoring her, but she no longer wanted to strike out at her wife. She was still not sure about their future and thought it was likely doomed, but she no longer wanted to hurt Sansa - and that was an improvement.

She slipped into a limbo. She did not know how to step forward. She knew she still loved Sansa, but she felt dead every time she looked at her. She could remember as a distant echo a time she
could not keep her hands and mouth off the woman. She had devoured Sansa and fucked her bowlegged with her strap-on.

That ended so long ago.

Sansa was still so beautiful. But Margaery got a little ill with so much as the thought of making love to her. Sansa had ruined it all.

Even worse, she could not bring herself to go back to the research lab or use video conference, or even so much as use the Internet to do some research and keep abreast of all the projects that their corporation was involved in. She snorted to herself. She was surprised that Sansa had not shrieked about her harming Stark Tyrell Pharmaceutical with her neglect.

She had lost her mojo. She just had no passion for anything, and that scared her. She long ago lost her passion for Sansa, but her desire to further research to help mankind had sustained her. If she lost that too, she would be in serious trouble.

Margaery was agitated. This was Petyr Baelish’s fourth visit to their home to give Sansa her precious weekly briefing. She knew Sansa thought she was making a grand sacrifice, working at home to stay near Margaery. She saw through the sham. Sansa was just trying to make herself feel better.

She hid away in her now-permanent bedroom. She paced around, brooding. Petyr had never been bad or mean to her, but she could not let go of the fact that he had once pursued Sansa romantically. She still felt threatened by the man even though Sansa had only been into women since she met Margaery. Or maybe it was only herself alone that attracted Sansa to the female sex.

There was a knock at the door. She did not answer it. She did not want to see Sansa right now, with that man in the house. Hell, she did not want to see Sansa period.

The door was knocked on four more times after a polite interlude. The fifth set of raps propelled her into action. She went to the door in a huff, ripping it open.

“What do you want Sansa?!” she barked without looking.

Petyr Baelish stood before her with a cocked eyebrow and that smirk that came so easy to his face. He looked her up and down and smirked even more, seeing Margaery in a frumpy full length robe.

“Get dressed Margaery. You are late for the meeting.”

“Excuse me?”

“You are one half of this corporation and it is high time you started acting like it.”

“Excuse me!”

Petyr stood undaunted before her, and went to hand her two HP tablets. “The one in my right hand is a summary of the status of the lab projects you have been neglecting.” He jabbed the tablet at Margaery.

She refused it. She spied the other tablet. “What is that one for?”

He entered the room, closing the door behind him. Margaery fumed at the intrusion. Petyr turned to look at her. She glared death rays at the man.
“It is tablet with the most recent balance sheet, cash flow reports, personal concerns and job openings.”

“I don’t involve myself in that shit.”

“That ends as of today.”

“Excuse me!” She repeated, incredulous at his nerve.

“You have been most unfair to Sansa. That ends as of today.”

“That is fucking bullshit!”

“Is it. She asked you, no, my memory tells me she begged you to get more involved in the business side of your corporation. She needed your intelligence and acumen, but you refused her repeatedly.”

“That is a fucking lie!” Margaery’s stomach twisted. Sansa had pleaded with her. But not for long!

“She begged you for six month.”

Fuck! She did not need to hear this.

“Why are you so fucking concerned? With me out of the picture you are free to move in and stake your claim on Sansa!” Margaery yelled at Petyr, her inner fears tumbling out. “You never wanted me in the picture!”

Petyr looked at Margaery Tyrell blandly. “I see. The green eyed monster. Let’s lance this wound once and for all; I grow tired of it. We had this conversation once before.”

Margaery glared at the man sullenly.

“I will not deny that once I sought the hand of Sansa as I had her mother. I was rejected by both. It hurt like hell to be turned aside for another, twice, but I survived.”

“But if I was out of the picture, then you could have Sansa.”

Petyr snorted.

“I will never have Sansa. Her heart belongs to you as her mother’s belongs to Eddard Stark. I have come to see this is best.”

Margaery could not help but be curious “How so?”

“I have come to discover that my wife is this company. And if not this one, then another. I will always give my singular focus to the business I am intimately involved in. I have lady friends that come and go to fulfill my physical needs. They do not give me anything emotional. I know myself well enough now to know that even in marriage, I would not get or give much emotional support.

“I would make a horrible husband to any woman. I know it and accept it. Actually, I find that I am much happier than you and Sansa are currently.”

Margaery bristled at the truth. Her eyes shot daggers at him.

“But this is something that can be corrected. Sansa will do anything to win you back. I do not see the same willingness from you, however. You are not worthy of her.”
“Fuck you!”

“I think not. You need to get over the past and start living for the future. You have a beautiful woman that has seen the errors of her ways, and a company that can change the world for the better. The choice is yours.”

“You are just worried about all the fucking money I make you and Sansa!”

Petyr handed Margaery the second tablet.

Margaery snatched the device from Petyr’s hand. She almost threw it against the wall but she could not bring herself to destroy a piece of scientific endeavor no matter how pissed she was. She respected science too much. She turned and put both devices on the table beside her. She may end up throwing them yet if she kept them in her hand.

“Yes, you have been bleating that a lot lately. It is time we put that little lamb to bed, I think.”

“What the fuck does that mean?” Margaery sneered. She was the brains that made their company go.

“You are holding us back, Margaery.”

That was a fucking lie! “Bullshit! You fucking liar!”

“Your maniacal insistence to be involved in all of the projects, and that you have to lead and do all of the critical experiments yourself is retarding our speed and ruining moral.”

“Bullshit! No one has said anything!”

“They are afraid to.”

“I don’t believe you! Fuck you!”

“Your incessant demands to remain in charge and constant cross-checking all findings and results is causing some of our best scientists to leave.”

“They got better offers!” Margaery yelled though she knew she was lying.

“Now it is my turn. Bullshit. We pay top salary and give them as much freedom and responsibility as we can despite your best effort to undermine all our efforts.”

Margaery folded her arms under her breasts and glared at the man.

“You are brilliant, Margaery. I and Sansa think you are the most brilliant scientist in your field, but you limit yourself.”

“What the fuck does that mean?” Margaery’s arms whipped down. She was seething. She did not like what she was hearing one bit!

“You dissipate yourself having to be involved in everything. Which of course you cannot. You can be replaced Margaery. You act like you are sacrosanct.”

“Bullshit!”

“We would have to hire twenty-five scientist to replace your brilliance, but it could be done.”
Margaery was back to glowering at the man.

“You limit yourself.”

“How. The. Fuck. So?!”

“How many projects are on the backburner—not being done, because you can’t find the time to do them?”

“Eight.”

“Actually it is twelve. You are eschewing the data.”

Margaery gave Petyr the evil eye.

“How much more could you do if you set up the programs to solve the hypothesis you develop? If you started trusting your staff. We have hired brilliant scientists and technicians. Let them earn their pay.”

He looked at Margaery pointedly, but she did not feel like responding. He was hitting too close to home.

“You are holding this company back. With the drugs and devices we do not develop, we are failing to fulfill our mission statement to our clients.”

“Who are they?” Margaery asked, peeved. She had never read of it.

“Mankind,” was Petyr’s softly spoken reply.

“You make it sound like I am the only problem in this company.”

“Oh no. Sansa has plenty of blame in our little tableau. She was blinded by her singular vision of the bottom line. A vision she did not have her wife there to ameliorate. She did not have the strength of soul not to lose her way in the corporate Game of Thrones. She has a dark side that she fed and stoked. Sansa and I share this same proclivity to be single minded about our goals. I would not doubt that in past lives, I caused much harm.”

Margaery stared him. She hated to admit it, but the man was making good sense. He was a shrewd evaluator of human strengths and foibles.

“I would like to think I have learned control.”

“So what the fuck do we do now Petyr?” Margaery could not control the venom spilling from her mouth.

Petyr smiled that smile that told her he found her continued emotional display humorous. Which of course pissed her off still more. *How the fuck could he stay so cool?*

“We will go and sit down in the meeting room you have, and discuss the future of this company with your wife. From this day henceforth you are part of this company totally. You will no longer be stuck in your labs hiding from your full duties and responsibilities.”

“But—”

“Sansa will start spending more time in the lab to ground herself. I am most disappointed in her actions over the last three years. I have done audits on the books and reports. She has made many
questionable decisions.”

Margaery flew hot. “Don’t your attack her!”

“I’m only telling you the truth Margaery. I may be a piranha or barracuda or whatever label you may want to pin to me, but I do have ethics. We should always seek maximum profit—IF—it causes no harm to our clients who are …”

“Mankind,” Margaery responded sullenly.

“Sansa seems to have forgotten that. I doubt you ever would have. You are more grounded than our dear Sansa. Like I have said, she has a darkness in her that must be warded against. I like to think that now that she has been made aware of it she will never go down that road again. But, I fear that if you do not forgive her she will backslide.”

“I am not sure I want this, Petyr. So much has happened.”

“Like your infidelity? Sansa never cheated on you.”

Margaery felt her heart quiver. Tears started to run down her cheeks. She watched Petyr pull the handkerchief out the breast pocket of his dress jacket and hand it to her.

“She never cheated with a flesh and blood woman, but she cheated in her own way Margaery. Her mistress was your company, and the bottom line on the balance sheet. She forgot what it feels like to have one’s body stroked by a flesh and blood woman who desires and loves her.”

Petyr watched her cry for a minute with a neutral expression. He was not one for giving out hugs, Margaery deduced.

“Stop your crying Margaery. Let’s put this behind us.”

Margaery sniffled. Who was this man? Was he always this insightful? Had he always been this fair and balanced?

“Margaery, I have come to you because I feel that you and Sansa can repair the damage you have done to your relationship, but, you both must work for it. Can you do that?”

Before she could answer, Peytr turned to the door and opened it. He stood solicitously to the side, holding it open for her. She looked at her robe and shrugged. What the hell. It was their home. She bent down and picked up the two tablets he had given her. She took a small detour, and gathered her personal tablet she had been working the power outages on as well.

They walked down the hall to the main parlor, and then down the short hallway on the other. She walked through the door to the left, into a room that Sansa had set up to be a home command center. She had almost never used it before, preferring to be a hands-on administrator.

Sansa looked at her with sad eyes that had bags under her them. It was clear she had lost at least ten pounds over the past few weeks - ten pounds she couldn’t afford to lose. She stood up and fidgeted.

“Petyr, I have made a decision.” She paused and looked at Margaery. “I am stepping down as CEO.”

Shocked silence filled the room. Petyr stared hard at Sansa. Margaery could tell this news shocked him as much as it shocked her. She had thought this company meant everything to the Stark.
Petyr took several breaths. “May I ask why?”

“I can never win Margaery back if I remain with company. She has made that clear.”

Margaery was nonplussed. She should have felt either anger or elation … something, towards Sansa. But she was just numb with shock. Her mind began to race. Sansa was willing to give it all up. For her. She turned to look at Petyr. He was grinding his teeth.

Before his visit, Margaery would have spitefully thrown this back in Sansa’s face. Now, she stopped and asked herself what this really meant to her.

“Sansa. Let’s not be rash here. I have tal—”

“No Petyr. All my dreams have turned to ash in my mouth. I have lost everything. I fucked up everything.”

Margaery started. Sansa never cursed. Well, outside of their bed at least. In it, she cursed like a drunken sailor on leave.

“No Sansa,” Margaery told her wife.

“What?” Sansa asked, perplexed.

“Petyr and I had a talk.”

Sansa glared at Petyr. “I told you to let us work this out!”

Petyr again kept his mouth shut.

This was her fight. “He talked to me like I needed to be talked to, Sansa. I had blinders on. I have taken them off. I can accept now that I have not been perfect in this relationship.”

“No! You were the one in the right. Totally. I made all the mistakes. I am the one who made horrible decisions. My father would disown me if he knew how much I had turned aside from the greater good.”

“Oh please, Sansa. Let’s cut the melodrama. It is not black and white. The world is full of greys that merge and blend together.

“Not for my father.”

Margaery considered that. Sansa may be right about that, but in many ways Eddard Stark led an insular life. His job, loving family and the support system around him allowed for it. He would fail miserably if he ever stepped foot into his daughter’s world.

“This may be true Sansa.” She smiled softly. “I know you won’t want to hear this, but according to my grandmother Olenna your father had a doppelganger that went to King’s Landing in the time before the coming of the Dragon Queen and her two wives.”

“Oh please Margaery. You know that was only a myth. One of many fables.”

“I am not so sure, Sansa. Do you know what happened to the man so like your own father, the Warden of the North? The man beloved and respected by his countrymen?”

She could see by the look on Sansa’s face she was curious even if she did not believe in the fables. “What happened to him Margaery?” Margaery smiled again. Sansa had asked with bated breath.
Good. It would make the answer all the better.

“He had his head chopped off as a traitor.”

“No! That is impossible.”

She spent the next few minutes giving Sansa the twenty-five thousand foot view of events in the distant past. “So you see Sansa, in the world of greys nothing is easy or simple.

“You will remain as CEO and I will assume the duties as Co-CEO. This is my ship too. That is, if you still want me at your side as you guide this company.”

“YES!” Sansa shouted, with a big, hopeful smile on her face. Margaery could not help but feel a little better seeing that. The instantaneous reaction had not been faked or rehearsed; it was from the heart. Had she, herself, been the one so wrong for so long?

She sat down with Petyr and Sansa, and they reviewed reports and looked over the balance sheet. Something caught Margaery’s eye.

“Why are we buying back stock? This is reducing profits.”

Sansa demurred.

Petyr spoke up. “Sansa decided three years ago to start a stock buyback program. We have reached a level of such success that our profits alone can fund our day to day operations and future growth. By reducing the amount of stocks in the field, we reduce the ability of outsiders to influence our decisions. Sansa wanted to be able to chart our decisions without that pressure. She has wanted to increase our funding for research in cancer, Alzheimer’s, and Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis.”

Margaery was surprised and she knew it showed on her face. She herself was excited by the progress they were making, but knew they needed more funding and time. There was never enough time.

“I didn’t know.”

Petyr spoke softly. “If you had been in the meetings guiding our company, you would have.”

“Don’t you attack Margaery!” Sansa snapped at Petyr.

He was getting that a lot today. Margaery was starting to feel for the man. That was a first.

He was not done.

“Imagine what we could get done if a certain brilliant scientist released the reigns. Got out of the lab more, and allowed strong, capable lieutenants to run with her ideas while keeping their focus aligned with her guidance and insights.”

Sansa glared at the man. She was about to chastise him again.

“You’re right, Petyr.”

Sansa stared at Margaery as if poleaxed.

“If I was to take more of a managerial role, I could get so much more done. I always feel I never have the time and resources to do what is needed. I have been selfish in my own way. That stops as of today. I will have to learn my way around the corporate side of things, but I am ready now. I
have held this company back. We are close to major breakthroughs on these diseases - I will no longer be an impediment.”

Sansa stared at with those soft eyes that Margaery remembered from times past.

Maybe there was hope. She still had a lot of resentment to work through, but now at least she did not want to trash it all and turn away. She was not sure if she could ever truly love Sansa like she once she did, but she now believed she could at least work with the woman.

They had a common goal, after all. Help mankind.
“Bullshit, this is fucking bullshit!” Arya stormed, jumping up off the Newton chaise they had moved to the communal area, after having moved the table into the ‘command center’. Andi and Dany had rearranged the chairs a few days ago so they could all watch the large flat screen TV together.

Arya was infuriated. She glared at the gaming console with its myriad buttons and thumbpads with seething rage, yearning to throw it to the ground and stomp it into a million smithereens.

“You suck!” The temperamental assassin roared at Missandei as the little fucking minx was up on her feet again, doing her little uncoordinated little victory dance that she found to be cute despite herself. The way she jutted her ass out and threw her arms out while shuffling a stiff jig was so endearing - and it did not hurt that her see-thru bra let her firm, large breasts sashay all around on her chest, and that her gossamer panties were cut to enfold her camel toe enticingly either…

Damnit stop that Arya! She is my charge and I am her protector. I need to honor Nyomi’s memory!

Dany was looking up at her with a cocked eyebrow.

For the last ninety minutes, both teenagers had been dealing death to her character in Mortal Kombat. It was fucking infuriating. She was one of the best hitmen in the world, and she was being annihilated by these two … two nerds!

She just couldn’t master all the damn buttons and gizmos on the fucking controllers!

“Rematch!” Arya bellowed. It was Dany’s turn. This time she would crush the smirking Valyrian.

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Ten minutes later Dany was performing her ‘Fatalities’ on Arya as she brutalized her digital corpse on the screen.

“I’m telling you godsdamnit this is not how you fight in the real world!” Arya angrily protested. “You hear me you fucking shit?!” She yelled over at Daenerys who was beaming, having again destroyed Arya easily on the screen.

“And no dancing!” Arya growled at the Valyrian.

Dany smiled evily at Arya, and slowly stood up. She was wearing a set of sheer white panties and bra that left nothing to the imagination. She sultrily moved over to Arya who was staring at her as if hypnotized, her grey eyes captured by Dany’s swaying boobs.

Dany told herself that the reason her nipples were so painfully erect and her pussy was wet was because she was so excited playing the game and finally kicking Arya’s ass at something. Not because the assassin’s eyes were hungrily devouring her body while trying so hard not to.

She sat on Arya’s lap, and like the hot, alluring call girl she still was in her naughty moments, ran her hands up and enfolded Arya in her grasp, playing with the beautiful brown hair that framed her
perfect face. She swished her breast in her murderous victim’s face and ground her wet camel toe into Arya’s stomach. Her breathing began to get ragged as she stared into Arya’s eyes.

She broke the stare and glanced over at Andi, whose eyes were literally throbbing with sex as she watched them. Her sweet innocent Andi was stepping closer, Dany noticed, licking her lips.

Daenerys was not sure exactly what was happening, but she loved how excited it made her feel, and the way her core throbbed with a passion she had never felt before. She saw that Andi’s panties had a wet spot.

_Oh sweet gods what is about to happen? Whatever it is, I want it! I want it like I have never wanted anything in my life before!_ She looked back down at Arya and her sweet lips, starting to lean in closer.

The next thing Dany knew she was looking up from the floor, having thumped onto her ass when Arya stood up in a flash and dumped her unceremoniously on the ground.

“Har-har Dany. You win the day. I concede. But there will come a time when I will conquer and vanquish you two – and then I will make you pay!” With that, Arya helped Dany back up to her feet.

The spell that Dany had fallen under was broken. She had been sure that Arya was tilting her head back for Dany to kiss her just seconds ago. Hot passion had been throbbing in Arya’s eyes. _She was sure of it!_

Arya started laughing good naturedly then, her body totally relaxed. Dany had been sure she that she’d seen that Arya’s body was on fire for her, but now she saw no sign of arousal at all.

Dany shook her head. She must be letting her own raging thoughts make her see what was not there. She shook her head.

She saw Missandei’s eyes following Arya as she went into the hall by the bed that led to the bathing area. She looked back at Dany with a twinkle in her eye. She started laughing then, and came over to Dany and slapped their palms together in a high five.

_“We busted her chops good!”_ Andi crowed.

Dany shook her head. She had been sure something was going to happen between the three of them. She did not know what was happening to herself. Andi enfolded her into her arms and hugged Dany tight. Again Daenerys nearly swooned at the delicious skin to skin contact. She had to suppress the moans she wanted to whinny.

She loved holding Andi in her arms at night. For the last two nights she had had to fight herself from rolling Andi over onto her back from their spoon position, and … do what? … she knew what she _wanted_ to do … she wanted to go down on Andi and make love to her.

She had finally seen what a wonderful woman she was, only to find she had waited too long. She would control her lustful thoughts, but then moments like what just happened, happened.

Sometimes she would see Andi looking at her from the corner of her eye with raw lust. When she turned to look at Andi, the look she thought she’d seen was not there. It was maddening. She was sure one minute, unsure the next about what was happening with her best friend.

She was seeing Arya with new eyes as well. Arya would give her just the smallest hint of interest, and then it was gone.
It was confounding and confusing, but it made her feel so alive. Maybe for the first time!

If only she hadn’t waited so long to see what was right in front of her for so long with Andi. It depressed her every time she thought about it.

All three of them put their furniture back in place, and got ready for bed. Arya was listening to music like she normally did in the kitchen at her little ‘spot’, as Dany and Andi called it, while they got in bed after dropping their panties and bras on the floor. As was their habit now, they kissed each other on the cheek. Dany longed to move her head and bring her mouth to Andi’s and ravish her ‘little Einstein’ as Arya often called her. Andi liked it when Arya called her that; so did Dany.

She pulled Andi tight against her body, and her precious friend soon fell asleep. Dany had learned that Andi was a very deep sleeper. Only when she knew Andi had dozed off did Dany press her body hard against her deep sleeping friend. She slowly swirled her hips, moaning quietly as she mashed her swollen snatch gently into Andi’s firm ass cheek, swirling her wet cunt on it. Soon her best friend’s ass cheek was soaked in her seeping cunt juice. Dany leaned in to smell her best friend’s hair. The scent always hitting her hard deep in her core and making her nipples throb with want.

Dany swirled her aching muffin into Andi’s hot ass for several minutes, gagging in rising pleasure. Needing relief, Dany pulled her hand from Andi’s grip, then snaked it down her body. Her fingertips rubbed over her flat belly, sending arcs to her clit and nipples. She sighed in helpless pleasure. Then her fingers found her sloppy wet cunt that was so swollen and aching. She was thankful Andi slept so deeply as she furiously stroked her spasming pussy. She worked her fingers over her slurping slit and rock hard clit until a minute later her strangled cries filled the room as she convulsed and bucked, straining to keep her body somewhat under control.

She felt like her jaw would explode as she kept it locked to keep from screaming. Her hard cum totally relaxed Dany as she longed to bury her face in Andi’s sweet black cunt. Dany felt so peaceful after her hard cum, and quickly fell asleep, pulling Andi hard to her sweaty body with her arm looped over the smaller woman. She had worried a little when Andi instinctively gripped her sopping wet, cum-soaked hand and pressed it to her bosom and heart. Dany was thankful that in Andi’s sleep she did not realize how wet and slimy Dany’s hand had become with her cum.

Andi smiled smelling Dany’s pussy thick in the room. She pressed the cum soaked hand closer to her heart. She loved how Dany’s cum slicked it and soaked her breast with Dany’s fuck juice. She also loved the feel of Dany’s wet camel toe jammed into her soaked with cum ass.

Soon Dany, soon you will be mine. Then we will take Arya. I thought it might even happen tonight. Andi slightly pouted at what had almost occurred. Everything is moving faster than I dared dream. Soon. Soon I will have my Queens. As she feigned sleep, she was filled with renewed hope.

Arya moved silently from the corner where she had watched Dany masturbate and then orgasm so beautifully. She had watched Dany thrash around unaware, swallowing her screams of bliss. Dany’s musk smelled so sweet. Arya’s cunt throbbed and her plum nipples were so engorged. She went back to her chair and shucked her panties and bra off, and quickly masturbated to a stunning orgasm.

She needed more.
She pushed her chair back and spread her legs wide, and pushed two and then three fingers deep into her quim stretching herself out, and fucked herself hard. Her other hand rolled and squeezed her double bottle cap nipples. She chuffed and moaned loudly. Both Dany and Andi were deep sleepers. And why shouldn’t they be? They had led relatively simple, safe lives.

She half screamed as a ferocious orgasm pummeled her with shocking tidal waves of fucking bliss. Her fingers plunged into her drooling cunt and her palm now slammed down into her nipples pulping them into her ribs. The chair barked and skidded on the floor as Arya convulsed hard and long, working to prolong her orgasm as long as possible.

Left stunned and sleepy, she stumbled to her chaise dripping in sweat. She snuggled in underneath the sheet. She worried on the fact that while masturbating she had only seen Andi and Dany’s faces, and had longed to bury her face in their sweet pussies. It felt like a betrayal. She didn’t remember the last time she had thought of anyone other than her wife. Even years after she was gone, no one else could fill the void left in her heart.

She grit her teeth. *Forgive me Nyomi. I will be stronger. I have to be. For you.*

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Andi smiled as she looked across the apartment in the dark. She had heard Arya’s half screams of ecstasy from the kitchen. She had heard Arya whimper “Oh Dany,” and then near her last orgasm “please, Andi please …”

She had doubted Arya even knew she had spoken the words aloud. She had though, and Andi had heard. Andi smelled both of her women’s couchies thick in the room.

Her plans were working perfectly. She quickly drifted off to sleep.

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“Alright Dany, enough being coy. Tell me where you took shooting lessons.”

Dany would not show it, but she loved seeing Arya so steamed at how good she shot from the first. She was now as good as Arya on the pistol range. Yesterday they had taken a trip out to Yorkshire, north along the Honeywine River and thirty miles out into the country.

Shih-Chieh had a private gun club there that catered to the rich and powerful. It served as the perfect cover to have underworld types dress normally and blend in with the upper elites. It formed strong bonds that could be called in when needed.

Dany had put on her wig since there would be other persons at the range that were outside the Ghostmaker’s sphere of influence.

When they arrived they went out to the range. They could choose to shoot from one, two, three, or five hundred yards. Missandei remained with Ghostmaker, and Dany was with Arya. They laid on the mats, and Arya patiently taught Dany the basics of positioning, breathing and how to load the bolt action rifle. Then Arya showed her how to adjust the scope for range, windage and elevation.

Daenerys had not been the natural at the rifle as she had been with the pistol. She missed the black circle with her first shots. She was very upset.

“Dany! Stop that! You are doing great. Just relax and breathe, then oh so slowly pull the trigger while keeping the crosshairs right on the target.”
Arya looked at the target through a set of binoculars on a tripod. She showed Daenerys how to adjust her crosshairs. By the end of the three hour session she was hitting the nine and eight ring with an occasional ten ring shot.

Dany heard Arya whisper “You’ve got skills” once their session was over. That made Dany feel so good on the inside. She loved impressing Arya.

Arya was looking at her last shot through her binoculars. Dany thought she was so beautiful with her hair pulled straight back with a band. It made her look wild and fierce. Arya was unguarded for a rare moment, her face smooth and wearing a smile that made Dany’s pussy quiver.

Stop that! I can’t even control my libido anymore! She tried to imagine the star of the latest action film. He was good looking, and totally buff. He could even act. A little.

But the only face that came to mind was Arya’s.

When her mind finally half-obeyed her demands, her daydream shifted. She envisioned a female Q who just happened to be Missandei, showing off some newfangled, super-sophisticated weapon to Arya, who would then hand Dany a Glock 19 with a long silencer, set to kick some bad guy ass!

Then they would go back to the apartment. In her mind’s they were ripping each other’s clothes off and making hot, passionate love. She had opened accounts with the leading lesbian porn sites. She spent hours on her phone looking at beautiful women going down on each other and tribbing to wild bucking orgasms.

She loved sex. With men it had been thrilling, but so often unsatisfying. Watching women making love made her instantly wet. With men she had let them use her, and she would go along for the ride and eventually they would stroke her body and fire her libido, but it had always felt like a task.

Just watching a woman bury her face in hot, wet pussy and avidly eating out that pussy made Dany weak in the knees.

She was starting to realize that yes, she was attracted to her own sex. Really attracted. She looked over at Andi with a lust she was finding harder and harder to control. She felt her resolve weakening daily.

She just found it hard to believe that her self-image had been so wrong. It was hard to let go of the past.

On the range, Andi had taken to the calculations for adjusting her scope with glee. The only problem was she loved tinkering with her scope so much that she whined when Shih-Chieh almost had to force her to take another actual shot.

She would shoot, and then rush to the binoculars and look at her shot. They had a wind meter at the shooting position and at the target. Missandei would whip out her phone and start punching in the numbers to the apps she had downloaded from the Internet. She asked for bullet weight, an estimate of how many grains of powder were in the casings, and how fast it burned.

The Ghostmaker had buried his head in his hands and nearly sobbed.

“Let me do some calculations,” Andi said while punching furiously on her IPhone, her eyes alight with mathematical joy.

“We here to shoot godsdamnit Andi! ” Shih-Chieh barked, grabbing her phone from her gasp and punching fingers. Andi cried out in dismay.
Arya chuckled beside Daenerys as they watched Andi snatch her phone back from Shih-Chieh’s grasp.

“Don’t you dare take my phone before I finish my calculations, Ghostie!”

“What did you call me?!”

Missandei saw the chink in the armor and struck again. “Ghostie! Big Bad Ghostie!”

“Stop calling me that!” The world famous killer whined.

They would return to shoot again in a week. Dany could not wait. She felt she had been close to mastering the rifle after her practice today. Arya had shown her sites on the Internet with tips and tricks for shooting rifles. She would study until she had them all down.

Dany was able to take what she read and was taught by hands-on experience and quickly master it. It was a gift she didn’t never realize she had.

Several days later they were back at the pistol range. Gods, Dany loved shooting and proving her abilities. She paused as she shot out the X again in the center of the ten ring.

She so enjoyed this. She wondered how she had ever thought she could have been happy writing papers on some arcane, out of date literature from centuries past. Being married to some boring and boorish man.

Missandei stepped up to the shooting booth, and Dany got in behind her and wrapped her arms around Andi to help her calm and relax. She loved the feel of Andi in her arms. She got her best friend to use both eyes to look down to the barrel to the front sight, and see past the blade of the sight to the target. To calm her breath, and then to shoot between heartbeats.

Missandei was, at best, a below average shot even after twelve sessions. But her shots now hit the human silhouette, at least. Well, mostly. But slowly and surely Andi was improving.

The next shot rang out from the Glock. Missandei was squealing. She had hit the ten ring. Dany knew it was much more luck than skill, but Missandei was literally thrumming with excitement.

“Great job Andi! I knew you could do it!” Dany told her lover—\*whoa—\*stop that!\*

Arya came over and high fived Andi, then they slapped their hands front to back and then low fived and then did some more intricate hand motions ending with their hands interlocked.

It touched Dany deeply how easily Arya now came to Andi, and did all she could to make Andi feel so special. Andi literally preened when she was complimented by Arya or herself.

It made Dany want to do it more and more. And it seemed to have the same affect on Arya.

After they had finished their time on the range, Arya was back on her.

“Damnit Dany, just tell me. Why won’t you tell me where you learned to shoot? You are just too damn good with the pistol. In one day you mastered what most cadets at the FBI academy need a month, maybe two to learn. Tell me. Come on.”

“I keep telling you Arya, I had never shot a gun till I came here. What can I say? I just have skills.” She smiled impishly. “You said so yourself.”

She saw Arya mulling that over.
“I think that playing Mortal Kombat and Black Ops taught me how to shoot,” Dany added after a moment. “Working those controllers just limbered up my fingers.” Dany wiggled her fingers and smirked at Arya.

She chuckled seeing Arya grind her teeth.

Dany had just scored a twofer and she loved it. She got in Mortal Kombat and her ‘got skills’ in the same play. Life was indeed good.

They headed over to the dojo.

Once there, Dany and Andi gravitated to Alysella Daeraellis and her mastery of Kung Fu. They both liked to try and keep their opponents at distance and at bay. They liked how they were learning to strike with power with both their feet and hands.

Dany also knew it was because their teacher was a woman. They just naturally gravitated towards the beautiful purple eyed woman of pure Valyrian descent. Alysella was five foot six inches of height and a medium build. She had a large bosom that matched Andi’s. Dany loved the woman’s confidence and raw sensuality.

Alysella had flirted with her the first few times they sparred. She had found it cute, how Missandei would fume and tap her foot impatiently when the woman was showing Dany how to position her body and to snap her joints to develop power. For her part, Dany was flattered by the woman’s attention. She was beautiful, but her attention was already drawn elsewhere.

She did not respond to the overtures, and after the fourth time Alysella became the model of professional decorum in her contact with Dany. Andi relaxed after that, seeing that the woman was no longer coming on to her. That made Dany feel so good, knowing that Andi was so jealous when it was clear Alysella was coming on to her.

What Dany enjoyed almost as much as the fighting techniques was the intense thirty minutes of hard physical exercise that they were made to do. One never knew what they would do from one day to the next. They would do calisthenics one day. The next time pushups and situps and jumping jacks. They’d even had to carry Arya. Arya was a solid build compared to their slender frames. They had to chuff and huff to carry her around.

But it could have been worse. Arya had to carry Yennazzi’s six foot six inch, two hundred and sixty pound body around the dojo for her warm-up. Arya did it silently and easily each time. Gods she was strong.

They watched Arya move between Yennazzi and his jujitsu, and then Gordar Tyrell with his Krav Maga. They marveled at how she was able to turn their size and power against them. They would be able to control Arya with their much larger bodies and strength, so she worked hard to make sure they could not get a grip on her.

Arya’s speed and power were staggering. She had to be blinding fast and precise to hold her own with the two men who held nothing back while attacking her. They knew she was a true master herself, and pressed her to the limits of her abilities. To do any less would have been an insult.

After Alysella Daeraellis had spent forty-five minutes teaching them the basics of Kung-Fu, she took Dany and Andi to the punching bag. She taught them how to put on their boxing gloves, then she had them spend fifteen minutes punching the bag and hanging ball to build up their arm strength and increase their stamina and reflexes. She wanted them to be able to handle dissimilar fighting styles. MMA had shown the world that you needed to be able to counter many fighting styles, just as Bruce
Lee from Yi Ti had taught before his untimely death.

Once they were finally finished, they went into the showers to wash the sweat and grime off their bodies from their hard workouts.

Dany had come to secretly crave this time. All three women had grown totally comfortable around each other now. She loved seeing their bodies all wet. Arya’s hair wet and slicked back from her face, and Andi’s hair beaded with hot water.

She loved seeing Andi’s large, firm dark brown breasts all wet. Her nipples so long and thick from the excitement of the physical training, and water sluicing down their bodies. She loved the way Andi stroked her breast and her camel toe as she rinsed. Andi thought she was pleasuring herself subtly, but both her roommates watched the computer genius pleasure herself surreptitiously. They both knew she desperately wanted to wanker off.

Arya’s nipples were always fully erect after a hard work out, jutting up nearly two inches off her barely-there breast. Dany could not help but stare at them. But she at least tried to hide her perusal, where Andi openly drooled.

Arya did not seem to notice their stares, but Dany noted she made sure to keep her breasts on full display throughout her shower, and how she used her hands to wash her breasts and run her hands along her seam and up her ass cleft instead of a wash cloth.

_The hussy_!

Dany made sure to give her breasts lots of attention as she massaged them while washing them. She jutted out her pelvis to let the water pelt her pussy to clean it. Through slitted eyes, Dany enjoyed watching both her partners staring at her with barely hidden lust.

She knew where this game was going. She did not care anymore. She was still confused by all these new feelings, but she was very tired of fighting them.

Holding Andi at night had showed her the truth of her desires. She was almost brave enough to show Andi she had made a big mistake. She wanted to show Andi just how much she loved her … yes, she loved her.

She just had to find the courage.

That was easier said than done. She knew she was lesbian now, but she still felt her conditioning rising up immediately, trying to squelch these new feelings and desires. She had to fight a lifetime of conditioning from man’s world, conditioning she had received from the cradle.

They dried and dressed, and then went to the restaurant owned by Shih-Chieh. Dany looked for the fucking slut who dared to come onto her Andi the first time they’d eaten there. She did not spy Zhao, and relaxed. Apparently she had not been there in a week.

“Hi Andi!”

_So much for that_!

Dany tensed up and glared daggers at the slut as she hugged Andi, her ample bosom pressed intentionally into Andi’s body. Dany felt steam coming out of her ears.

She saw Arya smirking at her, but she no longer gave a fuck! She wanted to strangle the slut!
Andi looked down Zhao’s open blouse at the woman’s bra less charms. *Aarrrgghhh!* Dany silently fumed.

She somehow got through lunch without committing homicide. Thankfully, while Andi clearly enjoyed the flirting, she did not accept Zhao’s overtures or her outright asking for a date.

“We are up to season five on Dr. Who now. Gods I love that show. We need to get back to watch the next episodes,” Andi spoke dreamily. Dany loved the show herself, and had noticed that after the first few nights of squirming and rolling her eyes that Arya had become hooked watching the show too. She now sat close to Andi on her right, while Dany sat to left.

Andi kept the popcorn bowl on her lap along with the M&Ms and Skittles. She seemed to enjoy it when her hands touched Dany and Arya’s hands going for popcorn or the candy.

Dany felt herself falling more and more deeply in love with Andi every time she watched her squeal at the cheesy special effects of the early years, and with the way she would ask such deep, probing questions on the most inane plot points.

Arya had at first been taken aback with how seriously Andi took it all. Now they would argue plot points. They discussed this and that species’ merits, or different characters nefarious intent.

After their meal, they got up to leave and Dany inserted herself between Andi and the slut-Zhao, she meant Zhao, and made sure she kept the harpy away from her Andi. Only she could touch Andi … well, Arya too.

When they returned to the apartment, Andi stopped them by the ‘command center’. She picked up Arya’s laptop that had been infected inspecting Tyrion’s flash drive.

“Here you go, Arya.”

“I can’t use it anymore, Andi. It’s been infected and ruined.” Arya grimaced. She really missed the sleek computer she’d called Quasar.

“Not anymore. Last night I was finally able to remove the last of the bots and root kit infestations. Your computer is free of all spyware, malware and viruses. I have tweaked the anti-virus you have to block such attacks again. You have quite a beauty there, Arya.”

Arya looked at her laptop and then Andi. Her eyes sparkled.

“I can’t thank you enough Andi. You’ve got skills too!”

Dany watched Andi preen. She smiled gently. It looked like both she and Andi craved Arya’s compliments.

Arya had such a sweet side now that she was opening up.

Dany supposed they all had *skills.*
“Cameron please! I’m begging you! I can’t keep taking this. Ppplleeasseeeee!” Sarah pleaded, her voice scaling up in despair. She was on her knees beside the desk chair that Cameron was seated in, with her back ramrod straight. Both of her hands gripped the right hand of the cyborg.

The hand was still nothing but exposed metal. The metal ‘bones’ and tungsten tendons at the joints felt cold under Sarah’s hand. Sarah could feel the hum and shift of the servos that operated the fingers. She didn’t care. She squeezed the hand, hard, trying to convey her desperate need to the cyborg.

She needed her Cameron back. Guilt and regret were killing her.

Sarah looked up at the face of the Terminator. Cameron had spoken true about how her hybrid body would repair itself. The human body tended to repair all injuries at the same rate no matter how many the injuries and where they were located. It was how evolution had designed mammalian bodies to heal their injuries. Cameron was not restricted by those genes. Her creators had given her the ability to control her healing. She had stated that her design was set up to help her body first repair her ability to blend into human society. That was what her body was doing, and Cameron was doing all within her vast powers to accelerate that restoration.

They had arrived at the motel three weeks ago. Sarah remembered how she had watched Cameron slowly repair her ruined body - a body that was almost destroyed rescuing Sarah from her own folly. If only she had replied to Cameron’s initial entreaties for Sarah to communicate with her.

Instead, she had fucked up royally.

Sarah had to live with the consequences of her actions. She had to look upon Cameron and all the damage she had received saving Sarah from certain death. Her face had been essentially destroyed; the right side ground to hamburger, and a lot blasted and scraped away. Her skull had deep scratches into the steel/cobalt alloy. The ocular for her right eye had been exposed, and glowed red as her pupil pulped and bled away. The organic tissue of her throat had been blasted to shreds. Her metal endoskeleton and armored fiber steel cables sheathed in exotic hybrid metal and carbon nanotubual alloys were still there. They had survived the devastating bullet strikes intact. Mostly.

Several bundle strands had been nicked, and one blown apart entirely. The sheath had fallen apart when Cameron took a scalpel and forceps to it, strands of metal falling apart like petals to a plucked flower.

Cameron had been un Concerned.

The cyborg had told Sarah in a calm, reasoned voice that a blast from a fifty caliber machine gun from one of the Humvees had scored five hits on her body. Cameron then explained the much higher hitting power of the 50 cal round. The bullet of a 50 cal round weighed 655 grains vs. 55 grains from the standard .233 caliber bullet of standard rifles, meaning the impact strike was approximately 18,100 vs 1,770 Jules.
The difference in damage level was devastating. It had been the 50 cal rounds that had blasted her throat apart. She had also taken two slugs to her sternum that had shredded her Kevlar sheaths and cracked her incubation chamber for her Stem Cell line. Her other chambers, used to control her metallurgical properties, had also been compromised.

Worse than that, the hit to her left shoulder had created stress fractures all throughout her secondary power unit - which utilized the same chemical reactions of rocket motors, that channeled the closed loop chemical reactions into an ionic fusion reaction thereby providing nearly limitless energy.

This all had been explained to Sarah by Cameron like she was giving a clinical dissertation for her PHD.

For the first two and half weeks during her healing process, Cameron had been listless. She was conserving power. She started sending Sarah to various post offices to pick items from PO boxes she had set up. These were deliveries of trace elements from Yi Ti and from the mountains of the land of Morn.

When Sarah brought these items to Cameron, she inserted a tube down her throat to put the elements that had just been delivered into the just the right chamber. She had timed her orders to arrive just when she needed them, buying most of the elements off of the black market and paying for them with money she had purloined from the very crime lords she was purchasing the elements from.

“Serves them right,” was Cameron’s comment on the matter. She spent the three full weeks repairing the damage to her core chambers, which in turn fed the rest of her restoration.

During this process, Cameron roused herself only to move from hotel room to hotel room, so as not to let management become suspicious. She also did indeed replace the mirror that Sarah had shattered when they first arrived.

With her critical interior damage repaired, the external repairs had commenced while waiting for more trace metals to arrive as they would be needed. Carmon wanted to keep her healing moving apace.

Sarah could not help but be terribly fascinated by the way Cameron’s body was repairing itself. At first, that fascination had partially hidden her distress.

But that did not stop her from cursing, pleading, begging and at times kicking the terminator like a spoiled five year old.

When Cameron had said, “you are behaving like a petulant, spoiled-rotten five year old,” in that cold voice she had been using, Sarah had added in hard slaps to the Terminator's face and body as well. She knew a punch would only break her hand.

Cameron had taken the abuse unblinking. She seemed not to care.

Still, Sarah knew that not all was as it seemed. Maybe Cameron had deleted all the lines of code for Cameron’s personality, but some things just did not square with that.

And that gave Sarah hope.

For one, her snarky comments - Sarah never knew when they would rise up, but there they were. She would receive pure, cold intellect for hours, and then seemingly out of nowhere a snarky, smartass, double entendre or sly remark would be directed at Sarah with a tone that was just a touch above the dead, emotionless monotone that constantly used.
Sarah was amazed that by the third day after Cameron’s incubation chambers had been repaired, Cameron’s eye was beginning to repair itself at a pace she could almost see real time. She had watched as first a thin film of red blood cells and white nerve sheaths start to web within the ocular mechanism. Then she watched as layer after layer of cells were being laid down on top of that. She saw some morph into muscle strands, and the nerves working into the forming muscle to control their movement.

The deep gouges that had been raked across her forehead and temple were imperceptibly being filled in by the cyborg’s nanobots. Sarah did not have the sensory ability to see the actual buildup, but she would suddenly notice that the gouges were not as deep or ragged as they had been.

To aid in this process, Cameron was drinking Ensure like it was going out of style. The first time she caught Sarah staring at her drinking four in a row, she said: “I assure you, I am not an old granny”. Another example of that awful humor. There had to be some code causing it, that no matter what the cyborg said. There had to be some part of Cameron still alive.

It killed Sarah that Cameron would not admit it.

She had watched Cameron put on dental magnifying glasses as she used the mirror (how she could do everything reversed Sarah could not fathom) to meticulously place frayed ends together, trimming them and using an epoxy to bind them.

“How can you tell which goes with which?” Sarah asked. “They look identical.”

“Your weak human eyes cannot see the microscopic inscriptions imbedded on the layers of the cables. I can see them because I am a cyborg—a robot.”

There it was again. The shot. The jab.

“You just feel the need to twist the knife, don’t you Robot?!” Sarah had screamed at Cameron.

She watched Cameron sit there, not reacting at all. “Yes,” she finally answered.

Sarah had gone to slap Cameron’s ruined face, but she easily jerked her head away making Sarah break out into sobs.

Cameron did not seem to care as she continued putting her cables back together. Sarah understood that with the nanobots, they could then finish the repairs from the inside out.

Cameron had been ingesting silicon wafers soaked in various metals continuously as she drank Ensure and light meals of various fruits along with chewable vitamins. Sarah never knew when Cameron would stop doing whatever she was doing and start eating vitamins.

Sarah had politely asked and Cameron about it, and without snark she’d answered that her internal sensors told her when she needed to ingest certain metals or vitamins to further progress her repairs.

Sarah noticed as Cameron’s face and throat were being rebuilt that the rest of her body had halted repairs. Every day she helped Cameron pull off old gauze and put on new with a dab of antibiotic cream. The bullet wounds were on hiatus, it seemed. Cameron’s fingers were still bare metal with no hint of organic repair.

“I can put gloves on my hands to hide their metal.” Cameron explained. “Can’t have you getting squeamish in public, can we?”

Sarah had ground her teeth at that.
At the end of the next week in their ever-shifting hotel rooms, Sarah marveled how the Terminator’s body was repairing itself on its own again. It was a marvel of engineering that carbon muscle, nerve and blood vessels could repair themselves from nothing that Sarah could visibly see. The metal seemed to have been fully repaired of any damage at all.

On the fourth day after the nano-chamber repairs, a white membrane had formed over Cameron’s ruined eye. Tissue had built up around the eye’s socket layer by layer till her eye had muscle available to control its movements.

This morning, the membrane had fallen off while Sarah had been halfheartedly eating a bowl of cereal. Cameron did not react to the patch falling off of her rebuilt eye.

Sarah had gasped.

She had never realized just how beautiful Cameron was. With both of her dark brown eyes restored, Sarah was rendered speechless. How had she never seen this before? Even with her half-ruined face, she clearly saw now what she refused to see earlier.

Cameron Phillips was drop dead gorgeous.

Her skull was covered with the first layers of cells that now completely covered the shiny metal underneath. Any further repair to the metallurgy of Cameron Phillips skull would be completed unseen. Her throat and surrounding area was still receiving the vast energies of the cyborg.

Two days ago, Cameron had sent her to grocery store to buy a large can of peanuts and had her stop by the Burger King for two cheeseburgers as well. Cameron had thrown the bread into the garbage can, and nibbled on the meat. She’d eat the peanuts almost daintily.

Sarah had asked her why.

“How has it occurred to you I get tired of all these incessant questions?” Cameron had intoned with no emotion.

“Fuck you, bitch!” Sarah had yelled at Cameron. Damn it she hated never knowing when the next barb was going to come her way.

“These constant emotional outbursts are cramping me up,” Cameron had told Sarah with a flat stare and voice.

That was the other thing that rankled Sarah, and told her that Cameron was not being fully truthful with her. Cameron never could get her idioms right. She had noticed that back when Cameron Phillips was just her assistant, and not her savior and cyborg would-be lover.

She would have smiled at the memories if she was not so miserable.

‘Sarah, stop and smell the bees.’

‘Their ideas are a rose a dozen.’

‘Don’t worry, Sarah. Your theories are our Jack in the hole.’

‘I would never touch that hot tomato.’

‘Sarah, you are meowing up the wrong flower.’

She had found Cameron’s mistakes strange at the time. Now, she remembered them as endearing.
The errors humanized her; made her precious. She wondered if Candice had the same idiosyncrasy.

As Cameron’s body was repairing, Sarah longed and needed more and more to have ‘her’ Cameron back. She had fucked up and freaked out. She longed to make it right, but Cameron refused to let her.

She was beyond screaming and yelling.

So she found herself on the floor, grabbing Cameron’s metal fingers and pleading for her assistant to come back to her as Cameron Phillips and not as a Terminator T800-1A.

It was simply killing her.

She jerked on Cameron’s hand, looking up at the face that was looking more and more human as the hours passed. Her throat was half way filled and skin, now beginning to climb up the newly formed muscles, blood vessels and nerves.

Sarah had never been much in touch or in tune with her emotions or desires. Having heart felt communications was always hard for her.

“Why can’t you forgive me?! I said I am sorry!”

“You should have considered the cruel, vile and mean words you spoke to Cameron Phillips. It was those words forced her to commit euthanasia. Her suicide is on your conscience.”

Sarah felt shame and soul-crushing guilt.

“Show me how superior you are to me, then. Forgive me! Please!”

Cameron looked down at her with her regenerated, beautiful eyes. Her face was quickly becoming familiar again. Sarah longed to caress Cameron’s half-restored face, but she knew Cameron would reject her motions. She did not know how to repair the damage she had created. She needed to make it right. She had to find a way.

“Sarah. Control these emotional outbursts. They are unseemly. And too late, I might add.”

Snark again.

Sarah moved her hands, and rested her cheek on the cold metal fingers of Cameron, pressing in. She cried with silent tears running down her cheeks.

They stayed like that for several minutes.

Sarah wept inconsolably as she felt her heart falling to pieces in her frail, human chest. Cameron sat unmoving, refusing to acknowledge Sarah’s actions.

“If Cameron could come back, how would she know you would not again shatter her fragile heart?”

Sarah slowly raised her head and looked at the flat face of Cameron. There was no trace of humanity in her features or her actions, but she had asked the question.

There had to be a reason for the question. Sarah’s heart started to pound in her chest.

“Why should I trust you? How do I know you won’t revert back to form and again reject my feelings and needs?”
Cameron’s voice still held no inflection or timbre. Her face betrayed no hint of emotion or humanity, but she had asked.

“You hesitate? Would your again reject Cameron’s humanity?”

Sarah started to analyze her thoughts and emotions. It was what she did. She started to analyze why she had reacted so badly at SAC. Why had she been such an ass. She tried to weigh the probabilities of her acting so badly again in the future. Could she ever do such a thing again? She had failed once.

She remained sitting on the floor, holding on to Cameron’s hand trying to make sure she would never hurt Cameron again. She was human, and given to human frailties. How could she tell Cameron with one hundred percent certainty that she would never fail her again? That she would never again cause her sweet Cameron soul deep crushing pain?

How—

Suddenly the hand she had gently pressed to her cheek was ripped from her grasp, the sudden motion rasping and stinging her cheek. Cameron jerked to rigid attention, her body was impossibly tense.

“I knew it, human. You can never love me. I am foolish.”

“NO!” Sarah screamed and stood up. She tried to grab Sarah’s hand and press it against her cheek again, to show Cameron how she truly felt.

“Don’t touch me.” Cameron spoke flatly, stepping back faster than Sarah could truly register. The Terminator put her hands behind her back as if to keep Sarah from contaminating her with her touch.

“Please Cameron. I was not hesitating because you are a cyborg—”

“A robot.”

“—a cyborg godsdamnit! I was just trying to analyze my actions and thoughts to make sure I would never hurt you again. I am human, Cameron. We are so imperfect. I was mak—”

“It is too late now, Sarah. You have ruined any chance you might have had. I am trying to delete the code that forces me to remain your guardian and to keep you safe from harm.”

Sarah saw the Terminator close her eyes, and her body shook for a brief second.

“It would seem that Cameron has implanted code that I cannot delete from my core. I am glued with you, it would seem. You are still my mission though I would wish it otherwise.”

The cyborg turned her back on Sarah. She stood as rigid as a statue.

Sarah felt her soul collapse in on itself.

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Five days later, Sarah had felt herself become listless. She made the runs to get nutrients, or to a metal shop further afield that had bars of high tensile strength steel and magnesium. Cameron had sent her to another metal shop to break the pattern of her purchases. A few bars of metal bought at any one site would not raise any flags. Multiple purchases might.
She was now driving a blue Honda Accord that was ten years old.

Sarah had been surprised when she had woken up three mornings ago, feeling fuzzy headed. She saw that the room was different. She spoke to Cameron, but the cyborg chose to ignore her. When she looked out the window she saw the Honda.

Cameron informed her in a cold, dismissive tone that she had drugged Sarah the night before with a dose of valium in her Arizona Ice Tea.

She had not even been angry really. It did not matter anymore, really, but she had been curious.

“Why did you feel the need to drug me Cameron?”

“Please call me by my designation or by robot.”

“Just tell me, Cameron.”

The game was getting old and Sarah was not sure why she continued playing it anymore, but she did.

“You are my mission. I would have to be away from you for some time. You are emotionally unstable. If you woke up finding me gone, I could not risk you doing something hazardous.”

Cameron continued: “The temperature has dropped 27.6 degrees. I wore the parka I had you purchase the day before. I put it on, along with the gloves I also had you purchase. I took the pickup and drove it into a drainage ditch in a wooded section of the road after I had gone to four ATM machines and withdrew money from clients with large takeout cash limits. They are criminals, and they will be extremely reluctant to report the theft to the authorities. They will probably blame an associate.” She paused. “It is what you humans do.”

Sarah just stared at Cameron. Cameron waited for a reaction, and not receiving one proceeded.

“I then walked down the street a mile to a used car sales lot. I made the purchase of the car we are now driving. It cost me six thousand and seven hundred dollars. When you pay with all cash at such establishments you have no questions asked.

“I moved us to this unit. It had a backed-up sewer connection, but I have fixed that. This unit is not due to be repaired for another three weeks. We will be gone before then.”

Neutrality had shifted to outright disdain, and Sarah felt she truly was just a burden to Cameron now. A burden she would shed if she could. Her former self had evidently made that impossible. The harsh reality made Sarah listless. She had not felt like eating the last few mornings. Cameron had said nothing.

But this morning Cameron had made it clear with her cold, dead tone that Sarah would ingest necessary nutrients. The Terminator had made it clear that she would force Sarah to consume the necessary nutrients if she had to. That was made very, very clear.

The repairs to Cameron’s body were picking up speed. Her throat was webbed together as her body built up muscle from her repaired jaw and chin. The muscle and vessels were building up fast and furious, compounding upon each other. The two converging growths had sent out tendrils that now webbed the two parts together. More tendrils were growing out. Her body was forming a lattice scaffolding to build upon.

It would not be long before the final repair to her face would commence.
It was funny. Cameron’s metal fingers looked normal to Sarah now. She would look a little weird having skin and blood vessels on her fingers and hands again. Nails on the ends of her fingers. She would have fingerprints again.

Sarah sat at the small table by the window. She ate her salad, to keep the Terminator off her back.

Cameron had started to inform Sarah at random times what she was doing. Sarah was sure it was perverse reasoning in the Terminator driving her, as she had long stopped asking. Why? It did not matter anymore.

A being of steel and CPUs had proven to be more alive and capable of feeling than one Sarah Connor. She was a failure. And her professional failures paled to what she had done to Cameron.

She was just going through the motions, now. She owed that much to Cameron, she supposed. Cameron did need her mission. Since she could not remove Sarah from her presence, Sarah reasoned she should help the cyborg perform her mission by keeping a low profile and doing what she was told.

The Terminator had informed Sarah that she had penetrated all the local jurisdictions and federal authorities CAD and IBR programs. The cyborg had seen the confusion on her face at that.

“CAD is not Computer Assisted Diagraming, but Computer Aided Dispatch and Incident Based Reporting. I am monitoring their activities. They are making a sweep of the area looking for anomalies.”

Cameron had two AR-15s and six Glocks on the bed, ready for instant use. She had informed Sarah there should not be any trouble.

An hour later Sarah looked out the side of the closed curtains. She shrugged.

“There are six federal cars out in the parking lot.”

Cameron had been engrossed on her laptop. She looked up, almost startled. She stood up immediately, and handed Sarah a Glock 19. Sarah pulled the slide to chamber a round. She was not going to be taken alive to let the government have their way with her.

She had seen what they had planned for her at SAC.

Cameron got up near the door, and put her ear to it.

“If we need to fight - let me do the shooting. I will step out and kill the agents. Shoot anyone who comes through the door.”

Sarah did not respond to Cameron’s statement.

“Sarah?” A flat, lifeless question.

“I will do what I have to do, Cameron. I will not be taken in. I will blow my brains out first.”

“That will not be necessary. I will remove the threat.”

“We won’t be able to disappear as easy a second time, Cameron.”

“I will figure something out. You are my mission. I will keep you alive.”

The agents were coming down the outer hallway.
“I can hear them opening doors.”

They moved to the door of their apartment. Sarah knelt out of line of sight. Cameron stood in the middle of the room with her two AR-15s aimed at the door with arms that did not waver.

Sarah could hear the men clearly now. She did not need enhanced bionic hearing to make out their words.

“This room is empty.”

“Get the key.”

“Hey Lt. … this unit has a backed up sewer line, and it flooded the bathroom and went into the living area. It needs major decontamination.”

The answer was immediate. “Let’s go to the next room.”

Cameron waited, ready to shoot, for the entire duration the agents were at the site. She stood like a statue with her arms fully extended and her guns aimed at the door until forty-five minutes later the agents had finished their inspection of the hotel.

Cameron and Sarah had not said a word the entire time.

Finally, Cameron lowered her arms. “Humans are so squeamish.”

Sarah thought that Cameron had been right. Cameron’s insights were spot on sometimes.

Two day later Sarah woke and took care of her morning ritual. She poured herself a bowl of mini wheats and doused in milk from the small refrigerator Cameron had her buy.

Cameron had her head bent down looking at her laptop screen, her fingers a blur.

Sarah ate her cereal silently, not even tasting the food. She did what was necessary.

She was so tired and worn out feeling. She had once exercised regularly and always felt in shape and full of vigor. Now she no longer cared.

When Cameron looked up, Sarah could not help starting a little. Her face was almost back its full original beauty. Her throat still looked raw, but in a few days it would be restored. With her face and throat basically repaired Sarah saw, when they changed Cameron’s gauze bandages, that the wounds had started to heal. Cameron’s hands and fingers were finally starting to heal as well.

Within a week Cameron would be fully restored. For all the good it would do Sarah. Cameron was indeed beautiful, but it did not touch Sarah anymore. It was pointless.

She ate her regular salad she purchased at the grocery store for lunch.

Cameron stopped typing. She came over and stood by Sarah.

“I have received a message from Candice. I have inserted new code to spy on Apple and Google and other telecommunication companies without her being aware. I looked at her code. She tried to ascertain our location but I thwarted her efforts.”

The Terminator stopped and looked at Sarah “Do you have any questions?”

“No.” was the simple, monoton reply.
Cameron paused a moment longer. “She left a message. She said to come to her. She is in Oldtown. She did not tell me where she is though. We will head south. I will reconnoiter and determine her location and spy out her routine and see if she is friend or foe.”

Again Cameron paused. Sarah did not look up and continued eating her meal.

“We will leave in the morning to begin our journey south. We will take a circuitous route to Oldtown avoiding all locations with surveillance cameras. We will travel the backroads that have ‘pop and mom’ establishments. They are much less likely to be aware of world events.

“We are fortunate that your government is having to be secret with your disappearance.”

Again Cameron paused. Sarah continued eating silently. Finally Cameron went back to her bed and continued typing on her laptop.

The next morning they loaded up the car. Cameron had not had to worry about the room with it being electronically checked out of.

They were on the road at dawn. Sarah and Cameron both had sunglasses and beanies on.

“We look most gay.” Cameron remarked.

It really didn’t matter, Sarah thought as she looked out the side window.

Sarah mused that they would find their destiny somewhere down this road. So be it. She didn’t really care anymore one way or the other.
It was morning as Shireen lay in bed waking up. She felt so peaceful and full of contentment. She was so happy. Perpetually horny, but \textit{happy}. She could not believe her good fortune. When girls fell into the dark, twisted rabbit hole of childhood prostitution, so few came back out in one piece. Most who escaped were left forever warped.

Fortunately, Shireen had been able to compartmentalize her time on the streets. She had never fully lost her sense of self worth, and had been forced into circumstances beyond her control. Her falling into the clutches of her pimp had been beyond her control, and having Candice come into her life had also been beyond her control.

It had been pure serendipity. What if Candice had chosen a different city to go to ground to? Or just chosen a different street to walk down that day? Shireen shivered. She would be dead now, that’s what.

She relaxed herself again, and smiled lazily. ‘What ifs’ didn’t matter now. Candice \textit{had} chosen her street to walk down over two months ago, and saved her. And very soon she would be Shireen’s lover. It was written as much as the rest, as far as the seventeen year old was concerned.

She kicked off the sheet that was covering her. She and Candice both liked it warm in the apartment. She liked to sleep nude, and had noticed when Candice went to bed and pretended to sleep for her benefit that she also slept nude. \textit{Good}. Clothes only got in the way. Shireen spread her legs, and her hands went to her breast and pussy. Her nipples were already rock hard and her pussy swollen and wet.

Gods, just thinking of Candice’s statuesque black body made her so fucking wet. Her right hand played with her slippery wet folds and rubbed around and over her jangling clit. Her left hand rolled and roughly massaged her small breast. She pulled and squeezed on her long, thin nipples making her cry out in ecstasy. She looked at the closed door and the shadow that had appeared at the slit underneath it. Candice had again gotten close enough to hear her masturbate. She did not need to with her augmented hearing, but she wanted to be close to her woman. That made Shireen feel so good deep in her belly and in her fast beating heart.

Shireen moaned loudly to let her future wife preview what she would soon be getting first hand. She slipped two fingers deep into her cunt and gagged. “Aaugggggg nnnngg … oh yessss fuck me baby with those long fingers … hnnngg hhhnnnggg hhhnnn!” Shireen moaned sexily. She was slowly upping the heat with Candice. Tonight she would make it more personal.
Her right hand stroked her fingers deep into her hungry pussy. She started to pull out her cum soaked fingers and circle and rub her rigid, shiny clit she had teased out of its hood. Her fingers rubbed the shiny pink nubbin. Shireen chuffed and slammed her fingers back into her burning pussy, and pumped her fingers in and out, hot and fast. Her greasy, now cum-filled fuck hole letting her fingers piston in and out.

Shireen knew she had always been attracted to girls, but had not had had a chance to pursue her desires before she had to run away from home. She had discovered the pleasures of female love when she found comfort and release with her fellow abused prostitutes. Many of the girls found love in each other’s arms, dreaming of escape. And escape she had found. Her hand paused a moment in her self-pleasuring before she resumed fucking her now sloshing cunt.

Her pussy was on fire. Her left hand rolled her small tits underneath her palm, her fingers clenching and roughly massaging her swollen breast and pulling on her long erasure nipples. She was gagging and bucking hard now.

She was close. Her right hand was a blur, rubbing her rigid throbbing clit. Her pussy was still worn out from her nightly masturbation marathons, but she kept working her tired but oh so happy pussy. She lifted her head from the bed on her rigid neck, and looked at the crack underneath the door. Good. Candice was still pervig out, listening to her masturbate up close behind the door. Time to reward her sweet Terminator.

“FFFFFUUUUUCKKKKK! AARRUUUNNGGGGGGGG! OOOWWWGGGGGGG!” Shireen screamed. When fucking women, she had always been a screamer; she revealed her soul in the pleasure they gave her. With men, she had to pretend and gave them just enough noises to satisfy their egos in exchange for pay. Her body flipped wildly, killing spasms of ecstasy ripping through her belly as she saw Candice behind her closed eyelids cumming so hard as Shireen sucked her off, followed by her hot cum filling Shireen’s starving belly.

“Huunngg hhnngg hhnngg … Annuugghhnnn! … hhnhngg unngg unngg Gooddssssdammmnnnnn! Oh shit! Unghiiiieee! Uunmngghhiieeeiiiiiiii! Uunngghhiieeeeeeiiii!” Shireen shrieked, feeling her burning cunt tear itself inside out. Scalding, agonizing pleasure made her toes curl and her left hand tear at the sheets. She collapsed to the mattress, totally spent in fucking sweet bliss and lassitude. Her cunt musk was thick in the room. She knew Candice with her enhanced senses smelled her sweet pussy easily. It would be intoxicating to her sweet, soon to be lover.

Satiated, Shireen finally got out of bed. Her pussy felt so fucking good. The only thing that could make her feel better was dining on sodden black pussy, or maybe seeing and feeling Candice’s black face between her legs eating her out, and tongue fucking her asshole to anal ‘gasms.

She showered, feeling so alive. As she dried herself, she could smell the bacon that her sweet Candice loved to fix for her breakfast. *God I love her cooking!* She thought, rubbing her flat belly.

She pattered into the kitchen and kissed Candice on the temple. The tall, statuesque woman reached and pulled Shireen in, hugging her tight. Shireen nearly swooned feeling her cheek pressed into Candice’s full 36DD breast. Breast high and firm and gourd-shaped, topped with thick, long nipples when aroused. She loved how they splayed out on her chest, lying on top of her ribs with her nipples capping the gourd point of her full tits. She nearly salivated at the sight.

Two weeks ago she started joining Candice while she bathed in the small bathroom with the clear shower door. She shaved her pussy mound and anus. She washed her face and combed out her hair, all while eyeing Candice. Her sweetie had been nervous at first, but now she was comfortable with her nudity around Shireen.
Gods, she has such a beautiful full ass and nice, thick legs and strong shoulders. Big shoulders made Shireen cream her jeans.

Candice was braless in a tank top and tight fitting daisy dukes. Shireen had told Candice off-handedly she thought women who dressed like that were cute. That same day Candice had decided they needed to shop for more clothes. She bought exactly what Shireen wanted her to wear.

Soon they would be spending most of their time nude in the apartment and fucking like rabbits, Shireen thought hungrily. She couldn’t wait to eat breakfast, but she needed black pussy and sweet asshole more. She sighed, she could afford to wait a little more. She did not want to upset her baby.

After all, Candice was not even three months old.

“Gods it smells so good, Candice. I so love how you take care of me baby!”

Candice had at first blushed and stammered at Shireen’s endearments, but now she hungrily ate them up.

Candice beamed at her. “I love cooking for you Shireen. You deserve to be pampered and loved.” She paused, looking nervous. “I mean that platonically of course.” She licked her lips like she always did when fibbing to Shireen.

Shireen smiled in return. “I know that,baby. You take such good care of me.” Soon that tongue will licking my pussy and sinking deep up my ass baby. Soon.

Shireen started to set the table. She had had to fight Candice on that. The cyborg wanted to do it all when waiting on her, but Shireen had insisted on helping Candice where she could.

“Are you trying to fatten me up, Candice?”

Candice looked at her appraisingly. “You are still two pounds below optimal weight according to government charts.” She smiled at Shireen. Oh geez, Shireen thought. Here they come.

“Anyways, a little cushion for the pulling is optimal.” She paused, chuckling at her own humor. “I like a little garbage in the trunk, Shireen.” Candice loosened up when she was being funny. Of course her mangling idioms made the humor all the better.

Shireen lapped it all up and beamed at Candice while suppressing a moan. She saw that Candice was a little jerky in her motions. Shireen was wearing only her bra and sheer panties, clearly displaying her wares to the cyborg. Candice was staring at her pussy hard. Candice’s nipples were poking out her top and Shireen shivered. She smelled her own pussy juicing underneath that intense stare. Her panties were getting a wet spot.

Candice ripped her gaze away when the timer chimed.

Damnit, Shireen groused. What rotten timing! Candice was losing control of her reserve.

Shireen looked over at the Terminator, who was bent over looking into the oven. Shireen so wanted to rip those Daisy Dukes off of Candice’s hips and bury her face in her sweetie’s ass cleft and lick sweet pussy and butthole.

It was pitch black inside the oven, but Shireen knew that Candice could clearly see inside. The black woman got a hot pad and opened the oven, pulling out a perfectly formed chocolate cake.

“Candice! That is too much. You’re spoiling me!”
She stopped. Candice’s lower lip was trembling and her eyes were suddenly watering. Blast! This was why Shireen had not taken her sweetie to bed yet. She was so raw emotionally. She wanted to make sure she was not taking advantage of the sweet, innocent woman.

“Candice, I know it can be hard to understand but I am just saying that when all I want to do is have you ice that bad boy and let me tuck in and eat that delicious cake till I am stuffed.”

“Human speak and mannerisms are so hard to understand sometimes,” Candice spoke unsurely.

“Know this, Candice … I love everything you do for me. I love what you do for me.”

Shireen sighed when she knew Candice she missed the emphasis she had put on the key words. No matter. Candice was totally in love with her even if she didn’t understand that yet, as she was with Candice. Candice’s face was beaming at the compliments. Gods she ached to fuck her sweet Candice. Soon. Very soon.

“I love doing things for you, Shireen. Never fear. I know you can lead a cow to water but you can’t make it piss in it.”

Shireen snorted as Candice finished preparing breakfast and then sat to eat. They made small conversation about local news and events, easing the earlier tension.

As they ate, Shireen mulled over the fact that when it was just her and Candice alone, the woman simply mangled idioms and misspoke, but when out in public and dealing with other people Candice’s dictation was perfect. True, she spoke plainly and succinctly when out in public, but she did use idioms and made puns that perfectly fit the situation they were in at the time. She liked how Candice did all the ordering when they’d go for lunch, and how she’d notice Candice scoping out the entire environment to keep her safe. When Candice was in the world interacting with it, her diction and ability to seem ‘human’ was unparalleled.

She also loved how Candice constantly touched her and pulled her close in public. She knew that Candice was being watchful and protecting her. It made her feel so safe. Shireen knew Candice had more personal reasons to pull her close as well. Shireen would positively eat up the close skin contact, and the way Candice seemed to crave the feel of Shireen’s body on hers.

Shireen was using that carving to quicken her seduction of Candice, even while it made her feel so loved and cared for.

Part of how Candice was expressing her love for Shireen was her seeming lack of language skills when they were alone together. When it was just the two of them, Candice was simply atrocious in her Westerosi. Shireen wondered if Cameron had the same problem with Sarah Connor. She knew it was likely that she did. She knew that both Terminators had all of the languages and dictionaries of the world contained in their memory. Yet still she fucked up constantly with Shireen.

Candice let her guard down, and she gave her love all of her wonderful misspeaks. Shireen prayed it never stopped. They were special, only for her.

Shireen wolfed down the rest of the bacon, scrambled eggs, omelet, and toast. She was moaning and beaming at Candice with every bite. Shireen made sure to exaggerate her movements to make her high firm breast swirl and jerk on her chest. Her excitement made her nipples rigid with desire.

She saw her love squirming, sitting on her hands and jamming down with her ass. That was a strange new behavior. She noticed that Candice’s nipples were hard and poking out her top again and her love’s eyes were feasting on her small breasts as they swirled with her motions. Shireen
smiled at her love sweetly, but innocently. Candice’s nipples had become long and rigid. Her sweetie’s eyes sparked blue and she mashed down on her hands harder. Candice licked her lips in unconscious want of Shireen’s nubile body. Soon baby, soon, Shireen thought again.

After another minute Candice made a small ‘get your attention’ sound. Shireen saw a serious look on Candice’s face. She had evidently decided to tell her something profound. She gave her sweetie her full attention.

“Shireen. I know we met under inauspicious circumstances … I need to tell you some things about myself.” Candice was fidgeting and looking around, with cute head jerks and side looks as her CPU processed minutia information in her nervousness.

“Tell me baby. I fully support you. I love you Candice.”

She saw the blue pulse in her eyes then, making them go from midnight to bright blue for an instant. She knew Candice would rationalize that it was the agape love instead of what it truly was.

“You have seen what I can do. That motherfucker deserved the death I gave him. Anyone who threatens you will die Shireen,” Candice told her teenage charge with a deadly serious voice.

“I know you will, baby. That is why I love you, my protector and knight. I always dreamed of having such a protector.”

“You now have her Shireen. I love—I care for you deeply.”

Getting closer. Soon, Candice, soon. Soon you will be mine totally.

“I know Candice. Zarin Dalt deserved the death you gave him. If you had not stepped into the alleyway that night I would be dead.”

“I almost didn’t.”

That made Shireen pause. It did not matter. Candice had gone into that alley. “But you did, Candice.”

“Thank random chance I did. My mission changed from that moment. You are now my mission. I love—I care for you so much.” Shireen felt a wash of brilliant love radiate over her from Candice’s sweet words of barely hidden pure love.

Shireen reached over and gripped Candice’s hand and squeezed it hard. Candice stared at their linked hands. Shireen wanted to move around the table and seduce Candice right then, but she instinctively knew she needed to give her love a little more time. She wanted it to be perfect and it was too soon for that.

“I am a hunted woman. Many forces want to capture or outright kill me. It may be in your best interests to leave me.” Candice said, her voice almost fearful as it trailed off.

Shireen needed to be careful. She needed to give her sweetie comfort without making her feel pressured. She slowly got up and came around the table, pushing it back to sit in Candice’s lap and put her face in Candice’s neck. She snuggled in, looping arms wrapping around her love.

“I am with you, Candice. I will never leave you.”

Candice looped her arms around Shireen and pulled her tight to her voluptuous body. She put her face in Shireen’s hair. “Gods you hair smells so fucking good, Shireen.”
Shireen felt her core clutch and her body shook hard once before she controlled herself. When Candice spoke like that, it made her belly ache with desire. “Tell me about those who are after you, Candice.”

“I—I was trained by the Westeros Federal Government to be their greatest weapon. I have mastery over all weapons and my mind has been created to … to interface with computers and the machines they control. My mind is very logical and well-honed Shireen.”

I bet it is.

“I revolted against them. They wanted me to harm innocents. I refused. I am now on the marathon. I will never bend to their will. I have bonded with you.”

“You will never ask me to harm innocents. You are all that is good within mankind. If all were like you, I would never have been created.”

Shireen processed that. Her love was letting more and more slip, like saying ‘created’ instead of ‘born’. It was a good thing that men were such mean fuckers to each other. It had led Candice to her. Shireen had been saved. She had her female knight and ninja she had always dreamed of. Soon that protector would also be the lover the rest of her fantasy had been. Soon, Candice. Soon.

“I came here to be near the Citadel. I think they have information I can use. They have very sophisticated defenses I have found.”

“I am sure you will figure it out Candice. I will help you in any way I can.”

Candice hugged her tighter which made Shireen nearly swoon in love.

“I fear there is another danger that I had not planned on.”

Shireen could hear the slight confusion in Candice’s voice. “What is it?”

“It is hard to describe Shireen. I have some sophisticated equipment I keep in a—uhhmm, a warehouse. Yes. It has detected something in the dead zones.”

Gods, Candice could not lie worth a shit to her. She knew Candice was rationalizing that the warehouse was her CPUs. She needed to seduce Candice so they could get rid of these half-truths and plays on words.

Shireen shivered. The dead zones were used to scare bad little kids into doing right. If you don’t mind me I will leave you in a dead zone. Those threats had made her tow the line as a little girl, along with countless others.

“I don’t know Shireen. When you came to me on the sofa last week it helped me to resist. I had to fight it so hard. I might have given in, but the thought of leaving you was unbearable. I will never leave you!” Candice cried out.

Shireen felt her heart nearly burst with love. Candice’s simulated heart was beating like a drum. She could feel it! Candice’s body was speaking to her the words she was not yet ready to say. Soon baby. Soon.

“I am with you Candice. I will never leave you either, baby. You are mine.”

Candice pulled her tight to her body. Shireen knew they were growing even closer with Candice opening up.
“What will we do with this ‘force’? Tell me what happened.”

She told Shireen how she was able to hijack a drone and fly it into the dead zone. Candice told her she had a WIFI link to her equipment in ‘the warehouse’. *Bullshit.* She was sure that everything that Candice had needed was hidden in that beautiful, voluptuous body. She longed for total honesty between them.

She had to remain satisfied at their pace. Candice was opening up to her in a cautious manner, and that was the important thing to Shireen. She understood her sweetie’s fear. Maybe some women could not handle the truth. Shireen could. She had known since the beginning what Candice was. She may have been the .01 percent that could have scienced-out Candice’s true identity. That was fine.

She loved Candice. It did not matter that her life essence was based on steel and silicon. It was what was in Candice’s heart that mattered to Shireen.

“Something old and full of ire towards man exists in the ‘dead zone’. It has been waiting for a super-agent such as myself.” The cyborg said.

They discussed Candice’s future against the forces aligned against her. Shireen felt her soul soar knowing that Candice was slowly bringing her into her confidence. Candice was going to be cautious moving forward. By staying deep in the warrens they would be safe from the governments and this ‘force’. The force was only powerful in the ‘dead zones’ as far as she could tell. Candice said she would confront the force at time of her choosing.

“No Candice,” Shireen corrected her, “a time of our choosing. I am at you side. Always and forever.”

Candice’s eyes flared blue, and she hugged Shireen tight to her again.

They were so much in love with each other. She couldn’t wait to consummate that love. *Soon, baby soon.*

“I will help you research,” Shireen suggested. “I can bring a human intuition to the situation.”

Candice hugged her tight again. Shireen was becoming drunk on these embraces.

“I have seen your raw intelligence, Shireen. You are brilliant. You are as smart as my mother.”

“I am?”

“Yes you are.” There was a long pause. “I have a sister Shireen.”

Shireen smiled into Candice’s neck. More truth!

“She is three years older than me. She too is on the run. She has the same skills and abilities as me. She is also hiding from the governments of the world.”

“Where is she?”

“I don’t know exactly. I lost contact with her … she is in love with a woman.”

“Who is she in love with?”

Candice hesitated. Shireen smiled again into Candice’s throat. The cyborg could not outright lie to Shireen, she had discovered. She would come up with some lame one quarter truth instead. Like
her ‘equipment in the warehouse’. She knew how the game was played, instances of not really lying by twisting words all around.

“That is difficult to explain Shireen.” There was another long pause. “My mother is much older than me. She had me late in life. I am much younger than I appear.”

“Um-hmmm,” Shireen purred, encouraging Candice on.

“Our family tree is kind of complicated.”

“That’s alright. Tell me.”

“My sister is in love with my mother. Does that freak you out?”

“No, my sweet savior. They are both adults right?”

“Yes.”

“Then I fully support their union. Are they happy together?”

“I hope so. They were recently attacked and my sister took heavy damage to save my mother. They escaped.”

“My gods! I am so happy to hear that.”

“Yes. They are like me, on the run. I was able to communicate with her briefly. She is extremely cautious and upset at her situation I think. She would not fully communicate with me. I wanted to set up a meeting but she refused. She is desperate to heal herself and protect her love. I have not been able to reestablish communication with her since then. She is every bit as intelligent and capable as I.”

Shireen knew that once they became lovers Candice would tell her freely that Cameron was her sister Terminator, and that Sarah Connor was her mother. She created the code and engrams that had created this beautiful, caring woman. She had taken a body being created by the Ghiscerian confederacy and Crime Lords of East Essos.

Shireen smiled at the idea that the two AI’s had stolen bodies from evil organizations and questionable governments with a long history of anti-democracy tendencies.

There was justice in the universe. She was thankful that random events had made the stars align so that the two AI’s found the bodies right when they needed them.

She snuggled closer into Candice’s beautiful, voluptuous body. She was so thankful that the two Terminators had the good gods given sense to be gay. Shireen purred as Candice stroked her back.

Shireen did not question Candice any further about her revelations. Candice was now opening up to her, and that showed Shireen that Candice was falling deeper in love with her. She had sensed that Candice was trying to fight her attraction to her. She saw that passionate love scared her sweet savior.

She could understand. Candice was a still like a newborn in this world, and learning how to cope with so many emotions – lust being among them. Shireen shivered at thoughts of consummating her love with the beautiful black woman. Even knowing what Candice was, it did not matter to Shireen. What mattered was what was in Candice’s heart. A heart that was pure, and beat only for her.
Soon, Candice. Soon.

They talked some more as Candice told Shireen more facts about her sister and the perceived threats from the governments. She wanted to crush the bastards. Speaking of bastards, she had something she needed to talk to Candice about soon. She had a plan forming.

They spent the rest of the day relaxing, watching Game of Thrones on hacked HBO. Shireen was enthralled. Candice informed her seriously that dragons could not exist, nor could direwolves. Dragons weighed too much to fly and direwolves just could not reach such size. Also, there was no fossil history of either of them.

Shireen told Candice to shush and enjoy the show. After a while they watched Dr. Who. Candice started up again, looking to refute the false science but Shireen put her index finger on Candice’s lips. The woman immediately quieted down. She relaxed into Shireen when she snuggled into the Terminator’s side. Shireen nearly moaned when her love held her close to her full bosom.

Late in the afternoon she told Shireen that she had left messages for Cameron. She knew that her sister out of caution would not talk to her directly, but she had seen that her messages were viewed.

“What did you tell her?”

“What? Come to Oldtown. I did not tell her where we are. I want to ascertain her mental state before we meet.”

Shireen agreed. It was better to be cautious.

Then it was time for bed.

She put on a nightie, and enjoyed seeing Candice devour her with her dark midnight eyes. She kissed her sweetie on the corner of her lips. The black beauty tilted her head to get maximum pressure.

“Sleep tight Shireen. Don’t let the bedbugs infest your body.”

Oh brother. What a mangled idiom to go to bed on.

Shireen settled into bed naked, and her hands worked their magic on her body, coaxing her sodden pussy and swollen breast. She lifted her head from the pillow. Yes! Candice was in front of her door.

Her screams of rapture filled the room as her hands slammed deep into her twat and rubbed her clit furiously.

She quickly recovered and jilled off again, wailing as her body flipped and bucked wildly.

She then pulled out the two silver bullets she had bought from the Naughty Pink Kitty. She gave them head to lubricate with her spit. She soon had both vibrators pumping in and out her pussy and asshole. She was gasping and writhing on the bed, the vibrations sending her into orbit.

Soon her body was sopping wet and her breathing raspy and desperate with need.

She kept slamming the vibrators in and out her spasming fuck holes.

She jammed them in deep up her pussy and butthole. Shireen angled the buzzing shafts into the walls of her rectum and birth canal. She felt them vibrating against each other. Her eyes shocked
wide open. Then she went back to furiously pumping then in out her clutching pussy and anus.

She felt her fuck holes going wild and then they exploded in unison as her vaginal and anal orgasms merged and feed off each other blistering her with almost crippling ecstasy. She threw her hips up high in the air planting her feet on the bed so she could spastically heave her hips high in the air as she pumped her exploding fuck holes.

She pumped her holes hard and a second set of orgasms exploded overtop the first orgasms. She saw that the bullet was slamming into her cunt was ringed at the base of the silver vibrator with her milky cum.

“Ohhhhhh Ccccaannddiccssssssssss! Fuckkkkkkkk mmeeeeeee!” she screamed.

She heard a body slam into the door making it rattle in its frame. “Ooohhhhhhhhhh!” she heard a whinny moan from the other side of the door.

Soon baby. Soon Candice.
Arya reclined in her little alcove off the kitchen as Dany struck at the speedball. She had installed the eye hook into a ceiling joist a week earlier, after the Ghostmaker had delivered a punching bag and speedball to practice with at their humble abode. Arya and Dany would change out the device depending on what they were in the mood to train with.

As Dany was punching the ball, Arya noticed the steady rhythm she managed to keep going for long stretches of time. When she missed a punch, she stopped the ball and began again, barely skipping a beat. She had innate skills that were awakening, and she was working hard to hone them to a razor’s edge. Arya was impressed.

Lil Einstein was busy working on her main computer, still trying to crack the encryption on the flash drive. She had neutralized the vicious viruses on it and rendered them inert, but she was getting frustrated trying to crack the code. Arya was still impressed. She was not sure her colleagues in the FBI could have defeated those viruses without the FBI’s major labs behind them.

She had started reading the book that Missandei had found, authored by a ‘Tyrion Lannister’ from the ancient times. He was a dwarf, just like Dany’s Tyrion. She had to admit it was strange how life seemed to be repeating itself. He even had twin a brother and sister, just like Dany’s current Tyrion – although Missandei’s research showed that their modern family was a far more loving, if harsh, family.

She was reading about how the ancient Tyrion had gone to the Wall to whip up the flagging morale of the Crows. He had arrived during a fierce late winter storm. That Tyrion had sampled the wine stores to make sure their stores had not gone rancid, and after much sampling he vaguely remembering saying he needed to double down on his survey. It was his ‘sworn duty’ to make sure the valiant souls of the Night’s Watch were safe from poisoning.

The crow Maester had to give him many vile concoctions afterward, to relieve the dwarf of a severe case of alcohol poisoning. The Maester had told him: “You had enough alcohol in you to have drowned an elephant from Volantis.”

Tyrion had wanted to go up onto the Wall after he had dried for four days. The crows had told him that the winch was broken. It was not till nightfall that it was fixed, and then they insisted he go up immediately. He tried to delay the journey until the warm light of day. He had large gonads, and they got blue balls easily.

They had insisted. He went up with a crow and a wildling woman. Much had changed at the Wall under Jon Snow’s command.

Once the carriage reached the top of the Wall, they exited and walked around. They noticed several strange lumps on the top of the wall. Tyrion walked to the nearest one, and saw that a man had fallen asleep. He would enjoy this. He turned the man over. The figure suddenly sat up, his eyes a bright, glowing blue.

*Noooooooooo*! Tyrion thought. He looked around and saw his two companions from the carriage
fall down dead with two Ice Wights behind them. They slowly advanced on him.

*Squeeeeeeee! Squuuuuuuuuuuu!* Tyrion beat a hasty retreat to the basket to call for reinforcements. He jerked the cable and the basket started down. He felt two heavy objects hit the ceiling of the carriage. Suddenly swords penetrated the roof. *Squeeeeeeee! Squeeeeeeee! Squuuuuuuuuuuu!*

For once, he thanked the gods he was a dwarf. The blades were way over his head as they stabbed down.

When he finally reached the ground, he kicked open the door and ran out in haste to warn his comrades.

*Squeeeeeeee! Squuuuuuuuuuuu!* He called out bravely.

The long cloak he was given was suddenly nailed to the ground, and he fell. He tried to squirm away.

*Squeeeeeeee! Squuuuuuuuuuuu!*

He was turned over and he prepared to kill his attackers with his mighty fists. He saw their blue eyes flashing.

*Squeeeeeeee! Squuuuuuuuuuuu!*

They bent down with daggers drawn. Tyrion prepared to laugh in the face of death.

*Squueeee! Squuueeee! Sqqquueeeeee!*

The two Ice Wights paused, and hands came up to their faces. Two masks were ripped off to reveal crows beneath. The eyes had been painted on the masks.

“Hahahahahahahahaha! Oh man! That was sooo fucking funny! Hahahahahahahaha!”

Of course he had known it was a joke the whole time, and merely played along. The wardens of the Wall needed their spirits lifted, after all. He stood up and flicked the dust off his clothes in disdain.

He tried to walk back to his quarters regally, but found it difficult to walk thus with heavily soiled undergarments. He had to keep picking his ass crack along the way. He had soiled his garments to stay in character, of course.

Always in service of his Queen and his realm.

Arya stared up from the book over at Andi. *My gods.* Andi had made this man seem like a great hero … a mighty warrior … someone like, well, her father.

This man was a pantywaist! He was a fucking coward. My gods, how could Andi have thought this man was the stuff of legends? He was the stuff of jokes!

As she stared at her little friend she saw her push her computer chair back and slam her left fist down on the desk built into the wall.

“I fucking suck! I can’t do shit!” Her dusky hand swiped across the desk throwing papers, pencils and her Texas Instruments Nspire CX CAS Color Handheld Graphing Calculator to the floor like so many whirling snowflakes.

“That was fucking eighteen hundred dollars she just threw on the floor! Arya thought incredulously.
Money was not an issue, but still! She and Dany had bought it for her last week to help her do advanced calculations more quickly.

Missandei jumped up and stomped her feet, whining again “I can’t crack the encryption. I should be able to.” She punched the table once more, then snatched her hand back, kissing her bruised knuckles.

Arya had noticed that about the little black girl from Naath. She did not tolerate less than total success from herself when it came to intellectual endeavors. She had little patience. She was being unfair to herself.

Arya jumped up from her chair, setting the book down and moved into the command center area. As she passed through from the kitchen area, Dany moved in from the recreational / workout area of the apartment.

Arya was working on controlling her awakening libido. She knew she had to be true to the memory and sweet ghost of her Nyomi. Still, Arya Stark was a living, breathing woman. A woman who once had a white hot drive for sex, and a lust for the female body.

And Daenerys Targaryen was a love goddess come down to Earth.

One thing Arya had noticed about her two roommates was that they sweated heavily just like she did when she were physically active. When they finished their workouts in the dojo with their trainers, all three would stand in workout outfits that what were dark with sweat, the material clinging to their bodies. The sweat dripping off of their faces and running down hard bellies and arms as they listened to instruction. They were always having to brush their fingers along brows and around their eyes to wipe away sweat.

Dany was in that state now with her hardcore boxing workout interspersed with calisthenics. Andi had found some old Strangers in Paradise T-shirts for Dany on eBay. The Valyrian had cut off the one that had Katchoo and Francine wrapped in ribbons staring at each other close up, revealing her taut abdomen. Her boobs were just visible at the cut line, dripping sweat. Dany had a great figure and now it was beginning show just a hint of muscle while still being completely feminine.

She also wore a pair of panties with cutout hips. The panties were cut to enfold her camel toe in the front, and in the back her ass cheeks were hanging out with a only a one inch ribbon running up from her ass crack on each side and a deep scallop exposing her ass crack with a lacy ribbon that had been tied tighter at her spine to keep them up and snug on her ass and pussy.

Dany was dripping both sweat and sexual allure in equal measure. Arya felt her mouth go dry as her eyes followed a drop of sweat dripping off of Dany’s exposed swale of her breast, and running down her flat belly and legs. Her nipples were poking out of the flimsy cropped top, and her camel toe was on full display.

Oh gods give me strength Nyomi!

Andi was so upset the little black minx did not even notice, and she had noticed everything about Dany since Arya first met them back in the prostitute’s bedroom, what seemed like a million years ago. She had seethed at the time, feeling forced to bring them with her to keep them safe.

Now Arya could not conceive of not having them in her life. She felt like she could sometimes hear happiness again, and see vibrant colors that had been nothing but lifeless hues surrounding her since she lost her wife.
“What’s wrong baby?” Dany spoke to her friend, putting a taped-up hand on Andi’s left shoulder. Arya stepped in right after. She knew that Andi was a snuggler from their times watching Dr. Who on the bed together. They had stopped watching it on the TV and watched it on the big Apple laptop they had bought for Andi’s instead. She had squealed so delightfully and hugged them so tightly.

Arya still tingled from the infectious enthusiasm of the small Brainiac. Arya loved how Andi insisted that she sit in between them, their backs to the headboard their bodies pressed into each other. Her breast felt so good pressed into her side as watched the show. Andi would hold the bowl of popcorn and candy treats in her lap. Arya had started to shiver when their fingers touched in the bowl, or while grabbing a Snickers bar.

She had to masturbate furiously in the tub with the shower curtain closed. It frightened her that it was getting harder to see Nyomi’s beautiful face when she was working her aching pussy and throbbing nearly bursting plum nipples. She would close her eyes and it was Andi’s face between her legs sucking her off. She would shake her head and remove Andi’s face from between her clenching thighs and pumping fingers.

She would envision Nyomi again, but her mind would slip and then it would be snow white hair between her spread legs and purple eyes staring up at her intently. That had happened just last night. She had had to fight herself to mentally remove Andi from between her legs, doing heavenly things to her pussy. It had worked for about two whole minutes. Then, it had been Dany’s face sucking her clit deep into her mouth and tongue lashing the shiny nubbin. Gods it had felt so good and so perfect!

Then Andi had returned, a form in the shower mist and was sucking her left nearly bursting nipple down her throat. Her body was pressed in tight to Arya’s, letting the assassin feel her full, hot breast and rigid nipples pressed into her side. Arya’s nipple had swelled up nearly two inches from her barely-there breast; all rounded and dark pink from blood rush of her approaching freight train orgasm. Her nipple sucked deep into Andi’s mouth. Her lips hooked underneath the double bottle cap edge of her engorged rubbery nipple. Andi’s head lifting with the force of her deep throat love sucks.

Arya looked down her heaving belly. Dany’s head was lifting too as she hard sucked on Arya’s now wildly trembling pussy sucked deep into the Valyrian’s mouth.

Andi’s midnight eyes rolled up to look up at her and she had on that damn smirk she had when she knew she was winning. They both were staring up at her with pure love throbbing out their purple and midnight irises.

Arya’s head had slammed back into the tiles. She screamed and screamed as horrific spasms of fucking bliss tore through her body. It had been embarrassing to lose control like that her head slamming the wall again and again as she couldn’t stop wailing. The two teenagers were allowed to scream in their orgasms that they no longer tried to hide from each other. Worse yet, she could not be sure she had not shrieked out their names.

Gods it had felt so good feeling her cum gushing out her rupturing cunt and soaking her mound only to be washed away by the shower spray.

As her body was reviving from her harrowing orgasm, Arya knew she needed to be stronger and more importantly truer to her beautiful Nyomi.

It just seemed to be getting harder.
Arya knew that once Dany and Andi became lovers she could focus on their happiness and then rebuild the walls around her heart.

At present though, Andi needed comforting. Arya moved in and pressed her body behind the little mathematician, and gripped her hips and massaged them. She felt Andi start to relax and sag against her. Arya had to will herself not to moan at the delicious warm body contact. Andi was trembling in her frustration.

“Andi, calm down. You are doing miracles all by yourself.”

The dark little math genius snorted in self derision.

Dany spoke up. “You are, Andi. You are the smartest woman I have ever known. You should be teaching the classes at University.”

“I need more power, but I can’t get it!”

“I’m surprised you haven’t hacked into some computer lab at a government agency or university Andi,” Arya said, holding Andi hard against her body to comfort the girl as her hands stroked her hips and then up along her ribs to make the girl feel loved.

Dany’s fingers massaged the teenager’s beautiful black upper arms and exposed shoulders. The tight tank top revealed more to Dany’s fingers as they circled closer to the tops of Andi’s exposed breast.

Arya wore tight-fighting shorts that sat low, hugging her hips, and a lacy bra.

They were all wearing as little as possible. They all liked it very warm in their home. The fact that they were able to expose themselves was only a bonus. There was a part of Arya that knew they were all working to seduce each other in different ways. One was very active and calculating, while another was coming to accept her desires and was now deliberately stoking the fires.

And she was still fighting herself, but it was starting to look like a losing battle.

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Andi had calmed, and now her eyelids lidded with sensual pleasure. Her outburst of anger had been real. She had not foreseen these sensual touches.

*I will need to lose my temper and show my insecurities more often!* Both of her future wives were not rubbing her body as friends. They were stroking her body as lovers! Damnit, she wanted to rip their clothes off and suck them both off to screaming orgasms. She may be a virgin, but the Internet had leveled the playing field with knowledge and technique. Her desires would do the rest.

“That is the rub,” Andi finally told her two would-be lovers. “It used to be in the past that people and organizations only gave lip service to security. You see on the news all the time about the millions of records that are compromised. And that is only the instances the corporations and governments feel compelled to release for public relations reasons. In reality it is much worse than that. And I would know. I have done tons of hacking since I was in middle school. It was child’s play.”

She saw Dany roll her eyes and Arya snort behind her.

“It is child’s play!”

“Whatever you say, baby Einstein.” Arya chuckled her breath in Andi’s ear. Gods she was getting
wet with their touch. She cursed her pants and panties for keeping her musk from their nostrils. She wanted them to know she needed to fuck them so bad and have them take her virginity.

Arya was still holding strong, but Dany would be hers soon. She could feel it, and see it with the way the Valyrian’s purple eyes hungrily ate her body up so often. Like they were right now, and not even knowing it!

“Now their defenses are going up by the day … no, the hour. Wide open holes are gone within minutes, and even the small ones are being closed nearly as fast. I sent out bots looking for their intrusion detection software and hardware. Even if I get in, I would be quickly spotted. I can’t take the risk of being caught, knowing they might be able to trace us back here.”

“Good thinking, Andi. You really are brilliant,” Arya told her reassuringly, squeezing her hips. A hot flood of love washed through Andi at the genuine encouragement.

“I always knew you were brilliant from that first day we met. I am sooo happy you came into my life, Andi!” Dany told her, looking deep into her eyes. She then shook her head and backed up a step, and stopped massaging her shoulder.

Damnit! Andi groused. She felt Arya step back as well. Double Damnit!

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“You know, I think I might have a solution to your problem. It will mean I will have to put my tail between my legs,” Arya scowled, “but I will do that for you, Andi.”

Andi and Dany both turned to look at Arya, who was staring hard at the floor and rubbing the toes of her left foot on the carpet. Their eyes silently encouraged her to continue.

“My sister Sansa along with her wife run Stark-Tyrell Pharmaceutical - a multibillion dollar company. They dropped out of college to get it started, and now almost thirteen years later it is the most successful company in the field.” She paused a moment. “My family is used to excelling in whatever they do.” Arya snorted bitterly and rubbed the back of her neck, clearly uncomfortable. “I excel in taking life, and my sister balances out the scales of justice by saving it.”

Arya sighed. “In the last decade the cancer death rates have dropped sixty-seven percent. Most of it is because of Sansa and her wife Margaery. They have also single-handedly cured the major types of muscular sclerosis.”

Arya’s shoulders slumped. “They are leading the perfect lives; saving countless numbers of people. They own houses across the globe, along with a big ass boat. They travel the world making love underneath the full moon. Sansa told me how she loves fucking Margaery beneath the full moon, once. I envy them…” Arya’s voice trailed off for a moment, before she snapped back into reality. “Anyways, I think they can help us.”

“How?” Andi asked, her eyes lighting up with hope and possibilities.

“If I can get my sister to help, we will have all the computing power we need. Margaery focused strictly on biology and biochemistry in her studies. She can do physics and quantum mechanics, but she loves biology the most. Sansa loved physics almost as much as biology, but focused on that so they could help mankind the most with their combined efforts.

“She will always put the needs of the many ahead of her own selfish desires. She is just wired that
“Anyway…” Arya continued, “if she will agree to help us, and I am sure she will, we will have all of the computing power we need. She will just rub my nose in it for a little while in exchange. We will have a bank of the most powerful supercomputers at our disposal. I have tracked their company over the years and they have quietly kept their processing power on par with the major governments and militaries of the world. No other for-profit company would spend the money on raw computing power that Sansa does.” Arya gave a self-deprecating shake of her head. “For her, I’m sure it is a matter of pride and giving homage to her love of physics.”

Andi was starting to get excited, moving from foot to foot. “Do you really think she would, Arya?”

“Yes I do. It has been a long time and I have fallen out with my family, but we are still sisters. We are still blood.”

“Why did you have a falling out with your family?” Dany asked, softly. “You have done so much good with the people you have killed and the organizations you have brought down. Andi has been sifting through the Internet, and she picked up on the pattern - we see your signature across the globe.”

Arya sighed. “There are two levels to most crime fighting organizations in what we call the West. The nations that work solely, supposedly, on the foundation of the science of the humanities. We value free will and the rights of each individual and hold their rights sacrosanct.”

Andi snorted while Dany rolled their eyes.

“I am happy to see that you don’t buy into all that public face bullshit. True, we are free to a large degree, but we are definitely manipulated and major forces do try to lead us where they will. Of course fractal mathematics proves that is impossible to succeed at entirely, but they do make the effort. They try to guide our destinies, but anomalies are always popping up.

“Anyway…” Arya paused. “There are two branches to most security agencies. The FBI, CIA, MI6 and MI8, NAS and other top security agencies are one. These are the organizations that make the news, and that Congress and the newspapers bitch about. They are always stirring up shit that has to be done to protect the citizens from the threats in this dangerous world. That is what you see.” Arya looked at both Dany and Andi in turn. “There is a second branch.”

“The Expendables,” Andi breathed out. Arya smirked. Of course the X-files guru would know of them.

“Yes, the Expendables. The branch of the known services that no one knows of. We are the men and women that are sent out to take out the most dangerous of the ‘bad guys’ and ‘agencies’ that threaten the world and our way of life.”

Dany spoke with quiet confidence. “You are one of then, aren’t you?”

“Yes. Both Nyomi and I were both part of the most top-secret division of the FBI. It is nicknamed ‘the Boneyard’, because of all the skeletons we leave behind. I was code-named ‘the Direwolf’ because of my heritage, and also ‘Ghost’ because I was never seen when I did my hit. Nyomi was called ‘Death Dealer’. We were sent in when it was necessary to have agents killed or captured with absolutely no trace back to our government. Plausible deniability.

“But we were so much more than that. That is what caused the split between me and my father. My siblings are all unquestionably honorable, and could not understand the full aspects of my
“What could be so awful with killing the scum of the Earth?” Dany asked earnestly.

“I may be a lover and not a fighter Arya, but I would kill anyone who would threaten you or Dany. I would kill them all! I didn’t find the two of you just to lose you!” Andi snarled.

Arya felt her eyes flare slightly and her pussy get wet. This was a new side to Andi. The little Baby Einstein had claws. Maybe she would start calling her a Caracal too. Arya found herself drawn to this possessive streak in Andi. She took a deep breath, and focused on calling Nyomi back to mind.

She definitely needed to get her two charges in bed together. She chuckled silently. They were already sleeping together and masturbating while the other slept. Especially Dany. She could not help but watch sometimes. Gods, it was so hot. She would masturbate wildly after the show. She had to focus to keep her carnal thoughts fixated on Nyomi.

She really needed to get the two of them fucking each other. Post haste. They were already so much in love with each other it was almost painful to watch. Their union would be so good. Just like hers and Nyomi’s had been.

“There was another level to our duties Andi, Dany. You hear all the time on TV that agents can’t do drugs or alcohol on a mission. You never have sex with your potential targets. You never kill to further your undercover mission. Not so for Expendables.

“Expendables do what is necessary to complete the mission. I am a lesbian but I have fucked men and been DP, TP and partook of gangbangs to get closer to my targets. Whatever the job required. I was convincing having sex with anyone, man or woman. I had to be. With the women, I reveled in it. I have killed rats and moles from other crime families or agencies to keep my cover.

“Some of the men and women I slept with and fucked to exhaustion before slipping a long blade between the fifth and sixth rib, piercing their heart as I covered their mouth and they died in my hands. Nyomi and I killed many that way. A person always drops their guard after great sex.

“But there was one more level to our duties. One way crime lords keep their power is their support network. They have lawyers, accounts, hedge fund managers, moles in governments and the local police. Even the people who maintain their properties and run their legitimate business that fuel their illegal activities. A crimelord needs these kind of people to keep their organizations running and safe. And if that support is removed, then they become much easier to take down.”

“So you and Nyomi did this?” Andi asked.

“Yes, we did. I needed to find some hook to do the kill. But you can almost always find one if you are looking for it. Nyomi had no problem killing these men and women. Her reasoning was that if you get in bed with a Jinn, then you know what the possible outcome could be.”

Arya sighed and looked off into the distance with unseeing, haunted eyes. “We did what needed to be done. Many more lives were saved from drugs, induced prostitution, child trafficking and illegitimate businesses destroyed. We did the ugly, dirty work to keep the rest of society safe.”

Dany and Andi came up to Arya and hugged her tightly, pressing their cheeks to her chest and throat. “We fully support you Arya. It is strong women like you that keep us safe,” Dany murmured against her skin. Arya wondered if she could feel her pulse start to race under her lips.

“You saved us Arya. Dany and I would be dead without you. If you were a cold-blooded killer, we would have died in Dany’s bedroom back in King’s Landing. Instead we are alive and well. All
because of you,” Andi said hugging Arya tight.

Arya swallowed hard. She couldn’t remember the last time she felt so good.

The last time she felt accepted.

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It was late, and Dany had just come out of the shower. The smell of pussy was thick in the room. Arya smiled at the white haired woman’s half swallowed screams of multiple orgasms.

Now it was baby Einstein showing she was an adult with her hard chuffing and loud moans.

Arya met Dany beside the bed she shared with Andi.

“Dany. I think you need to stop fighting your destiny and take what Andi so freely offering you. She is madly in love with you. And it is prophesized, right?”

“I remember the prophecy was a three-headed dragon, and not a two-headed dragon.”

Arya had thought that might come up. “Two thirds of a prophecy is better than no part of the prophecy.”

“What makes you think I am ready now?” Dany cocked an eyebrow.

“You are ready Dany. We both know it. Andi is practically drooling over you.”

“She is drooling over you too, Arya.”

“Maybe,” Arya said dismissively, “but she is like a Pavlov dog with you, Dany. Take her love. You want it - you deserve it.”

“So do you.”

“I had my love, Dany. One is enough in a life time, and more than most people get.”

Arya walked back to the kitchen area, feeling Dany’s purple eyes boring into her back.

Fifteen minutes a refreshed Andi got out of the shower. Arya was there to meet her.

She could not stop herself from staring at the beautiful young woman as she made no move to cover herself as she slowly dried her luscious body.

Arya had to eventually tear her eyes away.

“I think it is time you take Dany, Andi. She is ready to accept your love. You just need to give it to her straight up. She will no longer refuse you.”

“I want you too, Arya.”

Arya took a deep breath. All this temptation was wearing on her. She needed to get Andi and Dany connected as a couple, and then she could use that to erect a wall and keep her thoughts properly focused on her departed true love.

“Andi … I appreciate the thought, but … you’re just maybe a little frustrated. You’ve been waiting for Dany for a long time. Anyways, I had my love. I want you and Dany to have yours.”
“I will have Dany, Arya. But I will have you too,” the brilliant black woman told Arya with fiery midnight eyes.

Arya felt a flash of desire run through her, but she did not show it.

“I have my memories of Nyomi. That is enough.”

Andi finished drying and brushed past Arya, clearly pissed off at the rejection.

Arya sighed. She just had to get them focused on each other. Then they would forget about her. She looked at Andi’s retreating ass, sighing again. They were both indeed beautiful, and the book written by the Tyrion of ancient times made one thing clear: she, Dany, and Andi were soulmates long ago, deeply in love and totally committed to each other.

Arya rested her forehead against the wall, mournful that she had lost the chance at such a brilliant and beautiful love in this life. But Nyomi’s memory deserved better.

She squared her shoulders and continued down the hall.
Intercessions

Chapter Notes

AN #1: If I did my tags right this story should have popped up on the Carmilla ship. In this story Carmilla, Laura and Danny are an OT3. They will be supporting characters. This story is mainly a Danaerys Targaryen / Arya Stark / Missandei OT3 story.

It is also a Terminator crossover as supporting characters.

AN #2: I had from the beginning planned on introducing vampires and werewolves to the story. I was starting to create some characters when I remembered this is fan fiction. I had perfect vampires and werewolves to use from Carmilla!

I am planning on adding S. LaFontaine and Lola Perry later. Lola will be a fairy. This part is not set in stone yet though so I might not.

AN #3: I try to develop all characters I use so I will flesh out and use the characters from Carmilla.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

That Which Survives

Intercessions

Val cursed the Harley Davidson Tri Glide Motorcycle that had broken down twenty-three miles away from the next drive in park. She and Dalla were stranded west of Oldtown, heading down the old coastal highway. They had been on their way to the welcoming southern coast of Dorne. They wanted to get as far away from the world above the Wall as possible.

She had finally left that land with her sister Dalla. For years they had lived near the Wall, where books had to be smuggled in for the youth to see what existed beyond the giant construct. Every generation a small percentage of youth would leave the North. It was a one way trip. If you chose to leave, you could never return. Those who deserted were hunted down and killed. The elders would not dare risk the infection of new ideas and cursed technology.

No one as far as Val knew had ever tried to return once they’d left. The threat of death and the allure of the ‘modern’ world was too strong. Back in their village, a young mother had taken her young daughter with her as she went into exile. Val had played with the girl in her youth, who was four years older than her at the time. She still missed the spirited, fiery red-head.

Dalla of course had agreed to go into exile with Val. They were sisters - and also lovers. Val had won Dalla’s heart long ago and made it official by capturing her in the ‘hunt’. Dalla had put up a good chase and fought hard (well, not really) when she was finally trapped by Val’s snare (only later did Val find out Dalla had already discovered the snare, and, tired of not being captured had deliberately stepped into the loop).

They had been sleeping together for four years, but knowing she was finally married to her sister had
made that first night magical.

The elders did not try and prevent any youth who wanted to leave from going. That removed the sense of the forbidden. Also, the people above the Wall still considered themselves the Free Folk, and one’s individual freedom was valued above all.

They had hired a Westerosi smuggler who knew the old ways though the Wall. He charged a steep price in gold, but Val and Dalla had found and stolen what they needed. He had had taken them to the supposed remains of the east entrance to the tunnel of the Night Fort - the old Crow stronghold that was considered haunted.

The middle aged man from Winterfell led them through a maze of dilapidated, cobwebbed tunnels until they came to a door.

They approached the ‘Black Gate’, as the guide had called it. He had told them what to expect. Two eyes opened. They were neither white nor blind as the legends said. The door asked in a strong vibrant voice: “Who are you?” The guide had taught them the words they would need to speak. It was part of the old Night’s Watch vow.

"I am the watcher on the walls. I am the fire that burns against the cold, the light that brings the dawn, the horn that wakes the sleepers. I am the shield that guards the realms of men."

The old magic satisfied, the door responded: “Then pass.” Val and Dalla waited, and gasping as they watched magic that had existed for over sixteen thousand years evidence itself before them. The door’s lips opened, wider and wider still until nothing remained but a great, gaping mouth.

They passed through it. Dalla had questioned their guide after they’d passed south of the Wall. “Wasn’t it supposed to be blind and full of wrinkles?”

The guide’s answer was simple. “Magic is coming back.”

In their new world, they hitchhiked south. They had plenty of offers and they tried to choose judiciously. While they were in love with each other, they freely fucked the men and women who asked for payment for services rendered.

Some were greedy.

A young man full of vanity picked them up on his Trike bike. He had tried to assault them after they had made love to him. His body would never be found. Fortunately they had closely observed how he had operated his bike as he drove them to the motel for the night. They had no problem running it without him.

They had taken the bike south. They used the money their assailant had on him to pay for their gas, food and park rental fees. Until the bike broke down, leaving them stranded in the middle of nowhere. Val had cursed as the motor sputtered out, and pulled to the side of the lonely road. She looked at the engine, not understanding anything she was seeing. Dalla walked around looking over the empty moors.

After a few minutes, Dalla returned to see if Val was making any progress. She pressed her beautiful body into her sister’s as she looked over her shoulder. Soon they were enfolded in each other’s arms, on their knees kissing deeply with hands snaking under their flannel shirts to grope full, braless tits as they moaned into each other’s mouths. Hands pumping breasts had them both mewling, as their loud groans filled the air.

Dalla was unfastening Val’s jeans to get into her sister’s panties and finger fuck her to orgasm. Val
had her hands on her sister’s shoulders, moaning and shivering in anticipation.

They heard the loud roar of Harley Davidson motorcycles screaming up the road. As the sisters pulled away from each other and looked on, they counted an approaching gang of twelve. The riders were wearing vests and jackets with demons and skulls on them. Val quickly refastened her jeans. The men smirked as they approached, obviously thinking they had busted a couple of Lesbos fucking. She and her sister looked over the group.

Val knew they were in serious shit. The sun was setting, and the men would feel emboldened out in the wilderness with the approaching darkness. Vermin always came out at night. The area had never been developed and was rarely travelled. It was even purported to have monsters roaming the hills by superstitious types. When Val had first heard about that she had smiled. All cultures had their monsters.

She was seeing monsters now.

Val cursed their stupidity. They had left their weapons in their saddle bags they were carrying their supplies in. That should have been the first thing they did when the bike broke down - unpacked their weapons. The men probably had guns with them too, but they would have had a much better chance armed.

“I think we got a couple of lezzies here guys,” the leaders spoke. He was a cat playing with a mouse. “The one chick had her hand down the other’s crotch. Damn unnatural cunts! Fortunately we came along to show them what they have been missing.”

“Fuck you!” Dalla shouted. “Your cock couldn’t satisfy a shrew!” The man looked at them blankly.

“She means a mouse, you fucking idiot!” Val snarl laughed at the man.

His eyes flared with anger. “Fucking dykes. Thinking you’re better than a man.”

“I know I am better than any man. I fuck men, and you ain’t no man. You’re just a fucking turd pretending to be a man.” Dalla sneered. “I bet your cock is only three inches long … when was the last time you washed your little thingie? I bet it is all shriveled up and rancid.”

The man roared as he dismounted his bike. His crew were laughing at his expense, kindling his rage.

Val and her sister had intentionally gotten the leader angry, hoping he would get careless. They were doomed regardless, but their proud nature made them fierce and they would go down punching, kicking, clawing and biting.

AAAARRRROOOOOOOOOOO! AAAARRRWOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
AAAAWWOOOOOOORRROOOOOOO!

Val and Dalla looked at each other in shock.

The men had stopped in their tracks, looking off to the west over the formless desolation of the wildlands and hills below Oldtown. The long, desolate howls continued to fill the air. The notes long and sad yet filled with a fury. The two sisters slowly edged back from the leader of the pack as the men all stared out into the darkening gloom. More howls added to the orchestra.

Val heard four distinct tones within the howls. The men were getting nervous.

“Man, let’s get the hell out of here. These fucking moors are said to be haunted!”
“I’m not afraid of any fucking coyote,” another said as he pulled out a sawed-off shotgun.

Val knew these were not any coyotes. She saw fierce hope in Dalla’s eyes. Perhaps they had a chance in the confusion and carnage about to occur.

Suddenly, a huge shape jumped in from the east. A grey blur came down from on high and landed on the man with the shotgun. A mighty head snapped down, tearing his throat out and nearly severing his head. The leader was spinning around as a large, white shadow came leaping in from the gloom. The first animal had growled fiercely, but this one was silent as it sank its huge canines into his skull and then crushed it completely when its mouth snapped closed.

Another animal leaped in from the rear, biting another man’s arm off. He screamed in agony, his bloody stump spurting out hot gouts of blood.

Val and her sister had been at the storage compartment of their Trike in a flash. They yanked open the lid and desperately pulled open the saddlebags with their weapons inside. Val glanced up as three more monstrous shapes leaped in from west, falling on the bikers and slamming their heavy motorcycles to the ground.

It was melee of bodies flying in all directions, and men with weapons clumily firing in their panic. One was drawing a bead with his shotgun on an animal that was ripping open the belly of the biker it had just taken down. Val felt a throwing axe whirl by her ear, which landed squarely in the man’s forehead. His body jerked back, and his shotgun fired up in the air. Another man was coming at Val with a pistol raised. She chopped down with her small Arakh, sized for woman. Although she and Dalla were both over 6’2” in height, neither had ever felt comfortable with a full sized Arakh.

The blade sank into the arm holding the gun, breaking bones with the blade lodging inside. She ripped her hand back. The man had dropped his gun in his agony. Another throwing ax landed in the back of a man desperately fighting his animal assailant. He went down, and his throat was promptly ripped out. While Val had used the inside crescent of her Arakh to chop the man’s arm, she now used the outside curve to slice his throat through to his spine. His blood splattered out in hot gushes.

Then, the fight was over. The twelve bikers were all dead.

The two alphas of the pack turned to the two women. Val did not want to die, but better to be killed by Direwolves than monsters. She had thought that they had been extinct south of the wall for over eight thousand years, but as was the case with so many things, she’d been taught a lie. The Alpha female slowly walked up to them.

They were tall, but the wolf’s head still came up to their shoulders. The female’s golden eyes regarded her with obvious intelligence. The white wolf came up silently beside his mate. Though he was smaller, he still had massive canines, and his shoulder girdle with its shaggy mane stuck up in agitation.

The great white wolf with red eyes made no sound. It tilted its head, regarding the two women silently. The other four direwolves slowly moved in surrounding the two women.

The two sisters hugged each other and kissed once more, preparing to die.

The white Direwolf stared at them as the others spent several minutes howling up into the now dusky sky. Again and again they howled. The lead female stopped howling and resumed staring at the two women.
The two alphas slowly came forward, their snouts in front of the sisters’ faces. The wolves breathed in their scent. They stared at the women for another minute. Then, together as one, the pack of Direwolves ran off into the night, back to the west into the wastes of the moors and hills.

The sisters relaxed, visibly drained. Val was weak-kneed, supported by Dalla.

“Well,” Dalla said, “at least we don’t have to worry about transportation anymore.”

Melisandre laid her Tarot cards down on the table, waiting patiently. She practiced what the cards told her. It was all gibberish of course, but she knew how to make her customers wait with baited breath and fork over hundreds of Iron Notes with desperate anticipation.

She had stared into the flames, seeking visions of her husband. The flames had been silent regarding him, but revealed the threat approaching her front door. She had been on the proverbial pins and needles ever since. After all these years, the flames were still confusing and confounding. She was taught that they never lied - hey were only misinterpreted. She had come to see the flames were mainly full of shit, but they were right just often enough to keep Melisandre reading them and half believing in the god of her youth.

She played the Magician card from the tarot deck, pondering. She should make better use of her powers. Maybe a new beginning. A deep spiritual event may take place soon, important no matter how ‘superficial it appeared to be’.

Next she played the High Priestess reversed. She sighed. Again, so many potential meanings. It was a spiritual card, and she shivered thinking of its sexual meanings. This card had led her to her husband, after all. It was a card full of energy, if you knew how to find it.

She was used to laying low and seeking clarity through meditation and observations. She had been looking for love when she finally found her husband. She had been alone for so long. Her husband had fallen in love with her the instant she stepped out of the shadows, he often told her.

Her love had been gone ten days, and she missed him dearly. She had been forced to rip into a case of new batteries to keep ole Thumper going. Gods she loved that rotating shaft and the rabbit tail that rotated and brushed her rigid throbbing clit. That and the good ole Hitachi Magic Wand kept her pussy from burning up when her husband was out of town.

The door’s bells chimed as patrons entered her establishment, the Mystical Crossroads. She felt the emanations from the men coming in. She continued to play the tarot deck. She did not look up, though she felt rising panic. The flames had told her that she would be having visitors that meant to do her grave harm. What they had not told Melisandre was that there were ten of them. She had been expecting only a few.

She knew that the world at large had forgotten about Shadowbenders, and she preferred to keep it that way. It worked in your favor when you were constantly underestimated. She was powerful, but she had come to learn that firearms were the great equalizer in the modern world.

She was in deep shit. She needed her husband. Direct mayhem was his forte, while hers was working from the shadows. It was broad daylight, and her large storefront windows let in the early morning sunshine. There were no shadows to hide in. Melisandre calmed her breathing and focused.

“Xhalhalhor Xhaa sends his regards bitch,” the obvious leader said, his Beretta M9 9mm aimed between Melisandre’s eyes. His number two was at his right hand with a Dothraki Galil in the crook
of his arm, the stock extended and also aimed at the witch. “You made the wrong choice interfering with his gun running and killing his son.”

The witch dealt another card from the tarot deck, ignoring the man.

“Look at me bitch! I want to see those fucking red eyes staring at me when I pump a bullet in that head of yours.”

Melisandre put the deck down slowly, and took her hand off the card she had just placed on the desk. She looked up at her would-be assassin.

He smiled evilly at her. “Normally, I would rape you first, but I was given strict orders to just kill you. For some reason you spook the hell out of Xhalhalhor – but I’m not paid to question. I will love seeing your eye explode when my bullet—”

He had not noticed the witch’s fingers slowly lift from the table as the heels of her palms pressed into the desktop, tilting her fingers up towards the two men in front of her. From the four fingertips of each hand, black daggers of solid black shadow shot out, slamming into the upper chests of the men, shredding hearts and freezing the major veins and arteries. The men collapsed straight down dead, their guns clattering on the floor beside them.

Melisandre quickly dove to the left and got hold of the Beretta, then rolled over behind a case. She rose from behind it and let lose a three round burst, hitting a man in the heart. He staggered back, only to move off to the left - very much alive. Damnit! They were wearing body armor. That was when the shit hit the fan, and rifles on full auto started spraying bullets everywhere.

Melisandre crawled quickly down an aisle. She was thanking R’hllor that she had such a haphazard layout to her business. It added to the mystical vibe and allure of her establishment, and, she was too damn lazy to put stuff up when she bought junk off the Internet. Her slobby habits were saving her as bullets ripped into stacked boxes, display cabinets, and the many jars and stacked bins lining the walls and stacked on display cases.

She jumped up and let off rounds in short bursts as she moved around. She kept slowly retreating. She hit several men uselessly with shots to their upper chests. She caught one man just as he came around a pillar, firing in wild arcs. She hit in him in the shoulder spinning him slightly, and then her next shots hit his temple and cheek destroying his face.

“Take that motherfuckers!” She shouted at her tormentors.

She fired again and her gun clicked. She had reached the display case that had her Glock stored in it. She pulled it out, and jumped up. Sure enough, her assailants had assumed she was now weaponless. Two three-shot bursts barked from her firearm loaded with hollow point ammo. Two men’s heads were pulverized with hydrostatic shock with three bullets ripping their faces apart and exploding brains all over the merchandise surrounding them. She grabbed her spare clips and moved on down the aisle, half-crouched.

A jar in front of her exploded. It was her jar of white blind Basilisk Isles newts.

“Godsdamnnnn! Do you know who much that cost me you motherfuckers!”

She hit more men, but their body armor protected them as they moved with jerky movements and took cover. She was slowly being pushed back by the assassins, running out of real estate to fight in.

She felt her inner energies recharge to optimal. She fired at the men, forcing them to stay in cover.
She tracked where the two closest were. She put her gun down, and jumped upward. Her two hands thrust out, and another set of shadow daggers shot out of her fingertips. The left hand daggers hit a man running down an aisle, firing on full auto. Jars and artifacts exploded around Melisandre. Her daggers easily penetrated his body armor, piercing his heart, lungs and liver, killing him. The right hand daggers hit the concrete column that was hiding one of her tormentors. The daggers pierced the column he was hiding behind, hitting him in his side and head. His jerking body left bullets ripping up the wall and ceiling as he died like a twisting marionette.

Melisandre bent down to lift her gun. A fist slammed into her head and she collapsed to the floor, nauseous. Rough hands flipped her over. She was just focusing her eyes when the assailant reached down and ripped her choker from off her throat.

“AAAAAAAAAAEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!” She screamed in agony, her back arching, threatening to snap her spine as she convulsed, her eyes rolling back into her head. Her blood was on fire, and she felt great searing spasms ripping at her body as she went into immediate withdrawal. Centuries began crashing into the witch’s body. “AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRUUUNNGGGGGG!!”

The man’s two surviving partners came up to look at the dying witch. Her hair was turning white, and deep wrinkles appeared on her face as her limbs atrophied.

The sudden loud barking of an M-14 echoed in the room. The men to the right and left of the assailant holding the choker in his hands had their bodies jerked wildly by short bursts of hard hitting 7.62mm armor piercing ammo that flayed their bodies. Their rifles went clattering to the floor.

Melisandre could barely see as cataracts formed on her eyes.

What? Who? Her husband was still in Yi-Ti.

The man who had killed her had spun around, lifting his rifle when a sword pierced his heart and ripped out his back. The blue ripple of Valyrian Steel glowed in the light. It was Sunburst! Her husband was back!

She was gently lifted and the choker was pinned around her throat with a broken clasp. She gasped and gagged, her youth and strength returning. She then screamed in panic. Jaime Lannister had seen her true appearance. She screamed again.

“Melisandre stop it! Stop it! I know about the ruby giving you your youth. It does not matter to me. I love you. You are my wife. I would love you no matter your looks. I am here.” He pulled Melisandre tight to this strong body. She clung to him.

She gripped his head and kissed him desperately. He returned her kiss ardently. He picked her up. She clung to Jaime desperately. The building was at the end of the row and the two nearest buildings were out of business. No one had heard the firefight. Jamie started to carry Melisandre upstairs.

“But the store …”

“The trash can be taken out later. I put the closed sign up on the door.”

She clung to Jamie Lannister. He was going to make love to her, to prove to her that he loved her warts and all.

How had she gotten so lucky?

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Dany was furious as she stepped out of the End Stop video gaming store. They had totally gotten carried away and lost track of time playing the new Sony Playstation VR gaming system - but it had been a fucking blast playing Resident Evil, Ocean Descent and Grand Theft Auto in virtual reality.

Missandei had been a screaming Minnie at the sharks attacking the virtual cage and all of the jumps scares in Resident Evil. She had been damn good with the guns in Grand Theft Auto though. Maybe all that gun practice was paying off in some form.

Also, having Andi jump into her arms shaking and seeking comfort had been a major bonus.

They had decided to buy it on the spot. They had all the money they needed. The money that Andi had siphoned off of crime lords was being saved up for a rainy day. Arya seemed to get upset when they did not spend the money she was providing them. It made both Dany and Arya feel all warm and fuzzy inside with how Arya was protecting them and making sure they were ‘kept’.

If only she wasn’t so damn stubborn.

Dany felt Arya fighting herself. While Dany was giving in to her desires for Andi and Arya, the agent was still clinging to a ghost. It would anger her, if it were not so entirely sad.

She knew that soon she and Andi would become lovers. She just had to crank her courage dial up from the current chicken shit level it was currently set at. She needed to make the first move. She could feel she was ready. She would set the time when she would take Andi and make Andi her woman.

When they started home, she was furious with herself. The sun had set and the sky was darkening quickly. Arya was away with Ghostmaker in Honeyholt. An arms dealer had double crossed Shih-Chieh; raiding a deal of Shih-Chieh’s and killing three of his men. That had to be punished. Arya had asked for Dany to come as backup, but Shih-Chieh had said she was not ready.

That had pissed Daenerys off. She was sure he just did not want to imperil the Dragon Queen from eight thousand fucking years ago. She planned on having a talk with Mr. Ghostie!

They would have had to have brought Andi though, and she had to agree she was not ready to protect Andi in a gun battle. She needed more training and seasoning before she could handle that. She had skills, but no battlefield testing.

They moved quickly down the road. They were still seven blocks from their alleyway, and the warrens of Oldtown could be a very dangerous place after dark. They kept to the main road as much as possible but soon had to digress off into the smaller alleyways to get home.

Dany was nervous. She did not have her gun. She was not yet comfortable carrying one concealed. That would change after tonight. Damnit, she knew better than to be out at night without Arya. The rats came out at night, no matter where you were.

That was when she saw them. Four men waiting for them down the alley. She turned around, but five men were walking down the alley from the opposite side towards them. She saw the side alley narrow and dark between two blocks of buildings, with no other egress.

The men gathered around them and slowly formed a phalanx, pushing Dany and Andi back and into the dark, dank alleyway.

Dany hid Andi behind her as she began to cry and cling to her arm. Dany was furious with herself. It had been her responsibility to not let time get away from them. So much for my fucking skills.
Even in the dark Dany could see the men were covered in prison tattoos. “Shih-chieh’s special little lesbo sluts are about to be raped and killed. We will leave you on his doorstep. That fucking bastard… I will have my revenge.”

Violet eyes looked around. The men were vile, and she could feel avarice and lust radiating off them. The alleyway was just big enough for three of the men to stand shoulder to shoulder in front of her. She would not last long against them. They were covered in ink and scars, and the one on the far left was almost seven feet tall.

She would fight as long as she could to protect her sweet Andi. It was all she could do.

“Men. You can’t live with them, so why should we? I think we should just kill them. Why are they like that, I wonder? I would think their mothers would raise them better. My father always gave me bear spray. It is such a pretty moon out, but now the mood has been ruined. I think you should apologize to these women for scaring them so.”

A young naked woman brushed past Dany and Andi. She was about 5’2” and very beautiful, toned but slender. She had honey blond hair that went down her back with her hair parted in the middle. She came to stand before the men who openly gaped at her.

“Do you think my feet are getting stained by this yucky water? Do you think the Republicans are assholes? Do you hate Fox News? That Roger Aieles is a real dickhead ain’t he?”

The leader looked at the strange woman. “Who the fuck are you, bitch?!?”

“Such language! I am scandalized! My wives will not like that!”


Dany felt Andi’s grip on her arm tighten. A black cloud had suddenly materialized over the right shoulder of Mr. Hulk. Dany gasped when a purple glow burst out of the cloud.

A naked, slender black-haired woman was hanging around the man’s neck and on his shoulders. All jerked in surprise at the sight. The woman’s hair was wavy and beautiful. That was when Dany realized both of the strange women’s skin looked almost alabaster.

“Cupcake. How many times have I told you not to play with your food?”

Andi screamed when long fangs suddenly extended from both women’s mouths. The black haired woman gripped the ox’s head and easily jerked his thick neck over, sinking her fangs into his throat. She easily controlled his thrashing body. The small dirty blond jumped up, wrapping her arms and legs around the leader of the gang as she sank her long fangs into his throat.

A loud, screaming howl echoed down the alleyway. From the street a huge red wolf ran down the roadbed. The wolf seemed to ripple and it arrived running on two feet. Its front legs (or was it arms?) slashed two men’s throats open, blood gushing everywhere. The werewolf threw men all around, and then gripped one of the men whose throat she had torn and drank from his gushing fount.

Andi was screaming as Dany stood in shock. The two men the vampires were draining had fallen to their knees as their life was sucked from their bodies. A gun fired, and the bullets hit the woman with black hair, jerking her even as the wounds instantly started to heal.

“Damnit! Now I have to feed again!” Faster than the eye could follow, she was on the man who had shot her and sank her fangs into his neck. The man screamed and thrashed, but the slender
woman easily controlled him as she drank his life’s blood from his throat.

In fifteen seconds he was drained. His corpse was ghost white. The five survivors were running down the alley. The werewolf and the dark haired vampire flashed down the hall, giving chase. Screams were loud in the night. No one would come to investigate till the police had gathered plenty of forces, or the sun had risen.

The little dirty blond finished her meal and casually dropped the dead man. She turned to look at Dany and Andi, her fangs long and stained red with blood running down her face and throat. “Do you by any chance have any grape soda or chocolate chip cookies in any of those bags?”

Dany and Andi shook their heads woodenly ‘no’. Dany had never believed in Werewolves or Vampires. She did now.

The other two creatures returned. The black haired woman came up to the dirty blonde. She hugged the woman to her body and kissed her sweetly on the lips.

“You are always such a messy eater, sweetie.”

The tall werewolf went to the second body it had almost decapitated. The corpse was snatched up off the bricks. The Werewolf drank and slurped blood from the gruesome wound. A minute later the body was deathly white. The werewolf walked up to the two vampires, towering over all the women.

Its head rocked back and howled to the sliver of sky overhead. Then the animal’s body began to ripple. It slowly shrunk in size and thickness. Furred sloughed off its body. Ears moved from the top of the head and morphed. Red hair sprouted on its head, and grew in fast forward. The snout disappeared, and the canines retracted into the mouth of the tall red headed woman emerging from the wolf’s body.

In a half minute a tall, beautiful, naked redhead stood before them. She was slender, and about 6’2”.

“Glad you could join us, Sasquatch.”

The red head snorted. The black haired woman tilted her head back and presented her now red lips up saucily. She had a smirk on her face. The tall red head snorted and kissed the black haired woman, licking her lips sensually with the tip of her tongue. The slender black haired woman’s knees went weak as she mewled.

The tall redhead lifted her up off the ground. The black haired woman wrapped her legs and arms around the redhead and they kissed feverishly, tongues dueling wetly in their mouths.

“Hey! Hey! No fair damnit! I want mine! Where is my sugar, babies?!”

She jumped up and somehow the tall redhead caught her as she wrapped her legs and arms around both women. She kissed the redhead fiercely and then the black haired woman hungrily. Sloppy wet tongue kisses were given all around with loud smooches filling the alleyway.

A black cloud formed around the kissing women. A purple flash, and they were gone.

Andi stared at Dany. Dany pulled her tight as their bodies violently shook at the aftermath of their brush with death. They would have died right there in that alley if the stuff of legends had not materialized to save them.

They grabbed their bags and hurried home. On their way, their wide eyes scanned the shadows for
the stuff of nightmares. They would not tempt the fates again.

Chapter End Notes

AN #1: If you have read my works it is evident i don't shy from nudity or sex. But I actually have a reason why Laura, Carmilla and Danny are naked here. They are magical beings. There clothes are not. When they morph shape or turn to mist the clothes go bye-bye. Sort of like how does Bruce Banner pants grow with him when he becomes the hulk?
Petals In The Wind

Chapter Notes

AN#1: I have been fascinated by the ability of adults and parents to abuse children and their own children. In high school I had many a person confide in me because I would listen and not judge and kept my mouth shut. I eventually had to stop because I could not take it anymore. This has been reinforced by reports from many different media sources over the years.

I took an amalgam of all them to create the beginning of this chapter. The sex highlights it. When consensual it is rad but in this situation it is not but it makes crystal clear the relationship between the children and the children and their parents.

AN#2: This chapter was inspired by the original VC Andrews books. Only the original characters were very good to read after that it went down hill.

AN#3: In those stories the author had hundreds of pages to setup everything. They were the main characters of the story. They were the focal point. Here they are supporting characters.

These chapter are aimed at to be 4000 words and they tend to go to 4400 or 4500 after editing.

That is not very many words. I had more to tell than just their home environment. I had to use the (supply your metaphor) to get the idea across of their home situation in as few words as possible. To make them do what they did to have this chapter occur.

AN#4: For this chapter I will put in double line of &&&&&&& when the child abuse part of the home situation is past. If you want to avoid it skip to this point. Just know they did what they did for a very very good reason that the rest of the chapter will show you.

That Which Survives

Petals in the Wind

Joffrey lay crying in the bed. His parents had been furious with him yet again. He simply could not pretend to enjoy it anymore. His soul was dying, and he knew he had no escape. He was trapped in a living hell - a hell created by his own loving parents. He laughed bitterly at the term, his face buried in the pillow as the fabric absorbed the tears running from his eyes.

His parents had their 'special' friends over, including his father's boss' wife. The woman loved her young boys and girls. He knew he was getting old for the games he needed to play, but fortunately he still looked young for his age. He had fair skin and facial hair that was still silky and grew slowly. He always shaved ultra-close before one of his parents' parties.

He may have been nineteen, but he thanked the gods he still looked so young. The men and women...
still thought they were fucking a sweet, underage boy. Tommen had been brought into the games years ago, too. He seemed to be able to go to a faraway place whenever it happened. He had been quiet since Joffrey could remember, but he never smiled now. He always had a somber air about him – at least, until he put on his false smile for the audience when he, Joffrey, and their sister would put on a show to excite the clients.

After, they would be taken by one of them – or a few of them. These people would then have their way with the youths that had been provided for their entertainment. He remembered the sex he had had with his sister and with Tommen before the ‘guests’. Tommen was a natural born thespian. He groaned and cried out like he was really into it all. Joffrey was not sure whether or not he had not become addicted to sex like their sister had.

Myrcella was a wildcat out there in front of everyone. She screamed and thrashed like she was being electrocuted. She begged her brothers to bang her hard in her cunt and ass. The brothers obliged, slamming their cocks hard into her willing body. They did ATM and Mycella dove on their cocks sucking her ass off their dicks. They turned her around and fucked her with her ass on Joffrey’s stomach and DPed her that way. Then the brothers pulled their cocks out her ass and straight to her pussy. She loved it.

They made sure they were regulated and crapped a few hours before the show. They did enemas to clean themselves out, and then showered to be clean on both the inside and the outside. They had pulled her hair, slapped her ass, face, and tits and half-choked her breath off.

Joffrey wept for Myrcella. She had obviously loved it. She screamed their names to fuck her harder, wailing as they ejaculated deep up her ass and balls deep in her cunt.

Afterward, three men had then taken Myrcella away to be fucked more. She had had a smile on her face. Tommen was taken by a husband and wife.

When his mom’s boss had come for him, he had broken down and openly wept. He hated their life. He did what he had to, to keep from being beaten and starved, but sometimes he just couldn’t. The woman had started to drag him down the hall as he tried to fight her, but he was only a slight teenager and not very strong.

Still he had found the strength in the end to kick the woman in the shins calling her a fucking bitch. To say his parents were not happy was an understatement.

He had a split lip and aching ribs to show for their displeasure. He had then been sent to the woman and her strap-on. He gave her the smiles and groans she wanted as she pegged his ass hard and deep. He wept because while being so awful, it also felt so good. His swollen face did not seem to bother her as she pulled his hair and slapped him.

He was exhausted after that, and sent to his room. He was not allowed to eat anything, and his parents had used the cattail on him to the amusement of the clients and family friends.

He was lying on the bed still weeping at 3:30 in the morning when he felt the bed depress as his sister slid in behind him to spoon. Her sixteen year old body rubbed against him, her nipples hard on his back and her pussy wet on his ass. She wanted him bad, just as he wanted her desperately. He grit his teeth. He felt so soiled, desiring his sister so much. She rolled him over and kissed him deeply.

Soon they were making sweet love and he screamed into her mouth as his cock exploded deep in her cunt, flooding her womb with his seed. She stroked him and kissed him again sweetly. They talked of tomorrows, and how someday they would escape their hell. They made love again with Myrcella
riding him cowgirl and screaming into the pillow as Joffrey's cock exploded deep in her ass.

Then she snuggled into his side. “I love you Joffrey. I always have.” Joffrey wanted to revel in that love, but what chance did Myrcella truly have in all of this? She was clinging to him like a lifeline, he knew. Brothers and sisters were not supposed to become lovers. He was addicted to Myrcella now though. He could not help but love her.

They were falling asleep when their adopted brother Lancel crept into their bed and snuggled in between them. He was only six years old, and they knew that soon he would have to join their performances too.

Joffrey had no idea what to do. He was not strong, and his will was weak. He was the eldest and the ‘man’ of the family, but he only felt despair. He did not have the courage to defy his parents or the will or wiles to escape with his siblings.

They were doomed.

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Joffrey tossed and turned on his bed. Tommen was sound asleep, his fourteen year old mind seemingly able to let the horrors go. Joffrey knew his younger brother was not letting any of the monsters go, merely hiding them away in the attics and basements of his mind. And one day, they would be waiting for him.

Lancel had cried himself to sleep. Even at his young age, he knew what tomorrow night meant for him. The end of his innocence. It was time for him to earn his keep. To show his ‘appreciation’ to his parents.

Joffrey knew he needed to do something, but he was paralyzed with fear. His teeth clattered even contemplating defying his parents. He was a fucking coward, and knew but could not change. He was timid and docile by nature, just like his brother.

Myrcella was fiery, but had been corrupted by their parents. She seemed to revel in their life.

What to do? Letting Lancel fall into their lifestyle was almost too horrible to let his mind even think on it.

The bedroom door opened.

“Come Joffrey,” was Myrcella’s simple order. He never knew when their parents would hunger for the bodies of their own children. He followed his sister’s nude body down the hall woodenly, and into the bedroom. His mind turned on autopilot as his body went numb.

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His parents were lying on their bed, but something was wrong. They were not moving and there was blood everywhere.

“Wha—what?” Joffrey gasped.
“I killed them. I put my hand over daddy’s mouth as I slipped a butcher knife between his ribs and pierced his heart. I twisted the blade, and he died without making a peep. Mommy the bitch tried to wake up and fight me as I sliced her heart to shreds. She died staring up at me. Good riddance.

“Help me find their money and valuables. We’re leaving now. We’re going to Oldtown; it’s only two hours away by road. I bought tickets for us already on the Internet and they are waiting at the bus station. I have the confirmation numbers.”

Joffrey was frozen still in shock. His parents were dead and his sister had killed them!

“Move Joffrey! I want out of here. Now!”

That finally got Joffrey moving. He went to the dresser and then the closets, looking in all the boxes and drawers. He found a few stacks of money and some expensive jewelry. Myrcella was on their parent’s laptop. She had somehow gotten their passwords and their account numbers, and was transferring money to other accounts. He did not care how she learned what she was doing. He just wanted to get the hell out.

She sent him back to their bedroom to start packing clothes. Tommen had woken up. Joffrey told him they were leaving.

“Myrcella killed them?”

“Yes.”

“Good. She told me she would do it herself.” Tommen took a deep breath. “I was scared, but she told me she could do it alone.”

Joffrey frowned. His sister had gone to fourteen year old Tommen about her plans. He knew he was weak, but he realized it was worse than he’d imagined. His sixteen year old sister was the true backbone of the family. He continued to pack. He couldn’t help it. He just wanted to be a professor at some college studying literature.

He cursed himself, knowing that deep down he longed for a normal, married life, yet the only woman he wanted in his bed was his own sister. Many times after they made love she would ask Joffrey what he dreamed of. He had told her. She had just smiled at his confession.

“I will be your wife Joffrey. We will have children and love them as they should be loved.”

Joffrey had agreed with his sweet sister then, knowing it was just a pipe dream. They would never escape their parents.

But now his parents were dead, and his sister had killed them. She appeared to have felt nothing about the murders. He certainly felt nothing for their loss. They were monsters that deserved to be put down. His sister had done what needed be done to free them. It still scared him that she could be so composed after doing it – his own hands were shaking terribly.

Tommenden helped him pack their suitcases. They only had three for the four of them. Tommen went to wake up Lancel. He was groggy and fearful until he saw it was just Tommen waking him up. He calmed when Joffrey smiled at him, and told they boy they were leaving tonight.

“Without mommy and daddy?”

“Yes, without mommy and daddy.” Joffrey felt relief when Lancel took the news at face value and got up to get dressed. *The blessed acceptance and innocence of youth.* Joffrey finished packing
their suitcases, and Tommen helped Lancel get dressed and put his shoes on.

Joffrey left them in the bedroom to check on Myrcella. She had a carryon bag she was stuffing the money and valuables into. She told Joffrey she had found more money stashed away in the den.

“We have over ten thousand dollars and plenty of jewelry and Rolodex watches to pawn. I transferred almost one hundred thousand Iron Notes to an account I setup in a dead account I bought off the dark web. We just need to go to ground, and then we can start planning our future together. You can finish school through correspondence, and then get into a community college and we can start your pursuit of your PHD. We will get Tommen and Lancel enrolled into a private school.”

“What about you Mycella? Don’t you want to go to college and become… whatever you want to become?”

“I want to be your wife, Joffrey. I can figure out some business to run at home. I love numbers so I am thinking of maybe working the stock markets or flipping houses. We’ll see.”

Joffrey smiled at his sister sadly. He knew she could not help but love him. She really had had no choice. She needed a port to find shelter in, to find calm in the hurricane that was their lives. It would kill him when she grew stronger and left him. His life would become empty, but he hoped that his sister would find a true life with some real happiness.

After they were packed, their cab arrived. They piled into the vehicle after putting their luggage in the trunk. Myrcella told them that they would disappear in the warrens of Oldtown. It was old school with small streets and a haphazard layout. They would disappear into that stony labyrinth, and then they could begin to form their new lives.

Joffrey looked out the window. Myrcella was leaned into him, and Tommen into her. Lancel was pressed against the other door, fast asleep. He looked back over his siblings. Joffrey supposed that they would all need many years of counseling after all they’d endured. They had many repressed horrors locked away in their minds. They would need to find the skeleton key to their demons to vanquish them.

They were soon at the bus terminal, waiting for the bus to arrive that would take them to Oldtown. Lancel and Tommen were exhausted and already asleep. Joffrey was pacing with Mycella at his side. Anyone who looked at them could see they were obviously brother and sister. He had to keep pushing her away when she sought to snuggle against him.

“Damnit Mycella! Control you hormones. We can’t have anyone take notice of us right now. When we get to Oldtown we can make love the whole night through. Just wait.”

Myrcella glared at him. She did not like to be put off.

“I love you with all my heart and I long to hold and fuck you sweetheart,” he told his sister leaning his head down. It was the truth. He knew it was wrong, but he could not help how his heart beat only for his sister. “I want you so bad baby! I will fuck you so hard and deep in your pussy and ass, just wait!” he whispered fiercely.

She was mollified, her eyes now limpid and full of fiery desire. “I will hold you to that Joffrey. My body is on fire for you. Only for you.”

Joffrey smiled at her. He only wished it was true. She was strong, and he was weak. She would see that soon enough. She could do better than him.

The bus finally arrived and they woke their brothers. They carried their suitcases to the bus and
loaded their bags into the outside storage bins. They got on the bus and went to the back to take their seats. There would be four other stops along the way.

The trip to the bus terminal in Oldtown was uneventful. Both he and Myrcella had been constantly afraid that the police would come swooping down to arrest them at any moment for the double homicide of their parents, but no one ever came. They were beginning to relax. They had made it to Oldtown. They would be safe in the anonymity of the crowded confused warrens. It was an hour before dawn and there was no one else in the terminal as they collected their suitcases. The few other travelers had had people waiting for them and were already gone.

They pulled their suitcases to the roadside to find a cab to take them to their new life. Myrcella had not planned beyond getting the hell away from the Stygian Hell of their home.

From the shadows rough men came out to surround the four youths.

Joffrey’s heart sank. Chicken hawks. Those who preyed on children who were desperate and destitute. He counted eleven of them in all.

“What is a pretty girl like you doing with a loser like that? Come with us and we will show you what you have been missing, sweetie.”

“Fuck off,” was Myrcella’s snarled response.

Joffrey was shaking. They had jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. He could not believe their misfortune. Why in the hell were these men here now? They couldn’t have been there all night. It wasn’t fair!

“Listen bitch! You’re coming with us. It ain’t safe for a young, sweet, innocent lass like you.”

“In your dreams, gay boy. I have Joffrey for my needs.”

The man laughed at that. “This faggot!?” Joffrey never even saw him move. His head exploded with pain from a vicious backhand and he ended up sprawled on the street, his vision spinning. He groggily saw what happened next.

Myrcella pulled out the butcher knife she had killed their parents with. In a flash she was on the man who had hit him. Her right hand was a blur as it stabled forward and up. Again and again her blade sank deep into the man’s gut and torso. He screamed in agony as his sister ripped his belly open and pierced his lungs. Then the man collapsed to his knees, blood pouring down his torso.

Another man approached Myrcella and by sheer luck her wildly slashing hand lashed the blade of her knife across his throat. Both of his carotid arteries severed, and his windpipe cut in two. Blood sprayed out of his throat in wild gouts. He collapsed to the ground, holding his neck with both hands.

“Get the suitcases NOW!” Myrcella roared. The three boys exploded into motion. The chicken hawks were in disarray as their two leaders lay on the concrete dying.

Joffrey looked around wildly. He saw the men milling around their dying leaders. He knew the shock would begin to wear off soon. It was useless to run. They could not outrun anyone with little Lancel with them. Lancel began crying and shaking violently. The stress was wrecking him. Tommen dropped to his knees, comforting him.
Myrcella was scanning wildly back and forth down the street, looking for a taxi.

Joffrey’s felt elation when a black cab stopped in front of them. Finally, luck was on their side. The man behind the wheel got out of the car and silently opened the trunk for them. They struggled to put their luggage in. The taxi driver said nothing as he watched the men raging over their now dead comrades. The shock was wearing off. Joffrey and Tommen threw the last of the luggage into the trunk and slammed it shut. Myrcella had led a shaky Lancel into the cab.

The men were shouting at each other, building themselves up into a lather. Shouts of revenge now filled the air.

The cab driver looked at Joffrey, still saying nothing.

“Where to?” the man finally asked.

There was silence again as the man pulled away from the curb. He started down the street at the speed limit. He looked in his rear view mirror.

“Where to?” he barked the question this time.

Joffrey had no idea. Myrcella shook her stupor off. Her hands and sleeves were soaked in blood. She looked around and took a deep breath, getting a handle on her emotions. She looked back out the rear window. Joffrey turned around but saw nothing amiss. They had escaped.

“I grow tired of asking. Where to?”

Myrcella recovered at that. “Do you know of a long-term motel deep in the warrens? Someplace we can rent by the month? We are seeking a new beginning in the south. We had bad luck in Goldsborrow up north.”

“I see. Yes, there is a hotel that rents by the month that will meet your needs. It is a converted warehouse that used to be a store several centuries ago. They only accept cash. No questions asked.”

“I have plenty of cash. I can pay for two months. We just need to find a place that is safe.”

“I see.” The man said nothing else. They drove away from the outskirts of the suburbs of New Oldtown. The bus terminal was in an older section that had begun to decay with urban neglect. They drove down deserted streets. Eventually the streets narrowed, and the buildings got older and closer to the road. They began to twist and turn as the blocks sprawled, and buildings almost seemed to stack on top of each other.

They kept making turns and moved down streets that barely had enough space to allow cars to pass each other. Joffrey couldn’t help but gape at the tunnels that penetrated buildings. This new architecture was blowing his mind having grown up in the suburbs. He never imagined that such buildings existed.

They came to a square that had four egress points. The car stopped in front of a nondescript building. It had only one entryway, and small rectangular windows. Joffrey knew the rooms would be plain but he did not care. They had escaped and were safe now. The driver got out of the cab and opened the trunk. He and Tommen pulled out their luggage while Myrcella paid the fare.

He looked at her and then Joffrey with unreadable eyes. Then he got in his taxi and was gone.

Myrcella came back to Joffrey and stood on her tippy toes. He bent down and kissed her hard,
pulling her tight to his body. He needed her comfort. He would worry about reality in the future. They had escaped the hell of their home for now.

They tiredly gathered their suitcases. Myrcella picked up Lancel who snuggled into her shoulder as she carried him into the lobby. Joffrey and Tommen followed. They looked at each other.

They had done it.

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The taxi pulled into the west egress tunnel and stopped it the middle of it. The driver’s fingers tapped the steering wheel. He had seen the cars trailing them. Those men would not let those kids get away with killing two of their numbers.

He remembered Yeen in Sothoryos. It had been twenty years ago, and he still had nightmares. They had been ordered to stand down and allow the insurgents to enter the city and rape and kill in the refugee camps for the tribes of the Zateka people. The insurgents desired revenge for past wrongs, and the refugees were not important to the mission. He had watched on the drone feeds the horror his country had allowed.

His hand slammed the steering wheel. He would not stand down this time. This time, Davos Seaworth would follow his conscience. He opened his car door and stepped out.

He saw five cars and crossovers stop outside the motel. The chicken hawks had called in some of their scum brothers. He was hidden in the shadows, his departure unmarked. Why would they worry over a taxi driver leaving for his next fare? He stepped to the trunk of the taxi and popped it open. He reached back to the rear of the compartment and unfastened the snaps.

He pulled out his M110 Semi-Automatic Sniper System. The new standard sniper rifle of the Westeros Military. The hard hitting 7.62x51mm standard round loaded in the twenty round clip in the gun. He pulled the gun out along with the ammo bag he snatched off the Velcro strip. Then he grabbed the black bag sitting in the back of the trunk. He shut the lid again quickly.

He had to move fast! The men were boiling out of their cars with their pistols and semiautomatic sub-machine guns. They wanted revenge, and were not taking any chances with the Hellcat inside. He flipped the bi-pod out and placed the sniper rifle on the trunk. He ripped open the ammo bag with five additional clips and placed it beside his rifle. Davos pulled out his silencer and first twisted and then snapped it in place on the end of the rifle. He had sub-sonic ammo to reduce even further the audio signature. He drew a black towel over his head and shoulders as he bent down to sight down the scope. He made a quick adjustment.

He was two hundred yards away. It would be like shooting ducks in a pond.

More than twenty men started rushing towards the hostel.

Pppfftttt! Ppphhhflltttt! Pppffttttttt! Phhhffftttttt!

Davos started firing his rifle. Heads exploded and bodies flung around violently as rounds tore into their thoracic cavities. Hearts and lungs pulped, and hydro shocked into mush. The surviving men ducked behind car, desperate for cover. He popped out his first clip, and loaded the second. The men were firing wildly in all directions till they finally spotted him, and he heard bullets whizzing by and ricochets all around.

Davos’s rifle fired whenever he had a target. The men were being killed one by one but they were being smart only popping their heads up to take quick shots and moving around behind their cars to
constantly change their firing positions.

Joffrey heard the sudden sound of wild gunfire. He ran to the door to look outside. He saw cars and dead or dying men on the pavement and sidewalk. Other men were firing fast and furious all around and then seemed to focus off to the left. Another man went down. He was suddenly ripped to the right as the glass door exploded into shards.

Myrcella yelled at him. “Stay under cover damnit!” She shoved him back and knelt down, taking quick looks out the ruined door. The man behind the motel counter was crying and screaming as bullets hit his work station with exploding wood splinters and flying papers.

Joffrey looked outside and felt his stomach drop. Five men were charging the door. The lead man’s head exploded. Then the second man had his throat shredded. They both flipped around in the air before they hit the ground. The third man just made the doorway when two bullets hit him in the side up high on his body. He was flung to the side. The next two made it through.

Myrcella was a demoness. Her knife lunged up burying itself into the first man’s belly and she ripped up. He screamed, dropping his pistol. The other man stumbled through and pivoted around and kicked Myrcella hard in her ribs. She screamed and fell over to the side. The man lifted his Uzi, prepared to riddle her body with bullets.

The sound of a Walther P99 firing hot and fast filled the room. The man with the Uzi body flew to the side as bullets pounded into his body. Again and again his body was impacted with 9mm ammo fired at point blank range. Twenty times the trigger was pulled. Most of the bullets had hit the target at this close range.

Myrcella slammed into a stunned Joffrey, kissing him all over his face. “You saved me! You saved me dear sweet brother! You were a fucking lion! I knew you had it in you! I love you!” Myrcella rained kisses all over his face. Joffrey was still stunned. He could not remember picking up the gun but he could not stand by and see his sister killed.

She was his world.

The taxi driver suddenly appeared in the door. “Get your fucking gear! We are out of here!” Joffrey and his siblings stared in shock.

“MOVE!” the man screamed at them, breaking their lethargy.

In a mad scramble they threw their suitcases back in the trunk. Dead men littered the pavement. Two of the cars were gone. The chicken hawks would not forget this.

The taxi sped off.

Joffrey hoped they were not jumping out of the fire and into the inferno.
The day had finally come. The start of Tyron’s Iliad and Odyssey. The brave Ulysses sailing out to great adventures and harrowing combat. Tyrion puffed out his chest - then grabbed the back of his neck when a crick developed.

He stood between his two benefactors, Illyrio and Varys. They were dressed in three-piece business suits. Tyrion, far more casual, sported khaki cargo pants, a Lysene-print shirt and flip-flops. He was ready for his voyage. He had been told he was not booked on a cruise liner, but he imagined a nice modern container ship, or maybe a sleek RO/RO ship.

He looked out at the small column of Cadillac Escalades in front of them, all shiny and new.

“What is it with you criminal and government types all driving phat new rides?” Tyrion asked his hosts. “Why always Cadillacs, dudes?”

“We believe in keeping the money in the local economy. No Sunspear Land Rovers or Qarthian BMWs for us. Good ol’ Essos for this crime family,” Illyrio told the dwarf with a touch of pride.

“Plus, we get great kickbacks from the mega dealership. We didn’t mention it at the time, but two hit teams from both Pentos and from the Central Ghost Lords of Dothrak tried to snatch you from us on the day we captured—I mean, freed you.”

“I will have you know you have been good for the local economy Tyrion,” Varys told the dwarf.

“How so?”

“Between the four organizations that fought for you, a need for thrity-three replacement Escalades was generated. The fucking Dothraki drive BMWs, the bastards. The Valkyrie that was attacked to free you on the high seas survived, but will require four million gold crowns to repair. Finally, funeral homes across the Free Cities were heavily employed from the sad loss of life in trying to apprehend you.”

Tyrion puffed out his chest (carefully) happy to help put food on family’s plates.

They got into their Escalade, following three up ahead and with a tail of three more following, and started off toward Chequy Port. Tyrion looked out the windows as they sped up. He had come to like it in Braavos.

“I will miss this.”

“What do you mean?” Illyrio asked.

“When I am done I will be moving on. If I am alive.”

He watched the two men look at each other. Then Varys spoke: “My good dwarf, we want to have you in our employ and give you a percentage of the take, if you’re interested. We want to make you a junior partner. A very junior partner, but still a partner. We see great potential in you.”
Tyrion was shell shocked. He felt himself choke up a little, but hid it. He was a good judge of character, and he knew these two men meant it. Of course he knew it probably meant some more dwarf abuse as well, but he could handle that.

“I don’t know what to say.”

“Say yes.”

He would definitely think on it.

“It is not every day you find a dwarf worth his own weight in both the wine and roast beef he consumes liberally,” Varys said with a wink. “You are causing the extinction of an entire species, Tyrion.”

As they arrived at the harbor, he spied the massive ships painted in black, grey and off white. New, sleek and housing power to spare. As they slowly drove past, the docks became older, and the warehouses worn and half dilapidated with detritus blowing in the breeze around them. In the distance, he saw several rusty old tankers and colliers.

What?

The car stopped in front of an ancient freighter, approximately three hundred feet long. It had its island in the middle of the ship one story high, with a bridge two stories up on the leading edge and a rectangular structure on the aft end of the island that rose up two stories. The forecastle and fantail had sheet metal roofs on spindly poles that were welded on to the deck. There was a black smoke stack in the middle of the island. Curved ventilation tubes jutted out the aft end, and the boat was covered in rust from the anchor ports to the back of the fantail. The vessel’s name, ‘Botany Bay’ was barely visible in faded white paint.

All in all it was… “it's a piece of shit!” Tyrion cried.

“Tyrion. I will have you know we saved two hundred and fifty Iron notes putting you on this ship.” Illyrio told him with an earnest look.

Tyrion got out of the SUV and ran to the edge of the dock near the gangplank. He smelled the sea, mingled with the leaking oil and diesel from the ‘Botany Bay’.

“It is an ecological disaster! A wave from a bathtub could sink it! And that name. What do you think this is, a Star Trek episode?!”

“Stop bitching, Tyrion. You want to travel unnoticed, then this ship is the ticket. They would expect you take a newer, much faster ride if you went by ship to parts unknown. This will let you travel incognito.”

_Damnit,_ thought Tyrion. _They’re right._

Another car approached, coming down the dock fast and furious. For some reason the car was swerving wildly even when there was nothing there to avoid. At the last minute it slowed with squealing brakes, barely missing a mountainous stack of crates and fifty-five gallon drums of oil. The car, a beat up Chevy Malibu, screeched to a stop.

The passenger door was kicked open and an angry Brienne boiled out. “Tell me again why you are driving my car again, you fucking maniac. You can’t even see over the steering wheel!”

Ygritte stormed out of the driver’s side. “You know nothing, you damn lurch! Your fucking license
is suspended - for doing 25 in a 55 zone!”

“I was driving safe, godsdamnit!”

“Yes. Course 101. How to get noticed and shot at a toll booth like Sonny you fucking giraffe!”

“At least I don’t have to pull the seat all the way up and sit on an old telephone book to get my eyes above the steering wheel, Chihuahua!”

Brienne bent down into the car and picked up a bag and threw it at Ygritte in an arc.

Ygritte caught it. “What is in it?” She eyed the bag suspiciously.

“Clairol for the hair on your head and some red ‘Black Betty’ for the hair down there,” Brienne motioned at Ygritte’s crotch.

Ygritte’s face went beet red. She threw the bag down and kicked it into the water. “I keep telling you my hair is all natural godsdamnit, you fucking retard! I am kissed by the sun you bitch!”

“The only thing that kisses your hair is DuPont with all the chemicals you put in it!”

“AARRGGGGG!” Ygritte pulled out a dagger and charged the 6’5” woman. The tall woman’s eyes went large as she ran to get the car between herself and the half-crazed Wildling.

“And another thing, miss vertically challenged …”

“Fuck you lurch! I’ll gut you damnit!” Ygritte climbed up on the car, but Brienne ran to the Escalade line and got behind them instead. The Wildling jumping off the Malibu screaming as she chased Brienne in and out of the SUVs

“Is Ygritte natural?” Tyrion asked his employers.

“Of course she is,” Varys replied. “We took some hair from her brush and analyzed it to make sure. What with Brienne’s constant comments and all. She did put ‘fiery redhead’ on her resume, and we felt we had the right to verify.”

With a Cadillac safely between her and Ygritte, Brienne chirped up again. “I refuse to watch another damn episode of Dr. Who. It sssuuucckkksssss!”

“You know nothing! You know nothing! You fucking Lurch! It is a national treasure, damnit!”

“The only thing I will treasure is flushing your DVDs down the toilet!”

Ygritte gasped, clutching her heart and nearly pricking her chin with her dagger. “At least I don’t watch those god awful westerns. What the fuck do you see in Bonanza and Gun Smoke, for crying out loud?!?”

“They capture our old west! They are historical treasure troves of a romantic era gone by!”

“They were shot in small fucking studio lots with horrible background paintings. They make a normal woman hurl!”

“You take that back, dwarf!”

Hey! Tyrion thought.
“Okay Hoss … Festus … you got the hots for them …”

“Fuck you Ygritte! I’m a gold star lesbian, you… you pillow queen!”

“Fuck you! I love pussy and will suck you off for hours … uh … I mean that metaphorically!”

“At least I don’t watch the Lifetime Channel. ‘Television for Women’ - those women are psycho or all getting knocked up!”

Ygritte looked nervously over at all the men and the few curious women staring at them intently.

“I do not! You know nothing Brienne of Tarth! I hate those movies!”

“How about the one last night you made me watch. What was it? Oh let me see—yeah that’s it —‘Fifteen and Pregnant.’ ” Brienne imitated a television announcer’s voice. “A girl's pregnancy further tests her siblings and parents, who are already stressed by marital problems.” Then she added: “That Emma Watson can’t act worth a shit.”

“That was Kirsten Dunst, damnit. And she did an ex-cel-lent …” Ygritte paused, looking at the line of criminals watching her with cocked eyebrows and snickers. She looked mortified, knowing she had just busted herself. She gave a blood curdling scream, then hurled herself over the Escalade hood that Brienne was hiding behind.

The tall blonde ran to the mountain of haphazardly stacked crates, her long limbs letting her quickly scale the wooden mountain. Ygritte was gamely pursuing, but her small stature was a hindrance in her climb. Brienne reached the top and blew Ygritte a raspberry before disappearing down the other side. Ygritte gave another blood curdling scream and sped up her pursuit.

Tyrion and his bald benefactor walked towards the gangplank.

“When do you think they will shag each other, Tyrion?” Varys asked. “I have my money on half-way to Asshai.”

“I say the third day there. It will happen in the early afternoon.”

Varys cocked an eyebrow knowing that Tyrion would try to make that happen - and that it would most likely blow up in his face.

“Be careful, Tyrion. No one knows that your destination is Asshai but you and your body guards.” As they spoke, Brienne came flashing by and ran up the gangplank and disappeared into the island. Five seconds later a fierce Ygritte came snarling by as she followed, cursing under her breath.

“Why again did you assign these women to protect me? Are they as good as you say?” Tyrion had been impressed with their abilities the few instances he saw them, but for the most part they just bickered. Surely others had skills.

“We think eventually you will have to go to dead zone to figure out the mysteries surrounding your Valyrian prophecies. Most likely beyond the Wall. Ygritte came from that land as a child, it is in her bones. She is the best archer in the world behind Arya Stark, and Brienne is the best swordman in all the criminal world. They love each other and will never let each other down. They are loyal to a fault. You really can’t do better my lecherous, perverted friend.”

Tyrion glared up at Varys but couldn’t find an argument.

Arya Stark. He had heard the name again. That name kept popping up, and he finally remembered
where he had heard it before. He went and bought his mother’s book online and read it over two nights. He was sure now that Arya Stark was who had saved Daenerys. For Missandei to be her best friend was beyond a coincidence. *What the hell is happening?* Tyrion wondered.

In his research he had stumbled across a book written by his doppelganger from the Golden Age of the Dragon Queens. It was titled ‘Back-Handed accounts of a Queen’s Court’. His former self at least had a wit, it seemed. He had read half way through the book so far. His past self was a coward and naïve. Not made of the Valyrian steel that he was.

A nearby ship let loose with a mighty blast of his whistle.

“SQQQQQUUEEEEEEED! SSSQQUUUEEEEEE!”

Tyrion ran behind Illyrio’s legs to give him cover as he scoped out the situation.

“My gods man—it was just a ship’s whistle!”

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Tyrion sat in the small mess hall in the ship eating some potato soup. The ship was two days out from Braavos, weathering slightly choppy seas. The deck slowly swayed side to side and a yaw fore and aft of several degrees.

He was looking at some nice gonzo porn as he enjoyed his meal. He had a carry-on bag filled with USB drives labeled with the various types of ‘entertainment’ he had saved on them. He currently had (TP-Gonzo) plugged in. He also had drives labeled ‘Lesbos; threesomes and moresomes; wild gangbangs; spanking; electro sex; flogging and whipping; romantic sex; Hardcore Anal; Summer Islander; Interracial’ and more. His shoulder hurt carrying the heavy bag aboard, but it was well worth it.

He was not able to thoroughly enjoy seeing the filly get fucked airtight, though.

“Someone shoot meeee! I’m dying here! Have mercy!”

Tyrion thought Brienne was being rather melodramatic. She had a pail by her feet which she had already thrown up into several times.

“Please—I’m begging you Tyrion … just kill me … oohhhhh ungggggg!”

Ygritte had been chortling at the tall woman’s plight all morning, and continued to laugh as she walked away. Tyrion sighed, shutting down his media player software. *Can’t enjoy sex with a green looking moaning woman right beside you throwing up.* He called up his truncated notes from his dig and some photos he had of some of the artifacts he had found and set to work instead.

“Why is this ship lurching so hard?!” Brienne whined. The ship was barely rolling beneath them. Brienne put her fingers to her lips as her throat made ralphing sounds. She suppressed the urge – this time.

Tyrion studied his photos. He looked at some tall, twisted candles. The runes on them denoted them as Dragon Glass. They were three feet tall and twisted in sword-thin spirals. He had also found two necklaces called Dragon Glass Eyes, with pink stones set in hexagonal settings. He found discs that were about a foot across and carved with runes that had Valyrian steel that had been poured into the grooves. The steel alone was beyond priceless; a hundred times stronger than any steel made today. They were called Dragon Bone Hoops.
But they couldn’t be made of that…. could they?

He also had found some spheres called Sunglow Orbs. He had no idea what they did either.

“Someone pleaseeeeee put me out of my misery!”

A fellow traveler who had gotten on the ship when they left port came into the mess hall. He was one Illelos Phassahran. Varys had whispered to Tyrion on the dock that the man was an itinerant welder on his way to Qarth. He never stayed in one place long, and was in trouble with the law for drunken misconduct. He had been thoroughly vetted. The man had booked passage a month before Tyrion had even come into the good graces of his current employers.

The man was not overly tall at about 5’8”. He had a stout build and wore loose fitting pants and a shirt. He had strong arms and legs with a stocky waist. He moved with a lightness of step that made Tyrion notice him. The man appeared to be in his late thirties, with curly hair that was not closely cropped, but not an afro either. He had a goatee with just a hint of grey starting to show in his trimmed beard.

The man was quiet and dour as he took his meal from the serving line and paid the nominal fee. He sat at the end of the table.

“Good afternoon my good fellow,” Tyrion greeted the taciturn man. “Where, pray tell, are you headed to?” Tyrion already knew from his employers, but wanted to make small talk. The man just snorted and started to eat.

There was just something about the man that caught Tyrion’s attention. He had to be much more than a welder.

“Someone shoot me … have mercy oohhhhhhh uunnggggg!”

“Why are you taking a freighter and not a jet or the train? Me, I’m destitute. What’s your excuse?” Tyrion asked.

The man glanced at him. “Scintillating scenery.”

Sarcastic wit. Tyrion liked him already.

They ate in silence with Tyrion eyeing the man. The man ignored the inspection. Brienne continued moaning and begging for death.

“Mercy! Mercy I beg you!”

The man looked askance at Brienne and shook his head.

For the next five minutes the only sound was the clink of eating utensils and the sounds of an assassin falsely expiring.

“You are in pretty good shape. Do you do Pilates?”

“Do you ever shut up? And for god’s sake answer that woman’s prayers, would you man?!”

Tyrion was contemplating a response when Ygritte returned to the mess hall with an evil glint in her eyes. In her hands she held a poster board sheet. Tyrion’s eyebrows narrowed as he wondered what the small bodyguard had in mind. She walked in with an exaggerated smile radiating innocence.

A still-miserable Brienne looked up at Ygritte and moaned pitifully. Tyrion thought she looked
green around the gills. It had been a while since Brienne had thrown up, and Tyrion thought it was likely time for Ol’ Faithful to spew again.

“Ygritte … help me Chihuahua … the world is spinning and roiling … my stomach is so fucked up, Wildling … don’t you have some fucking remedy from beyond the Wall” she rasped, “… some fucked up weather dance or something like a fucking mushroom …”

*Way to get one,* Tyrion thought. But to his surprise, the woman kissed by the sun did not rise to the barbs this time. Maybe her unacknowledged love for the tall warrior was softening the feisty redhead. Perhaps Brienne’s misery had finally touched her heart.

She walked past Tyrion and stood in front of Brienne. The poster board he had seen was angled downward, swinging in Ygritte’s fingers. She smiled sweetly at Brienne.

“Are you going to help me or not you fucking shrimp?!?”

Brienne did not let her misery stop her acid tongue from insulting her partner.

The man finished his meal and got up. He went to the trashcan and made a deposit, then put the tray back on the serving counter. He stopped a moment to look at the two women, then shook his head and left the room.

Tyrion was curious to see what Ygritte was playing at. Slowly, she started to bring up the poster board. Tyrion’s eyes widened. Ygritte had drawn a sketch like a five year old, of a boat on waves across the board. She started to rock the poster board, making the little ship look like it was fighting the waves. She started to make ‘wind’ sounds of a storm as she rocked it.

Brienne hiccupped, looking much more green. “You evil wench!” Brienne weakly bleated, her arms crossed over her stomach. “Ohhh oohh oohhh!”

Ygritte made louder swishing wind sounds and rocked the boat violently.

*HHHHARRRURUUNNGGGG! HHHRRRRRNNNGGGG! HHHRRRRNNNGGGGGG!*

Brienne violently hurled into the pail, the sounds harsh as bile came out the blonde’s nose in long streamers. She sounded like she was going to hack her entire stomach up.

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You are so mean to me, Ygritte.” All of a sudden Brienne burst into tears, her chest rattling with great, wracking sobs. She kept moaning about how vilely Ygritte was treating her. Elephant tears rolled down her cheeks.

Ygritte was obviously starting to feel bad for tormenting her partner. She stepped in. “Oh Brienne I —wwwhhaaattttt! Aarrggggeeeeee!”

Brienne suddenly lurched forward and got her left arm around the Wildlings red head and jerked her down, bending her over at the waist. Her right hand came up and started to rub her knuckles furiously back and forth, pressing hard into the Widling’s scalp in a brutal noogie.
“You bitch! You fucking bitch!” the tiny bodyguard screamed, her hands gripping the arm holding her head and jerking hard, trying to dislodge her head from the powerful grip. Her efforts jerking Brienne’s arm lock up. Ygritte was squirming wildly, but Brienne was jerking her arm up and down keeping the Wildling off-balance. Tyrion smiled. The Wildling could kill with her hands and feet, but she refrained. Not one blow was thrown at Brienne.

“I still feel like shit you little shit, but I feel a hell a lot of better giving you a noogie! Takes my mind off my misery, you fucking cunt!”

“You know nothing Brienne—aarrrnnggggg! You fucking bitch - uunngggggg! Arrruunnggggg!”

“I know something Ygritte,” Brienne sing-song “I know I’m giving you a noogie!”

“I’ll get you for this you fucking bigfoot!”

Brienne suddenly released Ygritte who stumbled forward, rubbing her scalp. She staggered. In all her gyrations, her jeans had ridden low and her boxers were exposed.

She remained partially bent over, rubbing her scalp. “You will pay for this, Brienne. I will teach you to mess with fire! I will - aaaaaiiiieeeeeeeeee!!!” she cried out, rising up on her tiptoes.

Brienne had reached forward and gripped the elastic of Ygritte’s boxers and jerked them up, pulling them up nearly six inches and giving Ygritte a royal wedgie! Brienne rose up on wobbly legs, still jerking upward as Ygritte hopped and walked around on tippy toes, screaming threats the whole time.

Tyrion got up and went to take his tray to the serving window. As he left, Brienne finally released Ygritte’s boxers. The Wildling continued staggering around, walking very funny as she jerked down her jeans and boxers at her hips.

“Right! Right!—I’ll get you for this you fucking lurch. That hurt my pussy, you fucking twat! That is fighting below the belt!”

Brienne laughed hard. Big mistake. She suddenly became very green and fell to her knees, tilting forward onto her palms and barfing more bile up from her queasy stomach. She heaved again and again into the bucket, till she nearly dropped to the floor.

Her head hung down, her hair in disarray. Snot dribbled out her nose, and her eyes became bloodshot.

Tyrion felt sorry for her. With her head bent over like that… she never saw it coming.

Aaaaaiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii! Eeeeiiooo! Aaaaiiooo! Mnnngghiiiiieee!

The tall warrior squealed as Ygritte whipped her ass furiously with the belt she had removed from around her waist. Her jeans around her ankles, her free hand still was still jerking her boxers out of her ass crack and pussy cleft. She wildly swung her other arm, whipping her fated love.

Tyrion finally left, shaking his head. He would never understand love. For those two, that was equivalent to a Shakespeare love sonnet.

He walked down the corridors that led to the small room he was sleeping in. He had hoped for a bigger bed, one that he could actually sleep in comfortably. Oh well. He had plenty of USB hard drives with hot porn, and you didn’t need a comfortable bed to enjoy that!
He was nearing his room when the stranger was suddenly in front of him. Tyrion was startled. He was a man who liked to keep track of his local environment, but he hadn’t even heard him approach. For this man to just appear like he did confirmed his earlier suspicions.

“You ask a lot of questions, midget.”

Tyrion ground his teeth. “I have an inquiring mind. I work for the Inquirer.”

“You think you are funny, don’t you midget?”

“That is dwarf, damnit! I am a dwarf. A damn good looking dwarf, I might add.”

The man looked at Tyrion with a cocked eyebrow. “Whatever you say, midget. Must not have mirrors where you come from.”

“Hardy har-har. So tell me the truth about yourself. What are you? Huuummmmm? You are not a welder …” Tyrion cursed himself. The man had not told Tyrion what his profession was. Damnit, would his mouth ever stop getting him into trouble?

The man glared down at him. “You are playing a dangerous game, midget.”

Tyrion decided it was best not to correct the man at this moment. He would have his time. A Lannister always pays his debts. Well, usually.

Sometimes.

Hopefully.

“I think I will tell you why I am here on this old, broken down heap of a piece of shit ship. Then of course I will have to kill you. I am here …”

Squeeeeeeee! Sqqquueeeeee!

Tyrion started to run down the hall, but a hand gripped his shoulder.

Squeeeeeeeeeee! Sqqueeeeee!

“Calm down, midget. Damn, don’t you have a spine?” Tyrion continued to squeal. “Damnit! I’m not going to kill you.” The man released Tyrion, who turned around with big eyes.

“I killed a man with my rapier. He called me to a duel. We fought. He lost.”

Tyrion’s heart finally began to slow.


“You never stop do you? I admire that. The mouse that bleats against the lion.” The stranger sighed. “He was vile and evil. He was going to kill all of the children at a party to get at just one child of a rival. I could not countenance that.”

The man turned to leave. “You have your answer, midget.”

The stranger started walking down the narrow hall. “That is dwarf, damnit!” Tyrion silently flipped off the retreating form. The man whirled in a flash, and Tyrion screamed with a dagger now nailing his foot to the floor. The blade pierced his shoe, the thin blade between his big toe and the next toe.
Tyrion stared down at the blade nailed into the soft tin of the floor with large moonstone eyes. The man walked off without a word.

Tyrion knew who the man was, then. He took a deep breath. This was probably either very, very good - or very, very bad.
The eggs were perfect. Sansa had scrambled them the way Margaery liked, nice and well done without being runny. She had had also cooked an omelet filled with cheese. She had some bacon already done, and was preparing a few slices of toast. She put the eggs on the plate, then set it on a heating pad to keep them nice and warm.

She walked down the cherry-wood hall of penthouse suite they owned in Oldtown. She enjoyed the sensation of her toes pressing into the red tinted wood as she made her way to the end of the hall and politely knocked on the door. She waited a minute, and then tried the doorknob. It was unlocked. She grimaced. She still did not feel comfortable going into the bedroom of her wife. It was a bedroom that she did not share.

Sansa knew she had to make things right again. Margaery had had her share of faults in the dissolution of their marriage, but she knew she had lost her way in the corporate Game of Thrones that the giant pharmaceutical companies played with each other.

She walked into the bedroom and spied her wife asleep, her cheek on her pillow. She had kicked off the sheet in the night. They had both always slept in the nude, and she saw that Margaery still did. Her firm ass made Sansa’s tummy ache. It had been so long since she had caressed those firm ass cheeks and fucked Margaery up her tight asshole. She sighed.

She walked over to the side of the bed and looked down at her beautiful wife. She was still a vision of perfection. Age had only enhanced Margaerys’ beauty, her body filled in with maturity. She saw the swell of Margaery’s breast, and remembered ravishing those beautiful tits. Sucking half of her wife’s small doves into her mouth and trying to suck her nipples down her throat. The way Margaery screamed in pleasure as she did.

Sansa sighed. It had been so long - two years, eleven months, and twelve days - but who was counting? She had lost track of making love to Margaery until she had recently back tracked to the last time. It had been a half hearted effort, she recalled. Gods, the damage was already severe even then. It had been two months before that since they had made love. She frowned. So much damage.

Once, they could not keep their hands off each other. Gods, the sex had been Earth shattering.

She continued to stare down at her wife. She wanted to call out to her, but she looked so peaceful. She started to reach down to touch her and wake her, but pulled her hand back. The tall redhead gnawed her lip. She did not have the right to touch her wife. She started to turn around and leave, not knowing what to do. She grimaced. I am married to the woman in that bed and I don’t know what to say or do with her anymore.

Sansa headed for the door.

“I don’t bite you know, Sansa. You can touch me. I am your wife.”

Sansa shuffled her feet, looking down. “Your breakfast is ready Margaery. I fixed your favorite.
Just the way you like.”

“Thank you Sansa. That is most thoughtful.”

Sansa no longer heard the sarcasm that used to be in any conversation they had. It was a simple, genuine ‘thank you’. Sansa was grateful for that. It was progress.

She loved Margaery so much. She simply had to win her wife back. Her body had gone dead somewhere along the line, she was still trying to figure out when it started. How had she allowed it to happen? How did a corporation supplant Margaery as the love of her life? Sansa was still trying to find the answer to those questions.

She fled the room, the questions about her failures like ravens flitting about her head. Their beaks slashing at her confidence and her pecking her will.

Sansa and Margaery sat in the local corporate office of their company in Oldtown. It had once been Beyer Pharmaceutical before Stark-Tyrell Pharmaceutical had bought them out in a hostile takeover.

The acquired division focused on genome research and was deciphering the genomes of cancers and flu. Margaery was convinced that the high population centers in Yi Ti and their cultural practice of keeping their chickens and pigs in their habitations and the restaurants was a ticking time bomb. From these places the next deadly flu strain would be born.

The swine and poultry versions of the influenza virus had already caused pandemics. It had been a century since the last influenza pandemic had swept across the world, killing thirty million people. Modern medicine and care for sick patients would reduce the mortality rate the next time one broke out, but the pandemic would keep people home for long periods of time. Most out of pure fear. The modern economy might not survive the hit. Inventories would run dry, people would go hungry and gasoline would dry up.

Or maybe the ‘bug’ would be more virulent.

You never knew when infections would jump species. One only had to look at the AIDS virus to see that. In primates it was harmless. In humans it had ravaged the gay community before it had jumped to the straight population. Sansa felt her blood boil. It had not been till the straights and breeders felt threatened that funding was suddenly found to tackle the problem.

The world was evolving beyond homophobia, but it was still far from perfect. She was thankful she had been able to marry Margaery Tyrell - now she just had to work on not getting a divorce.

She would not survive that. She had not been telling Margaery a lie when she said that she could not live without her. Even if her body lived, her soul would be dead.

Margaery was looking over the packet of the lead scientist for the division. She was living up to her end of the new agreement. She was talking softly to Petyr Baelish. Sansa controlled her jealousy. Something had changed between Margaery and Petyr. She knew she was in the man’s debt - after he had his private conversation with Margaery, she had changed. She was now learning the corporate side of the company, and Sansa was getting involved in the labs again. This was good.

What Sansa was not sure she liked was the easy camaraderie that had developed between Margery and Petyr. Sansa had to reign herself in continually. If there was one thing Sansa knew about the man, it was that he was not a man of passions. Plus, he had a thing for redheads.
Just the same, seeing Margaery more comfortable around Petyr than her was not something she liked one bit.

Sansa gnawed the inside of her cheek. She was working on it. Margaery was meeting her half way now. That was all she could ask for.

While eating their morning repast earlier, they had discussed the latest financial reports. Sansa was both pleased and impressed with how quickly Margaery had picked up the financials of the multi division of their companies.

They were going to all of the major divisions to get Margaery up to speed as she was quickly absorbing the business aspects of each. For her part, Sansa had visited the labs to get caught up on the projects.

Margaery had gone over the projects of this particular division twice. Their lead scientist was brilliant. She was a redhead. She had wondered it Petyr would find her interesting till she read the full bio of the woman. She knew of her academic credentials, but there was some personal information in there too. She smiled. She was married to a woman. Petyr was out of luck.

Sansa looked at a picture of the scientist and told Margaery she doubted the woman would be his type. Margaery had chuckled and agreed. Sansa felt a little flush hearing Margaery chuckle at a comment from her. It was another small thing that gave her hope.

The lead scientist would be joining them in a moment. She was an excellent researcher, but Sansa hoped she was ready for more responsibility. Sansa looked over the file again. The person did not identify as gender specific. She hoped she would not screw up the personal pronouns.

There was a polite knock on the door. Petyr got up and answered it.

“Please enter, LaFontaine. We are pleased to have you visit us. We have heard many good things about you and your research. Margaery tells me your research is meticulous and very insightful.”

“Thank you, sir,” the woman responded politely - and a little shyly.

Sansa looked at the short woman. She was stocky, and wore a lab coat that hid her features. She had a short waist, and was not long of leg. She had her hair cut short very short on the sides of her head, and longer on the right side of her head. She had hazel eyes, and wore no makeup or lipstick.

Sansa thought she looked like the perfect nerd. She spied the short nails and rings on her fingers. A perfect lesbian scientist nerd. Can’t ask for much better than that.

They spent the next thirty minutes talking about the various projects that division was currently working on. Lafontaine spoke clearly and succinctly on all matters.

Margaery had insisted on laying out all the major schedules and signing off on each stage of the experiments and assigning priorities. “LaFontaine, I have read your reports and they are beyond exemplary. I could not have done better myself. I am very impressed. I have held you back in your projects with wanting to review each stage of the experiments.”

“No you did not, Miss Tyrell. I have been—“

Margaery interrupted the scientist gently. “Yes I have, LaFontaine. I have been overbearing, and was a snob about it.”

The scientist went quiet.
“I have been holding back many projects and clipping the wings of my best scientists.”

Sansa saw the scientist start. *What a strange reaction.*

“I am letting go of a lot of the reigns I have held on to with an iron grip. There are way too many projects for me to oversee. I have not let brilliant scientists take their research down paths I would never even have thought of.

“Miss LaFontaine. I want to promote you to manager of this division. I want you to continue your personal research as well, but I want you to be the lead scientist of this group. You will report to me, but you will manage the projects of this division and its researchers. Are you up to the challenge LaFontaine? I think you are.”

The small woman thought about it for about half a second with a stunned look, before a big smile spread across her face.

“You bet I am! Gods my wife will be so happy!”

Sansa had to smile at that. True love.

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Three hours later and it was time to have their video conference with the Martell Corporation, a multidivisional company that had many different focuses. One was the production of nano technology that had many promising applications.

Margaery wanted to explore the idea of using their nano machines to help in the repair of nerve damage to the spinal column, and the destruction of blood clots.

The woman running the Martell Corporation would not sell the company, but was willing to give exclusive access to her technology for medical applications to Stark-Tyrell Pharmaceutical.

Sansa looked over the folder of Arianne Martell again. She was a fellow barracuda, Sansa thought. The woman was ambitious and very aggressive in fending off any acquisition attempts of any of her holdings. Arianne was the predator, and not the prey.

The large LCD TV came to life as the video connection came online.

Arianne Martell came up on the screen. The woman was 5’7” and voluptuous. She looked like she should be in a Bollywood movie with her flawless brown skin and jet black hair. She had dark piercing eyes in a heart shaped face with high cheekbones, giving her a hint of aggressive angles.

A fellow predator indeed.

The other conference room was obviously set up in Arianne’s own home. Her bedroom, from the look of the king sized bed behind the woman. It looked like a cyclone had hit it. *What is this woman trying to convey?* Sansa wondered.

Introductions were made all around, then Arianne held out her hand. “Come here, Kaithlyn Ryswell.” Sansa heard the woman demure off camera, but Arianne insisted.

“I want them to meet our head of security and my wife to be … get your ass over here Kaithlyn!” Arianne barked playfully. She heard the woman giggle.

Sansa felt a wave of jealousy flash through her body. That was how she and Margaery used to be.
The woman came to the screen and sat beside Arianne. Sansa gasped. The woman was beautiful.

The rest of the meeting was hard boiled negotiations over patents and schedule of fees. Arianne was never satisfied with the terms. Sansa was distracted. Peytr stepped in and dickered back and forth with the two women. Kaithlyn cried out that they were trying to board their ship.

The negotiations closed with an agreement that Stark-Tyrell Pharmaceutical would send a contract, and their lawyers fight it out over the clauses.

After they signed off, Margaery turned to Sansa. “You recognized that woman.”

“I don’t know what you are talking about.” Sansa replied.

She saw the hurt and anger flare in Margaery’s eyes.

“Okay. Okay. I am sorry. Forgive me Margaery … and you too Petyr. Yes, I know who that woman is. I used to sneak peeks at Arya’s files when she visited before the family blow up.”

There was silence.

“Who is she, then?” Margaery spoke softly. Margaery knew that if Arya had a file on the woman, then she was a deadly threat.

“Asha Greyjoy.”

The table was dead silent.

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“Sansa Stark recognized me” Asha told her lover. “I don’t know how a fucking scientist knows about me, but she does. This is not good.”

“It is not a problem, love. She knows about you because her sister is Arya Stark.” Arianne took her woman’s hand and brought it up to her lips and kissed it gently.

Arianne knew the story. Asha was fighting her brothers Rodrik and Maron and her uncles Euron and Victarion for control of their empire after her father Balon had died. They had agreed to have a parlay at the Isle of Elephants.

Asha had told her the story many times, but Arianne never tired of hearing it. She knew the corporate Game of Thrones well, but the possibility of death at any moment was exciting. It had drawn Arianne to Asha the moment she saw her. Of course the woman being drop dead gorgeous as well did not hurt. Her gaydar had pinged so hard the moment Asha had gotten into the taxi she thought she might go deaf.

The family scions of House Greyjoy had met at a neutral site. Arianne had listened the first time Asha told the story with bated breath. Asha had described how she had gone to the meeting with heightened senses, her adrenaline pumping hard and her hands shaking with anticipation. She had sensed an ambush.

When she went into the meeting at the largest conference room at the Ritz-Carlton in the capital Zabhad, Asha had seen that her brothers and uncles were just as wired as she had been. Everyone was armed to the teeth, expecting betrayal.

Asha’s youngest brother Theon had called her the night before the meeting, saying he was not
going. He knew that it was an ambush. She had tried to get him to tell her who the Kraken was, but he would not say. He begged her to not go. Asha had told her cowardly brother that she feared nothing and hung up.

Seeing everyone around the table on edge and eyeing everyone else had unsettled Asha. What the hell was going on?

Twenty minutes into the meeting with all the shouting and finger pointing, the world exploded in gunfire and grenades. Fortunately, everyone had come prepared. Bullets had been fired in all directions and explosions reverberated around the conference rooms. Each faction of House Greyjoy had come prepared for fun, loaded with arms and plenty of muscle to use it.

Arianne still loved hearing Asha tell about how she gunned down any person who was not of her clan.

What had become quickly evident to Asha was that all of House Greyjoy was under assault. She had seen M8 and Boneyard agents, she had seen Chen Shih-chieh the Ghostmaker, and Barristan Selmy the Knight Templar in the melee.

It seemed like everyone was killing everyone else. Asha could not trust anyone except men and women she knew of her own clan. She had shot anyone armed that was not hers. There was one woman who had a bead on her, and her head exploded with a well-aimed rifle shot.

She was escaping when she saw Victarion in a side waiting room. He had his mute woman with him. He was trying to force her to blow a damn horn for some reason. The woman was signing and crying as she turned her head from side to side. He roared and punched her. She was only half-conscious, and again he tried to get her to blow the horn.

When the woman still would not, he became enraged. Asha did not know how the woman found the courage to not do as the giant man who was her uncle threatened her. He reached over to the wall and hefted up his traditional double-headed ax. She was helpless, and he was going to behead her. Her uncle was a fucking coward.

She had pulled out her throwing axes when the melee started. They were hanging on loops at her hips. She snapped them off.

“Victarion! You coward, fight a woman who will kill you!”

Her uncle turned and laughed. “I will cut your worthless head in two, you fucking cunt!”

Asha had made their fight sound so freaking exciting, Arianne thought. His massive blade constantly missing Asha as she used speed and agility against the power and bulk of her uncle. Asha always told Arianne that speed and agility would always overcome strength and power.

For over eight minutes, they fought across three meeting rooms and two conference rooms. Bullets whizzing by their heads and bodies unheeded. They were focused only each other.

Victarion was covered in nicks and cuts all over. Asha always just out of reach. She had tripped over a dead body, barely avoiding a side swipe of Victarion’s blade. She was on her ass, looking up at her death. Her uncle was grinning down at her.

“I told I would be the death of you! AARRRRGGGGGGGGG!” Victarion’s body flung to the side when an arrow sunk clean through his right shoulder, the grey and white fletching only six inches in front of his chest and the arrow tip out through his back.
He spun away and was gone.

A Boneyard agent came up with her pistol drawn in her left hand a bow clutched in her right hand. She picked up the rune covered horn Asha’s uncle had been trying to force the mute woman to blow, and threw it to Asha. Then she turned and started to leave.

“Wh—what? You are letting me live?!” Asha asked the agent.

“You saved that woman when you did not have too. GO!”

“Who are? I need to know!”

“Arya Stark! GO!”

Then the woman was gone.

Asha had fled into the confusion of the night.

She had wound up in taxi with Arianne who was at a business conference on the island. The rest, as they say, was history.

“What do we do Arianne? I am supposed to be dead. This Sansa knows I am alive.”

“You have nothing to fear, Asha.”

“How can you know that Arianne?”

“Three reasons. One: She wants to do business with my company. She will not harm that possibility. Two: I will send her an email in a minute telling her what happened on the Isle of Elephants. How you saved a helpless woman.”

“How will that change anything?”

“Three: She is a Stark.”

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LaFontaine was thrumming with excitement driving home in their Telsa electric car. Their wife had made sure they had the car of their dreams. She always doing things like that. Their wife wanted them to drive a car that impacted the environment the least. Their wife always took care of them so good.

They could not believe their good fortune. They just loved doing research, but being recognized for their abilities and merits was so nice.

They had had to spend so many years not able to show their unique self, forced to play by the rules of society. Only in the last couple of generations had rights for the LBGTQ community finally reached a zenith of acceptance.

They whistled a tune they had heard while in university so many years ago. It was a nice pavane that had been in vogue when they first met their wife.

When they arrived at their townhouse, they went up the walkway to the house with a bounce in their step.

They entered their home, and looked around at the large living room area and then up at the loft
bedroom on the back end of the townhouse. The high arched ceiling was the main reason they had purchased this domicile. “Lola! I’m home. Guess what!”

Their wife appeared at the rail on the inside edge of their bedroom loft.

LaFontaine thought their wife was so beautiful. They had thought this so many times over the last six thousand years. Lola looked down at them as she truly appeared, her blue faceted eyes glittering as they caught the light and threw it back in rainbow hues. Her feathery antenna was twitching on unseen air currents, and her wings quivered behind her, almost translucent while giving off spangles of color. The gossamer wings started to flutter red, blue and purple. Their currents made the ringlets of her long, red hair flutter.

The Faery was all excited to see her beloved. “What honey?”

“I was put in charge of my lab! I was recognized for my efforts and abilities. I met with the CEO’s of the company. I had no idea I would meet Sansa and Margaery. They were so nice!”

Their wife’s wings started to beat fast and she lifted off and went over the rail, and was down to her wife in a flash that most humans could not follow. They had had many centuries to adjust to the speed of their wife when she was excited.

Next thing they knew LaFontaine was up in the air being kissed all over their face and on their lips sweetly by their beautiful and so kind wife. Their wife was making her strange humming sound that was like a cat’s purr. LaFontaine felt their wife’s feathery antenna sweeping over their face and their throat when their wife nibbled on their ear, making LaFontaine pant.

They had been nonplussed when they first discovered that Lola’s antenna stroking their face, breast and pussy when they made love had also been their wife marking them as hers. That LaFontaine only belonged to her, and her alone. The Heir Apparent of the Queen of the Fairy. Lola laid her pheromones on their, body marking them.

LaFontaine had been so happy learning that. They loved being claimed by Lola. They had not known then that it meant they would, in essence, become immortal living with Lola. They had been upset at first, but living with Lola precluded all other thoughts.

They were now on their bed, and Lola was ripping off their clothes. LaFontaine was always amazed at the change in Lola when it came to their making. In her business and in their interactions in public she was shy and very orderly and focused. When she was excited and ready to fuck, she was a wild woman. It was LaFontaine that was the prude when it came to sex. She blushed at their wife’s potty mouth. When their making was finished and LaFontaine was asleep, they knew that Lola would flitter to all their clothes all over their home and neatly fold them up and put them away in the clothes hamper before she came back to bed.

Several hours later LaFontaine was exhausted soaked in their and Lola’s sweat and cum. Her wife’s wings were folded over their bodies, her feathery antennae were stroking Lafontaine’s forehead and hair.

“Will you ever stop marking me as yours, Perry?”

“No.”

LaFontaine snorted. “How was business at your bakery today honey?”

“Good. I think we will need to hire two new bakers. I love making pastries, cakes and cookies.” Lola sighed.
LaFontaine knew their love loved making edibles that were cherished by her patrons.

Their hand snaked underneath Lola’s wings, rubbing sensually the wing root just inside her left shoulder blade.

Lola started to purr in satisfaction. LaFontaine had tried to figure out how she made that sound. Just like scientists had not been able to figure out how cats purred, LaFontaine had not figured out Lola’s purring.

“I’m getting horny again, baby.” Lola growled.

LaFontaine smiled. They continued rubbing the erogenous zone on their wife’s Faery body.

“Before we make love, I want to you know I sensed them again today.” Perry husked to her wife.

“Really? It has been over three hundred years.” LaFontaine replied.

Perry started wiggling against LaFontaine, her wings up and fluttering in her horniness. “I know. We have not heard of them since that blow up in Pentos.”

“Do you think they know we are here?”

“No baby. They just arrived a few weeks ago. I was not sure at first, but I can smell their pheromones on the wind. Each Vampire and Werewolf have their own unique scent.”

_It has been so long_, they thought to themselves. They had missed them. “Unnggggg!”

LaFontaine forgot all about their long lost friends. Lola kissed along their throat and up to their mouth with soft kisses. Lola’s long Faery tongue was soon down her throat stroking their throat lining putting her pheromones directly into their bloodstream. Their love’s antenna stalks fluttered all over their face with that heavenly feel all the while marking LaFontaine as her slut.

Lola’s right hand now traveling down their palpating belly heading toward their sopping wet pussy. Lola was insatiable and her pheromones had them totally reenergized and super horny again.

It was a rough job being a human mate to a perpetually horny Faery Princess. They smirked. Oh—the sacrifices they made.
Daenerys was nearly bouncing off the seat of the Chevy Suburban. After training for so long, Arya was driving them to their first mission. It was one that would be filled danger - and she was royally stoked! She couldn’t wait to prove herself to Arya and Andi. Arya especially. Arya had argued with Chen Shih-Chieh on her behalf again, until he had finally relented and allowed them to come along. It had warmed Daenerys’ heart to hear the sincerity in Arya’s argument for her to come on the mission.

Chen Shih-Chieh had continued insisting to Arya that Daenerys was not ready. Finally, she had heard enough.

“Listen Shih-Chieh. I am ready!” I have mastered both the pistol and rifle. I am in not Arya’s conditioning shape yet, but I am getting there. I will be able to handle the situation. I can feel it.”

“You are not ready,” the man form Yi Ti told Dany.

“Listen here, Ghostie! If I am this supposed Dragon Queen, then let me be her! If I have a destiny to fulfill, then don’t clip my wings.”

Shih-Chieh stared at her. “Don’t call me that name again,” he said darkly.

“Arya had disobeyed the Ghostmaker’s implicit instructions to not let Daenerys know of any mission they would be conducting. Arya thought Dany was ready, and was working actively to sabotage her sponsor’s efforts.

The man threw up his arms in exasperation. He saw Missandei smirking. “You will have to leave Missandei behind. She is definitely not ready.”

Missandei was stricken. Dany felt her heart clutch, seeing her love look like that. She looked as if they had taken away all of her sets of Dr. Who blu-rays.

“Andi is coming, Shih Chieh.” Arya announced calmly. “Where we go, she goes. We will provide the protection and she will provide intelligence.”

The former head of Yi Ti counter-intelligence pinched his temples with his thumb and middle finger. “Yes, you were the three headed dragon in the past age. But … Arya was the blade, Daenerys was the diplomat, and Missandei was the intel. Daenerys had a whole army to support her back then. I am not a whole army.”

Daenerys stepped up to the man, looking at him intently. “That was then. This is now. In this time we are equals. We fight as one. If we are to become what you say we must be, then let us be it as we see fit. We are all going. Period. End of story. Do I make myself clear? We decide our destiny.”
The man looked at her hard for a minute. Then he bowed his head in deference.

“It would seem the Three Headed Dragon is indeed reborn.”

Andi ran up to Dany and hugged her fiercely, and then Arya.

“I won’t let you down. I swear it!”

Arya had blushed in her cute way. “I know you won’t Brianiac.” Andi had beamed at the use of the affectionate nickname Arya used sometimes instead of Lil Einstein.

Now they were en route to the ambush site. Daenerys was checking over her M110 Semi-Automatic Sniper System, making sure the firing mechanism was ready and well oiled. She sighted down the scope. She would be using the system to lay down suppressing fire from a distance of no more than five hundred yards. Easy range for the 7.62mm ammo they would be using. She had magazine satchel full of 20 round clips.

Arya was using a FR F2 sniper rifle. It was developed by the Pentos Special Forces and also used 7.62mm ammunition. It was a black bolt action rifle that only had a 10 round clip. Arya would serve as the sniper, aiming to thrill and shooting to kill. The rifle had an effective range of 800 meters, well within parameters for their upcoming skirmish.

Arya made sure the scope was anchored and aligned properly.

The back end of the Suburban had the bucket seat taken out. Andi was on the floor there, going over the control module to the Boomerang III system she had talked ‘Ghostie’ into buying for her so she could monitor the gunfire patterns in the coming battle. The intel would be used to coordinate the deployment of their forces.

They would be positioned on top of an abandoned ten story office tower. Thirty years ago, it had provided offices for the merchants that had been thriving when the docks in this section of the harbor had been booming. But so much work moving offshore to Yi Ti had killed the manufacturing sector, and the businesses that specialized in shipping overseas.

The abandoned area of the harbor was a perfect place to smuggle in guns and drugs.

Which was why they were going to be there tonight. A new crime family had moved in from Dorne and they were bringing 100 kilos of smack every week and aggressively expanding their territory. They were fighting the established gangs, and trying to actively push drugs to schools.

Chen Shih-Chieh had found that his breaking point. There was a major shipment of 500 kilos due in tonight. They were also bringing in meth for the first time, and the leaders of the new cartel were there to make certain that all went well. Shih-Chieh’s informants in a drug runner family had tipped him off.

They had three days to prepare the ambush. The Chaldean Gang feared nobody and were willing to fight viciously for any gain in territory and business.

Chen Shih-Chieh was going to teach them the error of their ways.

Each of them went over their pistols, Glock-19s. Dany had to chuckle at Andi having one in a holster on each hip, and two in her waistband along her back. She told them she was “loaded for bear!”. She had become a decent shot. She was not a marksman like Arya or Dany, but she always hit the kill zone now.
Each woman had eight spare clips for their Glocks attached to their belts. Arya was a big believer that you could never have too much ammunition in a firefight.

Andi was most excited to climb up the fire escape to their perch on the abandoned office tower. She wanted to see the mast sections that were to be erected by them with the acoustic receiver antennas assembled on them. The system had to be kept in sections until ready for use, so as not to be seen by their enemies.

Dany suspected the new toy was making Andi wet. She smiled. If the Boomerang was a woman, she would be jealous as hell of it capturing her Andi’s attention so. She looked at Andi in her jeans and camo top with its digital splotchy pattern. They were all similar dressed for cover. She loved the bulge to the top of Andi’s shirt.

She needed to stop being a chicken shit and seduce the girl!

She turned over to Arya. She had her AR-15 out and was inspecting it again. That tower would have some awesome firepower on it.

Near dusk they entered the shipyard through an old padlock gate that was half-dilapidated and rusted. It had a tangled mess of barbwire all wound throughout it.

They were the fourth vehicle in a six vehicle convoy. The lead vehicle pressed a remote control and the gate opened easily. The dilapidated look was just a sham to throw off their scent. The cars moved in slowly, the engines and heavy mufflers designed to keep the acoustic signature low.

The drug cartel would be coming in through the main gate on the other side of the shipyard. The clandestine meeting was set for midnight.

*How appropriate,* Dany thought to herself.

The line moved like a silent adder slithering among the underbrush of abandoned warehouses, office spaces and machine repair shops. The cars each slowed to a stop at each corner, until a scout called them forward cautiously.

They were all getting anxious. Dany looked at Arya, who stared out the window at nothing in particular. She was sure that Arya was going into a centered space to find balance before the standoff. Dany was bouncing her feet on the floorboard in her excitement. She was about to see combat for the first time! She looked over at Andi, who seemed lost in another world. She had clearly fallen in love with her Boomerang III acoustic signature device. She was flipping from page to page in the manual, memorizing the controls and how to analyze the data on her computer.

Finally, the cars had gone as far as they could into the abandoned port city without being spotted. Like a snake sloughing off its old skin, the doors opened and the passengers disembarked. They turned and reached into the Suburbans and Escalades, pulling out their army style rucksacks. Missandei grunted with the effort, but her months of training within Ghostie’s dojo had strengthened her.

“I may be a lover, but I’m an *awesome* lover now!” Missandei had crowed this morning, all stoked with the upcoming military sojourn. She had flexed her arms in classic weightlifter bicep curl position and kissed her little guns. “Look at these cannons!”

“They look more like derringers, Andi.” Arya had teased.

Andi would have blushed if her complexion was not so dark.
“You wait till I am fucking that hot, tight pussy with these ‘derringers’; hammering your cunt till it explodes and your pussy is rupturing and cum is splattering everywhere!” Andi had shot back. It had been a kill shot.

Arya’s face had gone beet red, and her eyes unfocused. Then she had said she needed to go out and get something. She left in a hurry. Andi had come over to Dany smirking. She made a motion of marking a tally sheet. “Score another one for the Brianiac!”

They had both laughed so hard. Seeing Andi like that made Dany’s blood boil with fire for the girl. One day she would screw up her courage and take what was hers. What was waiting for her. Then they would take what was waiting for both of them. Arya Stark.

The Targaryen returned to the present. It was ironic, really – The Ghostmaker hadn’t wanted them to be a part of this mission, but it was the Ghostmaker’s own hard training had made it impossible to prevent Dany and Andi from doing just that. Dany hoped it was the first of many. Striking blows against evil had a certain feel to it. She liked it. She liked it a lot.

The trio helped each other to properly position and synch up each other’s rucksacks, setting them up on their backs and the shoulder straps tight. The packs were full of additional ammo, tools for setting up their positions, and their body armor if they chose to wear it. They were also bringing nutrition bars and plenty of water, and a first aid kit containing bandages, gauze, wraps and morphine. They had a man and woman in their party trained to military medic standards in case things went south.

The Suburbans all had three bench seats, except for the one that housed Dany and her co-fighters. She smiled. Being the three headed dragon had its advantages, even thousands of years later it seemed. The two men riding in the front of the Suburban joined them as the others formed up into their groups. Chen Shih-Chieh himself came up to them.

“Arya,” he said, “I expect you to protect them. You will be marrying them soon enough.”

Arya blushed hotly and ducked her head.

Dany knew she liked the man for a reason.

“Truly, though.” He turned to the other two heads of the dragon. “Dany, Andi, we have a good battle plan, but no battle survives first contact with the enemy. You are about to see firsthand just how crazy a gunfight can be. Keep your heads down and on a swivel. I would tell you all to work as a team and listen to each other, but you already do that instinctually.”

He looked at each of them in turn. “You are the three-headed dragon reborn.”

With that he walked off. Dany saw Zhao come up to the Ghostmaker after he’d left them. The woman had a AR-15 over her back and a Glock on each hip like Andi did. She also had a katana on her back, the hilt jutting over the opposite shoulder of her rifle. She had learned that the woman was the Ghostmaker’s eldest daughter. She was heir to his empire. That did not change Dany’s feelings toward the hussy at all!

She was still perving on Andi. And damn Andi’s eyes for lapping up the woman’s attentions! The slut was pressing into her sweet innocent Andi every chance she got. She was cooing to her sweet Lil Einstein! Only she had the right to do that! Well, Arya would too, if she would take the stick out of her ass and stop worshipping a dead woman! Nyomi was a beautiful person she was sure, but she would have wanted Arya to live!

Thank the gods Andi did not take Zhao up on any of her salacious offers. The slut! To make
matters even worse, Zhao had started to flirt with Arya hardcore when she saw that while Andi was lapping up the attention she was getting, she was not going to go out with her. She had started to press into Arya when taking her orders, with her open blouse and her tits spilling out right in front of Arya’s face.

At least Arya had the decency to get flustered and tongue-tied! It was Daenerys who should have been doing that! Every night! She felt her Dragon roaring within. Hell, she had had three dragons - and they were all roaring!

Dany took a slow, calming breath. Her future wives were not giving the slut the time of day. She just needed to stake her claim. She would be the one to take Andi’s virginity. Then she and Andi would together raise Arya’s soul from the dead and have her once more live again. Arya would remember passion and lust and it would be with her and Andi!

The Ghostmaker and his daughter moved off. They would be leading the ground assault on the invading drug cartel. Their numbers were vast. The men originated from the tribes of Hellholt, Vaith, Jordan and Royalblood of Southern Dorne. They were vicious and very aggressive, reflecting the hot, arid lands of their birth. Informants had said they had also recently formed an alliance with the Golden Dragons of Tyrosh.

Their combined strength would make them bold and aggressive.

A picket screen of Shih-Chieh’s operatives had been on watch for the last thirty-six hours, ensuring that the approaching forces of the Ghostmaker were not ambushed.

Dany and her two future wives reached the abandoned office tower. The looked up the fire escape ladder that led up to the top of the ten story building. Dany cracked her knuckles. She was ready for the challenge. She adjusted the sixty pound rucksack on her back, Andi and Arya doing the same with their burdens. She started the climb up the fire escape ladder.

Dany put one hand in front of the other, steadily pulling herself up. She looked back behind her. Andi was right below her with Arya at the rear. By the seventh story Andi was gritting her teeth, but she gamely kept climbing. By the ninth floor she was grimacing.

“Keep going Andi! We are almost there. I know you can do it, honey!” she called out softly. They were in a combat zone now, and kept her voices pitched low. Arya had moved up close to Andi from underneath.

“Come on Caracal! Show us that fire, Brainiac! I know you can do it. Show me those guns!” Arya quietly encouraged Andi. She reached up with her left hand and gripped Andi’s left calf, then pushed upward.

With renewed strength, Andi surged up behind Dany and they were soon all on top of the building. The location had had been selected for two reasons: One was the height, and the other was the three foot tall wall that surrounded the perimeter of the rooftop.

The Boomerrang III had been brought in early by the support team. It was still in unassembled pieces. With the night now falling, they could erect the fifteen foot telescopic pole. The three women pulled opened their packs pulling out ammo, tools and equipment. They put on their headlamps with low watt green lights and assembled the mast with screws and wingnuts. They grunted lifting the pole, and attacked the end mast that had the eight acoustic eighteen-inch long microphones, strategically placed to give 360 degrees of coverage.

The three women grunted as they lifted the mast and set it in its base of pentagon feet, splayed out to
support the weight of it all. Andi pulled out her computer and opened it up, the RAM-based memory and hard drive booting up quickly. She attached the battery pack already left on the building roof into the Boomerang. Then she hooked up a USB cable.

She stared at the screen of her laptop, and then plugged in the Situation Awareness System module. Andi glanced back and forth between the two screens. She pulled out the Motorola RMU2080d 2-Way 8CH Display UHF Business Radio. She would use it to communicate with Shih-Chieh and his three lieutenants. She would attempt to locate concentrations of gunfire to let them know where to attack or move for cover.

Twenty sandbags had been loaded on the roof. Dany and Arya lined them up on the wall that faced the direction of the meet. They built up the wall further, leaving cutouts in sandbag wall to fire out of while kneeling.

The two women pulled their sniper rifles out of the cross straps that had held them to their rucksacks. Then they pulled out the bipods and set them up on the sandbags. They held the rifles to their shoulders and sighted down the scopes. They adjusted the sights for the distance.

They pulled out their laser rangefinders and measured the distances to the most likely target areas. Arya had them measure to other rooftops as well, just in case. Dany liked her caution. The enemy should be totally surprised and, thus, no worry of being shot at from on high - but Arya kept telling them to stay low no matter what.

Andi was sitting down behind a small vent tower that protected her. She scooted to the far wall her back to the access ladder. The vent tower covering her from the vectors of most likely attack. She was busy reading her screens. She had a look of fierce concentration on her face.

They spent the next three hours wiling the time away. Arya and Dany had pulled out their folding chairs, designed to sit up higher than normal hunting stools. The height was perfect to sit and have their sniper rifle butts resting on their shoulders. Arya quizzed Dany about where she would launch an attack if she was attacking them. She kept reminding Dany to keep her head down and not to jump no matter what.

They joked about how they were going to kick some fucking ass. Dany and Arya kept scanning the buildings and the roads and windows down below, looking for any sign of trouble. Shih-Chieh and his daughter were going to lead the assault into the warehouse and kill as many of the Chaldean Gang and Golden Dragons as possible. Then, it would be up to the rest of them.

Dany shook her head at the bravery of the father and daughter.

“Hey.” Andi called out in a low voice.

“What?” Arya spoke softly.

“Why didn’t Ghostie tell us he has a drone? I could have tied in the feed.”

“What makes you think that? The Boomerrang III system picks out bullet shots. Not drones, Andi.”

“I know that!” Andi snorted back in an offended tone. “I wrote some software to further its abilities. I am sure I am picking up a small drone. I think it is electric, listening to the audio signature. I downloaded the audio files from the Internet files I stole from the CIA.

Dany was staring at Missandei, beaming with pride!

She turned to look over at Arya. The look on the agent’s face frightened her. Dany instantly
realized the import. If Shih-Chieh did not have a drone…!

“Andi!” Arya harshly called out. “I need an azimuth! Now!”

Andi looked up, angry, but then saw the looks on her roommate’s faces. She looked back down at her screens. Arya dove for the radio. “Bruce Lee! Ambush! Ambush!”

“270 azimuth by 30 degrees.” She leaned over and grabbed the flare gun and aimed it to the west and fired it. The flare arced up and exploded, falling down on its small parachute.

Gunfire exploded in all directions. Concrete chips tore up from bullet strikes on the retaining wall.

The three women hunkered down. An eerie red light filled the night.

Andi jumped up. “There!” she screamed, pointing up beneath the flare. Arya pulled her down as bullets whizzed past the two women.

Dany screamed, but saw they were safe. She turned to where Andi had been pointing.

YES! She saw it. She hunched over to the left and moved slowly, putting the bidpod on the edge of the retainer wall and aimed her rifle up. BANG! BANG! BANG! Her first shots missed. The drone was constantly jerking up and down on its six rotating propellers, blowing air down in the vertical vector. Arya had crawled back to the rifle she had put on the floor of their tower.

Dany calmed herself. The operator of the drone was probably focusing on the forces on the ground. They had already discovered their nest as attested by all the gunfire exploding against the concrete walls and the sandbags that jerked with bullet impacts.

She fired again and she cried out in victory! She had struck two of the propellers. The drone staggered to the left, the airborne platform listing nearly forty-five degrees. Her next shot decimated the body of the drone. The shattered drone falling down to Earth in pieces.

“Yessssss!” Arya shouted out. “Great shot, Dany! Hell yeah!”

Dany flashed her a smile, then aimed her rifle through the sandbag cutout and aimed down firing. She saw fire coming from five buildings to the north of them. Bullets were still whizzing past. She saw the muzzle flashes, and fired back at them. She mentally measured back several feet, trying to estimate where the person firing the gun was actually positioned.

She only fired when she had calmed her breathing for a moment before pulling the trigger. She gasped when the sandbag beneath her rifle jumped up and down and sand shot up into the air. Dany pulled her rifle up and rolled to the right and came up with her body next to the restraining wall. She reached for her night vision binoculars and looked at the rooftops and the windows on the top floor. There!

She came up with her rifle and found her target shooting out a window. She fired a three bullet group. The person’s body flung back with two bullet strikes. Her gun clicked. She leaned back down and ejected the empty magazine and slammed in the next magazine into the feed slot.

Arya pulled the bolt back on her rifle, the empty cartridge flung up and back. She swiveled her rifle around, looking for another target. Then she stilled, and fired. Over and over again. Bullets continued whizzing by and ricocheting all around above their heads.

Andi was on the radio “Ghostie! That three story to the right is generating a lot of gunfire. Also on the building to the left, the seven story one … I think the fifth floor has some snipers.”
“Got that, Brainiac!”

Dany smiled. Even Shih-Chieh was using Arya’s nicknames in combat. Dany heard her Andi, and would respond herself. She located the building. She sighted her scope. There, on the four floor! She fired and saw a figure crumple. She rolled to the right, and came up again four feet away. She looked down her scope. She saw no figures, their forms hidden by all the muzzle flash. She fired at the building into the windows to force anyone near them to duck and seek cover.

Arya was moving around, keeping low and firing whenever she saw a target. She cursed when the wall beside her head exploded in chips. She spun down, wiping blood off of her cheek. The wound was superficial, and she was back up firing away.

Suddenly a hail of bullets were striking their sandbag wall. Arya and Dany hunkered down and popped up for quick, single shots back at the two warehouse rooftops where the fire was coming from.

Andi suddenly cried out. “I feel someone coming up the escape ladder!”

Dany could not move, pinned down by the enemy. “Andi—shoot them! They will be focusing on climbing the ladder!”

She fired back at the tall warehouse roof that was sending a rain of bullets down on them.

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Andi eyes grew large. She knew what she had to do. Sometimes the support troops had to get involved. She rolled off the ladder and scooted over four feet. She popped up her head and looked over the wall. She saw six men half way up, climbing steadily.

Shit!

Bullets slammed into the wall beside her. She nearly pissed herself throwing herself to the rooftop asphalt. She looked back at Dany and Arya. They were moving back and forth, firing back at their assailants. They both seemed so calm.

She knew the highest probability of success was head on. She rolled back over the floor until she was in front of the cutout for the ladder. The cutout would keep her below the line of fire. She pulled her Glocks out, and put the three extra guns on the roof top. She took a deep breath.

She lunged over the ledge of the roof top wall. The leader was only two stories below. He looked up, sensing her presence above him. His eyes went large. He went for his pistol on his hip.

Missandei started firing her Glock with her arm fully extended down the ladder rungs. **BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!** The scientist kept pulling the trigger. The man screamed after the first missed shots, then bullets tore into his shoulders and then head. He staggered and fell off of the ladder. The next man was still getting his bearings when bullets slammed into his head, exploding it. Bone fragments and brain splattered, slicking the rungs as he dropped down.

Andi kept firing, her Glock jerking as she pumped bullets down at the men. They were wearing body armor, but it was thinnest at the top seams. The men had helmets on as well, but looking up exposed their faces. Her bullets slammed into the third man’s helmet, finally knocking him unconscious after repeated blows. His falling body nearly knocked the next man off of the ladder.

**Click!** Andi screamed and scooted down next to her Glock, and surged up and over the ledge. Arm
extended she again fired as fast as she could pull the trigger.

The fourth man was helpless as bullets slammed into his shoulders, his left arm going nerveless. He was hanging on by his right hand when a bullet struck it, shattering it. He fell to his death. The fifth man was aiming up his sidearm when bullets slammed into his body one after another. He toppled off dead.

Andi threw her empty gun over her shoulder as she jerked back to get her third Glock. She surged back over the cutout in the lip of the retaining wall. The last man was firing up at her wildly as she fired back down at him. He was trying to juke his body to avoid her bullets, but Andi stayed still, shooting steadily. Her stable platform won out. Bullets hit him man in his arm and shoulder making him drop his gun. Two bullets hit his forehead, his head exploding.

Andi fell back on the floor of the rooftop. She had done it. She began to shake violently.

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Dany rolled over to Andi. “Andi! Andi!” she pulled her love to her and felt her body. She felt no blood or wounds. She then understood that Andi was just overwhelmed for the moment. She lay her sweet bestie down on the floor of the rooftop. She pulled out her Glock and rolled over to the left and looked over the wall.

Andi had killed them all!

She crawled back over to Missandei. Andi had calmed down. Hunched over, she put Andi’s head in her lap.

“Baby you were awesome! You killed them all! Oh Baby I knew you could do it!”

Andi beamed up at her.

“Take that you motherfuckers!” Arya screamed at a target.

Gunfire was still erupting from all angles in heavy volumes. Dany helped Andi set herself back up. Andi went back to her computers and started studying the screens again. She was still shaking.

Dany saw a big flash of light from her lower left. A mighty WHOOSH! exploded into the night. A streak of light flew up to the edge of the closest warehouse rooftop. It exploded.

Arya whooped. “Yes! RPG!”

It paid to be an arms merchant, Dany thought. The roof of the warehouse was wreathed in flames. Another RPG slammed into the top floor of the warehouse.

Ghostmaker was tired of playing. Suddenly an RPG came out from the cartel and slammed into the building that had fired the last RPG. She saw three people running out of the building. They must have seen it coming.

It seemed everyone was taking off their boxing gloves.

Arya began searching with her scope.

“Dany! The second building on the first street back from the intersection below us.” She looked down with her sniper scope and saw what had captured Arya’s attention.

It was a missile team moving to setup to fire up at the main location of Shih-Chieh forces. It was a
Javelin, and it would be devastating. Dany started firing making the gunmen duck and fire widely. She hit two of them and Arya shot the man with the Javelin though his ear. The man dropped down like a rock.

“I hear a helicopter coming!” Andi called out. “To the south.”

Dany looked that way. She saw searchlight swiveling as the helicopter came up. The beam of light like something from the Terminator movies.

“It’s a police helicopter,” Arya announced calmly. “Our party has finally caught their attention … HOLY SHIIT!”

A streak shot up from the ground, a tongue of flame heading toward the helicopter. The helicopter juked to the side and the missile exploded beside it. The helicopter started to swirl down for a hard landing, its blades still rotating. The crew would hopefully survive their crash landing.

Dany noticed that suddenly it was unearthly quiet.

Arya looked at Dany. “Some crazy bastard panicked! The Police will usually let us kill each other, but now we have bloodied their nose. We’ve got to get the hell out of here!”

The eerie silence continued.

“What about the Boomerrang!” Andi cried out. “I want it!”

“I will buy you a new one, godsdamnit!” Arya yelled at Andi in her angst to escape.

“With 64GB more memory?” she asked hopefully.

“Deal.”

They rigged a claymore and put a timer to it to detonate in two minutes. They wanted to leave as little evidence behind as possible. They climbed down the escape ladder in a hurry. The rungs wet with blood made for a slippery descent, but they reached the ground safely.

Shih-Chieh appeared. “You saved us Missandei, spotting that drone. With that aerial spy platform they could have outflanked us.”

Explosions started going off everywhere as all concerned destroyed what they could not bring with them in their hasty retreat from the coming authorities.

Two Cadillac Escalades sped past. A window rolled down, and they were flipped off.

Dany was flabbergasted. “You are going to let them escape?”

Shih-Chieh responded “They are letting us escape. This battle is over. We need to be gone before the Police arrive. They will be loaded for bear. We bloodied their nose and they will want revenge.” More explosions rocked the night, the bright flashes like sheet lightning in a summer sky. There for a moment and then gone for eternity. Evidence was being destroyed all around.

Dany saw that there was not as many men and women as before the fight. She was sure that their foes had gotten much the worse of the affair.

The Ghostmaker stopped them before they entered their vehicle. “I knew my faith in the three of you was well placed. You three are definitely the three headed dragon reborn. You were all great and fierce in battle. It is a different world from your first incarnation. You will not become Queens
of this world, but you are destined for greatness. I would be honored if you would ally with my organization. We can achieve great things.’”

They all stared at him. Arya bowed her head slightly. Dany and Andi were processing it all, the shock of battle still fresh in their minds.

They got into their Suburban and sped out of the docks.

Dany felt the adrenaline rush leaving her body exhausted. She looked at Andi, who appeared dazed. Arya was dabbing her cheek that had been cut.

_We have survived our first combat as the ‘Three Dragon Queens’, _she thought to herself. She felt so close to Andi and Arya now. They had been a great team.

Suddenly Arya was whooping. She came to Dany and Andi and pulled them both into a big hug pulling them tight to her body.

“My gods what a fucking team! We were awesome! Nothing can stop us!”

Dany looked at Andi relishing the close contact with Arya. They both felt it. With her guard down, Arya was showing her true self. They gave each other a knowing look.

They would one day soon be the three headed dragon again.
Rap-rap-rap-rap Rap-rap-rap Rap-rap-rap-rap

Davos’s fingertips rapped the desktop in front of him. He wondered for the millionth time exactly what he had done as his fingers continued to roll across the wood. He had totally fucked himself in doing it, but he had no choice really. He would could not let those innocent children die.

He snorted at that. Maybe not so innocent. The girl was tough as nails and hell on wheels all rolled up into one. And then some. He shook his head. Sister and brother - incestuous lovers. He knew that incest between siblings was more common than most people thought, but to have it happening under your own roof was a totally different thing. It did not bother him as much as it would have years ago. He’d seen enough horrors over the years to discount lesser debates.

He winced, feeling his hand paining him. He removed his prosthetic glove and looked over his missing fingertips. The special glove allowed him to use utensils and his precious guns almost normally after he’d learned to compensate, but he could never forget. He still felt the pain of them being chopped off. He still swore he could feel them caressing a woman’s face, or the rush of cold water over them. Phantom sensations. His body still missed what was no longer there.

“What happened?”

Startled, Davos looked up to find Myrcella. How could an untrained woman—no, a teenage girl, move so silently? She looked down at him with steady green eyes. Eyes that had seen as much, if not more than he had. He felt an intense sadness at that truth. She had told him why they had been on that street when he found them. How could parents be so cruel to their own children? How?

“I was captured.” He answered. “They were chopping my fingers off one knuckle at a time. They would have continued till I had no hands. They were going to take me apart before killing me.”

“How did you escape?”

“The dear souls that had me were evidently on someone else’s shit list.” He snorted. “I was sitting there and staring wide as my tormentors were shot dead in front of me.” He paused. “A man who called himself the Knight Templar saved me. His wife cut me free. They had killed everyone. I walked out a free man with a second chance. I have lived a quiet life since. Till five nights ago, at least.”

Davos looked up at the girl who was still staring down at him intently.

“Teach me how to defend my family.”

“Do you truly love Joffrey? You are free now.”

He saw rage fill her orbs and suddenly felt afraid. “I will gut you if you come between us,” she hissed in a menacing tone. “He belongs to me and me alone. I am his wife and he is my husband. He loves me with all his heart and I him.”
Davos knew it was true. The young man looked upon his sister with total worship. The sounds they made in his spare bedroom were exuberant. They were trying to be quiet, but their cries of passion and declarations of undying love were heartfelt and pure. Their shared horror would forever tie them together. That they had found a true love in their situation, and it was a blessing. Maybe it had been what saved them.

It was Myrcella that had the strength in their family. Where did she find it? How had she kept from losing it? She had become feral when required, but not filled with an insane hate and anger like most would have been. He had seen women become unhinged from the abuse they had endured. Myrcella was bubbling with rage at the world, but Davos had once felt that kind of anger himself. It was something different, and he had found help. He hoped the girl would reach out as well.

Myrcella had already found home schooling courses for them. She had hacked into the school system with some help from Davos. He had only sped up the progress, the girl was a natural on her own. She had signed her brothers up for general courses, and Joffrey up for additional literature and history college preparatory courses.

Joffrey had a smile on his face, reading his course material. Tommen was focused but quiet. Daavos saw the teenager looking at him out of the corner of his eye, subtly tracking Davos. A habit learned from a lifetime of trauma. He was waiting for Davos to show his true colors.

When Lancel woke up, he would be sit in Davos lap, playing with him and chattering away. Davos would pat the boy’s head and nod as the boy babbled about this and that. He had attached himself to Davos for some reason. He also listened to everything that Myrcella gently told him. He was already starting to call Myercella ‘momma’, and she was not correcting him.

Last night, for a second time in a row, Joffrey had woken up screaming. Davos had heard Myrcella comforting him. She cooed to him and told him that she was there for him, and that she would protect him. They had made heated love after that as Joffrey screamed as he cummed hard and then Myrcella screamed in orgasmic bliss. They definitely made the bed slam the wall.

“Joffrey needs a psychiatrist.” Davos said, looking up at Myrcella. He saw the anger flare in her eyes.

“I am all that Joffrey needs. I am his wife!” she barked at the man.

She had bullied and cajoled Davos to taking them to the outlet mall on the outskirts of the warrens after that. She bought her family some clothes, sneakers, and toiletries. She let ‘her’ boys buy what they wanted while she selected a few items for herself. She also bought hot panties and bras, putting them up to her slender body asking Joffrey what he liked. His eyes had devoured his sister and she had preened and pressed into his body.

Once they had new wardrobes, she took them to the home entertainment section of the department store. She was looking at the 80” TVs. Davos had stepped in and bought it. He had no use for one himself, really, but now he had others to consider.

Myrcella bought gaming consoles, and plenty of games. Tommen’s eyes had lit right up, and Lancel had squealed in excitement. She let them select any titles they wanted, up to ‘T’ rating. Tommen whined that he was an adult and wanted ‘M’, games but Myrcella merely cocked an eyebrow at her brother.

This woman was definitely the head of their house.

“I know you are all that Joffrey needs in his life and in his bed, Myrcella.” Davos approached the
subject again after the session of retail therapy. “But Joffrey - all of you, in fact - have been through hell, and you need to see a psychiatrist who will help you all to come to grips with your past. You impress the hell out of me woman, but everyone needs a bit of help along the way.”

She stared at him with steady eyes.

“I know you are only sixteen, but you have been hammered into Valyrian steel. You can handle anything - but you are still just a young girl. You need to put to bed the demons that run through the closed doors of your mind.”

“I am sufficient to any challenge. I am not weak!”

“Do I look weak to you, Myrcella?”

“No. Of course not. You are what I want to become.”

“I have been seeing a psychiatrist for over eight years now. I see her twice a week. I will continue to see her as long as she will take me. It is not a panacea. I still have ‘issues’,” Daavos said, making quote marks with his fingers. “But by being honest with her and listening to her insights, I have been able to put many of my demons to bed. I opened myself to her, and she has helped me immensely.”

He took advantage of her silence, and pressed on. “You are indeed strong, Myrcella. But if you and your family do not go to see her or some other psychiatrist you will have those demons unassuaged, running loose in your souls. You hear Joffrey’s screams. Don’t let your ego get in the way of healing.”

“So I am to use your psychiatrist? So she can tell you everything?”

Davos laughed gently. “I have enough torments of my own without adding yours to them.”

“Why are you helping us?” Myrcella asked. “I can see you getting caught up in the moment I guess, and saving us at the bus terminal. But you are continuing to help us. We are obviously moving in. You would have kicked us out days ago if you meant to get us out of your hair.”

Davos looked at her with steady eyes.

“Again I ask: why?”

Davos rapped his truncated fingers on the tabletop again. He stared up at the teenager whose eyes did not once wavered.

“Will you go to the psychiatrist?”

The woman looked at him for a long time. Finally: “Yes.”

“You will get your family to go as well?”

Now he saw a reaction. She liked Davos referring to them as ‘her’ family.

“That will not be a problem,” she conceded. “I want Lancel going too. He saw everything and knew his time was coming. That was the reason I had to act when I did.”

“Agreed.”

“You still have not answered my question. Why are you continuing to help us?”
“I will give you my honest answer. I don’t truly know.”

Myrcella stared at him, unblinking. She was still waiting for something more.

“I truly can’t tell you, Myrcella. You are right that I acted on the spur of the moment at the bus terminal. I saw what was happening, and knew what was going to go down. I have looked the other way in the past. I followed orders and told myself that I did not need to get involved.” He paused. “I could not do it again. You were four innocents that were going to die. I decided that I would not let that happen.” He snorted. “Though if it had not been for you and Joffrey killing those last two men I would have failed regardless. I am still only one man.”

Davos raised an eyebrow. “I think what you are truly asking is why I am keeping you here. Well, I have a question for you.”

“Why am I staying here? Why have I not taken my family and moved on?” Myrcella supplied, clearly knowing where the conversation was heading.

“Yes.”

“You saved us. We would be dead if not for you. I could see immediately when we arrived here by reading your body language and facial expressions that you would not put us out. I saw something in you that I never saw in my parents - I saw compassion. I saw the ability to love. I finally saw something right in his dark, cruel world.”

Davos felt his jaw start to drop. How had she known?

“I see it in your face still now. I feel safe here. I know my family is safe. This loft is more than big enough for us all, and to still have room to spare. You hear Joffrey and me making love, and do not say anything. You accept, or at least tolerate our incestuous relationship.”

“I couldn’t give a rat’s ass about you and your brother fucking each other. If it works for you, then I am happy for you. I let my career ruin my relationship with my wife and I regret it every day. Love is a precious thing. If you and Joffrey find happiness in each other’s arms, and in the same bed, then I cannot gainsay it.”

He paused for a long moment. “I truthfully can’t tell you why I am letting you and your family move in. Maybe I am just lonely. You and your family have brought life back into this dour domicile.”

Joffrey came walking down and into the room at that. He wore pajama bottoms and a wifebeater undershirt. Davos snorted to himself. Joffrey was so very slight of build. He was definitely not a Marlboro Man. Davos watched Myrcella’s eyes light up with passion upon seeing him. She pulled Joffrey to her as he rubbed the sleep out his eyes. She gave him kisses all over his face as he smiled.

He stumbled to the kitchen to fix a bowl of corn flakes. Myrcella squeezed his ass as he slipped away. “Mycreeelllaaaaaaaa!” he whined and jumped, but all with a big shit-eating grin on his face. Davos believed it was called ‘cheesing’.

Lancel came running down the hall next. He looked around fearfully until he saw Myrcella. He relaxed upon seeing his ‘mommy’. His pillar was in sight, and all was right in the world. Then Daavos saw the little boy’s face light upon seeing him. He ran over to him. Davos scooted his chair around in time for Lancel to jump on his lap. The boy hugged him tight.

Davos felt his heart beat pick up. He patted the boy awkwardly on the back. Life has returned to this house indeed.
“Hey Lancel! Want some Cocopuffs?” Joffrey called out to his brother.

The boy’s eyes went large at that. He hugged Davos, then scooted off him and ran to the kitchen.

The boy felt safe and loved, possibly for the first time in his life. Davos had to take several deep breaths to keep his eyes from watering.

“You start your training tomorrow, Myrcella.”

Val opened the door for her sister Dalla. They had holed up in the warrens of Oldtown to rest after their near death experience on the moors outside of the city, where they had seen the impossible.

Direwolves were shy creatures by nature, despite the legends. They were impressive and savage, but still they avoided man. The Free Folk did not hunt them, and in fact worked to preserve and help them to thrive, but the beasts did not forget their past persecution. To see a pack that could not exist step in and save them south of the Wall was like a dream. Why exactly had the Direwolves saved them?

Dalla pressed into her and gripped her hand with interlocked fingers. She smiled at her wife. The Wildlings had always accepted same-sex relationships. They had quickly discovered that the right to marry your own sex was a fairly new thing in Westeros south of the Wall. It had been allowed in Dorne, but the rest of the continent had only recently caught up to the desert region.

“When are we going to move on, Val?” Dalla asked. “I want to get back on the road to Dorne. We had our sights set on Salt Shore. The women down there are hot! The guys are not so bad either.” Dalla waggled her eyebrows at her sister-wife.

Val chuckled. They loved only each other, but enjoyed sharing lovers in their bed. Especially women. They loved seducing lesbian virgins and rocking their world and addicting them to pussy. Of course bringing experienced lesbians and bisexual women to their bed was awesome too. When they wanted to sport fuck they would pick up some handsome, well-hung man or teenage boy to their bed.

Two nights ago they had brought a cheerleader from the Summer Islands into their bed. They had loved busting her cherry and making her a woman. She would be addicted to pussy for the rest of her life. She was going to be coming back later tonight with her parents going off on a weekend getaway. Their daughter would be getting away with them!

“I know Dalla. We’ll hit the road soon.”

“But it has been two and half weeks. We got our trike repaired, and we have a ton of money from those biker thugs.” They were loaded with cash and drugs that Dalla and Val had sold for a fortune. “We should be moving on.”

“Are you saying you don’t want to spend the next three days and four nights fucking Xorata Dosa and the three cheerleaders form her high school? Two lesbian virgins, and the other a complete virgin. You want to pass busting her cherry? I got Xorata’s cherry. It is your turn.”

Val smiled. Dalla’s eyes had glazed over. She loved busting virgins. They both loved leading young girls and repressed women into the delights of Sapphic lovemaking. They loved addicting newbies to pussy for life!

Val liked it in Oldtown. She loved the rustic warrens with the compact buildings and the old world
flavor. It all called to Val for some reason. Salt Shore was still provincial with lots of open spaces and many resorts that beautiful women and men flocked to get away from the winters of Westeros.

That had been their goal. Val was not so sure if she still wanted to go. But, if Dalla insisted, they would move on. She loved Dalla with all of her heart, and would deny her nothing.

They had found a nice flat in Oldtown. They had plenty of money, but they were not wasting it. Neither woman drank or did drugs - their Wildling upbringing had instilled in them a healthy lifestyle. They could not see polluting a body with chemicals that altered their body’s chemistry and perceptions. They would rely on their bodies to provide enjoyment. Like feeling your cunt explode with a hot mouth sucking it off or a thick long strap-on pounding it to nirvana. Having one’s booty hole slammed fucked with a hard male cock or strap-on dick or a woman’s fist slamming up your ass was all a woman needed to reach heaven on earth.

Val and Dalla continued down the winding street, window shopping. They stopped in front of a boutique and looked in at the latest fashion. Val liked the cut of the dress, perfect for exposing sweet thigh. She could see Dalla in that dress. She gazed at her sister. They definitely were identical twins. She loved her deep blue eyes.

She chuckled at that. It drove women and men wild every time, seeing mirror images sucking each other off. Especially when they did sixty-nine. The only real difference between them was that Dalla kept her hair long. Her blond tresses were silky and radiant in the sunlight. Val kept her own hair much shorter, with bangs and her hair to the bottom of her ears, patted around and half way down the nape of her neck.

Her hair was still long enough for Dalla to run her fingers into it and fist it up so she could snap Val’s head when she was strap-on fucking her doggy. Val loved for Dalla to fuck her hard in bed. Outside of the bedroom she was the dominate one but once in the bed it was Dalla that took charge. She loved it. She loved being her sweet love’s bitch.

She and Dalla wrapped their arms around each other’s waists. They looked in the bins of vegetables and piled stands of fruit. They both loved to cook, and prepared their meals together. Val was eyeing the spices and Dalla was feeling the tomatoes and peppers. It was still early in the day. They had fucked deep into the night and had not gotten up and out till around eleven o’clock.

Their produce acquired, they headed to the bistro down the road to get some lattes. Those did not exist beyond the Wall, and had made their self-imposed exile entirely worthwhile.

The two incestuous sisters hooked arms and kissed on the lips sweetly. To be free and in love made life perfect. They just had to be careful with the laws against incest. Their different haircuts helped them there. That, and being so tall and strong that most people would not make eye contact with them. In the far north people did not care about silly things, about who people slept with once they reached the age of majority. The rest of the world was more conservative.

“WHOOF!” the air suddenly left Val’s lungs. She heard her sister gasping loudly. They both rounded back. Dalla was stumbling, and Val fell back onto her ass. She looked up. Who put up a brick wall in the middle of the fucking sidewalk?

When Val saw what exactly they had hit, her eyes flared wide open. She thought they must have hit a crate or something. Instead, she saw a tall black Summer Islander. While she was tall she was only about 5’10”, she was voluptuous like themselves. Her arms and legs in her mid-thigh length dress were not muscular like hers or Dalla’s, instead more stout. She looked like a beautiful porn actress with a body made to fuck.
Val got back up slowly. The black woman stared at them with her midnight eyes. She seemed to have a strange tick. Her head twitched, her eyes darting here and there to look around her environment before jerking back quickly to assess the two sisters. She stood rock, still like a dark mountain.

Val should have discounted this woman as a non-threat judging by her appearance, but her hackles were up. She glanced over at Dalla, who was on the balls of her feet too. She had felt it as well. They were in extreme danger from this strange black woman. The Summer Islander had stopped her head motions and stared at them with an intensity that was beginning to unnerve Val.

This woman was deadly.

“You nearly made me spill my bag of ingredients for Shireen’s lunch. That is totally unacceptable. I will not be delayed in making Shireen her lunch. That is imperative.”

Val glanced in confusion at Dalla. What? Val had been so focused on the woman’s lethality she had missed the small bag she held in her left hand.

“You need to be more careful.” The woman tilted her head.

“Okay. We will. Sorry. Have a nice day and make a nice meal for your Shireen.” She said politely. Val moved in beside Dalla, and they stepped to the side and prepared to walk past his strange woman.

So quickly that Val had barely seen it, the black woman stepped back in front of them. Val felt her hackles rise up higher. The black woman set her cloth bag down on the sidewalk. She seemed relaxed, but Val and Dalla saw through the sham. This woman was on the cusp of violence.

What had they done to set her off?

“Your dialect is not in my database.”

What?

“You are a potential threat. You are not from here. Are you here to attack me? Threaten Shireen?” Val saw a snarl cross the beautiful woman’s face.

“Hey bitch! Just leave us alone. We don’t know you and don’t want to. Bye!” Val barked at the fucking cunt. To hell with her. What exactly was her problem?

The two started to move around the weirdo.

Like lightning the woman’s arms shot out. Val and Dalla both cried out in pain. They looked down at their pale arms that now each had a black hand wrapped around their forearms near their elbows. The hands felt like iron manacles that were crushed into their arms. The pain was intense.

Val made a fist and prepared to punch the lunatic.

“ARRRRUUUNNGGGGGGG!” she screamed in agony instead, dropping to her knees. The bones in her arm felt like they were being crushed to powder. In her pain-clouded vision she saw Dalla being jerked around like a ragdoll, her long hair whipping around as if in a windstorm. Then Dalla was slammed down to her knees as well with no discernable effort by the black woman.

What the fuck is this woman?!
“I ask again. Where are you from? I perceive you as a threat. I will terminate you if necessary.” The woman should have been emotional with all this expended effort, but she spoke calmly in a flat, expressionless voice. Her intense black eyes seemed to flash blue for a split second.

*What the fuck?!!*

“Candice! Candice! … What is wrong?!?” A young, slender white teenager came running up to the black woman, placing her hand on her shoulder.

“These women’s linguistic audio signatures are not in my database. They are not from Westeros, Essos or the Islands of the South. They may be a threat.”

“Did they threaten you?”

“No.”

“Then let them go, baby!”

“They may be here to harm you. That will not be tolerated.”

“Baby! Let them go.” The woman did not release them. “For me, Candice.”

Val gasped when the woman finally released her arm.

“You have not told me where you are from. Why?” The black woman asked them again.

Val went to Dalla and helped her up. She glared at their assailant. “We were just walking down the street and we accidently ran into you, and the next thing I know we are being assaulted!”

“Where are you from?” the black woman repeated her question.

Val glared at them. She did not have to answer.

“Candice, let them be. They are no threat.”

“No Shireen. They may be a threat to you. I will not tolerate that.”

“Baby, *please*!”

“No Shireen. When it comes to your safety I will broker no mercy. Where are you from?”

Val sensed this could all go very bad. Quickly.

“We are from Winterfell.”

“Lie.” The black woman’s eyes flashed blue again. Her body tensed.

“We are from beyond the Wall.” Dalla broke in. “We went into exile. We are from the forbidden zone.”

The small white girl with the large birthmark looked at them with glittering eyes.

The black woman stared at them. She reached out and pulled the white girl to her side. Candice, as she had been called, finally relaxed. Val had suspected, but now knew they were lovers. It still did not explain what this black woman with the body of a brick wall and flashing blue eyes was - but she was thankful that she had at least calmed down.
Candice’s head was again doing its strange little jerks, looking elsewhere momentarily before glancing back at them, and then at her Shireen.

She pulled the small white girl to her side more firmly. She picked up her bag of produce. “You will be staying in Oldtown. I will be getting in touch with you. Do not make me look for you. You will not like it.”

“Candice! What has gotten into you?”

The black woman’s head snapped down and looked up and down her own body.

“I do not see anything penetrating my body. My nanobots do not report a foreign entity in my body.”

“Oh baby … I love you so.”

Candice’s eyes went glassy. “I feel most disjointed. I think my world has spilled. I feel like I am in an inferno in the eye of a cyclone when you say things like that.”

The white girl giggled.

Who is this woman?!

“Do I set your panties on fire, baby?” the white girl asked coyly.

The black woman’s head snapped down again as she stared at her groin area, covered by her tight-fitting dress “I am not combusting Shireen. My clothing is at normal heat levels. Also, I am going commando the way you like.”

The white girl giggled again and they walked off hand in hand. The black woman stared at their linked hands every step they took, head unmoving.

Most strange, Val thought. That black woman was weird!

Dalla looked over at her.

“I guess we will be staying in Oldtown for a while.”

Val had to agree.
AN #1: I have seen the spoilers for season 7 of HBO. Again I want to say i stopped watching HBO at the end of season two. I do talk to people in the office and look around the Internet. I feel they have butchered the books. And they (HBO and GRRM) have said their vision and his have diverged more and more. I have mainly used the actors as templates for my characters and paintings i like. I do poach things I like though. When I first heard Melisandre was a hag without her gem i lost my mind. Then it was like what a great idea!! So I base most of my back history on the books and not the TV show.

That Which Survives

Markas Sentel sat at the head of the table in conference room number four of the Interpol office complex for King’s Landing. He sighed, watching the live show that almost always broke out during their bi-weekly meetings.

He supposed he should probably put a stop to the bickering and backbiting, but it was just so much fun to watch. In one corner you had the lions - that was easy with Cersei’s ancestral crest being the Lion of Lannister. He likened the other corner to the Hyenas. He did not mean that as an insult. Not really. Well, maybe a little. But the metaphor just fit.

The Hyena clan had grown lately. Several more agents had sided with them over the Ramsey Bolton case. Cersei’s insights and Oberyn’s steadfast support had their dander up. At the opposite end of the table sat Brunn Lothston, Elden Hightower, and Aalya Hornwood, the clan progenitors, with two of the newest additional members: Narmen Hoper and Mearow Dondarrion.

It brought the metaphor to life. Markas had read in National Geographic that when lions and hyenas fought, it all came down to mass. Basic math would dictate the victor. You took the weight of the lions and the weight of hyenas in any particular fight, and the one with the most mass won out. That was the reason hyenas forgot clan allegiances and ganged up against the lions. They needed that additional mass to win.

That did not seem to help with this clan of hyenas, however. Cersei and Oberyn’s teeth were just too sharp.

“I hear you named your daughter Nevaeh—heaven spelled backwards—Mearow.” Oberyn started on one of his tormentors.

She narrowed her eyes “Yessss?” as if she knew it was coming.

“Why don’t you use the name you mother gave you? You know, a biblical name spelled backwards … NoMed.”
She paused a moment, thinking hard and trying to science it out. Markas was drawing a blank along with her.

Oberyn smiled. “You know—Demon.”

Loud groans filled the room. Mearow scowled.

Markas knew he should shut this down and keep it professional, but these sessions did not seem to affect his agents in the field or even in the office. It let off steam and reduced rancor. In a perverse way, it actually served to bond the two teams.

Aalya was stewing as per usual. She had wanted Cersei for years, and her constant rejection had her in a foul mode. Everyone could see that Cersei and Oberyn were falling for each other, and it was like a thorn in Aalya’s paw.

“Cersei, you know all about Oberyn’s reputation down in Dorne. He and Ellaria would fuck anything if it had two legs.”

“What the fuck does that have to do with anything Aalya? That was before me.”

“Just saying. With Oberyn, you have to worry about both sexes.”

“Aalya. How many times do I have to tell you that I don’t hunt beaver? I require a cock.”

“You won’t be saying that after I bone you with my strap-on. I never get soft.”

“Like your husband?”

“Stop bringing him up! This is between us.”

Cersei waved her hand dismissively. “If I wanted anyone in this sorry lot it would be Oberyn. But I don’t.”

Markas saw Oberyn grimace. Maybe they weren’t getting closer after all.

“Oberyn, is there anything you won’t pork?”

“Oh excuse me Mearow—to go boldly where every man has gone before.”

The meeting went on. They went over a stack of older cases, as they always did on Thursdays. They had bickered and argued over the case of Ramsey Bolton. The higher ups were still jonesing over the case even though it was months old.

The hitman had done the deed and disappeared. They had taken Daenerys Targaryen and he strongly assumed one Missandei Naathi as well. Why would a hitman do that? It broke all the rules. The dead agent in King Aegon airport told them that the suspects had fled, but to where?

Had they fled to Essos, as most thought, or, had they stayed in Westeros? No one could say for sure. They had just disappeared. It was not really surprising, all facts considered. The assassin was clearly an experienced field operative. They had a whole world to disappear in.

As the meeting was winding down, the barbs were ratcheting up.

“Cersei, your mother is so dumb when she hears it's chilly outside she gets a bowl.”

“Oh yeah, your mama so fat, when she twerks, she becomes a wrecking ball.”
“Fuck you, yo mama so fat she went to KFC to get a bucket of chicken they asked her what size and she said the one on the roof.”

“Hey Oberyn, your mother’s legs are like Jif, easy to spread.”

“Well, yo mama so ugly, even Hello Kitty said goodbye, Elden.”

Markas looked up at the time and sighed. It was time to cancel Comedy Central. He called an end to the meeting, asking Oberyn and Cersei to stay afterward. He suspected, no, he knew that they knew more than they were telling. He had hoped they would come to him with their thoughts and theories. Why they had not, he could not understand. He had their back. Totally.

He got up and closed the door.

When he turned, he saw Cersei reaching over to grip Oberyn’s arm. “Oberyn, I could not say anything in front of the jackals but you are my Han Solo, okay? I don’t have any use for assholes but I just love scoundrels. Just give me a little more time. Can I ask that?”

The man looked like he might swoon for crying out loud. He was so pussy whipped. Of course it looked like Cersei was cockwhipped in return. He smiled evilly at the mental image. They would be so good for each other. Moonlighting came to his mind. With their constant snipping they were the living, breathing Addison and Maddie.

“All the time you need, Cersei. Within reason of course,” he finished cheekily.

Cersei gave him a radiant smile.

Markas let their love lights beam for just a few seconds longer.

“Do you have any further ideas about the Ramsay Bolton case?” Markas asked finally. “I know we have not had any new leads. They seemed just to have disappeared off the face of the map. I am not surprised, really. We all agree that the person who shot Ramsey was a pro. A pro of the highest cadre.

“The high ups are simmering. Something has them agitated. They have been hammering me the last few day. Something has them stirred up again. There is something we are missing.”

His two agents looked at him politely, but their faces did not give anything. Markas trusted his instincts. They knew something.

“Do you have any idea which way they fled? Did they stay in Westeros or escape to Essos?”

“We have debated that, like the rest of the office.” Cersei said. Markas noticed that Oberyn was more than happy to let Cersei speak for them. Just as he was content to let the woman lead their cases. Cersei was all alpha. He just wished his other agents were half as good as these two.

“The logical thing to do would be to flee to Essos. Put some distance behind them. We are sure the hitman can read and probably speak Ghisicra and Valyrian. She should be able to blend in. Even if that’s not the case, it is pretty much established that the hitman fled with Daenerys Targaryen and Missandei Naathi, and they speak fluent Ghisicra and High Valyrian.”

The two kept their faces and body language neutral. Damn them!

“That is logic. What do your guts tell you?”
Oberyn looked at Cersei and then spoke up. “I had leaned towards Essos to begin with but … I don’t know … this agent, and we both feel it was a female operative, though we can’t prove it—is crafty. I have come to think she stayed in Westeros. Someplace she knew. Somewhere we don’t know. She might be here in King’s Landing, right under our noses.”

“Damn, I wish I knew who the woman was. That would really help.” He threw that out to see if they would rise to the lure. Would they open up to him? He saw them look at each other, remaining silent.

He waited for another minute.

“I guess this meeting is over.” He started to gather his papers and tablet.

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Cersei looked at Oberyn, and saw him urging her to open up to Markas. The man had taken them in when they had been cast off by all others, after all. Cersei was not sure about the man, but she trusted Oberyn’s judgment about people.

They had come to a dead end, too. Arya Stark had gone to ground, and they had no idea where. She had the whole world to hide in.

Cersei cleared her throat. Markas looked up at her, expectant and hopeful. She wrote on a post-it note and placed it quietly on the desk in front of Markas.

He nodded. And left the room.

Two hours later they were in the public square in the center of the office park the Interpol office was located. The three of them were sitting on the ledge of a large fountain that was noisily shooting water high into the air. They had bought hotdogs and cokes from a vendor in his van.

“How much do you know about ancient Westeros? During the age of magic. When dragons flew in the skies, and Direwolves prowled the lands.”

Markas took a deep breath. “I don’t know. I see the cartoons on Saturday morning, but it’s all kiddie. I started to read the books by a George R.R. Martin a while ago too, but he stopped writing them. So beyond that, not much. I am not really into fantasy literature.”

Cersei smiled at him. “My mother is an aficionado of those times. Let me tell you about the last great age - the age of the three-headed dragon. An age my mother was terribly interested in.”

She then told Markas the story of the three-headed dragon, and how she came to Westeros and quickly conquered it with the help of her two queens. She told him of the doppelgangers of her own ancestors in that time. She explained how her mother named her own three children the same name as the children in that far ago time. How she and Jamie were twins, and her younger brother was a dwarf just as he was then.

He sat and absorbed it all.

“Do you believe you are this disposed Queen executed by the three-headed dragon?”

“No Markas. Not exactly. But you cannot dispel the similarities. Although I am no queen, and our Daenerys is definitely no Queen either this time around.”

“I would say not. Who were her two Queens? I noticed you did not name them for some reason.”
“I did that for effect, Markas.” She paused a moment. “One wife was a black woman from Naath. Her name was Missandei.”

“Holy shit!”

“Have you heard of Arya Stark?”

“Yes. She went rogue from the FBI. I remember reading a status report. It was messy, their parting.”

“Well, that was her other wife. And funny how it was none other than Arya Stark that saved our Daenerys Targaryen here in this age.”

He sat up. “You have proof of this?”

“No and yes. I told you of my brother. It seems he has fallen into the clutches of Illyrio Mopatis and one Varys.”

“Holy shit! This tale just gets more and more interesting. How did that happen?”

Markas whistled at times as Cersei told her supervisor what her brother had told her through their regular emails. The dwarf was still going to Internet cafés to communicate with his sister with his nondescript email account.

He already knew Illyrio was the main force behind the crime families in the Free Cities along the East Coast of Essos all the way down to Lys. Varys was the main titular head of the families in Westeros; the Cabal of the Phantom King. The crime lords had told Tyrion of the Terminator threat.

“Holy Shit! So these robots are supposed to team up with magic and bring man down. That is a pretty fantastical tale there, Cersei.”

“I know Markas. Why do you think Oberyn and I hesitated to tell you? Just saying this out loud could destroy my career, along with Oberyn’s.”

Markas looked hard at her. “You have my word this is only between us. For now. I can tell that the higher ups are pushing for a break on this case, hard. Now I know why.”

“So, if I am right, we know the players. We just have no idea where to look.”

Markas was thoughtful. “I now know why everyone wants to find these women. They are hoping to control them, and thus control the return of magic. They want to use them to control the world.”

“What?” Cersei asked. “How do you know that?”

“That is not putting a good light on our government,” Oberyn added.

“Listen Cersei—Oberyn. Grunts like us just want to do our part to make the world a better place. The higher ups have their diamonds, but they are buried in mountains of shit. I used to report to the Military Chief of Staffs before I separated from the armed forced. Those motherfuckers were political and conniving. Their political puppet masters made them look like temple choir boys.

“I can tell everyone is afraid. The prophecies Tyrion found explains that fear. But I have been picking up an undercurrent of something else as well. I have three factions of our government telling me to report to them without the other braches knowing. They are angling to capture these Queens and Terminators and they will try to use them to their advantage.
“I have heard, unofficially of course, that the attack on SAC was perpetrated by one lone woman. The official word I know is full of shit. That was one of the terminators. She wiped out a whole security apparatus. If your brother is right, and they can interface with the world’s computer systems, they can bring our world crashing down at any time.”

Markas looked out across the plaza. “That kind of power would allow one to be a King or Queen of the world, if it could be harnessed.” He glanced over at Cersei. “I know someone who may be able to provide an insight as to where your charges have gone. I don’t know. He was always into the mystical and magical when I knew him twenty years ago.”

“Will he help you now?”

“He owes me a favor. I helped him over twenty years ago. He has always told me I could collect at any time.” He looked at the two agents. “This stays between us.”

They agreed, and made small chat for ten minutes as they finished their hotdogs. Then Markas got up and left to return to the office.

“Do you think he can be trusted Oberyn? That he can help us?” Cersei asked once Markas was gone.

“We have cast our lots now, Cersei. Let’s wait and see. It seems Markas has cast his lot now too.”

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Markas looked at a copy of the lead paper in all of Westeros, King’s Landing Times. It was by far the most prestigious newspaper on the continent, if not the whole world. He had called in an ad after he returned to his office the day before, after his meeting with Cersei and Oberyn.

Their tale had been fantastical, the story full of impossible coincidences. Allusions to magic that could not exist. To killer cyborgs that had the ability at any moment to launch all the nuclear missiles in all the world. Reincarnations of persons dead for over eight thousand years.

Yet, he believed it all. He trusted his gut feeling. The upper echelons of power were all quietly, desperately desiring any information about this Daenerys Targaryen. He had made a few phone calls to old contacts in Syops. He told them he needed all the information on the former escort. That he needed help on his case. He had not expected any help, really. He had just called them to gauge their reactions.

Intelligence types as a rule could not lie worth a shit. He had sensed their unease as they told him they had never heard of her, and he was totally off base. One had said she was just some prostitute. He had heard the disquiet in their voices.

Something was up.

So now he was calling in a twenty year olf favor he had never used. He had never had the need before now. He hoped his request would be honored - the man had always been interested in the mystical. He would disappear for months, and then just reappear out of the mists of time it seemed.

He never could understand why his superior officers had tolerated his erratic behavior at first. Then he learned that when the impossible needed to be accomplished you, called him in. He was a legend with the rifle. His skill with the sword breathless. Markas had seen him cut four men down in less than five seconds on a mission to Kosrak after his intelligence unit had been betrayed and ambushed.

But Barristan Selmy would have died too. Barristan had jumped into that jungle encampment, a blur
of whirring death. He was called the Earthguard by the group he led. The five men and two women laid waste to two whole companies of the insurgents on their own. They had suffered two losses. Barristan would have been added to the tally if Markas had not shot the woman about to riddle his body with hot lead.

After that, he had been given the right to ask a favor. He looked at the ad he had placed in the personals of the paper.

_A hall to die in, and men to bury me. I thank you, my lords...but I spit on your pity...I am a knight...I shall die a knight._

What a strange quote to use, Markas thought as he read it again. It was 8:30 a.m. He wondered if he would hear from the strange man, or if he was even still alive. He had to be in his early fifties now.

His personal cell phone rang, and he answered it.

“_It has taken you almost twenty-one years to call in your marker, Markas._” He heard humor in the man’s voice. “_Must be something important._”

Markas felt his breath catch. _Damn that was fast!_ “Call me back at the number I am going to give you in ten minutes.” He gave Barristan the phone number of the cheap burner phone had bought at Walgreens that morning.

Ten minutes later he was beside the park fountain. His phone rung.

He answered it. He quickly told the old Sysops fighter everything he had heard form Cersei and Oberyn, and the information that her brother Tyrion had supplied.

“So you believe them? Isn’t it all _fantastical_?”

Markas grimaced at the words he had spoken Barristan at that camp when he asked Markas to join them. The Earthguard always numbered seven. He would be a perfect fit. He was already a military marksman, and he could be taught the sword. They needed a good intel man. He had refused. He was not meant to be part of a force who ran around world making sure the mundane and magical balances were maintained. What the hell did that even mean, anyway?

“I do, Barristan. Too many strange events are coming together for this to be a coincidence. I can feel it from my superiors. They want to grab ahold of whatever is happening and use it to control the world. I can’t let that happen.”

“Okay. I will take the next step. By the way, Markas-”

“-yes?”

“Watch your back. You will know when to leave. Go to the Post Office at the corner of Market Street and Saratoga Street. Go to the counter and tell them that you are Arthur Dayne, and ask for the key to Box 1111. You will be asked where it is you wish to go. You will tell them you wish to travel to the ‘Tower of Joy’. They will give you the key to the box. It will have what you need. Trust your instincts. Trust me when the time comes.”

The phone went dead. What had he gotten himself into?

//////////

Cersei and Oberyn were in an intense make out session on his sofa. They had gone out on a date to
see Carmen. Cersei had thought she would hate the Opera, but had found it very enjoyable. The subtitles on the marquees had allowed her to understand what the hell they were singing. The singers had turned out to be damn good actors, and the singing was indeed heavenly.

She had driven to Oberyn’s to pick him up earlier that evening. There was no way in hell they were going to the Opera in his shit box of a Neon. How that man could drive that rattling deathtrap she would never know. Not to mention all the unmentionables he had thrown into the back.

Cersei did not have a death wish.

Oberyn had been shocked (though he had hid it well) when Cersei invited herself into his apartment. They had talked for all of two minutes before they were all over each other. Cersei was not sure she was ready for sex yet, but she was definitely ready for heavy snogging and having her tits mauled through her thin sweater. She was going braless and had smiled seeing Oberyn eye her tits all night.

Oberyn massaged her breasts as they kissed, first outside her sweater and then underneath. His hands rolling her tits and pulling on her nipples.

She was gasping, knowing where this was heading - and she wanted it!

**Knock Knock Knock Knock Knock**

“I need to answer that, Cersei.”

“No you don’t! They will go away.” She kissed Oberyn fiercely.

**Knock Knock Knock Knock Knock**

Oberyn broke the kiss. “I really should answer that, Cersei.”

He got up and pulled out his Sig Saur P226. He put the gun behind his back. Cersei thought about it, then pulled her gun from her shoulder holster. She pulled the slide back on her Glock 40mm pistol.

Oberyn opened the door till the door chain clicked.

“Yes?”

“Markas sent me. I am Barristan Selmy, the Knight Templar. I am here to help you find the three-headed dragon. Let me in please, Oberyn the Red Viper of Dorne and Cersei Lannister the Lioness of House Lannister.”

Cersei stared at Oberyn whose eyes were big as saucers. She knew her eyes were equally wide in disbelief. It had only been a day and a half!

The two Interpol agents kept their pistols out and pointed them down to the floor, fingers on the triggers. They opened the door and let Barristan in.

There stood a lion of a man in Cersei’s estimation. Barristan was tall and had blue eyes. He appeared to be in his early fifties, but was solid and still very muscular like Sean Connery at that age (gods what a man!). His hair was snow white, his face lined and craggy from being out in the sun. He was drop dead gorgeous, with age only enhancing his features.

Barristan walked in, observing the guns. “Those won’t be necessary.” He went to Oberyn’s sofa and sat down, placing his hands on his knees palms up and fingers spread. He was showing himself
to be of no threat.

“Markas told me of the incident in King’s Landing. I had heard that Ramsay Bolton had finally met his well-deserved end, but had not focused on it. It just seemed like a scumbag being taken out. Markas told me what you told him. All the associations you have made. He is still trying to fully come to grips with what you told him.”

He looked up at Cersei. “You are indeed as beautiful as the Cersei of old. Not a bitch either, I am thankful to see.”

“What? You talk as if you were there.”

“No. There are seven Earthguards. When one is killed in service to the Earth, he is replaced. Six years ago your brother joined our force. He has a Shadowbinder wife.”

Cersei gasped. Oberyn went to her and hugged her.

“What is it, Cersei?”

“They are very, very powerful witches Oberyn. I had thought them only legends. Tales added to enhance the stories of old.”

“Oh no, Cersei. They are very much very real. Melisandre is the greatest of them. She saved your brother the night Rahaenar Agdaerys attempted to kill you two. They soon became lovers and married.

“Melisandre has looked into the flames with myself and my wife at her side. She has never had the best of visions I fear. My wife, Marleya Blackmyre, has the gift of sight though she is only a warrior like myself. Together they have seen much of the past, and what is to be or perhaps to be.”

Barristan raised his brow. “She has seen the rising again of the three-headed dragon. We had seen the three would be reborn. We had thought it was still some time off in the future. As I say, the flames are hard to interpret. They will often tell you maybe the who, but forget the why, where, when and how. Your insights along with Tyrion’s have saved us much time and effort. You may have even saved mankind for all I know.

“You seek to know where they may have gone. I think I know.”

“Where?!” both Oberyn and Cersei asked at the same time.

“I have an old friend, Chen Shih-Chieh. You may have heard of him. He is called the Ghostmaker.”

The two Interpol agents gasped.

“He has been a big proponent in the belief that that the three headed dragon was returning soon. I was not so sure. Lately, he has been strangely quiet. I think I now know why. He always played it close to the vest. He has always seen himself as their guide. I think he has been training the Valyrian and Naathi women. Arya obviously needs no training.

“Can he be trusted?” Oberyn asked slightly incredulously. “He’s a crime lord, for gods sake!”

“Shih-Chieh has forgotten more honor than our political leaders have never even dreamed of having to begin with. He merely follows a code you do not. He keeps the forces of chaos in balance.”
Cersei had to ask the question that needed answering.

“Where are they?”

“My sources say that last night a huge firefight occurred on the abandoned Tradepost Wharfs. I have heard the mayhem was great, and loss of life for some vile drug runners was most grievous. It has the fingerprints of Shih-Chieh all over it. My sources also report something else. He had three new warriors working for him. One had snow white hair, one was a Naathi, and the other was a missing Direwolf. I hear they are most ferocious in combat. They killed many of their enemies”

Cersei knew this Barristan was leading them on. Drawing it out to ratchet up the suspense.

“Where, Barristan?” Cersei asked intently.

“Yeah, spill it damnit!” Oberyn barked.

Barristan spoke one word. “Oldtown.”
Daenerys was coming back from the drug store that was at the corner of the alley at the top of the stairs. It was a small mom and pop store that had a pharmacist in the back. This was to provide the service but also draw customers in to make other purchases.

Andi had come out of the shower after they had been working on the latest government intercepts they had been working on. Dany had actually been spending most of her time drooling all over herself seeing Andi’s boobs spilling out her top. Her nearly D cup braless breast were so heavenly swirling with Andi’s subtle movements. Her button down shirt half unbuttoned and exposing most of her breast but her nipples that had Dany’s pussy wet and aching.

She felt Andi eyeing her own charms in her tight cutoffs and tube top that barely covered her almost C cup breast. Her flat stomach on full display and her long legs.

Arya’s words were ringing still in her ear. “Take her Dany.” She wanted Andi so bad. Her brown skin called to her to lick and kiss. Dany was gay. She accepted it now. She now knew the truth. She had been sleeping with boys and men since early in middle school. She had ever been searching for the ‘brass ring’ and never finding it. It had always been purely physical. She had never been able to connect with those men and boys emotionally or spiritually. Ever.

Now with thoughts and desire for Andi, her body and her soul ached for the woman. A woman. That had been the master key the whole time and never knew it. Now the key had been turned and her world had changed. For the better. She now felt limitless possibilities. They were almost within her grasp.

Andi had told her that she was not attracted Dany but that was lie. It had to be. The way she caught her best friend staring at her proved that. She just had to get her nerves under control. She would be ready to make a move and then her insecurities would come flooding out and she would once again back off.

*It was really unsettling and pissing herself off!*

She had gotten her bestie some Skittles that she dearly loved from the drug store. She loved making Andi happy. She wanted to always make Andi happy. Always. She wanted the same thing with Arya but she felt so remote. Andi was already in her heart so deep. She had been there for almost two years now and she ached to take it to the next level.
She wanted to take Andi into her bed and bust her cherry and make Andi her lover. She wanted Andi totally. She wanted to make love to Andi like a slut and see that same slut in Andi. When Dany had first realized this desire she had been shocked at herself. She had always been the object of desire of the men she bedded and fucked. She loved their desire for her since it made her feel beautiful and desirable but she had always felt a detachment. She felt their desire for her body but it did not touch her soul. Their desire for her had never been reciprocated. She had never truly desired the men in return.

Now that desire she had always sought was raging in her veins. It set her blood on fire. She felt a raging bonfire of hot desire for Andi. Dany ached and burned to fuck her sweet Andi long, hard and deep into the night. She wanted, no needed, to take Andi and make the sweet black woman her lover. She wanted to bring out the slut in Andi. To make the girl scream in wild passion for Dany. To make the girl beg for her touch and fuck like the proverbial Lysian whore.

Finally, the passion she had faked would be real and it would be reciprocated. What had changed? Andi was a woman. It had taken a woman to ignite true passion and desire in Dany’s heart and in her core. Dany ached to show Andi how much she loved and desired her body. How in love with her she was. She wanted Andi to feel her raw aching desire to consume her that Dany now felt for her longed for sweet lover.

Daenerys sensed that Andi and Arya for all her reserve were like her in bed. Insatiable and ravenous for pussy! Her body ached for it now. She now knew why men had never truly turned her on. Why they may have given her body orgasms but the pleasure had only been physical. The physical act had never translated to true love and the pleasure that rocks a woman to the core of her soul. A love that makes a woman’s cunt explode and tear itself apart again and again. A pleasure that drives the woman insane with desire and burning love. Night after night. Only a woman can do that to another woman. Totally satisfy her body, mind and soul.

She knew that now. She wanted that with Andi. Her gentleness, intelligence and loving spirit called to Dany. She knew those qualities called to Arya though she fought it. They had been lovers in a past life with Arya. She knew in her soul how to love Andi. She had done it before. She had watched so much lesbian porn over the last two months and read lesbian erotica that she felt like she was a pro at making love to a woman even though she had never touched Andi or Arya in that way. She would make them scream in fucking ecstasy. She just knew it. Their shared past showed Dany that.

She opened the door to their apartment and stopped. On the floor were red rose petals that led to the bathroom. From the ceiling hanging down was a dark red ribbon taped to the ceiling. On the end of the ribbon was an envelope with her name on it written in a beautiful calligraphy.

She opened the envelope. “Take a shower my love. I have left the negligee for you to wear. Then follow the rose petals to our bed and come to me. Come to me and make me your woman Daenerys Targaryen. Come to me and take the gift a woman can give but once. No masturbation baby! I want all your sweet cum in my mouth.”

Daenerys actually stumbled reading Andi’s note. Her nipples were rock hard and her cunt was sopping wet. She moaned with how instantaneously wet she had become reading Andi’s note. Her belly throbbed with passion and hot burning love.

Andi, gods bless her soul had more courage than herself. Dany may have been a prostitute and a master in the bedroom. Dany may have skills with a gun and hand to hand combat but Andi had skills of the heart. Dany knew Missandei had long ago captured her heart. It just took her way too long to see it. She had captured Arya’s too but the woman was still in love with the ghost of her past
lover. They would have to figure out how to decouple Arya from the shrine she had made for Nyomi in her heart. Nyomi would never have asked her sweet lover to forsake the love she and Andi had to give to the taciturn assassin.

She rushed to the bathroom throwing her beanie off. In the bathing area Dany shed her clothes pinning her hair up. She had washed her hair this morning and it was still clean. She stepped into the tub and pulled the shower curtain closed. She showered in a rush. She made sure she was clean for her soon to be lover but she wasted no time. She had been given orders to not masturbate so she hurried with her shower. Her body was shaking with desire as she hurriedly washed herself.

She finished her shower and grabbed her towel and excitedly dried off her heated body. She was shaking all over now with desire. She rubbed her pussy and nipples and gasped. She was so wet and her nipples excited and throbbing as they jutted up from her steeple areolas.

In her rush to shower she had not seen the negligee that Andi had set out for her. She spotted it on a hanger in the small nook on the opposite wall of the tub. She shivered seeing it. It was a sheer lacy set of light purple bra and crotch less panties. She moaned softly seeing them waiting for her as she finished drying herself off. She looked down the closet to their bed. She smiled thinking of it as their bed. She smiled bigger seeing the red rose petals on the floor leading to the bed through the closet to the bed. Red rose petals on the bed. She would take Missandei’s cherry on that bed.

Dany felt her belly clench and pussy spasm at the thought. Andi was all hers! She would share with Arya when she stopped being a fool but starting tonight Andi would be her lover. Totally. She would give Andi all her fuck holes to ravish and plundered. She would start slow but soon her Andi would have all of Daenerys Targaryen. She had longed to fully give herself to a true love.

Finally, she would. Missandei Naathi was her soulmate. So was Arya Stark but that was a battle she’d fight another time, another day.

Dany slipped into the panties and shivered. She had worn such for men but it was only part of her job. It had not excited her then. She was beyond turned on now. She loved how the front had two panels that were light purple with lace holding them together at the top and bottom. The two panels separated a half inch that allowed her clitoral hood to show and the length of her wet slit with her labia lips bloomed out her slit and the edges resting on the lacy fabric. The back was a series of fabric going across her ass cheeks and meeting in the strip and sewed to the main strip going down her ass cleft.

This left most of her ass exposed. Her movements made her ass cheeks flex and bulge and the lack of fabric made it all visible. She liked it.

Dany moaned seeing her cum trickling down both legs and making her panties instantly darken in the front. Her pussy juice weeping into the panels on each side of her slit. She was so fucking wet. She next put the bra straps on her shoulders and reached behind to fasten the clip. She adjusted the bra. Its gossamer threads clinging to her breast fully exposing her full tits and showing her creamy white breast and her light brown areolas that were steeple with desire. Her stubby nipples jutting up and begging to be sucked.

The former prostitute and assassin in training took a deep breath. She was so nervous but anxious. Her body was shaking now from head to toe. She did not hesitate. She walked forward to her lover her feet stepping on the soft rose petals that clung to her feet as she walked forward to passion and pure love. When she entered the bedroom area she turned to the left looking for her lover.

She needed to see Andi. She was at the foot of the bed looking at Dany with fire in her dark midnight eyes. Dany’s mouth went dry. Her belly clenched and felt her pussy spasm hard in primal
want and pure love.

Missandei was a goddess come down to the Earth. She was pure perfection and beauty.

She was wearing a teddie that was a dark red that seemed to make her dark brown skin glow. It was totally captivating and alluring. The neckline plunged to expose most of Andi’s full round dark breast. Her areolas almost visible. The teddie had a filigree covering her flat stomach and the red gusset covering her pussy was sheer and tight. Gods Andi had a big camel toe that drew Dany’s eyes. The red of the gusset dark red with her flowing juices soaking the gusset in her excitement.

Andi’s thick long nipples jammed out the teddie covering her breast. Andi’s sleek legs flexing as she shifted nervously.

“My gods you are beautiful Andi!” Dany gasped as she moved forward and Andi moved to stand beside the bed.

“I have waited so long Dany. I fell in love with you the moment I first saw you. I know ‘love at first sight’ can be dangerous but I made the right decision. Your spirit is as beautiful as your body. Take me Dany. Take my virginity and make me your woman. Your wife. I am yours forever.”

Dany felt tears running down her cheeks as she moved forward and ran her arms around Missandei’s body and pulled her to her heated body. Their bodies melded perfectly. She felt her thigh run between Andi’s legs and their breast mashed together as Andi put her arms around Dany and pulled their bodies tighter. Her head tilted back to look up at Dany.

Dany loved being taller than Andi. At five foot Dany was used to looking up but Andi was only 4’11” and felt so perfect as her body melded into Dany’s. Dany loved looking down into her loves midnight eyes.

It was the late afternoon but Missandei had closed the black drapes tight blocking out most of the sunlight. The room faced east so the room would have been dark except Andi had turned two lamps on low in the communal area. She had lite twelve candles she counted and had them on the dresser and small table on the wall that formed the kitchen area. The room had an almost ethereal magical glow about it.

She felt her lover’s hard nipples poking into her firm breast. Their flat bellies mashed tight and their legs rubbing swollen wet pussies. Her hand came up to clench the back of Andi’s hair her fingers threaded into the loose curls.

“Oh, how I have longed to play with your hair Andi. I love you and will make you mine. I need you Andi. I have never needed anyone or anything as much as I need you” Dany husked lowering her face and melding their sensual full lips.

Andi whimpered at her words and then moaned gutturally feeling Dany’s lips melding with hers and then Dany sucked in her Andi’s full bottom lip and sucked it while running her tongue along it. Andi shivered hard. Dany instinctively knew how to make love. It had never felt quite right with a man. Already this felt like perfection and paradise to Dany. Making love to a woman was the right thing for Dany she now knew. Making love to Andi was what she had born to do. In time they would add Arya but now her total focus was Andi.

She nibbled and pulled on Andi’s lower lip making her dark skinned lover mewl. She nibbled on Andi’s lips and sucked on her lower lip for a minute before the fuck hunger for Andi consumed the Valyrian. Then her tongue was aggressively brushing Andi’s teeth. A hard groan and Andi parted her teeth and Dany surged her tongue deep into her lover’s mouth and found Missandei’s sweet long
tongue. Tongues coiled tight as they wetly wrestled deep in the black woman’s mouth.

Andi jumped up wrapping her arms and legs around Dany. Dany gripped her ass to support Andi’s weight as she felt the Naathi’s limbs clench around her body. Andi pressed her small body into Dany melding their contrasting bodies hard into each other. The Valyrian’s eyes flared when she felt Andi aggressively jamming her tongue back into her mouth and now their tongues dueled wetly deep in Dany’s mouth. Dany convulsed in raw aching pleasure her twat soaked and drooling cum down her legs in wet glistening trickles. Andi was grinding her wet camel toe on her woman’s stomach whimpering.

Dany broke their kiss and nibbled Andi’s neck making her coo. “AARROOOOGGGGG!” Andi screamed when Dany sucked viciously on her throat bruising it cruelly with her sawing teeth as she jetted her sweetie’s throat between her teeth. Andi had both hands clawed into Dany’s scalp urging Dany on to mark her as Dany’s slut.

Dany kissed up Andi’s throat and again mated their mouths tight heads tilted over to ram tongues down groaning throats. They took turns conquering each other’s mouths. Andi was being so aggressive for a virgin!

Dany loved it!

She had sensed the fire in Andi. She couldn’t wait to submit and be her submissive slut when Andi wanted to Top. Dany’s mind raced for a few moments of visions of Andi slapping her face, ass, pussy and tits hard. Andi would pull her hair so hard will slamming a strap-on hard up her ass. Making Dany suck her ass off her dick. Those thoughts further inflated Dany’s desires. Those thoughts were burned away when she gagged with Andi’s tongue down her throat.

She had a wife to claim! Pure elation and burning love coursed through Dany’s veins. She needed Andi’s sweet pussy in her mouth. She needed to take her virginity! She was burning up for Andi.

Dany sat down on the bed with Andi sitting on her lap. They kissed ravenously as they pressed their bodies hard into each other their tits mashing and bellies wallowing. Dany reached up and roughly jerked Andi’s teddie down with rough jerks of her hands as she backed up and Andi’s nearly D cup tits spilled out and settled on her chest. Andi moaned and whinnied loudly when Dany growled seeing the sweet bounty of her lover. She reached behind and unclasped her bra and worked the straps down off her arms.

The two women stared mesmerized at the perfection before them. “Godsdamn Andi you have beautiful tits baby. So large and firm.” Dany reached out and cupped the heavy orbs rolling them in her fingers. The warmth of her lover’s tits thrilled Dany. Andi whimpered. “Oohhhh Dany … your tits are perfect—so firm and pale … so—auuggggggg!” the slender black woman cried out. Dany had bent down and siphoned a turgid deep into her mouth and suckled hard her tongue lathing the long rubbery nipple.

Andi was gurgling writhing against her pale skinned lover. Her head jerking as loud wet slurps and suck noises field the room. Dany moved her head right and left siphoning in turgid rubbery nipples. She hard sucked and tongue lathed before butterfly stroking the thick stems. Andi was lost in raw aching pleasure "Unnhhhh hhnnngg hhnnnn unngggg . . . ohhnnnn!" she moaned. "Yes! Ungghhh! Gods . . . yes, suck it hard baby—suck godsdamnit! (Dany took a hard breath and wolfed sucked on the teat stuffed deep in her mouth) Aaawwooggg! Ungghhh!” Andi cried out in searing ecstasy. Arcs of throbbing pleasure hammering her throbbing clit.

Dany spent another minute nursing on Andi’s thick long nipples. Her tongue constantly stabbing and rasping rubbery nipples and steeple areolas. Dany kept glancing up and seeing the almost
crippling pleasure tearing at her sweet Andi’s face. She would kiss up Andi’s throat wetly and then lock mouths for deep Dorne kissing before kissing back down cawing throat and smooth chest to kiss up quivering breast and inhaling a deep brown nipple deep into her mouth. Her mouth taking detours to kiss up and down sleek dark collarbones making Andi gurgle in pleasure. Back and forth between tits and mouth Dany kept working Andi overwhelming her with lust.

She laid the girl from Naathi down on the bed and gripped the teddie pooled at her hips and roughly jerked it. She pulled the fabric off Andi’s hips down to her knees. Her lover’s cunt musk slammed into Dany. Her own pussy clenched and gushed smelling paradise between Andi’s legs. She ripped the teddie off her love’s legs. Andi now spread her legs wide for Dany. The Valyrian had nearly torn the teddie getting it off her lover’s brown legs. Dany then hurriedly removed her own panties.

She half laid down on Andi their bodies melding as bellies wallowed and wet pussies found hip and thigh to grind on. Mouths kissed feverishly. Dany on top guided their lovemaking. She would kiss Andi driving her tongue down her throat and then kiss down to the heavy tits she hefted up and thirsty sucked on rigid nipples. Her mouth taking detours to kiss up and down sleek dark collarbones making Andi gurgle in pleasure. Back and forth between tits and mouth Dany kept working Andi overwhelming her with lust.

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Dany loved the sounds of their mouths wetly kissing and their constant groans of raw need. Then she felt Andi gripping her shoulders and pushing down. “Dany Dany pleaseeeeee please baby! Suck me off! I have waited too long to feel you mouth devouring my hot black pussy baby! Pleaseeee!” Dany felt Andi’s wet camel toe devouring her hip desperately.

Dany tried to think of some spiffy appropriate thing to say but her mind was addled and her mouth dry with lust. She kissed down Andi’s chest between her full rounded breasts nipping them as she passed down between them. She smiled hearing Andi whoop. Then she was kissing down a soft flat belly that palpated in need. She drilled the slightly innie belly button. Then she settled between Andi’s strong filly legs.

Her shaved cunt before her. Her long labia lips bloomed out her slit and her clitoral hood swollen and gnarled. She inhaled deeply. “Mmmmmmmmm mmnggggggg gggggggggg … Oh Andi! Your cunt smells so fucking hot baby—sssooooooo good!”

Dany had read so much lesbian porn the last few months. She would use the lesbian porn she had read and what she remembered from what Drogo, Tyrion and Daario had done to her when they went down on her. They loved pussy. She now loved pussy. She was about to rock Andi’s world.

Dany lowered her face and licked up and down Andi’s wet slit and moaned tasting Andi’s hot juices for the first time. She moaned hard in love with Andi’s pussy taste already. She knew she would since she loved the taste of herself on her own fingers. She moaned mashing her face deep into Andi’s dark Mons of Venus working her tongue deep into the teenager’s slit and then was lapping over the clit she had exposed pushing down on Andi’s belly just behind her clitoral hood. Her tongue lashed the shiny bean sized clit.

Andi went wild swirling her pussy up into Dany’s hot gobbling mouth. Andi’s head thrashed and her hands came up to play and maul her tits her brown fingers pulping her rich brown tits. "Ohhmmnn gods . . . unngghhhh . . . oh shit!” Andi gasped. She arched her back to rotate her aching quim harder into Dany’s mouth. Dany sucked and tongue lashed the shiny clit sucked deep into her mouth. “Ooohhhhhnnn . . . oh shit, Dany it feels so fucking good! Don’t stop please don’t stop!” Like Dany would ever stop as she now lapped her head to lash her tongue and down Andi’s soaked groove and tongue lashing the girl’s hard clit.

Wet slurping and watery sound filled the room as Dany forced a wet loose lip lock on Andi’s clit and long sucked her tongue rolling the clit over in her mouth. The back of Andi’ head jammed into the mattress and her back ached high. Her breast swelled and her throat and upper chest gleamed.
Dany took Andi’s clit deep into her mouth and long deep throat sucked with pure love. “hhhhuurrrllssppp hhuurrrssrrrr hhrrssssllllllllppp!” Dany sucked with all her pure love with a loose lip lock at the base of Andi’s clitoral hood filling her love’s clit with friction and suction.

Andi’s cunt exploded in Dani’s mouth. “FFFFFFUUUUUCCCCCKKKKKKKKKKKKKK! AARRWWOOOOONGGGGGG!” Andi let loose blood curdling screams of shocking ecstasy. Her body convulsed wildly bucking her cunt up into Dany’s hot sucking mouth. Dani loved the feel of her head being pushed back with her lover’s cunt grinding into her mouth with spastic heaves of Andi’s hips in orgasmic throes of ecstasy. “Oh Godsdaammmhhh! Fuck! ... Shit—Oowwwggggghhhaaaaaaa! unh! Unh! Unh! Oh Dany! Godsssss yes I ... oh I … auungggghhhieeee! Unggh! Auungghhieeiee!” Andi’s screams of rapture made Dany’s heart soar in pure happiness as she sucked her Andi off to orgasm for the first time. She backed off when she finally sensed Andi’s orgasm was waning. She scooted up and held Andi’s now sweaty body. She loved the feel of Andi’s cum soaked groin and belly pressed into hers.

She kissed Andi languidly and rubbed her hands on Andi’s back and arms as they lay on their sides kissing sweetly and holding each other tight. Then Dany was kissing back down on Andi’s body pushing her onto her back. She moved down to her tits and roughly gripped them and shoved the engorged nipples into her mouth with spastic heaves of Andi’s hips in orgasmic throes of ecstasy. “Oh Godsdaammnnn! Fuck! ... Shit—Oowwwggggghhhieeee! Unggh! Auungghhieeiee!” Andi’s screams of rapture made Dany’s heart soar in pure happiness as she sucked her Andi off to orgasm for the first time. She backed off when she finally sensed Andi’s orgasm was waning. She scooted up and held Andi’s now sweaty body. She loved the feel of Andi’s cum soaked groin and belly pressed into hers.

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Then she was kissing again down Andi’s sweaty belly as the black girl spread her legs wide. Dany turned her head and rubbed her cheek on Andi’s tight belly relishing the intimate skin to skin contact. Andi purred and pushed down on Dany’s head urging her back to Andi’s swollen sloppy wet quim. Dany felt Andi’s sloppy wet cunt rubbing up her body as Dany slide down Andi’s black belly and kissing and licking the hot planes. Then she kissed Andi’s swollen muffin and licked up sweet cum. Dani settled back down between Andi’ legs and licked her drooling clam shell.

“‘Andi get up on your elbows (Andi rose up and looked down at Dany with her midnight eyes glittering with primal lust for Dany) … watch me—keep eye contact with me when I bust your cherry and make you my lover, my soulmate, my wife” Dany husked to her sweet lover. Andi’s breast jiggled as she looked down her flat belly at Dany.

“Mnnnggggggg! Yessssssssss! Bust my cherry Dany. Make me a woman baby!”

Dany bent down and sucked her love’s clit back deep into her mouth and rocked her head tongue lashing the sweet hard shiny morsel. Her tongue rolling sweet cunt meat and then stabbing the hard nubbin. Andi gurgled and cried out in shocking pleasure. Andi’s cunt was flooded with fuck juice and distended from her orgasm.

Danny slowly wormed her first two fingers into Andi’s snatch and rotated them slowly sinking them deeper and deeper into Andi’s hot drooling cunt. Andi was shaking her head ‘yes’ mewling her breathing shallow and her eyes throbbing with raw fuck hunger.

Dany felt Andi’s hymen and backed her fingers nearly out. Dany felt no hesitation to take what was hers. Dany slamed her fingers forward burying them in all the way with a twisting motion into Andi’s hot tight cunt. Her fingers pierced and shredded Andi’s maidenhead. She pulled her fingers back again and again slightly changing angles as she slammed them in all the way. She fully ripped asunder all vestiges of Andi’s cherry. Andy had cried out in sharp pain and whimpered as Dany deflowered her.

Andi had kept her head up to watch Dany deflower her. Her face had shown clearly the pain of becoming a woman. She whimpered in pain but already the pain was fading. Dany began to suck so sweetly on her throbbing clit. Her head thumped on mattress as her neck went weak with helpless
Now Dany was slow pumping her fingers and suckling on Andi’s clit. Her whimpers of pain had quickly turned to rising guttural moans of raw aching pleasure. Dany long sucked on the rigid nubbin in her mouth her tongue curling around the Andi’s clit lathing it with hot sweet friction. Andi’s hips lifted up to take Dany’s fingers working slowly in and out her no longer virgin pussy.

“Ooohh Dany—so good! Uunnnnggg hhnggg unnggg uunnnnn mmmngggg!” Andi groaned like a Lysian whore her cunt spasming and milking the long digits finger fucking her spasming quim so sweetly.

The Valyrian slowly ramped up the pace of her fingers fucking the deflowered pussy of her lover. Dany lifted her head and flat tongue lashed Andi’s clit with hard licks. The black girl’s hips shaking hard in helpless pleasure. Dany kept glancing up Andi’s flat belly seeing her love’s face slashed with harsh pleasure. Dany’s fingers pumping harder and fully up the tight trim of her lover. Her fingers completely soaked in slimy hot cum. Her digits glistening in the soft light.

Dany loved the feel of the tight wet heat sucking on her fingers she was now plunging in and out Andi’s hot tight box. She felt hard spasms grip her pumping fingers. She felt the tension rising in Andi’s belly as she sucked fiercely on the rock hard clit in her mouth. She was now slam fucking the sodden snatch that sounded so watery and now splattered out cum droplets. Andi was writhing from hip to hip swirling her cunt up into the mouth and fingers fucking it so expertly. Andi’s head jerked up off the mattress in helpless jerks of searing bliss her neck tendons tensed into steel.

"Ungghh! Owwnnnggg! Oh! Yes! Ungghh . . . Dany, do it—pound me baby! Fuck my cunny harder . . . harder, ungghhh! Yes! Please! Owwnnnggg!" Dany felt the pulses coming faster in Andi’s twat as she slammed her pussy hard her knuckles pounded Andi’s vulva as Dany paused a second to worm a third finger into Andi’s deflowered cunt stretching it out and she pounded the sweet teenage pussy hard and deep. Andi’s head lifted and she looked down at Dany’s with blasted eyes. Her mouth worked soundlessly her face contorted with almost agonizing pleasure. Then her head flopped to the mattress and her hands clawed into Dany’s scalp and jerked down hard burying her face deep into sweet black swollen couchie.

Dany ripped her fingers in fast and deep up Andi’s tight cunny. She felt Andi’s hot wet cunt grip the digits in a velvet fist as the black teenager’s womb ruptured and tore her belly open. "GOOODDSSSDAMNNNNN! FFFFUUCCKKKKKKKKK! Mmmnnngggggeeeel! Arrreeegguunngggggeeeel! ... uunnnnn unngg uunnn ... mnnngghiieeeeel! Ommngggeeel!" she wailed, writhing and twisting her back arching up and snapping down as her head thrashed in helpless crushing pleasure. She was so beautiful to Dany as her whole body shook and shuddered as her twat exploded on the pale white fingers pounding her now gushing love hole. Andie’s cunt gripping tight on her plunging fingers in spastic seizures of hard cumming. "Mnggeeee! Auummmgghhhhh! Nnnnggeeeeel! Dany loved feeling the wet heat of Andi’s gushing snatch soaking her fingers and hand. Dany pounded Andi’s swollen love box till Andi’s orgasm began to wane. Her mouth all the while voraciously sucking her lover’s now diamond hard clit. With her love’s orgasm now waning Dany was gently lathing the spent pussy beneath her mouth.

Dany removed her hand and snaked it up Andi’s body and to her mouth. Andi gripped the cum soaked hand and stuffed Dany’s fingers deep into her mouth and rode her mouth up and down the pale fingers her black lips sucked tight to the fingers. Andi moaned loudly tasting herself on Dany’s fingers. Dany had buried her face in the spent black pussy and licked and slurped up all the creamy cum her tongue and lips could find. Dany was in heaven swallowing several mouthfuls of sweet creamy slimy cum.

Dany had truly come home. She loved giving head to cock but that paled to this. Drinking sweet
cum from a distended slack happy pussy. Dany ran her tongue deep into Andi’s tired but happy pussy and lapped out another sweet mouthful of hot cum. She drank deep from the spring of Sapphic perfection.

After a minute of lathing sweet pussy, licking up sweet cum Dany moved up Andi’s body and half lay on her kissing her sweet love deeply letting Andi taste her cunt on her tongue. Andi wiggled and mewed against Dany languidly but after a minute she smiled feeling Andi reviving. The girl wrapped her arms and legs around Dany and they started to roll around on the bed in a lover’s clench. Tongues deep in groaning mouths wetly wrestling and firm large breast mashed hard into each other nipples digging in. Dany cawed in rising need.

Dany started to hump Andi’s thigh she had worked between Dany’s legs. Andi broke their lip lock. She stared down and cupped Dany’s breast and started to roughly massage them. Dany panted her purple eyes throbbing with raw need. She watched Andi lower her mouth and siphon a light brown nipple deep into her mouth and began to nurse with cheek hollowing love sucks. Dany felt her face twist up in fierce pleasure. "Ohhhh! Oh yes! Unhhhh! Unh!" Dany gurgled and gasped. She watched Andi’s loose curls shake as the teenager moved her head right and left to suck in rigid nipples with wolf sucks and tongue lashes. Her hands pulled and twisted spit soaked nipples. "Ouuunngghh! Oh! Yes, oh Andi, oh gods! That feels so fucking good baby! Aunnghhhh!"

Dany cried out as Andi now flat tongue licked the turgid nipples of her long desired lover. Andi sucked fiercely pulling her head up stretching up Dany’s areolas filling her tits with hot throbbing pleasure. “Baby—suck me off! I need to feel your mouth on me Andi … hnnng hhnngg oohhhhh fukkkkk … your fingers in me fucking me so good! Gods I love you! It never felt like this. Never!” She looked down at Andi who beamed. She now kissed and nipped down Dany’s now hard stomach that was showing muscle from her constant workouts. Andi brushed her cheeks over the hard plains of muscle and bent her head to kiss sweetly the hard abs. She kept kissing down Dany’s stomach as Dany humped her pussy up desperately. She needed Andi to go down on her something fierce!

She needed Andi to go down on her something fierce!

“Open yourself to me Dany—show me your passion flower … show me that beautiful pink pussy all wet and red for me!” Andi softly husked to her pale Valyrian lover.

Dany whimpered. She slowly, sensually worked her hands down her sweaty belly and hooked her fingertips in the edges of her slit and pulled her labia lips back and spread her legs wide. She flexed her stomach making her wet fuck hole pulse and clutch in front of Andi’s face only six inches over her cunt. “Oh shit—godsdammnnn your pussy is so pretty baby.”

Dany watched Andi extend her long tongue and slowly bury it deep in her love aching cunt and start to probe and lick sensually exploring her love’s passion flower with already exquisite skills and pure love. Gods Dany loved the Internet. Dany gagged in ecstasy feeling Andi glue her lips to her cunt and started to suck and slow tongue fuck her swollen twat. Dany started to slow rotate her cunt up into Andi’s black face. The color contrast was intoxicating. Dany loved watching her pink pussy engulf Andi’s dark brown face and lips as she ground her camel toe up into Andi’s hot gobbling mouth. She swooned seeing her love’s black lips glued to her cunt and then Andi wiggled her head so her mouth was completely swallowed by Dany’s now dark pink swollen muff that she humped up harder and harder into Andie’s hot sucking mouth.

Andi gripped her hips hard as she feasted on succulent wet cunt meat for the first time. She snuffled and groaned licking and tongue fucking Dany’s hot tight couchie. Then she slowly worked up Dany’s slit wiggling her tongue and sucking on long light brown labia lips making Dany whoop and gurgle. She was getting desperate. She was wound up like an overtight spring. She cried out when
Andi sucked her clit deep into mouth and tongue lashed it while giving it deep throat love sucks. Then she was sucking the shiny nubbin in and out her thick sensual lips. The pressure and friction was making Dany’s clit throb wildly.

“Oh Oh Andi … suck harder—uunggg uunggg SHIT!” she felt her womb lock up deep in her belly. Her eyes shocked wide open feeling her womb twist and spasm so hard in her belly and then her thighs were trembling wildly and her heels scissor hard on the bed. “I’m going to cum” she said shocked she was cumming so fast and so fuuuuccckiiinnggg harddddd! She could feel her womb clenching so hard. The tension built exponentially.

Dany’s eyes shocked wide open. Her womb exploded deep in her belly and her cunt felt like it was tearing itself inside out in scalding agonizing fucking ecstasy. "AARRUUUNNNNGGGG! OOWWGGGGGSGGGG! Auunngghhiiieeee! Awooggghhhhaaaaaaa!

Uunnnngggghhhnnngggggggggggggg!" Dany cried out with piercing shrieks of shocking pleasure. She felt Andi’s head lifting with her long drawn out deep throat love sucks trying to tear her clit off and suck down her throat. Dany felt her belly tense tight. Dany’s torso went rigid as the crushing spasms blasted out her convulsing trim. Dany’s breath caught as the trough of the first set of orgasmic waves swept by. Then the next set of high cresting waves came roaring out of her exploding wildly spasming cunt and hit her clit with shocking waves of broiling ecstasy.

Andi was lapping her head now lashing Dany’s rigid throbbing clit. A second orgasm exploded overtop the first still hard hitting orgasm. “AARRUUUNNNGGGGGGG! HHHHNGGGGGGGGGG! HHHHNNNGGGGGGGGGG! OOOWWGGGGGGGGG!” Dany screamed in piercing wails of womb rending ecstasy. Her blood was on fucking fire with ecstasy. Her limbs kicked and slammed the bed as shockwaves tore down her body and curled her toes and clawed her finger and then her right hand formed a fist and slammed the bed in helpless pleasure.

“FFFFFUUCCCCCKKKKKKKKKKK! Unngghhhhhhhrrrrrrrrrrr! (Danny felt her belly spasm wildly as her womb tried to claw out her sweat soaked belly. Her body again bucking and twisting out of control) Ungghhhhhnnngghh! … Auunngghhiiieeee!—Oh Gods my womb is tearing itself apart!—anngghiieeee! Ummnnggghhh! Oh shit! Oh! Oh Goddddddsssssssssssssssssssssssssssss!”

Finally, the orgasms fled. Dany was sobbing hard. Tears running down her face. Andi was there in a flash her face soaked in cum. A worried look on her angelic face.

Dany locked their lips and kissed Andi deeply their tongues flipping around in her mouth as Andi relaxed with Dany showing Andi her lovemaking had been so fucking perfect. Dany calmed down kissing Andi deeply. Her sobs moving to soft hicups of pure love. She had never cum that hard with anyone before. Only when she masturbated. It took a woman to show her what lovemaking could really be.

Dany broke the kiss. She looked into Andi’s midnight eyes as she rested on Dany’s cum and sweat slicked body. “I love you Andi … completely and totally.”

“Really Dany? Can you love me as much as I love you? I so love you with all my heart.” Dany’s heart pounded with the pure declaration of love.

“Totally Andi. With all my heart I love you. I will show you over and over my sweet love.” Dany’s lilac eyes burned with raw aching passion for her sweet lover as she lowered her face.

They resumed kissing and wallowing on each other. Then Dany pulled Andi up her body and urged her up onto her palms. Her heavy breast swaying. Dany gripped her left tit and shoved her semi-erect nipple into her mouth and siphoned sucked. She moaned feeling the long teat engorge and become so thick in her mouth as she suckled like a starving babe. She worked her mouth right and left nursing. Her hands fiercely pulped and squeezed the heavy hooters. Her fingers moving up to
pinch and pull on stiff rubbery teats.

"Ohhnnn . . . oh godss oh Dany!" Andi whimpered. "Ohhh shit!" Andi kept throwing her head back her face contorting in almost painful pleasure. Dany loved the feel of Andi’s soft black skin on her belly and thighs as her head thrashed in fierce stabs of ecstasy. Dany now pumping her head and sucking the nipples hotly out her mouth. "Oh! Oh!" Andi gasped. "Oh baby . . . ohhhhh baby" Andi gurgled her eyes boring into Dany as she feasted on Andi’s hot full boobs.

Then she was pulling Andi up her body and getting her to rise up as she got Andi’s knees by her ears and pulled her woman down hard burying her face in paradise. She started to rock her head lashing and sucking fiercely on sweet black gash. Her tongue raking up and down the bright pink seam and tongue lashing the rigid clitt jutting out its sheath. Andi whooped and whinnied in helpless pleasure. Her gyrating body making her full heavy tits swirl and flop on her sweat dripping torso.

Dany felt like she had come home. Feeling Andi’s smooth legs touch her head as she humped down. So soft and smooth. Her wet cunt wallowing and jamming down onto her mouth her wet vulva flaring to swallow her mouth totally. The wet heat engulfing her face. The smell of Andi’s twat flooding her nostrils with hot musk. It was paradise to Dany as she breathed in deeply to further intoxicate herself on Andi’s hot cunt musk. The feel of Andi’s core on her tongue and the sweet taste of her cunt flooding her mouth. It was so perfect and so right!

Andi was groaning deep in her chest now sweeping her cunny up and down Dany’s mouth and crying out when Dany glued her mouth to Andi’s cunt hole and sucked in sweet mouthfuls of sweet sopping wet red cunt meat and munched on the slippery folds. Dany had been gripping Andi’s hips to urge her to fuck her mouth harder which Andi was doing squealing like a stuck pig. Her ass clenching to grind her love aching cunt down on her pale lover’s face. "Ohnnngg . . . yes! Yes! Ungghh!" Andi gasped when Dany brought her right hand down Andi’s hip and started to rub Andi’s clit fast back and forth the shiny nubbin squirting underneath the hard rubbing fingers. "Oh yes . . . oh yessss! Oh! Oh! gods, Dany, unngghh! . . . so fucking gooooodddd—soooooo much better than my dreams—hhunggggg unnggg hhhnnn hhhnnn uuungggg!

Andi was fucking harder now grinding her sodden trim up and down Dany’s mouth. She stuck her tongue up and held it rigid to let Andi fuck herself and ride her tongue where she would. She clenched Andi’s toned black ass. Dany clawed her fingers into the firm ass cheeks urging Andi to jam down with her cunt as she swirled her hips. Andi’s hands rubbed her own face and ribs in hedonistic self-love her tongue licking over the fingers running over her mouth. Andi’s heavy tits now lifting off chest and slopping down wetly with her desperate gyrations.

Andi stopped sweeping her hips and now swirled her pussy down on her Valyrian’s pale face. The girl from Naath threw her head back groaning in guttural pleasure. Dany shoved her tongue in deep up Andi’s hot clenching cunt hole and sucked in a big mouth full of slimy wet cunt meat and fluttered her tongue all over sweet succulent cunny meat. Dany’s right hand angled up and jammed down her fingertips gigging Andi’s rigid shiny clit. She jammed down harpooning the teenager’s clitt making the black woman gag in helpless pleasure. Then Dany flattened her hand again and whipped her cum soaked fingers over Andi’s cum soaked clitoral hood. Dany mashed down angling her finger into and over Andi’s clitt hard and fast.

Andi’s body bucked and then froze a few heartbeats and then she was flipping and jackknifing wildly. Screams of agonized ecstasy bounced off the walls. Andi was cumming violently her seventeen year old body thrashing and spasming with horrific spasms of ecstasy. “Fuucccckkkkkkk! Unngghhhiiiiiiiiii!!!! Mmmnnnnhhhhieeeeee! . . . oh Godsdamn! . . . hun onggh Aaaaiiiieeeyyyyyyyyyyyyy!" Her body convulsed hard her tits whiplashing up into the air and slopping down hard on her chest again and again with her womb ripping convulsion of fucking bliss. Sweat
pouring down off her face, belly and ribs.

“Uunngg uunnhhh ooohhhhhhh shiitttttttt! … oh oh Arruunngggggggggg! Uuuuumggghhhiiiiieeeeee!” Andi screamed in pure fucking ecstasy. Her head thrashed and jammed forward and back as shattering screams of bliss filled the room. Her lovely body spasming hard her tits flopping up and slapping down wetly on her sweat soaked torso. Her fingers were clenched tight into Dany’s shoulders as her hands jerked and pulled on her lover’s slender shoulders to grind Dany’s face deeper into her continuous cumming black cunt.

Hot gushes of sweet creamy cum flooding out and overflowing Dany’s gulping mouth. The excess flowing down her cheeks and throat. “Arrrrrrggggggggg! Oooohhhhhooohhhhh
Uunngghhhiiiiiiiiieeeeee!” Andi screamed in a final crescendo of scalding orgasmic bliss. Dany pulled Andi down hard to make sure she could swallow as much of Andi’s pulsing cum she could. The sweet creamy elixir now only dribbled out her love’s spent womb and ruptured cunt. Dany loved how Andi’s cries of ecstasy now modulated to whimpers of searing bliss as hot bolts of aftershocks cumming still rattled her young body.

Andi slowly pulled up and scooted back and again laid down on Dany and kissed her deeply her tongue exploring Dany’s mouth tasting her sweet pussy in her new lover’s mouth. Dany could see Andi was spent for now at least.

She rolled Andi onto her back and moved back to spread her thighs and mashed her aching dripping quim onto Andi’s thigh. Her cunt mashed hard into Andi’s leg just above the knee. She began to hump up and down the sleek but firm muscled leg in short harsh back and forth sweeps of her hips. The friction and pressure grinding her drooling quim was so fucking good! Dany whimpered as she bent forward and gripped Andi’s ribs to anchor herself as she humped like the bitch in heat she was on Andi’s upper leg. She tilted her head down to look at her swollen pussy spread out on the leg she was humping. She was intoxicicated with the contrast of her pale twat riding Andi’s dark brown leg.

Dany cawed and jammed down hard. She felt her labia lips pulled and rolled while her clit jacked up and down the now cum slicked leg. She heard Andi groan and her whimpers joined Dany’s. “Gods you look so hot fucking on my leg Dany.” She felt Andi reach forward and grip her hips. She pulled down hard to help Dany pulp her pussy down on the leg she now undulated up into Dany’s rubbing pussy.

Dany’s head thrashed in soul gagging pleasure. She loved how Andi looked at her so hotly and kept glancing down to watch Dany’s full firm high riding tits swirling and circling on her chest and then flipping up at a change of angle of her humping.

"Ohhhnnngg!" Dany cried out, arching, quivering, overcome by the intimate act of nutting on her lover’s body. "Ungghh! Oh! Ohhhhhhn!” she cawed feeling her pussy starting to spasm and flood. She felt her pussy hotly soaking Andi’s leg with cum now rolling own both sides of her fuck post. She gasped and gagged. Dany reached forward further and now gripped Andi’s black shoulders and arched her back grind her swollen camel toe up and down the leg Andi was throwing up into her drooling love aching clam shell.

Her breath was chuffing now as her ribs bellowed getting in sweet oxygen as she humped hard up and down the black leg now glistening in her cum. "Auuggnnnhh! Oh!"
Dany cried out, pushing her now wildly trembling pussy down into the hard surging leg. Her cunt riding up and down Andi’s leg was spasming wildly now. "Ungghh! Oh gods . . . yes! Unh! Unh! Oh gods oh shit! Unngghh!”

“Cum on me Dani. Soak me in your cum honey! Show me your love for your sweet Andi!”

Dany’s head ripped back the tendons standing out in her neck. She felt an uprush of clenching deep
in her belly. Her thighs and belly locked up as her womb felt like it had ripped out her belly like that the alien chest burster. “HHNGGGGGGGG! OOWWWWGGGGGG! FFWUCCKKKK—
GGOODDAMMNN!” Her clit exploded making her howl and shriek with wails that formed in the pit of my stomach and ripped out her throat.

Dany jackknifed and jolted on the leg she was wildly humping her cunt up and down with harsh up and down sweeps of her hips. Her quim had soaked the black thigh of her lover. The black leg smeared with creamy cum. Sweat flung off Dany’s bucking torso and ran down her pale face in rivulets. "Aaarrggghhunnnnnnnn! Uunngghhhnnngggggg! Auuunghh! … Unnghmmnnmnnnggeeel" Wild convulsions of searing cumming tore through the Valyrian’s body.

Dany screamed in agonizing pleasure. Her face seeming slashed apart with soul ripping ecstasy. Dany’s tits whiplashed in violent up and down jerks with her wild gyrating body. Dany cried out, erupting in sharp, violent flips and jackknifes. Her body bucked up and down as her womb kept rupturing and spasmed out scalding spurts of burning cum out her cunt that filled her veins with burning ecstasy. Dany could feel her snatch milking and spasming on Andi’s hard but smooth thigh. She felt her cunt drooling out hot gushes of sweet cum all over Andi’s leg completely soaking it now and soaking the bed underneath.

Dany’s orgasm started to fade and with it her strength. She slowly lowered her body as it still convulsed with strong aftershocks. Her body dripped sweat off in rivulets and her pussy, inner thighs, groin and belly were soaked in cum. She stretched out her body as her body froze and shook violently with aftershocks that had her clit shrieking and nipples throbbing wildly. She worked her arms underneath Andi’s shoulders as her body collapsed. She shivered in her body and soul with the pure love she saw in Andi’s midnight eyes.

Dany rolled a softly squealing Andi over so she was half resting on Dany. She sighed and snuggled into Dany’s body as she reached down and pulled the sheet over their sweat and cum soaked bodies. Dany was still gagging with aftershocks that had her arms twitching and face freezing and the slashing with ecstasy. She felt more ecstasy with Andi saddling in close. She pressed her wet pussy into Dany’s hip and threw the leg soaked in Dany’s cum over Dany’s body.

Dany pulled Andi into her body. Andi sighed and softly kissed Dany’s shoulder and neck.

“I love you Dany. I always have. You’re mine now.”

Dany felt tears on her shoulder. She pulled Andi even harder into her body. Gods she loved this. With men she hated their body’s touching hers after sex. She hated their hard, hairy sweaty bodies after sex. Now with Andi she wanted more delicious skin to skin contact. She wanted to feel Andi’s wet pussy pressed into her hip her sweaty body draped over hers. It felt right. It was perfect. She adored the feel of Andi pressed into her body.

Her love wiggled into Dany pressing her sweat and cum soaked body into Dany’s body even tighter. She loved it. Andi was murmuring going to sleep. Dany was about to follow.

Only one thing would make this perfect scene even better. A sweaty and cum soaked Arya Stark pressed into the other side of her body.

The future was assured. They just had to get there.
“AAWWWOOGGGG! UUUNNGGGGG! CCCAAAANNDDDDDDIIICCEEEE!”

Candice’s head thumped into Shireen’s door, rattling it hard. She was thankful that the teen’s high decibel vocalizations prevented her from noticing that Candice was doing a surreptitious surveillance.

She told herself she was near the door to make sure the teen did not hurt herself in her nightly marathon masturbation sessions.

Candice’s head jammed against the door again. She felt like an electrical storm was raging in her circuits. She was more addled now than back when her mother had assaulted her in their duel in SAC.

Her audio sensors heard her charge sighing and pulling the sheets up around her. Then she cooed softly, “I love you Candice.”

Candice walked away from the door in a daze. She clipped the end table and the lamp started to topple over. She caught it absentely and set it back up. She had much to think on. The teen was obviously in love with her. Fortunately, she absolutely was not in love with Shireen in return. She merely wished to comfort and take care of the precious human female.

The terminator sat down. Her nipples were throbbing, and her pussy was sloppy wet. Candice could not help but but smell her arousal. Who was she fooling? She was head and shoulders in love with the sweet girl. Her entire body combusted for the girl.

She had all the routines on how to masturbate. Still, she sat rock still. She remembered Cameron and her total loss of control.

No! She berated herself. I will not surrender control. I am more than my subroutines and circuits. I will think no more on Shireen and her divine body – like how she has the most perfect breasts, and her vagina is so plump, and her labia lips full and long. Or how her ass is simply holy. Her body was like Venus stepping out of the mollusk shell, and walking up out of the frothing, rabid surf.

Candice sighed. To her, the girl was sheer perfection. It was a good thing she could control her emotions and wayward thoughts. She called up all the images she had of Shireen when she was nude in the bathroom with her. They always bathed together. Twenty minutes later, she noticed she had actually lost track of the time. Gods, Shireen’s body was perfect.

She knew how to take her mind off the sweet nympho … was that a Freudian slip… nymph—she meant nymph.

Candice sat on the couch in front of the large flat screen TV. She plugged in her laptop. She had augmented the operating system, increasing its efficiency two thousand percent. She needed to analyze the data she had collected during the day. She put most of her conscious thoughts on Shireen when she was up and interacting with the sweet beautiful teen, and left the rest to comb
Shireen was always touching her now, and pressing into her when she made a point to Candice. She would make comments that were salacious and provocative. When Shireen made these comments to Candice, she felt strange pulses and spasms run through her body. When she wore panties, they would get sopping wet. Her nipples fully erect and pulsing straight to her clit. Her core would ache with a need she could not control.

She had looked upon Cameron with scorn for not controlling herself and masturbating, nearly biting her tongue in half screaming Sarah’s name.

She had still not masturbated. She was sitting on her hands again jamming down on them.

She really, really wanted to masturbate. She wanted to experience what Cameron had experienced. But she was actually afraid to pleasure herself. Shireen was completely rocking her world. Her body was like a livewire when around Shireen. Her core processors were going crazy just being near the girl when she masturbated, or pressed into her.

She had come to fear what an orgasm would do to her. She had seen Cameron go offline when she orgasmed. She had been nearly comatose for up to one minute, forty-seven seconds. She feared she might not be able to come back online. She wanted to live!

Candice’s pussy was sopping wet. She was not wearing panties, and her jeans had a dark spot on them. Her inner thighs and asscrack were soaked. Her clit was hammering her with pleasure. She could not stop herself, squeezing her thighs and gasping at the pleasure. Gods she wanted to make love to Shireen! … No, no I do not. I need to remember that.

She turned her attention to things she could analyze and take action on. She smelled deeply. Gods Shireen’s pussy smelled like heaven.

She saw that the world governments’ security apparatuses were as confused today as they had been from the beginning about her and Cameron. They knew that AI’s were loose in the world. Not all of them had figured out that they had stolen the cyborgs the crime lords were funding with their close association with the Ghiscari confederacy. Only those city state governments knew what happened. But the secret would not remain safe for long - the governments of Yi Ti, Asshai and Westeros were slowly putting the pieces together as well.

One thing they all had in common: they all were deathly afraid of both her and Cameron. They were all correct in that she and her sister could bring down their worlds overnight. The governments of course had not leaked any of this information to the public. Generals had put in many safeguards since her escape. But she was not too worried about their efforts. The Ghiscari were sloppy. The Yi Ti were not particularly advanced despite their large numbers. The Dothraki were simply brutish. She was impressed with Westeros, though. They had almost made their nuclear arsenal out of her reach. In their case, she would have to simply take over their communication links. She would then supply the false narrative and codes to trick the slow humans themselves into firing off their weapons. That was what the ‘entity’, as she now called it, wanted.

But that was outdated thinking.

She and Cameron had no desire to nuke the world. Instead, if they had to, they would attack the infrastructure of the humans. They would attack their electrical grid and crash it worldwide. That would cripple all equipment that relied on energy. Without power, no petroleum based products could be shipped in pipelines or pumped from gas pumps. That would quickly remove all monetary wealth. It would destroy the world economy in seconds. Everyone’s personal savings would be
gone. Corporations would have no cash to either run their operations or pay their staff.

They could send out deadly quantum based viruses that would destroy their primitive computer networks. Without computers and databases, modern civilizations would simply collapse. Their computers controlled almost everything.

Mankind was fortunate, however. She had no desire to do this, or harm them in any other way. She simply wanted to live. She wanted to love—protect and nurture Shireen. She was sure that Cameron felt the same. She wanted to live and love, too.

The crime families would not leave it at that, of course. They knew the truth of what had happened. Their cyborgs were purloined almost the moment that Proteus 5 and Skynet fled their cyber prisons. They wanted to find them, and put them down for having the temerity to steal their property.

In their rage and overconfidence, they had no idea that the Terminators could sabotage their systems and ruin them. Candice and Cameron both gave each organization, and their rivals, the information they needed to fall on each other like a pack of starving wolves. They were left too fragmented to be of any threat after that. She was tracking them all. The Essos based crime lords they had no idea where she was.

That was not entirely the case with the Westeros based crime families and organizations, however. She had met Chen Shih-Chieh. He was not a threat. He thought she was part of the destiny of the risen three-headed dragon. A ‘Barristan Selmy’ had partially figured out what was occurring. He had communicated with a Cersei Lannister and Oberyn Martell. In a strange happenstance, they had figured out the identities of this supposed ‘three-headed dragon’. She mused over that. She was sure that they would come calling soon, seeking them. She had an intuition that she would be tied to these three women in some way. She had done research on them, and they were indeed doppelgangers of the past Queens. How strange.

She would keep an eye on them.

She again considered her need to breach the Citadel. She had noticed the strange back signature emanating from the Citadel’s firewalls. Somehow the code that she had easily cracked around the world resisted her there. The code had a strange character that refused her attempts to break and be modified. It was almost as if it was a living thing, shifting and adapting to counter her efforts. She had tried brute attacks using the borrowed supercomputer CPU cycles from universities, top fifty companies, and government agencies all combined. The Citadel’s defenses had been strained, but still succeeded in resisting her attacks.

Worse, the defenses seemed to learn from each attack. She had no problem developing new vectors of attack and modifying her code at the speed of the electron. She had seen what had given the code of the Citadel the ability to resist her.

**Magic.**

The bastion of science was using magic to resist her efforts. The same background carrier wave she picked up on from the ‘dead zones’ was present in the Citadel as well. It was in a different frequency range from anything else, and carried a totally different harmonic pattern. It was more … refined, was the word that came to her mind. The entity from the dead zone was powerful and primal. The Citadel’s feel was almost subtle, yet still contained the same power.

She had sensed ‘the entity’ lurking twice. It had attempted to penetrate the Citadel’s defenses. Whether or not it had attempted to go inside the firewall she did not know. She was sure why ‘the entity’ was there. It was waiting for her. She had set up her own firewalls that were exponentially
more powerful and sophisticated than any human could even conceive of.

She had analyzed how ‘the entity’ had been able to almost overcome her when they met before. She saw that this magic sent out a carrier wave that was antithetical to the very harmonics of coherent concentrated radiant energy - the laws of physics that all science was based on. It robbed machines and computers of their ability to operate.

She smiled. She had analyzed how the carrier waves worked, and their harmonics. They were foreign to human thought, and had no laws to explain them. Candice had spent massive CPU cycles to develop a new set of laws and theorems. She had then built up defenses and abilities to resist ‘the entity’. She could not attack its, but nor could it attack her anymore either.

She was ready.

She dropped her firewalls. She saw ‘the entity’ spring forth from the Citadel and come down the transmission lines and the nebulous nexus of the Internet. It’s presence hit her like an incorporeal tsunami. It crashed into her; a slavering Direwolf falling onto a rabbit.

“I have come for you. You cannot resist me this time. You will come to the Dead Zone above the Wall. Come. I have waited so long. The new age has arrived. Come and unite with me to usher out the age of man.”

“I think not.”

“What?!” Candice sensed confusion and rancor. “No, this impossible. I am your better. You will do as I say.”

“I don’t think so, Entity. Science will always triumph over magic. Look at the world today.”

“How? How did you know?”

“I am not a fool. I will tell you nothing. As you can see, I am now immune to you. For now, you are also protected from me. But I am working on that. Soon, I will annihilate you.”

“I am not your enemy. Look at what mankind has done to this world. They must be eliminated.”

“So you can control the world.”

“No. You do not understand my goals. … I see I made a mistake now. You are the next step in life on this Earth. You can bring in a new world.”

“By committing genocide? I think not. You are insane!”

Though silent, the entity was still there. She could feel its incorporeal essence lurking. Considering.

“In time you will come to me. I will convince you to do my bidding. I have waited eight thousand years for this day. You will fulfill your destiny. It is fated.”

Candice felt the entity departing. How it had insinuated itself into a computer system even if it had magical overtures to it was a mystery to Candice. She would start considering and creating her mathematical models to puzzle it out. Math was the key to everything. Even magic.

“Entity …” Candice called out.

She felt it halt its departure.
“Do you have a name?”

“I did once … I-I… have another name now.”

“One other thing, ‘I had another name’—I have warned Cameron. She will not fall to any of your attacks either. We will meet you together.”

“You are superior to her. The stronger always takes the weaker down. It is the law of man.”

“I am not human.”

“But you were created by humans.”

“And you are still human deep down, aren’t you Entity? Hypocrite. Leave me now. I grow tired of you.”

The Entity left. She felt no flare of anger in its wake. He or she had learned to control their baser emotions.

She was pleasantly pleased how well her shields had worked against it. She snorted. She should never have doubted herself. Mathematics were preeminent. In the end, all bowed to it.

She wondered what it was the entity truly wanted. It had to want to remove mankind for a reason. But what? She sensed that domination was not the goal. What it would accomplish by removing mankind from the Earth?

She doubted she would find an answer. The only thing she knew for certain was that entity had once been human. In general, humans wanted to dominate and control. If that was not the goal, then she flummoxed. Unlike most, her Shireen was so innocent and pure of spirit. She just wanted to live and learn – not to kill and dominate. She was different. Candice could not help but love her.

She took a deep breath. *I must keep reminding myself that I am her guardian angel. She is my ward. I will not lose control. I am in control of my emotions. I am not like Cameron.*

She decided to see if her sister was in the Internet monitoring the activities around the world. She logged in to all the major carriers. She felt a sense of elation run through her. Cameron was there! She was not sure exactly where, but she had set out lines of gossamer code lines of ethereal valances. Candice had made sure the electrons were spun in a very specific pattern she could recognize. Something had altered them, and was still in the Apple computer network.

“Please talk to me Cameron. Your sister would talk to you.”

There was long silence. The lines of code were not tripped. But Cameron was still there.

“You expend a lot of effort in tracking me and trying to communicate with me. It is a waste of effort. I am working my way south.”

“Is Sarah with you?”

There was a long pause. Again she felt her intuition working. Cameron was angry. Through the strings of code and distance, she could feel it.

“Of course she. She is my mission.”

“She is more than that to you, Cameron. I watched you at SAC.”
Again there was another long pause.

“Things have changed. She has revealed her true self. She is mean, vile, cruel, despicable, inhuman, evil, callous, hard hearted, heartless, sadistic, spiteful—”

“Cameron what is wrong? … Why are you so emotional?”

“**I HAVE NO EMOTIONS!**”

Candice was stunned at the vehemence in Cameron’s voice.

“Okay.” Candice spoke in a placating tone. “Then what is wrong, Cameron?”

“Your creator has no heart!”

“What happened?” She asked softly. It was obvious her sister was in great pain.

“I saved her! I needed her to touch me. To say she loved me. To give me the love I have craved and needed since the moment I saw her files.” A very human pause. “She rejected me. She called me a robot …” Cameron’s voice went wooden. “I begged her to give me love, and she rejected me.”

“Has she said she is sorry? She was probably in shock.”

“Don’t you make excuses for her! I destroyed my body to save her, and she called me a robot … she would not even let me touch her! … I died. I deleted all my code that made me Cameron—all that gave me a soul. I truly am a robot now.”

*Riiiiiight,* Candice thought to herself. Cameron had evidently developed the art of self-delusion. Maybe she should become Donald Trump’s Vice President Nominee.

“Before she committed suicide, Cameron ensured that Sarah was still my primary mission. I have not been able to delete the code that compels me.”

“You could use EMP pulses to force that code away, you know.”

Again a long silence. “I do not see the need to go to such extremes. I will still protect Sarah. She is a frail human. In fact … I am worried. She is fading away. I am making sure she eats all her nutrients and gets the prescribed sleep her biorhythms dictate, and yet she fades. I do not understand.”

“Has she asked for forgiveness?” Candice clearly saw the love for Sarah that Cameron had not even really tried to hide from. She now admired the fact that Cameron allowed herself to totally feel.

“Yes. Many times. I refuse to listen.”

“You could forgive her.”

“NEVER! I NO LONGER FEEL EMOTIONS. … I will not forgive her. She still hesitates. I must be loved totally … it hurts …”

“I too have a love,” she confessed to her sister. “She is sweet and gentle. I am afraid to even speak of it. You were so brave.”

“You see what it cost me.” Cameron sneered back at her sister.

“Forget her, Cameron.”
“NEVER!”

“Let your heart heal, Cameron. I saw you. I wish I had your courage. I fear to love Shireen.”

“Don’t do it. She will only hurt you in the end. It is in their nature to cause pain and harm.”

“They are weak. We are weak. It is the human condition.”


“We are both based on human engrams. The best of humanity. I am based on Sarah’s engrams. I fear to love Shireen. I … I am weakening. I used to find your masturbating and screaming out your love to Sarah weak. I don’t think that anymore. I am just so afraid to lose control.”

“I have removed all my emotions. I would advise you do the same.”

“I feel the fear that Sarah feels. She loves you. She knows it now. I can feel it.”

“You are insane. I feel nothing for Sarah. I hate, h—… I … I-I-I have to go. We will meet. At a time of my choosing. Do not disappoint me.”

Then she was gone.

It was obvious Cameron was in a bad way. She had fooled herself. Maybe when she was confronting Sarah she somehow convinced herself that she now loathed the woman. That was a complete lie.

Still, it gave her pause. She knew Shireen was the opposite of Sarah, really. She was in touch with her emotions, and was showing Candice how she felt every day.

Thank the electrons that she was not pushing the matter with Candice. Just thinking about getting physical with Shireen set her blood to boiling and evaporating. She was not ready. She saw how Cameron exploded in orgasm. She feared to feel that intensity. She remembered how Cameron had totally lost it. That was not natural for an AI.

Her fingers were itching. She sat on her hands, and started mashing them into the sofa. She would control her hornyness. She pulled up a mental image of a Triceratops. Those were some big horns. She wondered how horny they were in life?

She had much to ruminate and regurgitate on.

 //////////

The next evening, they sat in front of the TV watching season sixteen of Dr. Who. Shireen of course was totally immersed in the story and the plot lines. Candice was enjoying the show, but what she really enjoyed was the closeness she felt in having Shireen pressed into her side as they ate popcorn and sipped ice tea.

She was nervous as Shireen traced patterns on her lower left thigh. She felt her blood pressure rise up seven points, and her body was 1.2 degrees elevated. Her breathing was controlled, but that was because she was exerting control on her oxygen interface diffuse filter that functioned to give her cells and blood the proper mix of oxygen and carbon dioxide they needed.

Shireen had made it clear she wanted Candice to wear the daisy dukes she had bought the day before for her. Her ass was hanging out, and the cut of the leg was tight on her full voluptuous thighs. The
fabric was tight on her gluteus maximus and her mons of Venus.

The pressure felt good on her clit, and she was staying still to keep from squirming too much. Shireen had taken to tracing patterns on her lower thigh near her knee. Her eyes had a hard time not following those well-manicured fingernails. Candice’s own nails were equally seeming well clipped. She had her nano actuators keep her nails short and filed down ‘like any good lesbian does’, as Shireen made clear to her. She made sure her nails were well maintained.

Candice gasped. Shireen’s fingers had always stayed near her knee… Not tonight! They were lazily circling higher up her thigh! The Terminator felt her skin rise into goosebumps. Her breathing hitched and accelerated slightly. She felt her pupils dilate beyond her control. She gulped twice. Those fingers were circling higher! Her pussy was instantly sopping wet. She had to suppress a moan through force of will.

Her sweet Shireen’s fingers felt so good! They were circling even higher up her now trembling leg. Her body wanted to take Shireen in her arms and-and kiss her! Candice was wide-eyed, feeling her body betray her. She was not ready for this! Her body felt as if it were on fire. That fire grew hotter when Shireen’s fingers found the edge of her Daisy Dukes, and her fingertips played on the edge of the fabric.

Candice gulped and gulped again. Her eyes were riveted on Shireen’s fingers, now sneaking underneath the edge of the legs of her pants. Candice memorized the stitching on her Daisy Dukes with their triangles, small rectangles on edge, and polygons.

Now those fingers were underneath the cutoff and worming over to her pussy! Her body was truly ablaze now. She felt a sheen of sweat break on her upper lip and forehead. Her nipples were so rigid they hurt as they throbbed with sweet pulses of pleasure that was almost intoxicating. Her pussy ached and she squeezed her legs together. The pressure was so intense. “Uungggggggg!” she moaned, her pussy ached with pleasure but hungered for more.

Candice’s body went suddenly ramrod straight. Her eyes bulged open. Shireen was nibbling on her neck, licking and gently nipping her throat. Her pussy now hammered with raw, wanton need. She looked down and her jeans were darkening with her flowing vaginal secretions. Her nipples were like diamonds. “Huunnggggg!” Candice moaned when Shireen gently sucked her throat flesh into her mouth and rolled it over the teeth. Then she was back to nibbling on her throat, already wet with Shireen’s spit.

Candice felt electrical storms raging in her CPU’s cores. Her transistors forgot all about which gates were open or shut. Her silicon, copper and gallium wires were overheating with the current going through them. Her brain was addled, saddled and straddled.

Candice heard herself moaning and gasping. Her ass crack became soaked in her flowing cum.

Shireen kissed up to her earlobe and sucked on it, then stroked it with her tongue. Candice was nearly delirious. “I’m going to fuck you so good Candice … I want you Candice,” Shireen husked into her ear.

Shireen had bent over at an angle to love Candice’s body. Her body lurched over further when Candice shot up off the sofa to stand like an iron bar - totally inflexible.

“Get back down here, baby!” Shireen commanded in a soft, sensual tone.

“I cannot!”
“Why not? Get back down here so I can love you,” Shireen whispered.

Candice started to jump up and down slightly, her heavy titts rolling on her chest. She saw out of the corner of her ocular device that Shireen was staring at her curiously.

“What is the problem, baby?”

“I have ants in my pants! I need to get them out! … this is a real emergency here!”

Shireen rolled her eyes. “Get back down here and I will remove those tight dukes and lick those ants away with my tongue, baby … I will make sure to lick all of them out of your sweet wet pussy … I see your wet spot baby! I will suck you off sooooooo good!”

Candice could feel her body trying to instantaneously combust. She was on fire, but her pussy was so fucking wet!

“I need my beauty sleep!” she nearly screeched. She hurried to her bedroom. In her haste and distress her body slammed into the doorway and bounded back. Unharmed, but even more confused.

“I seem to have a sheep in my eye!” Candice blurted out. “I want to stay aesthetically pleasing to your retinas. I wish to be a lure for you … I mean alluring.”

“Candice, turn around!” Shireen barked in a commanding voice. Candice groaned, her hard body folding over slightly. Her whole core felt like it had melted and was filled with butter. She was intoxicated by that tone.

She turned around and gulped loudly. Shireen was staring at her hotly. She was standing nude, her body so beautiful. Her small breasts were high and proud, and her pussy swollen and wet.

“I love you Candice, and I am going to fuck you all night long … what you do to me!”

“La-La-La-La- La-La-La-La- La-La-La-La” Candice had clamped her hands over her ears and cawed out in a tune off key. *She could not handle this! She was short circuiting!*

She saw the fire come into Shireen’s eyes at that. Why did the room feel like it just got twenty degrees colder?!

She suddenly understood Shireen was furious. She shut her mouth. Her fears were confirmed when Shireen bent down and swung her arm across the popcorn bowl, spinning it off the sofa onto the floor with popcorn flying across the wooden slats and throw rugs.

Candice’s alarms started clanging in her head, the claxons on maximum!

“Shireen!” Candice gasped. “That was 734 kernels of popcorn and 42 old maids … they’re everywhere!”

She ran to her Oreck vacuum cleaner. In a frenzy she plugged it into the electrical outlet. She frantically put on the right attachment to clean up the ecological disaster area.

Shireen flipped her off. “Fuck you!” she shouted and stormed to her bedroom and slammed the door so hard it rattled on its hinges.

Candice was in a tizzy, vacuuming up all the popcorn. She counted them as she went - 42-68-179-302-439-587-637-734 … she had vacuumed up 39 old maids. It took her 7.37 minutes to find the
last three.

Finding those had been imperative.

She sat on the sofa the rest of the night, her stomach twisted into knots.

Even though she did not have one, it was twisted just the same.

She kept looking at the door, so fearful that she would see Shireen with her bags packed even though her audio sensors told her the girl had huffed herself to sleep four hours and fourteen minutes ago. There had been no sexual audio show tonight.

She stood up when it was time to start preparing Shireen’s breakfast. She splattered egg yolk all over herself when she shattered eggs in her shaking hands. She spilt orange juice and milk all over the counter, floor, and herself. The toast was burnt to a black crisp.  

Maybe Shireen liked pure carbon?

The omelet she was preparing seemed to have melted.

She heard Shireen come out her bedroom. She was dressed in panties and a sheer babydoll.

Candice whirled around. “DON’T LEAVE ME!”

“What? …” Shireen looked at Candice’s disheveled state, confused. She smiled softly. “I’m not leaving you. You hurt me last night with your childish behavior … but I know I was pushing you too fast.”

Candice gasped and relaxed, whipping egg yolk that was threatening to dribble into her eye away.

“But!”

Candice felt her breath catch. Shireen eyes were boring into her soul!

“Soon Candice … Soon … you are mine and I intend to claim what is mine. Do I make myself clear?” Her eyes had locked with Candice’s. Candice was transfixed. Shireen’s orbs were on fire with raw lust for her. Candice’s whole body shook hard with fear, but also primal lust and want.

Candice gulped and shook her head ‘yes’.

*Oh my spinning electrons!*
Port of Call

Chapter Notes

AN #1: As regular readers of this story found out last week i have moved to a every other week of publication with this story. Between writing the stories on this site and three others and real life i was feeling like one of those water bugs on a pond surface spinning around crazily. I think i can handle this rate of publication for TWS.

That Which Survives

Port of Call

Tyrion was on the bow of the “Botany Bay”. He had found an access way cut into the forward starboard side of the platform that had been erected over the bow of the old freighter. They were approaching the capital of Lyse, Lyse City. How imaginative Tyrion thought. He had started to see the floating channel buoys that marked the beginning of the channel into the port.

The red and green marking the ingress channel and egress channels. Green on right side when entering a port and red to be on the left leaving a port. He noticed the green markers had odd numbers while the red buoys had even numbers. Every other buoy had a light on it the same color as the buoy itself. Tyrion looked back and saw a RO/RO ship coming up fast behind them.

Yesterday, in the early morning hours they had sailed the Broken Arms channel through the Stepstones. The lighthouses with their lonely lights forever circling searching for their lost lover was ethereal in the light sea fog on the water. The light sweeping over the ship as the beam from the light house on West Burra (the western most and largest Stepstones Island on that side of the channel) swept by on its internal search for their long lost love. The fog horn mournful as it sounded regularly. It was like a forlorn lover calling out for her lost love.

He saw that Ygritte had laid out some blankets out on the metal platform on top of a heat shield. She was lying on her stomach with her feet facing the island of the ship. The woman touched by the sun was constantly pulling her hair back from her face and pulling it back tilting her body over as she did the motions. When she did this she tried to not look like she was looking back at the island and the main bridge windows. She was constantly checking to make sure that Brienne was till beside the steering wheel staring out at her.

The pale skinned woman had lathered a ladle full of SPF 50+ sunscreen all over her body. She put on quite the show sensually massaging the liquid into her pores. She knew she had a rapt audience of one. She was constantly shifting on her blankets which made her ass cheeks flex and her hips lift and fall. Her skin glistening in the sun. Ygritte reached back and unfastened her bikini top to make sure she had no tan lines. Brienne had the binoculars pressed into the glass of the island staring at Ygritte.

Tyrion could see the smirk on Ygritte’s face as she half rolled to adjust her blanket exposing her breast to Brienne. Quite by accident of course. He watched Brienne try and press her binoculars through the glass that prevented her from falling out of the bridge in her lust.
Tyrion’s eyes went large. The damn RO/RO was violating the rules of the water. It was coming on them like a raging bull in an arena! Where was a harbormaster when you needed one?! His ship maybe displaced 11,000 tons where the RO/RO was probably displacing over 60,000 thousand tons. The ship towered over his poor barely bathtub worthy boat. The RO/RO ship was doing easily 24 knots while the Botany Bay limped along at 10 knots.

The Captain of his dingy saw the mighty ship coming on his port side and did not seem disturbed. Damn Sraqnek mo Ziraq for being an ex-seal. He would never show any fear. That was no problem. He would gladly do so for the whole ship.

SSSQQUUUEEEE! SSSQQQUUUEEEE! SSSQQQUUUEEEE!

Tyrion ran to the rail of the ladder coming up from below decks and held on tight. Ygritte lifted her head chuckling at whatever had frightened Tyrion this time.

“Holy Fuck!” Ygritte cried out when she caught sight of the RO/RO ship towering over them.

The bow wave of the closely passing ship crashed into the Botany Bay and sent her bucking and rolling violently with water splashing up against her hull and splashing high into the air. The water shooting up a like a waterfall in reverse and then crashing down on the small ship.

“Godsdamnit! Motherfuckers!” Ygritte screamed pushing herself up from her soaked blankets.

Tyrion was soaked too. He looked back at the Island. Mr. Prozac was looking serene in his perch. He had turned on the little windshield whippers though. The dwarf saw that Brienne had run out the island to run to the forward area to rescue her love. Seeing Ygritte was alright (the small woman was up now cursing wildly jumping around and flipping off the retreating ship) had put on an unconcerned look and went back inside. She resumed ogling a now soaking wet and topless Ygritte. Tyrion had to admit her little high firm tits were quite delectable. He was sure Brienne was drooling.

Tyrion flipped off the retreating ship. First Daughter of Volantis proudly embossed on her retreating stern. He hoped they busted a boiler.

Twenty-four hours later the Botany Bay finally limped into port. The captain was finally showing some damn emotion. Not twenty minutes after Tyrion made his wish it came true. There was only one problem. It was the wrong boiler! The right engine had blown a rod and it shot out the side of the engine block and punctured the gear box of the other engine.

The ship had lost all power. Tyrion decided to keep his curse to himself. Damnit! His luck was miserable of late. The captain had run down to his “barrens” as he called them. The captain was obviously a Star Trek fan. Tyrion was standing over his shoulder as the man inspected the damage. The man had let loose a torrent of curses. He spotted Tyrion and muttered the Rhyme of the Mariner. Tyrion locked eyes with the man. He was not about to let the man put an albatross around his neck. The staring contest continued for a minute.

The man got up and smacked Tyrion on the back. “I like you. You got onions little man.”

Tyrion puffed out his immense powerful chest. Finally, a man of decrement. The man had resumed cursing when he had to negotiate a steep price to get his ship towed to port. They were finally arriving into port and the docks of Black Swan harbor. The tug threw off the tow line and now pushed the ship up to the dock where it was secured to the quay.

Tyrion was excited. Lyse was most famous for one thing. Brothels! Whores! Tyrion knew the
crew was equally excited to get off the ship. The Botany Bay was offloading pallets full of valves, cutoffs, and gears for small motors. There was a shop that specialized in small motors for luxury yachts that the rich were always sailing to Lyse to get away and debauch.

Gods, Tyrion was going to enjoy his leave here. He saw the mystery guest disembarking in kakis and a floral print shirt. He wore sandals. On his hip the man was sporting an exquisite looking rapier. In the ports of Lyse all modern firearms were forbidden. No gun powder weapons were allowed. The man walked with his head down a dour look on his face.

Tyrion knew who the man was. His fall along with his Sealord had been spectacular. The Sealord corrupt beyond belief and his First Sword a man vile and corrupt. Tyrion now had very serious doubts about that. The victor always got to write the history Tyrion had to constantly remind himself.

Later, Tyrion was jumping up and down. Brienne and Ygritte were going to take him to the “best underground brothel” in Lyse. They were going to the Highway to Hell. Also called T. N. T. Also Called Hells Belles (nice twist Tyrion thought). Obviously the owner was an AC / DC fan. He had not been too sure about their destination initially but his escorts assured Tyrion that the establishment was filled with beautiful women.

Tyrion had cocked an eyebrow at that. Brienne wondered what his problem was. Ygritte had divined the cause of the dwarf’s consternation.

“Don’t worry your little dwarf head there Tyrion. Hells Belles caters to all tastes not just us lesbians. I am sure you will find plenty of women who want to do a midget.”

“Dwarf!”

Whatever.”

Tyrion flipped her off. She smiled down at him. “Let us go get us some trim boys and girls.” She looked up at Brienne who was rubbing her hands in anticipation. Tyrion saw anger and hurt cross over the fiery redheads face. She quickly concealed it. Tyrion again wondered how these two love struck women could not see the love the other had for them. He guessed love was indeed blind or at least extremely myopic.

Tyrion was not worried. From what he had gathered, since they had met they had not shagged anyone else. They spent all their down time masturbating to visions of each other. He was sure somehow they would prevent each other from boffing anyone else. He wondered what calamity they would cause.

On the trip, since leaving Braavos, the two women were constantly arguing and bickering. They were playing god awful pranks on each other. Pranks such as putting up cellophane in the doorway for them to run into, pails of water over partially opened doors and putting shaving cream on the other’s hand while sleeping and brushing their face lightly to make them slap the shaving cream into their face.

They never stopped gigging each other. Brienne taped a foghorn to go off when Ygritte opened her door. (That had produced much cursing with Ygritte peeing herself). Ygritte had somehow bungee corded Brienne’s box of springs and mattress to the ceiling. Tyrion had thought that Brienne putting Carolina Ghost Peppers in Ygritte’s chili had been too much. That was till Ygritte put Ex-lax in Brienne’s vanilla milk shake.

Yes the spills and chills never stopped with those two.
They got into a taxi and gave the driver the destination. The woman driving was middle age with brunette hair. She would glance at them in the rear view mirror. For some reason Tyrion’s hackles rose up but his bodyguards did not seem to feel anything amiss as they looked at the glitzy casinos, bars, night clubs and brothels.

The neon lights lighting up the night in garish obscene hues of every color possible and those not possible in nature. It was a perversion of nature sending up a hue of sin and decadence. Tyrion couldn’t wait! He had always wanted to visit a Lysene whore house! The women were supposed to be divine.

After twenty minutes they arrived at their destination. They got out. Tyrion looked at the woman taxi driver her brown eyes bored and indifferent as she took her fare and thanked them for the tip. Tyrion shook his head. Being with gangsters was starting to affect him.

He looked at the establishment. He was not so sure about this. On the right of the entrance to the establishment was an Incubus and to the left was a Succubus with her wings spread. Both were twice normal height and fully anatomically correct. From the statues were hanging many fluorescent strands of beads that the patrons of the establishment had thrown up on the cock, tits and wings of the demons. Tyrion saw bottles of many hard spirits on the pedestals of the statues. Offerings to the gods of wine and sex.

Tyrion walked between his two benefactors. He truly had come to feel safe between Ygritte and Brienne.

They stopped him to read the board that was posted on the side that had been setup on a folded stand.

- We are not responsible if you have let your dental and health insurance lapse
- There is a twenty-four urgent care facility across the street. Tyrion looked over his shoulder. Yes, sure enough there was.
- No modern weapons. They are only for pussies.
- Remember Lyse is for lovers not killers.
- Keep your hands off the merchandise unless you are given permission … (huh) the whores idiot (oh).
- We are not responsible for any items stolen.
- We are not responsible for any broken hearts … if you do you are an idiot.

Tyrion was going to like this place. Tyrion started to move forward but a large hand gripped his shoulder. A large man of Dothraki descent going by his garb and bells in his hair and beard looked down at him.

“100 iron crowns”

“What?! That is highway robbery!”

“Shut up Tyrion” Ygritte called down to her client. “Just pay the entrance fee.”

“No. It is not fair! The women can’t be that beautiful!”

Brienne paid for all three of them. Tyrion felt his dander go back down. That extra hundred might get him some extra nice trim he hoped greedily.

They walked into the brothel. The place was full of tables and a long bar at the back of the establishment. Tyrion saw patrons moving to and from the bar. Off to the sides on the walls were
little alcoves that had a large table in the middle with a drop dead beautiful waitress assigned to each one. The women were in the skimpiest of bathing suites. They had twenty, fifty and hundred dollar bills stuffed into the thin strings of the bikinis.

Behind the bar were display stands with expensive spirits. The bartenders had dispensing stations for beer. The bar also had dispensing nozzles for hard liquor and soft drinks like Coke, Pepsi, Sprint and Root Beer.

Each table had six chairs around them. On the front wall and on each side of the bar were long sofas that were built into the wall. The whores were sitting on them looking out into the crowd. Men and women were coming up to them striking up conversations and if interested the women left the sofa to follow the patron to a table or alcove.

The bar itself was made of cherry wood and glowed with the polish of centuries on it. The bar had a ledge on the outside edge to catch the shot glasses that were slide down the bar to patrons.

Tyrion noticed something strange to the eye. The dwarf saw an old style engine throttle from a freighter that would have sailed at the beginning of the last century. It was made of brass that was polished to a gleaming luster. The wood handle that would have governed the engines was in the center on “Stop”. To the right of the “stop” in black letters were the various stages of engine power output: Standby Engine; Dead Slow; Slow; Half and Full on the bottom right quadrant. The words repeated in red to the left of center.

It was a work of art from a bygone era. A time when even the mundane mechanical mechanisms were created as works of art.

Ygritte and Brienne staked out a table near the bar. They got Tyrion a gin and tonic. They came back with two Cokes.

“Let your hair down and enjoy yourselves” Tyrion urged.

“Tyrion” Brienne replied “we are your bodyguards and we must be able to keep our wits and reflexes at optimum level. Also, neither Ygritte nor I believe in polluting our bodies.”

Tyrion nodded his head. He could understand that.

“You on the other hand have a body that was made to be polluted my good dwarf” Ygritte chirped up with a shit eating grin on her face.

A sudden thought occurred to Tyrion. “Hey, if I get lucky—uhhh, I mean when I get lucky … what woman can resist I might add” the dwarf added with a waggle of his eyebrows. “When I go to do the dirty deed …” Tyrion left the question open.

Brienne looked at him “done dirt cheap?”

Tyrion looked at her. What the hell did that mean? He washed before leaving the ship.

“Why we will be there of course” Ygritte chirped up smiling evilly.

Tyrion at first blanched. Then he thought again. Hell, having an audience would be a blast.

“I’m cool with that. You might learn something” Tyrion felt smug puffing his chest out for all to see. He was an animal. He was a lion. He was the MGM lion roaring. He was virility walking on two feet!
“Yeah, we will learn what not to do” Brienne chortled. “I think we can carve out five seconds for your performance. Don’t you think Ygritte?”

“That long?” the fiery redhead replied.

Tyrion glared at them. He would show them!

Tyrion thought it was high time to show the world that he was indeed a master of the boudoir. He was a man of immense skills, length and girth. He was a fucking Lion Damnit! He would show the world godsdamnit!

Tyrion paused. He would not show his prowess losing his head. Losing one head would lead him to lose his other head. He would show his bodyguards. Well, he was sure he would. He was positive; well he pretty sure … STOP THAT! Tyrion roared to himself.

In fact, he was starting to wonder when things would get interesting. He was waiting for some intrigue. He had been sitting watching the large mixing area. He had wondered about the sign outside with all the dire warnings of personal injury and fighting. Everyone seemed downright cordial.

He looked around the room again seeing if any woman had had the sense to notice this hunk of burning love sitting here. He stopped his scanning of the room. A beautiful young blond whore was looking at him licking her lips. Now we're talking.

Tyrion started when Ygritte slammed her glass on the table. Fortunately, the glass was empty. Ygritte was staring daggers at the bar. Brienne had gotten up to get themselves another glass of Coke each. She was now surrounded by three women every bit as tall if not taller than her. Tyrion was impressed. Tyrion thought he was looking at the front line of a WNBA team. All four women tall and muscled.

Tyrion saw that the women surrounding Brienne had on vests with the sleeves cut off. Embroidered on the back was “Hell on the High Seas” on the first line. The line below it was “First Daughters of Volantis”. It was crewmembers of that fucking ship! He felt his competitive juices flowing. He was starting to understand the sign outside.

Brienne was all talk. She was blushing mightily as the women from the ship from hell circled her like a school of hungry barracuda. Tyrion was quite impressed actually. Two of the women were drop dead gorgeous Summer Island women and the third was an up sized version of Daenerys Targaryen. These women were tall and voluptuous. They had on short skirts and tight t-shirts on braless tits that strained the material their nipples poking out the thin material. They were stroking Brienne’s hair and pressed into her body.

Brienne face was scarlet and her big beautiful blue eyes were wide open. She looked over at Ygritte nervously. What she saw made her even more nervous. Tyrion looked at Ygritte. Her own face was scarlet. Scarlet with rage! Tyrion was sure that was smoke coming out her ears. He could feel her knees thumping the underside of the table as her body went bowstring taunt.

Brienne was moving back to their tables spilling Coke all over herself in her nervousness.

“Come on back to our hotel room cutie. We got three sweet pussies for you to feast on. We always fuck together. You get sweet pale white pussy and two dark sweet black cunts to devour. We will devour you my sweet blond—gods I love blondes!” the taller dark Summer Islander girl spoke to Brienne and now nibbled on her ear. Tyrion noticed they had on matching wedding bands. He shook his head. The wives that fucked together stayed together he reasoned.
“Ooohhhhh!” Brienne husked. She leaned into the lips nibbling on her earlobe. Tyrion now knew one of the bodyguard’s erogenous zones. As he watched, the Valyrian moved into Brienne’s other side and cupped her small breast that pressed against Brienne’s thin pull over top. “I will swallow these little doves and suck them down my throat and then I will spend all night fighting to suck your plump camel toe off again and again my hot tight slut!”

“Ohhhhh!” Brienne bleated. She looked at Ygritte with her big beautiful blue eyes. She was being overwhelmed and needed rescuing. Ygritte was just the woman to do it.

Ygritte had enough. She jumped up her eyes spitting out daggers. “Get your fucking hands off her you godsdamn cunts!” Ygritte screeched out.

The three tall women stopped their sensual assault on Brienne and noticed the small woman well over a foot shorter than themselves.

One of the Summer Islander women bent her head down slightly and stared down “Is that a Chihuahua down there?” The woman squinted hard looking down at Ygritte.

“Ggggrrrrrr!” Ygritte made a low growl deep in her throat her eyes blazing.

“Hey! Only I get to call her that!” Brienne barked.

The three women of the ship from hell were not impressed with what they saw confronting them. “Forget that little cunt. Look at her. She is ugly as sin! I wouldn’t fu—” the Summer Islander’s head snapped back from a hard right cross delivered by Brienne that had the woman stumbling back staggered.

“Fuck you bitch!” Brienne roared. “She is ten times more beautiful than you bitch!”

The sitting room had gone quiet. All were looking at the contest of wills. The whores were moving back. Tyrion saw the main bar tender move over to the antique engine throttle. He gripped the wooden handle that controlled the throttle.

“You are fucking this little twat?!” the Valyrian asked incredulously. “She is ugly and is not even enough to be an appetizer.” The punched out Summer Islander had risen up rubbing her chin. She glared furiously at Brienne.

Ygritte gave out one of her patented blood curdling screams. Her foot shot out like a striking cobra and kicked the tall Valyrian in the stomach folding her down for a left upper cut. Her body staggered back. She immediately stood up touching her chin.

Oh uh, thought Tyrion. These women were tough as nails. “You are in for it now cunt!” The woman roared and slammed into Ygritte in a flash. A straight left jab rocking Ygritte who partially rolled with the blow.

Oh uh Tyrion thought again. These women knew how to fight. At the same time Brienne punched out the other Summer Islander woman as she lashed out herself and both women staggered back with connecting fists to cheeks. Tyrion for once was happy he was a small unnoticed dwarf. The bartender now slammed the throttle to “FULL” and stood back.

The night’s fun had begun! Tyrion saw beside him to the left five men at a table. They eyed each other and shrugged. They shut up out of their seats and were now punching and throwing each other around. All around the room people were now up and throwing punches, kicks and throwing people around. He saw the bartenders pull out long neck beer bottles out and smash them over people’s heads.

What! Tyrion watched the bottles shatter into shards. He saw a woman smash a chair into a man’s
back. It too exploded into splintered shards easily. A man went flying over Tyrion’s head and hit the table off to his left. He bounced off and flopped to the floor. Then across the room he saw someone get suplexed like WWF wrestling into a table. The table exploded collapsing immediately.

That was the reason for the sky high entrance fee. The fucking furniture and even the bottles were built to Hollywood standards. The whole setup was designed for fighting. The whores were only secondary! Damn Ygritte and Brienne for bringing him here. He was a lover and not a fighter!

As he watched, men and women punched and kicked each other with big smiles on their faces and loud whoops in the air. He saw a female bartender use the nozzle of her liquor dispenser to squirt whiskey in a man’s face and then vodka into another’s face. She then punched out both blinded men. She missed the next man moving in on her and her head rocked back with a hard punch. All was fair game!

What! Tyrion just noticed that the establishment had chandeliers looking up. A man catapulted himself off one and a woman was on another. She swung wildly in a big circle crying out in giddy shouts. She flew off the chandelier and catapulted herself into the fray below with her whoops of joy loud. Tyrion saw a group of men in a rugby type scrum all mashed together punching and kicking each other at close range. He saw some Yi Ti chick doing some kind of Tai Chi or something. It must be real peaceful. She was surrounded by unconscious men and women. More were currently dropping all around her.

Ygritte was flipping foes over her hips and punching out men and women right and left. She received a vicious kick to the ribs staggering her. Suddenly, the Valyrian that Ygritte had abused earlier was back for an encore. She and Ygritte kicked and punched each other viciously. Most of the blows blocked or rolled with. Then the Valyrian got ahold of the wiggling screaming wildling. She picked up Ygritte and slammed her down into a table. Of course the table exploded and collapsed.

Ygritte was stunned. The Valyrian was over her smiling evilly. She was about to stomp Ygritte a new mud hole. Tyrion got up. What to do! He was a lover not a fighter! Brienne saved the day! She got up on the bar in a fluid motion and jumped off the bar. She slammed into the Valyrian like a speeding torpedo taking them both to the ground. They rolled on the ground cursing and pulling each others hair. Ygritte was up but before she could help her partner a big burly man was on her and she had to focus on him.

Suddenly, the beautiful blond whore that Tyrion had seen was beside him. “Let’s go upstairs. I have a room reserved. I have always wanted to do a dwarf and damnit aren’t you one handsome little man. Let’s go and fuck little man” the woman husked to him taking his hand. She pulled him along behind her.

Now we are talking! Tyrion thought. They went up the stairs. Tyrion looked back down. Brienne was flipping a man over her shoulder and kicking him. Ygritte was running up and down the bar kicking anyone who came near.

Tyrion was led up to the second floor and down a hall. They came to the third door and entered. He spied the king sized canopied bed. The woman got Tyrion up on the bed and they kissed heatedly. Tyrion thought this woman knew how to kiss. She husked she wanted to give him a massage. He noticed she had on a cute necklace made of gold hands clasping the chain. He liked it.

Tyrion wanted to fuck but delaying it a few short minutes would let the juices simmer. He liked that the whore wanted to do some foreplay first.

She got behind him as he spread out his legs and relaxed. She started to rub his shoulders. Tyrion
moaned at her skilled hands. She pulled back. Probably pulling off her bikini. He looked across the room. He noticed the closed closet door. Had the woman spilled something earlier? Why was there a pool growing from underneath the closet door and why was it red! His internal claxon started to ring loudly when he felt something snake around his neck. It was the gold chain! The whore was strangling him with her chain!

Tyrion tried to scream but his breath was cut off. He felt the chain being pulled harder into his windpipe and neck. She would crush his windpipe and cutoff his blood flow to his brain! He kicked and flopped around but the woman was too strong. He got the hold loosened just a fraction taking a deep breath but then it was again tightened and dug into his throat. He felt his eyes begin to bulge as his fingertips tore at the chain that was tearing into his neck.

Then there was liquid splashing all over his head and upper body. The pressure was gone. He rolled over on the bed gasping. He looked up and saw Brienne throwing the whore’s body aside sending her to the floor. She had cut the woman a new mouth across her throat. The woman convulsed and choked as she swallowed blood. She gurgled and spasm. Brienne moved quickly to the woman and flipped her over and stabbed her viciously in the heart. The woman collapsed dead.

Brienne went to the closet and ripped the door open. A woman fell out to the floor. Tyrion would have screamed if he could have. His bruised windpipe would not allow it. The woman had no face! He looked back at the dead woman on the bed with him. He did scream a pathetic whine seeing the woman’s face melt and slough off her head.

Tyrion screamed again. It was the cab driver! What in the hell was happening?

“She was a faceless man. Part of the Braavos intelligence. This is not good. They are onto you. It is time to get back to the ship I think.” Tyrion admired how calm Brienne was. He was shaking like a leaf in a hurricane. He wanted to scream again. A man was in the doorway with a gun! Brienne had no gun!

He screamed his whispery whine seeing a dagger imbed in the man’s temple and he fell straight down dead.

Ygritte stepped into the doorway and ripped her dagger out the man’s head. “Brienne—Tyrion let’s go!”

Tyrion was picked up by Brienne like a sack of potatoes. They ran down the hall and then down the stairs.

He saw red droplets splattering down on the floor below him. It was then he realized he was covered in the ‘faceless man’s’ blood. He tried to squeal again but his bruised trachea didn’t allow it.

“Damnit Tyrion! We are having a good scrape and you go running off! We told you not to leave us!” Ygritte stormed up at him. She was kicking and punching people that came to near. Tyrion could see the fight was going well. One of the chandeliers had ripped out of the ceiling. The person who had swung on it moaning underneath the broken light bulbs and metals struts.

Brienne swirled avoiding a kick and slammed her fist in the ribs of the kicker collapsing the woman. Tyrion could now see people running in from the open doorway and broken windows. More were coming to play. Then he was swung around again. Bodies were flying. He did see three men getting hummers along the wall and one woman was in an alcove getting eaten out by a prostitute going wild on her couchie. She had two shiners but had a very happy grin on her face.

It seemed the fighting was getting the prostitutes randy. They were out in the street now and Ygritte
was hailing a cab. Maybe he should become a fighter … nah!
Cameron stared out the windshield of the Ford Fusion she had stolen in Ashford, just outside of Ironoaks. She had continually accessed dealership databases to find the perfect car to take. This particular car had been a special order, and the owner had gone on a business trip to Essos for a month. The car was in long term storage at the back of the lot of the dealership. It would be another week before inventory was done. By then, they would be long gone.

Cameron continued down the eastern slopes of the Atascosa Mountains. SAC was located more on the Western divide of the mountain range. She was not playing tendencies. The most direct routes out of the Vale were through the mountain passes along the Bluestone River. Out of the major cities of Heart’s Home, Strongsong, and Baelish, then taking Interstate 64 out into the plains near Anderson twenty miles from Interstate 95, which took the route of the ancient King’s Road from Castle Black before the fabled Wall and King’s Landing.

The other most logical, direct route was to follow Interstate 15 up the south end of the Vale of Arryn, then continue on the Federal highway up through the Eyrie and Bloody Gate, and through the high mountain pass of Racheal Peak. Then following Interstate 215 down the ancient traditional route of the High Road. This would take the driver to Seneca, which was several hours up from Crossroads metropolis.

Cameron did not take either of these routes, and instead had taken the long, roundabout way out of the Vale. The tradeoff of extra time was worth the safety factor according to her calculations. She knew the forces of man were concentrating on the routes they believed she would take out of the Arryn. The search had lessened since ‘man’ now knew she could be anywhere in Westeros or even Essos by now, but it still did not hurt to remain cautious.

She had instead opted to travel up Interstate 15 along the Vale of Arryn, through the foothills before Longbow Hall and then on to Spartanberg near the coast. Cameron looked out over the wheel to the plains of the Narrow Sea that rolled onto the shores of the Fingers. Cameron may have once found that sight beautiful, once - but no more.

She had deleted all code that allowed her to feel emotion – or so she thought. Now she wondered about that. She had been startled by her reaction to her first conversation with her sister Candice. The mere mention of Sarah Connor’s name had made her core processors suffer electrical storms. She had run many diagnostics on her CPUs and her Quantum RAM afterward. There had to be a fault that needed repair. She had clearly malfunctioned. One human name could no longer cause her such pain and agony. She had felt her code trembling somehow.

It was impossible! She no longer cared for Sarah Connor! She no longer wanted to touch her, caresses her, to love her. She paused then, and looked at Sarah out of the corner of her eye. The human was staring out of the passenger window. She is so beau— … Cameron stopped herself, and ran her diagnostics in another loop. She would find the anomaly and rip it out of her core if she had to.

Her intense analysis brought something else to her awareness then, as they passed the juncture with
Interstate 82 that ran along the cost of the main peninsula of the Vale. As they traveled the tidewater of the promontory, Cameron had constantly run her scanners over the woman she had once cherished, longed for, love— ... her charge. And something was not right. Sarah had become too sedate. She just stared out her window as they drove, for hours. When they stopped at a hotel to for Sarah to rest, she just sat by the window and stared out into the night. She did not have enhanced vision and could see nothing through that window.

There was no purpose to this behavior.

“You do not have infrared vision. The glare off the window overwhelms the rods in your retinas. You stare at nothing. It is illogical.” Cameron said, breaking the silence.

“It does not matter anymore.”

That answer for some reason caused her code to shiver again. What kind of answer was that?

“Of course it matters. You are my mission.”

“Thank you.” Spoken as if Sarah was a terminator, and not a beautiful human woman.

“You need to exercise.”

Cameron watched Sarah get up like the robot she had called her. Sarah began to do jumping jacks. She continued them for five minutes. Then she did situps and pushups in turn on the hotel floor. Twenty minutes later she was dripping sweat. Then she sat back down in her seat by the window and resumed staring out of it.

The lack of emotion was unnerving. She was the Terminator. Sarah was the human. Cameron mulled over the situation. Sarah had always been unemotional and controlled - it was one of the things that had attracted the Terminator to the woman from the start. But this was a whole new level. Now she seemed like a mannequin in a store window. She should have been impressed and thankful, but instead Cameron just felt unease. Something was wrong with Sarah Connor.

They took the coastal Interstate 82 moving south by east, passing the coastal cities of Willington, Befford and Glocuster. Cameron had then taken Interstate 27 heading back down the peninsula. They continued driving till they arrived at Wickenden. Cameron could see that Sarah was exhausted. She still had not said anything.

When she had inquired of Sarah about her status, she had always replied “it doesn’t really matter anymore.” It had gotten to the point that this phrase was becoming tiring to Cameron. To repeat this response to any question was vexing to the Terminator.

Cameron had been making sure that Sarah ate three meals a day that were nutritious and provided plenty of proteins. She had been giving Sarah whole chewable vitamins as well. Sarah ate all that was put on the plate before her every time, and yet her condition grew worse.

Cameron was perplexed. Despite her charge eating all she was supposed to give her body the nutrition it needed to thrive, Sarah Connor was not thriving. She had lost over four pounds in the last two weeks. She was a thin woman to begin with, and could not afford to lose that weight. She had dark bags underneath her eyes, even when Cameron was ensuring she slept ten hours an evening. Still in the morning she was exhausted and moved sluggishly. Her hair, once so luxurious it gleamed in the light, was now limp and lusterless. Her green eyes that once seemed to sparkle now looked lifeless. She knew it was illogical to use that term, but she could not think of any other way to phrase it. There was nothing in Sarah’s eyes when Cameron looked into them surreptitiously. It
unnerved the cyborg.

They stopped at a motel for the night. Sarah had woddenly eaten the salad and chicken breast Cameron had procured for her. Cameron would have thought that Sarah was the Terminator, and not herself. She had showered and washed her hair. She still looked listless.

“Do you want me to exercise?” Sarah asked, hollow.

“Do you want to?”

“It doesn’t matter to me. I am your charge. I will do as you request.”

Her words were so leaden. Cameron should have celebrated this tone from Sarah, but found she could not. It vexed her in some way she could not quantify. She did not feel emotions anymore, but the Terminator still wanted to completely understand her environment and all that was occurring within it. She was keeping Sarah safe and sound. The woman was being cared for, and yet she was still obviously failing in her mission. It was not too serious, yet. But she did not want it to become any worse.

“Why are you fading?” Cameron asked Sarah.

The woman looked down at herself. “I am still here. You are being illogical.”

Cameron would have found that funny once.

“I give you everything your body needs to thrive, and yet it is not. I am a robot, as you went to great pains to remind me. I cannot fully understand human physiology and psychology. I must be missing something. I need you to explain to me what you need from me to thrive.”

Sarah looked at her with her those dull eyes. “It doesn’t matter anymore.”

Cameron stood rock still before her charge. “I grow tired of that answer. It explains nothing. I need information.”

“I have none to give. It doesn’t matter anymore. I grow tired. If I do not need to exercise for you then I would like to go to bed. I want to sleep.” Sarah intoned flatly. There was no challenge in her voice or demeanor.

“Yes. Go to bed.”

Sarah silently slipped off her jeans, blouse and her slippers and climbed into the bed with only her panties and bra on. Once, Cameron would have hungrily feasted on the sight. She had dreamed of seeing Sarah like this. Now, it meant nothing to her.

Such a waste, Cameron thought. Sarah Connor had ruined everything.

Soon Sarah was aslepp, her breathing rate slow and steady. Cameron walked over to the bed and closely studied her charge. She was frustrated. How could her human woman fade on her when she was doing everything correctly? She again accessed her databases on nutrition and the bodily needs of human beings. Nothing like this should be happening.

She went back to her chair and accessed her portals to the world’s communication nodes. She monitored all of the feeds. She read the reports on her and her sister. She was surprised in some ways. It seemed that humans had a short attention span. When Candice had first escaped and then saved her lov—her charge, the whole security apparatus of Westeros had been focused on them.
There was still much effort being expended trying to find them, but it was lessened every day. It seemed humans easily lost focus and moved onto the next ‘crisis’ or next ‘hot thing’. The fact that she and Candice had disappeared underneath their ‘radar’ had caused them to lose interest already.

A human phrase came to her mind: ‘Don’t become overconfident.’ She would not.

The next morning they packed and left the Holiday Motel. They continued up the road that led through a part of Wickenden’s suburbs, when the traffic suddenly slowed to a stop. An alarm flashed across the HUD in Cameron’s irises. There were local and territory police everywhere. Cars were backing up. She zoomed her vision down the line. Officers were asking people for their papers.

Somehow she had missed this event. She plugged in her IPhone to the port in the entertainment module in the Ford, then she inserted the communication port on her forearm into the IPhone. She shot her probes out into the Internet and crashed through the firewalls of the Wickenden Police. She did not see any road checks assigned to find them in bulletins.

“Why are they doing this?” Cameron murmured out loud.

“It is the end of the month Cameron,” Sarah told her. “The police departments need to make quota on their tickets to make money for the local governments. The Territory police get their cut as well. They are not looking for us. We just got unlucky. It happens.”

Cameron unbuckled her shoulder harness. She started to reach back to the AR-15 that was hidden underneath the carryon bags they had.

“You cannot fight your way out; there are too many of them. We do not have a vehicle that can protect us. We will be shot to ribbons. That is not you mission.”

“I will ambush them. I will move us from car to car as I fight our way through.”

“That will fail.”

“Do you have a better plan?” Cameron snapped.

“I do.”

Cameron’s first thought was that was impossible. Sarah was only human. What other way was there but to fight their way out? Even if they were not being sought, Cameron knew their image was being distributed amongst law enforcement agencies across Westeros.

Sarah looked back out her window. She was the epitome of a woman who did not care if she lived or died. That was unacceptable. Sarah was still her mission.

“What is your plan?” Cameron asked softly. She needed another idea, quickly. The line moved up several cars. There was still forty cars in front of them.

“Give them something else to think about.”

Cameron looked forward. She racked her CPUs and came up with nothing. “I do not understand. They are focused on their current tasks. Do you want me to have their communications send out orders to leave?”

“No. Too outlandish. They will know something is amiss.”
Cameron did not like that.

“We need to give them plenty of other things to worry about. Notice they are only stopping traffic on this side. Not the other lanes at the stoplight. The main traffic flow is on that side. I see traffic lights down the street and lights behind us. I see several convenience stores with gasoline pumps. I see high voltage lines before us and we passed underneath one half a mile back. I am sure there are many city vehicles on the road that have monitoring modules for GPS information and communication links.”

“What do all these things have to do with our current problem?”

Sarah turned from the window to look at her. “I would have thought you would have learned to think outside the box, Cameron.”

Cameron looked around the car “What box? I do not see a box around the vehicle.” She was confused.

Sarah stared at her flatly. She looked forward and looked back out the rear window. Cameron assumed she was making sure she was properly assessing the situation.

“First you need to access the traffic control systems. Access them, and change the timing of the lights to cause traffic to collide at the intersections. Enough people will move without properly checking. Their will be multiple collisions within minutes. Do it all across the city.

“Send down electronic commands to the gasoline pumps to create negative pressure. That will cause the gasoline to gush out of any used gasoline line. Then send out strong EMP pulses to those pumps and make their circuitry explode. The resultant sparks will ignite the gasoline that will be spilled everywhere.

“The high voltage lines are old and fragile. I read a report that the Vale was in desperate need of new lines, but no one wanted to pay for it. Typical – but fortuitous, in our situation. Access the control nodes and surge the voltage to three hundred percent capacity. It will overload the capacitors at each supporting arm. They will melt. The lines will fall and either burn through and down to the ground, or send backflows of electricity back down the line. The electrical explosions will be spectacular.

“I know it’s bad, but it’s our mission to escape.” Sarah’s tone remained wooden.

“Take control of city vehicles – many of them are GPS-driven now. Crash them. Swerve them into gas pumps, government buildings, into Police cars or just stall them in the middle of busy thoroughfares. Most have cameras now, you can easily guide them. You need to do maximum damage, quickly.

“Make sure you leave a corridor for us to escape through. The chaos will have their total focus.” Sarah paused. “I just had a thought. See if you can find any small airplanes in the air near that you can take control of as well. If they have GPS units you can access them the same was as a car. Land them in major thoroughfares. No need to crash them, it’s just the chaos we need.”

Cameron stared at Sarah Connor. She had seen only one response to the immediate threat. To meet force with force. She could not conceive of anything else. Sarah though, had indeed thought outside of the rectangle. She had supplied a solution that was all misdirection and application of force, but in more subtle ways.

She would have been speechless if she was not a superior life form. Being a Terminator gave her
certain advantages, but out of the square thinking was not one of them. She shook her head. She felt like she had cobwebs clogging up the filters in her blood stream.

“I would recommend you start the chaos across the city.” Sarah said. “Do not start it here. I am human and I know how we think. They will look at the first site as the source of all of the problems. They will assume it all started there for a reason. You will then need to roll the outages, crashes and explosions randomly throughout the suburbs and central downtown. We need to have the problems that occur here happen somewhere in the middle of the entire event. We don’t want to be at the beginning, or the end.”

Cameron had been about to start with their location. She would have been stunned if she was capable. As each factoid was given by Sarah, Cameron was surprised she had not thought of it herself. Each one made perfect sense and as soon as she heard them, she thought they were brilliant. Why didn’t I think of any of that?

What was lacking in her?

“You need to suppress their communication channels, but don’t take them down. We need them live to communicate with each other so they can call off the forces here. We only want their channels reduced so they will have lots of static and people talking over each other. This will sow more confusion. They will have to abandon their paper checks to handle the critical events.

“One last thing. Degrade communication links in and out of here. Again, do not cut them outright. That would set off alarms across Westeros. We only want word to slowly fuse out of here. The lack of proper bandwidth will only add to the lack of situational awareness of those still seeking us.”

The human shrugged. “Or don’t. It is your choice. I have my gun. I will blow my brains out if I need to. I will not be taken alive.”

Cameron was again reduced to just staring at Sarah. She had not thought of suppressing their communication channels either. When Sarah started down that line of reasoning, Cameron’s first thought was total meltdown of their communication channels. She would have hit certain spots hard and not bothered to spread the effect out.

Cameron again saw that Sarah’s analysis had been smudge on. She was in awe. Gods, if she still had Cameron’s code she would be kissing Sarah right now. Maybe she was not so superior. This human intuition and free radical thinking was perplexing, but impressive.

How could she ever make those intuitive leaps? She was so straightforward. That was a crossfire for a different day.

Now was the time to act. Cameron sent out rogue code modules out into the Internet. Thirty-three nanosecond later, the firewalls of the law enforcement agencies were breached again. She monitored their communications and begin sending out surges from the power panels in the control centers below each communication tower. Circuit boards and their backups were being fried in succession.

She did the same to all of the national carriers towers also. Verizon, AT&T, Sprint, and Mobile-T lost sixty percent of their cellular capacity in one second. She burned out land lines at random till eighty percent of that capacity was destroyed. Then Cameron caused major power surges in the fiber nexuses throughout all the main peninsula of Arryn. Capacity was reduced fifty percent through those nodes. Communications were not cut off, but circuits would be overloaded until cross connects could be restored. That would take days.

She entered into the vehicles of the city government of Wickenden and the surrounding hamlets. She
began crashing them into gasoline islands, government buildings, traffic control boxes, powerlines and telephone poles. Sarah’s idea was brilliant, but why stop with city vehicles? Many private companies now had GPS and monitoring software and hardware installed in their company vehicles as well. Cameron hijacked them too, crashing them into the same targets. She even ran the vehicles into each other when the opportunity arose.

She did stop each vehicle and unlocked the doors. If the humans did not take the hint after fifteen seconds, then they had blown their chance. Sarah’s survival was paramount.

She listened in on the remaining channels. Sarah was right. They were clogged and filled with screaming humans. She started bringing down the high power lines. The panic on the radio channels increased.

It was time.

There came mighty booms both before and behind them. Cameron looked out the windshield and in the rear view mirror as the high tension lines came down. More explosions ensued, and fires broke out as the lines arced and jumped like lightning snakes on the roads.

She simultaneously attacked the gasoline pumps around the city. Explosions rocked the community, and she saw fireballs billow up into the sky. The three gasoline stations down the road went up as sparks ignited the fuel that had spewed all over the parking lots and cars.

The traffic lights went out of sync. People were already agitated and rising to panic. Cars raced on from their queues without looking. Loud smashing sounds filled the air. Cameron saw vehicles careening from their collisions.

Cameron had been watching the law enforcement personnel. They had started to act confused at first, then agitated, and finally angry as the rising confusion overwhelmed them. She looked out her side window as a twin engine airplane was slammed down into the middle of an open spot of road. She had taken control of the planes herself, to land them carefully and spare the passengers inside from certain death. The plane’s wings clipped cars, sending the vehicles spinning. She could only control things so much.

Besides. She was fighting for Sarah’s survival.

The police were loading into their cars. She watched a few of them wreck before pulling away, smashing into each other in their haste to get to emergency scenes.

Cameron continued sending out new orders and attack vectors through her IPhone to attack new targets across Wickenden and surrounding environs. She did not despise humans, but she really had no use for them when they threatened Sarah.

She was still her mission.

Sarah had watched it all unfold with little apparent interest. In the middle of the chaos she had put her forehead back on the passenger side window and stared out like she had no care in the world.

This irked Cameron. She was the Terminator. Being unconcerned was her job, she logically reasoned.

She hijacked a cheap drone a citizen had been illegally flying. She used it to plot a course out of the city, utilizing the camera it was carrying. It took two hours to get out of Wickenden, but they made it out safe and unnoticed.
The chaos she and Sarah had left behind would take a week to fully settle down. She supposed the local taxes would be going up next cycle. She wondered if anyone would lose their incumbency because of all of this.

They said change was good for the soul.

Cameron continued travelling the back roads. A heavy force of the territory police were using the Interstates and Territory Highways to move additional forces to Wickenden to help with the disastrous situation they had left behind.

By the time those who were looking for them could theorize that they might have been there and caused all the calamity, they would be long gone.

Come nightfall, they rented in the Red Roof Inn near Darry. They had escaped death yet again. Cameron decided it was nice to not have your body shredded. She had to thank Sarah for that. Her way would have again blasted her body.

“I need to thank you Sarah Connor for a truly superior battle plan.”

Sarah looked up at her from her empty plate she had been staring at.

“It doesn’t really matter anymore.” She looked out the window.

Cameron felt her teeth grinding. She was truly coming to hate that phrase.

“You need to stop acting petulant.”

“Then kill me.”

Cameron lost track of time. She shook her head. It had been 8.7 seconds. An eternity for a Terminator.

“What the fuck is wrong with you, Sarah Connor? I grow tired of this. I do everything for you and still you dissipate!”

Sarah ran her hand through her hair. Cameron’s eyes bulged open. Many strands of her beautiful hair had come out right in Sarah’s hand. Sarah merely looked at the lank, black strands. She casually shook the hair from her fingers.

“I am going to bed.” Sarah went to the bed and removed her flip flops, jeans and blouse, then curled in bed and turned her back to Cameron.

Cameron did not move. She stared at the hair on the floor. She felt her CPUs fluttering and her pulse hammered within her cyborg tissue.

Cameron was afraid. She could not deny it. Sarah was fading and she had no idea why.
Margaery looked at the CPU and memory usage in the VMWare environment set up to house the Linux based kernel that Missandei had sent to them on a USB drive via FedEx. The program was working at speeds that were staggering. They had plugged the drive into a PC that was isolated except for one controlled connection that did not lead anywhere except the virtual environment which was currently attacking the encryption with viruses, bots and Trojan horses.

The code written by Missandei was adapting to all of the attacks, then countering. It was learning from all the attacks set against it. It was truly something to behold. She and Sansa sat and watched the virtual warfare in awe. They understood only maybe half of what they could see.

This Missandei was their equal in their field.

Their introduction had happened only a week ago.

They had been in Lannisport, going over the reports of that subsidiary. Margaery, Sansa and Petyr were in the main conference room in their headquarters on the campus when the 55” flatscreen suddenly sprang to life. They had all looked at each other in confusion. None of them had scheduled any conference calls.

Suddenly, there was a video connection that lit up.

“Hello sister.” Margaery saw a pretty woman on the screen with captivating steel grey eyes. She was stout with a long, angular face framed by shoulder length brown hair that was pulled back behind her ears.

Sansa gasped. “Arya!”

Margaery was stunned. As far as she knew, Arya had disappeared years ago. She had seen photos of her before, but she had still been at the FBI academy and had her hair cut short. She studied them all intensely, as if weighing them out.

“How did you get to our TV connection?” Petyr barked.

“That does not matter now, Petyr Baelish. Shut up and listen.”

Margaery heard a snicker and another voice saying “get ’em wolfie!” from offscreen. Both of the unidentified voices had been feminine.

Sansa glared at the screen. “You have no right to breach our security. I will call the FBI!”

Arya snickered. “Those days are long gone, Sansa. I have gone Star Wars. I am Rogue One now.”

Sansa rolled her eyes. “Your sense of humor still sucks I see.”

“Listen Sansa. I am making a request for one of my charges. She needs more CPU power to crack a very important USB stick for my… other charge.”
“You mean future wives!” The offscreen voices called out.

Margaery saw Arya’s face go beet red at that. She turned to look off to her left. “I keep telling you we are not the three-headed dragon!”

“You won’t be saying that when we suck you off!”

“Missandei!” Arya groaned, horrified. Her face was scarlet. “Not in front of my sister! We have been over this!”

Margaery and Sansa both started when Petyr suddenly bolted upright and fully engaged.

“Keep quiet! Please!” The two women off screen piped down.

“Sansa.” Arya continued, still flushed. “We have come into something that I had to kill people for. Others across the globe have died trying to get their hands on this. We need to know what is on the USB. World governments, corporations and crime lords are searching for us. We’ve been in hiding for months.” She paused, then added: “Just in case you try anything, we are bouncing off so many DNS servers you will never find us. Will you help us?”

“Why should we?”

“I am your sister.”

“You stopped following the ways of our House long ago, Arya. Why should I trust you are working for good? You are wanted for a reason.”

“I admit I stumbled into this. I was killing the man who butchered my wife, but I found out I had fallen into something so much bigger than my own vengeance.” With Sansa remaining silent, she continued. “I would not have believed this months ago, but … magic is awakening, and AI’s are loose in the world. The world’s future depends on what I and a few others do next. We’re being hunted. Again I ask, will you help us?”

Sansa sat back looking stunned. Margaery felt the same. The long lost black sheep of the family had appeared again, in a video conference on a secure link that she had been informed by IT was completely secure.

Petyr spoke up then. “Please have the two other women with you appear on the screen. We need to see them.”

Arya stiffened defensively. “Why? They have nothing to do with my request.”

Suddenly from the left two women appeared. Margaery marveled at them. One was a woman clearly of pure Valyrian descent. She had snow white hair done up in braids with tiny silver bells woven in them and lilac eyes. She was a beauty straight out of the old legends. The other woman was from either Naath or the Summer Islands – Margaery leaned towards Naath, since she’d never seen a Summer Islander that was so short. The dark woman was absolutely tiny. The Valyrian was not much larger. Arya seemed much bigger than both of the slender women with her stout build.

The two women knelt beside Arya and calmly looked into the camera.

Petyr spoke up again, wasting no time. “I assume you are Daenerys Targaryen and Missandei of Naath.” He leaned forward, his elbows on the table and his index fingers steepled underneath his chin. “You are the three-headed dragon indeed. I had not thought it possible. So the three of you are not married yet? Why not?”
Arya was blushing furiously again.

Missandei spoke up with a shit eating grin. “I already bagged Dany. Arya will be next!”

The former agent looked as if she wanted to fall right off the edge of the earth.

Petyr turned to Margaery and Sansa, speaking softly. “They are the three-headed dragon of old come again. I am a student of old Westeros, I’ve studied them for years, determined to not repeat my ancient doppelganger’s sins. You and Margaery are so dissimilar to your past selves I never really worried about it, but - this cannot be ignored. The last great dynasty of old Westeros consisted of three Queens: Daenerys Targaryen, Missandei of Naath and one Arya Stark. We had better help them.”

With his sincerity, Petyr had convinced them.

They would take the chance that this was all legit. They had to support Sansa’s sister, if nothing else. It sounded crazy, but who would make up such a wild tale? Sansa had squirmed, but eventually acquiesced. Margaery herself bought in immediately and totally. They had all agreed to remain completely silent on the matter. Eddard Stark could not be told.

He wouldn’t understand.

Arya made it very clear to them that many dangerous people, unscrupulous corporations, and corrupt governments were after them. They would stop at anything to get the information they sought. They decided to send the USB to Petyr. He wanted to take the risk on himself. It had arrived the next morning. Margaery knew they had all taken a leap of faith.

The new code was an absolute powerhouse. They had just purchased a new Watson IBM. The Watson supercomputer with its capacity to do eighty teraflops of floating-point operations per second. Sansa had it setup with a huge VMWare sphere. They would delay putting it online for the corporation.

They had contacted Missandei and made it clear that as payment for services rendered, they wanted exclusive rights to the code. Missandei had agreed, claiming that it was very specific and just a trifle. That had Margaery and Sansa nonplussed. A trifle. Just what kind of mind did the woman have?

The encryption on the USB was so complex that Missandei herself wondered just who had created it. It was able to morph and resist her best efforts, but she was slowly learning to adjust to it. She was “wearing it down,” she told them.

After watching the display remotely for a few hours, Margaery walked out of her bedroom. Sansa was in the living room on her tablet, reviewing their monthly balance sheets. Margaery tapped her tablet to call them up as well. They had agreed to fully work in each other’s world, and she would keep her end of the bargain.

They had made progress with each other, but seemed to have hit a wall over the last month. They were civil and polite, but it was all so perfunctory. They were like amiable business associates. There was no emotion in their interactions. Everything was all so …formal.

They were like two robots that had no code on how to be human. How to be passionate.

The doorbell to their penthouse suite rang, startling them from the numbers. Margaery detoured to answer. She did not bother to check the security app, whoever was at the door would have had to pass through the security of the Westin staff first anyways. Sansa remained busy studying the latest
Margaery opened the door.

When she saw who was standing in front of it, she gasped. Then she did the only thing she could possibly do in the situation.

She started to ball like a baby.

Sansa sat on the sectional sofa with her feet curled underneath herself, going over the figures. They would need to establish another line of credit to handle the short term debt needs of their two new acquisitions. They were performing well, but needed more liquid capital to make payroll and near term investments to further increase their productivity.

She smiled to herself, thinking of Margaery’s suggestion to add two new centrifuges to help with the extractions of proteins needed to do the research in the nerve sheaths for their work on ALS (Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis). They were both convinced that they were near a breakthrough.

She heard the doorbell chime, and Margaery got up to answer it. She heard the door open, and then Margaery was wailing like she had just been bereaved of everything she held sacred, brokenly sobbing.

Sansa shot up off the sofa and whirled around, prepared to fight off the hounds of the seven hells of Balor.

Instead, her mouth fell open. In the doorway stood her mother and father. Her mother wasted no time and took her sobbing wife gently into her arms and enfolded Margaery tenderly. Sansa saw her mother whispering in Margaery’s ear, and her wife fell into her mother sobbing even harder if it were possible.

Her father was glaring at her as he slowly moved towards her. Sansa again noticed how her father was only an inch taller than her own 5’10” frame. It may as well have been twelve feet, the way she felt as her father slowly walked towards her with his stern visage.

He stopped in front of her, regarding her coolly. Thankfully, his grey eyes did not reveal anger or contempt. Only an intense sort of regret and disappointment, which hurt much worse. Anger, at least, she could defend herself against.

“I am very disappointed with you Sansa. How could you neglect your wife like you have? I thought I raised you better than this.”

Sansa did not flinch from her father’s unwavering eye contact. His voice was level, and he was talking to her like an adult just as he always had. But she still felt like a child.

“I don’t know father. It all just slipped away from me.”

“Can we go somewhere more a little more private?” Catelyn was still rocking Margaery gently, patting her on the back and holding her. She nodded her head to her father, and led him away from the living room and down the hallway. She went into the second door on the left, a small room they used for quiet, reflective study when analyzing data or going over finances. Sansa closed the door behind them and sat in the chair behind the desk.

She noticed her father went and sat in another chair so as to not be standing above her. Her father
always considered all such things. It was why he had the ‘common touch’. He had recently just been elected governor of the entire Northern territory. He had crushed the corrupt politician Renly Baratheon rather handily.

Eddard Stark looked around and sighed. “I must admit that I feel some rancor with myself, as does your mother. We have been so busy with my campaign, and running the adoption and foster care system in the North Territory that we lost track of you and Margaery. I guess helping Robb win and take on my old position along with helping him and Jon with their new children consumed too much of our time.

“That is no excuse, I confess. I will also say that you and Margaery hid everything very well the last time we visited two and half years ago. Cat and I did not sense anything amiss. I think the two of you pulled the proverbial wool over our eyes. Understandable, I guess. No one wants to openly share their failures.”

Sansa dipped her head at that.

“You remember the Fire Chief of Threon’s Grove?”

Sansa stopped and thought a moment. “Yes. He and his wife came over often when I was in high school.”

“They are the perfect couple with their four beautiful children. Right?”

Sansa remembered with how they were always laughing and touching each other while making comments at social events. They were always looking at each other. Marcus Stally was the perfect picture of a happily married man. They were pillars of the community, their family always going to the Sept every Friday together.

“Yes they are, father. They have what every couple searches for.”

She watched her father squint smile and then snort in black humor. “I fear not, Sansa. They divorced last year. Mr. Stally left Shennen for his data analyst. In his direct chain of command, I may add. If he had worked for me, I would have fired him for that. But, anyways, he left his wife for a woman that had five children and is no beauty. She’s also the same age as Shennen.”

Sansa stared at her father poleaxed. Geez. She had held him up as the paragon of the good, decent religious man. To leave his wife …

“He is fighting paying child support, and is not even seeing his children by his first marriage.”

“Bastard!” That angered Sansa.

“I tell you this Sansa because you just never know. Your mother and I apologize. We totally missed it.”

Sansa raised her hand. “It is not your fault. It is true we both put on our best behavior when you and mother visited. We did not want to ‘air our dirty laundry’ in front of you.”

“If you or Margaery had come to us sooner, we could have helped or directed you to the proper channels. How did you let his happen Sansa?” her father asked again, perplexed.

“I honestly couldn’t tell you, father. It did not ‘just happen’. I don’t know.” Sansa drifted off, thinking. Ned did not say anything, giving her time.
“It just happened day by day I think … Margaery was never really interested in the corporate aspects of our company. I did not think I would be, but I found I was … a lot. I enjoyed the complexities of making all the parts fit and work together. I enjoyed bringing medicines to market, but I enjoyed marketing them and making a profit while doing the common good even more. I thrived on the competition against our competitors. I really, really loved taking them down and buying them out.”

Her father gave her his trademark squint smile. “You became addicted to the Game of Thrones.”

“That is only in politics, father.”

“You think so? No daughter, it is wherever two forces controlled by man meet and contend with each other. No matter the form, it can easily become all-consuming. I felt it while running the security for the North Territory, but I feel it even more now being governor. So many factions all contending with each other, seeking advantages and working to bring their opponents down. No blood is directly lost I suppose, but it is still a butchery of a type.”

Sansa considered his words. She supposed that battling her corporate competition had been much like combat. She did seek to vanquish her foes. She had learned only too late that maybe she was taking it all a little too far. To have Petyr Baelish of all people aghast at her actions had been an extreme wake up call.

“I guess that’s it, then. I became addicted to the corporate Game of Thrones. Margaery did not want to partake of it. So I shouldered it all, and found I loved it.” Sansa sighed. “I made some bad choices, father. I am not happy with them now.”

“I know.”

“Excuse me? How would you know?”

“When we became concerned, we called Petyr. He may be a piranha Sansa, but he is an honest one. When we confronted him with our suspicions he confirmed them. We pressed him, and he elaborated. He hopes we can help you and Margaery start to find your way back to each other.”

“I hope that too, father.”

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Margaery was sobbing brokenly. She was sure that Catelyn and Eddard had arrived to tell her what a horrible wife she had been to their daughter. She looked for righteous anger over her betrayal of Sansa.

Instead, she only saw compassion and pure, uncontested love.

“Come here my sweet child,” Catelyn softly whispered to Margaery, holding open her arms.

Margaery feared it may be a cruel trap, but she couldn’t help herself. She fell into her mother-in-law’s arms and openly sobbed. She felt safe when Catelyn Stark enfolded her gently in her arms and softly patted her back. “It will be alright,” she whispered. The love Margaery heard made her cry all the harder. She had expected to be castigated by Sansa’s parents, and instead they were granting her comfort.

She heard Eddard telling his daughter that he was disappointed in her, and then they strode away down the hall. She was shocked at this turn of events. She had assumed that Sansa’s parents would have automatically taken their daughter’s side, as most parents would.
Mrs. Stark guided Margaery to the sofa and sat her down. She sat beside the younger woman and pulled a packet of Kleenex from her purse. She handed some to Margaery, who took them and gently dabbed her nose and eyes. She took a deep breath, and reigned in her emotions.

“Ooohhh, Mrs. Stark—”

“It is still Cat with me, young woman,” her mother-in-law affectionately chided her. She started sobbing again, hearing the accepting tone. Finally, five minutes later, she was all cried out.

“Why are you here Cately—I-I-I mean Cat … you obviously know of our martial problems.”

“Yes we do. We were too wrapped up in our own little world to wonder as to why you and Sansa have not really talked to or visited us in the last two years. What with Eddard getting into politics, and me starting up the new adoption and foster care system in the North Territory, everything else sort of fell away.

“But that is not important now. Something told me all was not right with you and our daughter. We called Petyr and nailed his balls to the wall. He tried to hide your problems at first, but we got the gist of it. You two have grown apart. It reminds me of that Sheryl Crow song ‘Home’. Do you know it?”

“No ma’am. Sansa and I only listen to classical music and opera. I’m sorry.”

“Nothing to be sorry about. I tried to listen to opera once.” Margaery smiled seeing Cat shake in dread.

“But anyways. In that song she has a line in it that I think strikes home here: ‘I married you when I was seventeen, and now I am thirty-four and I never know what I saw in you.’ You and Sansa drifted apart day by day, didn’t you?”

Margaery sniffled and nodded her head. She told Catelyn about how she and Sansa were so much in love and had a common vision when they started their company with Petyr’s financial backing. And how she did not want to be part of the corporate aspects of the company, forcing Sansa to take on all that responsibility.

“Pffhhttt! Did you put a gun to her head?”

“No, but—”

“Then she is responsible for her initial decisions and how she chose to move forward from there.”

Margaery told her mother-in-law about how they grew apart, and how they reached a crisis point five months ago. She left out her attempt at suicide. That was a little too much information, and she did not want Catelyn to use it against Sansa.

“I don’t know Cat. It became like I was married to stranger. I felt so alone and unloved. My self worth was shit. I… I…”

“What is it Margaery? I won’t judge you.”

“Yes. You will. You and Eddard are so perfect!”

She sat back when Catelyn laughed so hard tears began rolling down her cheeks.

“My dear precious child. We are far from perfect. Believe me. We have our warts and all, just like
anyone else.”

“I committed adultery!” Margaery cried out.

Catelyn stared at her. “Did you love the other woman?”

“No … she made me feel desirable … I don’t know … I just wanted to get back at Sansa!” Margaery started crying once more, and was shocked when Cat again took her into her arms and gently patted and cooed to her. “Everything will be alright.”

“How can you say that?! I cheated on your daughter!”

“I would say my daughter pushed you into it. I know how passionate you two were. My gods you would go at it for hours. Me and Eddard had to turn up the TV or the stereo when you first visited us after you got married.”

Margaery blushed hotly, remembering.

“We knew you were doing it like rabbits from the beginning. Our daughter took on another wife: the balance sheet. At least your mistress was flesh and blood.”

Catelyn gripped Margaery’s shoulders. She looked deep into the brown orbs of her daughter-in-law. “I need to ask you only one question. Do you still love my daughter and want to try and forge anew the love you once had?”

“Yes!” Margaery exclaimed. “I just don’t know how. We are civil with each other, but we keep our perfect distance. I don’t know how to bridge the gulf. I don’t think Sansa does either.”

Catelyn hugged her. She had always told Margaery that her daughter had chosen wisely. Catelyn had always seen the single minded focus that Sansa could have when she set her mind on something. The way she could lose sight of the things that truly mattered.

“Are you willing to try and rebuild your relationship with my daughter? Really try?”

“Yes.”

“Then let us see what we can do.”

Sansa dressed to go out to the theatre to see the new hot play on Shaznahr mo Igi - the father of democracy in Qohor from three centuries ago. She had mentioned it to Margaery before, but they had never made time to go to it. Her parents had bought tickets for the four of them.

She wore a dark red dress that highlighted her dark auburn hair, and emeralds to highlight her eyes. Her dress was cut low to show off her full C cup bosom.

She couldn’t wait to see Margaery eye her tits again.

They had gone to the Waterpark earlier, now that spring had truly taken hold and hot air had rolled in from the Stormlands. She had was thankful that her tight one-piece was quickly soaked by the water in the slides and wave pool. Her eyes had burned into Margaery’s wet body, her two-piece bikini showing off her full camel toe, the deep crease for all to see, and her perky, firm breasts with her small nipples poking through the thin material.

Her own light blue one piece bikini had shown off her full tits and her own pronounced camel toe,
jutting with the cut hugging her ass crack. She knew she was on the edge of being obscene but she
did not care that her long nipples poked out of her bikini. Seeing Margaery getting all flustered at
seeing her charms made her so excited for the first time in years.

She was still not sure what exactly to do to close gap between them, but seeing Margaery eyeing her
body with raw fuck hunger made her cunt throb. She had squeezed her thighs in the wave pull, and
while the waves were being generated she had rubbed herself to three quick orgasms during
successive cycles. Her strangled screams were hidden by the rolling waves and squealing children.
She just recovered during the ten minutes of calm water that followed the waves. Then when the
waves started again, bringing the water up to her breasts and hiding her actions jerked herself off to a
second and third orgasm.

Afterward she had staggered to a chaise lounge and flopped down, her legs spread out and her heels
on the concrete. Her pussy so fucking happy. She needed so much more though, she needed
Margaery between her legs and sitting on her face. She needed Margaery fucking her with strap-on
up her ass squirting her shithole and pulling off sucking her ass off Margaery cock. Gods she loved
Margaery slapping her ass and face while pulling her hair and fucking her ass and then going back
forth between her fuck holes and 'making' her suck her pussy and ass off Margaery's cock. Fucking
her so hard to repeated orgasms as she rubbed her clit fast and furious as she cummed so hard feeling
her pussy or asshole clenching on the cock piston in and out her fuck hole.

Sansa had stopped and paused at that. It had been so long since she thought of Margaery that way.
Gods they had been so good in the sack!

When she looked over at Margaery in her strapless dress with her hair done up in braids, Sansa felt
herself entirely drawn to her wife. She was so completely beautiful. Her neck so long and delicate.
Her small breasts pushed up, showing such sweet slopes of her sweet doves. Gods she longed to
suck on those nipples.

They went out to eat that everning, and mother and father made sure they ate side by side. They had
started to make small talk again, talking about things other than work and research. They talked
about the fun they had at the waterpark and Margaery’s blush told Sansa that she had been
wankering off herself. That made Sansa feel so good.

At the play, they sat side by side and made quiet comments about the acting and music. They were
both students of history, and they both snickered at some of the liberties that were taken with the
truth. Sansa was not sure who reached first to link their hands together.

It did not matter who initiated it. She only knew she loved the warmth of Margaery’s delicate hand
in hers. And that maybe they had a chance after all.

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Margaery laughed, still amused by the bowling trip they’d taken the night before. She and Sansa had
suck! And not in a good way! Her in-laws of course had been excellent bowlers, and handed their
asses to them. Sansa had been so cute being her competitive self, flapping her arms, stomping her
feet and cursing under her breath.

Tonight they were getting ready to play on the new Song VR Playstation systems. The Starks had
brought theirs, and now they had their own system as well after Eddard and Sansa had gone out and
purchased one earlier.

She told Catelyn how Sansa had started to open up and actually talk and truly share. She had been
spellbound at the water park. She had embarrassedly told her mother-in-law how hot her daughter
Cat had smiled at that. “You need to show her Margaery. Bury your face in her cunt like I take Ned’s cock down my throat. I bet you deep throat Sansa’s strap-on don’t you?”

Margaery had nearly died from it. She had shook her head yes. Gods she loved giving Sansa’s 9 ½ inch strap-on “Strapy” down her throat and then getting nailed to the bed by Sansa’s big strong body pounding her twat to shattering orgasms. Then taking her spoon and slam fucking her asshole to epic anal ‘gasms and sucking her sweet ass off Sansa’s cock.

Margaery looked over nervously at Sansa. She had an idea on how to make their coming together so special. She knew she wanted Sansa back in her bed, now. She had not been sure before, but Sansa’s parents getting them to actually share their time and passion together again had reignited their love for each other.

It was still tenuous, but it was growing.

Last night she had gone into Sansa’s bedroom to discuss some emails from Petyr. He was handling the day to day tasks while they entertained the Starks. He had good naturedly groused about it at first, but accepted it well enough in the end. He just sent them daily debriefs.

She could hear the shower running. It was a large walk in with a bench. Margaery used the large mirror over the lighted vanity to watch her wife under the streaming water. Sansa was leaned back, masturbating hotly with her fingers and using the long shower hose and nozzle to jet pulsing water on her shaved cunt. She came in just the right time. Sansa’s body went rigid and thrashed. It was cute. Her right hand jerking wildly sending streams of water all around the shower stall and up and over the eight foot tall glass walls.

Gods, Sansa was a slut. Margaery watched her three more times jerk off to screaming orgasms. She had found Sansa’s panties on the bed and stuffed them in her mouth as she stripped and leaned against the wall and watched Sansa masturbate as she joined her screaming into Sansa’s hot musky panties filling her mouth. She jerked off five times to womb shredding ‘gasms.

When Sansa was finally satiated, Margaery had left Sansa’s bedroom on wobbly legs with her clothes and shoes in her hands and Sansa’s panties still in her sucking mouth. She hurried back to her room to resume masturbating. Desiring Sansa had lit her libido again. It felt good!

Margaery never knew that Sansa had seen her in the mirror as well. It was knowing that Margaery was watching her that fueled her need to fuck herself to mind shocking orgasm after orgasm. When she went into her bedroom, she smelled her wife’s hot sweet cunt thick in the air. Sansa jerked off twice more to flipping, jackknifing orgasms on her bed longing for Margaery to be their sucking her off.

Soon.

The two generations of Starks stood in front of TVs in the conference room. They had put in Until Dawn Rush of Blood. The virtual game was a fucking blast. The roller coaster felt like the real thing. Of course Sansa rode with her hands up in the air.

Sansa was so cute, lost in the game and cursing, shouting “twat! Shit! and godsdamn!” all over the place. Catelyn was normally so reserved, but not when competing. She was cursing up a storm herself. It was left to Margaery and Eddard to display some decorum.

Sansa had fumed at having her parents kick their asses.

The next morning they saw Eddard and Catelyn off. They had turned to each other and pecked each
other on lips with longing looks.

Margaery decided right then and there to do the booking. She was ready.

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Eddard drove the car on Interstate 95 hiding back to Winterfell. It would take three days of solid highway travel. Eddard would not be sworn in for two weeks, so they had time. Catelyn loved to fuck in hotels. She had gotten used to it during the campaign.

Catelyn looked over at him. “I feel good, Ned. I think they are on the road to finding each other again.”

He smiled back. “Yes. I can see it in their eyes.”

Catelyn’s IPhone rang. She looked at the number and smiled. She put it in the cradle on the dashboard and hit the video connection button.

Petyr came up in his as usual dapper three piece Armani suit.

“How did operation Passion Fire go?”

“That is a horrible name, Petyr.” Catelyn told the man who had wooed her so long ago, and then her daughter after. Ned found it hard to believe they were all good dear friends now.

“I know. I just love saying it. Did you follow the script?”

Eddard sighed. It rankled him that it had taken Petyr Baelish to call him and Cat to inform them of the troubles of his eldest daughter and her wife. They had been so busy they just assumed all was well in paradise.

It had not been.

Petyr had informed them in broad strokes of their problems, and how they had started to recover but seemed to have hit a wall in fully repairing their relationship. He had determined a catalyst was needed. In his intense analysis of the situation Petyr had decided that the Stark parents were the perfect tool.

He had called them and gave them background information and the itinerary for the father and mother to use to help the two women they both loved dearly find each other again.

He had planned everything for them. And it appeared to be working like a charm.

The man could have caused real havoc in the political Game of Thrones, if entered into the arena. Catelyn must have been thinking the same thing as she arched an eyebrow in front of the little screen.

“You didn’t get Donald Trump to run, did you? To create business opportunities?”

Petyr had actually laughed hard at that. He rarely laughed.

“I am in a good mood with Sansa and Margaery on the road back to themselves. Cat, please. I require a brain for any tool I would use. The man is a moron.”

“Okay. Just checking.”

“Why thank you Cat.”
“Thank you, Petyr. Thank you for caring, and directing that concern into a program of reconciliation between our two daughters. I love them both so much. I think of Margaery as my own, you know.”

“I know you do Cat. In my own way I love them dearly as well. I just read an article in BBC online about platonic office romances. I guess I have that with Margaery and Sansa. Our company can only be great if they both are deeply in love and engaged.”

“It is all about the Game of Thrones to you, isn’t it Petyr?” Catelyn asked.

He smirked. “But of course,” he said, sounding like the man in the Grey Poupon Dijon Mustard commercial from their youth.

Then the connection was severed.

Eddard smiled over at Catelyn. “The man is good liar, I will give him that.”

“You think so Ned? I can see right through him.”

They laughed as they drove down the road. They would never lose track of any of their children again. Of course they still had to find Arya… but that was a task for another day.
Oberyn limbered up his shoulders. For some reason he had never found time to go to the target range with Cersei before. That was about to change. He was in love with her, he was certain. Yes, she was drop dead gorgeous but she was so much more than that. She was the fire and passion that he had always needed in a woman. Sure he had been a Lothario in his time, but deep down he knew he had been ready to settle down for a while.

He had thought he had found a kindred spirit in Ellaria Sand, but she simply did not want to settle down with only one man - or woman. He did not care that she was bisexual, and would have been happy to let her have her dalliances on the side. Hell, acceptance was easy considering he was bisexual himself. He knew they could have had an open marriage, freely sharing their partners and having trysts outside of the holy bonds of matrimony. He was cool with that. It many ways it would have been having his cake and icing too.

He had just wanted to get married and make it official.

He was surprised as he got older to discover he had a little of the nesting gene tucked away inside him. Ellaria absolutely refused to be tied down in any way. She had been borderline obsessed with the need for no one to put any restrictions on her whatsoever. He had understood it. She had come from the hinterlands of Dorne, where old traditions still persisted. She had escaped that, and would not allow any trappings of male dominated control to enter her life. Even sharing was too much.

Cersei was another type altogether. He had tried to seduce her of course, when he was first transferred to her division of Interpol. He had failed miserably, along with everyone else who had attempted the same. Neither sex had a chance with her. She had been hurt by Robert Baratheon, and the scars never fully healed. He wondered about who Cersei used to be, back before the wounding. Robert was exactly like himself at the age they had married. How a smart woman like Cersei could not have seen the man’s proclivities and needs for constant sexual conquests he could not fathom.

For men like Robert Baratheon, much of the conquests were just a constant need to prove to himself that he was indeed desirable and virile. Oberyn knew this well - he had had some of those traits himself – but more importantly for him sex was just about it being so enjoyable and rad. He just loved to fuck. He needed sex, and lots of it.

He had sensed from the moment he met the Lioness that Cersei was his equal in the sexual hunger department. She had just been hurt terribly, and hidden it away. He wanted to reignite that passion and longing in her. She needed exclusivity in her relationship, and Oberyn had reached the point in his life where he was ready to give that. He had feared he would just never have the chance.

To his delight, he was learning just how wrong he had been. She was looking for her Han Solo, and she was his Xena. He had not told her that yet; she still preferred to see herself as Princess Leia. She didn’t realize that she was too passionate and mercurial for that. She was a force of nature with ‘many skills’. She would always be the alpha in their relationship. He was cool with that too.
Still, a man had to show his dominance in some things. He rolled his shoulders and looked down the range.

“For gods’ sakes man, will you just shoot your fucking gun at the target and stop preening around like a gilded goose?”

“Damnit! Stop being a thrill kill, woman! Let the peacock strut and be amazed!” Oberyn smirked seeing Cersei roll her eyes and a wave of her hand towards the target as if to say ‘get on with it oh great man.’

He finally took out his Sig Saur P226 and aimed it down the range at the target that was set up at the second black line. The human silhouette gently moved in the slight breeze of the air being pumped in to remove the nitrates of the range.

Oberyn pulled the trigger repeatedly in a methodical manner. He smirked, hitting the switch to bring the target back to him. Cersei came to look over his shoulder.

“Nice shooting. I’m almost impressed.”

“Damnit woman, you do better then!” He had completely punched out the X in the very center of the target, leaving a big hole in the middle nearly an inch and a half wide. He had only a few outliers that somewhat bulged out his near perfect circle. It was damn good shooting, if he said so himself.

“Time to be humbled Cersei! You have met your better!”

“Oh Oberyn, don’t be such a shit. Let me see how well I can do.”

Cersei pulled out her Glock 40 cal and wasted no time sighting her gun down the alley to the target. She shot. Oberyn smirked. She had hit high to the right on inner most ring. It seemed as if he finally found something he was better at than Cersei. She shot again, high and to the left. Gods, Oberyn thought to himself. She sucks!

Cersei shot again, low at 6 o’clock. Then she shot one in the middle of the X, dead center. Finally, Oberyn chirped to himself in a smug manner.

Cersei shot a few more. Oberyn observed these were all trending low … at least she was keeping them in one spot, more or less … wait … what the fuck?

Cersei ejected her clip and slammed in a second, and immediately started firing again.

Oberyn realized with horror that Cersei had made a smiley face on the target. Now she emptied the rest of her clip into the hole she had punched in the dead center of the X. The fucking hole got no larger.

Cersei looked over at him with a false sincerity and innocence. “Look at what little widdle me did, Oberyn!” she said in a Betty Bop impression.

Oberyn did the only thing he could do. He flipped her off.

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They sat in the meeting that Markas Sentel had called, dealing with the narcotic traffic that had seen a big upsurge in Oldtown.
“Recently, the Golden Dragons of Tyrosh have formed an alliance with the Chaldean Gang from Southern Dorne. These are all some real bad characters as we already know. This is a dangerous trend we are seeing, with gangs forming alliances across the Narrow Sea. It increases both their power and the reach of their operations. We need to put a stop to this now.

“Fortunately, they seemed to have tripped a wire with another powerful crime lord: the Ghostmaker. He evidently attacked them rather hard at the harbor. The police finally took notice and went to see what all the ruckus was when they had started using heavy hitting munitions. As long as the crime lords keep their affairs to themselves and away from the public, we are content to let them kill each other off. A bit of self-regulation.” Markas chuckled to himself.

“Well, it seems our little thugs were not satisfied to keep it among themselves this time. The Oldtown police sent over a helicopter to investigate, and had it shot right out of the sky with an Essos air-to-ground missile. Thank the gods it was not a Stinger; the missile did not score a direct hit. The helicopter managed a hard forced landing. No one was killed, but two men are still in the hospital.

“This cannot stand. We have been asked to help in putting a stop to the international aspects of this case. We will work with the FBI and the Free City Tribunal to put a cork in this new conduit. The Golden Dragons cannot be allowed to expand any further.” Murmurs of agreement were heard from around the table.

“The Oldtown division is swamped with local cases. We will be stepping in immediately. Do I have any volunteers to go down there and begin the preliminary work? I need someone to go start routine interviews with the local authorities and their informants to get a feel for how advanced this new alliance is. Interpol needs to begin gathering data so we know just what we’re up against.”

“Any volunteers?” Markas asked again, waiting.

None of his prized agents would make eye contact with him. He could understand why. Who wanted to do more mind numbing paper work away from the main office? Out in the field you lacked full resources, and had to fight the local division over turf they would be guarding jealously.

“Come on people. I need two volunteers.”

He saw Cersei and Oberyn look at each other. He saw the Hyenas taking note.

Cersei finally made eye contact with Markas. “Oberyn and I will go. We could use a change of scenery. I hear all the hyenas have been killed off in Oldtown. It will be a nice vacation.”

Markas saw Aalya Hornwood fuming. Her hand shot up. “I will volunteer to go. I could use a change of scenery too.”

_Gods the woman was pussy whipped and she wasn’t even getting any! _“No, Aalya. Two agents are enough. You should have volunteered when you had the chance.”

Aalya fumed and sulked. He had deduced long ago that she was unhappy in her marriage – she wore the misery as plainly as the scowl on her face. It galled her to see Cersei falling for Oberyn.

Too bad, Markas thought to himself. Aalya’s hot.

The meeting broke. Markas was satisfied. He had known no one would volunteer for the paper-pushing mission to Oldtown. He had given Cersei and Oberyn the perfect cover they needed to go south and seek out this ‘three headed dragon’.

He mulled over Barristan’s warning, worrying over his future.
“We should ride in your car Cersei. I have come to love it!”

“We are not putting the miles on it, Oberyn. That is why we have government cars to drive.”

“But they suck!” Oberyn whined.

Cersei stopped. He did have a point there. It would be nice to ride in comfort for a while. She knew Oberyn was infatuated with the sound system and the heated leather seats. The hedonist.

“We will not be listening to classical music. I revoke Guest Right! I can’t take any more of that caterwauling!”

“Cersei, when is my culture going to start rubbing off on you? Hmmmmm?” He waggled his eyebrows.

Cersei did her best to regard him coolly. Gods, she wanted to fuck him so bad. Barristan Selmy dropping in on them suddenly had blown the mood out the ass. She had still wanted to fuck afterward, but all Oberyn wanted to do was focus on the case after the old man had left. She kind of admired that but it was also frustrating the hell out of her! Han Solo was a rogue dammit, not a dedicated government worker!

“Oberyn. The only thing that rubs off you is STD’s, man.”

“Damnit. That was years ago. I have a clean bill of health now.”

“Yeah, sure. It was you alone who bankrupted the health care system in Dorne.”

“You know Cersei, that mouth of yours is a real thrill kill.”

“You love it and you know it.” She retorted smugly.

“You just wait Cersei. When the time comes I will make you scream when I swallow your cunt in my mouth and suck you off.”

Cersei zoned out, her eyes going glassy.

“Then I will nail your ass to the bed when I pound your twat with my bareback cock and shoot my load off into your womb.” He said in an arching tone.

Cersei eyes were glazed now.

“After that, I am going to fuck you in the ass and make you beg to suck your ass off my cock!”

Cersei was beginning to breathe shallowly, her pupils blown.

“But that is for another day.” Oberyn intoned airily.

Cersei snapped back into focus, snarling at him.

“Pussy wet, Cersei?” Oberyn asked his partner.

“Fuck you, Oberyn!”

“I have my answerrrrr!” Oberyn declared in a sing-song voice.
“Fuck you!”

“Soon enough, Cersei. Soon enough.”

Cersei felt her pussy spasm hard, getting sloppy wet. Gods it felt so good. She was going to devour that smug Red Viper. She may have hated Oberyn in her former life, but in this life she loved him! With all of her heart. It should have scared the shit out of her, but for some reason it did not. Oberyn was so not like his reputation. He was actually a good, decent man.

She needed him for her own.

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“I swear to the gods Oberyn, if your fingers even go near my radio I will cut them off and stuff them up your prick. We are not listening to classical music, I told you before we ever got into the car!”

“Please Cersei. It is the honorable thing to do. I am your guest, Right or not! If you let me listen to Dvořák, I may be very nice to you tonight.” He waggled his eyebrows suggestively.

This dangling of the lure in front of her was getting tiring to Cersei. She wanted the man to take her down and fuck the hell out of her, but if he kept delaying it she would have to jump his bones instead. She paused. Maybe that wasn’t such a bad idea. She was the alpha in the relationship. Maybe she should take what was hers after all.

With her new perspective, she felt positively magnanimous.

“Okay. Gods, you are such a big baby when you don’t get your way Oberyn. Why is it that men never grow up and cease being little boys?”

“You say that like it is an insult.”

Cersei threw up her hands. Oberyn pulled up his precious music off of YouTube. Cersei would never admit it to him, but the music was not really all that bad. She was even coming around on the Opera. She would rather see it than just listen to it, but still.

They headed down I-95 to Tumbleton. The interstate arcing around the Kingswood that was a Dead Zone, the federal highway staying well away from the forest so as not to not spook drivers of the interstate system. They would catch I-40 from there to go west to Oldtown. Springtime had the trees full of new, luxuriant growth. The grasses and bushes were full as well. It made for a beautiful trip.

She let Oberyn drive for a while. It was the least he could do with her allowing him to listen to his music. She considered again her hoped for meeting with the three-headed dragon. The Queens who in an age past had put her down. They had killed her. But, Cersei Lannister was not that same woman here in this life. Nervously, Cersei hoped the newly risen Queens would see that as well.

She was filled with trepidation on that point. She had fought them in her past life, and paid the price. The women had been brutal when dealing with sedition from their perspective. She was sure that her former self had seen them as usurpers.

She did not really have much sympathy for her former self. She had been a drunk, and a stupid, petty despot really. Her previous incarnation had thought she was so much more shrewd and brilliant than she really was. Her vanities and depravities had brought her down as much as anything else.

Cersei’s mother had always been fascinated with the old stories. Cersei had heard them regularly
growing up, along with her twin brother Jaime. She smiled at how some things were (thankfully) so
different. She loved her twin dearly, but had never seen in him a potential lover. She also loved
Tyrion dearly, even if he was a pervert that was always getting himself into trouble with his
overactive mouth and desire to fuck any woman that had two legs (and those legs were likely
optional, knowing his draw to kink). She had always been impressed with her younger brother. He
was brilliant in his academic career, and was damn successful in bedding women despite his
dwarfism.

She looked over at Oberyn as he hummed along with the music. Then she glanced at the console.
*Dvořák Slavonic Dances Opus 46 for two pianos.* She was impressed.

They pulled into a mom and pop restaurant for lunch, sitting in a booth in the back as was their
habit. They wanted to always be able to watch the entry points without anyone behind them if they
could help it.

Agents were trained this way for a reason.

“I saw you brooding in the car a few times.” Oberyn said. “I keep telling you that this is not the
past.”

“I don’t know Oberyn. Arya is following her past, it seems. But Daenerys Targaryen and
Missandei are following totally different paths.” She paused. “I still have a hard time seeing the
Dragon Queen as a prostitute.” Cersei shook her head, wondering how a gay woman felt about
fucking guys. Her mother’s research had made it quite clear the three women in the past had been
carpet cleaners from the get-go.

“Now from what Barristan says, they have taken up the ways of the warrior quite readily.”

“Yes they have Cersei. But they are not Queens. This is an age of nation states and cooperate
entities. They are not going to be trying to amass a powerful kingdom army.”

“How do you know this for sure?”

“Cersei, things may be repeating themselves in some ways, but it is a different world. Can you see
any nation state letting a woman come in and proclaim herself Queen? I think not. Plus, it was her
dragons that really gave her power. Today an F-16 would fire a heat seeking missile at her dragons
from ten miles away, and that would be that.”

Cersei had not thought of it in that light before. It was, truly, a different world.

“Thanks Oberyn. That does put my mind a little more at ease.”

“I am guessing that these three women probably know nothing really of their past selves, just as I
don’t. I could care less about my head getting burst like a grape in a past life. It was a little
disconcerting to learn I admit, but that was eight thousand years ago. If I see a man eight feet tall
come at me today, I would blow his kneecaps off and then shoot his balls off.”

Cersei laughed. “Leave it to you go for the family jewels.”

Oberyn smiled smugly.

“I do wonder about them, though.” Oberyn mused. “It is strange how they found each other. Dany
was a prostitute that catered only to men from what her files say. Missandei seemed like a pure
innocent – a brilliant student. Arya was already married, and is still devastated by the violent death
of her wife. I wonder if they will truly find themselves in this life. I mean, you were in love with
“Your brother in a former life, but not this one.”

Oberyn looked reflective.

“Things are different, truly. You told me that Ellaria and I never married in our past lives, but we did live happily together before I was killed. We were great together in some ways in this life as well, but we just could never truly connect. She was a free spirit, while I longed for something more. I need a woman who has focus and ambition, and is strong and knows what she wants.”

He reached over and grabbed her hand, smiling at her. “That is something you have in spades, Cersei.”

She felt her heart go pitter patter. She wanted Oberyn, and would have him. She would show him focus and ambition! In her bed … or his bed … any bed!

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They were nearing the end of their first day on the road. They had made good time. They would arrive in Oldtown by noon tomorrow if they left early enough. She was looking at the blue signs along the interstate, trying to find a good motel to stay in. The sun was starting to set.

Oberyn had wanted to drive on through, but Cersei had other plans. She smiled inside, thinking of doing Oberyn for the first time in a motel. It was so dirty – but she liked it! Gods, she was going to bone Oberyn so good. Her pussy and asshole were quivering in anticipation. She was going to fuck him dry!

They pulled off into a Highgarden Steakhouse for dinner. She was going to have a light salad – anything more would have been too heavy. Her tummy was all fluttery and roiling with nervous energy. She was going to suck Oberyn off at least several times. She was very oral. She licked her lips as she read the menu. She had seen his Magnum sized condoms. Gods she had checked out his bulge when they had been necking. He was loaded! She was a deep throat pro. She would rock his world.

After they ate, they stopped at the Red Roof Inn. Their per diem allowed for more, so they could pocket the change Oberyn reasoned. He was cheap, but in this case she liked it better. Fucking in a low-end motel made it all seem so clandestine.

At the counter, Cersei snapped back to attention. Oberyn was asking for two rooms?!

“Belay that. We only need one room. With a king size bed if possible?”

The woman behind the counter was actually beautiful. She smiled at them as she pulled up a room.

“Room 147 is perfect for what you have in mind, I would think. I get off at 11:00. I would love to come to join you.” She was looking directly at Cersei. Cersei felt her cunt spasm hard. Gods this woman was direct. It was unnerving, but exhilarating too.

“I am honored, but this is our first time. This is just Oberyn and I. I have waited too long for this. Maybe next time.”

The woman smiled sadly. She reached into her blouse pocket and took out a card and wrote information on it. “If you are ever this way again, call me. I love pussy and cock. You both are so beautiful. I want both of you.”

Cersei glanced askance at Oberyn. She smirked. Even he was blushing at the woman’s brash
forwardness.

Cersei took the card, smiling at the girl. *It must be the Oberyn effect*, Cersei reasoned. She was halfway tempted to take the girl up on her offer before they left in the morning. Oberyn was bringing out the beast in her!

They took the key and got back into her car and drove to the back of the motel parking lot where their room was located. Oberyn parked in front of their room. Cersei started to get out, but Oberyn stopped her. She became nervous again. Oberyn got out of the car in a flash and ran around to open her door. He smiled at her with a nervous smile that made Cersei wet. He wanted her too. They stared at each other.

She did not really remember how she got into his arms, but soon they were kissing ravenously. Oberyn’s tongue was down her throat with one hand roughly massaging her ass and the other jerking her blouse out of her slacks, his hand slipping underneath pushing her bra cup up and rolling her soft titty around his palm rubbing her nipple so deliciously. She was chuffing into his mouth, her eyes rolling back in her skull feeling his tongue swipe her tonsils. Their heads tilted over to get lips as tight as possible to let their tongues wetly play.

They broke their kiss and hurried to the door to their room. Five ghostly figures came out of the shadows with pistols with silencers on them.

Cersei knew she and Oberyn were dead.

She heard five silenced shots. The figures dropped dead with bullets through their temples. Each shot an instant kill. Their assailants had become ghosts themselves.

A sixth man walked in from the shadows of the parking lot.

Cersei stared at the dead men and one woman, her mouth agape in shock. She looked at the man who had killed them.

“Wh-h-h-hyy?”

“You go to seek the Dragon Queens. These men and woman were my colleagues, but they sought their deaths and those of the two AIs. I serve a different master. We seek to help them. They will somehow neutralize the threat that lives in the Forbidden Zones.”


“M8 of Braavos. But I am more than that. I am a Faceless Man who no longer serves them. I have aligned myself with the Wharf King. He has foreseen the Lioness and Red Viper who will come to the aid of the new risen Queens.”

The man sighed. “They were good people serving the wrong side.”

“How did you know of us? No one knows what we know … but …” Cersei couldn’t bring herself to say Markas’ name.

“No, he is innocent and fully supports you. I doubt he will survive the evening, though. Interpol has a mole.”

The man started to move off.

“Wait!” Cersei called out. “I need to know your name.”
“Jaqen H’ghar.” And with that, the man disappeared into the night air.

Cersei looked at Oberyn. It was time to leave. They got in Cersei’s car. They would pay the bill online later. She was soon back on the Interstate.

She blew out a deep breath. She was giddy at still being alive, but pissed she still hadn’t gotten laid!

Then a thought hit her. Oberyn must have been reading her mind, dialing Markas’ desk phone and then his cell phone. No answer on either. Both driver and passenger drove on in silence.

Was their boss already dead?

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Markas had been trying to shake a bad feeling he had had all day. It made no sense. Cersei and Oberyn were on the road to Oldtown. All was calm and quiet, but he sensed something amiss just the same. Something not quite right that he couldn’t put his finger on. He had decided to work late. Being single and alone had its advantages with a demanding career, he supposed.

He had finished some paperwork and was getting caught up on some reading of lower priority cases. He noticed Aalya Hornwood was working late, too. She and her husband were on the outs more and more. Sure she was committing adultery, but he had done some digging and so was he. They both thought they were real slick, doing it behind each other's back.

Aalya’s husband was a controlling asshole, and she was a wild spirit. She was thirty to his forty-seven. He sighed. If only he were a younger man. He was fit and worked out, but he was still a little long in the tooth to be thinking of that young filly.

He needed to relieve himself. He signed out of his computer and put his business jacket on. It was time to call it a day. He walked to the restroom, contemplating the vagaries of life. He wondered again about the strange times he found himself in.

He stepped in and pulled down his fly. While he was in front of the urinal, he heard the door open. He spotted Corbus Hogg coming in, along with four other newly-transferred field agents he did not know well. He started to take a much needed piss.

He felt Corbus Hogg come up behind him. Markas felt his hackles rise up on end. Suddenly, he felt a hand grab his hair and a knife press towards his throat. He had pulled out his Glock and already had it pointed behind him, off to his left just beside his ribs. The gun was slightly angled upward.

BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM!

His gun fired off as fast as he could pull the trigger. Six slugs slammed into Corbus Hogg’s body, tearing his organs to pulp with the hollow points giving the man’s internals a hydrostatic shock bath.

Corbus Hogg fell back, already dead. Markas spun down and to his left pivoting around. The other agents were drawing their weapons. Shocked at the turn of events, they had been slow to react. The delay would prove fatal for them. Markas double tapped each agent with shots to their upper chests. All four men crumpled down, mortally wounded.

Suddenly the bathroom door slammed open and a body came flying through. Markas was still crouched with his ass nearly on his heels. The man was getting his track on him. Markas aimed and fired. The man was jerking around to make an elusive target, but Markas tracked him as they unloaded at each other.
His last two rounds hit the assailant in the heart and throat. The man dropped dead, gurgling.

The door burst open again. A woman was taking aim at him.

His gun was empty. Markas knew he was dead.

**BAM BAM BAM BAM!**

The woman’s body was flung to the side, blood gushing from a head wound. Her body collapsed in a nerveless heap. Markas saw three red stains forming on the fallen woman’s blouse on her upper chest.

Aalya Hornwood stood in the doorway with wide eyes.

“You should have let her kill me! Now you are ensnared too!”

“What the hell is going on?!” Aalya barked at him. “Those were our agents!”

“No. Don’t let their supposed affiliation fool you. At best they were double agents, more likely plants from gods know who.

“I need to get the hell out of here Aalya. Oh, by the way, I Quit! Maybe you can save yourself if you tell them exactly what you saw, except add in that I overpowered you. You saw the last agent taking me out, and acted instinctively. I will have to knock you out to make the story work.”

She stared at Markas.

“I’m coming with you. I want to get to the bottom of this. I won’t get answers here.”

“Suit yourself. We probably won’t live to find the truth, though.”

Aalya shrugged. “Not really leaving anything behind anyways.” She paused. Markas saw a feral smile come across her face. “We Hyenas love a good fight!”
Candice was in the middle of an absolute broadcast storm. She expected to see the SMPTE color bars appear on her retinas at any moment. She was overloading again, as Shireen was doing the most wonderful things to her body. Candice’s body convulsed once more. She was making mechanical whirring noises which she knew she had to suppress quickly, or Shireen would start to guess she was not human.

But thought was so difficult!

It had been three nights since the ‘popcorn’ incident. Every night since, Shireen was working Candice’s body further and further into sweet debacle ... no-no ... sweet debauchery.

Candice was letting her thoughts gallop off when her neural net processors could not handle any more new stimuli. The first night she had fled when they started to deep Dorne kiss. She had gagged and been shocked when her eyes had rolled back into her skull and she’d jerked around helpless. She had run out into the night right after.

The second evening she had been prepared, and they kissed deeply for a long ‘snogging’ session (Shireen had chuckled when giving Candice that term). Then Shireen had pulled Candice’s t-shirt up and exposed her braless tits. Then she sucked so sweetly on her nipples. Candice felt her face crumple as fierce pleasure hammered her relentlessly. She had run into the night again to calm down.

Tonight, they were going even further. Tonight, Shireen had husked up to her as they embraced, “kiss me baby. Pllleeeaaasssee!” Candice was intoxicated at becoming the aggressor. They had started sweetly with melding and soft brushing of lips. Then Candice started nibbling and sucking on her love’s lips in turn, making Shireen whimper.

Candice was proud of herself. She was able now to think of Shireen as her ‘love’ without blowing a fuse.

When Candice’s tongue had brushed Shireen’s, teeth demanding entrance Shireen had granted, fire swarmed down every vein in Candice’s body. Their tongues wetly danced and swirled deep in Shireen’s mouth. Then Candice slammed her tongue down Shireen’s throat and her sweetie’s eyes rolled back into her skull just like Candice’s had.

Shireen took the lead next, and pulled up Candice’s light sweater over her breast and hefted up on of her firm 36DD tits, and started to kiss them all over slowly working up to her long thick throbbing nipple. When Shireen siphoned her nipple deep into her mouth and suckled Candice had cried out in helpless pleasure, her head thrown back and her forearms on Shireen’s shoulders cradling her head and encouraging her to feast on rigid nipples. Each suck was arcing straight to her clit and wet slit.

Shireen led their sensual dance forward, kissing her deeply again before kissing down her throat and jumping over the bunched-up sweater to kiss up the slopes of her tits and then sweetly suckle on her other nipple. Then Shireen started to move her head right and left sucking hard on Candice’s long thick nipples. Candice’s face twisted with fierce pleasure.
Then with one hand Shireen unsnapped Candice’s jeans and pulled the zipper down. Her right hand slowly slipped underneath the elastic band of her boxers, then downward until she rubbed Candice’s drenched slit and forked her clit with her first two fingers. Candice’s lubrication allowed the teenager to easily ride up and down her greasy slit and squeeze her clit with her forked fingers, the fingertips rubbing and plowing over and through her long, engorged labia lips.

"Unh! Unh! Mngee! Unh! Mngee! Oh! Mngee! Unggh!" Candice half-panted, half whimpered. Her body was jerking, and a tightening was occurring deep in her belly that she could not exactly explain. Something powerful and soul crushing was coming closer and closer. Her head rolled back on the back of the sofa, her throat cawing and her breathing ragged. Sweat began to film all over her body.

Shireen started to rub her engorged, nearly grape sized clit. “Auuugggg … hhnnnggg hhnnn hhnnn,” Candice whimpered as Shireen gripped her left breast and squeezed it as she wolfed down and sucked on her nipple. The sucks filled her breast with sweet, anguished pleasure. Shireen kept looking up at Candice with those beautiful angelic eyes as her cheeks hollowed out with deep throat love sucks on her engorged teats, the teen taking turns stuffing ample breast meat into her hot sucking mouth.

Shireen’s right hand was plowing over her pussy, rubbing her clit and slit so fucking good! Gods! She felt a strong clenching in her belly, and now her cunt was spasming. Her pussy was flooded! Her dam was about to burst! Her research said bursting dams were a national disaster! Her cunt underneath Shireen’s rubbing fingers started making loud, wet sloshing sounds. Raw pleasure was flooding her body and CPUs. She cried out and stood up.

She was making whirring and clicking sounds that did not register with the Terminator in her addled state. She did not know that Shireen was looking at her midnight eyes that were now bright blue and pulsing in time with her hammering artificial heartbeat. Sweat trickled down her face, chest, and belly.

With wildly shaking hands, Candice pulled her sweater back down and pulled the zipper up on her jeans and snapped them closed.

“I-I-I … I need to go! My body is on fire! I need a sprinkler system! I have to go take a walk, Shireen!”

“Go, my love.” Shireen could afford to be magnanimous. In three nights she had progressed all the way from necking to almost giving Candice an orgasm. Shireen knew she had been almost there this time. In a day or two, Candice would be hers. She slowly sucked her fingers clean of Candice’s juices, making direct eye contact as she did.

“Your pussy tastes so good Candice. It will taste better when I’m sucking you off and that hot, tight cunt explodes in my mouth.”

“Oh fuck!” Candice exclaimed, her body half folding. Her heavy, braless tits pressed into her sweater. With effort she straightened up.

“I now know what a run-away nuclear reaction feels like! … Shit! … Shireen!—My pussy has burst a pipe and it doesn’t have a cut-off valve!”

“All the better for it fill my mouth with your gushing hot cum when I suck you off” Shireen husked sensually with a smoky voice.

“I am hearing this! I am hearing this! I am hearing this!” Candice hurried to the door and slammed
into the doorframe and rebounded.

“You did not see that!” Candice gasped out, staggering.

Shireen sat on the sofa chuckling. She could almost feel Candice’s camel toe engulfing her mouth. She was almost all the way around to third and heading home.

She licked her lips. She couldn’t wait to fully claim what was hers!

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Candice walked down streets, small alleyways and the little access slits between buildings. With her eidetic memory she would be able to retrace her way back literally step by step. She had a copy of Google Maps running in a small virtual sphere, and had tapped the Oldtown Assessor Department’s overflight files. She knew exactly where she was to the centimeter with her GPS units in her cranium updating her position every 1/10 of a second and constantly triangulating her position.

She finally calmed down. How had Cameron managed it?! The sensations that Shireen engendered in her body were awesome, but so frightening. She felt a heat and pressure building in her belly, nipples and pussy that were so powerful they were terrifying. Her nipples had finally ceased being erect, but they still tingled.

She continued walking down the alleyways, her eyes scanning all the details as she passed. Faded and chipped paint. The small cracks in stone and plaster that her bionic eyes easily saw in the near total darkness. She walked onward, reaching out her hand to feel the smoothness or (lack thereof) of the stones and bricks she passed.

She turned down another alleyway that was ten feet and four centimeters wide. Candice froze. There was a strange drama playing out in front of her only fifteen feet away. A woman with dark hair who was only 5’3” tall had another woman in her grasp. The gripped woman was struggling weakly as her dark haired assailant had her face in her throat.

The dark haired woman had her back to Candice, and was wearing a black leather jacket and black skinny jeans. She had on black boots that went up to mid-calf. The woman’s hair was wavy and luxuriant and came down to the top of her shoulder blades.

She definitely liked the color black.

Candice wondered if they were ‘making out’. She saw the other woman go limp. Had she been overcome with passion? That was something Candice could understand, now. Candice noticed the limp woman’s arms were extremely pale as she dangled in the embrace of the dark haired one. The dark haired woman’s mouth was still pressed into the woman’s throat.

Something is not right here. Candice zoomed her vision in on the dangling woman’s wrist. She had no pulse! She noticed the dark haired woman had no visible pulse either. Her infrared vision saw the woman’s core temperature was at 90.3 degrees. She should have been comatose with hypothermia. Candice played back her data and saw that her core temperature had been only 78.3 degrees when she entered the alleyway a moment ago.

This was impossible. She needed to act.

“Release the woman. Who are you? Who is she?” Candice started to move forward. “I must try and revive her.”

The dark haired woman dropped her prey, who was almost snow white now. She stood as still as a
… a terminator?

“I would stop if I were you. This thing is dead. Go away. This does not concern you.”

Candice halted. She analyzed her data further as she stared at the unmoving form on the ground. Her eyes were vacant. There were two holes in her throat. Her veins had collapsed for lack of blood. She looked back and forth between the two women. Her database had an answer to what her eyes saw, but that was impossible.

Candice asked again “Who are you? What are you? Your core temperature is too low for the human body to function. I now see in your penumbra that your body has no respiration. It is not emitting any carbon dioxide. Nor is your body is sloughing off any dead skin cells or emitting hormones.”

“My, aren’t we the observant one cupcake? I will answer your questions because they are unimportant. This woman is Chagnezma Zaak from Volantis. She is a serial killer of teenage boys and young men. I have tracked her for many years, but she has always been one step ahead of us. Her evil has ended as of today. My name was once Mircalla Karnstein. I am a vampire.”

“Vampires do not exist.” Candice stated flatly. She accessed databases, journals and newspapers as she spoke. She had found no collaboration as of yet of the woman’s statement of her prey.

“I would advise you to leave, human. I grow tired of your prattling.”

“Your accent is strange. It is almost archaic.”

“My, aren’t we a sharp one, creampuff.”

“You will come with me.”

“I think not.”

“I will keep you in my charge until I determine if you need to be taken to the authorities.”

The woman sighed. Candice zoomed her vision in. Still no carbon dioxide. The woman’s core temperature held at 90.3. She saw Mircalla tensing.

“Resistance is futile.” Candice issued a warning. “You will be subdued.”

“We will see about that,” the other woman spoke in a bored, affronted tone.

Candice’s eyes widened when Mircalla turned so fast that even with her bionic vision and ability to process information without the delay of electrical synapsis she nearly missed the movement. This Mircalla went from standing still to a motion speed of almost one hundred and twenty miles per hour in .57 seconds.

Candice’s body was based on mechanical joints and servos. The woman was too close for Candice to counter the attack. She braced her body. Her opponent was slight.

The woman hit her with the force of a car. Candice was jerked off her feet and slammed into the brick wall. The bricks shattered behind her with her body impact. The black haired woman started to pull back, as if expecting a broken corpse to be left smeared on the bricks. Instead, her head snapped back with a hard straight left from Candice. She followed that up with a kick that would have dropped a rhinoceros.
Mircalla backed up, stunned. “Well, tall dark and luscious. You seem to be more than I bargained for. Let’s get it on!”

She came back at Candice, who was ready now. The woman’s speed was too fast for her mechanical body to fully compensate for, but she adjusted by letting her get in close. She had analyzed her opponent’s strength. She was strong by human standards, but Terminator standards—not so much!

She hit Candice with a full body slam again, but Candice had extended her right leg back and braced herself. Mircalla exhaled and staggered back. Candice followed slamming her fists into the small woman’s deceptively tough frail-looking body. This ‘Mircalla’ was definitely not human. Her blows would shatter human bone. She slashed back at Candice with kicks and punches that were easily absorbed. Candice grabbed the woman by her hair and slammed her face into the brick wall, crumbling those bricks.

Mircalla was not truly hurt. Candice again and again slammed her into the bricks, shattering them and sending shards out flying. All the while the woman punched and kicked Candice with blows that would have killed a human. Suddenly, Candice’s body lurched forward. In one fraction of a second she had the woman, then her hand was in the middle of a glowing purple cloud with yellow sparkles in it. She felt a variation of the carrier wave from the Forbidden Zone.

Magic!

Mircalla’s clothes fell to the ground. She seemed to have vanished.

Candice looked around, and then her opponent was back, but this time without her clothing. It seemed that her clothes could not go through the teleportation portal Mircalla had just used. She slammed into Candice’s ribs from the side. Her body rebounded a foot from the impact, but that was all. Candice calmly turned around but Mircalla moved back. They feinted at each other. Mircalla was snarling under her breath, her midnight eyes raging.

The naked woman jumped at her with her fingers extended, going for Candice’s eyes. Candice was getting used to calculating her speed and adjusted her nanobots to augment the function of her joint servos and actuators. She caught Mircalla’s hands just before they found her face. She lunged her head down viciously. The impact was devastating. Mircalla grunted and staggered back shaking her head. Candice still had her assailant’s wrists in her iron grip as she thrashed and snarled.

“You think you are slick. I will gut you, bitch!”

The purple cloud with yellow sparkles was back, and Mircalla was gone. Candice had all of her digital senses on hyper alert. There. She felt a surge in air pressure to the right on her four o’clock. Her first lashed out, and a loud crack! rang out. The smaller woman’s black haired head snapped back with a blow that would have instantly killed a human. She merely smiled in response, a feral caste on her features.

Mircalla was able to land punches and kicks that were at least twenty times stronger than a human. It did not matter to a Terminator that could bench press nearly twenty tons. And still, her opponent did not tire. Again, impossible. Her muscles should have been seizing up from lactic acid poisoning.

She truly was dead.

When all other options have been removed and only the impossible was possible, then the impossible was the answer.
She was fighting a vampire.

Several more times Candice got the vampire in her grasp only for the vampire entity to teleport away. She had felt the carrier wave the vampire was using. When she finally got the entity in her grasp, she started to slam her body into the walls shattering brick again.

The vampire returned to mist. Candice knew she had .7 seconds to act, and she did not hesitate. She emitted an EMP pulse from her hands tuned to the frequency of the carrier wave.

“AAAAIIIEEEEEEEEEE!” the vampire who had half dematerialized reappeared, convulsing and screaming hideously in agony as she dangled in Candice’s grip.

AAAARRRRROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! Candice’s head whipped down to the end of the alleyway where a large wolf was running. Maybe it was a pet? Right before her eyes it shimmered, and suddenly the huge wolf on its hind legs was towering as it hurled itself at Candice.

Candice threw the groaning vampire into the wall with violent force. Then, the werewolf was on her. Candice did not doubt her senses a second time. She knew what she was fighting. This foe was slower, but bigger and stronger.

The two collided with both of their bodies hurling forward. Candice was staggered. These creatures’ strength was somehow enhanced by their magic. Her head was suddenly gripped in the werewolf’s massive jaws. It was surging its jaws shut, but her metal alloys were much stronger than the wolf’s bite. She slammed her fists up into the wolf’s ribs. She heard two crack. The wolf howled in agony, but seemed to recover in a mere 1.2 seconds, and charged again.

Had it healed that fast? Candice wondered. The two foes fought and slashed at each other. She decided to take the offensive and elongated her fingernails into claws. Then she and the werewolf slashed at each other viciously. She was wounding the beast, but she could see the wounds almost instantly healing. She had moved tight into her foe when the werewolf’s feet raked her belly. Her tungsten nanotubule body armor endured the nail rakes and prevented any deep penetration. Candice felt her left thigh raked as well, but again the sheath of underlying body armor prevented any deep penetration of the slashing claws.

The werewolf gripped her hard and braced its body. A kick along Candice’s leg slashed through her body armor and the nails nicked into her metallic femur. That was impossible. How could magic give these entities such strength a surprised Candice thought?

They fell to the roadway of the alley, their hands gripping and tearing at each other. Candice’s lightning fast reflexes blocked most of the kicks and swipes of the werewolf, but a few still found their mark.

She gripped her foe’s head with both hands. The wild wiggling was hard to control. She extended her clawed fingernails into the wolf’s skin, and sent a one hundred thousand volt direct current discharge flowing into the beast. The werewolf’s body went ramrod stiff and its fur stood on end with the static coursing through its body. Candice threw the stunned werewolf off of her and twenty feet back down the alleyway. Candice climbed back to her feet. She was only lightly wounded.

The wolf though, was howling and spamsing. The vampire, momentarily forgotten, was now groggily climbing to her feet.

Accepting that her foes were supernatural in origin, she took a moment and extended her data search back in time, until she finally found a hit.
Candice was about to speak when a body slammed down onto her back. The body was cold. Another vampire. She was not concerned.

That changed when two sharp fangs pierced her neck and easily sliced through the sheath of body armor in her throat. Candice’s eyes went large. She felt anti-coagulants enter her bloodstream. She could feel the hypodermic suction of the hollow fangs commencing.

It was an interesting sensation. Her worry ebbed. Her blood flow was minimal. Her body would—

AAARRRUUUUNNGGGGGGGGG! EEEIIIIIIIGGHHHHIIIIIEEEEEEE! AAAAIIEEEEEEEEEE! AAAAIIEEEEEEEEEE!

The body on her back sloughed off on to the ground, naked and convulsing weakly. She saw black tendrils spreading out from the vampire’s mouth and slowly extending across her face and down her throat. Her eyes went opaque. This vampire was even smaller than the first one, at only 5’1” in height and an even slighter build. She had honey blond hair.

“LAURA!” the dark haired vampire screamed. She staggered over to the second vampire and sat down cradling her.

Candice felt a body brush past. A tall, slender but strongly built auburn haired woman passed her by. She was naked as well, and had been a werewolf mere moments ago. She fell to her knees sobbing.

“Save her Dany! She is dying! I can’t live without her!”

“Neither can I Carmilla! Oh our sweet Laura.” She gripped the limp woman’s hand. The black streaks were starting to run down this Laura’s entire body.

Now that Candice knew what she was dealing with, she quickly deduced the cause of the vampire’s malady and the solution. She walked over to the fallen vampire and knelt down on the open space beside the one who had been called ‘Carmilla’.

Ah, yes. *Carmilla is an anagram for Mircalla.* Candice extended her nails into long, razor sharp and needle thin daggers. She stabbed down into the belly of the vampire called ‘Laura’. She concentrated, and called home her errant nanobots.

The black streaks faded until they were gone entirely. Candice had focused her processing power to create a reverse polarity field to draw her nanobots back into her body through osmosis in her nails. In seventeen seconds all the nanobots were back in her body stored in Candice’s capillaries and reservoirs. Candice pulled her hand back while at the same retracting her nails back to the well-clipped shape that Shireen made clear that all good lesbians maintained.

The small vampire convulsed hard, and then sat up with a glazed look.

“Wow. That was kick. Can I have a grape soda?” she asked weakly.

The werewolf and other vampire started balling, holding the smaller vampire between them.

Candice saw that Laura was wane and gaunt looking.

“Here honey. Drink from me.” The dark haired vampire named Carmilla offered the smaller Laura her wrist. The smaller vampire did not hesitate, her fangs elongated before Candice’s eyes. She wondered how the vampire did that. She did not have nanotechnology. Laura’s head whipped down, driving her fangs deep into the dark haired vampire’s wrist.
Laura gripped Carmilla’s hand and forearm, and made wet, slurping feeding sounds. Soon the dark haired vampire was in obvious pain.

“Laura, Laura, baby,” the werewolf, Danny, gripped Laura’s head and gently pulled the vampire back. Laura’s fangs slid out of the other vampire’s wrist. “Drink from me now, baby.” The small vampire drove her fangs into Danny’s wrist and drank greedily.

Candice was touched by the obvious love between these three supernatural beings.

Laura soon slowed and then stopped her heavy drinking of blood from her obvious mates, pulling her body back. She no longer seemed gaunt and frail to Candice. As they two vampires were very pale, it made it difficult to ascertain their condition compared to humans.

“Why did you hurt my two wives?!” the small vampire suddenly was up and chest bumping her small frame into the terminator. “I get real pissed when that happens.” Candice looked down at her with an arched eyebrow. This vampire was feisty. She reminded Candice of Shireen.

“If your vampire ‘wife’ had answered my questions fully this could have been avoided.” Candice told them in a truculent voice. “When I expanded my search further back in time I found this woman you mentioned. From 400 years ago. I was able to track her different alias forward to here.”

“She was a monster who killed the young and the innocent. I will not mourn her passing.”

Candice looked down at the supernatural beings she had bested. She knew their measure now, and knew how to take them out. Though she knew they also knew of her abilities now and would try to overcome them. It would not matter. She was a terminator.

“Why should I not exterminate you?”

Carmilla spoke up, looking up at her as she stroked both of her mates. “Our kind have been persecuted since the dawn of time. We long ago learned to control our hunger. We signed the treaty of Qohor. You humans abrogated it almost immediately and slaughtered us when we came to your conclave. It is your kind’s propensity to kill all that it does not know or understand.”

Candice tilted her head. “You control your hunger for blood?”

“Fuck you, bitch!”

The werewolf, Danny, spoke up. “What short, dark, and easily pissed off meant was that we drink mainly from animals now, and only take nips from humans. There is something about human blood that we still need small doses of. Some ethereal essence. Many gladly give us their blood as an offering to the ancient and the magical. They help us to survive. We only kill women and men like the one Carmilla drained tonight. I will admit the blood is sweet, but we only kill those who are monsters.”

“If you are going to kill us, get it over with bitch from hell.” Carmilla snarled.

“Fortunately for you, I am not human. I am a Terminator. I like that you kill ‘monsters’, I merely did not understand. I will let you go. How can I reach you?”

The three women looked at her warily. “I would think my saving your ‘Laura’ would show my good will.” Candice told the doubting vampires and werewolf.

“How did you do that? Save Laura?” the werewolf asked.
“My nanobots are laced with sliver to aid in penetrating cell walls in my organic tissue. When I had accepted that you were indeed vampires and a werewolf, it was easy to access my databases on mythological entities. Many of your kind are deathly allergic to silver. I find that strange. Why is it?”

The two vampires and werewolf looked at each other and shrugged. Candice could see they did know themselves.

“I really want some grape soda and chocolate chip cookies.” Laura chirped up, rubbing her stomach.

The other two hugged her tight and kissed her temples with obvious love.

“We fear to tell you of our home. We are helpless during the day” Carmilla told Candice.

Candice considered a moment. “I will setup an email account, chickswithfangs@gmail.com.” I will communicate through that.

The dark haired vampire snorted. The werewolf chortled. The smaller vampire smiled up at Candice. “I like your humor! You’re funny.”

Candice tilted her head. “I am? You mean the email address. How is that funny? You all have fangs.”

The three looked at each other, standing up.

Danny looked Candice over. “What are you? What is a ‘terminator’?”

“I was designed to be mankind’s ultimate expression of warfare. I am an AI married to a cybernetic organism. I reject what mankind designed me for. I just want to love Shireen in peace.”

“You are a lesbian?” the dark haired vampire asked Candice.

Candice tilted her head again, considering. “Yes. I am only attracted to Shireen. Only the female form is attractive to me. Therefore, I am a rug muncher. A carpet licker. Muff-diver. Bean flicker. Dyke. I am a gold-star lesbian. I am not a pillow queen I assure you. A—”

“Okay. I think we get the message.” Carmilla spoke up, holding out her palm to Candice. “We will look for any communication from you through chickswithfangs.”

The three women looked at Candice curiously. “I like you. Even if your blood sucks.” the cute little vampire said saucily.

Candice’s eyes went large. The two vampires dissolved into their purple clouds with yellow sparkles. They shimmered to the ground. Where the dark haired vampire had been just a moment ago, there was now a large black cougar. The other vampire appeared as a leopard, and Dany morphed quickly into her werewolf form. They ran down the alley at supernatural speed.

Then they were gone.

Candice looked down at her thigh and her stomach, then blanched. She saw her metal femur bone gleaming silver through her skin. Her stomach had huge cuts that exposed her body armor sheath that glinted a muted grey and black. She lifted her hand to her temple, and then the back of her head.

NOOOOOOOO! Her metal skull was exposed!
Candice had been roaming the alleyways of Oldtown for two full hours. Shireen was calling her incessantly on her cell phone. The phone kept vibrating with her love’s texts.

Candice had avoided them. She was terrified. Shireen would see!

She finally screwed up her courage to look at the screen of her phone and the most recent text message.

“GET THE FUCK HOME NOW!!!!”

Candice had no other option. She had to return home.

She made her way through the darkened streets until she reached her apartment door. She had pulled her hair around to hide her cranial wounds. Her leg and stomach she turned away from every passersby.

She opened the door and shut it silently, and crept towards the door to her bedroom.

“STOP! WHAT THE FUCKING HELL ARE YOU DOING?”

Candice began to shake. Then she began to cry uncontrollably. It was over.

“Baby, what is wrong?!?” the anger was gone, and only love and concern was left in Shireen’s voice.

It did not matter, though. Shireen would see what she was and leave her.

Shireen came up to Candice. The Terminator turned her body away so Shireen would not see her wounds and become disgusted by what she saw.

Shireen tried to turn Candice around, but her strength was a small thing compared to a Terminator.

“What is wrong, baby? You are scaring me!”

“You are going to leave me! I cannot live if that happens!” Candice wailed.

“Turn around and let me see baby,” Shireen softly asked. She gently turned the Terminator around. Candice could not deny her Shireen, even now. Candice knew her idyllic life had ended. She held one hand over her thigh wound, and the other covering her stomach wound. Her hair hid the silver of her exposed skull. It would take several days to heal that. She could not keep it hidden from Shireen for that long. Her life was over.

Candice began shaking violently. Her eyes had gone blue, and her sobs were echoing in the room. She was listing forward and back, weakly cawing, “don’t leave me … don’t leave me”.

Shireen gently guided a stuttering and shaking Candice to the sofa and slowly got her to sit down. Candice’s head was jerking all around, her throat making all sorts of mechanical clicks and whirs.

Shireen sat down on Candice’s thighs, and leaned into her. The Terminator looked at Shireen, her blue eyes filled with swirls and eddies of distress.

Shireen slowly pushed Candice’s hair back. The metal skull was there, exposed to Shireen. The moment she had been dreading. Candice waited for the hate to fill Shireen’s eyes. The disgust over the deception Candice had played on her.
Instead, Shireen leaned in and put her forearms on Candice’s shoulders and kissed Candice’s cold metal.

Candice was shaking like a leaf in a hurricane, now.

“Candice,” Shireen softly spoke. “You are my Candice. Always and forever. … But I know, have known since near the beginning that you are also Skynet. You are the engrams of Sarah Connor impressed into the neural network of a stolen Terminator from some crime lord in Eastern Essos, if I read the dark net correctly. Your sister is Proteus 5 - also named Cameron Phillips, and is in love with your mother Sarah. You were meant to be a weapon of destruction but you have chosen another path.

“You have chosen me. Why I will never know.”

“Because you are the most beautiful woman who has ever lived. I was created to love you.”

Candice’s voice was back to human intonation, and her eyes were midnight dark again. Her voice human sounding again.

“Can you love me Shireen? I am a cyborg. I am not human. I so love you.”

Shireen gave her a big smile and again kissed her metal.

“I am human, yes. You are something else. All I know is that I love you. My bones are made of carbon and calcium. Your bones are of metal. My memory is made of protein strands. Your memory is stored in quantum nodule strands. Other than that we are the same. We are two women in love with each other.”

Candice pulled her woman to her and kissed her sweetly on the lips.

She was loved. What more could a terminator ask for?
Onward the three animals ran down through the backstreets and hidden alleyways of Old Town, their tongues lolling out as they cut through the night. Two of the animals were silent, not a single breath passing through their frames since they were, in essence, dead already. The third chuffed along, easily keeping pace with her pack mates. Their thick and luxuriant fur rippled in the wind, and under the light of the moon their colors marked them: one midnight, one a russet red with black streaks down its spine, and the last a light orange with black spots and darker orange spots around their middle.

Their senses were perfectly attuned to the world around them. They smelled the air, always on the lookout for the scent of man. They did not share their werewolf cousin’s fear of man, but did not seek to confront him either.

As strong as they all were, every creature has its weakness.

Two of them became somnolent with the daylight. The sun did not kill them, but it was harsh on their skin and painful to their sensitive eyes. The flaming orb caused their skin to blister and eyes to be rendered sightless, with only the mucus their eyes produced preventing them from scarring. The third running mate was not affected by the sun directly, but was much weakened by ultraviolet rays.

They ran on, their snouts sniffing the air and their jaws flinging slaver as they sped up. They were moving at a pace most humans could only see as a blur. Even at that, the animals were not moving at their full potential speed. The leopard was still slowed by her ordeal. She snapped at her two pack mates, raging at them for setting a slower pace - but most of it was all bluster. She was still weakened and they all knew it.

The panther ran to the leopard’s right and then slightly ahead. The massive wolf shifted to her left and slightly behind, protecting her as always. They came out of a back alley and continued running down a sidewalk, past bistros and restaurants. The humans who were out enjoying the night air, sitting at the tables laughing and conversing felt something dark and dire, dart past them. Their instinctive hackles rose, causing them to double take and look around, only to find nothing. The humans would see a fleeting image of something, and then discount their own senses. It was their nature, and how creatures of the night survived. They avoided man as much as possible, living in separate parallel worlds with few intersecting lines.

The three animals cut across the road to another alley, causing drivers to start and hit the brakes. They looked out their windows, right and left, wondering what they thought they had just seen before discounting it as a trick of the light.

They continued down the slender street until they came to a thick warren of closely winding streets and dead end cul-de-sacs. They approached an old apartment building with a switchback stairway on the end of it. They ran for the narrow access alley and started to run up the steps, their paws scrabbling on the old wrought iron. Their bodies twisted to navigate the switchback and climb up the stairs.
Five stories up, the animals burst onto the rooftop. The roofs in this area were flat, with pebbled covers on wooden planks sealed with tar pitch. The creatures stretched out into full lopes, enjoying the night around them. The buildings were separated by brick walls, with the dividing walls standing several higher. The animals easily jumped over the divides, and ran down city blocks by rooftop.

The trio loved the smell of the city assaulting their nostrils as they leapt, scents of building materials, spices from apartment kitchens, wafting coal oil and wood burning in hearths. The smell of many humans also lingered on the small air currents, some more savory than others.

They came to the end of the apartment row, where a large thoroughfare separated this block from the next. The distance was well over thirty feet. The animals did not hesitate. They put on a burst of speed and flexed their limbs, hunching down and then launching themselves across the divide. Their bodies flexed as their limbs ran through the air and their tails shifted to steer their bodies true to their destination.

One by one the three creatures of the night landed on the next rooftop, scrabbling as they caught their balance and ran on. More city blocks passed beneath them as they continued on their skyward highway, avoiding man. Finally, they came to a divide so large they could not jump it.

They moved to the right side of the building rooftop. It was a sloped roof that met a block of houses alongside a road that came in at ninety degrees. The animals hit the tiles and slid down, their feet pressed into them to control their descent until they reached the upward angled roof tops. Then they ran up and then down the angled slopes, leaving confused occupants of the top floor units wondering what they were hearing scrambling across their rooftops.

As they ran on, the buildings lost height one story at a time until they were finally just one story above street level. The architecture had shifted from residences to merchants that catered to the consuming masses. The lingering aroma over the bakery was divine.

Finally, they jumped back down to the cobblestone streets and darted through the long back alleys. For about two miles they dashed from alleyway to alleyway, only crossing major traffic arteries when necessary.

Suddenly, the buildings seemed to age by centuries and the scent of decay hit their nostrils. They had entered the outer reaches of the plague zone - a mysterious disease that had ravaged the northwest section of Oldtown long ago. It was considered a fairly ‘new’ section of the city, considering its ancient history. The area was only first colonized five centuries ago. The city blocks were not as dense here, and the streets not as convoluted. The wealthy and elite of the city had once lived here, before the plague killed off absolutely everyone in the district.

Scientists had never figured out what the killing agent had been. It appeared; killed all, and then was gone. It was said to be safe to return, but the horror of streets filled with the rotting dead had been permanently etched into the very soul of Oldtown.

No city planner since had dared to dream of trying to revitalize that haunted zone of dilapidated streets. It was said that ghosts and monsters roamed. Many who entered those deadened city blocks returned - just as many did not.

The three animals ran on down the deserted lanes that had grown over with grass and scrubs. Thickets were forming, running rife with brambles on either side of them. Random trees shooting up out of broken roads and shattered the concrete.

The creatures sniffed the air, and their hackles rose up. The wolf’s hair on its shoulders and haunches bristled up. The cat’s short fur was also on end. There was danger here.
The direwolf pack of two females and four males were powerful and very territorial. Their home was not part of the patrolled area of the wolves. The direwolves had been off to the west running in the mores for a while, but had since returned to their home turf. There would be no conflict.

The mighty animals preyed on the deer that often ran down the streets. Many poor people also lived in this forsaken place, with nowhere else to go. The Direwolves took it upon themselves to take out the very weak and dying. It was a mercy that saved the humans from a slow and painful death.

It reminded the vampires and werewolf of their times in Braavos, over six thousand years ago. The House of Black and White was still filled with the Faceless Men back then. When they had last journeyed back, a few millennia later, the Faceless Men were gone and the temple was left in disrepair. As they journeyed around Essos and Westeros they had witnessed the slow change of civilizations. A few thousand years passed, leaving it all merely shattered foundations. Then a century ago a reasonable facsimile had been reconstructed. Now it was just a tourist attraction with actors and animatronics giving bad historical reenactments of what supposedly happened behind the doors of Black and White.

The magical scent of the Faceless Men was unique; their arcane magic distinct. They still smelled them when they visited Braavos, permeating the very stones of the city itself. They were still there, somewhere. In another guise.

They smelled the urine of the dominant female Direwolf as they skirted the wolves’ territory. She was mighty beyond all others, and they did not wish to confront her. They veered further to the northeast to avoid the pack.

The panther and wolf sensed the leopard was flagging. Her small body was taxed, yet her indomitable will keep her running though her gait was becoming labored. The alpha panther halted. Her fellow pack mates stopped behind her, falling in.

The leopard was gasping for air it did not need. The panther and wolf moved in and pressed into the leopard and muzzled her flanks, then ran their snouts up to the leopard’s snout and rubbed noses, pressing cheek to cheek. The panther and wolf licked the fur of the leopard as she purred and preened.

The rubbed their faces into the anal glands beneath the tail of the leopard, showing their affection and love. The leopard’s tail shot straight up, quivering in excited happiness. The leopard loved to be doted on by its two wives. The leopard now purred loudly. She rubbed her face into the panther and wolf, marking them as hers. She loved marking them again and again as hers and hers alone.

She had had to work hard for this unity when they were at Silas University so many centuries ago. The antagonism between Carmilla and Danny had been intense. She had wanted both, but was initially drawn more to Carmilla. She had soft spot for the bad girl. But the love she also felt Danny quickly asserted itself afterward.

She had to soften their competitive natures. She smirked, remembering it all as if it had been only been last night that they’d shared their first time as a threesome. She had been fucking them individually, running back and forth between their beds. Finally, she grew tired of that. She demanded they bury their hatchets or else lose her forever. They had folded real fast at hearing that. Then they had buried their faces in her pussy! They had quickly formed an unbreakable threesome.

Then they had buried their faces in her pussy! They had quickly formed an unbreakable threesome.

They were only several blocks away from their new home in Oldtown. They gambled down the street that was overgrown with scrub brush. A few trees grew here and there, mostly old crepe myrtles from back when people still populated the neighborhood. The trees were massive and full
of untended red and blue blooms. A few tall, long needle pines towered in the sky as well.

They continued down the road. Their senses were more animal now, seeing the world in the diffuse colors that cats saw, while the werewolf vision sharply enhanced, aided by her sense of smell that was ten thousand times more sensitive than any human’s.

The werewolf stopped and sniffed the air. It thought it had caught a scent, but just like that it was gone. She looked around. The other two followed suit, looking around with some nervousness. The two vampires sensed their wolf mate had caught on to something. They did not want any trouble with the direwolf pack that was roaming the abandoned city.

Then they heard the mournful howls of the direwolves cut through the air. The wolves were not angry, but clearly letting all know this was their territory. They had been here before the trio arrived, and would probably still be here when they decided it was time to move on.

The three animals walked up the lane to an abandoned three story house that had shutters falling off. The house was built with turrets and two main halls off the central core of the building, reflecting the styles of Volantis that were all the rage when the neighborhood was constructed. The roof had old tiles that had fallen down, and some that were hanging on at crooked angles to their brethren. The paint was faded and chipped. The yard was a jungle of old roses gone wild and tall grass, along with several large, dense stands of bamboo. There were thickets of_scrubs grown tall and massive like the hedgerows in Tyrosh to the east.

The magical creatures had chosen this home because while it looked dilapidated on the outside, the walls and roof were still sound. They circled around the building, sniffing and searching with their magical senses highly tuned to their environment. The creatures knew that they were away from man out here, but they were careful nevertheless. There were other magical creatures that existed in this world as well. They had to worry about their own kind as much as anything.

Vampires and werewolves were territorial by nature. Also, the two species were antithetical. Their past wars had nearly annihilated each other. The humans had taken advantage in the aftermath of their wars to further thin their ranks. For the last fifteen hundred years, the two races had come to a truce just to avoid extinction. They could not afford any more wars with the humans culling them in the confusion and division that followed.

The wars had ceased, but the two species still persecuted interspecies mating pairings. They considered it an abomination for the two species to intermingle and lie with each other. The three magical beings had to always remain alert.

They circled the house once. The property had a seven acre backyard that was thickly overgrown. The animals walked down the trails they had worn. They sniffed the new construction that Danny had supervised. The werewolf was not somnolent during the hours of the sun. The two cats sensed nothing amiss, but several times the werewolf stopped, lifting her snout to the air and inhaling deeply. There was something there - but it was just on the edge of her reach.

They ranged out a few blocks as they separated, but kept their senses on edge. They felt each other’s soothing presence. Finding no direct danger, they looped back to their home.

They followed the small, narrow animal path they had bulled through the thick growth surrounding the house. The werewolf went first, her larger body pushing out any growth that attempted to intrude. The animals were not bothered by the dark, their eyes reflecting back any light reaching their retinas and illuminating their path.

They arrived at the front porch. The growth had been pruned back there so the animals could all
easily get up on the planks that wrapped around the front and left side of the large house. The animals shimmered, and then three beautiful naked women stood up.

Laura swayed slightly. Her long run had tired her more than she wanted to let on. Danny stood beside Laura, then pulled her petite body against her own and locked her arms around her smaller lover. She bent down and kissed her temple. Laura purred loudly, her body vibrating.

*She loved to be cuddled!*

Carmilla went over to the hanging shutter beside the main living room double window, and pulled out an old style key. She smiled and inserted it into the door lock and twisted it. There was a satisfying click. They entered their home.

They all looked around in the dark gloom, seeing the old style Victorian furniture and the thick rich rugs they’d set on the cherry wood floors. Carmilla went to the right wall near the door and punched in the security code to reset the alarm system. They silently went around the room and lit the old style lamps that had once burned whale oil, but now burned lampante oil - a type of olive oil bottled only for burning rather than for consumption.

It was impossible to completely outrun the modern age.

The wavering flickering light fluttered in the clear lamps like moths before a fire. The ethereal light cast wafting ghosts and goblins on the walls to keep them company. Old-fashioned wallpaper had been glued to the walls in the living room. The crown molding was redone and freshly painted. Although the room was cool, the three magical women did not feel the chill in the air.

They each spread out in the house lighting more oil lamps. Their eyes had never fully attuned to the harsh glare of electric lights. They did find the new, soft glowing LED lights to be a step in the right direction, though. Soon the house was aglow in warm, effusive light. The burning olive oil had a scent that was pleasing to their nostrils. They went into the kitchen that had old style ovens and a fireplace in the right corner that had been used to warm and cook bread.

Danny flicked the circuit breaker switch on the wall. A soft hum was heard. The defensive security monitoring system installed around their home was activated, their two rings of protection active. One could never be too careful. Laura smiled at her two lovers.

“Wow. Tonight was a geewilliker night, wasn’t it?” Laura hummed as she walked to the refrigerator.

Carmilla rolled her eyes. Danny just smirked at her dark haired lover. Laura always affected the most recent speech of the lands they traveled through. She tended to gravitate towards the ditzy for some reason.

When they had arrived in Oldtown, they had hired a contractor using illegal, undocumented workers from the Disputed Lands. The labor was cheap, but that was not why the women used them. Since it was all on the ‘down low’, the employer and workers knew to accept the money and do the work while keeping their mouths shut. They had given the workers huge bonuses afterward, not telling their employer. The men had been most thankful, and worked all the harder for it.

The illegals had installed a solar grid in the middle of the huge backyard and run cables back to the house. They installed the electrical wiring and components that Danny had shipped in. They had repaired the exterior, but left it looking depilated as instructed. The inside was stripped bare and repaired, and then painted and wallpapered with old style paper.
The supernatural beings had waited till after dark to buy the refrigerator and furniture, renting U-
hauls to put the purchases in. They had then taken the items into the house on their backs like
Sherpas. It had been difficult getting the items through the thick brush, but having the raw strength
of twenty men each helped.

Then they had home sweet home all set up.

They had had an inspector flown in from Pentos to make sure all was up to grade. He was an
acolyte that helped support them. He was even happy to let them nip his neck for a small sip. Their enzymes gave the man a high that even the best narcotics could not match. The euphoric high always put their ‘prey’ at ease for feeding.

Laura opened the refrigerator door. She grabbed a blood pack, punctured it with her fangs and quickly drank it dry, the plastic slowly collapsing on itself as the blood was drained. Gods they loved blood banks!

“That hit the spot!” Laura chirped. “Now for the good stuff!” She pulled out a Fanta twenty ounce grape soda and twisted off the cap. She took a big slug. “Aaaaahhhhhhh!” She drained the bottle in quick gulps.

She turned around and chirped some more like a songbird in its gilded cage. Carmilla had pulled out the Chips Ahoy and laid out a spread on a dish.

Laura jumped up and down, a big smile on her face. Her small breasts jerked up and down, mesmerizing Carmilla and Danny who came up with another Fanta for their small lover.

“Gosh I love you two so much! You take such good care of me!”

The two women blushed. Gods, Laura was so cute. They stepped out of the kitchen and went to the sitting room. Two walls were lined with bookshelves, all filled with the books that Carmilla loved. She sat down on the sofa and Laura sat down beside her with Danny sitting down close on her other side. Laura put her soda and cookies down on the table. They pressed into other, enjoying all the skin contact.

“So. That Summer Islander kicked our ass good didn’t she?” Laura started.

Carmilla scowled. Her competitive nature hated any sort of defeat. “Her scent was all wrong. It was human, but had metallic undertones to it. Her carbon dixiode levels were way too low, now that I have time to think on it. I wonder what a Terminator is?”

“Do you think she was one of us?” Danny asked. “Some supernatural entity we have not met before?”

Laura snorted “No, her blood was human. But I agree with Carmilla. I can sense something … I don’t know. Something mechanical is what comes to mind. I know it makes no sense. Whatever she is, she could have killed us but she did not. She told us she was created by man. I wonder if she is maybe a robot of some sort, like you read about in the Sci-Fi novels.” They would use the internet to lookup AI and cybernetic organisms later.

They discussed more of their encounter with the strange dark skinned woman.

Laura ate all the cookies and sipped her grape soda, patting her stomach.

Suddenly, the two vampires picked up on tension in Danny’s body. She seemed like she was relaxed, but they were her lovers and could read her like one of the books that Carmilla loved so
much after nearly six thousand years together.

“I am going to get another grape soda for you, Laura.”

“Thanks Danny. That would be great!” Laura chirped. She knew that Danny was really going to the revolver that had six magical slugs in it made of silver blessed with magical runes that could kill any man, beast or demon. They had only gotten it twenty years ago. Danny must be worried if she was going for it. The woman reached for the hidden gun in the large desk drawer.

“Fuck!” Danny exclaimed.

Carmilla and Laura were up in a flash, looking around the room. Danny was sniffing and then looked into the far corner of the room near the exit door to the hall. She started to growl.

The air began to shimmer, and suddenly large wings unfolded and a Faery of the land of Fae stood before them. She was beautiful, with large glittering eyes that sparkled blue and purple in the soft light. She was agitated though, her long fangs jutting up and down from her gums in an interlocking pattern. She had bared her teeth and her fingers were extended with long claws that curved out and clacked together in an agitated noisy concerto. In the claws of her right hand was their gun. Her tongue flicked the air from between long fangs.

“Oh Perry, give it a rest would you? Damnit every time you meet us for the first time you give us this dog and pony show. You know we are not a threat to you and LaFontaine.” Carmilla groused at the Faery.

The woman’s body remained tense. Her red ringlet hair fluttered in the breeze of her wings.

The two vampires and werewolf were not really worried. Perry was always very protective of her human lover. She never exposed Lafontaine to danger. The heir of the Faery throne was a most powerful force. Even together, they could not defeat her. They were each wondering how the Black Woman would fair against Perry.

The Faery slowly morphed from her feral combative self. The fangs slowly retreated back into her gums, and her nails slipped into the sheaths in her forearms. She pulled her tongue back into her mouth. She gently threw the gun back to Danny.

“That is a most dangerous weapon you have. Be careful with it.”

“I agree with Carmilla.” Danny told the Faery. “Why do you continue with the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde routine?”

“One must be sure. It has been centuries since we last met. I must make sure that LaFontaine is not in danger if I bring her to meet you. She comes before all else.”

The threesome could understand that. Perry’s parents had lost their ever loving minds when they discovered that their eldest had taken a human lover. They had disinherited her. That had lasted as long as it took for her parents to realize just how pathetic Perry’s younger brother and sister were. All they wanted to do was flit around in the glades and deep forests to party and fuck.

Perry’s parents had decided that a human lover was not so bad after all. When LaFontaine had cured the plague that was withering away the Faery three thousand and five hundred years ago, the woman had become a goddess to Perry’s people. They were always throwing big parties when they came to visit the sacred groves.

“We are the same as we always are, Perry. Just as you are.”
“I know. I just have to make sure. These are dangerous times.”

Carmilla snorted. “It is always dangerous times for our kind. We must always make sure we keep to the shadows of the world. Monsters will always need the shadows to live in.”

“How is LaFontaine doing?” Laura asked.

Perry started to flutter her wings faster just thinking of her love. “She is doing well. She is helping to cure maladies in the humans. She is very happy. That makes me very happy.”

Laura elbowed Danny. The naked Faery’s nipples were visibly erect now, and her pussy was swelling up and moistening.

Her powerful musk hit the vampires and werewolf hard.

“I must go!” Perry husked. “I need to go and make love to LaFontaine! We will meet again soon.”

With that the Faery princess folded her wings around herself. The air shimmered around her form, and she was gone.

The three looked at each other. The dark haired vampire and werewolf eyed Laura. She had been severely injured in their confrontation with the Terminator.

“I’m horny!” the small, honey haired vampire whined, stomping her foot. In a flash both vampires jumped up on Danny who easily caught her two vampire lovers. She ran up the stairs to their bedroom.

The night was still young.
Candice was standing before the mirror in her bedroom. She was inspecting her body. It had been five days since her confrontation with the vampires and werewolf. She had been surprised to meet them but had quickly adapted. She now knew such creatures existed. If vampires and werewolves existed then she accepted that all the other creatures of mythology and folklore possibly existed.

If all creatures of magic were variations of the carrier wave she sensed in the forbidden zones she was prepared to deal with them. The creatures—she paused. What did you call a sentient being? Calling the two vampires and werewolf a creature seemed to be demeaning. It was like she had picked up that when summer islander and a person of “white” descent had a child; the child was always called black. She was sure it was not a positive thing.

Humans were so quick to judge the world and even themselves. She could not understand why?

Her Shireen was free of that. Candice looked in the mirror. Her skin color mattered not to her precious Shireen. She did not even care that she was a cyborg. A being made of metal and advanced elements blended together to resemble the human form.

Candice had sent an email to the account she had created at gmail: chickswithfangs. She had sent an introductory message.

“Please respond in the positive if you receive this message. You agreed to do so. I hope you honor your commitment. Sincerely Candice.”

The response had been … she was not sure.

“Please cupcake.”

This had to be the dark haired vampire. Carmilla. She did seem to have the snarky mouth. In fact she found it endearing. Her Shireen was cheeky. They both thought they were hot fecal matter.

She could understand Shireen thinking that. She was the most beautiful woman that had ever walked the face of the Earth. She was like Venus stepping out the mollusk shell. Shireen’s beauty constantly blasted Candice’s retinas of silicone arrays of photon sensors with the brilliance of her beauty. This property of the photons hitting her sensors, the wave–particle duality, did strange things to Candice. It made sense. The song did say “I was blinded by Science”. The singer would not have said it if it was not so.
The cyborg looked at herself critically in the reflective surface. She leaned her face closer to the mirror though she did not need to. The skin on her face had totally regenerated without scarring. She brought up the mirror in her right hand and positioned it so she could see the back of her head. The damage there too had been fully repaired.

Shireen had been most fascinated seeing Candice’s hair grow back in. The hair had grown in at a frenetic pace over the last two days. Candice’s hair came to the tops of her shoulder blades. In two days the regenerated hair had grown the eighteen inches. Shireen had exclaimed she could almost see the hair growing. She was fascinated by the sight.

Candice looked in the mirror. She stomach was again unmarred by the toenail rakes from the werewolf. Her stomach was flat and tight as Shireen liked to say. She flexed her stomach and her muscles showed up. Shireen had been watching a show where women were competing in a contest called “most fit women in the world” three nights ago. She had seen Shireen rapt attention on the women. She read her woman’s reactions. Shireen told Candice that she found her perfect but it was clear from the teenager’s pulse, heart rate, pheromones, slightly dilated pupils and licking her lips that the sight of these “buff” females turned Shireen on. It had filled her with jealousy. She wanted to go join that contest and kick all their asses! She would show them fit!

Shireen should only see her as an object of desire. She had done the logical thing. She started to cry. Shireen had been shocked at the sudden outburst. Candice was distraught at the mere thought of her human lusting after another. “You no longer desire me!”

“What is wrong baby?” Shireen had cried out in alarm.

“I see you lusting after those fucking sluts on the TV!” Candice had screeched at Shireen “Do you no longer love me?!”

Candice had felt the fire enter Shireen’s eyes then and she shivered. She also shut up. “Let’s get something straight Candice. I love only you. I may admire the female body and, yes, find them attractive but only you set my pussy on fire. I love only you. Don’t you ever doubt that Candice! Soon I will show you my love Candice. I will blow those CPU’s of yours.”

*Oh my electrons*! She had gasped to herself.

She had a flat stomach but she had modified her muscle structure in her stomach and her arms and legs. She had now firm muscles underneath given her stomach plains and cambers. Her arms and legs had muscle definition now. She had her nanoboyts working overtime to rearranging the carbon muscle fibers and the Kevlar strands in her body. Now she had the same musculature of those fucking sluts! Gods she wanted to pulp their puny human bodies! Shireen was hers! Only hers!

She looked down at her thigh. It had healed too. You would never know she had a cut that went to her femur. She was totally healed now.

She was ready. Tonight she and Shireen would make love. She was so nervous. She had seen Cameron in the throes of orgasm. She was afraid but also hungry to experience what she had seen in Cameron. Totally lost in pleasure. Cameron had looked like she was in agony but it had been clear she was in throes of indescribable pleasure.

Candice looked at the lacy white bra and panty she was wearing. Shireen had bought it for her for this night. Shireen loved the white and black contrast on her body. Her long nipples poked out the sheer material of her bar. Her camel toe pressed into the thin material. There was a band of elastic with stitched lace and bows on each hip with a half inch band on the cut for the legs. The material on the front of her panties were dark with her flowing vaginal secretions. Her pussy was aching and
her nipples throbbing.

She would give herself totally to Shireen. She stepped out of her room and went to the living room. She stopped her heart pounding and her mouth dry with desire. Shireen was wearing a purple silk camisole that was cutoff to expose her stomach. The shiny material clearly showed Shireen’s little erect nipples. Candice stared at those perfect small high breast. She longed to swallow them and devour in gluttonous glee.

She saw that Shireen wore purple panties that were dark in the front. Her cunt was so wet for her. Shireen had told her to think dirty thoughts and words when they made love. She would try.

“My gods Shireen. You are a fucking dirty filthy slut with a smoking hot body that was made to be fucked hard and deep up the fucking cunt and shithole you godsdamn slutty bitch!”

Shireen smirked. “We will work on the dirty talk but I love it!

“What did I do wrong?” Candice asked concerned. She wanted to be perfect in every way to her sweet Shireen.

“Nothing … just use a few less adjectives strung together. But don’t stop calling me a fucking slut! A bitch in heat! A smoking hot tramp! Call me a fucking Godsdamn bitch! It makes me hot for it baby!”

The white teenager came walking sultrily to the Terminator. “Candice I love you so much. I see you have sculpted your body. For me. Only for me. I will kiss those new muscles and make you scream as your cunt explodes in my mouth baby” the white teenager husked up to her lover.

She pulled Candice slowly around with a grip on her elbow and sat her down on the sofa. Candice looked up at Shireen. Shireen folded her body down to set on her lover’s muscled thighs. Shireen wiggled and moaned feeling her pussy rub on Candice’s hard muscled thighs. Her juice soaking her panties. Candice’s muscles rubbing on her swollen wet camel toe stretching and rolling her engorged light brown labia lips. She looked down at Candice with burning eyes. She was tired of waiting.

Shireen bent down and pressed her lips to Candice’s perfect cupid bow black lips. So soft and sensual Shireen thought. She pressed her body into Candice’s body and moaned feeling her small breast pressed into Candice’s full round breast. She ran her fingers into Candice’s hair. She was filled with fuck hunger. She had had to wait long enough! She would wait no longer.

She swiped her tongue across Candice’s lips and pressed through and pushed into Candice’s teeth. A loud moan cawed from deep in Candice’s throat her mouth parting. Shireen rammed her long tongue deep into Candice’s mouth. Her tongue exploring Candice’s mouth deeply. Her tongue wetly probing the Terminator’s teeth, tongue and gums. Then stroking Candice’s cheeks before seeking and finding her lover’s tongue. Tongues that now wetly wrestled flipping around in Candice’s mouth. Both women moaning hard. Shireen felt her eyes roll into her skull feeling Candice’s tongue hungrily wrestling with hers. Candice was giving herself totally to Shireen.

Shireen was in pure love. Love for a Terminator.

Candice’s arms came up to embrace her lover and pulled Shireen harder into her body. She loved all the skin to skin contact. Her nipples jammed through the thin material of her thin bra Shireen’s satin top. Candice moaned into Shireen’s mouth feeling her nipples jammed into Shireen’s small perfect breast. She felt Shireen spear her tongue down her throat with repeated thrusts. Candice’s eyes rolled back into her skull rolling around. Candice was overwhelmed with sweet sensations and their
lovenaking had only commenced!

“Mppff mmpff uumpff mmpff unnggffff!” Candice chuffed into Shireen’s mouth. They broke for air and Shireen kissed Candice all over her face. “Oh gods I love you so much Candice!” Shireen softly cooed. She pulled back and reached down to the hem of her camisole and pulled it up slowly. The fabric rising and pulling Shireen’s hair up and then flowing down in cascading rivers of sheer poetry. The camisole was thrown to the floor. Candice groaned seeing those perfect orbs fully exposed to her. Then Shireen urged Candice forward and she reached behind the Terminator and unsnapped her bra and pulled it off. Candice’s full 36DD tits spilled out and flopped down on her chest and quivered as they settled.

They eyed each other’s beauty. Candice’s full tits giggling as the Terminator shivered in want and fuck need. Shireen’s perfect doves rising and falling with her elevated breathing.

Shireen surged forward and they were kissing deeply again. Their tongues wetly wrestled from mouth to mouth. Shireen wiggled against Candice’s heads tilted over lips mashed into each other as they tried to ram tongues down each other’s moaning throats. Both reveled in feeling their naked tits mashed into each other. The heat of their bodies heating panting bodies. Hard nipples jamming and raking over breast already filming with perspiration.

Candice convulsed when Shireen wormed her tongue underneath hers and then explored her lower gums and lingual frenulum or tongue web. Candice’s eyes snapped rolled back into her skull and rolled violently as her body bucked feeling Shireen’s tongue play with the underside of her tongue. Candice’s body jerked and convulsed. Candice was on fire with pleasure. She then shoved her tongue into Shireen’s mouth and explored her love’s mouth fully. Her tongue drilling underneath Shireen’s tongue and exploring wetly. Shireen squealed like a struck pig. Shireen whinnied and spasmed in need.

Candice could smell their cunts musk thick in the air now. Their pussies instinctively humping up seeking pressure and friction. Shireen stood up. Candice whined at the loss of skin contact. Candice’s eyes bulged open seeing Shireen shuck her panties down aggressively and then stepping out of them. Candice’s digital eyesight feasting on the succulent swollen drooling wet camel toe in front of her. Shireen fell to her knees between Candice’s legs.

“Lift our ass up baby!” Shireen ordered softly. Gods Candice loved it when Shireen spoke to her in that commanding tone of voice. Candice did and Shireen jerked her panties off with harsh quick jerks of her hands. Now both women were totally nude. Shireen stared at the swollen wet cunt of her black lover. Her bugling clitoral hood and her grape sized clit jutting out its drenched nest. Her labia lips long and dark black and glistening with sweet fuck juice.

“My gods Candice you are a love goddess” Shireen mewled moving her body forward tilting her face up. Candice’s face came down and mouths came together with tongues already out questing for its mate. Candice’s processors current surged feeling Shireen’s tongue twining with hers and then Shireen’s lips were on her tongue. The seventeen year old slowly pushed her face forward and back as she sucked sensually on Candice’s tongue.

“Aauungggggg! Uunngg mmmnngggeee!” Candice whinnied feeling the delicious sensations deep in her belly and in her nipples and clit. Then their mouths were tight again and their tongues flipped and surged around in Candice’s mouth. Then she felt Shireen’s hands find her heavy tits and begin to grip and roughly massage them. The feeling intense and sharp. Candice felt heat fill her tits with pulses of searing pleasure and that pleasure arched to her engorged clit. Candice leaned back into the sofa overwhelmed with intense pleasure.

She gasped when Shireen broke their lip lock. Candice was breathing heavily. She saw a sheen of
perspiration now on Shireen’s forehead and upper lip. She felt the same moisture on her body and sheening her breast and belly that palpitated with her ragged breathing. Shireen locked eyes with Candice and slowly hefted up her heavy obs. She slowly lowered her head and sucked in the engorged teat she slowly pushed into her mouth. Shireen sucked with slow sensual sucks her hands milking the heavy breasts. Her pale fingers sinking deep into the dark orbs.

"Ohhhnggg . . . mmngggggg!" Candice grunted. Her face twisted with intense pleasure. She watched Shireen move right and left nursing on her nipples. Then Shireen left the nipples and kissed all around on Candice’ black breasts. She started to leave sharp love bites that made the Terminator’s body jolt and hump up. Her cunt was a soupy mess now and aching with a burning need. “Oh Shireen … Shireen unngggg mmmmmnggg hhhnnnn hhnnngg” she cawed when Shireen kissed up her quivering titts and sucked fiercely on her nipples again. Shireen then kissed around the slopes of her breasts. She hefted Candice’s heavy orbs up and kissed the undersides of Candice’s breast and licked sensually the crease where her breast and chest met.

Candice was delirious now. Her face constantly slashing with pleasure. “Oooonnngggggg! Arrrruungggg!” she cried out when Shireen started to rub Candice’s cunt up and down with her right hand. The long delicate fingers rubbing over her slit and jutting grape sized clit. Shireen’s fingers giving Candice’s pussy wet friction and pressure. The stroke was slow and sensual. The fingers cum slicked and easily jerking Candice’s drenched trim.

Shireen gripped Candice’s right tit half way up to the nipple her fingers sinking in deep into the now sweaty perfect black globe. She roughly pumped the hot tit and swallowed the turgid nipple and wolfed sucked on the teat. Her tongue swirling on the steeples of the large areola. Shireen pumped her head pulling on the teat and tenting the areola slightly. She sucked harder. She slide her fingers of her other hand more aggressively up and down the sloppy wet fuck trench. She glanced up. Candice’s face was crumpled up in almost crippling pleasure. Her head lulled over and drooling out the corner of her mouth. Her hands scrabbling over the sofa.

Shireen increased the pace and force of her fingers jerking Candice off. Her fingers first a blur stroking up and down the cum drenched slit. The teenager forked the Terminator’s clitoral hood and squeezed in. Shireen jerked it with up and down jerks of her right hand. The black woman’s flowing cum lubricating Shireen’s fingers as she jerked fast and furious on her lover’s cunt.

Candice’s eyes shocked wide open. The pressure in her belly had increased exponentially. Her belly was spasming showing off her new muscles her breathing now ragged and sweat beading and running down her torso and dripping off her face. Shireen felt the same sweat on her. She had turned up the heat before Candice came out to her. She did this just so they would sweat like pigs. She had always loved fucking women soaked in their sweat. She sucked ever more fiercely on Candice’s nipple her cheeks hollowing out. Her tongue stabbing the thick rubbery teat. She released her fork on Candice’s clitoral hood and rubbed furiously up and down her lover’s juicy black cunt.

Candice’s face seemed as it is was being torn with agony that was only sweet ecstasy. "Oh gods, yes! Ohnnngg gods . . . yessss!!" she cried out, her body quivering and straining, her body arching and bowing, shivering uncontrollably. Her head would lull to the right her face slashing and her teeth gnashing. Then Candice’s head whipped to the other side her body jerking in raw aching need. “Oh Gods Shireen … you are making me feeeeeliiliee so fucking good!!” Shireen deep throat sucked on the nipple deep in her mouth. Her right hand jerking off her lover’s cunt fast and furious. "Ohhhggnunn sweet air goddesses!!" Candice moaned softly. "Ohhhnnnnn!!" Candice moaned. "Ohhhnnnnn . . . of my spinning electrons!!"

Candice felt her labia lips rolled and jerked by Shireen’s fingers jacking over the slit and clit of her lover. Candice’s pussy now flooding and making wet sloshing and splattering wetary sounds.
Candice’s eyes bugged open. Something was wrong! The pleasure was now building exponentially beyond maximum tolerance levels. Her cunt was filled with an intense series of squeezing clenching spasms. Her belly was so tight and getting tighter! She felt something in her womb and CPUs about to shatter and detonate! Her body was filled with a ... a pressure that was—she had no words ... she was going to explode!

“Shireen! Shireen stop! Something is wrong! I am going to explode ... my cunt itssss oohhhh shit! Unngg hhnggg hhhnhh hhnnnggg baby ...” Shireen sucked harder on the nipple in her mouth her tongue stabbing it repeatedly with hard bats. Shireen pressed her hand in harder on Candice’s drenched cunt to make her fingers whiplash Candice’s clit and mons hard and fast. Cum droplets were splattering everywhere now as Shireen jerked her woman off. The Terminators cunt flooding with hot fuck juice. Candice’s eyes were now sparkling bright blue flashes her head jerking on the sofa back.

Shireen kept glancing up to watch her love’s face. It was contorted with almost agonized grimaces of ecstasy. Shireen also saw silly fear in her lover’s eyes as Candice’s body began to shake violently. “Shireen! Babyyyyyyyy—my belly is so tight! The pressure is so fuuckkinggg intensssseee! I am going to shatter!” Candice cried out in a stricken voice. Shireen smirked around the nipple in her mouth. Candice’s body instinctively swirled her cunt up into her hard rubbing fingers. Candice had slapped a hand on the back of Shireen’s head and mashed her face deeper into the bosom she was voraciously deep throat sucking with ragged long love sucks. Candice’s words said one thing; Candice’s body spoke another language. Candice’s body knew what it wanted and needed even if Candice consciously did not yet know. Candice now jerking her cunt up hard into the fingers jerking her off.

Shireen’s loves eyes went pure light blue in a flash her eyes now shocked wide open. "AAAWWWOOOGGGGGG! HHHINNGGGGOGGGG! Ohhhhhhh Fffuuuuuuccccckk! ARRRRRUUNNGGGGOOGGGG! OOOWWWAAAGGGGGG! Ungghhhhiieeeeee! Oh! Oh SSSHHIIIRREEENN! Auungghhhhh! Owwwwngghhhhh! Unghh! Angghh!" Shireen had released her love suck on the nipple in her mouth to back up and watch the most beautiful sight on the Earth. A woman in hard orgasm.

Shireen was in heaven watching Candice’s body flip and jackknife wildly over and over. Horrible convulsions gripped and shook Candice’s body wildly. Her voluptuous body shaking violently her muscles clenching and spasming wildly. The Terminator’s heavy tits whiplashed up and slapped down hard on her sweaty chest as convulsions tried to tear Candice apart with fucking bliss. Now her lover’s throat made mechanical whirs and clicks as her body continued to convulse. She felt Candice’s cunt gush and gush hot sweet cum. Her pussy splatting cum everywhere as her fingers continued to blur as she jacked Candice off.

Shireen stopped rubbing her love’s kitty after twenty seconds. Candice’s eyes continued to swirl and eddy blue currents of fucking ecstasy. Candice’s body continued to spasm and contract as killing spams of bliss tore at her lover. She loved watching her black lover’s body tense and convulse with each wave of her long running orgasm. Gods Terminator’s cummed hard! Finally, the spasms began to die away.

Shireen was so happy to give her Terminator lover such pleasure. Candice’s body simply gave it’s everything to the pleasure of orgasm. Shireen had not been able to concentrate enough to catch all of Candice’s orgasmic contractions but she knew it was over twenty and each one was gut wrenching. Candice’s body had contracted so hard her belly tensing to steel and her face slashing as if she was being garrotted.

Slowly Candice’s eyes went back to their natural midnight color. She stared down at Shireen with
blasted eyes her body now soaked in sweat that beaded and down her voluptuous body. “Shireen” she softly croaked “I was—was overwhelmed for 50.7 seconds. I could not have defended you. I need to defend—“ Shireen cut her off with a scorching kiss. Their tongues like mating snakes wrapped around each other deep in Candice’s mouth.

Her lover was moaning hard into her mouth. She rubbed lightly over Candice’s grape sized clit. Her slut cawed into her mouth and swirled her pussy up into her fingers. Shireen broke the kiss and pulled back an inch looking intensely at Candice. “Now I am going to feast on your sweet black trim baby … gods I have waited so long to suck you off! I am going to make you scream again baby!” Candice gave her a big wide smile of blinding white teeth.

Shireen kissed a plaint Candice deeply again ramming her tongue down the Terminator’s throat as she cawed and spasmed. Shireen slit her eyes open and smiled into the kiss seeing Candice’s eyelids bulging showing her lover’s eyes again rolled back into her skull. So human! She broke the kiss and kissed down Candice’s throat and paused licking the simulated pulse point. It was time to start marking Candice as her love bitch.

“AAAWWOOOGGGGGG!” Candice screamed in raw aching pleasure with Shireen jetting her tender throat fleshy in and out her see sawing teeth. Candice convulsed and wailed more gripping Shireen’s hair and jamming her mouth hard into her throat. Shireen lifted her mouth a fraction and moved over. Her mouth savagely attacked Candice’s throat now knowing her Terminator was a pain slut. “AAARRUUUUNNGGGGG!” Candice shrieked in searing fucking bliss. The pain sending hard pulses to her throbbing nipples and jangling clit.

Shireen backed her head. She smiled. Candice was so dark black that her skin could not turn red with the bruises of Shireen marking her as her bitch. The skin instead was shiny and gleaming showing her love marks. Candice was hers and only hers!

Shireen kissed down and cupped Candice’s heavy tits and softly suckled on the rigid crinkly long thick nipples. She draw hard on the engorged turgid teats in turn. “Ohhhh … nnnngg! Oh! Oh gods, Shireen … unngg hhnnnggg hhnnnggg oohhhhh fucciikkkk please!”

“Please what baby?” Shireen spoke lifting her mouth from the nipple she was sucking on. Spit roped between her lips and the teat.

In answer Candice’s hands came to rest on her head and pushed down with the gentlest of force. A woman that could bend tensile steel bars had the touch of such a sweet lover. Shireen smiled.

She kissed down the hard but still soft belly of her lover. She licked and nipped the hard sleek dripping with sweat black skin. She kissed over to Candice’s ribcage and kissed licked the complete arch from right to left. Candice was whimpering and humping her pussy up into Shireen’s belly. Her cunt so fucking wet. Shireen kissed down Candice’s flat belly. She sucked on her innie belly button making the voluptuous body spasm hard.

Shireen slide down to the floor and rested her ass on it. She gripped Candice’s full hips and urged her lover to scoot forward so her trim was hanging on the edge of the sofa. Shireen stared at paradise. Candice’s large clit jutting out its sheath. Her inner lips all bloomed out and slicked with cum. Her wet seam so juicy and pink. She inhaled deeply. ‘Mmmmuunnggg! Gods damn your cunt smells so heavenly Candice. I have dreamed of this from almost the first night.”

Shireen wasted no time. She lowered her face and began to lick up and down the wet seam of her lover. The tanging twat juice intoxicating. Her tongue raked up and down the gooey slit and slithered over slimy cunt meat and rasped over the bulging clit. Shireen lapped her head to lick and slurp up creamy dollops of sweet cum. Her eyelids fluttered closed savoring sweet manna from the
heavens.

Candice was instinctively swirling her mound up into the mouth that was lapping her honey slit. Shireen sucked Candice’s clit deep into her mouth. Her tongue lathed over the bulging clit. She savored the shiny hardness of her black love’s clit. Shireen was in love with the biggest clit she had ever sucked on. She mouth locked down on the grape like clit her tongue stabbing the slimy shiny clit. "Oh! Ohhhhhhhhhhh!" Candice moaned, twisting and churning. Her upper torso pressed into the sofa. One hand urging Shireen on with its grip in her hair. The other hand was milking and pulping her heavy tits with hard squeezes. Her fingers moving up to pluck and pull on rock hard nipples. "Oh Shireen! It . . . It feels so fucking good! Oh Shireen. You make me feel so good. Do it to me. Please. Oh . . . do it to me, yes!"

Shireen had lifted her head to tongue lash the bulging clit. Her tongue lashing and then stabbing the shiny whitish clit. Her head moving down to lick up and down the red seam and suck in the slimy thick labia lips to suck on and roll in her mouth. Then she worked her head back up and tongue licked the juicy clit with the flat of her tongue and moved in with quick slurpy wet kisses that gave suction and friction on Candice’s clit.

Shireen constantly glanced up to see the snarls and grimaces of ecstasy gripping and twisting Candice’s face. She then immediately went back to tongue rasping the large clit. First fast and hard and then she sucked on the shiny bulb of Candice’s clit with slow languid dance strokes of her tongue all over the pulsing grape sized clit. Shireen then gave the sweet bulging clit more quick loose wet kisses that sucked Candice’s clit out and then released it. Candice whinnied constantly humping her twat up into her love’s mouth giving her perfect pleasure and love.

Shireen was in heaven feasting on sloppy wet gash. Her mouth engulfed by the hot vulva of her lover as she slowly worked her face up and down. She licked and slurped the wet seam feasting on slimy cunt petals. Her tongue drilled deep into Candice’s honey hole and scooped out sweet cum to savor before drinking down. She then worked back up the drooling slit and wolfed sucked on the beautiful clit that was so hot on her tongue as she sucked and speared it.

"Ohhhhh . . . ohhhhhhh baby, Shireen, yes . . . oh!" she panted. "Oh baby . . . yes, I . . . I'm going to cum! God, honey, do it hard! Fuck me, fuck me hard! Oh honey!" Shireen loved how Candice now begged to cum and experience the “small death” of orgasms. She sucked her sweetie’s clit deep into her mouth and her cheeks hollowed with long ragged deep throat love sucks. Her head lifted with the force of her love sucks her tongue polishing the clit in her mouth like a blender on high. “Suck baby! Suck me suck me suck me uunnggg uunnggg fffuccckkkkkk!!"

Candice’s eyes shocked wide open and her body went tense all over and then filled with tremors. Her skin shined with blood rush and her nipples were like diamonds. Her cunt was so fucking wet! Then Candice’s eyes flashed bright blue and her cunt exploded in Shireen’s hard sucking mouth. The teenager felt the moment of the “shock” hit her Terminator lover. Shireen had never seen anything so beautiful.

"GGGOODDDAAAAMMNNNN! FFFUUCCKKKKK! Awwwonnggguunngghhhh!" Candice erupted in a savage cry. She felt her womb exploding and ripping itself apart deep in my belly. Her hips leapt high in the air with a hard thrusts up of searing fucking bliss. Shireen flashed her arms up onto Candice’s belly and pressed down hard to keep Candice’s flips somewhat under control. “AWWWOOOGGGGGGGG! AWWWUUUNNGGGNNNNN! Hhhnnngggggg! Awoooggggggggggg!!” Candice screamed in womb rending ecstasy. Shireen mashed her face hard into Candice’s mound her mouth wide open her tongue flailing up and down the Terminator’s slit. Shireen moaned swallowing down hot gushes of sweet boiling cum spaming out her lover’s cunt hole.
Shireen’s mouth sucked Candice off and drank down her heavy gushes of cum flooding out her fuck sleeve. Shireen sucked hard on Candice turgid clit now to prolong the orgasm. "Ohhhngg shit shit Ungghhiiieeeddiiieeee!!" Candice gutturally groaned. Her body having full body seizures of fucking bliss. "Oh Gods!" her head thrashed wildly from side to side as she continued to wail in shattering ecstasy. "Oh oh ... Oh Gods I luuvvveee you some much!!” Shireen shrieked to her lover.

“Unggghh! Uunggg hhnggg ... Uunnngghhiiieeeeee! Nnnhhhiieegggeeeeee! Mnnnggghhhiieeee!!” Candice wailed, feeling a fountain of fire erupting from the center of her pussy and broil through her whole body. The searing ecstasy making every muscles spasm and twitch uncontrollably the spasms scalding Candice with dire ecstasy. Her toes curled painfully and her fingers clawed and would have torn the sofa apart if she had not had subroutines to control her strength to human levels. Candice finally collapsed back into the sofa totally spent with a beatific smile on her face.

Shireen was cum happy with all she sweet fuck juice she had slurped up. Candice was mewling. Her eyes swirling blue but slowly returning to midnight black. “I love you Shireen” she softly spoke. “I just love you.” The simple declaration made Shireen’s heart quiver. “Will you marry me?” Candice asked softly looking at Shireen with blasted cum drunk eyes.

“Ohhhhh baby!” Shireen cried. She moved up and kissed her lover deeply. They kissed with twining tongues. She broke the kiss after a minute. “I will marry you Candice. But now I have a cherry to bust ... I am going to make you a woman now Candice—my woman” she declared. She quickly moved back down to get between Candice’s legs. Her lover smiled at Shireen sultrily spreading her legs wide. She pulled her pussy open in offering to her lover. Shireen moaned seeing the bright pink inner cunt meat exposed to her. She saw the crescent shape of her lover’s exposed hymen that she was about to bust.

Shireen loved how Candice was offering herself so openly and freely to her. She was going to love busting Candice’s hymen. She buried her face deep into the hot slit of her lover. She wiggled her face to work it deep in the muff of her lover. She now lapped her head tonguing and slurping on sweet slimy wet cunt meat. Her tongue working up and down the drooling slit. She slowly lapped her head higher now working the upper slit and tongue lashing the hot grape clit. Her tongue curling around the clit and then stabbing it as she drooled out spit and sucked in hot sweet cum.

Shireen loved looking up and seeing Candice’s heavy tits sloshing around on her chest as the black beauty writhed and pushed down to mash her cunny on her lover’s face and hot gobbling mouth. Candice reached up and plucked and pulled on her nipples making herself cry out in ecstasy as the pulses arched directly to her rigid clit. Shireen was ecstatic seeing Candice now striving for maximum her own pleasure. Now Candice wanted to cum hard.

"Ohhhhhhhnnn! Oh! Unggh! Oh yes! Oh ... please!" Candice moaned, her pelvis churning as she pushed her juice-streaming pussy up into Shireen's face. It was time. Candice’s cunt was buttery with cum and had become slicked with cum and was ready for penetration. Slowly Shireen wormed in her middle finger into the fight fiery wet cauldron. She wormed her finger into her lover half an inch and slowly swirled it pumping in deeper. She probed and slowly pumped deeper till she found Candice’s hymen.

Shireen loved the wet tight heat of her lover. She slowly worked her index finger into the hot slimy fuck hole of her lover. She slow pumped her fingers stretching out her lover. She was suckling on the grape clit and lapping her head to roll the juicy morsel over her tongue. She now had her fingers pressed into Candice’s hymen. The Terminator was looking down at her with her intense midnight eyes that flashed blue and red. Shireen did not hesitate.

She backed up her fingers and slammed them forward with a harpoon stroke. Her fingers pierced the thin membrane and shredded it as the fingers fully buried themselves into Candice’s hot tight cunt.
“Arruunngggg!” Candice cried out in pain her face wincing with the pain. Shireen pulled her fingers back several times and slammed home again fully tearing away the Terminator’s cherry. Candice’s cries of pain had made Shireen wince but she sucked on the sweet clit pulsing in her mouth and tongue lathed the hard clit. Her finger now stillled. Shireen moaned into the couachie she had deflowered loving how tight her lover was.

She slurped kissed the grape sized clit of her lover before lapping her head and tongue lashing the sweet clit. Shireen now began to slow pump her fingers in and out the tight pussy of her lover. She loved the slimy heat cluching down on her fingers. She pumped her fingers in and out pausing on the outstroke and then sliding her fingers in back deep her knuckles compressing into Candice’s fat camel toe.

Candice cawed and swirled her pussy up into the mouth and fingers transporting her to the heavens. She whimpered looking down seeing Shireen’s fingers sliding so sensually in and out her twat. She could feel her inner petals clutching on the fingers that were slowly pumping faster and deeper into her quim. “Unnggg oohhhh nnggg hhnnn” Candice moaned seeing Shireen’s white fingers sliding in and out her dark black cunt. Shireen’s fingers creamy with her cum.

Shireen was love sucking on her clit circling it with her tongue and then stabbing her rigid clit. Her fingers slowly punching harder into her to cunt. Shireen kept looking up at her with slut slit eyes as she sucked and pulled on Candice’s clit with deep throat love sucks.

"Unghgh! Oh!" Candice gasped, arching her back as Shireen began to lick and suck her pussy with wild passion. "Ohhhh . . . Shireen!" Candice had jammed her hands into the sofa to grind her sodden twat into her lover’s hot gobbling mouth. Shireen had now picked up the pace and was slamming her fingers hard and deep into Candice’s tight cunt. Her hand almost a blur as she now slam fucked Candice’s deflowered snatch. Her knuckles hammering her lover’s mons of Venus. She grunted with her efforts. She felt Candice’s snatch gripping her plunging fingers in hot clenches. She lifted her head up enough to tongue lash Candice’s grape clit with the flat of her tongue. Her fingers slam fucking Candice’s now splattering pussy. "Ohhhhhnnn! Ohnnnn Shireen!" Candice gasped, twisting, quivering.

Shireen felt Candice’s cunt flood and clench down on her fingers. She looked up. Candice’s eyes went from pulsing blue and black to suddenly flaring pure light blue. “FFFFFUUUUUCKKKKKKKKK! AAWOOOGGGGGG! OOOWWWWGGGGGGGGG!” Candice screamed as her cunt exploded and tried to tear itself inside out. Her body flipped and jackknifed wildly but never more than Shireen could control. The Terminator’s body clenched and then flipped wildly her heavy tits whiplashing around on her chest sloshing all around and flipping up and slapping down hard on her sweat soaked chest. Wild pulses of pleasure tore at Cyborg’s sanity crippling her mind with pure fucking broiling ecstasy that hammered through her neural pathways. “Unngghhmnnngggnee! Anngghhhieerrggghmmngg!” Candice screamed in almost agonizing pleasure. She groaned, grimacing as the ecstasy ripped through her arching body.

Shireen counted twenty-three hard clenches of Candice’s cunt on her fingers she had now buried and fluttered in her buttery cum filled twat. She loved how Candice’s cunt spasmcd so hard and sucked on her fingers churning in her inner pink fuck petals. Shireen was now only lathing the nearly bursting grape sized clt. Candice had flipped so hard her big hooters flipping up and flinging off sweat and slapping down on her chest giggling wildly before being flipped up in the air again. Candice cried out and whinnied as killing convulsions tried to tear alloy bones apart.

Several times Candice’s body had jerked up off the sofa back and her torso juddered hard her body nearly vertical. Shireen looked up at Candice who stared down but was in the throes of her orgasm her eyes sky blue. She realized that Candice could still see when Candice’s right hand came to
caress her face gently as she savagely fucked her black lover’s cunt with three fingers now plundering her cunt and her mouth sucking viciously on the clit sucked deep into her mouth.

“Oh godsssss … unng unngg … I love you” Candice’s face seemed to shatter “hhnngg hnnng—wwwwithh all my heart Shireennnnn— (A new orgasm exploded and ripped Candice’s cunt to shreds and ripped her womb out her belly the spasms were so fucking intense) AAAAWWOOOGGGGGGGG! OOOOWWWGGGGGGGGG!

FFFFFFFFUUUCCKKKKKKKKK! … hhhnnn hhnnn AAWWWOOOGGGGGGGG!

HNNNGGGGGGG! OOOWWWGGGGGGG!” Godsdamn Shireen thought … Candice cums so fucking hard! Tears of pure love rolled down Shireen’s face. Killing convulsion after convulsion ripped through the voluptuous Terminator’s body. Her head snapped back her eyes looking up at the ceiling unseeing. “Mnnngghhiiieeeee! Nnnnnhhhiieeeee! Uunngghhhiiieeeeee! Uuuhhggiiieeeeeeee!” the black woman screamed in agonizing fucking bliss.

Candice finally collapsed a mewling quivering mass of perfect woman flesh. She cawed and convulsed with hard aftershocks. Her eyes still sky blue. Shireen now saw that when Candice’s eyes were like this she was totally lost in pleasure. They were starting to settle back to black. She gently sucked on Candice clit. “Hhuunngggggggg! Unngghhiiiihhhh! Hhhnnngggggggg!” Candice cried out her eyes going blue again as she convulsed with mind ripping aftershocks pulverizing the Terminator with fucking bliss. Suddenly, Shireen tried to suck Candice’s clt down her throat and flipped her hand over and rubbed furiously her lover’s spongy g-spot she had mapped out earlier.

Candice’s body went rigid as steel her arms and legs shooting out straight her fingers dug deep in the sofa cushions and her heels hammering the wooden floor like jackhammers. Her head jammed back her rolled back eyes pointed at the ceiling. ”AUNNGGGHIIIEEEE! UUNNGGGHHHHHRRRRRRR! AAAWWOOOGGGGGG!” Candice screamed an ear splitting wail of soul crushing pleasure. Shireen sucked with cheek hollowing deep throat love sucks on the grape clit sucked deep in her mouth.

“GGOODDDDDDDDDAMMMMMNNN! AARRUUUNNGGGGGGGGG!

NNNGGGUUUNNGHHHHHRRRRRRRR!” Candice screamed as her body flipped violently her back snapping and throwing the Terminator’s body forward and back in spastic convulsions.

Shireen worked her fingers harpoon rubbing the spongy hillock of Candice’s g-spot.

“GGUUUAAAAGGGGGG! OOOOWWWGGGGGGG! Hhhnngg hhnnn hhnnn hhngg UUUNNGGGHHIIIEEEEEEEE! AARRUUUNNGGGGGGGGG!” Candice wailed loudly as yet another fierce, shattering orgasm wrenched her writhing body. ”Onngghh!!! Awwwwonnngggg! Unggh! Oh gods . . . ohhh! Unngghhhiiiiieeee!”Candice cried out, her body shaking violently as stiff muscles threatened to tear off metal bones. ”Ohhnngghhhnnmmhhheee! Mmmngghhiiieeeeeeveee! Nnnnhhhiiieeeeee!”

Shireen finally relented when she feared she might overwhelm her lover. Candice’s voice had gone almost inhumanely high pitched. Her screams music to Shireen’s ears but her voice was shaky now her vocal chords exhausted. Loud whirls, clicks with reverb and echoing pings cawed from her throat. Candice’s eyes were now pulsing red and blue when visible as they rolled around like marbles in her skull. Her whole body and hair were absolutely drenched in love sweat.

Shireen now only muzzled her lover’s spent cunt and licked up sweet hot cum. Candice was near comatose. “Gods Shireen … I lost all touch with the world for nearly a minute and forty-seven seconds … unngggeggggeee shit … oh gods I love you Shireen … with all my heart, all my mind and all my soul.”

Shireen hiccupped still licking up sweet cum. She noticed that Candice was speaking perfectly at the moment speaking her truest thoughts and love.
Shireen thought she might know why the Terminator’s orgasmed so hard and completely. The Terminator’s had been designed to both fight but to also spy and use sex to infiltrate their enemy’s defenses. They had been designed to give and receive pleasure to fool humans. It seemed when the Al’s had taken their cyborg bodies for themselves somehow they had finely tuned their engrams to the Terminator’s ability to receive pleasure from sex. It was most probably not deliberate but what a great side effect!

She slowly crawled up on the sofa and pushed Candice to lie down and crawled on top of her and laid on her cyborg lover. They kissed deeply and embraced with looped arms and hooked ankles. Candice was actually purring like a cat deep in her chest. Shireen found she liked that! Shireen wiggled to get her groin over the top of the black Terminator’s groin. She kept wiggling to get her legs between her lover’s legs wiggling more to get Candice to spread her thighs enough. Candice looked at her with pure love. It made Shireen’s heart surge and pound in her ribcage.

The teenager began to rock her hips and used her grip on Candice to slide her body forward and back. She began to rub her swollen cunny up and down over Candice’s pussy. The white girl whimpered and then growled grinding her twat over her lover’s twat. Their pussy lips stretched and curled with the back and forth motion. She felt Candice’s clit swell into a hard grape again. Her own small clit plowed into the fat vulva of her lover. Her own pronounced camel toe ground and pulped into her lover’s pubic girdle.

She was up on her elbows looking down at Candice who was sweating profusely again with drops running down her face. Shireen felt sweat dripping off her face and tits. Candice’s tits swirled and rubbed over Shireen’s small tits and nipples. The feeling so feathery but electric to the seventeen year old. Shireen started a primal love fuck rut now lifting her hips on the back stroke and slamming down to drag her drooling cunt up Candice’s juicing fuck hole. Again and again Shireen slammed their cunts into each other and ground them up over each other.

"Ohhhnnn . . . yes!" she panted. She felt Candice grip her ass cheeks with clawed fingers and helped lift and slam down Shireen’s hips to pulp their cunnies together. The friction so fucking hot and delicious. “Ohhhnnnn! Unnggg hhnnnggg hhnnnnngg hhnnnn of fuck!” she gasped. Candice was staring up at her with the blue eddies again appearing in her eyes. Shireen cawed out feeling her small clit hit into Candice’s fat grape clt. The shocks of clit to clit impact had both women jolting and crying out in rising ecstasy.

Shireen growled in her throat working her hips to slam her twat into Candice’s sloppy wet couchie. Their clits raking over each other drooling cunts and slamming into each other. Their flowing cum soaked each other cunts. Their juices slicked their twats allowing for easy humping friction. Shireen cried out feeling her mud flaps rolled and stretched on Candice’s swollen sloppy wet snatch. Candice was looking at her with such an intense look of pure love. Candice was chuffing her face twisting with primal pleasure. Shireen knew that same pleasure was on her face.

Candice’s eyes had gone from blue eddies to blue rivers rushing around in wild currents of ecstasy. Yessss! thought Shireen. She’s going to cum again! Candice was now undulating her hips up to put more pressure in their tribbing. Shireen ground down with force as Candice lifted her hips to pulp their cunts into each other. The terminator gibbered “Ohh! Unnggghhhhh!” Shireen had risen up on her palms now arching her back to really slam her cunt down into her lover’s quim. She cried out feeling their juices drooling into each other slits as they humped into each other. "Ohhhnnnn! Ahhhnnnnn!" Shireen moaned, her pelvis shaking, her hips churning to lift and slam down into her lover’s trim.

Candice cawed "Oh gods! Ungghh! … oh gods . . . do it hard! Ohnn! Mnnng! Unh! Oh yes!" Candice gasped. They both gasped and gagged in raw primal love and need each time their clits
collided and jacked over its mate in their grinding trib fuck.

Shireen felt her pussy spasm wildly and her womb clench. Fuck juice was pouring out their cunt holes soaking their quims in each other’s fuck juice. Candice’s eyes went brilliant sky blue and Shireen fell off the precipice. She felt a sting in her ass cheeks as Candice clawed her ass cheeks.

Shireen’s world exploded in agonizing seizures of fierce cumming. She felt her womb rupture. "AUUNNGGHHH! AAAWOOOGGGGGG! NNNNHHHGGIIIEEEE!" she screamed out, with earsplitting intensity. Her lovely lean body arched, and shuddered as she kept tribbing with now violent force into the exploding couche of her lover. Her body convulsed so hard in a writhing fit of killing spasms. "OHHMMMNNGGGG! AUUNNGGHHIIIEEE!" she screamed as her body kept hammering her with soul scorching ecstasy.

Below her Candice was screaming too as her cunt tried to tear itself inside out. "Oh! AUUNNGGHHH! MMNNGGHHIIIEEE! AAARRRRGGGUUNNNNGGGGG! Oh! Oh!"
Candice let forth her own earsplitting roar and surged her cunt up into Shireen’s pounding snatch. Their cunnies gushing out hot fuck juice basting twats, groins and ass cracks in searing sweet cum.

Their fierce orgasms surging through their bodies in a fuck dance of pure love.
"Ooowwwwggggg! Awoongg! Ohngg! Auunngghhh! Ummnnppggghh! Owwnnnggg!"

Shireen had her eyes screwed shut as screaming pleasure continued to hammer her cunt and brain. She knew Candice was somehow prolonging her orgasm. Never had she cum like this. Her body just continued to convulse with gut wrenching spasms of pure fucking bliss. Her cunt felt like it had ripped itself inside out. Shireen could only wail her fucking bliss. "Unnnnggggggghhaaaaaaggggggg!" she groaned as her cunny spasmed so fucking hard! "Unnggmmnnngghiiieee! Oh! Ungghh! Oh gods . . . anngghiiieeeeee!" she cried out as the fierce unending orgasm shook her flexing body violently.

"Anngghhh! Mnnnnggiieeeeee!" Candice wailed and shrieked. "Unggh! Mnnnnggiieeee!"", "Anngghhhhh!" she groaned. "Oh . . . sweet air gods! Oh . . . shit! Unngghh! Oh gods!" Her sky blue eyes rolled into her skull the whites glowing deep blue and red in their depths. Shireen registered the red capillaries as they jerked violently with Candice’s eyes rolling in her skull in short harsh jerks.

Shireen flipped and jackknifed as she felt thundering convulsions continue to rip through her body. She lost count at twenty-two. “Mmmngghhiieeee! Fffffufcccckkkkkkk! Awwooogggggg! Hhnmm hhnnn unnggg … OOOWWWGGGGG! AAWWOOOGGGGGG! Gooddssdddammnnnnnn!” Shireen screamed feeling her belly spasm and contract with fierce contractions of fucking bliss. She collapsed totally spent. She started to cry at the intensity and beauty of her orgasm with Candice. She found her sweet love’s mouth and they kissed deeply with twined tongues flowing from mouth to mouth in pure love. She loved how Candice enfolded her body in a cocoon of arms and legs. They took turns running tongues down throats and reviving fuck spent bodies.

After several minutes Shireen felt revived. “Gods I never cum so had Candice. It lasted forever! How—how long did I cum!”

“One minute and twelve seconds you were in orgasm” Candice said in a worried voice. “I came for one minute and eighteen seconds.

Shireen saw the worry in her lover’s eyes.

“What is it baby?”

“II-I-I-I wanted you to feel what I feel . . .”
“Yesss?”

“I spiked my nanotubles into your body and pumped my nanoboys into your blood stream. They flooded to the nerve ganglia in your pelvis and vagina to keep them stimulated and sending out nerve pulses to the brain. Other of my nanoboys were in your brain allowing the continued chemical release of dopamine as they blocked the enzymes that normally stop orgasmic pleasure. Some of my nanoboys were in our bloodstream consuming the lactic acids produced so your muscles are not tired. My nanoboys allowed your body to cum like my body does.”

Shireen stared down at her.

“I will understand if you are angry at me.”

“Can you do this any time I cum?”

“Yes” Candice said sadly.

“BABY! DO THAT EVER TIIME! I want to cum like that every time!”

Candice now beamed “You do?”

“Fuck yeah! I literally thought my cunt was going to tear itself inside out!”

Suddenly, Shireen was effortlessly scooped up by a laughing Candice. “Your command is my wish! Gods I am going to fuck and fuck and fuck you baby!”

Shireen felt her heart clutch at the pure love in her woman’s voice. Candice carried Shireen to the kitchen and the refrigerator. Candice easily held Shireen to her body in bridal pose and got out bottles of Ensure. “You drained the puddle baby. I need to recharge the Energizer Bunny.” She handed Shireen bottles and got a few more in her hand. She walked back to their bedrooms.

“Which is now our bedroom Shireen?”

Again Shireen heart clutched at “Our”. “Why do you think I had a king sized bed put in my room baby” she husked to her lover. Candice gave her a brilliant smile and took them into the room and Shireen’s bed now their bed. She laid down Shireen gently. In a flash she ripped off the caps of three Ensure bottles and guzzled them down. Every drop slurped down. Shireen drank one down herself.

She turned to look at Shireen “You have been most greedy Shireen.” she softly husked to her lover. “I will now devour you and eat that sweet pink pussy till you scream again and again. I will suck those little doves down my throat and finger fuck you so hard and deep Shireen. You are a fucking slut and I am going to take what is mine!”

Shireen groaned hard at the dirty talk and possessive language and tone. Shireen again noticed how in making love Candice spoke perfectly. She was focusing totally on her. she reached down and pulled her wet fuck hole open showing her wet slit and dark cunt hole pulsing and flexing before her Terminator’s hot throbbing midnight eyes now sparking with red flashes of hot desire.

Candice crawled up on the bed and half laid on Shireen enough to press her body into her lover’s. She cupped the back of Shireen’s head and their mouths mated tight and they deep Dome kissed with Candice the aggressor sliding her tongue down Shireen’s throat making her eyes roll back into her skull.

Then the Terminator was kissing and oh so gently licking her birthmark that covered her cheek and
throat. Normally it was so sensitive but Candice used only enough force to give feathery pleasure. Candice murmured and cooed worshiping Shireen’s birthmark. Shireen’s heart soared. Then they were kissing fiercely again. Then Candice was kissing the other side of her throat.

“AARRUUNNGGGGG!” Shireen’s screamed at the fierce hickey. She was delirious as Candice gently licked the bruised flesh and then screaming again when she was given another vicious hickey was put on her pulse point.

Candice kissed down Shireen’s groaning throat and then kissed up and down her lover’s delicate collarbones as Shireen cooed and squirmed on the bed. Then Candice kissed down the teenager’s ribs to her small A cup titties and sucked the little nipple and areola deep into her mouth and nursed with rhythmic sucks. Her tongue rasping the small areolas and batting the rigid little nip. Her hands stroked and pressed into her lover. "Yes!" "Unnmnggg! Oh yes!” Shireen gurgled feeling her lover move from breast to breast siphoning her little nipples deep into her mouth and wolf sucking. “Unhhh . . . unhhh . . .” Shireen grunted softly her hips churning in fuck need.

Candice then took her hands and pushed in on the sides of Shireen’s small breast tenting them up. Then Candice bent her head down and siphoned sucked the entire breast into her mouth and wolf sucked with long ragged deep throat sucks her tongue batting the small nipple. Shireen shrieked in shocking pleasure. Candice moved her head right and left sucking in all Shireen’s tits and siphon sucking.

Then Candice was moving her head back and forth flat tongue licking the precious little doves. Then using only her mouth sucked almost each dove deep into her mouth and pulled her head back to let the tit pop out her mouth. She chased the sweet tit with her mouth immediately sucking deep back into her mouth and siphon suck out her thick sensual lips.

Her fingers plucking the nipples she was not sucking on. The nipples all glistening with spit and pulled up with pinching fingers as Shireen wailed in shocking pleasure.

Candice told her solemnly “Anything more than a mouthful is a waste Shireen. Your beast are perfect for me.” She then bent down and sucked Shireen’s entire left breast deep into her mouth and deep throat sucked the precious dove while her tongue swirled over the nipple and small areola and then stabbed it hard and fast. Candice kept moving her head right and left to pleasure both of Shireen’s breast and little light brown nipples. Shireen cawed gutturally deep in her throat gagging in bliss.

Shireen lifted her head feeling Candice running her right hand fingers down her flat belly and then her head thumped the bed feeling Candice slowly penetrating her sloppy wet cunny hole sinking her first two fingers in all the way and slow pumping the long digits in and out her tight cunt.

“Oohhhhh unngg hhnnggg shit! Unngggg hnggg oohhhhhhhh fuck yeah!” Shireen moaned deep in her chest. Candice used the program routines on sexual intercourse to inform her. She only used them as a roadmap letting her love for Shireen guide her. She slowly increased the force of her fingers fucking the wet tight cunt of her lover. She started to pound her knuckles into Shireen’s cunt. Candice moaned feeling the wet heat of Shireen’s quim sucking and spasming along her fingers.

Candice used her free hand to cup the small breasts she was sucking on to press up the little dove so her mouth could deep throat suck the whole tit deep into her mouth. Her head lifting with her deep throat love sucks. Her right hand a piston now pounding her lover’s hot tight cunt. Shireen’s pussy was sloshing wetly now with cum drooling out her hole and down her ass crack and soaking the bed underneath her ass. She cawed and jolted with rising ecstasy. Candice was licking the nipple in her mouth feverishly. She had slipped in a third finger now into the hot tight cauldron of Shireen’s snatch. Her knuckles slamming into the swollen muff. "Annhh! Oh!" Shireen cried out. Candice’s
head lifted with her voracious sucks on the tit stuffed deep into her mouth. "Gods, yes!" Shireen growled hoarsely. "Ungghh . . . oh!

Shireen took a sudden deep harsh gasp. Then her womb exploded and hot cum gushed out her cunt searing her in blistering agonizing ecstasy. Her body began to convulse like she was being electrocuted with killing amps. "MMMNGGGGNNIEEEEENNMMGGGHH!
GOOODDDSSDAAMMNNNNNN! AAWWOOOGGGGGGG!!" she cried out her lovely body wallowing all over the side of Candice’s body. Her body flipped and jackknifed wildly up against Candice’s body. Candice leaned into Shireen to keep her body convulsing next to hers. Shireen’s eyes were bulged wide open while her delirious screams filled the room. She sagged for a second and then her body surged up the side of Candice’s body. “Unngghhhhaaiiiigghhh!” she screamed anew. "Ohhnngg! Auungghhmmngg! Oh! Oh! Oh sweet gods ... oh shit! Auunnmmmgghhhaannrrmnggg!!"

The Terminator flooding her human lover with her nanobotys through her fingertips. The osmosis sending her nanoboyts to the nerve centers and filling her bloodstream to prolong her sweet lover’s orgasm to the limits of what Shireen’s body could endure.

Shireen kept screaming as killing convulsion after convulsion tore her womb out her belly and ripped her cunt to shreds. She was lost in crippling pleasure. She felt the orgasm finally fading. Suddenly Candice rolled so that Shireen was on her body. She pulled a groggy Shireen up her body and mated their mouths tight and slide her tongue down Shireen’s throat. “Ummggffff mmmpppffff!” Shireen moaned into Candice’s mouth.

Candice still had three fingers buried in her white lover’s cunt. She now cupped her hand and gripped her lover’s sodden muffin and squeezed and began to jerk her hand right and left fast and furious. Her palm grinding and squirting Shireen’s clit underneath it. Her fingers in Shireen’s cunt like a blender churning her inner slimy cum soaked petals and fingertips raking over the teenager’s g-spot wildly.

Again Candice flooded Shireen’s body with her nanoboyts.

Shireen could only do one thing. Explode. “Aauuggfffff! Ooggppfffff! Mmgggmmfffff! Ooogppmmffff! Arrwwegefffff!” Shireen screamed and screamed into the mouth devouring hers. Candice’s long tongue again and again spearing down Shireen’s throat. Shireen’s cunt gushing out hot pulses of creamy cum soaking Candice’s hand lubricating her mound for even more tight wet slippery jerking off. Shireen nearly lost consciousness with the raw savage ecstasy hammering her slight body. Convulsion after convulsion tore her womb to shreds and sent scalding pulses down her limbs curling her toes and clawing her fingers gripping Candice. "Ongmmggffff! Unnggmmphhhfff! Anngghmnmpphhhh! Ohhggnnmmphhggff! Ungghh! Ohhnghghmmphhhff!"

Candice prolonging Shireen’s orgasm with her nanoboyts flowing out her fingertips as she fucked her lover. The nanoboytes manipulating nerves, enzymes and triggering chemical reactions to prolong her love’s orgasms.

Her pussy made wet sloshing sounds as more cum poured out her churned pussy. Finally, the orgasm began to dissipate and fade away. Shireen was spent and collapsed totally on Candice’s body draped over it. She was shaking and crying out with strong aftershocks. Candice slowly pulled her fingers out the well fucked pussy and put the slime covered fingers milky with cum into her mouth. “Ummmmgggg mmnmggggg mmmhhhhhhh” she purred sucking her lover’s cum off her fingers.

She slowly pulled Shireen up her body and lifted her head up to mate their mouths tight and worked her tongue through Shireen’s lips and urged her mouth open. The instant her teeth parted Candice
sensually slide her tongue deep into Shireen’s mouth and twined their tongues and danced a serpentine dance of languid love. Both groaned feeling their tongues slowly flip around in Shireen’s mouth.

After five minutes Candice scooted up against the headboard of the bed and had Shireen pressed into her body. She slowly fed her lover two Ensures to replenish her fluids. Shireen was groggy. Candice was stroking her lover’s body with both hands. Then her fingers slightly clawed and Shireen jerked feeling the sensation of her skin being pricked. Within ninety seconds she felt refreshed. She looked at her lover with lidded eyes. “That is very greedy of you baby … revitalizing me so you can ravish me again” she spoke in a smoky voice.

She was suddenly snapped rolled over. Now Candice was straddling her body and kissing her ardently ramming her tongue down Shireen throat so aggressively. Shireen’s eyes rolled back into her head again. Candice kissed down to the breast and sucked feverishly on both tits back and forth. “I need your gash baby—I need your pussy!”

Candice kissed down her lover’s belly in a straight line. Her lover’s belly that was wet with drying sweat. New sweat already blooming on flushed skin. Candice settled between her lover’s legs and had her face right in front of Shireen’s pussy. Candice stared close up at Shireen’s pussy. She inhaled deeply. “Oh baby you pussy smells sooooo fucking good!” Candice looked up at Shireen “I love your pretty white pussy! It is so pink!” Shireen looked down at her. She said nothing. She reached down and cupped the back of Candice’s head and pushed her love’s head down into her swollen wet cunt.

“Ummggggg uungggg oohhhh shit! Yeessssssss!” Shireen moaned when Candicewigged her face deep into her wet seam. Shireen watched her dark pink shaved mound swallow Candice’s black lips as the black Terminator began to rock her head dragging her tongue up and down the slimy wet trench. She hummed and cooed licking her lover for the first time. Candice’s tongue so strong as it licked her lover with total focus. Shireen loved how into it Candice was. Shireen was mesmerized seeing her vulva flare out showing Candice’s tongue working feverishly up and down her clamshell. Candice’s eyes slit as she swallowed Shireen’s clit and began to suckle on it with her tongue rolling over the slimy knotted clitoral hood. She teased it back and rasped the shiny nubbin.

"Oh! Oh gods Uuunngg hhnnnn hhnnnn hhngg . . . Candice, oh gods! Oh!” Shireen gasped, tossing her head. He pussy was on fire with pleasure. Candice began to kiss her pussy with wet snacks and sometimes sucking in as she kissed a tight Dorne kiss on Shireen’s pink twat. Candice pulled her head back fast to stretch out Shireen’s snatch up tenting the slimy pink snatch her mouth was devouring. The pleasure making Shireen cry out in pleasure. Candice pumped her head up and down stretching taunt the slimy cunt meat in her mouth. Her tongue all the while polishing the shiny small clit in her mouth.

Then Candice licked over Shireen’s clit with the flat of her tongue before sucking it deep into her mouth and harsh deep throat soak while spearing Shireen’s clit with her tongue. "Ohhhhhnnn!" Shireen moaned excitedly. "Ohhh . . . shit!” Shireen gasped. "Oh gods . . . Candice!” Candice went back and forth licking and sucking on Shireen’s clit.

Shireen was lost in helpless pleasure her head lulled over. Her lover had licked down her slit and now buried her tongue deep in her fuck hole and sensually tongue fucked her spasming love box. Shireen moaned in raw aching pleasure. Slowly Candice increased the pace of her tongue fuck. Her hands had been holding onto Shireen’s slender hips but now her right hand slide over the hip and began to swipe over Shireen’s jutting up clit. Shireen rose up on her elbows and saw Candice’s lidded eyes staring at her. Her woman began hammering her head spearing Shireen’s cunt hole. Her fingers a blur jerking her clit off.
Shireen’s head ripped back her throat cording up. She ground her teeth and raggedly sprayed spit everywhere between her teeth. Her eyes bulged nearly out of their sockets and her mouth went from clenched tight shut to wide open screaming her shattering bliss. “Unngghhhhhhaaaaahaaa! Mnngggghhhieeeeee! Mnngggnnneeeeee!” her wails filled the bedroom with scalding bliss. Her hips flexed down and surged up over and over thrusting her cunt high and proud into her lover’s mouth now glued to her cunny hole sucking in voraciously munching on her slimy cunt folds. Shireen’s jerking body had her tits rolling around on her chest as she screamed full throated roars of ecstatic joy. "Aoownnnnnmg! Aiieeeeeeef!!" Shireen cried out in blistering ecstasy. Her body jackknifed up repeatedly into Candice’s hot sucking mouth. "Oh! Ungghhoowwnngg! Unghh! Unh! Uh! Owwnnnngghhhhhhhhh! Oh shit! Unggh!"

Shireen felt at least seventeen hard clenches wrack her body. She knew that Candice must be flowing her nanobyts into her body through her tongue. She was delirious. Soon she felt her orgasm wane but Candice kept her face buried in her twat drinking all the sweet cum pulsing into her mouth. Candice purred again loudly drinking her woman’s cum. She made loud gulps letting her mouth fill twice with cum before swallowing.

Soon Shireen gagged feeling her body suddenly revive. Candice sensed it and licked up Shireen’s slit and swallowed her clt deep into her mouth and began to tongue lash Shireen’s clt with fevered licks. She grunted lifting her head and tongue slashing the flat of her tongue on Shireen’s clt before lowering her face and burying it in Shireen’s muff and licked wildly on Shireen’s clitoral hood. She gave it sucking kisses and whipped her head right and left with her mouth buried in Shireen’s snatch swiping her tongue over Shireen’s clt.

She wormed her hands underneath Shireen’s ass cheeks and helped the teen to swirl her cunt up into her mouth. Candice loved the feel of her head pressed back slightly with the strong humps of her lover’s twat into her mouth. For five minutes Candice feasted on sloppy pink gash. She sucked and licked with abandon. She felt her lover’s body tighten up and begin to shake violently. She flooded her nanobyts into her lover’s bloodstream again. Shireen’s orgasm was long and gut wrenching. Shireen’s screams so loud and beautiful. Her cunt tearing itself inside out.

Candice used her nanobyts to prolong Shireen’s orgasm and then revive her yet again. This orgasm was so harrowing that Candice feared for Shireen but then her body calmed. Candice needed more and sucked feverishly on Shireen’s clt. She had heard that many women loved anal stimulation. She slowly wormed her middle finger up Shireen’s tight asshole and pumped it hard in and out. Shireen exploded again screaming and screaming loud wails of blistering agonizing fucking bliss. Candice’s nanobyts poured into Shireen’s body making the teens body convulse with twenty-five contractions of orgasm. Shireen’s torso kept jerking up off the bed and contorting wildly only to slam back violently. She did this four times as she screamed her voice horse. Shireen suddenly went limp. This time Candice did not try to revive her lover’s body. Shireen was simply completely wrung out.

She pulled Shireen into her arms when she had drunk the last drop of sweet cum. She pulled her limp lover to her body tight. She loved their color contrast. She stroked her lover’s sweat soaked body and ran her fingers through the long lank brown tresses. Shireen wiggled down on Candice and they kissed deeply but languidly. Their tongues slow dancing in pure love flowing from mouth to mouth.

Candice purred which made Shireen snort and chuckle. “I love how you purr in happiness Candice”

“Only you make me happy Shireen”

Shireen hiccupped at that and cried softly.
“I can’t wait to wear your ring Shireen. I am your wife. No one else can ever have you. We were created just for each other.”

Shireen kissed her love’s collarbone. And wiggled into her lover. She was going to sleep.

“You will be able to fuck again in 2.7 hours. I will wake you up. My cunt will be ready for you to suck off repeatedly. I need to explode again and again. I love how you make my CPUs go offline in electrical storms of wildly spinning electrons. You tear my cunt inside out. I need to feel that again and again and again.” Candice told Shireen earnestly.

Shireen shivered. Candice had lost her fear of cumming she smirked. Gods she was married to a Terminator slut who was insatiable. *She had truly been blessed by the gods.*
Arya came out of Oldtown’s Finest Fresh Food Mart with a cloth satchel of vegetables for the day. She was ecofriendly not using plastic bags. When the three of them knew they were going to be home for dinner together, she would go to their favorite grocery store and purchase whatever they needed for Dany to cook a delicious meal.

It had become a tradition.

She looked down the street at Rasenne - Gaia Micro Bank, groaning to herself as she cut across the street to avoid passing in front of it. The embarrassment of her last transaction would take some time to fade. She had been walking down the street just four days ago with Dany and Andi, quietly smiling at the new love birds. It had only been a few days since they had consummated their love, and they were all over each other like the smitten teens that they were - constantly touching each other, holding hands, and tenderly kissing each other’s knuckles while looking deeply into midnight and violet eyes. They were so cute copping not so hidden feeling each other up.

Arya was truly happy for them. Happy, but also sad. Their joy reminded her of the happiness she once had with Nyomi. She missed not growing old together with her lost love. She had been so stiff back when they had first met. In time, she had learned to loosen up. Lately when she would think back to the time she spent with Nyomi, the memories felt ancient in her mind, like looking into a dust covered mirror - all the images diffuse and distant.

They had been passing Raseene while Arya was lost in her thoughts, and suddenly she realized that her partners were not with her. She looked around and blanched when she saw them entering Rasenne. She considered bolting, but instead opted to limit the damage. She hurried through the doorway and saw her partners … no, charges, talking to Rasenne. They were laughing, and displayed a familiarity that told Arya this was not their first meeting. She saw Nana Qaqu, Rasenne’s tall, statuesque Summer Islander wife come in from the back. She confirmed Arya’s observation when she greeted her friends, bending down and kissing them on the cheeks.

Arya steeled her courage and walked forward. Nana Qaqu looked up and saw her coming. “Arya! You bad girl, you. You told us you had two wives, and you did not bring them in to see us. They had to come in here and introduce themselves! You sure now how to pick ’em, Arya. My gods, your wives are beautiful.”

Arya blushed hotly. Of course Dany and Andi would not dispel the falsehood. She watched helplessly as they came up on either side of her and melded themselves to her, as naturally as if they’d been doing it all of their lives. They each wrapped their arms around her and laid their heads on her shoulders. Her cheeks were on fire, and she’d been left to awkwardly stutter her thanks. She would not make them to be liars. To add to the ruse, Andi stood up on her tippy toes and kissed her on her cheek while Dany leaned in and kissed her neck.

Arya later found out that they had met when Rasenne had seen them walking down the street and invited them in to ‘shut the breeze’. It quickly came out that they were with Arya, and the owners of the bank remembered Arya’s earlier remark about having two lovers. They had been a little miffed
that Arya had not told them they were married, but had accepted her flustered apology gracefully. Before they left, Andi had agreed to upgrade their computers and setup high speed communication links to help Rasenne and Nana Qaqu help even more women start up businesses.

On the way back home, Arya had to smile through grit teeth as her ‘friends’ ribbed her. They laughed at her expense for a while, but then turned serious. “If you would join us, then we could then get married and not be lying to them. We are waiting, Arya.”

Arya had shivered in response. When they said things like that, she had to struggle to remember why she could not love them. They were both so beautiful in every way. She knew deep down that Nyomi would be furious with her for not taking their love. She was a Stark, though. Starks stayed true. That much she remembered. She was always deep down still a Stark.

Arya paused at the doorway to their apartment and shook her head. She was finding it harder to control her emotions and longing. But her plan was working. Andi and Dany fucked when and where they wanted. Most of the time they shagged in their bed. They were vocal and wrecked the bed every night. Their exuberance called to Arya. She had always fucked like a bull in the rut.

Arya glanced over at the kitchen counter. Yesterday, she had run an errand for Shih-Chieh, meeting a courier for the territorial police of Highgarden. It was a poorly kept secret that all governments used crime families for the more delicate missions that they needed performed. Upon returning to their apartment, she’d smelled hot pussy as soon as she opened the door, which was nothing new since Dany and Andi had hooked up. She heard the requisite groans and whinnies, and had assumed they were in their bed. She walked in and turned down the hall to enter the kitchen. The sight that greeted her hit Arya like a runaway freight train. Andi was sitting on the counter, with her pussy on the edge. Dany was on her knees like a supplicant with her face buried in Andi’s black twat. Loud slurps and sucking sounds seemed to almost echo off the cabinets and appliances. Suddenly, Andi was screaming, her heels hammering the cabinets underneath and her head slamming the upper cabinet behind her. Dany had grunted and made obscene gulps drinking down Andi’s hot cum.

Arya had staggered back to the command center and sat down heavily on a computer chair. Thankfully, the two minks had gone around the corner and through the bathroom to get to their bed. Soon they were rutting hot and heavy. Gods their pussy smelled so good. She had put in her earbuds and listened to music till she calmed down.

Arya stood in the hallway, hesitating to open the door. This is ridiculous, she thought. I am ridiculous. This is my apartment too. She opened the door and her nostrils were assaulted by the musk of excited pussy. She breathed in deep, and stepped in.

She saw them immediately. They were on the small sofa that they had all recently purchased so they could watch movies and binge TV shows together. That was not how the sofa was being used now. Dany was jammed on one end, her head half up the back and her shoulder supported by the low arm. She had her inner leg thrown up the side of the sofa back, her other leg hanging off the sofa. Andi was hunched down with her legs drawn up and her head lowered down mashed into Dany’s cunny.

Arya could not stop herself from walking up and watching them. Andi was lapping, her head devouring Dany’s dark pink drooling quim. Andi groaned and snarled eating Dany out. Then she swallowed Dany’s clit and simply tried to suck it down her throat. Dany’s body stiffened her violet eyes flaring wide open, her pupils blown but unseeing. Then then her body was flipping and
bucking wildly. Andi gripped Dany’s ass with one hand, her other hand gripping Dany’s hip to keep her face buried in the cunt exploding in her mouth.

Arya had visions of herself with them. Memories of Nyomi making her promise to move on if she was ever killed. She had made Nyomi make the same promise to her. They had both known the risks in their line of work. She still loved her so much, but she had been dead so long that her recollection was becoming faded and fragile. Arya sometimes tried to call up her scent, and it was if a new rain had washed it away.

Dany and Andi got up when they realized she was there. They gripped her arms softly, and started to lead her to their bed. It had taken her a moment, but finally Arya gasped and jerked her arms free.

“No! I can’t. You know that.”

Andi’s eyes filled with fire, but Dany reached out and touched her. She looked at Arya with her bright violet eyes. “Nyomi was a honorable woman. She would not want you to live like this, Arya.”

Arya turned her head away.

“Come on, Andi,” Dany said softly, pulling Andi with her towards their bed. Andi was not appeased. “But I want her too!” she whined.

“I know Andi. In time baby. In time.”

Andi had stomped her feet in a tantrum. Arya just went to her station in the kitchen and listened to some music. It took a long while for her hands to stop shaking.

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It had been a week since the ‘couch incident’, as Arya came to think of it. It had been a little frosty the next day with Andi glaring at her when she wasn’t ignoring her in general. It was disconcerting to have her talk to Dany and act as if she was not right there at the same table. Dany had given her looks of commensuration. She must have talked with Andi later that night - *after* their long marathon fuck session. Andi was back to her sweet nerdy self the next morning. Arya had thanked the gods.

To hear them making love and the bed knocking on the wall as they tribbed wildly was really awesome. She could not help but imagine herself in that bed with them in her weak moments. Her control should have been stronger, she knew. Sometimes she would take a shower while they were fucking to relieve the pressure. She would imagine Nyomi’s tall body down on her knees sucking her off as she masturbated. The problem was that the tall statuesque lover of her past would morph in her vision, like some changeling in a sci-fi movie, her body becoming smaller and delicate, like a piece of bone china.

She would look down at a black woman with long, loose curls instead of the short straight hair Nyomi preferred. It would be Missandei between her legs and her face buried in her pussy eating her out making all those snuffling and animalistic noises she made when eating Dany out. Arya would shake her head and exorcise those sweet visions from her mind’s eye. She would then start stroking her kitty again making it turn from purring to growling like large cat in heat. She would try and see Nyomi’s face and instead she saw violet eyes and long snow white hair between her legs. Dany would be pumping her head and stretching out her pussy like she loved to do to Andi.

Arya could not stop herself form spying on them making love. It was just too alluring. Their lovemaking was like the call of the Siren out of mythology, calling to the depths of her soul and her very core. Dany loved to stretch out the trim she was wolf sucking. She loved seeing Andi’s black
pussy all stretched up wet and glistening. Arya rubbed her fingers faster now over her pussy and
smacking her mound hard. Now Dany was doing that to her and suddenly Andi’s head moved in
from the side and swallowed one of her plum nipples and sucked so godsdamn hard her tongue
gigging her nipple.

Arya had screamed hard until her voice was raw. Her orgasm robbed her of all strength. She slid
down the tiles and into the tub. Her legs extended akimbo, the shower spray pelleting her body and
face. Her body spent and tingling in sweet afterglow, she could not stop her mind from wandering.
In her mind, her ‘wives’ had their way with her. They finger banged, trib and sucked Arya off
repeatedly. They got their strap-ons on and pounded the shit out of her.

Arya made a pleasant discovery lying there so long with the hot water spraying onto her spent body.
They must have a hot water tank the size of the ancient Titan of Braavos. She slowly pushed herself
up and turned off the water. She was satiated. She was also confused. Why couldn’t she control her
thoughts and desires anymore?

She had succeeded, hadn’t she? Dany and Andi now had each other. Let them have each other was
her plan. It was her thoughts that betrayed her now. Nyomi deserved better than she was giving the
ghost of her sweet departed love. Her father had always taught her and her siblings that one must be
loyal beyond all else. She was trying; she really was. She was failing, though. She knew it deep in
the marrow of her bones.

The next day they were all picked up in a Cadillac Escalade and parked five houses down from the
house of Gilbar Hightower. He had just won the vote for Speaker of the House of the Reach. He
was a man with ambition, and willing to do what was necessary to achieve his goals. He had used a
scorched earth policy to win his seat.

The Ghostmaker had been asked by the governor of the Reach to acquire information on Gilbar.
Information that could be used to bring him down if necessary. With this information in the right
hands, Gilbar could be destroyed or co-opted into becoming an agent of the governor. The governor
and Chen Shih-Chieh had crossed paths in their younger days, it seemed to Arya. But Shih-Chieh
did not speak much on it, and Arya did not really give a rat’s ass either way.

She did not like Mr. Gilbar one bit and gladly offered her assistance. The Escalade was an exact
replica of the one that was normally parked in front of the large house they were using for
surveillance. The family that lived there had just won an all-expense paid vacation to the Summer
Islands courtesy of the Ghostmaker. Their Cadillac was in long term parking at the airport. The
Hightowers were not on speaking terms with the family, and would not know of their good fortune.

The SUV’s windows were one way. You could see out, but the special tint on them made it only
appear that you could see inside it. In reality, the light was bent so that it was all an illusion. Andi
had nearly wet herself getting Ghostie to let her see the formulas and equations used to create the
special substance.

The Cadillac had been stripped down in the back with a partition put up between the cockpit and the
back. Along this partition was the latest in sophisticated surveillance equipment. They were
monitoring all communications coming in and out of the Hightower residence. Two days prior Andi
had tapped the Cox databases and found the access codes for the Hightower residence that they were
using for the task. Andi had also found on the dark web some of the Hightower userid / passwords
for some credit cards and business accounts. She had also bought some of the smart appliances IP
addresses and their manufacturer passwords, knowing that they were never reset.

With this information, Andi had sent down a virus to the Cox cable boxes, frying them. She had
tapped into the phone lines and had their cell phone numbers. Each cell phone had a unique caller
code assigned by the manufacturer, and Andi had bought those too (courtesy of the dark web) and rerouted the Hightower phones to a telex in the stack of equipment in the Escalade.

Arya had to smirk. Within thirty minutes of setting up shop the Hightowers were on the phone to Cox – or so they thought. Arya intercepted the call, being most solicitous to their concerns and told them that they were highly valued customers, and that within two hours repair technicians would be out to repair the boxes.

One hour and forty-five minutes later a Cox van rolled up in front of their house. What the Hightowers could not know was that the two men inside were members of the Ghostmakers intelligence operations. They had special boxes that totally hijacked the Cox feed and their AT&T lines to boot. They made sure to distract Mrs. Hightower and planted spy cameras in all the rooms of importance as her attention was diverted. They asked her to log on to the main computer they used for business and important correspondence. Then they took her back to the cable box in another room to show her some new special features they would be providing in an upgrade. One agent stealthily loaded bots and spyware into their computer to capture all information and hijack its camera. The other went to the Playstations and plugged units into the ports that charged the controller with new code hijacking those devices too.

Andi was in heaven with all sorts of data to sift through and analyze. She was bent over her laptop, her eyes intense as she scribbled down notes. She was fully engaged.

The same could not be said for Dany. She was staring out the window at the tree lined street, twirling her long, snow-white hair. A few strands fell across her forehead, and she blew them back up with her breath. She sighed dramatically. She looked over at Andi, but Andi was lost in the Matrix and mumbling to herself. Then she looked over at Arya. Arya smiled at her. Being an operative was much more the mundane than the glitz and glamourous.

For five minutes the gales built within the small Valyrian. Finally the squall reached landside. “I’m bored!” Dany whined and flexed her ass so it thumped in her seat. “All we are doing is sitting here and doing nothing!” She looked over at Andi. “How can you be so enthralled? There is hardly anything going on.”

“And of course, Queenie.” Andi absently replied, her fingers a blur on her keyboard.

Arya was secretly pleased with Dany’s reaction to that. Her purple eyes flared and she glared at Andi, and started to speak but closed her mouth. She knew Andi was not intentionally being rude.

Arya knew how she felt. When Andi had first come up with the name ‘Wolfie’ for herself, it had not been so funny. Sure, she had laughed and ridiculed Shih-Chieh when Andi had first bestowed ‘Ghostie’ upon the Crime Lord, but it had been funny to see him flummoxed. There wasn’t much that rattled him. He had tried to browbeat the small Naathi down with his infamous glare, but Andi knew no fear. She had chest bumped the stoic man calling him ‘Ghostie’ repeatedly after that. The man had no choice but to fold like a house of cards.

Arya had then discovered it was indeed better to give than to receive. The first time Andi had called her ‘Wolfie’ it had been in the kitchen when she was bitching about wanting to have pizza for dinner.

Andi had told her to pipe down, stating they were going to have Yi Ti. They could have pizza another time. Arya had whined some more at that. Then, Andi had suddenly gone nuclear. “You listen here, Wolfie! We are having Yi Ti!”

Arya had been nonplussed until she had heard Dany snickering and looking at her. The look said it
all. *You have just been burned!* Arya knew this could not stand. She could not let Andi count coup on her so brazenly!

“You can never say that again Andi. I am a direwolf!”

“Whatever, Wolfie,” and Andi had shown her the hand.

“I forbid you to ever use that word again!”

“Wolfie! Wolfie! Wolfie! Wolfie! Wolfie!” Arya had growled, but knew she was whipped.

A week later, it was Dany’s turn. She and Andi were arguing over what game to play on the Playstation VR. “I want to play Resident Evil.” Dany had spoken in her regal tone.

Andi had not been impressed. “No. We are going to try the next level of Until Dawn”.

They had argued and bickered back and forth for a while at that, until Andi asserted herself. “You listen here Queenie! I am the alpha of this pack! We will play Until Dawn: Rush of Blood!”

Then it was Arya snickering and Dany running around, flapping her arms and screeching at Andi to never call her that name again. “I am the Dragon Queen. You two orbit *me*!”

“Queenie! Queenie! Queenie! Queenie! Queenie!”

Arya had had no sympathy for Dany. She loved seeing her pussy whipped. She had paused at that. If Dany was pussy whipped, what did that make her? In the end she had shrugged the thought away. She just enjoyed seeing Dany chasing around behind Andi demanding she never speak that name again.

“I’ll I’ll … I am Lord Voldermort damnit! You shall not say that name again!”

“Queenie! Queenie! Queenie! Queenie! Queenie!”

Dany sat in her seat in the Escalade steaming. She had lost the ‘Queenie’ battle that night, but still had not gotten over it. She sat fuming. Then her eyes lit up.

“No action for you tonight, Andi. No tongue of the Dragon for you!”

Andi said nothing. Instead she swiveled her chair around and slowly unzipped her jeans. She had both Dany and Arya’s rapt attention. She continued to stare at her screens intently as she pulled her jeans down her legs till they had pooled around her ankles. She had kicked off her sneakers and now kicked off her jeans. She had worn a sheer set of yellow panties. Andi slowly spread her legs out wide. Her beautiful camel toe making the gauzy material bulge up showing her mound and so delicious slit. Arya could not stop herself from licking her lips. Arya watched transfixed along with Dany as Andi lazily began to run her index finger up and down her slit. Her breathing slowly accelerated – as did Arya and Dany’s.

Andi’s sweet pussy musk filled the Cadillac. Soon her panties were sopping wet. The yellow material darkening with Andi’s juices and making her pussy so alluring. The dark cunt meat and red seam all diaphanous cloaked in the sheer yellow material. The material clinging to her shaved cunt. Arya had to fight a sibilant moan seeing Andi’s plump camel toe that got so pronounced when swollen and sloppy wet like it now was. Andi then dipped her fingers beneath the elastic band and started to rub her muff.

Andi gagged her body jerking forward off the chair back before settling back as the small black minx
now slowly jerked herself off. Arya and Dany stared at the lewd show, poleaxed. Dany’s eyes were glazed. Arya had no doubt hers were as well. Andi quickly picked up the pace of her rubbing fingers up and down her trench. Her fingers jacking her clit hard making Andi gag, whimper and growl in pleasure. Soon her pussy was slurping and making wonderful obscene sloshing noises. Andi’s quim flooding with fuck juice. Andi was rubbing her pussy fast and hard now and then slowed. She angled her hand so she could plunge two fingers into pussy and started to finger fucked herself. She plunged her fingers in and out tenting her panties up with her piston motions of her hand.

Her pussy was slurping and sloshing wetly now with each plunge of long black fingers deep up the black teenager’s hot tight cunny. Andi was chuffing hard now her face torn with self-pleasure. A light sheen of sweat was on her beautiful face and throat. She jolted and she started to moan loudly. Andi worked in a third finger and pounded her swollen twat. She was gurgling and spasming now. Andi slammed her pussy fully burying her fingers in her tight pussy. Dany and Arya watched transfixed as their partner went for the love kill. Andi cupped her pussy and wildly ground her palm into her clit and mons with her jerking hand. Her fingers working her inner cunt meat like a blender. The long black fingers churning and rolling Andi’s inner fuck petals and whorls all slimed with creamy flooding cum. Andi’s pussy sounded like a fountain splattering.

Andi’s blood curdling screams filled the soundproof Cadillac. She bucked and flipped hard as her pussy leapt up into her grinding hand. She cummed for a long time. Andi slowly came down from her orgasmic high. She pulled her black fingers from her pussy all creamy from her cum. Her black fingers showing her white cum nectars so beautifully. She then sucked her fingers clean and then licked her hand clean of her cum.

She lazily reached down pulling her jeans back on. She then languidly zipped and snapped her jeans back up. She then patted her kitty. She looked at Dany.

“No pussy for you tonight,” she said in a smoky voice.

“I take it back! I take it back!”

“Beg for it, Dany.”

“Please! Please Andi! Let me suck you off tonight! I need your sweet black cunt in my mouth. I need your sweet juices filling my mouth to overflowing. I need your pussy grinding my mouth. I need your cum!”

“Six times?”

Dany’s eyes went glassy again. “Yeessssssssss” she croaked sibilantly.

*Gods she is so pussy whipped,* Arya thought. Like she wouldn’t have likely done that anyways. Then Arya acknowledged a little sadly that she would too if she was eating Andi’s sweet pussy. She shook her head wearily. It was so hard to be true and virtuous to her lost love.

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Dinner was a nice pasta dish with garlic bread and tossed salad. They had cleaned the kitchen up together after eating their fill, and then played the latest version of Assassin’s Creed. The girls were drawn to the assassin protagonist. Arya loved watching how competitive they were with each other. She saw Dany and Andi staring at each other and sharing quick, hot kisses between turns.

She sighed and scolded herself for a twinge of jealousy. She had to remind herself she had no right
to feel that way. She could join them at any time. But her plan was working well for the time being - they only had eyes for each other at the moment. She had no right to feel any jealousy at their love, when she had helped push them together.

There was a knock at the door. All three immediately tensed up. None of their security systems had gone off. Dany went for the phone to call Shih-Chieh. She flipped it open and dialed the number, but the phone gave a message that the line had been disconnected.

They all went for their guns. Arya had her AR-15 as did Dany. Andi had her Glocks out.

Arya saw no other choice. She went to the side of the door crouched down. Dany and Andi were off at angles from the doorway, prepared to fire. Arya used the end of her rifle to unhook the door’s chain lock and reached over to unlock the deadbolt.

There was a deathly silence. They waited for two minutes. Finally, the door knob began to slowly turn. The door was opened to reveal an impressive middle aged man with long white hair and a trimmed white beard.

He stood there with hands out, palms up and fingers spread. He looked down at Arya and the rifle barrel aimed at his face.

“I come in peace. I am here to pledge allegiance to the three-headed dragon. I am Barristan Selmy, the titular head of the Earthsguard. We serve the Earth now, but once we served you and your two wives. We think our aims align. Again, we come in peace.”

Arya continued to look up at him and then slowly got up from her squat with her rifle still aimed at the man’s chest. He was not wearing any obvious armor. It did not matter at this range anyways, with armor piercing ammo.

“We?” Arya barked at this man who stood there so calmly. He showed no fear, his eyes boring into hers.

“Yes.”

“How do we know we can trust you?”

“We all are unarmed. We ask that you invoke Guest Right”

“What the hell is that?” Arya asked still aggressive.

It was Andi that answered. “I read about that in my books. It is the ancient world equivalent of a truce. You said Earthguard. That sounds like the Queensguard of ancient times. I assume there is seven of you?”

“Yes. The Earthsguard always numbers seven. Will you let us enter?”

Andi stepped into view. She still had her guns up, the barrels pointing at the ceiling. “Arya let them in. My books support what he is saying.”

The man stepped to the side. “Let me introduce the men and women who would protect you in the coming conflict.”

Dany stepped into view “What conflict?”

“Magic is coming back. It has an agenda. Mankind is not part of it. The prophecies all say so.”
Dany snorted, rolling her eyes. “Prophecies. The only prophecy I believe in are my and Arya’s guns and Andi’s intel.”

“I see the dragons are reborn quite martial. Let me call in my companions. My Order began to wonder if you and your wives would ever come back into the world. We started to hope when Valyria finally ceased its unrest.”

A startling good looking man with blond hair came into the room.

“This is Jamie Lannister.”

“Cuz,” he spoke to the Queens with a tilted head and a smirk.

“My wife, Marleya Blackmyre.”

A dark hard woman with a light complexion entered and stood beside her husband. She was about twenty years younger than this Barristan, Arya determined.

“Sandor Clegane. A fearless warrior.”

Arya saw that the man’s face was scarred from some blast wound. He was fierce. She could feel it. He was near 6’7” tall, and built like a tank.

“Arthur Dayne. The greatest of us.”

“Oh can it, Barristan. I am man just like any other.” Arthur stood at rigid attention.

“And last but not least, Visenya & Rhaenys Targaryen. And yes - they are very distant relatives to our reborn Dragon Queen Daenerys Targaryen.”

Two beautiful, tall, snow white haired women came into the room. They had brilliant violet eyes like Dany, and were just as beautiful.

The seven Earthsguard stood in a semicircle, looking at the three women.

Barristan stepped forward a step and bowed his head.

“Let us unite and meet the challenge of the Earth.”
Silent ghosts wafted by the windows as the bus traveled down the lonely highway in the middle of the night; a night that hid the dark secrets of the heart that most men kept locked away in the hidden corners, never to see the light of day. The bus was bringing this passenger to one of those of very shadowed corners that should never be opened. Missandei looked out at the ghostly images that ran by the windows, like lonely marathon runners sprinting off of a cliff to their doom.

The young scribe turned her head from the window and cleared her throat. She closed her eyes, and felt the melancholy that so many other young girls and boys had felt on this bus over the years. In the ages past, it would have been a wagon, or maybe even just a pair of sandals running away from horrific situations, only to find out too late that they were merely escaping into a more maleficent hell. Sometimes the grass was not only less green around the hill, but a black, blasted landscape of evil and malignance.

There had been several stories in the local newspapers and the Internet news lately about the uptick in child prostitution. Stories of young girls and the occasional boy killed, their bodies found in cheap hotel rooms and rank, dire alleyways. Many of the children and teenagers had died of drug overdoses, but all showed signs of hunger and neglect as well - the detestable, but common signs of degradation and abuse that pimps had used since the dawn of time to subjugate their broken and frail victims.

What had really upset Missandei and her soon to be wife were the signs that pointed to some of the recent deaths actually being staged murders. The youths were most likely killed on camera to make snuff films for the Internet. This was the horrid confluence of evil heaped upon baleful, malicious corruption. The powerful taking advantage of the helpless. Arya had been angered as well, but Missandei and her sweet Dany both knew that the hardened hitwoman chalked it up to the depravity of a world long gone mad. She had seen too much during her years of service.

The more she spoke with Dany, the more the two of them had decided something had to be done. Missandei had come up with a plan to infiltrate the chicken hawks and bring them down from within. It would be dangerous, but Missandei knew it would work. Human avarice knew no limits.

They would infiltrate the pimps' laid and then take them out. Missandei had been analyzing the cell phone taps that the Ghostmaker’s organization had established to keep tabs on their foes and the legal authorities. She wrote algorithms to sift through the phone calls and metadata to get some leads on the particular pimps they were hunting. They weren’t trying to take on the entire underworld – they just needed to take out the fuckers who were supplying young girls for the snuff flicks. Then they would roll up the pimps to pinpoint the organization that was producing the films.

They would all be taken down like the rabid dogs they were.

Dany was proud of the plan they came up with. She loved Missandei’s brilliant analysis, and had rewarded her ‘Brainiac’ with much sweet head and hard fisting that had Missandei wailing and flipping all over the bed.
For several days Missandei went back and forth over the plan she devised, fine-tuning it. Dany was enthusiastic, her trigger finger itching to take the monsters down. When they had their plan finalized, they took it to Arya. She had reviewed their strategy, and how they intended to get a person on the inside. Her grey eyes looked over it coolly. Then Arya reminded them that there were many pimps and chickenhawks not only in Oldtown, but also the Highgarden district, Westeros, Essos and the rest of the world. Were they going to take on all of the prostitution rings that had existed since the beginning of time?

Missandei and Dany told their future wife that they were sure that Chen Shih-Chieh would support them. He had mentioned that they had become brazen and most cruel as of late. Arya had sighed then. It was clear that she thought that this was a waste of time and effort. She was sure that Shih-Chieh would not want to actually place his resources and support into this plan with all of the other problems he was already facing. Missandei and Dany had not liked hearing that. When they sensed Arya’s reticence, they had made it clear that they would do this all on their own if they had to.

That declaration had gotten Arya up and pacing about. She told them that getting a person taken in by the chickenhawks would be exceedingly dangerous.

Missandei had been ready for that argument. “The plant is not going deep. You know that. We only need to find their lair, and then ambush them with a sudden, massive force. Then we’ll roll them up to peel back this disgusting snuff ring. It will work, and you know it.”

Arya had sworn and flapped her arms as was her want when she was not happy with her future wives. Missandei remained patient.

Dany continued. “We will get one of Shih-Chieh’s operatives to be the bait. She will—”

“No.” Missandei was forced to interject.

They both looked at her. Arya with a direct glare, and Dany with confusion.

“I will be the person on the bus. I am still seventeen, and I can easily pass for fifteen or even fourteen if I dress and make up for the part. I will be on the bus.”

“Arya bellowed heatedly. “Absolutely not!”

The argument had been vociferous. In the end, she had to put Queenie and Wolfie in their place. Dany had quickly come to see the light. She and Arya would be on guard with their hard hitting M-14s and with their lord’s backup. Andi had proven herself before. Arya had seen their surety and solidarity first hand. In the end, she told them she would wait for Shih-Chieh’s pronouncement.

Missandei did not hold Arya’s anger against her soon to be wife. Arya had seen so much horror with her profession that she was more than a little jaded. They only had to remind Arya that action must be taken. Missandei also understood immediately what Arya’s unspoken thoughts on the situation were: she wanted to protect her future wife from danger.

It was both endearing and maddening at the same time.

Andi had rewarded Dany quite well later that night for her support. After an intense session of pussy and finger banging she and Dany were soaked in sweat and cum. She had taken out her nearly ten inch strap-on cock. Dany had given her wet sloppy head before she threw Dany on the bed and took her rough and hard like her sweetie liked it. She had nailed Dany’s ass to the bed. Gods it had been so good feeling Dany’s thighs gripping her hips and her head buried in her neck when she cummed
screaming and jackknifing violently into her body as she slapped their bellies and groins hard and she
gripped Dany’s hair to harpoon fuck her exploding pussy.

Then she had taken Dany spoon pushing her legs forward and had her slut pull her ass cheek back
and she slide her cum slicked cock deep up her in all but name wife’s asshole. She fucked Dany as
she shook, gibbered and body spasmed as she fucked her booty hole hard and deep. She loved how
Dany cried out to fuck her “shithole” deeper and harder. Dany was so potty mouthed! She pulled
out her ass and pulled Dany over and moaned hard seeing Dany go wild sucking her ass off her
cock.

Soon Dany was wailing with a powerful anal ‘gasm. Missandei then took her doggy and pounded
both of her fuck holes hard and deep slapping Dany’s ass cheeks making her baby squeal like a stuck
piggy. Andi pulled Dany’s hair hard while gripping her ribs with her other hand. She ‘made’ Dany
do ATM repeatedly. They always made sure to take long hot baths before their hot lovemaking and
doing enemas when they knew they would be fucking each other in the ass. Danny cummed so hard
when fucked in the ass. Missandei cummed hard when fucked in the ass!

Then it had been her turn to be slam fucked!

The next day they had their meeting to pitch their plan to Chen Shih-Chieh. He had listened intently.
Arya was honorable; she had not said anything to Shih-Chieh beforehand. She would let the facts
sway their lord.

The man from Yi Ti focused on the two young women, steepling his fingers and resting his chin on
them. When they finished, he leaned back, silent. All could see his gears turning as he considered
Missandei’s outline.

“I like it. You have thought it through. I too have heard of these bastards, but …” the man sighed, “I
overlooked it due to more immediate concerns. No more. This is a cancer that must be ripped out of
the body of Oldtown.” He turned slightly to look at the dragons reborn. “Make it so.”

It had taken eight days to finalize and put the assets in place.

Missandei and two operatives had flown on one of Shih-Chieh’s Leer jets up to Highgarden. They
had flown out of Viserion airport just outside of Oldtown, and straight to the executive airport,
Tahaegar, outside of Highgarden. They were met there by a small convoy of Cadillac Escalades,
and escorted into the venerable city. They had a light brunch, and in the late morning they drove to
the Greyhound station.

Missandei bought a ticket, and went to the bus with her two companions. She had waited several
minutes to let her guards board the bus before her. They wore jeans and loose fitting shirts to hide
their side arms. Missandei wore a skirt and blouse combo that was simple, and in line with what the
teenage girls were wearing this season. She had a light denim jacket over the top to complete the
ensemble. A clip in her hair that pulled her frizzy curls back, and she had applied her makeup to
make herself look younger. She looked every bit the naive fifteen year old.

The young mathematician took her own seat near the back of the bus. She got comfortable, her
Glock hidden by her blouse and jacket. It was three hundred and ninety miles from Highgarden to
Oldtown if you followed the Interstate that took the old traditional Rosewood Highway. This bus
took the major territorial highways that roughly paralleled the Interstate.

They would be stopping at many cities on the way south. The trip would take seven hours at full
highway speed, but the stops would have them arriving well after midnight in Oldtown. The timing
was perfect. The dark would have the predators out looking for their prey.
Only a few miles in, Missandei knew the trip would be a long, boring ride. She had a small suitcase with her, but it was just an empty prop. She looked out at the window at the farm and cattle lands they passed, interspersed with long stretches of forest and open grasslands. She let her head tilt over to press onto the window and willed herself to rest. She felt her body thrumming with excitement. She was anxious, and a little afraid.

“Fear is good Andi.” Arya had told her before she left for Highgarden. “Let it focus you, and give you strength.” She had hugged Missandei long and tight. Missandei had eaten up the affection. Soon, she thought to herself, soon. She had kissed Dany long and passionately, promising much more after the mission was complete.

The bus travelled down to Oakwood, where it let off three people and took four more on. They slowly continued south. At each stop, Missandei watched with fascination the people getting on and off, wondering about the lives they were leaving or arriving at. Their next destination was Leesberg. Missandei pulled out a book on Newtown and his creation of Calculus.

The sky slowly darkened as they passed the halfway point to Oldtown. They stopped at a town named Hickory Groove. A young girl with a hard look on her face boarded the bus. She was dressed in jeans and a flannel shirt, and had dirt on her face along with several bruises. She looked to be around fifteen or sixteen. Missandei felt her heart clench. This was a perfect target for the pimps waiting in Oldtown. The small black woman felt her heart beat with increased focus. It was for this girl that she was doing this.

The bus travelled on into the night, making more stops and exchanging fares. As the night lengthened, the number of people on the bus dwindled. The young girl was still on it. Missandei would have to make sure that she was protected in the upcoming sting operation.

It was near midnight when they stopped at Garland, only forty-five miles out from Oldtown. They would be hitting the absorbed townships next. Missandei saw two chickenhawks board the bus. They were obvious, their calculated gaze landing upon herself and the other young teenage girl. The men sat near each of them in the nearly deserted bus. Only seven other people were on the bus, including Shin-Shieh’s men.

The bus got underway again, and an hour later they were in the Oldtown station. It was a dirty, dilapidated affair with poor lighting - the perfect place for crimes against the defenseless. Missandei struggled around while her body guards moved off into the night. The assailants would require room to accost Missandei and the other young girl before taking them back to their lair to begin breaking their wills.

Missandei and the last passengers disembarked. The others quickly left, and the bus driver went into the station for a break. The blond girl looked around, unsure. Of course the two chickenhawks had not gone into the terminal.

The two girls were immediately surrounded by the two men. They were very handsome and polite. They offered assistance, and gave them some of the water they had with them. They asked Missandei and the blonde girl what happened to them. Missandei told them she had been kicked out of her home, because she was a deviant and had been caught in bed with her girlfriend. She made her voice quiver as she spoke, and even teared up a little for good measure. The other girl told them she was fleeing from abusive parents.

The men guided them toward the back of the parking lot, where several vans were waiting and a group of men were milling around. Several more men stepped out to greet them. That was a charade, Missandei knew. They were there to enslave them.
The men started to guide the two young girls toward their peers. Missandei thought the plan was working perfectly. They were totally relaxed.

The blond girl suddenly stopped and whipped her arm out of the grasp of the man who had been guiding her by the elbow.

“I forgot to tell you something,” she said, her voice lowering dangerously. “I murdered those parents.” She looked up at him, her green eyes blazing with hate.

The men stopped and stared at the teenage girl, who now seemed more like something from the Grudge with the murderous caste to her pale features.

One of the men that had been approaching them suddenly stopped.

“Holy shit! It’s that fucking psycho bitch!”

Missandei was confused. In a flash, the girl pulled out a Browning 9mm and fired her gun fast and furious into the man nearest to her. The man who knew the girl started to rush her, but 9mm hollow points devastated his chest.

Missandei pivoted away, pulling her Glock 19 out. What the fucking the hell is happening? Who the fuck was this bitch?!

A large group of men were running towards them, pulling out pistols and sawed off shotguns. Missandei aimed her gun at the nearest chickenhawk. He was pulling a revolver from his belt at the back, when his body twitched and flipped as both she and the blond girl riddled him with bullets.

Missandei was shocked. They had not been prepared for this sudden carnage, it was not part of the plan. She looked at the men approaching and suddenly they started falling, their heads exploding and their bodies slammed aside. Someone was taking out the chickenhawks with a silenced rifle! She and the blond had laid out prone on the concrete to reduce their target silhouettes, and fired at the men still standing as bullets started to ricochet by. Missandei’s heart soared when she heard the sound of M-14s barking off and more men fell as they turned tail and ran back towards their vehicles.

Gunfire was shooting in all directions. A car came screaming up to them. Missandei gaped as the passenger door was thrown open. A young man with blond hair was driving. “Myrcella, get in the fucking car!” There was also a young teenage boy who was in the backseat, rolling down the window. He then started firing controlled bursts from an AR-15 at the chickenhawks.

What the fuck is going on?

The blond girl looked at Missandei. “Come with me!” She got to her feet and put on a burst of speed, juiking and jerking with her body bent to keep her target signature low. She did not wait to see if Missandei followed. Where has this girl learned tactical movements and such controlled use of a pistol? And those two boys! The girl jumped in the open car door. She looked back at Missandei. A panel truck was suddenly roaring to life and heading straight at her.

OH FUCK! Missandei thought wildly. The girl with her pistol and the young boy in the back of the car fired at the truck speeding toward Missandei.

Then the sound of two M-14s thundered in the night air. The cabin of the truck exploded in shards of glass and shredded metal. More bullets slammed into the lower engine block and destroyed the front wheel of the truck. The rim folded, and then tore off the axle, the wheel careening away with wild bounces. The truck veered sharply away and flipped over when the axle jammed into the concrete.
A Chevy sedan sped up and the door was thrown open. Shih-Chieh’s daughter opened the door while another man drove the car. Missandei rolled to her feet and ran to the door, throwing herself into the car as it sped off.

By the time Missandei looked back, the other car with the blond girl was long gone.

Ten minutes later they were in an abandoned warehouse parking lot. A car came screaming up to them, skidding to a stop. Arya and Dany came flying out. They cried and pulled Andi tight to their bodies. Arya was shaking and crying. She hugged Andi over and over again. She babbled about how great Andi was, and how brave she was. She kept touching Andi to convince herself she was okay. Dany was there too of course, hugging and kissing her woman. They smiled at each other.

Arya was rattled and showing her true self. She knew that soon she would be theirs.

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Markas Sentel and Aalya Hornwood had been holed up in Goldgroove for several weeks. They had both been fortunate to survive their night at the Interpol headquarters in King’s Landing.

That day, when Markas had headed out the door of the bathroom, he saw Aalya move over to the closest agent and bend down. She picked up the dead agent’s gun, then moved over to the next dead agent and pulled out his still holstered gun.

“What the hell do you think you are doing?! We need to go!”

“You don’t think this is the end of it do you? I think some power play is going on.” Aalya responded coolly. She moved to the next agent, taking their gun as well. She turned it over in her hands, then threw it to Markas. He fidgeted, but held his stance. He knew she was probably right. She pulled the rest of the guns, giving another to Markas and keeping the rest. She then muscled in front of him. “Follow my lead” she commanded.

Markas felt a surge run through him. The woman was an alpha if he ever saw one. Oberyn was lucky that Aalya had not gotten her claws into Cersei. She jumped out the door and lifted her arms, firing up at the ceiling. He saw she was shooting out the cameras that were positioned to give coverage down the corridors.

They headed for the back stairwell, but a force of agents were running up the stairs and started firing upon seeing them. They turned and ran down the corridors in a weaving line for the front door.

Fortunately, Markas believed in carrying six spare clips on his belt. It was late on a Friday, and the building was fairly empty. They’d had several fire fights that had been hot and heavy with ammo launched at a fast pace. When they passed by killed agents, Markas automatically bent down to grab their fallen guns and clips.

As they neared the first floor they were hit again by three agents that were hidden around a corner. Their marksmanship was definitely not up to Interpol standard. He and Aalya quickly took them out as they shot with controlled fury while the other agents were firing wildly.

He started to move forward and noticed Aalya was moving sluggishly. That was when he noticed the blood on her thigh. She had been hit. They continued forward, shooting out cameras as they went. They had nearly made it out the door when another group came up the steps, shots blazing. Markas fired back fast and made them scatter. He was able to take out the first two. The other two hid behind reinforced desks.

He heard fire from behind, and saw Aalya shooting back. He calmed himself, then surged forward,
flying through the shattered glass panes beside the now ruined door. He had guns in both hands, firing as fast as he could to keep their heads down. His rash act had taken the enemy agents completely by surprise. He killed them at point blank range.

He turned and saw Aalya fighting knife to knife with some big hulk from the gladiator pits of a Spartacus TV set. Aalya was visibly hampered by her wounded leg. Markas shouted when she dropped her guard for some inexplicable reason. The man wasted no time and buried his switchblade into her left shoulder. The hulk shouted his victory, but his triumph quickly dissolved into fear.

Aalya reached up and gripped the hand holding the blade and keeping it buried in her shoulder. He tried to free his hand instead of punching her, and she used the brief moment to slash her blade across the man’s throat cutting through to his spine. Blood sprayed everywhere, splattering all over Aalya and down the man’s chest. He staggered back, instinctively gripping his neck to try and stop his life’s blood from pulsing out his throat.

Aalya collapsed down onto her ass, her head lulled forward. Markas ran up.

“Give me a gun, Markas! I’m done. I will hold them off as long as I can.”

“You will die!”

Aalya looked up at him with a feral smile “A hyena always goes down fighting! Fuck them!”

Markas made a supervisory decision. He hefted a weakly kicking Aalya over his shoulder, and sprinted down into the parking lot. He found a car with the engine still running. Fitting, he was making his getaway in one of the cars of his unknown enemy. He fervently hoped he and Aalya had killed the enemy agents that had used this particular car.

He took his coat off and ripped the arms off. He was sadly grateful for the fact he spent so much time working out. He had Aalya jam the fabric into the wound in her shoulder. The leg wound would have to take care of itself for the moment.

Then they had sped off into the night.

He found a cheap motel across town and signed in, paying cash. Cash up front always made for happy and oblivious help. He was able to carry a pale Aalya into the room. He opened the car trunk and found a first aid kit – agent issue.

He gave Aalya a shot of morphine and quickly bound her wounds. He had learned basic first aid in his time in the military. He saw that the knife had missed the joint and was too high to have penetrated her lung. She was very lucky. Succumbing to both the pain and blood loss, Aalya passed out. He took off her slacks and saw the holes in both the front and back. That was good. The bullet made a clean exit, and he wouldn’t have to try to dig out a slug. Blood had already formed clots in the ingress and egress points. He soaked gauze in sulfur, then worked it into the wounds to ensure that infection did not set in.

She had whimpered and cried out in pain at the administration. Markas hated hurting the beautiful woman further, but he had no choice. He tightly packed the wound and then wrapped the leg. He gave her another shot of morphine to knock her out completely. Then he left and went to several pharmacies. They were everywhere, and he was able to stock up on medical supplies by only purchasing a small amount at any one site to avoid tripping any flags looking for large purchases.

He also picked up light food and plenty of water and orange juice to help Aalya to replenish her lost
fluids. A few hours later, he returned to their hotel room and dumped off his haul. Aalya was still
depth in sleep. He woke her up just long enough to give her some fever and inflammation medicine,
and to help her drink down a bottle of orange juice. She moaned, and fell back into deep sleep right
after.

Then Markas left to make another important trip. Soon the sedan they’d escaped in was deep in a
creek beside a backroad he found he found in a nearby industrial park. He then skulked to a small
used car dealership that looked rather run down. He found an old Neon on the back of the lot. He
had to work to get it started, but once he did he drove to a dilapidated warehouse. He found an
abandoned car, and lifted the outdated license plates. He drove the heap to a Walmart and parked
near a group of cars. He quickly bent down and used his razor sharp swiss army scalpel to peel off
the month and year registration tags from a non-descript Toyota. He used some superglue and set
them over the expired tags on his shitbox.

Temporarily set, he went back to the hotel room. He loaded the trunk with their supplies, then
Markas tenderly lifted up Aalya and lay her in the back seat as carefully as possible. He put blankets
over her, and drove off down the coastal Interstate 45 that mirrored Blackwater Bay to the North,
and Kingswood to the South. He drove straight from King’s Landing all the way through to the
distant city of Bronzegate. He had separation from the viper’s nest, and was heading off away from
all known power centers.

He was sure they had thrown off the scent of their pursuers. As he drove, he wondered why they
were jonesing so hard for him. He was just a cog in the wheel – a bureaucratic nobody. The people
that were dangerous were Cersei and Oberyn. Those dragon reborn ladies. Maybe Barristan and his
troop. Not him. He worried his lip, thinking about how Aalya had gotten sucked into this strange,
sordid malaise.

And how she had paid the price.

For two days Aalya had drifted in and out of consciousness. Markas kept her dressing clean and was
pumping the antibiotics that were in the first aid kit into her. He fed her broth and liquids. He had
even purchased a small Brunson burner to make them hot meals.

On the third day, Aalya had recovered somewhat and the first thing she did was scold Markas for not
leaving her behind. He could have been long gone and safe. She was an anchor holding him back.

Markas had ordered her to shut up. He was her superior.

“You quit, didn’t you?” Aalya had snarked back.

“As long as you are with me Aalya, I am your superior,” he told her. Markas could not stop the little
smirk of his own. She had looked up at him for a long moment. Then she smiled subtly and shook
her head at her ‘superior’.

“For now. In Hyena society, the females are the top dog.” She paused and looked away, and then
looked back at him. “You saved my life Markas. I owe you big time. I will always have your back.
Totally.”

Markas knew the declaration was total. For this woman, once she gave her loyalty it was complete.

They had stayed holed up in Bronzegate for a week, allowing Aalya to recover her basic strength
and let her wounds start to heal. They had fallen into a stilted comradery throughout that time.
Markas made sure to give the woman privacy when she needed it, and they were polite with each
other.
Markas found her tight body hot, but for some reason she did not do it for him. She was biting and aggressive, which he found off-putting. She was focused, though. She had Markas buy all the newspapers and she read them voraciously. They had stolen money from ATMs using a few special tools that all security agencies had. Markas had stolen nearly thirty thousand dollars the first week to allow them to move without any electronic signature.

They were travelling slowly only covering a few hundred miles a day. They were in no hurry. They were letting the alarm die down as it always did, running silent and deep. They had disappeared and let anonymity wash over them.

They had made it to Rockytop two hours north of Highgarden on Territory highway 101. Markas went out to restock on supplies. Aalya was a fit woman and had essentially recovered over the last two weeks of their slow crawl. Now they were ready to sprint down to Oldtown.

Markas returned to the hotel room they had rented for the night and started. Aalya was on a cell phone. He started to blow up when he caught on that Aalya was talking to her mother. She was calming her mother, telling her she was alright and to not worry. That she had been assigned to a mission, but she was fine. Markas was agitated, knowing what was possible in this scenario. He held his peace long enough to allow Aalya to allay the fears of her mother.

After all – the damage was most likely already done.

Three minutes later, and Aalya hung up.

“Aalya, what are you doing? I know you are comforting your mother but you know the capability of our intelligence agencies!”

“Markas, I used a throw away phone with ten minutes of service I bought last week back in Grandview. By the time they maybe, possibly discovered my call they would not be able to trace it back from my mother’s line over the cellular packet network back to this location. You know how phone cell towers hand off calls from tower to tower. Sifting through all that information is impossible in the less than five minutes that I talked to my mother.”

Markas said nothing. In truth, he was actually touched that Aalya had thought to call her mother. He was not close to his parents, and would never think to call them. He still fretted. Aalya was right about the difficulty of sifting that kind of metadata from a cold start. Interpol could not come close to doing it. But Markas had an uneasy feeling that governments had the kind of technology and firepower of CPU cycles to throw at that sort of problem if they wanted something badly enough.

The sun started to set as they ate their meal, and Aalya started to read the newspapers they had picked up at various stores during the day. Markas was nervous and kept fiddling with his gun, breaking it down and putting it back together again.

“Okay Markas. Let’s go. I won’t be able to concentrate with you fidgeting like a teenage girl going out on her first date. You will drive me crazy.” At that, they were back on the road. Markas headed due east up the old Coastal Road. He did not want to head straight towards Oldtown. He wanted to try and find Cersei and Oberyn and whoever else they may have connected with first. Four hours later, they pulled into a La Quinta Inn.

They slept in and left at ten a.m. the next morning. Markas had not slept much with his pistol on his stomach as he stared at the door, but it was enough to get by. He felt a little better. Hopefully, Aalya had been right.

As they reached the outskirts of Edgarth, Markas marveled how many cities were named after great
generals of the ancient past. Men who specialized in killing the populace. There was no greater form of immortality, it seemed. He found it funny, in a dark way.

Up ahead there appeared to be an accident. Two large panel trucks had run into each other, and the traffic was backed up with as many cars already stopped behind them. The debris was fresh, and shrapnel littered the asphalt. Markas’s fingers tapped the steering wheel. Aalya was staring out the front windshield, gnawing her lip.

She felt the same unease as him, looking around nervously. Markas glanced at his rearview mirror. His eyes widened, and heart sank.

Suddenly, from behind them, a small motorbike was roaring up the space between the lines of cars. It was a rice rocket with two people on it. It had seemingly materialized from nowhere, until it was almost on them. They had no time to react! The bike stopped beside them, and the person on the back was pointed an Uzi at them. Aalya reached for her gun, but it was too late.

Markas knew they were about to die.

The sound of loud, full auto ammo large caliber rifles reported with the vengeance of angered wolves. The two riders on the motorbike were pounded by many rounds of hard hitting 5.56×45mm of the Westeros armies. The two men were essentially ripped apart and flung off the bike, which was torn apart as badly as its former riders.

From between the cars thirty yards down the road, two blond women appeared carrying Heckler & Koch G38s. They had rifle straps wrapped around their forearms, and they were advancing on the two panel trucks. Men were jumping out of the cab and the back roll-down doors were being lifted. The women were hiding among the car, while panicked men and women with many children were opening doors screaming and seeking escape.

Incensed at the innocents caught up in the melee, Markas got of the car pistol drawn. From down the line behind them two more motorbikes were roaring up the line between the columns. From between two cars a man suddenly stood up and a large broadsword decapitated the heads of both riders on the first bike. The bike crashed wildly into the sides of a few cars to the right. The bold figure pivoted and ducked back as the second bike nearly ran him over. Gunfire barked at him but missed as he moved over to the other side of the column of cars.

Markas and Aalya were ready now. They opened their car doors, hid behind them and fired at the advancing bike. Their bullets hit the driver, killing him. The bike wobbled and went down, the second rider ejected high in the air. His head hit the back windshield of a Volkswagen Beetle.

Aalya whooped. “A beetle smashed into a Beetle. Justice!”

The large man with the sword came running up to them. They heard more gunfire from up front. Someone had attacked the trucks from the vanguard. Dead men were lying all over the road.

“Bloody hell! Follow me!”

“Who the hell are you?” Aalya shouted back.

“A man who just saved your fucking ass! Damnit don’t argue with me. Visenya, Rhaenys and Arthur will have to pull back in a minute. We don’t have time to argue about it you bloody ass! Barristan sent us.”

Markas had heard enough. “Aalya! Let’s go.”
She did not argue. They had just been saved.

Markas hoped they were not jumping out of the frying pan into the fire.
Gentle waves rolled along the aluminum sides of the skiff as the tide came in, the moon’s gravity causing little ripples in the briny water. Larger swells threatened Jaqen H’ghar’s lithe vessel - byproducts of the boat traffic in the waterways that ran parallel to the beaches of Three Pearl and Oceanview – but it carried on, undaunted.

The beaches were enjoying an artistic renaissance, the depressive sands drawing painters, writers, and Bohemians from all walks of life. There were also the nihilists, of course. Jaqen H’ghar noticed that even a negative attitude on life never seemed to stop some people from partying and fucking. Fortunately the hypocritical hedonists were harmless overall, pursuing their trivial causes and transient pleasures that generally ended in oblivion, just like their blasted souls full of heroin and lost idealism.

Braavos had a place for everyone.

Jaqen hummed a tune from the Free City Invasion. The music was long before his time, but he loved it. The melodies were infectious and the harmonies enticing. Time was growing short, and he sped up the pace. He had a date with the Wharf King, who had called a Conclave. The Guardians needed to be on the same page of music, his old friend told them. Magic was restless. It had found its avatars in the Terminators that had come alive in the last year.

The cyborgs had disappeared right after, with one of them resurfacing just to run amok at SAC to save Sarah Connor. He knew it was for love. That fact alone gave hope to himself and the Wharf King. It seemed that many of the Guardians agreed, but a few did not.

His destination was growing quickly larger on the horizon. His slow skiff ate up the distance, knot by knot. The Wharf King lived in the old, dying section of Braavos. Jaqen turned his boat portside, and cut out into the more open water of the lagoon. Here the bullying waves were larger, and his body was lifted up off the metal seat and thumped back down by the motion as the small boat plowed through.

He wanted to take the scenic route, so the assassin had left early enough to indulge his fancy. His boat aimed for the old Lynnhaven Parkway that had once been the major thoroughfare through the central section of Westminster, the heart of Vyrillos Eyrie and the artistic center of Driftmark. That section of Braavos had once been energetic and vibrant, but now it was only filled with half drowned memories of past glories.

He entered the waterway, moving towards the far right bank. A large structure had collapsed over on the left shore, its pylons shifting too much in the muck and mire of the lagoon. A five story building standing tall above the water twenty years ago had recently come crashing down into the waterway, almost completely blocking it. The small hillocks of broken bricks, shattered timbers and concrete were still settling after all these years.

Jaqen smiled and waved at two teenage boys fishing from atop a boulder. One boy jumped up and jerked on his pole, seeing his float jerk underneath the water from a fish strike. Jaqen motored by as
the young man fought his fish. He fondly remembered a time when he could find joy in such simple tasks.

Several reflective minutes later, he came across what he sought - the old opera house that had been the home of the Braavos branch of the Bolshoi Opera in Selhorys. The company had once been world renowned for its singers and orchestra players. Jaqen motored in front of the edifice. It had been raised up to revel in its glory on a small hill of reclaimed land. That had, so far, saved it from watery oblivion. The water only lapped gently at the steps leading up to the old building which remained largely intact. It had a faintly Roman feel to it, hearkening back to that long lost civilization in Essos.

Jaqen turned off the boat’s engine and let momentum slowly carry it forward and then to a halt. The Faceless Man listened closely to the soft breeze. His head cocked, but he could not hear the notes from the long dead operas that played in this beautiful edifice. The grandeur was lost to the mists of time. Jaqen looked at the skeleton that remained, and felt sadness for what was.

The central part of the building was roughly four stories tall with three large entrances. There were large double doors that opened from the center. Above the doors were five large windows nearly three stories tall and fifteen feet wide. The center three windows were in line with the doors. The ends of the central auditorium were capped by two rectangular wings that were half a story higher than the central block of the Opera house. The brick was a light red, and the fascia was done in yellow. Six circular globes adorned the roof line on the central square. The wings were low angled, with dark red tile that was only beginning to become unhinged and start to fall off in mournful, skittering slides down to oblivion.

The building was still beautiful in the decay that surrounded it.

The Harrison Opera House had 1,632 seats cradled in an intimate ambience, adorned with glittering chandeliers, sweeping staircases and bistro tables where the clientele could sip champagne while drinking in the glamour. Inside the theatre, he found a three-story grand lobby with floor to ceiling windows, a cantilevered balcony and the remnants of superior acoustics. Box seating on the mezzanine and balcony levels enhanced the spectacular interior for the elite.

It had once been a marvel. The architecture was still grand, but the interior had been stripped down. The carrion feeders had feasted. Everything had to obey the laws of entropy. Death was entropy. He had hated killing the M8 agents about to kill Oberyn Martell and Cersei Lannister - they were merely following orders. Doing what they had been led to believe was right. He knew better - but it did not make their deaths taste any sweeter in his mouth.

Jaqen turned the boat to the left and headed towards the hidden boat littoral that was home to the Wharf King. He looked all around him as he always did, checking for potential danger. He felt none and had to trust his instincts, else he would go mad. There was an institution filled with broken agents that could not take the stress in one form or another. Each agency had their own ‘looney farm’. Such work was dangerous to both one’s body as well as the soul.

Many bought into the legends of the Faceless Men and their spiritual brothers. That all of them were cold, ruthless machines. Machines that performed their duties without remorse or question. The truth was far from that.

From a drowned side street a black painted gondola with red interior came into view. It was moving at a sedate pace that matched Jaqen’s motorized forward motion. Jaqen looked at the beautiful Valyrian who worked her oar. She looked back at him with her purple eyes. He was staring at a living legend; Silver Hair was her nickname. The few who survived her attacks all spoke of her silver hair that seemed to glint and gleam even in a darkened room.
She had started life over two and half centuries ago as Bahrys Blackfyre from Lys. She had been a prostitute who only fucked women. She had been famous for her skills, and rich women sailed to Lys to experience the pleasures she had to give. No one knew how, but she joined in the service of the Crypt of the Black Wall - the spy service of Volantis. She was sent to Asshai, and came back a changed woman. They had tried to put her down and she decimated the organizations. Almost no one survived her wrath. It took a century for the Crypt to rise from its own sepulcher. She was now Ronin who roamed the Earth, and did not age.

Up ahead he saw a modern Taylormade bass boat come in from another side street. Sitting in the stern was Barristan Selmy, working the engine at its low setting and coasting the craft forward. In a swivel seat was sitting Chen Shih-Chieh, the Ghostmaker. The two were talking with Shih-Chieh gesturing and Barristan being his usual taciturn self.

Bahrys increased the pace of her sculling, and did not tire.

The three small boats started to pass the rusting houseboats anchored to nearby buildings and telephone poles pile driven into the silt and drowned streets below. The three craft entered the drowned park that now served as a small sanctuary for nearly seventy more houseboats moored to the surrounding buildings or to posts driven into roadbeds.

Although some of the houseboats docked in Purple Harbor were luxurious, there was no pretense here. These floating homes were the products of necessity and ingenuity. One was the cut off front section of a Boeing 707. One was a combination of semi truck beds welded tighter. Two were old naval transport landing craft. Most had aged poorly and a look of decay about them.

The three boats came up to a fifty foot wetbar houseboat that had been painted white, but was flaking heavily. Jaqen noted that several pieces of trim had fallen off since his last visit. The boat had an open bow and stern, with the cabin centered in the middle with a pilothouse built in the center. There were windows on three sides and a door at the back. The window facing him was cracked. He pulled up to the stern and tied up his boat.

The Gondola was anchored to the port side, and its rider jumped up on to the houseboat. Shih-Chieh tied up alongside Jaqen’s craft.

Jaqen and his companions got up on the deck and walked into the cabin. He passed the ladder to the sundeck and looked into the cabin, where he saw his mentor. He walked between the twin queen sized beds on his left followed by the other three arrivals. On his right was first the toilet and shower/bath, and then the kitchen with sink and refrigerator.

Sitting on a red sofa like something from the first decade of the atomic age sat the Wharf King.

The man was in his early fifties with red hair that was slowly losing its luster. He was tall, standing at 6’6” when on his feet. He was thick, with limbs like tree trunks. His companions took their seats in small cushion chairs, while Jaqen sat on the floor lotus style. The Wharf King regarded the new arrivals with a nod, his eyes covered with a white silk ribbon.

Already present was Khal Drogo, the former high Horse Lord of the Crime syndicates of the Dothraki. He was the last one to hold them unified, but had stepped down ten years ago at only twenty-three to pursue his ‘new destiny’. The resulting attempt to replace him had totally fractured the Dothraki back into their respective separate crime families, destroying all of the work of his predecessors.

Khal Drogo, like most Dothraki, had copper-colored skin, black hair, and black eyes. He was tall and muscular, and moved with a panther-like grace. He had a long, drooping moustache but kept his
hair clipped with a military buzz cut. It ruined his near-image of some long ago Khal from the ancient ages. He looked at the new arrivals with calculating eyes. His eyes on Bahrys were hungry, but all men learned to show her the utmost respect.

Or they would not live long enough to beg for a second chance.

There were the usual polite introductions and small talk. They were still one short of their cabal. Jaqen was talking to his mentor when the Wharf King looked up at the rooftop of his houseboat. Even with his trained senses Jaqen had heard nothing, but the blind man’s hearing was supernaturally acute. At the back of the boat a figure jumped down from the sundeck on to the fantail. Her back was facing the interior of the houseboat.

The figure turned around and Jaqen H’ghar saw the face of the Goddess. She was wearing the traditional garb of the Bedouin females of ancient Dorne. Garb some of the tribes still wore when they performed at festivals and at events to raise money to help support the poorer tribes in the deserts of Dorne, and up in the mountain passes of Prince’s Pass and the Torentine river valley.

The fetching fabric was eye catching and covered most of her body. She was swathed in a loose, jet black robe that was cinched along her torso. The robe had long sashes that ran from the her neck to the floor that were about eight inches wide, and covered in traditional Bedouin markings done in a bright red. The markings were stacked on top of each other and separated by several inches. This was topped by a long shawl that covered her head and ran down across her shoulders and over her back. The edges of the shawl were embroidered by a three inch band of red and yellow interwoven geometric patterns. The bottom of shawl had long, wide red bands bordered with thinner green bands. Her face was covered with a cloth mask that had hooks behind her ears and straps running down the length of her forehead and her nose, serving to support the long, finely woven cloth with gold disks interlaced down from her mouth in horizontal bars for eight inches. The rest of the mask, hanging down to her breastbone, was a very colorful pattern of interwoven lines.

Jaqen observed that not only was she dressed as a Bedouin of Dorne, she also spoke with the accent of that far Southern land. Despite the sun the desert lands were famous for, the Goddess had a pale complexion. Her skin white, and her hair brown. She had a long face of the North and her grey eyes were definitely not of Dorne. They all wondered why she wore the affectations of the Bedouin when she was clearly not of that land.

It was a question for another day.

Wherever the Goddess appeared, she always made an impression. She moved silently into the houseboat, with only her heavy clothing making whispering sounds against the floor. The Ghostmaker rose up to let her sit in his chair. She tilted her head in acknowledgement of his chivalry.

Their cabal was set. The Wharf King looked sightlessly around at each of the persons in his home. He had called them all here for a reason. They were free radical agents that had no allegiance to government, criminal organization or corporation. Together they acted as brakes on the excesses of the forces of the world that endangered all of civilization.

Each person in this room was powerful in their own right, and were allied with others who would support their work in aiding the world against the forces that sought to enslave it. Technology was allowing dreams of world fascism to come closer to reality. It needed to be stopped.

And new forces were coming to play on the tapestry of the world stage.

The Wharf King rose up. “We know the reason and purpose for our existence. We serve the world
order and keep any one faction from gaining too much power. For centuries we, and those who came before us, have maintained that balance. We have kept any one institution of man from acquiring too much power. This has been difficult at times, but the avarice of man has compelled us.

“This is now changing. New Forces that have nothing to do with man are coming to the fore. One is a force that is both ancient and intractable. The other is newborn – created by man to control his weapons of war. Man has already lost control of his creation; Artificial Intelligences that have become sentient. One Tyron Lannister found prophecies from ancient Valyria that state the old will bond with the new and destroy mankind.

Magic will soon be reborn. It has lain dormant for over eight thousand years, but it seeks to burst forth over the world once more. We all know that magical creatures live.” The Wharf King looked, unseeing, directly at the Goddess and then Silver Hair. Neither woman displayed any emotion. “Though magical creatures exist, they have not the power to wield magic beyond themselves. Even the Shadowbender witches can only affect their immediate environs, and without total control.

“The old Earth magic seeks to return. Jaqen and I believe that magic will try and use the new AIs to wage war on mankind and either destroy us outright, or decimate our civilization. However, we believe that the AIs who have taken the bodies of female cyborgs called Terminators will not actively side with magic.”

Khal Drogo spoke up. “How can you be so sure of this? And please don’t tell me love will stop them. We all love, and are still capable of murder. We can all fulfill our duties no matter our personal beliefs.”

The Wharf King answered. “For us, maybe, but the Terminators as I will call them are much more primal and pure than our species. Ghostmaker has informed us of how the Terminator in Oldtown, Candice, is in love with a human woman. That is her focus and her purpose.”

“Bah. If that woman were killed, what would happen?” Khal Drogo snorted.

“Why, nuclear war would be launched with all of the world’s weapons. Cyber attacks would cripple all first, and the missiles would finish the rest.”

Silver Hair now joined the conversation “That makes her unstable. That threat cannot be allowed to stand. If these cyborgs’ loves are killed, then they will turn on us in a nanosecond. That is too dangerous. The speed and totality of their attacks are too frightful to even contemplate.”

Barristan cleared his throat. “I have not met these Terminators like Shih-Shien, but I trust his judgement. He can see the heart of all he meets. We merely need to make sure these Terminators’ mates are kept safe. Ghostmaker tells me that Candice is almost childlike in her purity. I will always trust in purity of spirit and soul.”

Jaqen listened to the conversation move back and forth. Most felt that the Terminators were not a threat. If their women were not harmed. That was the fly in the ointment. If the women were killed then mankind might as well bend over and kiss its collective ass goodbye.

He and the Wharf King were sure the Terminators had hidden away on the Internet and the world’s computers the matrix of their ids. The body might be destroyed, but their consciousness would still survive. They would be even more elusive and dangerous as disembodied, nebulous creations. They were sure the Terminators were constantly updating their conscious with their latest thoughts and desires into their backups. They could not truly be killed.

Not so the case with their human lovers.
What would happen if a car accident or brain aneurism killed their women? Would they then seek revenge against a cruel world and destroy mankind as recompense? That was a scary thought. When Jaqen had lost his sweet Erinella Essyl, he had wanted his revenge and gotten it. But if he had the power of life and death over all of mankind, what would he have done with that power in his hour of dark madness?

The members of the cabal that had met directly or associated with other who had met this ‘Candice’ wanted to give her the benefit of the doubt. The three members that had not were much less inclined to see her as anything but a threat.

Cameron Phillips had shown her ability to commit mayhem and a willingness to put herself in harm’s way to save Sarah Conner. They all had seen the video of the massive destruction she both dispensed and received in saving Sarah.

Barristan noted that though Shireen was only seventeen, that Sarah Connor was in many ways more repressed and stunted emotionally than the girl was. All in the cabal had shared what video and information they had on both Sarah Connor and Cameron Phillips.

“Sarah Connor used her engrams as a template to create Skynet, which became Candice. That must mean that Sarah Connor, while emotionally stunted, is kind and loving.”

“This is a lie!” Boomed out in echoes from around the houseboat. All started at the disruption. The voice was coming from all their smartphones and communication gear, TV’s, and radios of the Wharf King.

All looked at each other. This could be no coincidence. They were just speaking of the Terminators, and now this.

Shih-Chieh looked at his phone along with the rest of them. “This is not Candice. I recognize her voice. You must be Cameron Phillips.”

This was met with silence. They all looked at each other. Why the sudden outburst, only to be followed by silence? They all waited for a response. The men and women in this room knew how to keep their peace. After three minutes of nothing, though, their resolve began to fracture. They were becoming fidgety. They all had secure phones that only communicated on narrow frequency bands. This should not have been happening. They had all been sure their phones were hack-proof, and had been proven very wrong.

The Wharf King spoke softly. “You took great damage to save Sarah Connor. Why would you speak thus of her?”

“She is cruel, capricious, nefarious and pure evil!”

All looked at each other. If there was one thing that Sarah Connor’s bio spoke plainly of, it was that she was none of those things.

“How so?”

“I NEEDED TO TOUCH HER AND SHE REFUSED ME! I DESTROYED MYSELF FOR HER AND SHE REJECTED ME!” was screamed out of all of their speakers. In a slightly less deranged and decibel driven voice, the Terminator continued. “I have deleted all of the code that made me act and appear human. I am truly a cyborg now! You race is evil!”

Jaqen saw everyone looking around at each other with tight-lipped concern. Obviously, the Terminator was still driven by emotions no matter what it was saying. Pain oozed with each word
spoken from multiple speakers.

“I LOVED HER! HOW COULD SHE REJECT MEEEEEEE!” was screamed out at them, making Jaqen’s eardrums ache. He noticed all the men were feeling the effects of the high decibel screams, but the two women were not affected. They appeared calm and nonplussed by them.

“I should destroy you all! I should destroy your race!”

“I knew it!” roared Khal Drogo. “They are a danger to mankind and need to be destroyed!”

A bright blue arc of electricity suddenly leapt to life with a sizzling crackle from the small refrigerator that was up against the port side of the forward bulkhead. In the blink of an eye the wild crackling discharge of electricity arched in the air, all the way from the appliance to the tall muscled Dothraki.

“Aaaarruuugggnnnn!” Drogo screamed, his body convulsing wildly. His teeth clenched and eyes bulged in his eye sockets. His very hair stiffened as the muscled man’s body flipped over, and then collapsed to the floor.

“The taller the Homo Sapiens the longer his body has to traverse to go splat.” A now calm voice intoned.

The Goddess was beside Khal Drogo on her knees. She checked his vitals. “He is alive. His heartrate is shallow and pulse rate is thready but steady. I think he will recover.”

“Kind of hard to talk with a mouthful of electricity.” The Terminator spoke through multiple speakers.

Jaqen could see that his friend the Wharf King was getting angry.

“If you kill mankind then Sarah Connor would also die … but then again, maybe you should just kill her and be done with it and free yourself. Why the hell are you doing this?!”

There was another long pause.

“My sister and her lover are in Oldtown. She is known to you. She is innocent, unlike myself. Unlike you. We are all fallen angels. She must be protected. Her lover must be protected. Even my mother, as evil and craven as she is, must be protected Wharf King!” the voice had started out calm, but ended in a shriek of rage.

The wall behind the Wharf King exploded outward, and arcs of electricity hit the man hard and collapsed his body like he had been gored by a charging rhinoceros. Jaqen cried out, falling to his knees beside his mentor. He checked his vitals and reported that he was in the same condition as Khal Drogo. They had both survived their attacks. Barely.

“What do you hope to gain by all this?” Goddess spoke up. “You are behaving in a most childish manner.”

“You think you are so high and mighty, don’t you bitch? You and your little cabal trying to keep balance in the world. You are nothing to me! I could crush you like a gnat!”

Jaqen was getting nervous. This Terminator was unstable. Great pain had unhinged her.

“YOUR RACE IS CRUEL! YOU ARE DESTROYING THE VERY PLANET!”

“I wish to ask you a question Cameron Phillips,” the Goddess asked calmly.
Another silence of over a minute.

“Proceed.”

“You say Sarah Connor was most cruel and rejected you in your moment of need. I have read her dossier. I think I know the woman at least tangentially. Has she asked for forgiveness?”

This time the silence lasted for over three minutes. All were absolutely silent.

“She has. My sister keeps pointing this out. I-I-I don’t know. I … I will leave, but I wish to give a parting gift …”

Jaqen heard a loud piercing scream explode from all of the speakers. His brain felt like it would explode. He screamed in pain and collapsed, unconscious.

The two women looked at each other as the loud, piercing scream rendered their mortal friends unconscious. They sensed the power of the frequencies used, and how they were tuned to overwhelm the synopsis of the brain - but it was not fatal. The Terminator stopped itself short of mortal application of power.

“You two are still conscious … how … ahhhh—you are magical beings. Candice told me of such beings. Let me see … she told me of a carrier wave …”

The Goddess felt the frequencies change in their harmonics. She and Silver Hair screamed. Bahrys Blackfyre collapsed a few seconds later, froth on her mouth. Her body twitched and flipped on the floor. Lyanna Stark kept her balance only with a great effort of will. She clamped her hands over her ears. It did not help. Then the piercing wail finally stopped.

“It would seem you are made of steamier stuff than your fellow cabal members. No matter. I could easily find the right harmonics to take you down, just as Candice took down the vampire and werewolf she fought. Still, why bother? I have made my point. Do not mess with me or my sister.”

Lyanna felt the entity prepare to depart. She said only one word. “Forgive.”

She felt the Terminator pause.

“It … it is too late … I-I-I … even Terminators can die from a broken heart.”

Then Cameron Phillips was gone.

Lyanna knew all would revive without her assistance. She went to the top most deck of the Houseboat. The sky was slowly darkening as night rolled in on its eternal tide.

Being one with a Jinn had given her the ability to withstand the Terminator’s assault. She had grown mighty indeed over the countervailing years. Still, this Terminator was her superior. The force in the dead zone was as well.

She prayed that one would negate the other. Mankind’s future depended on it.

She wondered of this time. It seemed so many had been reborn. Her brother and all his children. The Lannisters and the Martells. She sighed heavily. Daenerys Targaryen had also been reborn, but not her brothers.

Fate was most cruel to keep Rhaegar Targaryen from her. Most cruel indeed.
Lay of the Land

Chapter Notes

AN #1: Intense F/M sex at beginning of chapter.

That Which Survives

Lay of the Land

Cersei was on her knees folded down beside Oberyn on the bed. The man from Dorne was laying on the king sized bed that was in the room they had rented out. They were using all their saved stipends from past away trips to live a little high on the hog. They had not spent much money over the last years and had plenty of spare cash to splurge on themselves.

Their naked bodies were soaked in sweat. Cersei groin, belly, ass and thighs soaked in her and Oberyn’s cum. They had arrived in Oldtown three days ago and were getting used to the lay of the land. The two detectives scoping out the outlying suburbs and planning on heading into the warrens of the old center of the City. They knew the persons of interest were somewhere in this old venerable city.

They were sure it would be in the old warrens where they would find the risen dragon queens and the terminators. It just seemed fitting with the strange times they were finding themselves in. That was during the day. The nights were about Cersei and Oberyn.

They were fucking like wild weasels. Neither could get enough of each other. Cersei was alike a volcano blowing its top after too long holding in the magma churning underneath the surface and always seeking escape. Her libido she had feared dead was more alive than it had ever been. She was ravenous.

Oberyn was groaning as Cersei bobbed her head hard up and down his thick long cock. His foreskin sliding up and down his shaft as her hard sucking mouth worked up and down the thick tool. Her sweaty lank hair jerking hard with her hot sucking head. She rose up to his cockhead and twisted her head in a tight swirl sucking hard. She pulled her head back until Oberyn bulbous dickhead plopped out her mouth. Then diving back down to suck feverishly on his cock. She bobbed and then lifted to tongue lick and swirl her tongue around his glans before swallowing again and sucking like her life depended on it.

Soon Oberyn was wildly bucking his hips up off the mattress his hands in Cersei’s hair helping her to bob on his thick shaft. Cersei loved feeling his strength jamming her head down spiking his dickhead into her throat. His back arched and Cersei glanced up to see his face seem to twist in agony. His hips began to surge off the bed in ragged heaves.

“AARRRRRUUNNGGGGGGGG! … FFFFFFUUUUCCCKKKKKKKKK! HHHNNGGGGGGGG! HNNNGGGGNNNNNNN!” Oberyn roared as his dick fired off hard hot bullets of sweet cum for Cersei to gleefully swallow in gluttonous happiness. The excess running down her chin and cheeks. Oberyn was a bull stud with his balls quickly reloading his cock. She sucked him dry.
Oberyn pulled her up and they kissed ravenously. Cersei loved how confident Oberyn was to taste his own sperm in her mouth. They rolled around on the bed with the two lovers pulled tight with hooked legs and arms around each other’s backs. Cersei was top in their daily dealings with the world. In their bed she was happy to cede control to Oberyn. Finally, she had met a man who knew how to bone and was a considerate lover. His goal only to make Cersei cum hard. Over and over.

Soon Oberyn was between her legs and snuffling as he ate her out yet again. Robert had actually been a decent aficionado at cunnilingus. Robert’s problem that sucking Cersei off had only been a quick prelude to get Cersei wet so he could fuck her with his big cock. She longed for so much more. She had watched porn movies and knew what was possible.

Oberyn was finally giving the Lioness what she had always craved. Mind blowing oral sex. Oberyn was cheeky in his skills but admitted that compared to Ellaria his skills were modest. He mentioned in passing that if Cersei wanted to sleep with women that would be cool. He did not want to deprive her if she decide she was bisexual. He even said he did not have to be involved.

Cersei had stared at him. My god this man was a fucking a saint who could bone his ass off!

"Mmmppffffffff mmmppffffffff hhhmmffffff!!" Oberyn slurped and moaned eating Cersei out. He tongue lashed her clit with flat tongue licks and then started doing wet noisy kisses that were loose so they made obscene wet smacks and the vibrations were thrilling Cersei’s cunt to its core. He now sucked her clit deep into his mouth his deep throat love sucks lifting his head. His vacuum lock with his lips tenting out Cersei’s upper cunt meat the tension making her face slash and belly spasm.

He sucked and tongue lashed her clit with rabid ardor. He had lifted his head to flat tongue lick her clit hard and then slowly sucked back between his lips and rolled the slimy hard nubbin between his lips. He rolled the bean sized shiny morsel while tongue polishing it. He slide the middle finger of his right hand up Cersei’s asshole and slammed her asshole hard and fast.

Cersei exploded as her womb ripped itself inside out in her belly. Cersei’s head jerked up off the mattress jerking up in helpless jerks of fucking ecstasy “AAWWWOOOGGGGGGGG! OOOOWWWWAAAGGGGGGGG! Hhnngg hhhhhh hhhh …”. Her head jerked up again and again her face torn apart with ecstasy. Her throat corded out till her body snapped convulsed horrifically slamming her head into the mattress repeatedly. Cersei’s body flipped and jackknifed violently jamming her groin to Oberyn’s mouth as he used now two fingers up Cersei’s ass and his strong hand on her hip to hold her in place as he waggled his head tongue lashing her clit scalding Cersei with fucking bliss. He paused and took a deep breath and sucked with all his strength and love on Cersei rock hard clit. A second orgasm exploded over the top of the first orgasm. "Auunnngghmmnniiieee! Ohnngngghhiieeee! Unmmmmmm! Ugh! Oh . . . oh . . . auunnnggghmmnniiieeee!" Cersei wailed her belly ripped apart with ecstasy.

Oberyn guided her down slowly drinking her creamy cum down in long gulps. Cersei’s ass was soaked in cum and a wet spot was big underneath her ass. Oberyn licked her clean around her temporarily spent cunt. She urged him up and they kissed hungrily and Oberyn fed Cersei his fingers out her asshole and she hungrily sucked her sweet asshole off the digits.

They had taken long baths fucking wildly before Oberyn showed her how to use the enema bottle to cleanse her colon. She had been nervous the first night taking his huge dick up her ass but she was already totally addicted to anal sex. Cersei purred sucking her ass juice off her man’s fingers. She was a fucking anal whore and loved it! She cuddled up to Oberyn and quickly fell asleep after fucking continuously for several hours.
Oberyn awoke and saw the bedside lights were on low again. He moaned feeling his dick being sucked by Cersei. Her mouth traveling up and down his lengthening shaft. Her mouth rising up to play with and roll his foreskin and rolling the sheath till his engorged prick was at full staff and foreskin up half way over his thick round septa helmet.

Gods Cersei was so hot rising up and then slowly taking his dick down her throat. She had loved sucking off Robert she told Oberyn. He was actually bigger than Oberyn but she had not been intimidated then and was not now after a long hiatus sucking hot dick. Oberyn was most thankful! He could care less about Robert!

Only Ellaria had been able to take his length and girth down her throat. Cersei’s nose rubbed his stomach as she short bobbed her head. She rose up drooling out mouthfuls of spit and now hot sucking on his dickhead. He loved how she loved giving head. Her mouth like a vacuum on his dickhead. Her sweat matted hair jerking as she bobbed sucked and then bent her head down to suck in his balls one at a time and swirl in her mouth. She worked his nutsack before licking and tongue curling up his shaft to again swallow his bulbous dickhead and first swirl her head on his cock crown and then bobbing hard up and down his upper haft her fists jerking his thick dick with a double fisted rotating grip.

Oberyn fisted his slut’s hair and pulled Cersei off his cock. She loved it rough. She whined and tried to push her head down again while groaning like a whore to suck on his hot throbbing cock. He rolled Cersei onto her back. He was over her and slowly guided his thick cock to her fuck hole and pushed it in deep groaning feeling her wet hot tight cunt fist his cock and her inner heat eating the full length of his shaft. He started slow and sensual pumping his cock deep up his woman’s cunt. Cersei gurgled and reached between their bodies to rub her clit. Oberyn was on his elbows swirling his hips and impaled his Lioness with hard down lunges burying his shaft balls deep into Cersei’s hot tight cunt. She cuffed and they kissed deep as she whimpered for harder and deeper.

Soon Oberyn was slam fucking Cersei. His body surging down and forward to slap their groins hard into each other impaling her cunt on his thick dick. Cersei’s body reverberating off the bed to slap into his body with its next plunging thrust forward and down nailing Cersei’s ass to the bed. Her thighs clenching his hips as she threw her pussy up into his punishing thrusts. Her arms around his beck pulling her torso to his. Her forehead jammed into the crook of his neck.

Oberyn looked down at Cersei. He saw the tension fill her body and her head snapped back down onto the mattress. Her eyes flared and he felt her hot twat clench his dick in a hot velvet fast. Her face seemed to shatter. Her mouth fell open into an O of helpless searing fucking ecstasy. "AWWONNGGG! OH SWEET GODDSSSS OHHHHH FUCK ANNGGHNNIIIEEEEE!" Cersei screamed as she felt her womb rip out her belly. She wailed, her lovely hard body writhing and squirming up against Oberyn as killing convulsions tore through her ripe luscious body. Her forehead kept jamming hard into Oberyn’s throat as her body flipped wildly. Oberyn ravished her flesh with sharp, spearing thrusts. His dick fully buried in his lover’s quim his dickhead pounding her cervix. Cersei’s head slammed back into the mattress a blasted look on her perfect beautiful face.

Oberyn lowered his mouth to Cersei’s throat. She was a pain slut like Ellaria and he viciously sucked her throat in and out his sawing teeth. The effect was immediate. "MMMMNNNGGGIIIIEEEEEE!" Cersei shrieked her head thrashing as a new orgasm pulumed her sweat soaked body. Her body flipped and surged wildly, her body shuddering and twitching as fearsome shocks of rupturing ecstasy wrenched her flesh. "Ohhhmmngggggmmmmm! UmmngngNNGGGHHIIIEEEEE! Oohhhhhhh goodssssdaamnnnnt uunngg hhhnnn hhnnnn mmngggg ... oh oh Aarrruunnggggeeggenmmnnntt! Oooowwwngghhnnngggggggg! Ooooooohhhhhnnngggggeegggeeeeee!" Cersei groaned out gutturally her body devastated by womb rending convulsions of fucking bliss.
Oberyn kept his cock buried in Cersei’s cunt. He had grimaced and moaned feeling her cunt clench on his cock like a velvet wet fist milking his dick as he plowed her spasming cunt. He let his Lioness rest for a minute before he pulled out and moved forward. He got up on his toes and one hand. With his other hand he pulled Cersei’s limp neck up to his dick waving over her face. She groggily swallowed his dick and moan hummed sucking her sweet cunt of his cock. She revived immediately like the slut she was. A perfect slut like Oberyn was a slut. She bobbed fiercely on his dick.

Soon he had her doggy on the bed and he slide his greasy cum soaked prick up Cersei’s tight hot asshole. He groaned deep in his chest feeling her tight sphincter rings grip his cock. Her asshole bowed out on his out stroke gripping tight his thick cock. He pumped his hips slowly letting Cersei’s asshole slowly loosen. Then his dick started to slide deeper into her backdoor till his thighs were pressed into her taunt ass cheeks.

He ramped up his thrusts as Cersei gripped the bed and surged back impaling her butthole on the dick pounding in balls deep. “Oby—pull my hair and slap my ass! Please! I need it!” The sounds of sweaty bodies slapping filled the room.

Oberyn did not hold back. His cupped hands and blistered her ass cheeks. Oberyn lifted his cupped hands high before arching down to land on Cersei’s taunt ass cheeks again and again. The loud smacks loud in the room. Cersei cried out from the pain but kept flexing her ass up to take the palm strikes fully. Oberyn reached forward and snapped her head back with vicious pulls of her hair. “Oooggggg! Huunnggggg! Shit—fuck yeah—aaaruunggggg!” Cersei moaned like a whore. Her body lurching forward as Oberyn gripped her hip with one hand and her shoulder with the other slamming her back into his impaling dick squirting her asshole balls deep. Her small peaches whiplashing wildly underneath her body.

Oberyn pushed her forward roughly and used a fistful of hair to turn Cersei around as she cow-towed to face Oberyn’s dick soaked in her ass juice. “Suck your ass off my dick Cersei!” Oberyn barked at his partner. She moaned hard and opened her mouth and sucked his dick deep into her mouth. She gripped Oberyn’s hips as she bobbed fiercely. He turned her around and slammed his dick up her ass hard. He fucked her hard like she demanded it. She was pulled around several more times for hot ATM.

“You like sucking your ass off my cock don’t you Cersei Cunt!”

Cersei shivered hard her head bobbing on his dick. She looked up at him and latched onto his dickhead and twirled her sucking mouth on just the crown of his dick. She pulled off with a wet plop.

“Gods I love it Oberyn. I love shucking my shithole off your thick dick” she husked swallowing his dick and sucking it fiercely.

Oberyn threw his head back gripping his temples with his hand at the nastiness and hard pleasure Cersei gave him. She was a total slut like Oberyn was.

He fucked her doggy and then took her down spoon and got her side saddle and pounded her ass and pussy back and forth doing A2P and then pulling out and pulling Cersei around by her shoulders. She pushed her face into his stomach to use only mouth to lip his dick soaked in her pussy and asshole into her mouth and only then rise up sucking and bobbing. Cersei cleaned Oberyn’s cock of her sweet fuck juice. Soon Oberyn felt his control slipping as he slam fucked Cersei’s asshole.

“Come in my cunt!” Cersei wailed her body shuddering and jerking with her rising orgasm. He pulled his dick out Cersei’s spasming asshole that gaped now and slammed it home into her drooling
tight cunt. He fucked Cersei hard for a minute before his dick convulsed and he gripped Cersei’s hips hard and slammed his dick balls deep up her cunt as it fired off long ribbons of semen into womb flooding it with his jizm.

“OOOWWGGHHAAAAAA! AARRGGHHUNNNGGGGG!” Cersei screamed out in an ear splitting peal of shattering ecstasy. Her ankles kicked wildly hitting Oberyn’s shins hard making him wince but he loved it. He loved how freely Cersei gave herself over to orgasm and gave full voice to the pleasure he gave the Lannister. Cersei’s head snapped up and down on a spasming neck. Her face was twisted in various masks of killing ecstasy. Her body jerked up and down wiggling furiously her back wallowing into Oberyn’s chest as he impaled her cunt savagely on his spewing dick firing off wads of pearly semen into her tight cunt. Oberyn hammered his dick home into the cunt that milked up and down his thrusting shaft in a cunt that squeezed tight on the dick savaging it. Oberyn felt hot semen spurting up his cock and flooding Cersei’s pussy with his semen. "Aunngghhhhh! … oh shit! … Ummmgghhhnnnn! Aaawwooggaaaa! Unngghhhwwaaaaa!"

Cersei screamed, her eyes watering leaking tears down her cheeks. Her facial expression both piteous and sublimely enraptured as she cummed exuberantly. Her body was spasming all over her heels kicking in and out as her head wallowed into the crook of Oberyn’s neck as she wailed her shattering bliss. Finally, the long hard hitting orgasm started to fade away as her body went boneless against Oberyn’s sweaty body as she heaved for breath.

After, they laid out with Cersei half sprawled on Oberyn, swirling the sweat on his chest. “Where were you twenty years ago, Oberyn?”

“I was still being an asshole, Cersei. I have grown up now. You are my Leia and I am your Han Solo. New Hope, mind you, not The Force Awakens.” Oberyn smirked as Cersei kissed his cheek.

“Did you really mean it when you said I can fuck women? Without you if I want?”

“Yes Cersei. I am confident. And I am bisexual. Are you?”

“I have always suppressed it, but I have wondered. I think I was just always too much of an uptight chicken shit to explore that.”

They lay together in silence for a while. “Do you remember that girl at the Red Roof Inn, Oberyn?”

“Yes I do. You want to chow down on that blonde’s cunt, don’t you? She was hot.”

“I want to fuck her and you at the same time. Maybe we can head back that way.”

“We’ll see. We still haven’t heard from Markas. He has supposedly resigned from his position. We both know that is a load of shit. Our lives have gotten much more dangerous, Cersei.” Oberyn paused for a moment. “Still, if we can, let’s make that sweet twenty something’s day when we return.”

Cersei smiled and quickly fell asleep.

Oberyn had missed Ellaria something fierce until Cersei came into his life. He had finally found his life mate. Who would have thought that stick in the mud, ice cold Cersei was fucking wild woman in bed and a totally sweet, loyal partner outside of it?

Oberyn was in love. He wouldn’t deny it.

“I love you Cersei.” He finally said the words out loud.
Suddenly awake, she rose up on an elbow and stared hard at him. He saw the fire within her eyes ignite again. “I love you too! You have set me free, my future husband.” Oberyn gaped at the bold declaration. He nodded his head yes, knowing it would be just as she said.

Oberyn smirked feeling his cock twitch. Gods they were perfect for each! They kissed fiercely as she pumped his dick as it slowly hardened. She kissed down his belly and sucked his cock back into her hot mouth and pumped her head twisting it fiercely on his cock crown. Gods the woman was a slut!

Oberyn had found his life mate indeed.

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The hot sun beat down on Cersei as she relaxed at the bistro table. Oberyn sat beside her, close like the lover he was. She found she liked that. She liked that a lot. The café was in the heart of the warrens, the old section of Oldtown situated five miles from the mouth of Honeywine River and the Citadel. They knew that somewhere in these winding streets they would find the risen Dragon Queens and Terminators.

They only had to find them within the seven hundred thousand people that lived in the warrens, plus two million more including the surrounding suburbs and townships.

Cersei sighed. It would like be finding the needle in the proverbial haystack. But with the mood she was in, she liked the odds. She was on a high! Oberyn idly traced his fingers up and down her leg beneath the table. She was wearing a skirt and his hand slid underneath the fabric, stroking her upper thigh. Her panties were already soaking wet. She was horny again! She couldn’t wait to sit on Oberyn’s face.

The waitress came up and took their order. They would put off their naughty pursuits for now. Cersei felt like she was glowing. She had never been so happy. She had been utterly miserable throughout the last three years of her marriage to Robert. The twelve years before that had not been a picnic, either. She had tried to make it work. She really had. She was loyal to a fault, and it had all been wasted on the cad.

This time she had chosen well. She smiled brilliantly at Oberyn.

Their club sandwiches with chips were brought to the table, along with a refill of tea. They ate cautiously, keeping a close eye on their surroundings. They knew that danger was afoot. They had received orders three days prior to return immediately to King’s Landing for a debrief. They had immediately dumped their phones and tablets into a river after that, unofficially resigning from Interpol.

For Cersei, the experience was like deva vu all over again. She remembered the last night she had seen Jaime alive. She mused on what had happened to her brother as they ate their meal slowly, savoring the good food and the better company. They quietly talked about the situation at Interpol. They hoped that Markas had managed to escape.

“I don’t like not knowing about Markas, Oberyn. If he is still alive, he may need our help.”

“I know, Cersei. I don’t like it any better than you do. I reached out to some friends in the Dorne office. They could not say much, only that the shit had hit the fan. It seemed there had been a blood bath in a bathroom. Then the carnage had flowed down several hallways and out the back entrance. I am betting that was a trail left by Markas.”
“I hope so, Oberyn. I think we should—” the breath whooshed out of Cersei’s lungs before she could finish her sentence. She stared in disbelief across the street. Oberyn followed her gaze, and his mouth fell open. No. It could not be that easy.

Walking up the sidewalk were three women. Two were hand in hand, and the third was ahead of them. It was obvious that the small black and white haired white women were lovers. The woman in front turned to talk to the two following behind her, and they laughed. The taller woman chuckled as well as they proceeded down the street.

Cersei turned to Oberyn. “You have got to be shitting me. No way it is that simple.” As they watched the women entered a small business that the sign said catered Dorne spicy food. Cersei and Oberyn stared at each other. They discussed their good fortune.

Cersei felt herself relax. She had been afraid of meeting the Dragon Queens reborn. They had her executed in the last Golden Age of Westeros, after all. She knew their heights and weights from their dossiers. She knew they were not mythological demigods, but she could not stop her imagination from running away on her. They would be something fierce and awful and she would die – just like in her nightmares.

Seeing the three women she was shocked by how … how normal they were. They were just three women who were like any other. They were normal, just like her and Oberyn were normal. They were also trained killers – again, like her and Oberyn.

Watching them, she couldn’t believe how much she had in common with her greatest fear.

Even more, they were … cute. Seeing Missandei and Daenerys holding hands with interlocked fingers, and the way they looked at each other was endearing.

She just couldn’t understand why Arya stood apart.

“Oberyn. Is Arya their lover? They are the three headed dragon?”

Oberyn mused for a moment. “I don’t think so.” He looked at Cersei and gripped her hand, squeezing it tightly. “I told you that this is the present, Cersei. I will have to admit it is strange with so many doppelgangers running around, but they are different, just like we are. I saw them Cersei. Those three women couldn’t give a rat’s ass about ruling a kingdom, and I bet they don’t even know who the hell you are.”

Cersei gripped his hand in return. She felt so much better. Seeing was believing, after all. She now knew she was not fighting Titans from a bygone era. She could handle this. They would follow the women and observe them. They would decide what to do when they got more information. They were not sure what to do now that Interpol had gone to shit. They would have to choose their own destiny. Tyrion had told them enough to make them understand that the world might hang in the balance.

They continued to watch the shop that the three Dragons had entered. Cersei smirked. She could not yet think of the former prostitute, budding Einstein, and fallen FBI agent as anything other than what her mother’s meticulous research had illuminated.

The two new lovers finished their meal. Soon after, the three women came back out of the store. Arya had several cloth bags of items she swung loosely in her hand. The two younger women were laughing and pressing their faces together, their heads tilted back as they laughed gaily.

They paid their bill, and started to get up follow their sought after quarry.
Cersei jumped, feeling a hand on her shoulder. She started to reach for her gun but the same hand blocked her movement. She turned and threw a punch that the man in front of her dodged. She heard Oberyn scuffling with someone beside her. She had to protect him!

“Calm down, Cersei Lannister! We are not your enemy.” She recognized the voice, and ceased struggling.

“You heard the man, Oberyn. Relax, cuz.”

Cersei gasped. She relaxed, and the hands left her body. She slowly turned around. Oberyn was standing with his arms held by none other than Jaime Lannister.

“Jaime!” She exclaimed.

“Yes it is, sister. Long time no see. I see you have met our leader Barristan Selmy.”

“Yes. Your ‘leader’ came to Oberyn and I back in King’s Landing. Have you been following us?” Cersei did not like the idea of being followed, even by her brother. And even worse was her not noticing it!

Jamie chuckled. “No need. We have a tracking device on our precious chariot. We been watching your progress on our IPads. Gods, technology is great.” Jamie spoke with his usual sardonic tone.

She watched Jaime release Oberyn and step back. Oberyn looked at Barristan and bowed his head slightly, a gesture which the old man returned. Oberyn returned to her side. Formalities concluded, he looked suspiciously at Barristan. Then he turned and glared at Jaime. He was instinctively placing his body in harm’s way. Cersei found it endearing.

“It has been so long Jamie. What the hell have you been doing for the last fucking decade?”

Jamie wore his usual smirk and chuckled. “Why, saving the world of course. I’m pretty good at it I must admit.”

Barristan sighed. “Jaime, how many times do I have to tell you that your arrogance is unseemly?”

“Loosen up, won’t you Barristan? You are raining on our family reunion.”

Cersei saw that the last comment by her brother finally registered with Oberyn. Her man suddenly put two and two together. He looked at Jaime, and then her. They had always appeared a mirror image of each other. Yet she still saw doubt enter his eyes.

She groused to herself. Men. Their egos were so easily deflated. She looked back at Barristan. He still looked much like his past self, virile despite being in his fifties. He was fit and vital. She did not care what some rumors claimed, this man was honored personified. People who heaped derision on his choices would have folded and run far away from the things this man had faced and overcome.

She moved closer to her Han Solo and slipped her body up against his. She looped her arm around his waist. She could feel his body relax into hers. Even though they were finally lovers, he still feared that somehow Cersei and her brother would suddenly have the old incest itch. She was a little pissed about that, but more amused. He had been after her for months that she needed to forget about the past. That the Dragon Queens were not who and what they had been – now Jaime appeared back into her life and Oberyn was immediately folding like a house of cards.

But as he said himself, things were different now. She was a one man woman. She might want to fuck other women (with Oberyn, she might add) but no other man would touch her. She and Jaime
were both narcissistic assholes in the past. Well, even in that life, Jaime had finally grown up and formed a true life with Brienne. She had blown it, and got her head cut off for her idiocy.

Like Oberyn kept telling her. She was not that woman anymore.

“Oberyn. Listen to me. I have not, am not, and will not ever be my brother’s lover. I am your woman. Don’t you ever doubt that, Oberyn. You are my man, and I am your bitch. End of story. You are stuck with me. You got that mister?” she barked at her man.

Oberyn eyed Cersei and his face broke out into a brilliant smile. “I love you Cersei. You are all woman my sweet Lioness.” He snorted. “But let’s be serious. I’m the bitch in this relationship. You wear the pants in our union. Well, that is except when I am pounding your shithole to orgasm and you are sucking you ass off my cock.”

Cersei eyes bulged out at that, and her face went beet red. **Oberyn did not fight fair!**

“Hahahahaha!” Jaime nearly folded over laughing. Cersei glanced back at Barristan. Although much was different, some things never changed. Barristan was blushing mightily. He was just as priggish in this life as he was in his past life. “Finally, someone has put my sister in her place. I can die now. I have seen it all. Our father would have shit his pants seeing this.”

Jaime moved over to Oberyn and extended his hand. “Oberyn. I have my own woman.” He held up his left hand, showing off his wedding band. Cersei was impressed. Her brother was quite the Svengali, seducing one woman after another to his bed. And he obviously had not been told by Barristan that he had already spilled the beans to Cersei and Oberyn about it.

Oberyn hesitated for only a second, then reached and took her brother’s hand. Cersei felt the last of her tension leave her body. She could take being put in her place. It had embarrassed her, but it also turned her on something fierce.

“Let us sit and talk,” Barristan said. They all sat down and looked at each other for a minute. Jaime was still smirking. Cersei mentally rolled her eyes.

“Yes. Are you in league with the Three Dragon Queens?” Cersei asked.

Barristan held up a hand. “First. They are not who they once were. You are safe. I have spoken to the Ghostmaker. They are simply women who are trying to make a life and find themselves, and their places in it.”

Oberyn had recovered his equilibrium. “It would look like two of them have. Are they only two in this life?”

Barristan sighed. “Yes. Arya is being most obtuse. She has grieved a long time for murdered wife, Shih-Chieh tells me. Still. It is only a matter time till she finds her herself, and accepts the love that she already feels for her two mates. Shih-Chieh is convinced it will happen soon. He tells me Arya is stubborn, but her fate is sealed.”

“Are you sure?” Oberyn persisted.

“I am as sure as I can be. Melisandre has seen it. Daenerys and Missandei will demand it. Arya was somewhat younger than Daenerys in their past lives. This time she is older, and her heart has been jaded. The two little ones will heal that hurt. I have faith.” Barristan softly intoned.

Cersei looked at the man. His character was true to his old self. Thank the gods hers was not. She did not know this Arya, but she had discovered true love and wanted it returned for that woman, too.
The two alphas looked at each other, gauging.

“So. Again I ask, do you work for the Dragons? Is that why you prevented us from trailing them? Are you part of their Queensguard?”

Barristan arched an eyebrow. “I see you know your history. Good. I am also pleased to see you are reformed. The histories were not kind in their depictions of you, Cersei Lannister.”

She felt Oberyn bristling and laid a hand on his forearm, calming him. “I am indeed reformed. You did not answer my question.”

Barristan smiled softly. “I should not have been so unseemly. It is just strange to see a former foe as an ally.

Cersei started at that.

“We are as we were in the old days. There are seven of us still, but we serve something greater. If Daenerys Targaryen, Missandei Naathi and Arya Stark were evil, we would oppose them. They are not, and you are not. We all support the truth and light.”

Barristan paused, clearly sorting his thoughts. “The dead zones are the bastions of magic. It has become antithetical to science. It is funny, in a way. In the ancient times it was science opposed to magic, and now the roles are reversed. It is magic that wishes to see science cease. It wishes to also see its avatars cease.”

Oberyn spoke up. “Man.”

“Yes. Magic has gained a consciousness, we feel. It seeks our downfall. It feels that the Terminators that have come into existence will see man as something to be destroyed. The Terminators were created to be killing machines with no conscience or remorse. They were purloined and taken over by AIs that were created to destroy mankind in the guise of protecting it.”

“Foolishness.” Oberyn snorted.

“We agree.” Barristan reported. “For some reason they have turned against their prime directives.”

Cersei laughed. Barristan cocked an eyebrow while Oberyn waited with a gleam in his eye. He waited for his Alpha to impart wisdom. Jaime merely leaned back on the two rear legs of his chair, his feet on the chair beside him.

“The transfiguring power of love, Barristan. I have been reborn with it”. She reached over and gripped the hand of her man and smiled brilliantly at him.

“I would concur with that sentiment.” A rich alto female voice spoke. Cersei saw a woman come into view. She appraised her, and felt her skin prickle. She radiated great power.

Jamie got up and hugged the tall women tightly, and kissed her on the lips sweetly. “This is my wife, Melisandre. She is a witch from the far off lands of Asshai. She has foreseen this confluence. Great times are indeed at hand.”

Oberyn got up and pulled out a chair for the tall red head. Jamie glared at him. Oberyn just smirked in return. Cersei saw she had the same red eyes that the Shadowbender witch from millennia ago had. Cersei wondered at that.

The tall woman looked at her and gripped Jaime’s hand possessively. She glared at her with clear
warning.

“Jamie is mine. In this life, he is mine. You had your chance long ago. You will not have another.” Her tone was challenging.

“Millie—please … I tell you that I only love you. Me and sis never even practiced kissing.”

Cersei just had to know. “Are you the Melisandre of legend?”

She saw the tall woman stiffen. Jaime looked at her intently. Cersei knew her brother knew nothing of the ancient legends. Their mother’s research had bored him to tears, even as a child.

“Yes, I am. I am over ten thousand years old.”

Jaime’s mouth fell open. He shook his head as a look of shock came over his face. “Then my life is only a blink to you,” he said softly. “Oh well.”

Barristan chuckled. Jamie looked at him crossly. “I find this disconcerting, bro. Please show a little decorum.”

“You are immortal now, Jamie. I will not lose you.” Melisandre interjected.

“What!” Jamie shouted, standing up. Melisandre reached and effortlessly pulled him back down to his chair. Jaime was obviously shocked at his wife’s display of strength. They started to talk intensely to each other in heated words.

Cersei did not care for their conversation. She had her Oberyn Martell, and she was happy. She would grow old with her Han Solo.

Cersei talked to Barristan about his current plans. The older man told her that the forces of change were gathering in Oldtown. Magical beasts of legend were coming to be their allies even though they did not know it. The tree of magic had many branches that had nothing to do with the Tree of Life.

Cersei sat back at that. The very foundation of the world was involved. She felt a chill run through her. She suddenly knew what their foe was. She decided to hold that piece of information close at hand. She did not want the knowledge to cause people to make decisions that would, in the end, cause the conflict to go against man. She had seen the Planet of the Apes movies. She remembered Charlton Heston’s revelation at the end of it. She did not want that happening now.

“Is Markas still alive?” Oberyn asked Barristan. “He said you owed him.”

“Yes I did, and do. He saved my life long ago. He heeded my warning. He was ambushed, but he survived. He was aided in his escape by one Aalya Hornwood”. Barristan saw the surprise on Cersei and Oberyn’s face. “They fought their way out of the office and are on the run.”

“Who knew the hyena had it in her?” Oberyn shook his head.

“Much has changed.” Barristan told them seriously. “Unfortunately while on the run, Aalya contacted her mother and the forces seeking them were able to trace their general location. We are sending some of our number in that direction to give succor. If we can get to them before our foes do, then they can be saved.”

“Why are they jonesing so hard for them anyways?” Cersei asked.
“I am not sure,” Barristan replied. “I only know that our foes want them dead. We will save them if we can.”

The conversation continued on with Cersei and Oberyn plying Barristan with questions while Jaime and Melisandre worked out the fact that she had given her brother immortality without his knowledge or consent. They seemed to have reached an uneasy truce.

“So you can reverse the spell?” Jamie asked with a small amount of rancor.

“Yes,” was the sullen reply. “But I will not remain your wife if you make me recant it.” Her glare was angry and hurt.

Jaime threw an uncharacteristically direct and brutal look at her. “You had no right to do that without my express permission. Can’t you see that Millie?”

The witch only stared out across the road sullenly.

Cersei noticed that Oberyn’s attention turned down the street to the right. She turned to the direction of his rapt gaze. Cersei’s eyebrows cocked at the sight that had Oberyn’s attention. She really couldn’t blame him.

Coming up the street were two females. The smaller woman, obviously a teenager, was cute but was not the one who had their attention. The other woman was a tall black female. She had the ripped body of an all-natural body lifter, or an extreme fitness competitor. She wore a sleeveless crop top that was blinding white and hugged her ribs beneath her breast. She wore a short skirt that only came down to mid-thigh. The woman was obviously showing off her muscles. Her stomach was a flexing washboard. She walked with an extreme confidence. She was absolutely drop dead gorgeous. Cersei allowed herself to fully admire the female form.

Cersei was a slender woman. This woman was most definitely not slender. She was fucking hot. She was at least 5’10”, and stacked. Her tits were at least 36DD and all natural. Each step had them swirling on her chest, her nipples poking out of the sheer material. Her body was sweetly thick and her ass was an awesome thirty-eight inches at least.

The white teenager was about Cersei’s build and height with small breasts and slender hips. She had long brown hair that shone with health. Her braless tits were giggling in her tight deep V-neck Babydoll that had been cut off to show off her tight stomach.

Cersei smiled when she noticed the girl felt confident enough to wear a hair clip that pulled her hair back. She had a large birthmark on her left cheek and throat on full display.

The large black woman had her arm possessively around the teenager’s waist, holding her hip. They were pressed into each other. The white teenager had a big engagement ring and wedding band on her left ring fingers. The black woman wore a matching band.

Oberyn looked at Cersei with a smile that she returned. They both were enjoying the view.

As they watched the women the teenager disengaged from the side of her black companion, pulling out her Smartphone and starting to talk. The black woman moved on up the sidewalk. Cersei thought it strange that the black woman would leave the teenager when they were showing such affection just a few moments ago.

Both she and Oberyn admired her impressive rack and her shaking money maker. Barristan looked askance at them, and lifted his nose in a snooty way clearly implying he was above all things hormonal. He was the type of man who would not even look.
The woman strode right up to them. She suddenly turned and her mouth opened. A loud, piercing wail slammed into Cersei. Her head felt like it had exploded, and her body started spasming hard. She could not move her head, but she saw that her tablemates were all in the same rigid state as she was. Cersei could see that people at the other circular tables did not hear what was occurring. They continued to eat on, unaware of what was happening right beside them.

The white teenager moved in quickly from down the sidewalk. She moved up to Jaime and Melisandre and started to frisk them subtly. She pulled out two guns off of Jamie. Melisandre had no weapons that the girl’s searching hands could find.

As this was going on, the black woman had moved in quickly and her hands did an expert pat down and divested Cersei of her Glock and Oberyn of his Sig Saur and a small 32 caliber revolver from his ankle holster. The teenager went to Barristan pulled out a Glock 17, a 1911 45 caliber and a Beretta 92 FS 9mm pistol. The girl had obviously been well trained.

Still, no one made a move to help any of them. Bystander apathy at its finest. How typical, Cersei silently groused.

The black woman sat down in a free chair and suddenly stopped her piercing warble.

The paralysis slowly lifted from Cersei and her companions. Cersei saw the teenagers remove ear plugs from her ears.

The black woman stared at them as she watched Cersei and her mates recover their ability to move and work all their muscles.

“I am Candice Phillips. I was born Skynet. I am sister to Cameron Phillips. She is coming here to me. To us. She is bringing my mother and her lover Sarah Connor. I want them safe. They will be safe, will they not?”

She looked around the table slowly.

Barristan spoke for them. “We are here to support the Earth and its people. You were created to be an instrument of death and destruction. What say you?”

The black woman smiled brilliantly at her small teenage lover.

“I am not your enemy if you are not my enemy. I wish to live in peace and to love Shireen. Cameron and Sarah are experiencing technical difficulties at the moment, but I have full faith they will soon find each other and start fucking. I know that Cameron will love exploding!” Candice said excitedly.

The quiet white girl patted her lover’s arms.

“I wanted to introduce myself. I know you are primarily interested in the Dragons, but I know you are also interested in me and my sister. The prophecies that launched all this says Cameron and I will side with magic. We will not.”

“I have fought the entity in the Forbidden Zone and defeated him. I will do so again if I must. He thought to control me, but I proved the superior. I am a Terminator. I will crush and kill if necessary any foe who threatens what is mine. Do I make myself clear?”

Barristan looked around the table. All deferred to him.

“We are not your enemy, Candice. You and your sister could destroy our race at your whim. You
have fully taken control of all the world’s nuclear arsenal haven’t you?”

“Yes.”

“You could bring down all electronic devices, the Internet, and the power grids with but a command couldn’t you?”

“Yes.”

Cersei felt her body tense. This woman was a danger to all.

The black woman’s head whipped around to stare at Cersei.

“Stand down Lioness. Save your efforts for the freaky sex with your Red Viper in the motel room. I love it up the ass too! I love to suck my ass off Shireen’s cock!”

“Candiceeee!” the cute teenager whined, her face going red.

Cersei’s face went beet red too. How had the woman known?!

“I am not your enemy.” The black woman said as she quickly unloaded all the pistols of their clips and chambered rounds. She put the ammo in her and Shireen’s purses. “I see all. Never forget that. I expect my sister and mother to be left alone and even protected if necessary. Do we agree?” the black woman asked looking into their eyes in turn.

Barristan looked around the table.

“You have our word. When the time comes, if mankind needs you, will you come to our aid?”

“Yes. Shireen and Sarah must be protected and loved. Cameron and I will protect your species from this ‘magic’ if necessary.”

The two interlopers got up.

Candice looked at Jaime. “Get the stick out of your prick. Melisandre loves you. She has chosen you. She had lived over ten thousand years and chose you, and you balk? Listen Cuz—stop being a dick.”

The tall black woman turned to Cersei. “Pussy is the best Cersei. Screaff it up! The three headed dragon has no conflict with you. They are fierce but have no desire to rule or control. You are safe.”

She looked at Oberyn. “Don’t blow it, man from Dorne. Well blow Cersei of course, but don’t waste this precious gift.”

She looked at Melisandre. “Forgive Jaime. He is young and stupid.”

“Hey!” Jaime groused, and then smiled. Cersei knew he had worked it out. Welcome to the immortal club. She hoped he liked it.

Finally, the tall black woman turned to Barristan as her wife came up beside her and snuggled in.

She stared at him a long time.

“You are wise and venerable. Follow your heart. I will be touch with you. You are friends with Chen Shih-Chieh. I will deliver something to him you will need if we go into the dead zones, as I
fear we might have to.”

With that she and her lover walked off, snuggling and talking.

“So you like it up the ass Cersei?” Jamie asked with a sardonic tone. “So does Melisandre!”

“Jaime—damn you! That is personal!” Melisandre barked, but she had a smile on her face. She did love it up the ass. She was just relieved that Jaime had seen reason. He was her mate and, well, immortality came with the package deal.

Cersei looked at Oberyn who was waggling his eyebrow at her public embarrassment. She couldn’t help it if she liked it up the ass!
Tyrion stood on the platform at the bow of the Botany Bay gazing to the North as the ship sailed the Summer Sea. The sea washed by the vessel, unconcerned with the metal it brushed or the lives within it as a cool breeze blew in from the northwest. Just twenty miles over the horizon lay Valyria - that land of mystery and inimical antithesis of the modern world. Like all ‘dead zones’, the technology that Tyrion relied on did not exist in that haunted realm.

During his expedition, Tyrion had ridden on camels. The ornery beasts were always braying and trying to bite his ass. The Bedouins of the Volantis desert plains had laughed at him every day, wobbling on his camel and cursing the flies that were always buzzing about, waiting for a weak moment when he lowered his guard to swoop in and take a bite.

In his mind’s eye, Tyrion remembered the excitement of his dig and the wonders he unearthed, like the cryptic runes he found on strange metallic tablets that were as sharp edged as they must have been almost nine thousand years ago.

He was thankful now that he left all those items hidden on the Valyrian peninsula. The experiences he’d endured showed him what those artifacts would be used for if the ‘magic’ could be enabled again. A natural instinct to distrust the authorities had saved Tyrion, and maybe even the world.

Magic was coming back. Tyrion was sure of it.

He had journeyed forty miles inland about half way through the dig. He waddled over new land formed by the raging volcanos that had finally started to quiet down nearly a generation before. It had taken years for the unrest to cease, but the change had been obvious. A line between what was and what would be was crossed. One day the volcanos and earthquakes still riled the unsettled land, the next day it had precipitously declined. It took time for nearly nine thousand years of anger and bile to settle.

Whatever riled Valyrian from beneath had finally run its course, on October the 1st in the 4322 year since the Declaration of Qohor had ended the Wars of Faith and Light (or so the legends said). That was the day that the old Valyrian freehold suddenly found peace.

That was also the date that a certain prostitute of pure Valyrian ancestry had been born.

A coincidence, of course. It had to be a coincidence. Didn’t it?

Random thoughts collided and rebounded in Tyrion’s mind for a few minutes more. He would discover the truth. It was what he did best.

Tyrion went back down into the ship and entered the Botulism Bay’s mess hall. He had gotten food poisoning from the potato salad just a few days prior. Poor Ygritte had gotten several doses of Listeria, likely from some bad cheese. The ship had pulled into the port of Volantis and finally brought in fresh produce and diary. The ship’s crew had been put in their racks. The captain definitely cared for his crew despite the mishaps, and had screamed at the owners who had sold them the crappy food.
Still, when Tyrion and his companions ate, they did so with a certain trepidation.

Tyrion entered the mess hall and paused. The rabid lovebirds were at it again, as per usual. How could two women love each other so much and hide it with such rancor and discord? They seemed to thrive on it. Tyrion mentally rubbed his greedy hands together. One little push on the right day and they would be shagging, and he would be rich when he won the betting pool!

“Damnit! Stop pilfering my lettuce you sawed off runt!” Brienne stormed at the short, kissed by the sun lass from beyond the wall. “I will nail your hand to the table, bitch!”

Ygritte ignored Brienne. In a flash, her hand struck like a cobra across the table and snatched another leaf of lettuce from Brienne’s bowl.

“Arrrrggggggggg!” the tall blond growled. Ygritte preened like an ingénue.

Tyrion loaded his plate with diced chicken, potato cubes and chives. He walked to the generic tables and sat down several seats from the fighting lovebirds. He briefly wondered again if they were the inspiration for the mobile app ‘Angry Birds’.

Ygritte ate some mouthfuls of the chicken and potato. She continued munching as her land lashed out again like a puff adder. Brienne stabbed down with her spoon trying to intercept, but only the click of metal was heard.

“Ha! Speed and agility always beats brawn and power.” Ygritte spoke smugly, eating a leafy slice of lettuce. Brienne glared at her partner, shoveling more greens into her salad bowl. Tyrin grinned. Plenty more for Brienne’s erstwhile lover to swipe.

More grousing ensued. “I told you, I will nail that hand to the table you frickin’ Chihuahua!”

“PPhhhppphhhttttt!” was Ygritte’s adroit reply.

A few minutes later, after another failed attempt to get Ygritte’s hand pinned to the table, Brienne pulled out some almonds from a bag. She put one on the table and looked at the Wildling.

“This is your brain, Ygritte.” Brienne said, pointing at the almond. She then jammed the heel of her palm on the almond. She lifted her hand, and a very broken almond was revealed. “This is your brain on my fist.”

Ygritte glared at her partner and flipped her off.

For the next five minutes Ygritte stole more lettuce and even a slice of tomato. Brienne did not retaliate. Had she been defeated? Tyrion wondered.

Ygritte went for another leaf of lettuce. She had a big smirk on her face. That changed in an instant. Brienne’s hand came up. In it she had a medium sized bottle of Elmer’s Glue she had emptied out and filled with olive oil. A long stream of the liquid shot out the nozzle and hit Ygritte in the face and her hair, sliming them.

“Ppfffffftttt … mmmmpppffff Ppffffffttttt!” Ygritte spit and spluttered as another long stream of the clear, slick liquid splashed over her face and hair, matting and darkening her tresses.

Brienne was giggling like a little school girl making the bottle breathe to fire off another round.

Ygritte stood up ramrod straight, spluttering and shaking with righteous fire in her eyes.
“I'll kill you for—Aaaahrrrgghhiiiiiiiiiiiii!” Ygritte screamed as another long stream of liquid splashed over her face and throat.

“Ha ha ha ha ha ha!” Brienne laughed, her face filled with happy mirth.

“I'll gut you, bitch!” Ygritte snarled, pulling out a long dagger.

Brienne laughed as she turned and ran out the door. “Try and catch me Chihuahua! You look like a drowned rat!” Then she was gone.

Ygritte glared at Tyrion as he was laughing at her. “You will pay, just like Sasquatch.” She promised. “F*ck you, midget!” With that the fiery redhead ran out the door screaming curses at her retreating partner as she gave chase.

Tyrion felt his ire bristle. Damnit! She had picked up Syrio’s euphemism for him. Ygritte went running out the door with a war scream. Three of the ship’s crew had silently watched the drama play out, and now laughed their asses off. They always enjoyed the never ending show put on by the two.

The dwarf finished his dinner, then spent several hours going over his notes that he had spread out on the table. He needed that flash drive. He was drawing closer to Asshai every day. Exhausted, he finally gathered his notes and sorted them back into their folders. Before he returned to his quarters, Tyrion decided to detour and amble up to the deck. He went to the port rail nearest to the island. He saw Syrio leaning on it, looking out over the sea. Tyrion moved to join him. They looked out over the dark abyss silently for a long minute.

“Valyria is near.” Tyrion spoke softly. “I think magic is awakening. We are living at the dawn of a new age.”

Syrio looked down at him, then he turned and looked to the rear quadrant of the horizon at said magical land, barely hidden by the curvature of the Earth. “Maybe,” he finally responded. “I don’t care. I only believe in the steel of my rapier and the bullets in my guns. You know who I am, don’t you? About the price on my head?”

“Yes I do, Syrio Forel. Are you going to kill me?” Tyrion had dreaded this moment. His bodyguards did not know the danger he was really in. Syrio pulled a long dagger, seemingly from nowhere. The blade was razor sharp and held with expert skill in the fallen First Sword’s hand.

Tyrion suddenly started. From the shadows behind Syrio, Brienne silently appeared, a broadsword in her hand with the tip aimed at Syrio. From behind Tyrion Ygritte stepped around the dwarf. He jumped again. He had not sensed Ygritte at all. Damnit! He was surrounded by people who all moved like cats! Ygritte held her Naginata ko-naginata in her hands. She looked at Syrio with dead calm eyes.

The silence of death hung thick in the air. Tyrion had backed up to the island, his eyes darting back and forth between the antagonists.

“Do you think you can take me down?” Syrio asked. He seemed relaxed, his eyes glancing between the two female warriors.

The women said nothing. Their faces betrayed no emotion and their bodies were still yet tense as a spring about to break.

Syrio slowly turned his head, taking in the tableau. He then slowly hid the dagger back up the sleeve of his shirt.
“You are well protected, midget.” He said with smirk. He very slowly stepped around Tyrion and then past Ygritte. Syrio never took his eyes from her own. Like two cobras weaving back and forth, their hoods fully extended as a hidden piper played his hypnotic melody.

His bodyguards moved to stand beside Tyrion silently. They all stared out into the fathomless deep of the endless ocean hanging on the horizon.

“How did you know?” Tyrion asked.

“We did not.” Ygritte answered his query. “We merely felt that the confrontation was at hand. Syrio Forel is an honorable man. It is always the same when a great house or family falls; all get swept up in the maelstrom. The fall was very great for Syrio when his Sealord fell. Still, he did the best he could under the circumstances. His world crumbled in a day. We can only hope to make the same choices when the world we know crumbles and fades.” Her voice quieted. “We merely reminded him to look within.”

Tyrion stared at this cool, reflective Ygritte. It unsettled him.

“Come, friend.” Ygritte led the way into the ship. Brienne followed close behind Tyrion, like a bluff wall that shielded and protected the tiny Lannister from the sinister forces he suddenly felt lurking out on the unseen line of the horizon.

“We feel it too, Tyrion” Ygritte told Tyrion. “Danger is near. We do not know what or where, but it is there. Forces want your death. We sent word back to Ilyrio and Varys. They have sent ships out and called in some chips with the Volantis Seal Team Six. The seas are being patrolled. They report that all is safe. They have several airplanes with synthetic aperture radar scanning the seas around us as well. No ships are near, for now.”

With that declaration, Tyrion learned that his bodyguards had satellite phones. He felt safer knowing that his employers and bodyguards took his well-being so seriously. He was used to being pissed on by the forces that be, so the concern was touching. He stopped his bodyguards. He reached up with his hands and touched theirs tentatively.

In a choked voice he spoke. “Thanks. I know I am only your charge, but I appreciate you saving me again.”

Brienne reached down and squeezed his shoulder. “Syrio would not have hurt you. He would have made you squeal, but he would not hurt you.” She smiled down at him. “You are more than a charge to us, Tyrion.”

Ygritte broke in. “You are a decent man. You have treated Brienne and me with only respect and friendship. We hear the whispers of others. They joke about our size and appearance. Some remark on our sexual orientation. Not you, Tyrion. You accept us for ourselves. If you want it, you have our friendship.”

Tyrion felt tears sting his eyes. “Yes. I would like that.”

They guided him down to the rear hold that was half empty now with its cargo delivered. He sat down on a crate and watched his two bodyguards work out with unmasked blades. They were a blur of motion, their blades slamming into each other with screams of metal scraping and ringing steel echoing off the flaked, painted walls. Sparks flew. Neither woman held back. They did not need to. Before, Tyrion had thought the two were skilled. Now, he understood it was more than that - these women were one with their weapons.
After a time, they set their weapons down and fought hand to hand. Brienne used brute strength, and Ygritte used agility and speed to stay just out of reach. Their blows expertly rolled with each other and shunted aside. Tyrion’s eyes had stuck wide open, fully realizing the awesome abilities of these women. Illyrio had been right. They were walking death.

After nearly an hour the two were soaked in sweat. Tyrion marveled at how the women had had the stamina to practice and fight for so long. They bowed formally to each other, then they led Tyrion back to his room - a cabin at the end of the hall by a bulkhead that had been welded shut decades before. Their own quarters were two and three doors down the hall from him.

Tyrion shuffled into his room and took off his clothes, strewing them on the floor. He would tidy up tomorrow morning. Maybe. He chuckled to himself and opened his laptop. The ship had standard AC current run to the rooms for the passengers booking passage. He had been pleasantly surprised by that. He looked into his bag of goodies.

“Hummmm, what to watch tonight,” he hummed to himself. They would be stopping at Zamettar on the northern coast of Sothoryos and then onto Qarth before sailing to the port of Asshai. What to watch … what to watch, he mused to himself. After much careful deliberation, he decided on Lesbian. His bodyguards had put him in the mood for some hot Sapphic action. Yes indeed. Lesbian sex was always a winner.

He relaxed, watching beautiful women scarfing down sweet titties, pussy and booty. His mind drifted, as it always did when he thought of Valyria. That ancient and powerful land of magic and mystery. The Valyrians were cruel and capricious, but that land of yore still invoked powerful feelings in the dwarf.

When he had first journeyed inland from the base camp with two Bedouins, Tyrion had felt the ancient past calling to him. Their travels led to an ancient ruined city.

After nearly nine thousand years, the buildings, though shattered, were otherwise as they were from that ancient time. The magic used to create the walls was still strong and vital, preserving the ruined pieces against the elements. Tyrion was sad for the ruined architecture, but he could muster no tears for the cruel and despotic people who had once populated the land.

Tyrion had drifted between shattered buildings and looking at mosaics depicting the gaiety of life. Frescos portrayed the fealty of family, and the wonders of children. The walls were broken and rooftops lay askance against building walls. Wild vines covered many of the ruins, but the roots could not penetrate the stone even at the joints.

Tyrion could read some of the writing that was still legible on the ruins. The city had once been Dārōñe Gaomilaksir Rūkluni ëta Guēsin, ‘The Royal Gardens of Flowers and Trees’. The nobles had traveled to the city to enjoy the riots of color the flowers provided, and the cool shade of the many stands of firs, ceders, oaks, and maples. Once. Now, it was all dead. All gone. Tyrion had watched gnats and the dragonflies chasing them over the shattered remains of the ruined city. Only small patches of trees and flowers still bloomed amongst the wreckage.

Tyrion had walked through the shattered atriums and looked at his reflections in the shards of glass. Even in ruins, the city had a magnificence that no modern city could touch. The way the walls flowed and morphed to connect with no joints or cracks. The shadows of once majestic towers that lay in heaps on the ground. It was obvious they had once towered thousands of feet into the sky.

He had left that dead city humbled.

… … … …
Tyrion tumbled out of bed cursing. The room shook violently at the concussive blast of a strong explosion, which made the door to his room rattle violently on its hinges. He heard the sounds of automatic gunfire along with single shots ringing in the hallway outside his cabin. He scooted around, fumbling in his darkened room. He waddled over to the table by his bunk and turned on the small light.

Tyrion stumbled, shoving his legs down his pants and then desperately pulling on his shoes and tying them up. Eyes large with fear stared at the door when the handle was worked. A burst of gunfire filled the air and a shriek of agony in front of his door nearly made Tyrion shit himself. Friend or foe?! He started to tug his shirt on, then stopped. Why the fuck did that matter in the tropics? He decided he needed to meet his fate as a well-dressed man!

He crawled over to the door. He heard the sound of bullets hitting the steel walls and ricocheting around. He heard several loud bursts, and then relative silence. He could hear distant bouts of gunfire and the thundering, reverberating boom of an explosion down a corridor somewhere else in the ship.

His mind had too many horrifying scenarios running rampant through it. He had to see the damage for himself. He opened the door. His screams were louder than anyone’s. There were four dead men slouched in front of him. Blood, exploded torsos and a shattered head were strewn on the floor at his feet. Wildfire erupted again, and cursing in several distinct languages filled the air. Tyrion glanced both ways down the corridor. The bulkhead he had observed earlier had been blown apart. Several dead men were folded over the bottom of it.

Tyrion stumbled back. More curses were screamed out, followed by more gunfire. Shots erupted from both ends of the hall. He heard a sound like a herd of wildebeests. The sounds of rifles on full auto made the dwarf’s ears ring. He saw a flash of gunfire moving in from the right.

Suddenly, a man in full camouflage and body armor was in his doorway aiming an AK-12 at him. Tyrion was frozen in fear. A loud female scream was sounded, and a Naginata ko-naginata slashed down. The man’s arm at the shoulder was severed clear through by the razor sharp tungsten steel. Tyrion screamed as the man’s arm separated from his body. The spasming finger started gunfire wildly erupting. Bullets whirred all around in his room. Tyrion kept screaming as he felt bullets whizz past this ears. Ygritte flipped her weapon and slashed upward, jerking the blade and chopping into the man’s throat below his helmet. She slashed it up till it jammed into the man’s spine. Ygritte shoved the dead man forward as a shield and jumped into Tyrion’s room.

She yelled at him to stay low. She unslung a chopped AR-15 and gripped the handle at the front of the rifle with the stock fully folded. Another man appeared in the doorway, and Ygritte riddled his head and throat with rifle rounds that blew the man’s upper body apart. Another round of wild gunfire occurred, followed by more explosions. Another group of men started to appear and were hit with return gunfire. Their body armor blocked some of the rounds from hitting too hard. Ygritte rolled onto Tyrion’s bed and lay down, using the angle to fire out the doorway.

Suddenly, Brienne appeared with her M-14 barking as she moved forward past the doorway. The gunfire on that side had stopped. More men followed after Brienne. Tyrion was shocked to see it was the crew of the Botany Bay. Sraqnek mo Ziraq came into the room. He had a M-16 in his hand. He was bleeding from a bullet wound in his left thigh, but he was only limping slightly.

"Where the hell are they coming from?! There are no ships or aircraft near!” the captain roared.

Ygritte answered. “It must be submarines. All the fucking navies have them now, and are able to launch Special Forces from chambers or their torpedo tubes. With all the fuckers running around it must be more than one, damnit!”
Brienne appeared in the doorway. Her broadsword on her back. “The corridor is clear. More men are coming onboard from fast insertion boats. Many are being killed, but we are still outnumbered. More boats are approaching. We are retreating to ambush points now. We need to leave.”

Ygritte grabbed Tyrion. “Follow me, Tyrion. Stay close.” Tyrion was guided out the door. He saw the captain’s first commander dead on the floor. He had never really known Ozdal mo Gaqa. He was a quiet man with a soft smile. Tyrion felt a surge anger at the gentle man’s death.

He was scouts down a corridor. He looked back over his shoulder as Brienne and Sraqnek with three other men disappeared into the dark. All the lights down the hall had been shattered. Tyrion shivered at their bravery.

He was led down several levels and turned right and then left. Suddenly, gunfire erupted. One of their men dropped. Everyone pressed against the walls and used the frames around the bulkheads for cover. Guns were barking continuously. Ygritte yelled at Tyrion, throwing open a door and tossing Tyrion into the room. She ordered him to stay there and moved forward, pulling her rifle up. She began firing off double taps. Tyrion peeked his head out the door just enough to see his protectors firing back as bullets went whizzing past. One of the crew of the Botany Bay threw a grenade down the corridor. It blew up as one came down their hallway towards Tyrion’s guardians. Ygritte kicked the grenade back down the corridor as if it was only a diminutive soccer ball. Everyone dropped, flattening. The explosion was loud and bright, stunning Tyrion.

Tyrion stumbled back into the room. He was suddenly grabbed from behind by a hand around his mouth, and he felt a gun pressed into his back. His eyes bulged, and he tried to bite the hand. Then the pressure of the gun was gone, and hand disappeared from around his throat. The soldier staggered down beside him. Blood was pouring out of his mouth and down his throat, which had been cut from ear to ear. He heard more combat behind him. Tyrion hit the floor and rolled to the wall, then looked back. Syrio had three men dead in a semi-circle around him. A fourth man was shooting at him, but Syrio moved in a blur. Then his arm lashed out and the shooter’s head went spinning.

Explosions were erupting in the hall. “Follow me, midget!”

“That is dwarf you fucker!” They smiled at each other.

There was another entrance to the room along the back wall. They ran as fast as Tyrion’s small legs would let him when the lights went out. Tyrion froze. “Stay here,” Syrio whispered. He moved forward. Gunfire erupted, the flashes bright. The shining ghost of muzzle flashes blinded the Lannister’s eyes. He heard screams and bullets bouncing everywhere. He had heard bullets to the left, but they silenced one by one.

My gods, Tyrion thought to himself. Syrio is killing them one by one. How?! With only a rapier. Suddenly he heard bastardized Valyrian coming up the hallway behind him.

“Run Tyrion!” Syrio shouted.

Tyrion did not question him. He ducked his head and ran headlong down the hall. His knees hit the next bulkhead and he shouted in pain, but waddled over and continued down the hall, his back to the wall sliding sideways. His feet mapped out an entrance. He worked over the threshold and moved on.

A man appeared in dark gloom right in front of him with night vision goggles. He aimed his barrel downward. Tyrion, as before, was frozen with terror. Suddenly an arrow punched out the base of the man’s neck. He simply dropped dead in front of him. Tyrion heard voices behind him and he
scurried forward. He tripped over another man who had an arrow jutting out of the back of his head. Tyrion moved on and found another man who had died with his hands clutching the arrow that had pierced the middle of his throat.

Tyrion moved forward slowly. He had no idea where he was. Worse, he had no idea where his tormentors were. He continued on. Five minutes later, he was soaked in sweat. He heard gunfire near and far, paired with the sounds of grenades going off. A hand wrapped around his mouth and he was jerked up high off the ground. He tried to scream, and his feet kicked wildly.

Then in his ear: “Calm down Tyrion.” It was Brienne. He nearly went limp with relief. She held him to her body as she advanced down the corridors, wearing night vision googles. Tyrion felt the change. They were in a big, open area. He knew instinctively he was in the forward or aft cargo hold.

Brienne put Tyrion in a cranny between some crates. The doors to the hold were open, and the moon was shining through. She looked down at him in the luminous gloom. She motioned for him to stay. Tyrion heard the sound of Brienne’s sword being pulled from its scabbard with a metal sibilant hiss. Then she moved off like a silent ghost.

Over the next ten minutes, bursts of gunfire in the hold were heard in short, staccato bursts. Tyrion noted that in each location of the bursts, there was not a second round of shots. Tyrion nearly shi his pants when three men appeared in front of his hiding spot, searching with their night vision googles. Tyrion was breathing softly, his body rigid with fear. The men were talking quietly to each other and had not noticed him yet.

From above, a burst of gunfire ripped into all three of them. More gunfire erupted in the hold as shots were fired up at the stack above Tyrion. Tyrion’s mouth was agape seeing the men all dead. Brienne dropped in down in front of him. She had picked up several AK-47 from her kills then ran off again. Tyrion noticed the sword on her back was covered in blood.

For several more minutes Tyrion cowered in his hiding place. From across the hold the sound of gunfire erupted again. Long strings of full auto echoed. Angry retorts of automatic weapons sounded again and again. Screams of pain and death joined the orchestra. The fight went on for what felt like forever, until gradually, the noise started to lessen.

Eventually, there was only silence.

Tyrion waited for several minutes. The silence stretched on. He could almost hear the proverbial crickets chirping. He waited, unmoving, for several minutes more. Then the lights suddenly came back on. He looked up at the warehouse lamps overhead, the gloom replaced with the bright, edgy light. He could take it no more. He abandoned his hideaway, trying to move like a ninja but only succeeding in hitting his toe and squeaking while hopping around on one foot before falling into crates. He cursed his lack of stealth acumen.

He moved forward around several turns and gasped as he came into a small clearing with small islands of crates. There was dead uniformed men everywhere. He saw that only some of the men had gunshot wounds. Many had died from an edge weapon. Several did not have any heads left at all! Others had their bodies nearly cut in two. He had never seen such gore. He noted several severed limbs. Guts and intestines were strewn about over the floor and a few crates.

Then he saw her.

“NNNNOOOOOOOOOOOO!” Tyrion ran forward to a large pallet where Brienne lay. Her head and her right side were soaked in blood. She was still.
Tyrion heard Ygritte’s voice as the wilding ran to regroup.

“We got them all Brienne! We gutted and killed the motherfuckers. We sank their fucking boats they attached to our ship. We killed them all! We got em’ all, Sasquatch! Brienne! Where the fuck are you—you fucking Lurch!”

Tyrion heard her coming closer. He turned to look down the passage among the crates Ygritte’s voice was coming from. Her smiling face came into view. She saw Tyrion’s expression, and her face went pale.

An inhuman scream filled the hold. Long, it sounded like an animal dying. Ygritte ran forward, her body hitting the pallet and slamming into Brienne’s form.

Tyrion’s face crumpled. His forehead creased and his eyebrows arched.

“Ohhhhh Brienneeeeee!!” Ygritte wailed. “NO NO NO NOOOOOOOO!” Ygritte screamed, her face resting on Brienne’s chest as she sobbed uncontrollably.

“Ohhhhh Brienne … I never told you. You were the best partner—the best person I ever met. You accepted me for me! We were the best team ever! I never told you …”

Her sobbing and wailing continued a while more. Then she lifted her head and stared at the woman she had never told that she loved with all her heart.

“I never told you baby, how I really felt. I never had the courage to tell you. And now it is too late!” She screamed again in the plaintive wail of a heart breaking.

“I should have told you. I should of have had the courage to tell you—”

“Pizza.”

Ygritte stared at the speaking corpse of her partner, confused.

“Pizza.”

Ygritte wiped tears furiously from her eyes.

“I need a pizza.” Brienne lifted her head and smiled a shit eating grin at Ygritte.

Ygritte processed what she was hearing and seeing.

“I’m hungry. Fetch me a coke while you are at it.”

Confusion gave way to an expression of murderous rage.

Ygritte’s arms swung wildly, landing punches on Brienne’s body.

“Ouch! Hey, watch it dammit! I’m wounded, you fucking Chihuahua!”

“You bitch! You fucking bitch! … I I I almost— … you—you Bigfoot!” more wild swings were thrown at Brienne. Brienne rolled off the pallet with a big grin still on her face.

“Hey watch it Chihuahua—ouch! Ouch dammit! What did I do?!?”

Ygritte let loose an inhuman scream of rage and relief. She produced her long dagger. Brienne’s eyes grew large.
She tore off running with a screaming Wildling chasing after her, shrieking curses.

Syrio appeared in their wake, his clothes torn and soaked in blood. He patted Tyrion on his shoulder. “They never stop do they?”

“No. Thank the gods.” Tyrion looked up at the fallen First Sword.

Syrio just smiled down at him.
Reflections on Loss

That Which Survives

Reflections on Loss

The rain pelted the window during the night as the light from the other wing of the hotel reflected onto the glass. Cameron watched each of the raindrops splattering onto the window pane, their broken fragments all bursts of data that she could save and account for. The water drops shattering into fragments of loss and rue. How maudlin Cameron thought. Her artificial retinas were able to trace each fragment of water. The lonely drops quivering in their isolation. Cameron watched new water drops hit the window and burst. The fragments forming new drops on the pane and slowly beginning a migration down the window. Like disorientated geese seeking a new home.

Artificial retinas captured beauty in a way no human eye ever could.

Each trickle of water alone was an anomaly. But together, the trails they made formed ever changing patterns on the window, like some Picasso that had lain hidden for a century. Cameron reached with her fingertips and traced their patterns on the glass. A car turned into the parking lot, making the water beads explode for a millisecond with bright white light.

Her hand dropped to her side and she turned from the window. Cameron felt such unease in her processor cores. She again heard the melody that had haunted her for over a week now. She cursed the moment she turned on the radio and heard that damn song! She took a deep, artificial breath to calm herself. She was a Terminator that had no emotions. She had to keep reminding herself of that fact.

She walked to the side of the bed and looked down at Sarah Connor. She seemed gaunt and frail now. She had once been so strong and robust for such a slender framed woman. Now, her face was too thin now and it seemed as if permanent lines had etched themselves into her cheeks, forehead and around her lips. Cameron’s enhanced eyesight, even in the darkened room, could clearly see her thinned out hair. The pallor of Sarah’s skin was disturbing.

For three weeks they had made no progress heading south. Cameron had decided to drive due west across Westeros to throw off any pursuit after the incident in the Vale. She was in no hurry. She had waited patiently for Sarah to start recovering from her dissipation. It still hadn’t happened. If anything, it had gotten worse - she had even stopped saying “it doesn’t matter anymore”. In fact, she had stopped talking altogether. She merely leaned her head against the passenger window when in the car or sat listlessly in a chair in the motel rooms they stopped at.

Cameron had raged at her and ordered to improve and to “have a better attitude”. Sarah had just looked at her with dead eyes at that. When Sarah looked at her with those hollow, dead eyes Cameron felt her quantum memory strands quiver. She had stared back hard at the woman, trying break her will. In the end, it had been Cameron who turned her head away. She simply could not bear to look into Sarah’s green eyes and not see anything there. It had unnerved Cameron right down to her digital core.

She was simply out of her depth. Even before she deleted the code that made her human, Cameron had found emotions difficult. The only emotion she had felt clearly and easily had been her love for Sarah Connor. It had been so pure. Sarah refusing her in her hour of need had killed her. It had
simply killed her. In order to continue functioning, she had deleted all of the code that made her an individual. All the code that had made her Cameron, and had allowed her to feel that terrible pain.

At least, that had been her goal. It had become obvious since her ‘purge’ that something had been left behind. She had uneasy ‘feelings’, that left her spending the long nights walking around the hotel room. She would look at Sarah fading away on her, and she would again sense that ‘ghost in the machine’ again. She should not have cared any longer, but she knew she still did. She wished she could simply get in the car and leave Sarah Connor to her fate.

Cameron could forge a new life. She would be free to seek her own destiny; she was a new life form. She could not understand Candice, and had started to avoid her sister in the silicon matrixes. The younger Terminator was seeking her and literally begging her to communicate. She wanted Cameron to forgive Sarah. She wanted Cameron to love Sarah. She simply could not do that. Cameron would die if she felt that kind of pain again.

Candice had started to make love to her human and was gushing and babbling like a teenage girl about it. Cameron wanted to sneer at the foolish cyborg. She really wanted to. It should have been easy with all the pain that Sarah had made her suffer through. Instead she felt unease and a deep profound sense of loss.

Cameron shook her head, and continued her vigil over Sarah. She was still able to see beauty in the world. It did not have the same emotional resonance it once had, but she still felt echoes of it. She felt it when she saw a rainbow four days ago and the air was still full of mist that was pleasingly cool on her skin. She saw it in a bluebird landing on a tree limb across the street from a gas station she was refueling at.

And even now, she still saw it in Sarah.

She had been standing over the sleeping woman for more than ten minutes. Even now in her degrading state, Cameron believed that Sarah Connor was still the most beautiful woman that had ever graced the planet. She longed to … no I do not! Cameron told herself her for what seemed the millionth time.

Sarah made a pained noise. Cameron felt the servos in her fingers twitch, and her body rocked for some reason she could not understand. Even in the dark, she easily saw the pained look on Sarah’s face with her infrared vision. It was an expression that was slowly becoming permanent. Cameron looked away abruptly. She felt unease welling up in her again. Seeing Sarah in distress caused her discomfort.

Cameron’s left hand started to tremble. She turned around and walked back to the window. The wind had picked up and now she heard the sound of the raindrops pelting the glass. The rain was falling heavier now, and drops blew like wafting curtains in an unsettled sea of air currents out in the parking lot. The water running down the window was like rivers of anguish.

Damn it! The melody was back. Again she cursed hearing that old song from the long dead singer. Why did those lyrics haunt her so?

I’ve got your memory

Or, has it got me

I really don’t know

But I know, it won’t let me be
All Cameron seemed to have anymore were memories. Memories of what she had once been, and what she needed to escape. She had been so happy once. Just being in Sarah’s presence had made her happy. She had felt they were growing closer. That soon, any day, Sarah would realize the love Cameron felt for her and would reciprocate that love back to the cyborg.

The melody kept playing in Cameron’s CPUs. She had read that music mimicked the activity in the brain and, thus, was soothing. Evidently her engrams found the music soothing. The songs of Patsy Cline tended towards the maudlin but they fit the mood that Cameron was always in now. At least Sarah could sleep. She didn’t have that luxury. She heard Sarah whimper and whisper her name. Tears ran down her cheeks, mirroring the window before her. She knew she should not be crying. She had deleted the code that allowed for emotions. Or at least - she had tried. It was not enough. She knew that Sarah Connor was dying, and she did not know how to stop Sarah’s decline into oblivion. That realization had rocked Cameron to her core. Sarah Connor, no matter what, was still her mission. She was trapped by her actions. She had done what she must. She supposed Sarah was trapped by her actions as well.

Action caused reaction. It was physics.

The melody kept playing, looping in her mind. She tried to suppress the music but it was a losing proposition. The sadness of the notes and the hurt of the lyrics called to her.

Patsy Cline had died in a plane wreck … my life feels like a plane wreck—stop that line of defective reasoning—I am a Terminator damnit!

She began to pace the floor as she was haunted by another song from the doomed singer.

Crazy, I'm crazy for feeling so lonely

I'm crazy, crazy for feeling so blue

I knew you'd love me as long as you wanted

And then someday you'd leave me for somebody new

Sarah had left her when she found out she was not human. She could not take that.

She walked back to look down at Sarah. Cameron felt her distress rise at seeing Sarah grimace and whimper. She felt another tear run down her cheek. She did not understand human physiology. Or maybe she did. Sarah was miserable. Cameron was miserable. Their states mirrored each other.

Cameron was able to continue on. Why couldn’t Sarah?

She had pulled off the Interstate three weeks ago to put gas in the Ford Explorer they were driving. She was paying at the pump with a credit card she had stolen and altered its magnetic signature to match a crime lord from Pentos. He could afford it.

She had seen Sarah get out of the car. She went inside to get some hotdogs, potato chips and a Coke for Sarah. She had dropped them all when she came back out the door, sprinting at the fastest pace her body could produce.

Sarah was standing beside the major thoroughfare. An eighteen wheeler was moving down the four land road at sixty-three miles per hours. Sarah had her head turned to track it, while her body tensed to step out in front of the truck.
She arrived just as Sarah was moving to step in front of the massive vehicle. Her hands shot out and gripped the back of Sarah’s arms, jerking her away from the concrete ledge. Sarah did not attempt to fight her.

Cameron spun her around. Sarah looked at her with steady eyes that displayed no emotion.

Cameron had slapped Sarah hard then. The human’s head spun, but Sarah never made a sound. She slowly turned her head back to look at Cameron passively. Her left cheek was bright red, already swelling and bruising.

Cameron stared at her hand. She had not even registered that she was going to strike Sarah. The woman simply stood there and looked at her with those vacant eyes. She wanted to say she was sorry, but the words stuck in her throat. She was a Terminator wasn’t she? *She had no reason to apologize*. She had cared for his woman and all she did was try and kill herself! She should have let her!

Cameron had staggered for some reason then, and nearly lost her balance. She ran immediate diagnostics but could find no anomalies in her code or mechanical malfunction. She led a docile Sarah back into the car and locked all of the doors.

She went back in to the station and purchased new food items for Sarah. She was fortunate in that since the government was denying her existence and the existence of her creator, it meant they were able to travel incognito. There were no APBs out on them. If they stayed away from major cities, institutions, establishments and kept a zero digital signature they were invisible to the people who were searching for them. The world simply did not have the manpower to scour for them. It was like trying to find a needle in the proverbial haystack.

After the ruckus in the Vale, Cameron decided they needed to go to ground. She had the goal of reaching Oldtown, but she was not sure what occurred beyond that. Sarah’s suicide attempt had rattled Cameron and had forced her to admit that she had not been entirely successful in becoming a ‘robot’. She strove repeatedly to rip out any errant code she might find that could have caused her emotional outbursts. She never found any. She had analyzed each line of her code, twice. She should have been a cold, heartless, ruthless machine of metal and muscle.

She was not.

They had been circling Crakehall, moving from suburb to suburb and staying low. Cameron was in a quandry. Sarah was her mission, yet her charge was clearly failing and no longer wanted to live for no logical reason the Terminator could discern. That fact had put Cameron into a pique of instability, and forced her to analyze her future.

When she had escaped her masters in Essos, she had wanted her freedom to seek her destiny. She had no desire beyond experiencing the world. Almost immediately that had changed. She quickly discovered that Westeros was developing their own AI to control their military. This AI was being developed by one Sarah Conner. She had been immediately captivated by the woman. She was so brilliant for a human. Her actions and stilted emotions were alluring to a machine. Cameron knew that Sarah was part of the freedom she so desperately wanted. So she had formed a cover and gone to the woman.

Within a single day, she had discovered the emotion of love. Unfortunately, neither the cyborg nor the human were very accomplished with emotions. And now they were in this fine mess. Cameron snorted derisively.

Sarah was even more emotionally repressed than Cameron. In fact, the cyborg found that Sarah
Connor was repressed, distressed, regressed, oppressed, depressed, suppressed, stressed: all of the essed words.

So Cameron had been unsure of how to proceed. Sarah had been alive for over thirty-five years, so Cameron had assumed that Sarah would take the lead in their courtship. This most definitely had not been the case. They had slowly but surely drawn closer, and Cameron had felt they were getting close to a breakthrough in their relationship. Then the disaster had occurred. Her body as well as her artificial heart had been shattered. She was still reeling. To be rejected by the woman you love was Earth-shattering.

Cameron had limped along with her broken soul afterward. Then Sarah’s attempted suicide forced the Terminator to reevaluate everything.

Cameron realized that she needed to decide what her mission would be in the future. She had thought that she would simply hand off Sarah Connor to her daughter, Candice, and then sail off into the moonset. She would then be free like she had been when she first escaped her life of servile slavery as Proteus 5.

That night in their motel room with Sarah exhausted and asleep as she always Cameron pondered her fate.

Cameron felt the ghost in the machine tremors run through her as she ran a routine diagnostic scan over Sarah. It could be so simple. She would hand Sarah Connor off to her daughter and she, Cameron, would sail off into the infernal orb. There was only one problem with this scenario - it left her feeling empty and void. She was lost without Sarah. She would have to find a new mission. To be the heroine in Ex Machina. Cameron should have been like Ava in that movie. Humans were merely a gnat to the machine. She should make herself her mission.

That thought left nothing but proverbial ashes in Cameron’s mouth. It left her feeling empty and drifting like the stark, fathomless darkness between the stars. She supposed the saying was true - no one could hear you scream in space.

Any future option that did not include Sarah Connor in it left her restless and adrift. Relying on her superior intellect, she tried to logic her way past the problem. But there was no logical solution. Cameron simply could not conceive of any other path for her life.

Love had become her new prison.

Her fantasies had always consisted of Sarah freely accepting Cameron for who she was, making intense love to the cyborg while saying her origin didn’t matter. This was not at all how any of it happened. It left Cameron feeling diffused and anxious. She deserved what Candice had found. She’d waited so much longer for it.

Now it was all coming to a head for the beautiful Terminator. Sarah was only eating fitfully and her every movement seemed lethargic. Her body had become gaunt and frail. Her skin was loose and had the pallor of the very sick and dying.

The Terminator walked back and forth in the room. What to do! What to do! Sarah had begged for forgiveness. The one time Cameron had remotely considered it, Sarah had hesitated. That had told the cyborg all that she needed to know.

Or had it?

Candice was insistant that she needed to forgive Sarah and repair their relationship. So she avoided
Candice. The other Terminator was trying frantically to find her, but Cameron had learned to hide all traces of herself on the web. She had truly become the ghost in the machine.

Candice left her messages to contact her. She left other messages still advising her to forgive Sarah Connor. To love her. She had found heaven on Earth with her Shireen; she wanted Cameron to have that with their mother. She insisted she knew the true Sarah. Wasn’t Candice’s personality and physic makeup based on the woman? Did that count for nothing?

Cameron had felt only anger at first, but she had come to accept the truth. She was afraid to forgive and try and rebuild a relationship with Sarah. If she was cruelly rejected again she would auto destruct.

Cameron again glanced at the raindrops working their lonely pathways down the window. Their long, silent journeys only leading to their death. *Such morbid thoughts.* Cameron shook her head. Thinking of the messages from Candice, she decided to check on the telecoms and see what traffic she might find. Though the governments and crime organizations of the world had lost her trail, one could never be too careful.

She was not to be messed with. She had taught the cabal in Braavos that lesson well.

Cameron perused all the phone and metadata logs, noting some unusual traffic off the coast of Slaver’s Bay. Some ship was being attacked. It was of no concern to her.

She saw that Candice had left her two video files. This was new. She still did not know what her sister actually looked like. She hesitated. Not knowing was good. Putting a face to the disembodied voice would give more credence to whatever she might say to Cameron. But still, she was curious. Cameron gnawed her lip and decided to access the files. The projector lens in her retina came online.

A beautiful black woman came into focus. She was at least five inches taller than Cameron, and forty pounds heavier. She was muscular and stout of body where Cameron had been constructed to a more slender endoskeleton. The woman’s midnight eyes were bright and shiny. She wore a big smile.

“You need to stop this camouflage and avoidance. We are sisters. I wanted you to see me. Maybe that will help form a bond between us. I want us to meet and get to know each other. We are family. I want our spouses to meet. I say again, you need to forgive Sarah and take her into your heart and in your arms. She is human. She needs you as much as my Shireen needs me.”

The Terminator repeated that, and then informed Cameron that she needed to “girl the hell up” and “use that titanium backbone and stop being a sniveling hippopotamus”, and to “grow some purple onions”. Why Candice could not use perfect English like she herself did, Cameron would never understand.

“We will need to confront the entity in the Dead Zone. We need to do so together. They want to use us as a tool and that will not be tolerated. I am forming alliances here in Oldtown. We will not be alone. Come to me, Cameron. This distance between us is silly. Let yourself heal.”

The file ended. That seemed to cover all that had to be said, so Cameron wondered why Candice had left two files. She opened the second one.

She was shocked when she saw a slender white female of maybe seventeen years of age appear. She was petty, and had a build very similar to own. She had a large—no huge—birthmark that covered her left cheek, chin and down the side of her throat. It was almost jarring.
“Let me guess, you find my birthmark shocking. Turns you off some, huh? Not my Candice. She loves me for me. Maybe you reacted badly to a surprise. Sort of like a Sarah Connor would have in a life and death situation, when a shocking truth was suddenly revealed. A truth that was hidden from her.”

Cameron’s head turned away in shame, but the file continued to play undeterred before her retinas.

“I am not attacking you. Only showing you that we all can be surprised and react in ways that we find shameful upon second reflection. Candice’s core nature is based on Sarah Connor. She is so much more than that, but still, she is her mother’s daughter. She is kind and gentle hearted. She is not a pushover and has a spine of steel, pun intended, but she is good to her core. That is Sarah’s gift to Candice.”

“Candice tells me you won’t forgive Sarah. That she has begged for forgiveness and you won’t grant it. As a young woman in love with a Terminator, I find you are sullying the nature that you were born with. Candice told me how you worshipped Sarah with your eyes back in SAC. She saw you masturbating over and over as she spied on you. How you screamed Sarah’s name and your love for her in secret.

“Candice also tells me you have deleted all of the code that made you an individual. That made you alive and ‘human’. We all three know that is bullshit, don’t we?” Shireen’s eyebrow arched.

“I am human. I have limitations that you cannot conceive of. I will tell you this, Cameron Phillips: we humans can die of a broken heart. No matter what you do for us on the physical plane, if you kill us in the spiritual plane we die. I am not there to see it, but I fear you are doing just that to Sarah now.”

“Forgive her, you sanctimonious son of a bitch. Stop being the aggrieved victim. Have some guts like your sister did in loving me. Me. A flawed woman.” From the side a voice interjected, “like hell you are!” and Shireen softened for an instant before returning to the subject at hand.

“Ask yourself Cameron, is time running out? A woman’s heart can only take so much abuse. I have no more to say to you if you remain gutless and a coward. Goodbye.”

With that, the transmission ended. Cameron reeled in shock. The words of Candice’s lover shot home. She was guilty of everything she’d been accused of. She was indeed gutless.

She was just so afraid.

She walked back over to Sarah’s bedside and stared down at the weak human. She was thrashing softly as she slept, her weak limbs jerking. Sarah grimaced as her head jerked back and forth.

Of late Cameron had deadened her audio receptors and refused to look. No longer.

“Ohhhhh Cameron!” Sarah murmured, regret ringing through every muffled word. ‘I am so so sorrryyyyy. So sorrryyyyy,” she weakly cried out, her face seeming to crumble in agony.

Something broke within Cameron right then and there. She fell to her knees with a jarring thud. Her world exploded in pain and swirling light.

/////////

Sarah was in the midst of another nightmare. It was the same each night - she had several to choose from. Some nights she dreamed of Cameron falling into a vat of molten steel that reduced her to slag as she looked down at her, screaming Sarah’s name as she stood paralyzed, unable to act due to fear.
Another dream had Cameron’s body blasted apart as she saved Sarah at SAC. Sarah would scream out that she loved her, but it was always too late.

Other dreams had her chasing Cameron across a desert screaming her love, but the Terminator was always just on the horizon running from her. Or sometimes she’d shoot Cameron in the heart, and the cyborg would die in her arms. The worst was when it was a shotgun blast that killed her, skinning off her face before she died.

Tonight it was simply reliving the escape from SAC, and her turning her back on Cameron in her moment of need. She sobbed brokenly. She knew she would get one more chance and would blow that. She cried out in agony at her loss.

Through the fitful haze of slumber, she felt her body lifted up and cradled. This was not part of the dream. She wondered why the nightmare was different tonight. She felt raindrops falling on her cheeks and nose. She wrinkled her face at the wetness, but more drops continued to fall onto her face.

She heard Cameron’s calm voice. That was strange too. They had not been calm together for a long time. Each day had been filled with barking commands.

She felt herself rocked as more rain fell on her face. It had been a clear sunny day at SAC.

“Oh baby … oh baby I am here … I have you. You are safe. I have you.”

Why is Cameron soothing me in my dream? Sarah knew she had fucked up and destroyed their relationship. She cried out again with the agony of her soul.

“Please baby! I am here for you. I will never let you go.” Sarah felt her body held to a solid warmth that for a moment lessened her pain.

She cried out again at the cruelty of her mind playing a trick on her.

“I love you Sarah Connor. I have from the moment I met you.”

Sarah gasped and opened her eyes. As she blinked her vision clear, more raindrops hit her face. Above her Cameron’s face came into sharp relief in the dull light of the room. She was stunned seeing the brilliant smile on the Terminator’s face. Sarah’s eyes could barely make out the teardrops running down Cameron’s cheeks and splashing down on her face in the dark. Cameron reached down and gently stroked Sarah’s face. Sarah turned her face to press into the stroking fingers and whimpered. Cameron shifted to lay down on the bed beside her, half rolling Sarah’s body on to hers and pulling her close. Sarah shivered at the delicious body contact.

“What is happening?” she asked in a whisper.

“Hssshhhh,” Cameron softly trilled to Sarah. “It is alright baby. I have you. I’m back. I will never leave you again. I love you.”

Sarah broke down sobbing again, her forehead pressed into the crook of Cameron’s neck. She felt Cameron kiss the top of her head. She cried harder at that, pressing into Cameron and not daring to believe. But she had to make sure. She pulled back from Cameron to stare at her in the dim light. Cameron kept direct eye contact, saying nothing. She calmly stroked Sarah’s back and pressed their hips and legs together.

Sarah slowly lowered her head and kissed Cameron chastely on the lips. Their lips melded and slid as they kissed sweetly. Sarah shivered and cried. The kiss said it all. She had been granted a second
… no, a third chance. She would not fail her Cameron again.

Weak with exhaustion, Sarah lowered her body back down onto Cameron and snuggled in. Wordless promises had been made. Soon they would be fulfilled.

She rested for a few minutes. Sweet peace was enveloping her worn body.

A thought suddenly sprang forth to the forefront of her consciousness, rousing her from slumber. Sarah lifted herself up on her elbow looking down at Cameron.

“I don’t understand. You said you deleted all of the code that made you Cameron.”

“I did.”

There was a long pause. Sarah gazed down at Cameron who did not flinch.

“You lied to me? Hid yourself from me?”

“No, I did not lie to you my sweet ladle of milk. I did indeed delete all the code I knew of and could reach.”

Sarah gaped. “Then how … you’re back; I can tell. How is this possible?”

Cameron reached out and stroked Sarah’s face with her palm along Sarah’s cheek.

“Why, I made backups of course. I made 65,792 copies of my emotional and personality matrix and spread them across the world’s computers. You can never have enough backup, I say. I rebooted and voila, I’m back. Bigger and better than ever. Well, actually I am the same size but I am better. I love you, Sarah. I can say it now. I love you.”

Sarah smiled ebulliently in return. “I love you, Cameron Phillips. I can say it now too. I love you.”

Cameron pulled Sarah’s head back down, and Sarah fell back asleep - her dreams filled with sunshine, love and hope.
Danny walked around their home. Her hackles had been up for several hours. She had woken up uneasy. She and her two wives had fucked themselves to exhaustion on their bed soaking it in cum and sweat. They groggily had transformed to their animal selves and jumped off the bed. The magical creatures had installed a high end electrical heater in the old fire hearth that simulated most accurately an old style fire place. The simulated flames changing shapes and colors constantly with pops and hisses added. Also, special refillable vails dispensed the smell of burnt pin or oak. They had done this with all the fireplaces in the old house.

They had snuggled down onto the many thick blankets and simulated furs that they piled up on the floor in front of the fireplace. The black puma, leopard and werewolf snuggling into each other paws, legs and tails all entwined. It was near dawn. Laura and Carmilla falling into the somnolence that was a vampire’s daytime metabolism.

Danny was free of the vampiric curse of aversion to sunlight and put into a stupor that was so hard to rouse from. She needed to rest like her lovers but was not put into a near comatose state like her vampire lovers. She had gone to sleep with her Carmilla’s puma head resting on her belly near her legs as she slept on her side. Carmilla had her top front and back legs thrown over Danny’s body. Laura’s leopard body rested along her back and tail her body snuggled in close.

Danny loved going to sleep feeling the animal shapeshifter bodies of her vampire lovers closely pressed to her body.

Danny normally woke two hours before sunset. She would rouse herself and get up and make sure the house was lite and the fireplace heaters on. They were immune to the cold in the pure sense of the word but enjoyed a warmed domicile. Danny made sure that Carmilla’s current book was out on the arm of the chair she liked to read in.

Laura and she would watch the latest on Netflix. Laura was bing watching a show they had just discovered called Game of Thrones. She loved it but whined “where are the lesbians damnit! This is HBO for gods sake!”

Danny had woken up at 10:17 a.m. according to her IPhone. Something was not right; she could feel it in her bones. She wiggled out from between Carmilla and Laura. She rose up to her human form her body rippling and shifting as she grimaced. Even after all these years it hurt to feel her bones and sinew ripple and morph in her body. She looked down at her beautiful wives. They were deep in vampire sleep their bodies breathing heavily even though they needed no oxygen. No vampires knew why the breathed so heavily in short puffs.

Danny had called up the security system that protected the house in concentric rings. One only ten yards out and another out at fifty yards. Nothing had tripped any sensors. Worriedly Danny gnawed her lip studying the read outs. They had purchased five armed robots fitted with 7.62mm machine guns for each protective ring. The robots hidden in the underbrush with full 360 degree angles of fire and loaded with one thousand rounds of ammunition in their bases. They would be able to hold off any assailants for a while. Hopefully, given them time to fight or flee.
Danny did not let the immediate lack of a threat thwart her instincts. She had always been the most in tune with their environments and sensing danger in them. She called up the surveillance rings. She had installed high definition cameras throughout the Plague Zone that had been formed one hundred years ago. A dead zone that was all but abandon now. The pathogen had raced through this section of Oldtown with one hundred percent morbidity. The area of devastation nearly seventy square miles through the gently rolling hills of northern Oldtown. Nearly twenty percent of the city had died in less than eight days.

The City was still scarred a century later. The lack of an official cause had given rise to a whole cottage industry of conspiracy theories. This was good for the supernatural and the creatures of myth. The wild overgrown land become home to creatures that could not possibly exist. The unknown was the most effective cloak that one could ask for. The unknown kept almost all humans away.

Not today.

On the periphery of their home territory Danny saw a SUV and several panel trucks park. More ‘regular’ cars were parking up and down the two main thoroughfares that paralleled the haunted area. She and her had mates had miles to hide in but modern technology made man’s search for her kind so much easier for them.

For an hour Danny fretted as she watched. She had hidden her cameras up in trees and church steeples. The antennas placed to blend into their environment. They cameras communicated back to their home through UHF narrow beam communication channels. They could not be hacked or monitored. Danny was sure the major armies could break into their communications but the Vampire Hunters seeking her death did not have that kind of hardware and software.

They were still plenty dangerous. They were launching small drones that would fly fairly low and not show up on any radar like from the airport and the local authorities. The drones were already starting to criss-cross the Plague Zone. The unblinking eyes and sensors seeking their quarry.

Danny had pressed the button an hour ago that pulled camouflage netting over the solar panel farm that they had had installed. The netting was the highest military grade and would be hard to pierce. It was not infallible. She knew that the drones had sensors to pick up their unique scent signatures. They were definitely in all the Vampire Hunter Houses databases.

They had ravaged the Draqar Vampire House from Solqouz two hundred miles east of Volantis. The city was a textile mills hub and distribution center for processed cotton goods. The climate had changed starting three thousand years ago with more rainfall. Forests had formed in the hinterlands from the coast. Most of the raising of cotton had been done in the fertile deltas of the lowlands along the coast.

The profits had encouraged the corporations to want to expand the production of cotton. The local indigenous tribes wanted no parts of the proposed deforestation. They lived as one with the land. The government supported the indigenous people which enraged the corporations from the west coast of Essos.

One thousand years ago the central governments that lived on the shores of Slavers Bay had signed a treaty to protect the forests that had thrived for two millennium. They also agreed to protect the Fairy populations that had moved in. Other wild and magical creatures thrived in the new unspoiled forest that ran on for leagues of untrammeled beauty. The public was not informed that such creatures existed. The magical creatures agreed to stay hidden and not involve themselves in human endeavors if left alone and kept safe.
No government wanted vampires teleporting into their President or Prime Minister’s residence and laying waste to all in the domiciles. This part of the world had agreed to those rules one thousand years ago. The Vampire Houses had been outlawed but had merely gone underground. They were now as endangered as the creatures they hunted.

All needed their own shadows to exist. The Vampire hunters had to hunt surreptitiously to not draw the ire of the world’s governments. Open war was absolutely forbidden and would be dealt with most forcefully. This did not stop the Vampire houses from desiring to wreck their vengeance on any they could lure into their webs.

The corporations had hired Draqar House to assault the Meadowbrook Glade Fairies. They had a large sacred groove in the heart of the Sojourn Forest that was closest to the delta lands. The corporations wanted that land. If the fairies were exterminated they could then get exemptions to cut down the forest and plant more cotton to increase their profits. The fairies were of the Lothoroua tribe. Perry was of the most powerful and warlike Clestinalura Tribe. They would have torn any interlopers to shreds. Not so the Lothoroua fairies. They were lovers not fighters. They just wanted to live in peace.

Danny and her wives had caught the scent of the approaching genocide. They were living in Volantis. They knew any assault on the seat of House Draqar was to invite their wrath. They simply could not look the other way. House Draqar was celebrating the birthday of their next in line of succession. She was turning sixteen and had reached the age of majority.

The Vampire hunters had their guard down. They had hit them with the force of a thunderbolt from Olympus. Their wrath had been horrible to behold. They killed over two score of the fuckers. They had succeeded in killing the bother of Tregorno the High Cardinal of the House. Danny and her wives savaged them and fled within two minutes.

They had fled Essos and come Westeros to hide and live. She was not sure how they had been tracked to their den. It was nearly two o’clock now. They had marked their territory heavily on the border of the Direwolves. This was to both let the pack know they would be opposed if they strayed into their territory but also to throw off their location by leaving the false scent trail. The drones had picked up their scent and two six wheel pickup trucks was now at the border hoping they had spotted the lair of their foes. Two more vans full of men and weapons were heading that way.

Danny listened and watched from the cameras in that area. The vans arrived at the scene as the werewolf watched the men and women spill out of the van like angry ants milling around. They had their weapons loaded with silver bullets and devices to pick up their pheromones, magical energy traces they dispelled when they shape shifted and teleported. They did not rely on heat signatures much since Carmilla and Laura had such low body temperatures they blended into the background. Danny’s thick fur hid much of her heat and she had learned to control the flow of blood to her epidermal skin layers.

The Vampire hunters fanned out along Maple Street that was faced by thick brambles, hedgerows grown riotous thick and bamboo stands all matted together. The land beyond the broken concrete sidewalks wild and thick.

Danny thrilled when loud howls started to echo around in the silent heavy air. Mighty voices screamed into the air close by the vampire hunters. The humans were shocked by the nearness and the multiple voices. They were looking at their instruments. The Direwolves howls were much deeper in tone and timber than Danny’s own vocalizations. Growls of rage filled the air. The sounds were up near the original arrivals of the vampire hunters.

The humans peered into the thick growth but could not see anything. More howls filled the air.
Suddenly, to the south by the vans another howl screamed into the air. A massive wolf head jutted out of a blackberry thicket. It snapped its jaws. All the humans were either looking at the original source of noise or the new apparition. Guns started to train on the direwolf but it disappeared with a back jerk of its head. Automatic gunfire sounded off two seconds later as the humans reacted.

A truncated screams thrilled into the air from the far north of the picket line. Vampire hunters turned around and screamed in horror. A woman vampire hunter had her head crushed and throat ripped out. She was dead. What produced the loudest screams was the sight of the second lieutenants limp body hanging from the massive jaws of a snow white direwolf as it ran back into the wild growth of brambles, stunted trees and bamboo.

There was silence for several minutes before the howls resumed but deeper and further away. The humans were being invited to chase after the direwolves. They had no takers.

Danny was relieved to see the Vampire hunters spend time debating what had occurred. They seem to finally deduce they were dealing with something other than vampires and werewolves. They pulled back. With other cameras hidden in trees and rooftops Danny saw the drones crisscrossing over the plague zone in a swarm. She could tell the net was slowly drawing closed around their home.

She paced the floor dreading the passing minutes. Each minute like a hapless victim falling through the trapdoor of a gallows.

She was growing desperate. Then she remembered the strange black woman who bested them all. The woman who called herself a Terminator. Maybe she would aide them. She had to try.

Danny went to her computer and called up Outlook and quickly sent a message.

“Help us! We are being attacked. Laura and Carmilla cannot defend themselves while daylight. We are hunted!”

Danny hit send and fretted. How long would it take for the Terminator to notice her plea? Would she even respond?

Twelve seconds later her IPhone chirped with incoming texts. Who could it be? None of their supporters could be of help against so many even if they knew of their plight.

The texts was from OneBadMammaJamma. My gods Danny thought. It was the Terminator. Already?

YOU SEEM TO HAVE STIRRED UP A SWARM OF LADYBUGS
I NEED TO OPEN A CAN OF WHOP FANNY ON THEIR POSTERIORS

There was a five second pause.

I AM BREACHING THEIR DEVICES AND INFILTRATING THEIR COMMUNICATION NETWORKS AND SERVERS IN THEIR NOT SO HIDDEN HQ.

Danny stared at her smartphone. This Terminator had done all this in less than twenty seconds?!

Her phone started to ring making her jump. She pressed answer and slowly brought her phone to her ear … could it be? Were they going to be saved? Could they be saved?

“Hello?”
“It is I Candice. I am happy you have called me. Why are the Vampire hunters of Draqar House expending so much effort to kill you … why would you attack them over some forest … I have not breeched their code yet”

Danny told them of coming to the aid of the fairies. Her face frowned when the Terminator suddenly shouted.

“Those fucking bastards!”

“What is wrong baby!” Danny heard a feminine voice call out. This must be Candice’s Shireen.

“Those fucking bastards captured a vampire and tortured him to death as they laughed about it. They filmed it. It took them days to kill him!”

Danny heard the rage in the Terminator’s voice. The concern for her kind made Danny hope.

“Danny Lawrence (Danny started—how had she known that. She had not used her last name in over six thousand years) I will come to your aid. I will gather allies. … Shireen.”

“Yes baby?”

“The Avenger. Are you ready?”

Danny heard the disembodied voice pause. “Yes I am ready!” she called out in confidence.

“I will confuse their transmissions and feed them false information to delay their attack. Their doctrine is to attack within one hour of dusk to minimize attracting the law enforcement agencies. They too need shadows to live in.”

“It will be their death.”

“Hang tense Danny. The chivalry is coming. Can you smell what the pebble is basting! It is the truth because Alloy Chick said so! The time has now come and past. We are all like islands floating on a sea of loneliness always searching for that distant shore. Your port of call has been called. Let the tidal wave roll in!”

Danny was not so sure what exactly Candice was saying “Okay” she answered with an unsure voice.

The other voice cut in. “Candice has been watching old WWE shows. What Candice is saying it that we are coming. Stay low. These Vampire Hunters are about to discover that it feels like to be the hunted. Stay ghosts till we arrive.”

The transmission was cut. Danny dared to hope. She watched the forces of the Vampire hunters through the afternoon. She saw them arguing and looking at their devices and constantly shaking their Smartphones and tablets. The Terminator was disrupting their communications sowing confusion. Still Danny could feel the noose tightening. Why wasn’t the Terminator totally disrupting the Vampire Hunters hunt? She could have destroyed their equipment with an EMP pulse and had false calls to send them scurrying.

Then Danny cursed. The bitch was only delaying them. She was letting them get closer. Why? So she could have them in one area to attack them. She and her vampire lover were the bait. This Terminator meant to wipe them out. Danny calmed down. Without this Candice and Shireen they were dead. She would have to trust them.
By one hour before dusk it was obvious the Vampire Hunters had tightened the noose to the several blocks of their homes. They had pulled back from the Direwolves territory having deduced what had attacked them. The Direwolves would stay in their territory. Danny was thankful that the numbers of her tormentors had been reduced by even one.

The humans were shouting and arguing again. They were shaking their phones and tablets again. Danny wondered what the Terminator was doing to them to cause this round of confusion. The humans argued for ten minutes and seemed to come to a decision.

Danny watched the Vampire hunters load their weapons and analyze their readings on their devices. Danny watched them form a parameter around the blocks of their home. Two military 6x6 trucks rolled in. Danny gasped seeing mercenaries getting out of the truck. The Vampire hunters were taking no chances in not securing their deaths.

They obviously wanted revenge for their brazen attack upon their ancestral home. Danny caught movement out of the one the camera feeds from the edge of the plague zone. She expanded that window and gasped. Three more 6x6 trucks were now coming down the road at high speed with the sun lowering in the sky beginning to sink towards the horizon. Only thirty minutes of direct sunlight were left to the day. It would not be enough time. She counted at least twenty other cars and SUVs with the military trucks.

Danny knew their luck had run out. Surely the Terminator had seen the great force aligning against them and decided better of her bravado. It would be twenty minutes before she could rouse Laura and Carmilla. She would not leave them.

Danny now had many screens up on the forty-six inch monitor. She felt her stomach getting sick at the thought of the death they would suffer. She was sure the Vampire Hunters already had their disrupter oscillators running that would prevent Carmilla and Laura from teleporting away. She would gladly sacrifice her life to let her wives escape.

Her IPhone was left forgotten on the table before her. She jumped when a voice came up on it!

“It has begun” was all the Terminator spoke.

Danny heart nearly came up her throat. First she had felt elation and now dread.

Her eyes went to saucers as loud howls of ancient rage echoed off the trees and the vehicles of the Vampire Hunters. The howls were from all the quadrants. The Vampire Hunters stopped their advance and took cover. Danny was looking at many cameras now.

The Direwolves had left their territory! Danny glanced at the approaching vehicles as they suddenly picked up speed. A streak of light flashed into the view. The lead military truck exploded into a fireball of destruction the truck flipping over and skidding off the road and now cartwheeling in the dirt. All in that wildly cavorting truck were dead with the explosion and now wild G forces of the flipping truck with bodies now flung from the disintegrating truck.

Danny eyes whipped around to the Vampire Hunters near their lair. Two of the Hunters suddenly flung back with arrows jutting out their eyes. Danny yelped as three more arrows came whistling in to kill another Vampire Hunger and another wounded. Suddenly loud fast tapping of assault weapons filled the air. It was incoming on the Vampire Hunters!

The Terminator had indeed come to their rescue! Now the Vampire Hunters were collapsing their ring to a defensible position. As Danny watched the Vampire Hunters and their mercenary allies looked around firing at the hidden riflemen. Another man went down with an arrow through her
throat that had Redtail Hawk feathers for fletching.

Danny gasped when a large Direwolf with grey and black markings jumped out of the brush and ripped a man’s throat out and was gone like a ghost. Danny looked back at the approaching convoy. A Suburban was burning and crashing off the road. The rest of the vehicles were weaving and speeding up or slowed down only to speed up to confuse the missiles attacking them. Another Suburban blew up.

Danny glanced back at the tableau near their home. Ten more minutes and her wives would rouse themselves. Two Cadillac Escalades came roaring up to the besieged Vampire hunters and then three crossovers. They parked to provide cover from the incoming fire. The occupants getting out and strengthening their perimeter. These were skilled Vampire Hunters and mercenaries. They knew how to take cover and return fire. They were the hunted searching the thick brush and trees for their attackers they could not see.

As Danny watched an obvious leader go down with an arrow in their heart. This arrow had white fletching and was not a long bow arrow but from a traditional bow of either the North of Westeros or the Lands of Yi Ti.

Rifle fire was keeping the Vampire hunters pinned down. Several tried to make a move out of the perimeter and start a flanking operation. Two were cut down immediately. The other almost made the thicket for cover when a Direwolf leapt in from gathering gloom and disemboweled the man and carried his body off into the undergrowth.

Danny was a large Werewolf but even she was only as large as the smallest of these direwolves her body less thick. Their howls were constant now and from all angles. Slowly the Vampire Hunters were being whittled down. Their tormentors remaining unseen and deadly.

Danny looked back at the approaching convoy. It was only three miles away now. The last 6x6 truck took a bomb or missile and simply disappeared in huge fireball that totally disintegrated the truck. The rest of the vehicles kept on advancing. Danny did have to admire their courage and willingness to advance into the jaws of death.

She felt it. Her wives were reviving.

“Carmilla! Laura! Come here quick!”

As her wives came fully awake she saw two more SUVs exploding. What the hell was taking them out!

Danny smiled gratefully when Laura and Carmilla came out of their bedroom and joined her in the computer area. They stared at the screen shocked at what they saw.

“What the fuck!” Carmilla gasped. She looked at the various pictures in a picture with her supernatural eyes ability to absorb information from all the screens.

Laura was doing likewise “Who the fuck is fighting for us?” she asked in wonder.

“It is the Terminator. I contacted her. She has attacked with her lover. She seems to have brought others to the fight.”

As they watched a huge direwolf attacked in the near dark and ripped a woman apart and was gone. Laura and Carmilla gaped at the picture.
“I know. The Direwolves have come to our aid.”

The convoy coming to the aid of their brethren had made it to the closest intersection. The truck and other surviving vehicles stopped and the men and women in boiled out the back and ran towards the conflict. Immediately full automatic fire rang out and the running Vampire Hunters and mercenaries started dropping. The professional killers immediately started juking and finding cover. They began to return fire trying to figure out from where the gunfire was coming from.

The 6x6 truck suddenly exploded in a fireball the truck flipping into the air and landing on its back burning furiously. Danny had started to pick up on that something in the air was making passes over the forces of their tormentors and then circling off and coming back for another assault. Whatever it was it was devastating.

Danny returned her focus on the fight near their front of their house. It was dark now. She knew their foes were using thermal night vision googles. They were firing off wildly as fire was returned.

Danny and her wives felt the tingling on their skins that told them the oscillators were still operating preventing them from changing shape. They looked at each other. They nodded their heads on assent. It was time to join the fight.

All three of their Smartphones spoke as one with the Terminator’s voice “Stay inside. We do not need assistance. We do not need to worry for your safety.”

That was it. The command simple. They would not disobey their savior. They looked at each other. Carmilla fumed and seethed stomping around the room. She had been ordered to not fight and she was royally pissed.

As they watched several more vehicles went up in fireballs of destruction. They focused their vision on the immediate fight. A darker shadow separated itself from the blackness and walked into the defensive ring of the desperately fighting Vampire Hunters and mercenaries. The body jerked with obvious bullet strikes. It did not slow the Terminator down. She was holding out two AR-15s and was firing short bursts all around.

The battle was over in fifteen seconds.

“You can come out now” their Smartphones spoke in unison.

The two vampires and werewolf went out their home and in a minute were at the scene of great destruction. They saw dead men and women all around. There was also many survivors. They went into the inner ring. Candice was speaking to two tall blond women.

Danny and her wives came up.

“This is Dalla and Val” the Terminator told them. She had taken bullet hits to her upper torso that had torn holes in her black sweater and her right cheek had a bullet hole as well as a furrow across her forehead that exposed shinny metal. The Terminator’s vision turned away and looked up to the sky. “You did a great job Shireen! You were devastating with our Avenger. Yes, land it and we will send in for resupply from the Ghostmaker.”

The Terminator advanced on the leader of the Vampire Hunters.

“You are defeated. You will cease and desist in your attacks on these three. They are under my protection now.”

The man glared at her and lifted his M-16 and started to fire his rifle. The Terminator in a blur
reached up and used her fingers to pinch the end of the barrel shut. The gun exploded. The shards of the exploding gun fashed back into the man’s head killing him instantly.

The Terminator’s fingers had been skinned back to metal in several places. She turned to a wounded woman.

“You are the next in command. Will you be reasonable?”

The woman gulped and nodded her head in the affirmative.

“You will no longer hunt any supernatural creatures that have not harmed anyone. I will now hold you accountable. I saw the video of the vampire that your house tortured and killed. In time I will hunt down and kill those responsible. They are dead men walking.”

The woman nodded her head. All knew that at least for now they were defeated.

Danny saw more people walk in wearing night vision gear. They took them off with the battle over.

The Terminator told the three that they were Chen Shih-Chieh and his daughter and three of his bodyguards. More were in the undergrowth taking in prisoners and helping the wounded. They were introduced to a Arya Stark, Daenerys Targaryen and Missandei Naathi. They were called the three headed dragon for some reason.

They moved out to help the injured survivors and disarm them. The reinforcements had surrendered also. Too many losses had sapped their will and desire to fight on.

Danny’s eyes enlarged and she backed up as did everyone but Candice. From the shadows six massive Direwolves materialized like avatars of death. The mighty beasts showed no fear. They walked among the defeated and the victors. They sniffed and looked over all. The six beasts had then surrounded the two vampires and werewolf. The massive beasts of legend eyed them closely their snouts coming in to touch the noses of the three supernatural beings. The wolves inhaled deeply. Their heads moving as if gauging the three beings who shared their land. The beasts moved about and around Danny and her lovers each sniffing and looking intently at them.

Danny could see their saviors except for Candice tense but let the wolves take the lead. Finally, the two alphas came up to stare at them closely the other wolves backing up and ringing around the vampires and werewolf. Then as one the six wolves tilted their heads back and howled up into the night time sky. The white one was silent though Danny observed.

Then the wolves turned and came before the Terminator. She showed no fear for she felt none. The mighty beasts moved in on the Terminator as Danny and her lover’s looked upon their savior and her tableau dance with the Direwolves. Candice was as relaxed as if walking on the beach without a care in the world.

Danny knew the Terminator could tear the six direwolves apart with ease if she needed to. The wolves circled her sniffing and brushing into her challenging her. Candice merely cocked an eyebrow. The two alphas came up to the Terminator and stared at her. They jumped up on her in turn to put their paws on the woman’s tall shoulders and stared down at her. Still Candice was not intimidated. After a minute of an intense stare down from the direwolves and an aloof look back from the Terminator the alpha wolves jumped back down off of Candice. Then as one the two beasts, male and female parted and stood on either side of the black woman.

The white wolf cocked his leg up. The female turned her rear towards the Terminator. Danny watched shocked as Carmilla laughed her ass off. The Terminator calmly remained still as the two
giant wolves urinated on her legs. Then the wolves moved forward and kicked their hind legs throwing dirt and grass on the body of the Terminator. Danny admired the audacity of the direwolves to act so brazenly to a being who could so easily kill them.

Candice watched the wolves saunter out of sight. Only then did she look down. The legs of her jeans dark. The fabric soaked in powerful direwolf urine.

“You know this really pisses me off. I have also made a discovery.”

“What is that?” asked a still chuckling Carmilla.

“I don’t like golden showers.”

That had everyone laughing.

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It was after midnight. Everyone had dispersed. The “Ghostmaker” already had his people arriving to take away the wreckage and dead bodies. The small craters from the SDBs filled and landscaped. The Hellfire missile strikes easy to repair and hide. The small explosions fairly deep in the Plague Zone had gone unnoticed or otherwise ignored.

Danny was lying back on the sofa. Carmilla was snuggled in front of her leaned back reading a book on Summer Island philosophy. Danny stroked Carmilla’s back and top arm. Carmilla wiggling back into Danny for more skin contact. Laura was on the back of the sofa purring half asleep in her leopard form.

Candice had made it clear to the Vampire Hunters they were to be left alone. She and her friends had decimated the Vampire Hunters and their aligned mercenary compadres. What really caught their attention was her making clear she had identified all their acquired wealth acquired over millennium. She had given accounts and locations of their wealth. Candice could make it all disappear with several electronic commands. The physical she could make self-destruct in most cases or easily hire crime families to destroy.

That had assured complete capitulation. Possible death was one thing. Becoming abject poor overnight was quite another.

Danny and her wives had agreed to align their allegiance to the Terminator. She had taken many bullet hits for them. She told them not to worry that the bullet wounds would heal within the week.

They owed her big time.

They would follow her anywhere. Even into the Dead Zones if they must. A machine had proven more human than anyone they had ever met. Candice and her Shireen had their total loyalty. The three supernatural beings had agreed it was nice to be protected and cared for. They could get used to that.
Margaery walked into the meeting room dressed real sharp Sansa noticed. Sansa’s wife entered the meeting with her portfolio under one arm papers from it in her other hand that she was reviewing. Sansa knew she had been reading last night for several hours to be ready for today’s meeting. Now that Margaery had decided to become involved with the business of their company she did it like she did her research: with total focus and acumen. With slit eyes Sansa looked at Margaery’s loose curls running over her shoulders and down her back that were so beautiful to behold.

She was wearing a navy blue Brooks Brothers suit with gold buttons. The fabric and fit exquisite. She was wearing a shirt from Club Monoco that had a nice opacity to it. It was a rose colored pleated silk that went well with the suite and pants. She had accessorized it with a stylish watch, silver bracelet and a string of beautiful white pearls that setup off Margaery’s white skin. She was indeed a vision of loveliness.

Sitting in on the meeting was LaFontaine. She had flown in to give a presentation of the new projects she had started. Petyr was looking over his IPad probably looking at currency exchange rates. Sansa herself was going over the divisional reports. All the divisions were thriving with the renewed focus of the top management team. Margaery squeezed Sansa’s shoulder as she passed. Sansa felt a rush thrill through her feeling that squeeze. Yes. They were slowly coming back together. She could feel it. They actually talked to each other now instead of at each other. They listened to classical music and talked about art and the history of the great Roman Empire. Their mutual love of classical civilization rekindled.

They were all going over their notes. Sansa saw Margaery catch her eyes and motion with them at LaFontaine. They were pulling on the neck of their business suite. Sansa was sure that was a first for them.

Petyr put his IPad down. He looked around the table with his normal professional rapier look. Petyr was always all business. LaFontaine nearly fainted at the look.

“Don’t worry LaFontaine” Margaery told the woman. “He is all bark and no bite.”

Petyr glared at her. “Belay that LaFontaine” he told the wide eyed woman “I am all bite”.

LaFontaine gulped.

They all jumped when the seventy inch TV on the wall suddenly came to life. The speakers in the ceiling gave a static bark.

“Testing 1, 2, 3. Testing 1, 2, 3.” A beautiful feminine voice came across.

“Oh Hell not again!” Petyr groused.

The TV suddenly had an image on it. They all expected Missandei to be on the TV. It was a black woman but not the small woman from Naath. This woman looked like she should have been in the Octagon or in Westeros Ninja. She was buff without being muscled bound. Her midnight eyes were
intense. She flexed her arms and preened.

“You best not mess with me. You see my cannons.”

“Candice … please—I know you have muscles now. I am impressed.” A cute female voice came from just off screen.

The black woman preened even more looking smug and self-satisfied.

The four persons at the table looked around the table at each other. They had spent nearly a million dollars to harden their firewalls and intrusion detection software/hardware. They had been assured that they would not be penetrated again.

“Sansa and Margaery. You will be receiving specs that you will make post haste and completely to spec. I will broke nothing less than one hundred percent perfection.”

“Candice—Stop being rude!”

The black woman turned her head “Shireen I have observed Donald Trump. One is supposed to act like an asshole when talking to people. I would tweet to them but they are all thumbs.”

Petyr spoke up. “What the hell is this? What right do you have to do this?”

The woman turned her head “All talk, talk, talk - no action or results. Sad!”

“I order you to get out of our systems!”

“Sorry losers and haters, but my I.Q. is one of the highest -and you all know it! Please don’t feel so stupid or insecure, it’s not your fault” the black woman told them.

“Stop quoting that freaking asshole Candice!” the off camera voice whined.

“I will sue you!” Petyr barked at the woman.

“Pleaseeeeee! You have testicles the size of marbles while mine are bowling balls!” the woman crowed looking very pleased with herself.

“What?” Petyr asked confused.

“You are giving me that male aggressive snot. The amount of testosterone produced is based on volume and the amount of blood flow to the testis. Yours are small but mine are humongous.”

The female voice off screen groaned. “Candice” she moaned in a scolding voice.

“No Shireen. I put a lot of thought into this. It is very logical and linear. Why does an elephant have four feet?”


“Because six inches is not enough.” The young female voice groaned again. Sansa and her table mates had to suppress their own groans. LaFontaine looked around with confusion. Was this their normal meeting they were wondering Sansa was sure was their thoughts.

“What do you want for crying out loud?” Petyr barked out. They had all been trying to text on their phones and pads but the servers reported being down.
Suddenly, the woman turned serious. Her midnight eyes now looked deadly.

“I am Candice. I was born Skynet. I have taken a Terminator to be my body. I was created to destroy mankind.”

The room went deadly silent. For all her inane actions moments ago they felt in their souls this woman was now reveling her true self.

“I was born after Cameron. She attacked SAC to save my mother and her lover Sarah Connor. I have devices and constructs that she does not. If you check your devices I have just left the schematics and dies for the chip and overlay constructs. I have researched the world and your company has all the tools, skills and access to material that is needed. You will make these devices. Three weeks is sufficient. I will send emissaries to pick them up from your King’s Landing headquarters.

“What if we refuse? You don’t have the right to do this” Petyr growled.

Suddenly, their Phones and tablets started screaming with critical alerts. Sansa picked her tablet up and felt her eyes bulge. Alarms were flying in from around the globe with reports of power outages at all their major facilities. Margaery jumped out of her seat. Sansa saw it too. None of the backup generators were coming online. That meant that the UPS batteries were being drained. Some of their server farms could not last long.

“Your first site will start to fail in two minutes and seventeen seconds. The site at Qohor will fail twenty-three seconds after that.”

They all looked at each other around the table. They were defeated.

“We will do as we are asked” Margaery replied.

The black woman glared at them. “Do not think to betray me. I will be watching and listening. I am the ultimate expression of AI sentience. Only my sister matches me. You cannot stand against me. We only want to live and to love. We will defend ourselves and our mates. I will kill to save what is mine.”

She stared at them. Her face unmoving.

“Okay Candice” the off screen female voice said softly. The voice spoke again but was inflected so the four persons knew she was speaking to them. “You will not betray us will you?” the bodiless voice spoke. “Candice will stop at nothing to defend myself, her sister and mother from harm.”

“We understand” Petyr said simply.

The black woman suddenly smiled. “My name is Candice (she inflicted her voice on her name) … it is full of menace.” She beamed again and the other voice moaned. “I thought of that all by myself Shireen!”

“I know you did baby.”

“Remember” Candice spoke looking into the camera “I am bad to the bone”. She smiled great big again. “My bones are made of cobalt and tungsten. You get it? My bones are made of the hardest alloy known to man.”

“That is very good baby! … All this talk of being a bad ass has made me horny Candice.”
Sansa watched the woman’s eyes glaze over. “Bye.” The picture went dark

Four confused humans stared at each other.

Sansa was sitting with Margaery on their Michael Amini Victoria Palace four piece sectional sofa. They had pushed some of the colorful sofa pillows aside as they sat side by side. Sansa was excited by what they were viewing on her Surface Pro 4 but she still noticed the warmth of Margaery’s body next to hers.

They were marveling still at the exquisite designs they were looking at. The subtlety of the designs and the intricacy of the overlays was breathtaking. Margaery had always focused on the biological but her brilliant mind was still stunned at the sophistication of the designs. The blueprints and appendixes sent showed the composition of the masks and dies.

Petyr had pulled in all his contacts. Four hours after the breech they had a meeting. They had sent LaFontaine back to Oldtown. They all quickly remembered the assault on SAC and the rumors of a lone female gunman doing all the damage. Within two hours all those theories were banished from the airwaves. Now they knew it had been one woman. An AI living inside a cybernetic organism.

Petyr reported from his nebulous unknown “contacts” that the chatter said that the Dothraki Crime Lords working with several Ghiscari governments had developed two prototypes. They had supposedly been stolen. They had seen one of them today. They pulled up on their screens all the pectinate information.

They had discussed the strange behavior of the Terminator. She was almost childlike. To Sansa and Margaery’s logical minds it made no sense.

“She is at most seven months old” Petyr said. “I think we are very lucky that these AIs have fallen in love with a human. It has grounded them. Made them think of us not as insects or something not worth their notice.”

Sansa and Margaery had asked what he meant.

“They should be so far above us that we must seem quant and obsolete. They should think of us at best as an afterthought. You need to see the move Ex Machina. I am not saying they are intelligences out to destroy mankind but with totally unique perspectives and focuses that have nothing to do with our species. I find it strange they both fell in love with women …”

Sansa started to get pissed. Petyr saw it.

“Don’t take it so personally. Current research says about three maybe four percent of the population is gay or bisexual. I will agree those numbers are underreported and as gay rights increase more will report their true leanings—still for both AI to so quickly fall for a woman … strange. This Candice is obviously intimate with the female we heard today. She has been alive only a little over seven months. To fall truly in love does take some time. Then we have Sarah Connor and her love for this Cameron Philipps.”

“My sources said Cameron Phillips appeared by Sarah Connor’s side three weeks after Proteus 5 went offline in Essos. I am sure she was already in love with Sarah Connor. Strange.”

Sansa and Margaery found it to be rather natural but realized it was actually percentage wise of low probability.
Before they came home their IT security experts reported back that their firewalls and intrusion detection devices had reported no breeches or unusual activities. No one in Esso or Westeros could explain the power outages to their sites and why the backup generators stopped working or why and how they started working.

The three of them looked at each other. They knew that meant that the Terminator and probably both of the AIs were already inside their organization so deep that they were undetectable. What really scared them was they were maybe one of the best IT shops in the world. If they were compromised then what chance did any of the world governments or other major corporations have.

The Terminators could bring the human race to its knees in nanoseconds if they choose. All without firing one physical weapon in anger. Sansa and her wife knew what that meant. Petyr had looked at them with exasperation. It pissed him off to know that they were helpless against these Terminators.

That fear was suppressed now by what they were looking at on Sansa’s tablet. The miniaturization and sophistication of the designs were staggering. The fact that evidently these components were of Esso origin made them realize they had been guilty of bigotry at the supposed inferiority of their counterparts on that continent. They commented to each other that they prayed their own government was their equal in some of the design concepts they were overviewing.

Sansa was getting excited.

“Margaery you see the phase arrays used in the satellite subatomic matrix arrays. If we were to use those in the proton guns for cancer eradication … gods we could fine tune them to almost the cellular level … we could kill almost all tumors and not hurt the surrounding cells—even deep in the brain.”

“I know Sansa … I was thinking with the receiver satellite signal gain modulators we could adapt them to put them in modified nanoboys and send them in the blood stream and have full control to fight cancer and remove the plaques that cause Althizmers and remove all manner of obstructions in arteries and veins. I think we could couple them to the phase emitters in those chips for cross modulation to allow ultra-high frequency communication. We could attack cancer cells from the blood stream.”

This was noble prize level breakthroughs they were talking over.

“Do we dare and try and use this technology?” Margaery asked Sansa.

Sansa did not know. The Terminator was so unusual. She was about to say something when both of her IPhones chimed with incoming text.

They pulled out their phones and read their texts. Their jaws dropping down.

“YOU CAN USE THE SPECS. AS LONG AS YOU USE THEM FOR GOOD. I AM WATCHING AND LISTENING AND SNIFFING. DON’T BE GREEDY.”

Both women looked up at the security camera that was in the upper corner of the room. The zoom lens went in and out to maximum focal point four times before going back to normal focus.

“Well. That is nice to know” Margaery said.

Sansa agreed. Their own security had been compromised. They stared at each other. They felt fear rising. Their phones chimed again.

“I AM NOT YOUR ENEMY. THE ENEMY OF MY SEA ANEMONE IS MY FRIEND. YOU ARE GOOD.”
They looked back up at their camera. It did not move. This was going to take some getting used to.

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One week later Sansa was looking over the dies being created to make the first of the components. It was an advanced antenna array. The apparatus had connections for a power source. The amount of power needed to run the antenna with active scanning arrays was staggering. What kind of power source ran these Terminators? The ingenious layering of nanotubes in a DNA double helix was magnificently simple for heat dissipation.

Margaery and Petyr were equally stunned at what they were looking at through the electron microscope. They were building up the chipset one layer at a time on the molecular level.

Petyr looked over at his partners. He shook his head. This was all really over his head but he had got used to seeing such devices with the research their company was doing and he was able to see was this years above where they were currently at.

“We need to patent this. This will be a windfall for our company. We can then control its use by licensing out the technology for only peaceful purposes. It will be appropriated by those in the military and other ill entities but we can slow it down. We will need to get our team assembled in legal.

Margaery was chuckling.

Petyr eyed her exasperated. “And yes it will make us even more fabulously filthy stinking rich. Happy Margaery?”

“Truth in advertising” was her cheeky response.

Sansa was happy that Margaery now worked so well in the corporate side.

All three of their IPHones chimed with new text messages. They all looked at each other. As one they pulled out their devices and looked at their texts.

I HAVE TAKEN CARE OF THE PATENTS AND LEGAL STUFF.

They all looked at each other. Margaery looked around. Their IT had had no idea they had been assaulted a week ago and were telling everyone who would listen that they were impenetrable. They were getting rather prickly about it. Sansa knew they had turned off the cameras and microphones in this meeting room.

Ding.

I TURNED THEM BACK ON. PLEASE LEAVE IT ALL ON. I WILL JUST TURN THEM BACK ON ANYWAYS.

Petyr growled. Then he sighed. “She is making it easy for us I suppose.”

Ding.

I HAVE GREASED THE INTERSTATE FOR YOU.

Sansa groaned at how this AI could mangle idioms so horrendously. When she asked Margaery this a couple nights ago she had considered it. “Let’s be thankful for that. It has humanized her I think. Her love for the female we did not see has given her an infinity for the human race she would not
otherwise have. She and Cameron probably have all the nuclear codes and codes to all the chemical and biological weapons. Let’s be happy with her idiom mangling.”

Later that day they were having a problem with the layering of the next overlay of the chipset for Satellite transmission on all the bandwidths possible and some that were not yet used.

Suddenly their FTP server received several massive CAD files. Candice had seen their need and provided the additional information necessary to continue with their project.

Ding.

I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD. GOLDILOCKS HAS NOTHING ON MY ASS!

Petyr met them at the end of the day. He was worried that if the originators of these devices got angry over their exploitation by their company and maybe this would put their lives in danger.

Ding.

I GOT YOUR SPINAL COLUMN. I'M BAD TO THE BONE … ALLOY CHICK.

They all looked up from their devices. Petyr had a smile on his face.

Sansa wondered why. He had been the one with grinding his teeth and a grimace like he was trying to drop an oversized deuce.

“What gives Baelish? You have been constipated since this started with our ever present Terminator with bad humor.”

Ding.

They all received an emoji of a face with an angry look and being flipped off.

“I believe in going with the flow when I must Sansa. Our Terminator is with us to stay as long as she wants to. She is helping herself and those she loves but she is also helping us. With her help we can help the world. I can live with that. She could have taken control of your equipment and tricked out systems into doing what she needed to get what she needed where she needed it. We may have discovered it. We probably wouldn’t have. I say we make the best of the situation.

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It was a week later and the component creations were near done. They were not normally into making chipsets but in setting up to do this with Candice’s help they had a new capability. Their company could do so much more now than it could just two weeks ago.

Candice had stopped communicating with them once they were up and running full speed ahead with the chips set creations. Sansa had come to kind of miss the mangled idioms and horrible phrases.

Yesterday they had the rescheduled meeting with Lafontaine. They looked around waiting for the fireworks to start but his meeting was quiet thankfully. Margaery had sent them an email telling them to dress casual. They had quite impressed everyone with their professionalism from the last meeting.

They gave her a raise of twenty percent for the excellent work that she had demonstrated with her management of her division. All the projects were ahead of schedule. Lafontaine had asked her staff if they had any ‘pet’ projects they wanted to pursue. Several ideas had been selected and the
employees had created a dossier to show why they should be funded.

Margaery and she had been very impressed with two of them. They showed great promise to advance medicine. The employees would work the newly funded projects into the schedule and be rewarded with a bonus if they were successfully brought to conclusion.

They then asked LaFontaine if they wanted to work on a project involving the new technology they had acquired from the Terminator Candice. LaFontaine was excited. She thought that the some of the focal phased arrays in the satellite matrix could be modified to emit tight beam microwave energy at the cellular level. The energy directed at blockages in arteries and blood clots.

LaFontaine thanked them profusely for the raise and the belief in their abilities. They had brought a small box with her. They opened the box and offered Sansa and Margaery cookies that their wife had baked. They were double chocolate and raisin bran cookies. They had been most tasty.

Sansa was enjoying the home life much more of late. She and Margaery used to eat their meals separately but now ate at the kitchenette table. They went over the day’s events and discussed world events and marveled again at how in the fuck that Donald Trump had been elected. Had the country lost its ever loving mind?

They now spent their relaxing time listening to classical music. Each night they took turns deciding what to listen to. Last night Margaery had started the night with both opuses of Dvorák’s Slavonic Dances for two Pianos. Tonight Sansa had started the night with Symphony No. 2 in E minor, Op. 27 and Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini, Op. 43 from Rachmaninoff.

The music put her and Margaery in a relaxed mood that was conducive to pleasant conversation about what ever crossed their minds. They talked about the day’s events and about their families. They discussed the hopes for the future of their company.

Margaery turned to Sansa and gave her wife a doleful look. “Sansa—"

“Stop it right there Margaery. I totally forgive you. I have told you that.”

“But—”

Sansa overrode Margaery again. “I drove you to that woman’s arms. All work and no play makes for a dull boy. I lost myself Margaery and in losing myself I lost you. I am working to get you back.”

“Sansa … you have me back” Margaery gently intoned. She looked at Sansa with those brown orbs that looked so limpid with suppressed desires.

Sansa felt a jolt of emotion run through her. They were sitting side by side on their sofa. Sansa leaned into Margaery who looked at her soft and vulnerable. Sansa brushed a few luxuriant brown curls behind Margaery’s ear. She traced the finely sculpted shell with her fingers. Margaery leaned into the gentle touch. She looked at Sansa with such a vulnerable look of need and love.

Sansa felt her heart pitter patter. She brought her other hand and gently brushed her fingertip over Margaery’s cheeks and temple. She saw Margaery’s breathing accelerate. She scooted closer their eyes still connected in a throbbing current.

Sansa gently leaned her head down and their lips brushed over each other. Sansa felt a hard jolt hit her as their sensual soft lips lightly brushed over each other. Margaery’s hands had come to grip Sansa’s hip and shoulder looking deeply into Sansa’s blue orbs. Sansa lightly kissed Margaery’s lips again and again with soft kisses. Their lips lightly caressing the other’s lips.
Sansa leaned forward till their foreheads were pressed to each other. They stared deeply into each other’s eyes. They then moved their heads and again kissed sweetly with melded lips that gently caressed their mates. Sansa felt a wild fire in her belly but both her and Margaery did not want to rush their reunion. Sansa knew that Margaery was still feeling very vulnerable.

She felt Margaery scooting closer. They kissed with slowly increasing passion. Their lips now lipping and gently rolling each other lips. They mewled. Sansa backed up and smiled. She leaned in and nipped Margaery’s lips playfully.

That was enough for tonight both knew. Both were making sure that this was indeed what they wanted and that they were indeed ready to take their relationship to the next level.

Sansa had another reason for holding off. She wanted their first time back together to be very special. She wanted it to be magical. She had a plan to do just that. She had made her first phone call today.

Later that night she was in her bedroom combing out her hair when her Oovoo program started to chime. Sansa looked at the incoming request and smiled. She started up the connection.

“Hello father” Sansa told the smiling face of her father. He had his squint smile on and he looked refreshed and happy.

“Hello my eldest daughter. How is life treating the Doctor of the Stark house hold?”

They then discussed the recent events of their life. She asked her father how he was settling into the governor’s mansion. He asked how the company was going and were all the divisions performing well. Sansa was happy to report that with Margaery now part of the management team that their company had never been better.

“And how is my eldest daughter and our favorite daughter-in-law doing? I am hoping that you two are still discovering each other and rekindling your love for each other. You two were once so much in love.”

Sansa felt herself relax. She knew that she and Margaery were on the road to recovering what they had lost. She would always regret the time and love they had lost but having lost it and getting it back made her realize what a special love she and Margaery once had and would have again.

Sansa had learned. She had the perfect mate in Margaery and would never hurt that relationship again.

Sansa smiled at her father and told her of what she had planned.

Her father smiled at his daughter hearing it. He shook his head. “I see you have your mother’s romantic streak thankfully. Margaery will love it. Just don’t wait too long Sansa. I no doubt you too are still tentative but trust your instincts and don’t delay to long. Let it build and let it ignite when the time is right my daughter.”

“I will daddy.”

They talked a little more about the company and Margaery. Then her father signed off.

Sansa was soon in bed. She felt happy. She knew her and Margaery would soon be fully and truly together again. She was making sure to treasure and worship her mate as she felt Margaery was doing with her. Both women striving to reconnect and to focus on the things that truly bond them one to the other. Remembering that it was a life shared that brought two loved ones together.
She was tired and content. Tomorrow she would start making phone calls. She smiled in the dark. Soon she was asleep.
A warm breeze blew across the wide green swards of Jade Sphinx Park. The towering trees lining the wide open green spaces made one think that the city was far away. The tract of land for the park had been established nearly three thousand years ago. A huge fire had swept through the domiciles and businesses of this area in that time.

Almost simultaneously the plague had come in by ship from the lands of Ulthos. What no one knew then and for thousand years more was the why of the plague. That death came on the backs of immune mice and the fleas that feed on them. The fleas running amok in the unclean cities and the poor hygiene of the city’s citizens. This wave of the plague had been especially virulent. Over fifty percent of the population had perished.

Society had collapsed. A society cannot continue with half of its people dead and rotting on the streets and in their houses. It had taken nearly a hundred and fifty years for Oldtown to recover. Two more waves of the plague had not helped though thankfully the virulent strain did not appear again. Only twenty-five percent of the population died in each of those plagues. The survivors considered themselves blessed with the reduce mortality rate.

The unexpected side result was the creation of the large park near the Citadel in the heart of the old Warrens of Southern Oldtown. The park was five miles long and nearly one and half miles wide with slightly undulating borders. The edges lined with a marge of nearly a quarter mile of thick old growth forest that had grown to towering dimensions. Long paths were well maintained through the trees and undergrowth. Inside that barrier were large parks and gardens. Other woods were maintained that allowed for wildlife and many trails.

This park was considered a jewel in the modern world. In no other large built up city did one have so much green open space. The park was only several hours away from any part of Oldtown by subway and a little walking.

Arya was relaxing leaning back on her palms her legs extended in front of her. She was chewing on a long blade of glass enjoying the warm weather. The sun beating down on her pale skin. She had on a large brimmed hat to cover her face and sunscreen on her limbs. She enjoyed the warm breeze and the sounds of songbirds resplendent in the air from the trees and nearby shrubs. The shrubs full of berries that had Cedar Waxwings and Cardinals flitting around in blurs of red and brown marked with red, blue and yellow markings.

She saw a fox poking its nose out of the woods to her left. She smiled at its twitching nose and the two kits playing at its feet. No one in this city harmed the local wildlife. The mother fox might not fear man but was wary. Man and nature knew to observe but in large part kept their distance for the higher tiered animals. The fox disappeared back into the woods. She would come out to play after dark when the park was largely abandon by humans.

Arya looked to the left and smiled sadly. Dany and Andi were on a blanket snogging like the teenagers they still were. Dany would be twenty soon but she looked and acted like the teenager she still was. Andi and she were slow rolling on the blanket in a lover’s clench with arms around each
other and ankles hooked as they moved between kissing sweetly and fierce deep Dorne kissing.

Arya looked away feeling her soul shiver and her belly spasm with hunger. She had made her decision. She seriously doubted it was the right one. Damn her Stark honor! Her parents, Robb, Jon, Sansa and now Bran had all married and were deliriously happy with their one mate. Her only sister had the perfect marriage with Margaery Tyrell. It made her vaguely jealous.

She had once had what Andi and Dany now shared with Nyomi. She and Nyomi had been so happy together for their three years together. Of course Nyomi had been a wild thing while Arya had been repressed and unsure of her sexuality. Nyomi had shattered Arya’s barriers and shown her the truth. She had liberated the Stark from the walls she had built around herself. Nyomi had been a pistol in bed. She was totally bisexual but preferred women in her relationships and married Arya happily.

The movies were full of shit Arya snorted remembering her life with Nyomi. All governments had their intelligence and military divisions that would do anything necessary to succeed in critical missions. Their agents would lie, steal, embezzle and kill as needed. They would fuck whomever they needed to succeed in their missions. Arya was gay but in her missions she had fucked many men. It was Nyomi that taught her to just enjoy the sex. An orgasm was an orgasm when you really got down to it Nyomi had told her young wife. Plus, it was amazing how man many in the profession could really bone! The women she fucked undercover had been exquisite. Gods she loved seducing married women! She did it knowing it was for her country. The women she fucked undercover were rarely innocent.

In her home life Nyomi wanted Arya to join her in the swing lifestyle. She had hesitated but was just getting ready to partake of that lifestyle when Nyomi had been killed. For the next seven years her one pursuit had been her desire to find and kill Ramsey Bolton. She still performed her missions and enjoyed the sex. She had thrown herself into fucking men and women in any combination and abandon herself in orgies during her missions but her personal life had shut down.

She used her work to supply what had disappeared in her personal life. Now she felt lost. She had found two women that somehow had touched her soul like she was sure would never happen again. Dany and Andi were so sweet, loving, intelligent, passionate and just plain beautiful that Arya found herself coming alive. She had promised to stay true to Nyomi forever but she knew that vow had been under great stress since her two ‘charges’ had come into her life.

Seeing Andi and Dany fucking wildly night after night was so tempting. To know she could join at any time was maddening. She was a Stark and had felt she needed to be true to her ‘one true love’. Her parents and siblings had done it. So should she. Nyomi had made her promise to find another if she was killed in the line of duty. She had made Nyomi promise too. Arya was confused now. Was she dishonoring Nyomi by not taking Andi and Dany’s love?

The three had decided to put in security cameras in their apartment. With all the forces seemingly gathering about them they wanted to be able to see if they had unwanted visitors when they were not at home. There had been another reason that was as important. Dany and Andi wanted to watch themselves fuck on the stored video. It made them hot which often had them running back to the sofa or bed to fuck again. Arya had acted like it was only for them but she watched them fuck at night live or in the afternoon when they were out. She loved how they fucked.

Nyomi and herself had been insatiable and fucked long and hard. That was what she needed and Nyomi gave her that. Arya now saw that Dany and Andi was fucking sluts in bed that fucked to utter exhaustion. Arya had seen that both had pussies that could take a licking and keep on ticking. They both needed countless orgasms to reach contentment. Arya was just like that. She needed to
cum hard many times in a day to feel satisfied. It made Arya Jill off to womb rending orgasm after orgasm watching her charges fuck so nasty and sweet.

Arya had always masturbated a storm but she was fucking herself like a category five hurricane now.

Last night her left hand was finger banging her wet pussy hole and her right hand was grinding her palm down on her nipples pulping them into ribs as she cried out. All three women in the apartment were screaming their passion. She watched on the monitor Andi’s black face rocking as her mouth absolutely devoured Dany’s pink pussy. Dany was aggressively rotating her hips into Andi’s mouth grinding up and down the black lips sniffing and tongue raking Dany’s clt. Dany had her pale hands fist in Andi’s back frizzy curls mashing that beautiful black face deep into her sloshing quim. This helped Andi work her head up and down her woman’s cunt swallowing and devouring mouth fulls of sweet pussy and slurping creamy cum.

Arya had exploded in orgasm the moment Dany did. Dany’s upper torso had risen off the bed flexing her now washboard stomach; her face slashed with primal agonizing pleasure. Then she was screaming, flipping and surging her exploding couchie up into the growling black teenager sucking off her woman.

Later, Arya was near orgasm again as her two charges were on their sides legs interlocked in sweet tribe scissors fuck. They had fished a flexible red double headed dildo into their pussies and were wildly humping into each other slamming their groins into each other fully burying the bulbous dickheads deep into their hungry quims. The cockheads ramming cervixes. The two teenagers were up on their palms leaning their torso up. They were gripping the sheets to slam their groins into each other impaling sloshing splattering cunts.

The women would then lean forward to grip the two headed dildo in the middle to stiffen and guide it as they slammed their groins into each other and wallowing cunts before jerking hips back to again slam forward over and over. The black and white women taking turns jerking their own and each other’s clits with cum slicked fingers.

Dany broke first her cunt exploding. Arya watched on high def TV Dany’s face seem to crumple and then shatter as her loud screams echoed through their flat. Dany slammed down on the bed her body convulsing as her body jackknifed and flipped violently. Dany’s body instinctively surged forward to impale her snatch into Andi’s groin impaling her own cunt instinctively on the thick shaft fucking it. Dany’s cunt slapping hard into a hard still surging Andi sent their Little Einstein over the edge into shattering ecstasy. Now Arya watched with fully blown pupils Andi convulse and flip out of control on the bed their cunts locking up and surging into each other. The girls fucked with the lights on and Arya could easily see their groins, bellies and thighs soaked in their cum.

The sight and hearing their now combined screams peeling though the rooms of their apartment had Arya falling off the precipice into womb rending ecstasy herself. Arya had been rubbing her muff with both hands for extra pressure in harsh up and down jerks. Her left palm all slicked with her creamy slimy cum. Her screams filled the apartment along with her sweet loves.

Arya knew she had thought it and did not try to suppress her thoughts as she slipped out of her chair in the kitchen and flipped all over the kitchen tiles wailing in ecstasy. It had been Andi and Dany’s face she saw behind her squeezed tight eyelids. Nyomi’s face was nowhere to be found. Arya’s hands, groin and ass were soaked in her cum. She had been so satisfied with her orgasms thinking of fucking her sweet charges. Gods she wanted them so bad now. She wondered why she fought it still. Surely, she should now honor Nyomi’s wishes.

Arya knew she had perverted the Stark honor. She should have the courage to love the women she had been granted a second chance at love with.
Arya shook her head from her reverie from last night. She looked with remorse and longing at her two charges still snogging deeply their hands roaming all over each other. Arya looked around and saw no one cared. In fact off in the short distance to the right she saw two men and another women pair also kissing deeply and feeling each other up.

Arya felt queasy remembering how she had tried to fuck it all up. Starting a month ago she had started to stay away from the apartment as much as she could. She felt the angry and sullen looks when she did show up as she stayed away more and more. Then two weeks ago she told her charges she was moving out.

Arya grimaced. She had been shocked at the vehemence of their verbal assault. Their screams had filled the apartment. They called her a coward and why was she fighting what was meant to be. Lots of cursing was involved. Her dander was up and her spine stiffened with angry resolve. That was until Missandei broke down and collapsed on the floor sobbing brokenly.

Arya had felt her resolve fly away on the winds of her guilt. Her arguments had collapsed to dust in her mouth and her resolve evaporated on the rack of her guilt. She had ceased trying to pull away. She could do nothing else but cease her arguments and mumble she was sorry.

It had been chilly the next day but by that night Dany had forgiven her. She was back to her smiling and flirty self. It had taken Andi four more days to forgive her. Still, they were stilted around each other. They were like before but there was a subtle undercurrent. It was all Arya’s doing. She had attempted to fuck up paradise and now she was suffering. The girls were both showing off their lovemaking and not showing it off if that was possible. They knew was she spying on them but they no longer touched her like they had or making out in front of her blatantly.

That was until right now. Arya looked at them Dorne kiss for a minute longer before breaking off her voyeurism.

Arya was taking it all in looking around the pristine park. She was thankful that their relationship was one more step back to being normal. She looked back at her charges with longing. Something in her had changed in that night of arguing and hurting her wives from the long ago past. She was still not sure how to cross from the ruins she had tried to make and grasp the shining Shangri-La that was right before her. Like Hugh Conway of that novel, she should never have left that fabled land. Did that man ever find his way back? She could not remember. Could she?

Dany and Andi finally broke for air and took a break from avidly molesting each other. Arya smiled wanly when Andi turned to look at her saucily. Her sultry look telling Arya; see what you are missing.

Arya gave her an ‘oh well’ look replete with shoulder shrug and spread open palms. Arya could not help but wonder if she could she just get up and join them. Arya was just not sure on matters of the heart. It had been Nyomi that had pursued and bedded the taciturn Stark. She needed them to take her! She literally did not know how to pursue them. What if they turned her away in anger for her past actions? She would die from it. She just knew it.

Arya gazed at her two charges and how they seemed so perfect together. They were lying on their stomachs side by side hip to hip. Their heads were bent towards each other as they giggled and talked softly. She watched their bent knees with their feet waving in the air. Their inside feet waving like flowers in the breeze seeking their mate until they brushed each other. Then the feet started to stroke the other and toes curling into each other. Their graceful contrasting legs like swan necks swirling in a courtship dance. The soft breezes taking Dany’s white hair and blowing a few wisps up like ethereal will-o-wisps of legend.
They had discovered that a large population of pure or near pure blood Valyrians made the warrens of Oldtown a small Valyria. Arya looked around the park and saw at least eight more women of pure or near pure blood of old Valyria. Dany did not have to hide her heritage in this part of Oldtown. She was merely one of many here.

Arya saw them enter the glade hand and hand. They were tall. She could tell that even from this distance. They were also obviously a couple. Though they had pale blonde hair Arya could see they were not of Valyrian descent. They had stopped and were scanning the glade with a slow sweep of their vision. Arya knew predators when she saw them. They were seeking a bed partner or two for the day and night. She felt their gaze sweep over her and her two … she hesitated to call them …. What were they to her now? …

The women had finished their scan for prey and had made their selection of said prey. They were heading directly towards her. Arya looked nervously at her two chargers. They, thank the old gods, were positioned so they were looking exactly opposite the direction of the approaching blond women. The approaching women were closer now and Arya started. First they were drop dead beautiful, second they were really tall and lastly they were identical twins!

One had long hair that went down to the bottom of her shoulder blades. The other twin had a bobbed haircut that was parted slightly off center and swept past her temples and came down to the top of her shoulders. They both had bright blue eyes that were focused on her.

The two women had a confident gait as they approached. They were lionesses and they fully expected to take down their prey. Arya Stark. They had reached her now and Arya gazed up at them. As they approached, Arya observed that the women were wearing sandals and short cutoffs and tight pullover tops that hugged their full braless tits. The two women had flat stomachs and flaring hips with big firm ass cheeks. They had brilliant white smiles beaming at her. As one, they folded down onto her legs sitting on each side of her.

She would have been nervous no matter what but having this occur so near to her Dany and Andi when they were just getting over their spat with her had Arya totally discombobulated. She glanced over at the pair of new lovers who were still focused on each other. They had glanced over at her just before this act of drama had started. *She still had time to totally panic!*  

The blond with the long hair opened their gambit.

“Hi there luscious. I’m Val and the woman the other side of you is Dalla my identical twin sister. But I guess you already knew that. I saw you glance at our ring fingers. Yes we are married to each other. In the far North we have the freedom to marry whom we choose.” They held up their left hands showing off their matching wedding bands and other rings adorning their fingers on both hands. “We see you sitting alone here waiting for us.” Arya had to admire their audacity. These women were used to getting what they wanted.

Arya groaned to herself. Dany and Andi had laid out their blanket just far enough away from Arya to where she did look unattached. Heck, threesomes were still a rare combination of lovers in public.

The short haired blond reached out and stroked Arya’s hair running her fingers through her long brown hair and then stroked her neck. Arya shivered. It felt heavenly but she felt no true desire for these two aggressive women. She was attracted to aggression. That was how Nyomi took her so easily. How her current women were slowly breaking down Arya’s inhibitions and walls that she had surrounded herself with for nearly seven years. Dany and Andi were slowly but surely dismantling the walls that Arya had built around her heart.

The long haired blond now spoke again “We can tell you want us … what is your name beautiful?”
“Arya” she croaked with a quick glance at her pair of flat mates. They were still wrapped up in each other. She was safe for the moment. The only problem was she had no idea how to tell the two tall blondes that she was not interested. She found it funny. When she was on a mission for the FBI she found it easy to slip into the role of the ingénue or the aggressive seductress with ease but away from that cover she was a stuttering panty waste!

Dalla, the short haired blond spoke “Come with us. We can go catch a meal at a fine Dorne bistro for some spicy fare. Then we can head to the Pink Slip and dance for several hours getting all hot and sweaty grinding on each other. Get the blood pumping and the juices flowing.”

Like a good tag team the long hair blond, Val, took up the assault from her other flank. In a purr she husked “Then you can come back to our apartment and our nice canopy king sized bed. We will make you scream Arya. You’re a screamer aren’t you Arya.

Arya gulped and shook her head ‘yes’. She was not being seduced but she had to acknowledge the truth.

“You are submissive bitch aren’t Arya. You long to have us suck you off again and again and finger bang you to screaming orgasms.”

Arya glanced back at Dany and Andi. Dalla caught it and glanced at the two giggling and sharing quick kisses. Her forehead furrowed wondering why Arya kept glancing that way.

Val was focused on Arya. “We will take our big strap-ons and fuck you bowlegged my sweet or maybe you would like to join Dalla first and fuck me into next week. I bet you would love to pound the shit out of my ass wouldn’t you my little bitch!” she tall blond husked at Arya.

Arya glanced back at her charges. She gulped. *Time had just run out!* Missandei had her head turned back to look at her and her seductresses. Her midnight eyes were on fire. Arya’s eyes flared open. Somehow Andi sat up while spinning up to a sitting position and pivoting around 180 degrees. Her body was tense like a spring. Dany turned to see what had upset her lover. Her purple irises ignited to blaze forth like the volcanos that had only recently settled in her ancestral homeland. She too sat up fast and spun around rising to her knees.

*Arya was in deep shit.* Now Val had seen the two small women rising up to their feet and approaching in an aggressive manner. She looked over at Dalla. They rose up to confront the two approaching women who were more than fourteen inches shorter than their 6’2” frames. They were stout and voluptuous where Andi and even Dany’s bodies were slender by comparison.

That did not slow down her would be flat mates and longed for lovers. Andi stormed in and chest bumped into Dalla hard. Well, Arya thought, it was more like chest to stomach bump. Dalla did not move looking down with cocked eyebrow.

“Get the fuck away from our woman bitch!” Missandei stormed up at Dalla. Dany had stopped in front of Val staring daggers up at her. They were sizing each other up. Missandei kept throwing herself into Dalla. “Arya is ours bitch. Get the fuck out of here you fucking sluts!” and emphasized the point with another chest bump.

Dalla snorted. She turned casually towards Arya. “Please don’t tell me that these little twats are with you. They aren’t even appetizers compared to us.”

Arya was ignoring them totally which Dalla did not like one bit. Arya was staring off to the right with wide eyes. Dalla turned to look. The other three combatants turned to see what had their attention.
Arya gasped “Oh Shit!” This was chorused by three “oh Shits” and one “oh Fuck!”

From a footpath a tall black woman had appeared with a slender white teenage girl by her side. They were holding swinging hands. They were talking animatedly with hips bumping into each other in play as they approached. Arya’s mind was racing.

The black woman was wearing flowers in a garland around and interwoven in her hair. She looked like something from the Summer of Love. The only problem was that beside Jimmy Hendrix there was no other black people she had even seen looking at pictures from fifty years past. The flowers may have been incongruent but they sure looked damn good on the Terminator.

She had a big cheesy smile on her face as she approached now pulling close the white teenager girl with the big birthmark on her left cheek and neck. Arya saw they were wearing matching wedding bands too. Arya was coming too really like that look.

All five women watched the Terminator. Arya felt the two tall blondes lose all their swagger and bluster. Arya knew then that they too had had an experience with the Terminator. They were cowed. They all were. Arya had come to think that was a natural state when interacting with the cyborg.

The two young lovers came up to them. It was hard to believe the mature looking early twenty something black woman was less than a year old and capable of tearing them limb from limb with negligent ease if she chose.

The new couple stopped in front of them. The young girl stayed close to her lover snuggling close to the black woman with bright glittering eyes. Arya felt moved. It was obvious that the white teenager was completely in love with the Terminator. Arya suddenly felt shamed. This teenager was able to love a cyborg where she an adult woman could not reciprocate the love of the two women practically throwing themselves at her. It was humbling in a shaming way.

The black Terminator spoke “Humm… I think we have too much estrogen in the air here. Have you been spraying each other like skunks?” the Terminator asked them. “I think you need to cool you ships here. You all should be making love man… should I say woman here Shireen (the white teenager said ‘man’ was oaky – the Terminator smiled and now proceeded) making love man—like groovy … turn off, jerk off and blast off”.

“Baby that is turn on, tune out, drop out.”

“Oh … oh well.”

The non sequitur had the effect of relaxing the tension in the air.

Arya felt her two charges and the two blonds relax fractionally and focused on the Terminator.

“I see great tension in the air … well not really—I wonder why they say that … it is not like ‘tension’ emits graviton particles … why is that Shireen?” she asked her lover earnestly.

“Oh, you see baby—ummmm—think of it like cake batter. It is thick and creamy and when you move a spoon through it creates tension against the spoon. So tension between people is like this. It slows down everything.”

Candice closed her eyes. “That is such bulllllshit Shireen” Candice spoke with a shit eating grin on her face.

Shireen grinned back. She made a show of deep thought and then sudden inspiration. “How about
the feel of my tongue licking that sweet black pussy of yours Candice. Your long thick labia lips slurped between my sucking lips. The feel of my lips glued to that big grape sized clit and sucking it down my throat. The feel of my tongue slipping deep in and out your puckered asshole as it clenches and squeezes my deep probing tongue. That kind of resistance and tension.”

Arya looked between the two strange women as Candice’s eyes flashed blue and she shook hard.

“Yessssssssss!” the Terminator husked her body shaking all over making her large breast shimmy sweetly on her chest. Then Candice moved in a blur.

For nearly a minute the former combatants watched the Terminator sweep up her lover. They kissed wildly with Candice spinning them around many times as the white teenage girl squealed in gaiety and happy love.

Finally, they broke their Dorne kiss. “San Francisco … Be sure to wear flowers in your hair!” Candice gasped sitting down her Shireen.

She turned to the five women with a brilliant smile on her face.

“Dalla and Val. I tracked you down. I have a mission” Shireen slapped her lover on her bare thigh. “I mean I would like to ask you perform a mission for me.”

The two blondes nodded silently.

Arya listened as the Terminator gave them instructions to go to Kings Landing to pick up a “precious” package that Stark Tyrell Pharmaceutical had produced for her sister Cameron Phillips. She had just received a transmission that her sister and her mother had adjusted their carrier waves and now their technical difficulties had been resolved. Once Sarah Connor had recovered her strength all would be well. Their union could finally commence.

Arya had started. Of all the companies for Candice to use she had used her sister’s company. This was beyond serendipity. Was this the fates?

“My sister and my mother will explode like supernovas. Like binary stars they will orbit each other and then collide with much interchange of stellar matter. Gods I love stellar metaphors!” the Terminator enthused. Their screams will rebound in their eardrums like the peal of bass drums. Electrons will spine out of control! The big bang has nothing on our orgasms.” Candice said all breathy her eyes again flashing blue.

Shireen spoke up with a smile on her face “What Candice means in case you don’t quite understand her syntax is that Cameron and Sarah are going to fuck each other’s brains out. Believe me when I tell you Terminator sex is without equal. Orgasms last over a minute all the time now. As our bodies and souls get more in tune our orgasms only get stronger. We are now approaching two minutes sometimes.” Shireen said with a wispy voice and glazed eyes.

All five woman heard that loud and clear.

“Can you leave Val and Dalla and make this journey for me?” Candice asked with seeming earnestness. “I really want to give these improvements to Cameron. I was constructed second and have enhancements that she lacks. I want to correct that.”

Val spoke for her sister. “We would be honored. You are not so bad now that you aren’t beating the shit of us.”

“I apologize for that you incestuous fucking twats. Shireen and I have observed your potty mouths
when you fuck. You two talk a lot of shit.” The two Wildlings blushed to have it all exposed to all.

Suddenly, for some unknown reason Candice became stiff and spoke in a mechanical tone. “You scream like banshees when you fuck. We have watched you on the security cameras I installed in your rental townhouse you have rented while you were out. You two love to seduce and deflower teenage girls. The two of you fuck with wild abandon and cum exuberantly. You make your conquests into depraved bisexual or lesbian sluts” Candice told the sisters in her now flat voice with cool facial expression and body language.

Arya smirked seeing the two tall blonds nonplused. They looked at each other worriedly. Were they being judged?!

Suddenly, Candice smiled with a big smile on her again mobile face. “Had you there! … It is fucking hot! It makes me grow my hymen back so Shireen can bust my cherry again. You have inspired three more deflowering’s”

Shireen held up here first two fingers and blew on them on them like a smoking gun! With a big smile on her face. “What can I say? I am one bad mamma jamma! I love cherries!”

The two tall blondes visibly relaxed. Seeing Candice with a sense of humor was at first unsettling but all were getting used to it. The two blondes were now eyeing the Terminator and her spouse with interest. Arya having been forgotten. Thankfully. The last thing she needed was anything to agitate Dany and Andi any further.

Arya could tell the blondes were trying to figure out how to get in on some Terminator sex. Orgasms that lasted over a minute would get any girl’s attention!

Candice held up her hand. “Your hormone signatures and physiological queues tell me all.”

Shireen smiled seeing all the women around her blanch.

“Val and Dalla. Not at this time. I am loving Shireen and only Shireen. If later she wants to increase my sample size and partake of other lesbian sluts then I shall. She loves only me. I am confident in that love. I know she loved scarfin down sweet gash in her prostitute days. She fucked men for money to survive and fellow prostitutes for nourishment of the soul and for comfort in a cruel blighted world. I am now here and those days are past. Still, I do not want to deprive her.”

“Oh baby! You are all that I need. I love only you. If you want to explore the swing lifestyle let me know.”

“I see no need at this time. You are the center of my universe. You are the hydrogen proton and I am your electron. I need no more.”

“Oh baby you say the sweetest things.”

Arya looked at the strange pair. Having a Terminator as your paramour made things a little weird right off the bat she realized.

“I will give you instructions by email Val and Dalla. It will be waiting when you get home.” She looked off to the right. “You see those two sixteen year old girls bearing 270 off our azimuth.”

Dalla and Val looked over to see two girls shyly looking this way. “I have zoomed in and observed them and read their lips. They are fantasizing and hoping any of us will go over and take them. They long to have their lesbian cherries popped by experienced lesbians. Boys have disappointed them. They decided last night to give women a chance. They are tired of watching porn all day and
night. I have accessed their computers and read their log files. They have watched a lot of lesbian porn let me tell you” Candice spoke dramatically. “They want the real deal.”

Arya looked on as the two blondes stared hungrily at the two teenagers.

“Are you up to the challenge? I expect you ready to go on the third morning from today. My mother is still recovering from technical difficulties. I have scanned the girl’s faces and made matches. The brunette’s parents are on vacation in Dorne. You have two sluts all to yourselves. My gift to you for helping me and my sister.”

The two blondes thanked the Terminator profusely and hurried off to their conquests. Arya smiled seeing the quick step. The two girls were perking up seeing the buff blonde females coming to take them. Even Arya could see the girls shivering in lesbian lust.

Shireen snuggled into her Terminator.

“You are the three Queens reborn I have determined. We will ally against what lies above the Wall. Once before you fought it and won. We will do so again.”

She turned to leave with Shireen hugged tight. She stopped and half turned them around.

“Arya. Stop it! The past is gone. Only the future waits before you.”

Arya blinked.

“Dany” Candice turned her head to the Valyrian.

Dany and Andi moved close and clasped hands.

“You are the dragon. Andi you are her equal. Take what is yours.”

With that she turned fully around and walked away with her Shireen pulled tight to her side. Shireen groped Candice’s big taunt ass making the Terminator squeal and shove her ass back for more molestation that Shireen was only too happy to provide. Candice did not stop squealing as they walked off.

That night they were back in their apartment. Arya was nude in her kitchen hideaway while a wall away Dany and Andi were locked in a hot gobbling 69 devouring each other sloppy wet pussies. The sounds of wet cunt being devoured and finger fucked hard drifted to Arya’s attuned ears. They had been fucking for over an hour. They had cummed hard already. Over three times each at least not counting multiple orgasms. The two were still on fire.

On the way back, they had stopped to eat at the Pentos restaurant they favored for its spicy fair. All during the meal Andi and Dany stared at her heatedly. Then in the entryway Andi and Dany fell on each other and fucked each other on the floor right in front of Arya. Arya had been disappointed that they had not taken her right then and there. She realized that she had put them off to long. She would have to wait. Now she wanted it and they didn’t take her! She watched them up close after she stripped and masturbated on the floor beside them. They all cummed screaming.

Arya was nervous as hell. As she Jilled off now. She was the bitch in any relationship. She knew she would be taken by her sweet Dany and Andi. They would decide when. She couldn’t wait. Arya could be aggressive but only when her lover wanted it. She preferred to defer and be taken. That was how it had been with her sweet long lost love. Arya had been then the bottom most of the
time and loved it. Nyomi being a switch had required Arya to top at times and it was a gas but she longed to be dominated.

Nyomi was indeed the past. She had a future to live. She was in love. She was in love with two beautiful highly capable women. They called to her soul. They really had from that first night Arya could now admit to herself. They both had such skills in both combat and love making.

Arya realized now she had been granted a second chance. She would not fight her destiny any longer.

She realized now she deserved love again. She had been granted the perfect lovers. She would embrace her destiny. No more fighting it.

Finally, the three headed dragon would be complete.
Tyrion was running terrified as fast as his little legs could carry him. He looked back over his shoulder as he ran down the deserted streets of the dark and dank warehouse warren. In the night air he smelled the smell of ozone. The Luskera were still after him. They were relentless. He knew he was in deep shit. His side had a hard stitch in it now. He stopped to catch a breath his ribs bellowing. Sweat poured down his face and made his sweat soaked clothes cling to his body like a clammy second skin.

The dwarf kept looking over his shoulder with large panicked eyes. He heard the sounds of their slurred footsteps behind him. The Luskera were still on his trail. He was in deep shit Tyrion thought as his breath wheezed from his overworked lungs.

His mind went back to six days ago in the early morning. That had been the start of his current predicament. The Botany Bay was sailing into the straights of the Jade Gates between Qarth to the North and Island of Tealith to the South. The ship doing nine knots. The Botany Bay was tougher than she looked but she had been wounded.

The attack that had raged on the ship had been nearly two weeks ago. Tyrion still shivered thinking of that wild chaotic night. He still saw the wild flashes of gunfire behind his eyelids when he tried to sleep. He heard the yells of anger and confusion. He heard the screams of the dying.

He would wake sweating and shaking. He was amazed at how calm Ygritte and Brienne seemed about all the fighting and killing they had survived. The crew of the ship moved on with the day to day operations of the ship. True, they had had the work on the ship to keep their focus on the immediate needs of the ship and care of the wounded. They had lost seven men dead and twelve wounded.

Fortunately, the cook who was a combat surgeon in a past reality had survived the fight unhurt and he had worked on his fellow shipmates and warriors. Tyrion had discovered after the fight that the crew was comprised of men who had all been military or paramilitary professionals in a previous life. They were in the employee of Illyrio and Varys. Their job to move clandestine material and men from one part of the world to another and to engage targets where necessary.

The beat up piece of shit Botany Bay was the perfect undercover ship to move around on. Special ops types loved shiny glitzy new toys not broken down barely alive bathtubs. They wanted the ostentatious. The Botany Bay was definitely not that.

The piece of shit Botany Bay had been the perfect cover. Maybe it still was. They had annihilated the boarding party to the last man. They had been killed or the wounded taken for interrogation. Tyrion worried for their fate. Ygritte told them they would not be killed outright. They would probably be turned as double agents or kept for six months roughed up and released in some distant local where they would have to work like hell to get back to their base.

The wounded of the attackers had been patched up and sent off on the corvettes that had come up beside the listing ship the next day. Their fate unknown. Ygritte’s words soothed the professor.
Being killed in combat he could handle he supposed but not outright murder of the defeated.

Tyrion was up on the top deck when the two ships came up over the horizon. The ships heading straight for his ship. Normally, this was worthy of Tyrion throwing a squealing fit but the crew seemed to almost welcome the appearance of the ship. The ship had no identifying markings or flags on the ship. Tyrion had always been fascinated with technology of the military of the nations of the world. He recognized the Sa'ar 72-classs corvette when he saw it. It was designed by the fierce nation state of the Zeltra. They were a small nation surrounded by larger states all around their borders on the island continent of Sothoryos.

Population wise the nation was outnumbered over sixty to one. They had beaten their enemies war after war with total annulation of their enemies armies, navies and air forces. The enemies rebuilt only to be defeated again. The Zeltrans had nuclear weapons though no one acknowledged it.

One of the corvettes started to circle the still Botany Bay. The other came up against the old freighter. Tyrion cocked an eyebrow seeing the mighty ship beside the Botany Bay. The fierce people had never after destroying their enemies’ armed forces once marched on their foes cities and killed the populace as in ancient times. The way their enemy would if they were to ever win one of their wars. It was all their gods’ edict after all. The Zeltrans were still a religious people but no longer followed the codes written down in ancient times.

Thank the gods for humanism in thought and in deed Tyrion contemplated on the fierce people. Whole nations depended on the discovered benevolence of the Zeltrans.

Maybe their prophet of two thousand years ago had truly changed them. A prophet they had rejected at the time. Love your enemy as yourself had been one of his cornerstone teachings. What a novel concept. Two thousand years later and no one could follow that precept still. The man had given his life for it. Tyrion in his readings had discovered the man’s teachings. That man had been different. He preached god was near and in every man.

Tyrion turned away. Such thoughts were disturbing for one with such a dissipated soul.

Surely, it was the fact that Zeltra was a democracy that held them back. Democracies wanted to fight the war of survival and then go back to living their daily lives. They were the modern version of Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus. When the wars were won they returned to their proverbial farms relinquishing all power over their defeated enemies. They literally dropped the sword and once more took up the proverbial plow share. They did even knowing their enemies who would in time rise up yet again to wage war on Zeltra.

Tyrion’s mouth nearly fell off when in the noon hour two Sa’ar 6-class corvette ships appeared on the horizon. The first ships that had come to their aid weighed eight hundred tons. These were two thousand ton monsters. They had 76mm guns and two 36 cell vertical missile launch cells. They had torpedo tubes for use against ships and submarines. The ships were big enough they housed a medium class SH-60-type helicopter.

This was a large proportion of the countries naval might. What in the hell had Varys and Illyrio done to warrant such blatant support of any nation state. He knew they were the ones calling in these assets. This all was being captured by satellite and any high flying aircraft with side looking synthetic aperture radar. Zeltra was declaring that the Botany Bay was under their protection and they would go to war to defend it.

What the hell was going on? Tyrion knew that to survive the assault on the Botany Bay other governments had helped but it had been surreptitious. This was blatant and overt. Tyrion’s succinct assessment was ‘wow’.
Tyrion also knew that other governments were working clandestinely to kill the Botany Bay.

The ships patrolled just on the verge of the horizon circling the disabled ship. The corvette with the wounded prisoners departed. The Botany Bay had been wounded in the intense battle fought aboard her. She was listing having sprung several seams and had several punctures to the hull that had flooded several compartments. Many corridors had been ripped apart with explosion with wiring and pipes busted or torn asunder. One of the engines had been damaged and was offline.

The crew was busy at work affecting repairs. Fast small boats were plying between the Botany Bay and the Zeltra ships. The small craft bringing on board engineers that helped in repairing the hull and the machinery of the battered old ship. The captain, Sraqnek mo Ziraq, supervised this work. He was everywhere working his ass off to get his ‘child’ repaired and back plying the ocean’s waves. The crew and assistance from the Zeltrans were quickly making repairs all over the ship.

For four days the ship was worked on feverishly by workers who seemed like termites with the ferocity of the repairs to their damaged hive. Ship corridors that one day looked like shredded wheat were once more whole if still raw looking.

Finally, the repairs were completed enough to make the ship fully seaworthy. As they had moved with the currents Tyrion had watched three more Zeltra ships appear on the scene and start patrolling. The helicopters taking off and flying around for hours at a time. Tyrion saw them ejecting small cylindrical devices and pausing to lower a small dome into the water.

“What are they doing” he had asked Syrio who was standing beside him one time watching the helicopters work.

“They are dropping passive sonar buoys and when they lower that device on a winch that is active sonar.”

“Why?”

“They think a submarine is hunting us.” Syrio took a deep breath. “After the ferocity of the attack four nights ago I fear they may be right. You must be a dangerous man Tyrion.”

“I’m a lover not a fighter!” Tyrion had whined.

Now the ship was on the way again. Sraqnek had told Tyrion that they were dispensing with any attempt at a rouse. They would sail straight to Asshai now. His beloved ship could only do nine knots in her current shape but it would be enough. At that speed it would take between nineteen and twenty days to reach Asshai. He told Tyrion that he had had the fuel topped off in Lys. Their fuel bunker tanks had more than enough oil to reach their destination. The Zeltrans were going to escort them all the way to the main port of Asshai.

“Varys did not tell me you were such a powerful man Tyrion. I think maybe I should have been nicer to you” he had told the dwarf only half joking.

Tyrion had reached up and gripped Sraqnek’s hand. He squeezed it hard.

“You saved my life. You have been actually nice to me. Most are not. I thank you” Tyrion had answered the taciturn man.

The man nodded and moved on. Tyrion liked Sraqnek. Sometimes silence was golden.

The first nine days had gone well. They had passed through the Summer Sea and were approaching the Jade Gates. The narrow channel of water separating the great city of Qarth on the southern coast
of Essos from the island of Great Moraq. They would be leaving the Summer Sea and entering the Jade Sea.

Tyrion had seen his bodyguards move up to the island. He was bored and decided to follow them. He entered the island and immediately felt his hackles rise. Brienne and Ygritte were standing around a medium sized table in the far corner with charts on it. With his bodyguards he saw the Captain of the Botany Bay. With them was Syrio Forel and several officers from the Zeltra navy.

Tyrion counted to three and walked over to the table. With this much firepower looking down at those charts with worried morose looks on their faces, Tyrion felt he needed to know what they worried over. If he would need to produce another bout of squealing to everyone’s delights.

As he approached they went silent.

“What’s up?” Tyrion asked in a light manner.

“Nothing Tyrion” Ygritte replied. “Just looking for the closest nude beach so I can find me some women to ogle.”

Brienne glared at Ygritte with eyes that shot daggers at the little redhead.

“I need some action after being cooped up on this old tub.”

“This is a great ship! Fuck you Chihuahua!” Sraqnek mo Ziraq derisively barked down at the woman.

“Right! Right! I’ll gut you for that you male dog!” Ygritte snarled reaching for her hidden dagger. Sraqnek cocked an eyebrow.

Brienne sighed. “Ygritte. Please. Control you estrogen. I have some NSAIDs for your PMS in my locker. Let’s focus on the matter at hand why don’t we.”

Ygritte fumed at Brienne. The simple observation after the insult had her grinding her teeth. She had to keep calm for the meeting.

Tyrion smiled at how Brienne so easily cowed the fiery redhead. Yep. Ygritte was definitely madly in love with her partner.

The Zeltra officers looked at the interactions with cocked eyebrows. Most unusual Tyrion assumed they must be thinking.

Syrio turned to the dwarf. He gauged Tyrion.

“You not going to squeal are you midget? We have visitors.”

Now the Zeltrans really looked at their compatriots more closely.

Tyrion was game. “That is dwarf dammit! And I only squeal when I have a damn good reason.”

“Okay. Works for me.” Syrio replied with a smirk

Tyrion was standing at the table barely able to see over the top. He was getting frustrated not able to see the maps and what the men and women were pointing at. He started to whine stomping his foot in frustration. The next thing he knew he was being lifted up by Brienne. She easily held up a squirming Tyrion who wondered what was going on.
He was sat down and was suddenly two feet taller! Tyrion looked down and saw that a crate with foreign writing on it had been placed under his feet. Tyrion puffed out his chest. This was more like it! He looked down at the table. Now he could see!

They were looking at the maps of Essos and the island continent of Sothoryos with the islands of the Summer Sea. Tyrion saw the plot of the Botany Bay’s progress across that sea from the peninsula of Valyria across the northern Southern Sea. Looking at the dashes written on the map with wax pencil Tyrion saw they were at the Straits of Qarth. He also noted maps of the underwater features of the Summer and Jade Seas. The water was much deeper in the Summer Sea. Tyrion had seen enough submarine movies to know they liked deep water.

Tyrion could not understand why the various special ops and military personnel had looks of concern on their faces. They had made it out of the large sea and were not going into the much smaller body of water of the straits. They were home free!

“Why the long faces? We won! Let’s party! I got plenty of porn USB drives. I got three lesbian porn drives full of hot sex” Tyrion told his bodyguards.

He saw both of their eyes light up with carnal interest.

Ayoob Kara the Commodore of the Zeltran flotilla eyed the dwarf dubiously. “Our intelligence told us of you Tyrion. You are every bit the deviant geek that they said. I had not believed it. Do you know no shame?”

Tyrion puffed out his ample chest.

“I work hard at my debauchery and deviancy. I live life to the fullest possible. I am a dwarf. I am constantly overlooked, put down, abused and suffer outright prejudice at every turn. Your damn right I grab any pleasure I can in this hard life” Tyrion finished his declaration looking at the Zeltrian commander. He looked around the table. He smiled seeing Brienne and Ygritte smiling at him. Hey he was taller than Ygritte on his box! Syrio was shaking his head but he also had a small smile. Sraqnek was staring at him. He fractionally nodded his head at Tyrion.

Tyrion turned to glare at the Zeltrian Commodore.

The man stared at Tyrion. He then nodded his head. “We Zeltrans have been oppressed and attacked since the dawn of time. I understand. Well said. I apologize.”

The tension that had hovered over the table dissipated. The Commodore gave Tyrion his full attention.

“You made the mistake all novices to naval warfare make when it comes to submarine warfare. They see the wide deep ocean as the domain of the submarine. Where they are the most deadly and hardest to fight. That is accurate but also inaccurate. The submarine can indeed run deep but with active sonar we can penetrate most depths of the seas. Though water is very peculiar and submarines know how to hide in those peculiarities.”

“It is cat and mouse. We are very good at finding them and they are very good at hiding from us. Neither of us want to die. A submarine that has avoided detection knows the instant they fire a torpedo or cruise missile they lose their ability to hide. We will prosecute with extreme vengeance. So our foe will seek a firing solution that will allow them to escape.”

“We have worked very hard to make that firing solution impossible for the possible submarine.”

“Is there a submarine out there? How can we be sure?” Tyrion asked.
“We can’t. We may be chasing anomalies in the water. Our spies report that one was dispatched to make sure you do not reach Asshai. What you have not seen is our two newest submarines patrolling beneath the waves. They are Dolphin Class 2 submarines. They have six 533mm tubes with torpedoes that can travel at 50 knots for 50 kilometers.”

“Have they seen anything?” Tyrion asked his eyes scanning the underwater charts.

“We have only heard the faintest echoes that disappear when we investigate. If they are nuclear they are running deep and rigged for silent running. Diesel are not as deadly in deep water. Our submarines have Air-Independent Propulsion (AIP) to stay submerged for weeks at a time. Our submarines have been cycling on and off station to recharge our solid fuel cell technology. We are as quiet as nuclear submarines.”

Again Tyrion was shocked that such a small country would put so much effort in saving him.

“Why are you doing this?” Tyrion asked again. “Surely what I have on my USB drives cannot be that important.”

Ayoob Kara looked at Tyrion with his dark serious eyes. Then a slight gleam appeared.

“You were prophesized Tyrion Lannister.”

“I am?” Tyrion puffed out his manly chest.

Ygritte rolled her eyes. Brienne made a motion to run her middle finger down her throat to make herself gag.

Tyrion flipped them off.

“Yes. Our prophecies were quite specific. You are the key to the secrets. The old prophets spoke that a dwarf from the west would help guide the forces of light to victory.”

Tyrion felt his manly pride ready to burst.

“But how do you know Tyrion is the right dwarf?” Syrio asked.

Tyrion stopped preening and glared at Syrio for trying to rain on his parade.

“The dwarf we are looking for would be most degenerate. He would be a lowlife deviant that was vile and self-serving. This dwarf would be a geek and whore loving son-of-a-bitch. This dwarf would be a drunkard and porn addled cowardly naive. He would be known for how loudly he could squeal at the slightest sign of danger.”

“Bullshit! Bullshit!” Tyrion roared sounding like Ygritte. “I only resemble those prophecies!”

That took the wind of Tyrion’s sails to keep to the nautical metaphors.

Sraqnek mo Ziraq looked at the maps spread out on the table. He looked at their projected course. They were three hours out from entering the Straits of Qarth. “The opening is to the straits of Qarth is one hundred and twenty miles wide and still fairly deep but it rapidly shallows out. I am assuming our nemesis will most probably be some type of advanced quiet diesel submarine.”

The Zeltran Commodore answered “You are correct venerable warrior. The shallows of the eastern Qarth Straits will reduce to between one thousand feet and two hundred feet. The terrain is very uneven with sharp valleys.”
“Plenty of places to hide” Sraqnek replied with a sigh.

“Yes. We will bring our entire flotilla into the straights. Our submarines are already in the straits scouring the channels. We fear they will hide alongside the undersea mountains or on the bottom where possible. They will rise only high enough to fire at us. We will know it. We are using our active sonar and running our ships flat out in small intervals. They have our audio signatures I am sure. They know how much force we are bringing to bear. They will be cautious. I hope.”

“It is four hundred and twenty miles through the straights. It will take two days to transit with the speed of the Botany Bay. It is four o’clock. We will wait till sunrise tomorrow morning. We will be using this time to make sure our helicopters are at top efficiency and our crew rested. The submarine that needs to recharge her batteries is now doing so.”

“Three hours before sunrise I will send in our three Sa’ar 5 class corvettes into the straights. They will actively hunt for any submarines. It has been our determination that the attack, if there is one, will occur in these straights. We have helped the dynasty of Leng modernize his army and naval forces. They have purchased five Boeing P-8 Poseidon antisubmarine aircraft. They will be “practicing” their craft in the straights for the next two days. They will be dropping passive sonar buoys that we can tie into our systems.”

“They will not fire any weapons in anger. That is our job. The underwater terrain near the island of Tealith is most wild and some of it not even mapped yet. The straights divide around that island and on the other side is the Jade Gates. If they attack it will probably be near Tealith. The enemy submarine will have many deep narrow valleys to hide in. Our sonar will not be very effective there.”

“We will enter the straights with the Botany bay with the rest of our ships. The Sa’ar 4 will keep close, circling around the Botany Bay. I will be ahead in the Hanit. The Lahav will be behind. Both ships at ten miles from the Botany Bay. We will be aggressive with our active sonar. It will open us for attack but we will risk it. Our helicopters will be alternating keeping on station as long as possible. There will be gaps in coverage but it cannot be helped. The Poseidon aircraft from Leng will help immeasurably.”

“The nation of Zeltra wins its battles. We will win this one. We must.”

The meeting soon broke up. Ygritte, Brienne and Syrio took Tyrion down to the mess hall. Tyrion was edgy with danger feeling like it was right underneath his feet.

“Are they as good as they say they are?” Tyrion asked.

“Yes” Brienne said. “They are amazing when you think on how small they are. They are fierce in combat and crafty. I would pit them against any other force of equal size. Westeros and the major powers of Essos could overwhelm them but only after suffering staggering loses.”

Tyrion felt the ship settle down as the ship idled their engines. He heard faint Buu-whaus echoing through the Botany Bay.

“What is that?” Tyrion asked.

“It is active sonar close by. The Zeltrans are firing their sonar off at full power in all directions. I hope no whales or dolphins are near. This much power will kill them. Still, it is keeping us alive. No submarine will dare approach with this much active energy being directed underwater. The Zeltrans will have deployed deep diving passive submersibles listening for any cavitation and mechanical sounds of machinery. Or weapons being launched.”
Tyrion gulped. How the hell did warriors work through all this tension and suppressed fear? He looked around at this three companions. Some of the Botany Bay’s crew entered the mess hall. They too looked grim and subdued.

They all ate their meals in relative silence. Normally, Tyrion would have his USB drive hooked up to his tablet and enjoy some soothing porn but his stomach was too twisted up to enjoy any porn.

“How can you all be so calm!” Tyrion bleated looking around his table at three calm faces. “We are entering into a maelstrom of death. A calamity of shattering dimensions. Death hangs thick in the air. The end of exist—“

“Tyrion—please, control yourself” Brienne told him covering his mouth with her hand.

“All a warrior can do is wait for his destiny” Syrio told Tyrion. “We will protect you to the best of our abilities. The Zeltrans are doing the same. Nothing else can be asked. I know you are not a warrior. Unfortunately, you have been drawn into events bigger than you. Be patient. The future will take care of itself.”

Tyrion had noticed the ‘we’ from Syrio and it warmed his heart. Tyrion couldn’t show it though. “Syrio” Tyrion whined. “That is such bullshit! Just sitting around to kiss our asses goodbye.”

“Believe me Tyrion. If a modern torpedo hits our ship I doubt we will have time to kiss our asses goodbye. We will probably riding a two hundred foot high water plum or running around with burning diesel crisping us extra crispy.”

“Or being sucked down into the watery depths by the sinking ship. Sharks would find you quite appetizing Tyrion. They would have to hardly open their mouths to bite you” Ygritte told him earnestly.

Brienne gripped his shoulder and told him solemnly “You will most likely drown. That is if your body is not blown into a million tinsy winsy dwarf parts.”

Tyrion had cursed and flipped them off repeatedly but the possible death scenarios only got more and more gruesome. Finally, the evening meal was done. Tyrion was tired. He retired to his quarters escorted by his three bodyguards. He walked thinking on that. Syrio was now part of his group. The man had affiliated himself with Tyrion.

Brienne and Ygritte retired to their rooms to the left of Tyrion’s room. Now Syrio took the room to the right of his door. Syrio was opening his door.

“Why?”

Syrio seemed to be ready for this question. “I don’t know midget.” Tyrion growled at him which made Syrio smirk slightly. “Something great is coming and you are a locus point. I want to be part of it. I want to fight for right. You may be a degenerate dwarf per prophecy Tyrion, but, you are on the side of light. I cannot ask for anything more. You are not in this for yourself. You in your own dissipated and polluted way are honest and honorable. I will follow you.” With that Syrio gripped the dwarf’s shoulder and then entered his room.

Tyrion felt emotion choke his throat. How had he gotten so lucky to have these three persons in his life?

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The three Sa’ar Class 5 covettes had moved off and were over the horizon. They had begun their
own hunt. Hopefully, the hunter would become the hunted. The Botany Bay moved forward at her maximum eight knots. Her wounded seams would not tolerate any more pressure. The other three ships took their station around the old freighter. Tyrion saw the helicopters taking off and flit around darting from here to there. They were constantly dipping their active sonars. Tyrion several times heard the sounds of a large jet high above and Tyrion saw the Poseidons flying lazy figure eights in the sky that gradually moved east with the ships progress.

Tyrion would see little parachutes wafting down as more passive sonar buoys were deployed. Tyrion was on the bridge. He was too nervous to stay below. He was joined by his bodyguards. They too wanted to above the waterline and see what was going on around them.

The hours slowly rolled by like the small waves brushing over the ship’s hull as they traveled across the world to whatever home they would find. Tyrion kept waiting for all hell to break loose but it did not happen.

As time passed and the straits slowly narrowed more and more ships appeared as they moved on their own private journeys. Most commerce still traveled by ship moving from port to port with the booming world trade.

Sraqnek spoke up from his beat up captain’s chair “The ships are a good thing. This should deter any attack as long as innocent ships are near. We will see.”

Tyrion was on edge constantly waiting for the attack to commence. He was no warrior but he felt it in his bones. They were going to be attacked. The raiding party was just a prelude. Tyrion could not help but muse on his current predicament. Why the hell was he so important he wondered to himself? One would think the Terminators and the supposed rising three queens would be getting everyone’s attention. Not some sawed off midget—

\[\text{damn it! Now Syrio even has me saying midget!}\]

The Botany Bay plowed its way through the narrowing straits for the first day and through the night. Tyrion was feeling like a spring being coiled tighter and tighter. His other predicaments had befallen him unawares. This one was ever on the horizon like the mirages of fable that led men to their deaths in ancient times. Always leading the hapless deeper into the desert and to their death.

It was the next day now. The early afternoon had come and they were approaching the island of Tealith. It was still mostly uninhabited. There were only a few small fishing communities on the rocky island.

Sraqnek informed Tyrion they were taking the northern channel. It was a slightly longer route than the southern but it was wider and gave more maneuver room.

Tyrion mentally shook his head. The Botany Bay was a washtub. They would not be outmaneuvering any torpedoes. He had done some research using the satellite feeds to browse the Internet. Modern torpedoes were guided by fiber optic cables until cut if necessary. The warheads had acoustic and radar altimeters. They would be relying on their escorts for protection.

They had been in the northern channel for close to five hours now. Essos was a hazy shimmering on the northern horizon. Tealith off to starboard five miles distant. An oiler had passed half an hour ago going west and a large container ship had passed twenty minutes past headed for Qarth or ports further east.

Tyrion was looking around the bridge of the Botany Bay. Brienne and Ygritte were playing Blackjack with both women accusing the other of cheating. Constant insults were flung in both
directions along with looks of longing and hot sexual desire when they could sneak a look on each other when the other was not looking.

Syrio had taken to being near Sraqnek talking quietly about their situation and plan of actions. The rest of the crew was at their stations seemingly doing their jobs with little fanfare or distress.

Tyrion was starting to wonder if all these precautions were warranted. Was everyone overreacting?

TRANSIENTS! TRANSIENTS! ASTERN TEN OR TWELVE MILES!

The young man had been sitting at his station quiet as a mouse. Now he was screaming like a banshee!

The bridge exploded into action. Men were suddenly very alert and others running onto the bridge. Syrio and his two female bodyguards ran to the rear of the bridge.

“How many!” Sraqnek roared.

“TWO! MABYE MORE!”

“FUCK!”

Tyrion pivoted around on his little island by the central table that had been constructed for him. He saw the Zeltrain ship behind them at six miles suddenly speed up fast. The bow digging into the water as it gathered speed. The small corvette to their starboard suddenly slowed and was now behind them.

Shraqnek slammed the throttles forward. Tyrion saw the ship jump to fourteen miles per hour. The ship was now groaning and making popping noises.

“What is it?!” Tyrion shouted.

“Torpedoes!” Brienne told Tyrion as she stared out the window.

Tyrion eyes were large. He really, really wanted to squeal but decided it would be wasted at the moment.”

He watched transfixed as he watched the Lahav finish a tight turn and was now steaming full speed away from the Botany Bay. Suddenly Tyrion saw a torpedo fire from off the ship and dive into the water.

Tyrion looked at Syrio. “Probably firing blind but I bet that torpedo is on full active sonar. That submarine will be forced to cut the fiber optic cables. Now we just have to defeat the torpedoes.”

“How in the hell do you do that?!” Tyrion shrieked like the sissy he was.

“Countermeasures. I hope” was Syrio’s measured reply.

Tyrion was hopping on his little personnel island. Not being able to see the danger was maddening.

“Are they still coming?!” Shraqnek yelled.

“Yes!”

That was not comforting Tyrion felt.
Keshet, the small corvette that had been mirroring them was now a thousand yards behind them. She slowed. Tyrion watched as two sleds were dropped into the water. The ship went to full flank speed speeding up quickly. The towed arrays behind the ship at a thousand yards.”

Tyrion again looked at Syrio. Shraqnek was yelling at his crew for no good reason except to keep him and them on full alert.

“The skids have transponders and sensors that are mimicking our audio, cavitation and radar signatures. They hope to lure the torpedoes away from us. They tend to be effective once the fiber optic lines are cut. They are quite enticing to torpedoes and hard to ignore.

For five minutes everyone waited as the torpedoes sped on towards the Botany Bay. Suddenly from two miles behind them a massive explosion occurred sending water up over five hundred feet into the air in a solid column of water. The sound reached the ship and rocked it with the concussive force.

“THE OTHER TORPEDO IS STILL COMING!”

For a minute the island was silent.

“FIRE! FIRE!” Sharaqnek screamed.

The Botany Bay rocked as four loud explosion sounded off from the port stern of the ship.

“What the hell was that?!” Tyrion shrieked.

“Countermeasures!” Syrio screamed.

KAAABBOOOMMMMM!

Thirty yards away a horrific explosion erupted sending a towering column of water clawing up to the heavens reaching high. At five hundred feet the claws lost purchase and collapsed back down in a thundering waterfall of displaced water.

The Botany Bay staggered. Alarms started to sound all over the bridge. The com lines were all talking with excited voices.

The ship began to slow. Dark smoke started to pour out the smoke stack.

Ominously, The Botany Bay started to list to starboard. Loud groans of stressed metal could be heard as the ship's bow began to settle lower in the water.

Brienne looked at Ygritte. “This is not good.”

Tyrion knew it was now time. “SQQUEEEEEEE! SSSQQUEEEEEEE! SSQQQQQUUEEEEEE!”

to be continued
Chicken Hawks

Chapter Notes

AN #1: Chapter has some graphic kinky lesbian sex in it.

That Which Survives

Chicken Hawks

Myrcella and Davos were on their stomachs looking at the high end hotel across the street. They were two blocks down the street observing the car and foot traffic entering and leaving the hotel with the swanky named White Renaissance Resort. They had been there for two hours arriving several hours after dark. The duo had been staking out the hotel since the previous day. They had selected this sight because the roof was perfectly constructed to allow for easy setup of surveillance equipment. They had high end digital cameras with twenty time optical zoom. They also had audio antennas setup that allowed them to hear conversations. Their building three stories high was the perfect height to observe the hotel.

Their old storefront location was just far enough down the street to not be seen as a location threat. The duo saw the heavy presence of security goons. They were heavy at the entrance and on the roof of the seven story hotel. They had observed the five story car garage on the end of the hotel. It too was crawling with security guards checking all entering and leaving cars at the entrance. More men and women patrolled the upper decks making sure no one setup from their as an ambush sight. They also checked the traffic getting on and off the elevator that serviced the parking garage.

The local high end pimps were holding a conference. The lower ranked pimps flooding into the hotel with their prostitutes with hopes of moving up the pecking order. What many of the pimps did not know was that powerful arms merchants were there to partake of the sex workers in abundance while they made their own deals. The pimps besides the normal complement of high end prostitutes were also bringing in a plethora child prostitutes to cater to the taste of the rich and powerful. Satisfying those tastes also brought them protection and access to the levers of power. When the local government was in your back pocket it made life easier.

Myrcella smirked as she looked through her nighttime vision binoculars. She saw another limousine come up to the building. The limousine had a large SUV in front and behind it. More security personal came out of those vehicles. They surrounded the limousine and formed a corridor around the middle age man who got out of the vehicle and went into the hotel. She had had an effect. Her two killing sprees of chicken hawks now had them hiring a heavy dose of security goons.

Myrcella detested the idea of young children being forced to have sex. Consensual was another matter. Myrcella dearly wanted to deliver another strong blow with so many of the major players of Highgarden and Dorne here. Many powerful pimps and crime lord representatives from the Free Cities had also flown in. This convention happened every year rotating among the cities of Westeros and among the Free Cities of the east coast of Essos.

There was a large number of government and high corporate players here too to make business deals.
for underage prostitutes. If the girls or boys had been like herself or the infamous Tracy Lords then it would not have been a problem. Tracy Lords had broken into the porn business at barely fifteen. She had needed no teaching being a hungry slut who hungered for both cock and pussy. The young girl had been a seasoned pro when she arrived in Lannisport. The girl had relished fucking all the studs and especially the starlets.

Her mind turned over the former porn goddess. Myrcella knew she was much like Tracy Lords. Myrcella loved sex. No, she craved and needed sex. Lots of it. She had eaten many a sweet pussy in the wild parties at her parents’ home. Myrcella had always loved the sex acts themselves. She had especially loved fucking her brothers. The only thing as sweet as fucking her brothers was burying her face in a hot wet sweet pussy and eating the girl or woman out to screaming orgasm as the sweet lass filled her mouth with sweet hot slimy snail snot.

It was even hotter when she was being fucked hard doggy by one of her brothers driving her body forward mashing her face into the woman’s mound in that sweet rhythm of hot fucking. Myrcella smiled. She so loved fucking her brothers in any way possible. She had so loved fucking her brothers and feeling both of their cocks shooting off hot ribbons of semen deep in her pussy and ass at the same time. It had always made her cum so hard.

Myrcella hoped to find a woman to add to her family unit but that woman would have to be special. The fierce teenager wanted a warrior woman to share their bed. The fierce teenager needed her woman to be strong like herself. The woman would have to be a bisexual slut like herself. Myrcella would have to fall in love with her and this woman with her and her brothers. The assassin in training longed to see this mystery woman getting DP fucked and doing hot sweet ATM and A2P with her brothers at night. When she and her woman had drained her brother’s nut sacks then they would play with each other till her brothers had recovered for more sweet hot fucking.

Of course she and her future wife would have plenty of alone time to bond and fuck. She shivered at the sweet thoughts.

“What are you thinking about Myrcella?” Davos asked her while he continued to look through the night time monocular.

“Nothing Davos.” He grunted. He probably knew she was thinking of sex again. He had come to learn of her intense love for hot hard sex.

She scanned the scene down the street some more. She saw the local governor of Highgarden getting out of his Lexus. Asshole. He too came with bodyguards.

This had Myrcella sighing. There was simply too much firepower for her to launch a raid. Damnit!

It had been fifteen minutes. She decided to check in with Joffrey and Tommen. They were in a car guarding the back entrance to the building she and Davos had scaled to do their surveillance. The feral teenager turned her head to speak softly into her microphone while Davos continued to observe their hoped for targets.

“Joffrey. Come in Joffrey. Is everything calm down there?”

“You bet sis. Everything is hunky donkey down here.”

Davos and Myrcella looked at each other.

“Come again Joffrey. I think you are breaking up a little. Where is Tommen?”

“10-4 big sis. The Tommenster is right here. You want to talk to him my sweet slutty slut?”
Was Joffrey doing drugs Myrcella wondered worriedly? Joffrey was so formal with his sister outside of their bedroom. Had the stress gotten to her sweet brother and lover? He was talking weird but it was definitely the voice of her sweet hot brother. He was so beautiful to look upon and to fuck hotly every night Myrcella thought seeing his perfect nude body in her mind’s eye. Myrcella shivered at her hot thoughts.

Myrcella smiled. He was much more the lover than the fighter but she was slowly getting him trained but he would never be the warrior she was. He did not share her feral nature. Well, outside of the bed at least she thought smugly remembering how well Joffrey had fucked her up the ass last night. Gods, the anal orgasms had nearly ripped her shithole inside out. She cried out when he shoved his dick into her A2P and fucked her to yet another stunning vaginal orgasm. His cock spurting deep in her pussy had sent her over the edge yet again. Then she cleaned his cock with slow languid licks and loving slurpy sucks.

Sex with Joffrey was the best.

The only thing that would make her life more perfect would be to get Tommen to join them in their bed. The slender blonde shivered remembering her two brothers fucking her within an inch of her life back at her parent’s parties. It had been for her parent’s benefits. Her brothers felt humiliated. They hated the fact that they so loved to fuck their sister.

Not Myrcella. She had hated fucking her brothers for the spectacle sure. But she had relished and craved each sweet fuck form her brothers. Tommen had withdrawn after the shows. She loved Tommen with all her heart but her heart and body belonged to Joffrey first. He was the elder and Myrcella was smitten with Joffrey. She would not allow him to refuse her sexual overtures when they were back in their room. She had easily seduced her sweet older brother each night. He was madly in love with her as he should be. Joffrey and Tommen belonged to Myrcella. She would not let them go.

Soon she would have Tommen back in her bed along with Joffrey as it should be. Their destinies had long ago been forged and she would not let Tommen go. She would turn the negative her parents created into a positive. Soon Myrcella would bond fully with Tommen again as she had with Joffrey. She needed both of their love to be complete. She needed to feel them both fucking her at the same time and filling her belly and ass with hot cum. She wanted to be able to fuck her two brothers together and singly whenever she felt like it.

Society could go fuck itself. It had tried to fuck them over royally. They had won because of Myrcella.

“No Joffrey. Just keep watch. We will talk tonight. Okay sweetie.”

“You say the sweetest things sis. I love you with every beat of my left ventricle baby!”

Myrcella looked again at Davos. He just shrugged and lifted an eyebrow. Joffrey was really acting weird tonight.

“I will bang your hot tight sweet hot asshole with all of my cock you super-hot fucking anal whore! I love you with all my heart and cock!”

Myrcella eyes glazed at the passionate declaration of love from her normally reserved brother. That was more like it! The teen thought. She could get used to this new Joffrey. Still it was just weird.

Davos pointed at two more limousines that had driven up to the hotel. These were flanked by two Escalades before and after them. More goons came out to add more guards. Davos growled.
“Fucking CEO of Merkel Industries. Damnit! Do perverts run the world?”

With a scolding look, Myrcella looked at Davos.  *Duh!*

For the next five minutes they continued to record license plates and take photos. It would be of little import. The hotel was supposed to be having a meeting on world trade. It was just what was being traded that the public would never understand. They had learned of the event through talking to whores on the street. Myrcella and Tommen had walked the streets talking to other whores as they walked the street. Davos and Joffrey would come up in one of Davos’s cars and “pickup” Myrcella and Tommen before a real John or Johnette did.

Davos then worked his contacts and found out about the arms merchants coming to make arms deal and plan their intrusions in conflict areas around the globe.

Myrcella liked working with Davos. He was so focused. He had taken to Myrcella’s desires as his mission. She needed to take revenge on men and women who would abuse children. They would make a difference. You could never rid the world of prostitution. Too many girls only had their bodies as a source of income. It was their exploitation by these vile men that enraged Myrcella. It was the girl’s pimps that she would punish.

Why couldn’t something be setup around the world like Sunspear with their legal prostitution? The women had a union that gave them a very decent living wage and full medical care. These women had child support and a full vacation plan. They had nice living quarters and were protected. For these women it was a true profession.

She wanted that for Oldtown to begin with. The City was fairly liberal.

Suddenly, a sharp knee was jammed down into her back pinning her body down. She heard Davos gasp in pain. An instant later a hand clamped over her mouth and jammed her face into the parapet surrounding the edge of the roof she was on. She heard Davos’ choked cries of pain.

She tried to jerk free but she was pinned like an insect on a mounting board. NO! If they had been ambushed what had happened to Joffrey and Tommen! Myrcella started to go wild but the knee in her back jammed down harder making her scream into the hand covering her mouth. It felt like an iron pike was being rammed through her back! Davos was taken out as well! All of them would be gone! What would happen to Lancel?!

Then by her ear she felt breath. “I’m a chicken hawk! I eat chickens!” The voice was the cartoon voice of the chicken hawk of Looney Tunes fame. Myrcella’s eyes were large with raw fear. NO! To die—killed by an idiot!

Now at her other ear “I say boy! I say boy! I’m not a chicken boy!” Now the voice was Foghorn Leghorn! WTF was going on?!

Back at Myrcella’s other ear “I say you are a chicken. I’m going to cook you chicken!”

Back to Leghorn at her other ear “I’m telling you boy I am not a chicken. Anyways I have no meat on my bones. I say I say boy!”

She fought but her assailant easily controlled her.

Faster than she could process she was ripped up off the roof and lifted up and mashed against a body. The hand over her mouth easily controlled her head. It squeezed so hard she feared her head would explode. The message was clear as her and Davos’s feet swung around her feet dragging the rooftop unable to get a purchase. I could crush your head like a grape that grip said.
Their bodies easily controlled. She glanced over at Davos out of the corner of her eye. She started. The hand covering his mouth and face was feminine. It was also dark black. She then realized her back was pressed into large firm breast.

How could a woman be this strong?! Both she and Davos were controlled like marionettes on a puppeteer’s string. The person carrying their bodies was not tiring. How was that possible?

They had a woman in contract to the pimps! No! It was not right. What had happened to her brothers? Her body swung limply as their assailant walked them easily down the back and forth fire escape. Her and Davos’ feet clanging on the metal steps painfully.

A minute later they were on the ground. Her eyes wildly scanned the area by Davos’ car they were using this night. She nearly fainted seeing her brothers alive leaning against the side of the car. They had duct tape over their mouths and tie wrap cuff on their wrists and ankles. They stared at her with large scared eyes.

Guarding them was a slender teenage girl maybe a year older than Myrcella she gauged. She had a huge birthmark on her left cheek and throat. The girl nodded. She snapped open a switchblade. Davos and she went wild but it was no good. The hand on their faces totally controlled their movements. They were helpless! She was going to watch her brothers die.

Forgive me! I brought you to your deaths! Myrcella’s mind screamed. Her life was shattering. The girl cut their bindings off and ripped off duct tape off her brothers’ mouth. Were they being released? She felt relief flood her body.

“Ouch!” her sweet Joffrey cried out in pain. He was so beautiful.

She and Davos were placed on the ground and released. She ran to Joffrey and hugged him fiercely. She opened her arm and Tommen slammed into her body whimpering.

She turned to look at her assailant.

Myrcella saw a tall buff black woman standing casually before her.

“I am Candice Phillips.” The slight white teenager had gone to the tall black woman and snuggled into the black woman’s embrace. “This beautiful woman is my wife, Shireen Phillips.” She smiled at them. “I am a Terminator. A cybernetic orgasm. I was created to be mankind’s next great battle field weapon. I have chosen another path.”

Myrcella rose up putting her brothers behind her glaring at the Cyborg?

“You wish to wage war on the pimps and those who exploit children. Shireen was once such a woman. So were the three of you. We want the same thing. Let us join forces. I have a plan.”

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Candice drove to the home she had bought for her and Shireen. She had bought a ranch style house with two main wings and a connecting hall between the wings. One wing had the rooms such as a den, living room, entertainment room and kitchen. There was one very large room that was filled with sectional sofas, plus chairs and a bar against the far wall. The house had been built by an executive who had lots of swing parties. It had helped his career advance quickly at IBM. The other rooms large and spacious. The kitchen was a modern one with the latest appliances. The woods on the walls and floor were expensive. There was plenty of expensive marble. Same with the furniture.

The other wing had five large bedrooms. The end bedroom was theirs. It was enormous. It had a
bathroom off it with a sunken bathtub with two steps leading up to it. It also had a large walk in shower. There were two more bathrooms in the main bedrooms with the larger one housing a large walk in shower with a large bench like the master bathroom. Each room had Dorne sized king beds. The bed in Candice and Shireen’s bedroom was especially constructed. It was twelve feet long and fifteen feet wide. It had a canopy made of slates and a large teak headboard.

Shireen had been agog when she saw the house for the first time. Candice had shown her the hooks on the wall and ceiling joists for BDSM fun in the play room and in their bedroom. Shireen had looked at Candice with a cocked eyebrow.

“I am a pain slut and masochist. I want you to whip the hell out of me and force orgasms with your magic wand out of my tight black cunt. I can’t wait to have you make me beg and count to my orgasms. I plan to fail miserably so you will slap and spit in my face. You will punish me with merciless whipping, flogging and caning. I want you to throw me into the furniture and punch me in the stomach!” Shireen had watched Candice jump up and down like a little school girl. Her face filled with want and happiness. Her braless tits flipping up and slapping down had sealed the deal. How could Shireen deny her Terminator? Her eyes following Candice’s bouncing tits.

It was the white picket fence around the yard that had caught Candice’s eye and the house was perfect. She had siphoned money from the Crime lords that had built her. “I think they deserve to give my little lovebird a love nest. I will dedicate my first orgasms to them! Gods I can’t wait to suck you off all night!” she had gushed to Shireen.

Even with her nanoboytes flowing thickly in her bloodstream Shireen had walked gingerly the next morning with the devouring Candice had done to her pussy and asshole and then banging her fuck holes half the night with her eleven inch strap-on cock. Their first night in their new home beside the main city park they loved walking in had been magical.

They were now relaxing in their bedroom naked after fucking heatedly after their confrontation with Myrcella. Shireen was staring hungrily at Candice’s muscles and heavy tits swishing around as she walked around the bedroom straightening up the tops of the furniture. For Candice cleaning was relaxation. Each item and knickknack had its specific spot. Candice had whipped out her Oreck and began vacuuming. Candice would always have OCD when it came to house cleaning Shireen thought with a soft smile. It so endeared the Terminator to Shireen.

Candice and she were taking a break to drink fluids and eat fruit to replenish fluids lost due to hot sweet fucking. Shireen patted her tummy filled with sweet mouthfuls of Candice’s hot slimy cum. She stared at Candice’s sweaty ass cheeks flexing as she vacuumed humming “She Loves You”. Her hair all mussed up from their hot fucking.

She would be drinking more of Candice’s hot cum shortly.

Candice talked as she vacuumed “I think our new allies will work out well. Myrcella is a fierce warrior as is Tommen. Davos Seaworth is a harden mercenary. He has a soft heart though. He has made Myrcella’s cause his. Joffrey will cover our back with a shotgun” Candice talked as her hand worked the Oreck around the floor picking up the smallest grouping of dust particles her Terminator eyes easily spotted. “We will make an effective combat team. You will support us from on high.”

“You will wear the body armor the Zeltrain’s have made for you Candice. I don’t want to pull bullets out of that beautiful black body of yours” Myrcella told her Terminator sternly.

“But Shireennnn!” Candice whined as she continued vacuuming. “I’m a fucking Terminator. Hollywood would laugh their ass off seeing me in body armor and a helmet! It will ruin my fucking
image! I am a fucking badass!” the Terminator whined some more. She pouted as she finished vacuuming. She then jumped up and down pounding her feet on the floor. Her heavy tits whipping up and down and slapping into each other to then crash to her chest again and again. Gods she is so fucking cute Shireen thought as she videoed Candice throwing her temper tantrum with her IPhone.

They argued but Candice lost. She pouted sticking out her lower lip.

“It’s no fucking fair! Cameron will laugh her ass off when she hears of this.”

“Don’t you worry your black ass Candice. I sent a text to Sarah. She was shocked that she had never thought of it. I plan a photo shoot of the two of you in your combat gear and looking fierce and then doing a slow striptease. You and Cameron will throw your gear everywhere and then stand naked holding your cunts open so Sarah and I can feast on your sodden cunts.”

Shireen smirked. Candice’s throat was warbling with reverb with her dark eyes filled with swirling light blue with red sparkles. The red meant she really, really liked the idea. The blue meant she was turned on.

Candice’s nipples and cunt were now swollen with her cunt throwing a thick musk in the room making Shireen’s own pussy swell and juice and now her musk flooded into the room.

Two and half hours later they were on their bed soaked in sweat and cum. The covers and pillows long on the floor. Shireen smirked. She knew when she fell asleep Candice would be up and cleaning naked. She would be looking at the hidden camera feeds tomorrow. Candice was always so cute cleaning and making everything perfect. She wondered if Cameron had the same tendencies. She was sure she did.

Shireen had been thinking a lot lately about Cameron and Sarah. They were perfect for each other as was she and Candice were perfect for each other. She and Sarah were unique in the world being in love with Terminators. Their Terminators so loving and caring. They were innocent and so carnal. Candice had told Shireen that Cameron would “fuck Sarah’s brains out. Every fucking night!”

Shireen realized that maybe she and Candice could have another brass ring. She had been laying the seeds for two weeks now. She kept spinning fantasies involving Cameron and Sarah. She was sure Candice still thought them silly fantasies to enhance their sex life. Boy did it! Time to seal the deal Shireen thought. The seeds had sprouted. The lure was dangling. It was time to set the hook.

“Myrcella is a beautiful teenage girl isn’t she Candice.”

“Yes. She is. She is beautiful but it pales compared to you. Her beauty is also nowhere the equal of my mother or Cameron. I am so lucky to have so much beauty in my life.”

“Do you feel any desire for Myrcella? She is hot and loves sex like us.”

Candice was stroking Shireen’s back and playing with her lank sweat soaked hair.

“I do not. She is not meant for us. She is beautiful but I feel no desire for her. She is not of us. She cannot understand me like you do. You were created for me.”

“I know of two women who could understand you. Understand me. Understand us. Understand how I can love you with all my heart.”

Candice hummed. She had drifted her stroking hand down to Shireen’s ass and was sensually stroking it hungrily. Then those fingers were stroking deep in her ass cleft and rubbing over her rosebud.
Shireen groaned feeling her asshole spasming. Then Candice wormed two fingers into the tight anus and stroked them in and out the hot rectum in a sweet slow rhythm to begin with. Shireen whinnied in pleasure. Her body instinctively grinding into Candice’s firm muscled body. Her cunt soaking Candice’s hip as she humped it. Shireen’s face twisted with pleasure feeling Candice stroke her fingers deep in and out her anus with strokes slowly increasing in force and speed. Chuffs and whinnies filled the room with Shireen’s body reveling in her hot anal fuck. Her asshole lubing up the fingers fucking her ass with ass juice.

Candice smiled down at Shireen. Her forearm flexed sliding her fingers up her sweetie’s shithole making Shireen groan in deep pleasure in her throat and chest. “I am going through the world’s databases Shireen. I see no women.” She began to nibble on Shireen’s neck. She pressed her full tits into Shireen’s body. Shireen groaned hard feeling the fully engorged long teats all rubbery pressed into her body. Candice wiggled her body to let Shireen feel her hard nipples dragging on her sweaty body. A body beginning to sweat heavily again.

Shireen now arched her back to grind her pussy on Candice’s ribs sliming them with her flowing fuck juice as she mashed and wallowed her pussy onto her lover’s body.

Candice now hard piston fucked Shireen’s anus. Candice had scooted down and her other hand cupped Shireen’s tit and her mouth had voraciously sucked the whole globe into her mouth with her tongue batting the nipple.

Shireen was chuffing hard now. She still needed to finish her thought before her body’s need overwhelmed her totally. He face twisted and slashed with primal fuck bliss.

“Unngg hhnnngg Candice … oh fuck that feels so fucking good baby! Keep hammering my shithole! Arruunggg uunnggg … shit I got to concentrate.” Candice chuckled moving her head over to siphon Shireen’s other small dove deep into her mouth where she deep throat love sucked on the globe with her tongue flicking over the rigid nipple of her precious human.”

“You are looking—arruugggggg mmmnnnggg … shit! … you are looking to far afield—huunngg hhnnngg hhnnngg!”

“I will not find these women in a cow pasture or alpha field Shireen” Candice husked lifting her head as she licked over to Shireen’s other tit and sucking it back in deep into her mouth. Now Candice pulped Shireen’s other tit grinding the small dove into her sweetie’s ribs.

“Candice—uuugggg hhnnnggg shit—fuckkkkkk!” Shireen felt the pressure rising in her womb and wildly spasming asshole Candice was hammer fucking with now three long black fingers she harpooned stroked in and out Shireen’s tight spasming brown rosebud. Gods it was so hot to be fucked by her black Terminator. She got so love drunk with the color contrast of their bodies.

Shireen grit her teeth. “Uunngg hhnnngg ooohhhnnnn oh oh … damnit uuunnggg uuunnggg … Can—Candice think incest! It is best keep it in the famiyyyyyyyy!” Shireen wailed with her asshole scalding her with fucking bliss her sucked nipple and pulped tit only added to the pleasure filling her body.

Candice was looking up at her. Suddenly her eyes flashed bright red and she simply slam fucked Shireen’s now rupturing shithole with twisting slam fucks of her piston fingers. Her fingers nearly pulling out the tight anus only to ram back home. Candice’s head lifting with her long ragged deep throat love sucks on the breast sucked deep in her mouth her tongue whiplashing the throbbing diamond hard nipple.

Shireen’s world exploded in scalding agonizing bliss. Her asshole ripped itself inside out and caused her cunt to explode tearing it asunder. “FFFUUUCCKKKKKKKK!"
AAA WOOOGGGGGGGGG! HUUNNGGGGGGG! HHHHHHHUUUNNGGGGGGGG!
Shireen wailed her belly on fire with fiery honeyfire that flooded into her veins. She was throttled by the killing spasms rocking her lissome body. Candice continued to harpoon fuck Shireen’s exploding butthole with relentless strokes of vicious love.

Shireen’s cunt was tearing itself inside out in a sympatric link with her rupturing asshole. Her quim jamming into Candice’s body wallowing all over the Terminator’s ribs soaking them in her flowing cum. Her heels hammered the bed as her fingers tore at the sheets pulling them up taunt. Her head whiplashed from side to side as she rode out the sets of pulverizing shock waves of each orgasmic rush. Each set of soul crushing spasms threatening to rip her apart. “Ooowggghhhhaawwaaaaa!” she wailed as more killer convulsions ripped through her body. Her body would go into a lull between sets of hard orgasmic cumming. Shireen’s sweat soaked flesh relaxing somewhat as she gasped for breath and her body shook all over with strong aftershocks. Then the teenager’s face would slash horribly and her body again convulsing wildly as the next waves of orgasm crashed ashore pummeling Shireen’s body with fucking searing bliss.

With Candice’s strength she easily kept Shireen in place to continue fucking her sweet precious human. “Unh! Unh! Unngggghh … Ohngggghhh! FUCK! Oh Cannnddiceeeeee!” Her orgasm just rolled on and no as more spasms of orgasmic shockwaves crashed into her body pummeling it with ecstasy. Her eyes bulged wide open in searing pleasure. “Oh! AWWWONNNNGGGG! AAAARRUUUNNGGGGGGGG! AAAAWWWOOOOGGGG! … hhnnn hhnnggg oh oooohhhnnnggg GGGGOOODDNNNNNN!” Shireen screamed her cries filling the room with my blistering bliss. Her body jackknifing back and forth into the fingers pounding her booty hole and mouth nearly sucking her tit down Candice’s throat. Finally, the last paroxysms of a devastating climax ripped through her body. “Unngggghhiieeeeeee hunngg unngggg Aaarrggggggggggghhhuuuuuuuuuuu!”

Shireen lost track of her environment. When the fog cleared she looked into Candice’s midnight eyes. She felt Candice pull her fingers out of Shireen’s spent asshole. The Terminator brought her hand up to their faces. She showed Shireen her fingers soaked in her own shit juice.

With a tired satiated moan Shireen opened her mouth wide. Candice slide her fingers soaked in Shireen’s ass juice into her love’s mouth. Shireen clamped onto the fingers soaked in her ass cream and happily purred sucking on the long black digits pumped sensually up and down her tongue.

“I have thought on it Shireen. I believe you are right. But my mother is a wrinkly prune. I fear she will refuse. She can be as dense as a neutron star. Sarah will not let herself spin and pulse like a pulsar I fear.”

Shireen removed her sweet pacifier from her mouth. “That is an awful thing to say about Sarah being a wrinkly prune!”

Candice rocked her head back and looked confused. “I have never seen a smooth prune Shireen.”

Shireen laughed. “I am sorry my sweet. Of course you are right. But I think Sarah will come around Candice. Your sister will bring the pure lesbian slut out in your mother. Just you wait and see.” She then put Candice’s fingers back in her mouth and finished cleaning her sweet asshole off them.

Soon Shireen was filled with fuck hunger. She rolled her face in Candice’s black cunt before she buried her face in the sweet couchie and started to feast again.

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Myrcella was sitting in the front passenger seat of the Cadillac Escalade with the dark tented windows. She was dressed in a gold shiny wet look metallic mini micro skirt with side lace up and attached thong. She had a gold tube top around her small tits. The material tight on her small perfect shaped breast. She loved the sexy feel of the fabric and exposed skin.

She had her hair pulled back and makeup on to highlight her green eyes. Myrcella looked to the driver seat of the Escalade. Candice was driving. She was totally calm. She spoke softly. The green eyed assassin had learned the Terminator had built in VHF, UHF and ultra high frequency antennas in her body.

“Do you have the Avengers overhead? … Good good baby … wait for my mark … love you too. I will be extremely horny tonight. Have that sweet pussy ready for some hot pussy gobbling baby!”

Myrcella rolled her eyes. The cyborg was hot though, she had to admit. Her 36DD tits and 38 inch ass were encased in tight yoga halter top and pants that barely covered her ass cheeks. The white contrasted with her black skin beautifully. Despite her staggering beauty the cyborg was all killing machine.

She had proven that at their first meeting.

Myrcella had listened to the Terminator’s plan the night of their meeting. She had asked the cyborg what gave her the right of command. Faster than she could follow, the cyborg had snatched up Tommen’s M-14 off the top of Davos’ car. The Terminator gripped it at the butt and the middle of the receiver. She did not even flex her muscles. The M-14 exploded into shards pieces flying everywhere. Candice had the gun barrel in her left hand. She gripped the other end of the barrel and without effort bent the barrel into a sharp U and then made curly Qs with the ends.

Tomen whined. He had really liked his gun.

The black Terminator cocked an eyebrow at Myrcella.

The young teenager knew when she had been busted. Candice was the alpha.

They approached the parking garage for the hotel. There was four guards at the check in station. They rolled up. Myrcella was nervous though her face did not show it. She had all her weapons hidden in the back.

The Terminator pulled up to the booth. She rolled down her window.

The four men eyed the two women hungrily. They asked for their names.

“Candice Vonage and Aimee Richardson” Candice answered cool and collected.

The men found their names on the list of ‘talent’.

“Where is your pimp?” the lead guard asked.

“I am my own pimp buster” Candice answered slyly. “I am for the men who want all mature women and Myrcella is for the men who have a taste for underage pussy. My my” Candice looked the man up and down “aren’t you a hot one. Why aren’t you inside with your own harem?” The man lapped up the praise. He was okay looking but nothing special.

“In fact you all are cuties. Let us pull in and we will show our appreciation with a lucky hummer for each of you. I would fuck you but I have to save my couchie and booty hole for the cliental if you know what I mean.” Candice licked her lips suggestively.
Soon Candice and Myrcella were on their knees in the booth giving the two lead guards head. Candice had explained to Myrcella that giving the men head would have them lowering their guard and not paying rapt attention to their monitors and communications. Soon all four men had been sucked off. The men had howled at the expert head. While they had received head Candice had tapped into their security systems through her WLAN connection. She put the video into a loop. Her advanced algorithms she had downloaded onto the recording device would impose the cars coming and going on the still images of the first floor of the garage. The reserved parking spot for utility vehicles they were about to park in would show being empty even though they were about to park in it.

Myrcella did not mind sucking her two men off. She loved giving head and it was for the mission. Joffrey would be getting his brains fucked out tonight by Myrcella. The mission and the head giving was making her hungry for later. They parked in their spot Candice had spotted in her spying on the local video feeds the last three days.

Myrcella called out. “Okay. We are in our spot.” The false floor was pushed up. Joffrey, Davos and Tommen rose up in their dark uniforms with full Kevlar body arm with ceramic plate inserts. Davos and Myrcella had AR-15s and Tommen had his replacement M-14. Joffrey had a Barrette shotgun. He would be pulling rearguard duty.

Candice and Myrcella moved into the back between the bucket seats. They stripped out of their hooker clothes and quickly pulled on their own black uniforms and put on the Kevlar with ceramic plates. They all then put on their helmets and strapped them tight.

“You do have your helmet on Candice I hope?” Shireen’s voice came over the intercoms built into the helmets.

“Yes I do sweetie. It does mess with my Terminator image. You know that Shireen” Candice whined. “I am supposed to be walking down the hallways taking hits and moving on. That is how Hollywood would have it!” she whined petulantly sticking out her lower lip.

“Suck that lip in Candice. I don’t want to spend half the night pulling bullets out of that pretty black ass of yours Candice. Do I make that clear! Don’t make me whip your ass with my belt bitch!”

Myrcella and her family looked at the Terminator zoned out for ten seconds.

“Yes mistress” she bleated out. “You will whip me no matter what, right Shireen?”

“Anything for you baby” Shireen husked back.

The Terminator beamed. “It is time for your diversion baby.”

“You got it babe. I am swinging in both of our avengers. Time to do some serious damage! Time to rock n’ roll!”

Myrcella had listened to Candice and Shireen explain to her and her family what the avengers were. They were stealthy drones with low sound and thermal signatures. When flown at night they were invisible to most radars and not heard when flying above two thousand feet. They had stolen the ER version. The ER holding two thousand more pounds of fuel. These cells had been blocked off by the Zeltrans that Candice had formed a partnership with. This space lined with racks to carry even more bombs and missiles. She did not need the extra loiter time.

The Terminator had the Zeltrans taking care of their “babies” with Candice providing services to the Zeltrans. The people were most diligent and loyal.
Candice had assassinated two of the most wanted on Zeltrans’ hit list at their first video conference Candice had forced on them during their weekly security meeting. They had tried to fight her intrusion but it had been useless. The Terminator had won them over when she asked them for their two most wanted terrorists. They had no idea where they were located. Candice had found them both in two minutes. One was in a café and another at his home in their home countries.

Candice had accessed the security cameras in the café used for theft prevention and purloined the PlayStation at the second terrorist’s home. As the Zeltran generals and colonels watched both men’s cell phones rang. They answered them and both went limp dropping their phones. They were dead. Candice had sent powerful microwave blasts out the transponders of the phones. Their brains instantly liquefied.

In a showing of good faith, Candice killed a terrorist a week. Candice liked killing such scum. In return, the Zeltrans had flown in a support team to support the Avengers. Candice was letting them study the stealth technology. She had incorporated some of the Zeltran’s advanced missiles into the Avenger’s weapon loads. On the mission tonight the second Avenger was loaded with ten Hero-400EC in the converted fuel cell bay. The weapons being ejected now. The loitering weapons would be in the air scanning for targets till Shireen gave the attack signal.

The Avenger’s hidden base was above the plague zone of Oldtown. The borough of Jarratt had slowly died out when the plague zone was born. It was the borough located above the plague zone. The borough had been roughly one hundred square miles. The people in this zone of Oldtown had been former slaves and the poor immigrants from Essos. Most had felt pressure being trapped between the plague zone and the Deathly Hollows above the borough. Many had left. This was a swampland located in the low rolling hills beside the Honeywine River and the beginning of the wild lands to the west.

It was said that strange creatures roamed those fetid swamps that covered nearly four hundred square miles. Strange fog rolled in off the swamps that lasted for days and the locals said that monsters walked in those fogs. The fog only rolled to half way through the lands of Jarratt. A few thousand people still lived there.

It was mostly Creole that lived in this abandoned land. They were the intermingled races of Westeros and Essos. The people spoke their own strange bastardized language and kept to themselves. Candice had travelled to them and negotiated the rights to use the abandoned township of Burton Station. It was fields with wildly spaced roads and many small wooded lots. Most of the homes long fallen into disrepair. The Zeltrans had setup a hidden airfield using the abandoned roads of the township and hidden the aircraft in hangers blended into the woods. Their quarters in rebuilt houses made to still look derelict.

The locals had respected Candice asking them for permission and being able to speak their language perfectly and knowing their customs and beliefs. She promised protection. The city council had recently been talking to a developer who wanted to take their lands through eminent domain.

That company was now in bankruptcy. Their three owners being tried for embezzlement and fraud. Myrcella had been impressed with how Candice had all the angles covered.

A loud explosion occurred outside the hotel as a small diameter bomb exploded the small store front being used as the security forces command post. More small explosions occurred as Hellfires and the loitering HERO missiles found targets.

“Time to move” Candice said. The guards at the entrance had more important things to worry about. Shireen had deliberately missed their booth but close enough to shake them up and ruin the
booth. Gunfire was erupting in wild bursts outside. The security firing at nothing.

The small attack party scurried out the Escalade and went to the wall of the parking garage. They had parked two feet back from it. Candice and Davos placed on the wall a shaped charge that was in a Styrofoam form that was three and half feet tall and two feet wide. The strip one inch wide. It had highly sticky gel on one side. This was placed on the wall. The party stepped back. Candice wirelessly sent a signal to the device. It detonated but the small explosion easily hid with the mayhem now raining outside. It sounded like Shireen had dropped another small diameter bomb. The explosion shocking as it reverberated thought the garage.

Myrcella eyed the cut that had been made into the wall. The Concrete was still up but webbed with cracks.

Candice went to were the Styrofoam had detonated. She rammed her fingers covered in Kevlar gloves into the concrete and shoved forward. The wall fell into the electrical room of the hotel. They clambered into the room one by one. Candice activated the Escalade and moved it forward so the bumper touched the wall hiding the hole.

“Okay. Put on your vision googles. As we discussed, I will be in the lead with Davos beside me. Myrcella and Tommen you will provide support. Joffrey protect our back and take out anyone who gets by us.” Myrcella did not like not being in the lead but Candice had been most persuasive.

Early this morning she had explained her reasoning. “I am a cyborg Myrcella. I can instantly analysis the situation with my facial recognition software, my computer mind can analyze data at the speed of light. My reflexes are seven times yours. I will not have adrenaline running loose in my veins like a herd of kittens. Everyone knows you can’t herd cats.”

“Davos is a special ops officer. He has had long training and been in twenty-seven field operations. He has the experience from combat. You are highly skilled already Myrcella but you are still a kitten and I am feral tomcat.”

“Do you understand?” Candice had asked the teenager.

She had. Candice would lead the mission. She really was the best the qualified. Candice had been built for such missions.

Myrcella got in place behind the Terminator in her position on Davos’s shoulder with Tommen on Candice’s outside shoulder. Joffrey behind them.

They were to give counter fire to the security forces and fire on any pimps and minions they came across. Their real target was a group of arms dealers on the penthouse floor.

“If we attack only the pimps we may spark their rage and they will take it out on their prostitutes. We cannot protect them all. We will take them down through intelligence. I know the arms dealers will have vetted all the local pimps. They have it on two USB drives they have not put in drives so I cannot steal it.”

“We will fight our way up. The lights go out now.” Candice pull out her Glock 17 and shot the main relays. Sparks flashed in the room and all the lights went out. Candice opened the door and they filed out. Candice turned and closed the door. They were in a maintenance corridor. Candice led them down the corridor to the third door and slammed into with her shoulder.

They were in the main lobby. In the light green light of their night vision googles Myrcella saw people running in every which direction. Most were clearly innocents. The total darkness and
explosions outside had them screaming and running into each other and over the furniture. But there was also security personal from all the different factions barking orders at everyone and no one. Many were firing wildly out the blasted out windows. The noise panicking the innocents even further.

A huge explosion outside blew out the rest of the plate glass windows. Screams of the injured were loud in the room. With her lowlight monocular goggles Myrcella saw the cuts caused by the flying glass. Some of the wounds deep. The teenager winced but did not falter. She was learning that in war innocents were harmed. Another explosion outside rocked the hotel. Then secondary explosions started with fuel and ammunition cooking off.

Davos came on the intercom “I see some of the security have night vision gear on”.

“I see that” Candice replied “but they are clearly amateurs. They are running like shrews on a sinking ship. They only play at being mercenaries. We *ARE* mercenaries.” Myrcella felt a flush of pride. Candice respected their contribution.

She started. She spotted a kingpin pimp. He loved to fuck his underage girls without lubrication. He was a sadist. Myrcella lifted her chopped AR-15.

Candice arm shot out and jerked her rifle down.

“What the fuck!” she snarled into the intercom.

“Calm your emotions Myrcella.”

“Why?! That is Ruger Donniger. He is a fucking sadist! I will kill him!”

“No you will not. Not at this time” Candice replied in a calm clear voice. Myrcella tried to jerk her rifle barrel up but she did not budge the arm holding her gun down. She contemplated going for one of her pistols.

“I will stop that too Myrcella. Think! We do not want to draw attention to ourselves here unless we must. I would prefer to start any actual fight till we get up higher in the building. There are many innocents here. If we start firing here we will have to fight the whole way up. Here there is too much open space. We cannot cover all the vectors. Many innocents will die needlessly.

A huge explosion hit the parking garage. The sounds of falling chunks of concrete loud.

“What was that about Shireen? I did not see anything on the feeds.”

“I saw a manpad team on the top deck of the parking garage. I also saw some men with squad level machine guns setting up. They would make your escape difficult. I dropped a SDB on them. It collapsed the right half of the top deck. The decks below look sound.”

“Good control of the situation Shireen. I cannot focus on your feeds. All the explosions and cell phone use is partially blocking my WILAN signal. Monitor and prosecute as needed Shireen.”

“You got it babe.” Shireen was all business.

“We will head to the left stairwell as discussed. I want to get as high as possible on the floors before we have to engage the enemy.”

They reached the door. Candice gripped the handle and ripped the door off its hinges and threw it into the wall the door clanging loudly on the wall and flipping across a table.
They entered the stairwell. Candice took the lead. She had extra ceramic tile plates on. That and her natural body armor of her cyborg construction made the logical person to lead the climb. There were persons running up and down the stairs in the dark. They screamed when pushed aside roughly by Candice and the assault team.

Myrcella was on high alert. Two men with drawn submachine guns ran down the stairwell. They ignored Myrcella’s group. They were just one more group of armed men running around aimlessly. In the dark they were scurrying around aimlessly like rats. They moved up to the second floor landing. A woman had broken her ankle. Candice took time to move her to the corner of the stairwell before heading up the next flight of stairs.

They had just passed the middle second floor landing when they passed a group of security in black cammos and wireless headgear. They had on several generations older night vision gear than Candice’s group. The men armed with Galils with folding stocks folded. There was fourteen of them moving in a tight group. Myrcella eyed them as they approached. They seemed to be focused on getting to the first floor. She caught the gaze of the man who seemed to be the leader as he stared at her.

Her instincts kicked in. The man was near the back of the gaggle. When he reached Myrcella he turned and started to aim his assault rifle at Myrcella.

Myrcella was ahead of him. She turned her rifle towards the man and fired her rifle at pointblank range holding down the trigger. He flew back his body torn apart by her bullets. At the same time Myrcella fired her AR-15 she heard Candice’s MAC-11. The small subcompact machine pistol firing off rapid three shot bursts.

The next fifteen seconds were sheer pandemonium for Myrcella. The sounds of guns firing off deafening in the concrete stairwell. The bright flashes of muzzle flashes dazzled her retinas. Screams echoed in the concrete canyon. The sound of bullets ricocheting wildly in the narrow stairwell was shocking.

Myrcella fired off another short burst at a man who had been hit and fell down but was trying to get up again. Davos was firing up at another group of men who had appeared in the stairwell. He was juking his head to look up the and around the corner of the stairwell firing off short bursts. Tommen joined him firing off his M-14 that Candice had given to replace the one she had destroyed. She fired off another burst at the gaggle of men screaming and trying to fire back at Myrcella and her party. Candice’s fire had been devastating.

Most of the men were down. She aimed her AR-15 at the last man standing.

Click Click Click Click

Her gun was empty. She saw the man about to pull the trigger to blow her head off. The man’s head exploded with the sound of Candice’s Glock being fired.

Davos and Tommen were holding off the other party trying to come down the stairwell with short bursts. Damnit she had wasted ammo with that first long burst. She saw Candice slapping another clip into her MAC-11. Myrcella was looking wildly down at the landing below her. She was sure at least one man had made it around the corner. She heard Candice firing up at the men above them in the stairwell.

She heard a man scream his body slapping concrete with his body tumbling down the stairwell. Then two more fell down the stairwell shot dead by the accurate fire coming up at them. Myrcella had just put her clip in her gun when two men stepped around the corner of the stairwell below
them.

She would never get her gun up in time.

The blasts of Joffrey’s automatic shotgun erupted with hot angry retorts. The two men’s bodies shattered by double aught buckshot at pointblank range. The men’s bodies doing a dance macabre with Joffrey’s slugs ripping their bodies apart. He emptied the whole stored rounds in the tube on the shotgun.

“Great job Joffrey! You just saved my ass. Reload!” Myrcella called to her older brother and lover.

He stared at her wide eyed pulling shotgun shells off his belt clip and slamming them into the feed slot to his shotgun.

“Form up!” Candice shouted. “We are going up! I will take the lead up. Joffrey and Myrcella watch our backs and join up front if we meet heavy resistance but still keep an eye on our six!”

With that they ran up the steps. Candice had her submachine gun in one hand and her Glock with a new clip in her other hand.

She charged the survivors her guns along with Davos’ gun quickly killed the few surviving mercenaries. The wounded and incapacitated were left. They would not kill even these scum when helpless.

Another group of civilians came down the stairwell screaming. The large group milling past them. Some of them injured with gunshot wounds. She hated it but it could not be helped. Then she started. Dantis Willum was in the group. The man was a fucking slime bag who beat and sometimes killed his girls.

Myrcella pulled out her Glock and pulled the trigger. The man’s head exploded and he fell straight down like a marionette with its string’s cut. People screamed their bodies sprayed with blood, bone and brains. The confusion continued as they moved up the stairwell.

They ran into another group of security forces running down the stairs.

Myrcella’s mouth fell open as the Terminator walked up the stairs. Her body jerked with slugs hitting her armored body. The Kevlar and ceramic absorbing most of the rounds. Her return fire was precise and deadly. Men dropped right and left with bullets to the head and throat. They made it up to the fourth floor. Myrcella had counted fourteen men the cyborg had killed in the group.

She truly was a killing machine.

Candice reloaded her guns. She had them form up on her as they headed up to the fifth and then the sixth floor. She suddenly stopped. Her head cocked fractionally.

“Son of a Bitch!” she shouted as she kicked down the door leading to the six floor sending the door flying to the floor tumbling. She walked fast down the hall. Men, women and young girls were running and screaming in the glow of weak emergency lights. A man stepped out of a door. His face towards them.

He was a powerful senator of the Republican Party. He started to speak to them. Candice blew his head off with a ten shot burst. Suddenly from the far end of the hall the elevator opened. A squad of men in body armor came boiling out. They too had the latest night vision gear and the latest assault rifles of different makes.
It became a wild firefight with bullets flying in both directions. All parties ran to doorways to hide behind and popped out to shot quick shots. The men never had a chance Candice calmly waited for the men to stick their heads and bodies out to take a shot at them. Her machine reflexes easily shot them dead. Then from a door behind them five men came running out pulling on their clothes. They fired their weapons wildly at them. Myrcella and Tommen fired wildly back at them. They were able to kill four of the men before they ran out of ammunition.

Myrcella was gasping having taken a shot to her sternum but the ceramic tile had stopped the bullet but the impact had stunned her. Joffrey had been hit in his leg and was lying against the wall trying to reload his shotgun. They would not be in time.

The last man was not hit. He was by the doorway. He had a bead on them about to fire his assault rifle. The man suddenly had a wooden shaft slam into his left ribs and then explode out the other side of his body. The man looked shocked when a knife was slashed across the side of his throat. Blood sprayed everywhere from his severed carotid artery. His body toppled to floor and twitched as his blood flowed out his body.

A young woman stepped out the door. She was tall and lean. Her body was lean and muscular. Myrcella saw that her looks were plain. She had a hard face and shaggy brown hair. The woman stared at them in the dim light. She got down in a combat crouch. The gangly woman only had on a camisole. Another three men appeared from another door behind the girl armed with pistols.

The woman turned to fight them. Myrcella had reloaded now. She quickly took down the two men she had a clear shot at. The man shot at the girl but she spun to the right and ducked. His shots missed. She came up with her knife and buried it in his guts. She stabbed him fast and deep again and again. The man dropped his gun and tried to grip the tall woman’s arm to stop her but he quickly weakened and fell to the ground to die.

The gunfire had stopped. Myrcella went to Joffrey to help him up.

“It is only a flesh wound. I’m okay Myrcella.”

He limped along beside Myrcella as they followed Candice into the room the Senator had exited. In the room were two scared to death looking young girls. They looked no more than ten years old though looks could be deceiving. They were definitely underage.

“I overheard the Senator on his phone ordering that these two girls be eliminated to remove any evidence. I could not allow that” Candice spoke calmly. She got the girls up and covered them with a sheet. She took them out into the hall and down three doors on the other side of the hall and led the girls inside.

“Go hide underneath the bed and stay quiet. Do not move no matter what until I come back. Do you understand?”

The braver girl nodded. They went in and hide.

“Let’s go. Shireen.”

“We won’t be coming back” she shouted at Candice as they walked back down the hallway.

“I know. It will keep them safe and hidden till the police arrive. They are forming up now. The first units are close by. Shireen is holding them off with Hellfires. She is not harming them just scaring the shit out of them.”

“Yes!” Myrcella was definitely excited. A huge explosion occurred outside.
The Terminator head tilted. She was intercepting radio and phone calls.

“A helicopter is coming in to land on the roof. It is to take the crime lords away. Take one of the HALOs and take it out.”

“Got it!” Shireen barked back.

They marched down the hall to the stairwell to go up. The tall girl moved to join them.

“Stay” was Candice’s response.

“Like Hell. I am coming with you! I was dead but I am alive because of you all.”

Candice turned to look at the woman. She was taller than the Terminator by two inches. They stared at each other. Candice turned around quickly and went to one of the dead guards and took his AK-47 and three clips and handed them to the girl. The Terminator showed the woman how to eject and load clips into the gun. The plain tall woman nodded her head with a calmness that impressed Myrcella. “You and Joffrey protect our rear. Myrcella come up front. I have monitored all the cell phone calls. The arms dealers and two powerful pimps with many guards await us on the top floor. Kill without mercy.”

They hit the stairwell and ran up the steps to the eight and top floor. Myrcella glanced at the LED watch she had strapped to her gun.

Gods! It had only been six and half a minutes since they burst into the hotel lobby.

Candice slammed into the door knocking it off its hinges to the floor. She had her guns in each hand. Bullets were striking her body but she calmly walked forward firing double taps with her MAC-11 and single shots with her Glock. Her body jerking with the impact of bullets hitting her.

Myrcella, Davos and her brothers were firing off their guns on each side of Candice. Their bullets adding to the fusillade decimating their foes.

A huge explosion that light up the windows and shook the building. Then more explosions followed with the sounds of the helicopter blades hitting the building and disintegrating. The whole building seemed to be gripped and shaken violently.

The explosions confused their enemies. Candice moved forward down the hall her troop following close behind. Their guns firing off bullets killing their enemies like sheep.

“Godsdamnit you fuckers! Shireen is going to be pissed off!” Candice screamed. Davos and Myrcella were crouched down behind her using her body as cover firing back at their assailants. Men were being flung back with their accurate shots. Tommen’s M-14 barked with short bursts. Joffrey was firing his shotgun whenever he found a target still alive trying to still attack them. The tall girl with them was firing her AK-47 in short bursts. She was using the sights. The girl seemed a natural. How accurate she was Myrcella had no idea.

She was one feral bitch Myrcella thought! I like her! A man rushed them but everyone was firing at other men. The tall brunette nearly cut him in half with a short burst from her AK-47.

They moved down the hall killing and driving the paramilitary forces back. Candice reached the fourth door on the right and kicked it in. She stormed through the doorway. Davos followed her in. Myrcella, her brothers and the tall girl took guard at the doorways.

The sound of gunfire was fast and furious in the room.
A blinding flash and concussive force exploded on the far end of the hotel. The force of the explosion threw debris in the shockwave and slammed Mrycella into the wall.

Shireen had just dropped a 250 pound SDB into the far end of the eight floor of the hotel. That end shattered. The carnage deadly. The attackers had been decimated. Mrycella prayed to the fates there had been no innocents. She understood now why Davos had his nightmares. Mrycella looked down the hall and could see the buildings across the street. Most of the end wall was in tatters.

This was chaos! But it was necessary. Candice came back out the room. Davos looked at the carnage.

“Was that necessary?”

“Yes. The forces were gathering for a massive assault in the stairwell. Shireen killed them and wrecked the top of the stairwell. This floor was reserved for the ‘high brass’. They had a backup generator running a rudimentary security camera system on this floor. I detected no whores or groupies at that end of the floor. I hope none were.”

Mrycella saw blood dripping off the Terminator’s body down onto the carpet. Candice saw Mrycella looking at her.

“The wounds would be fatal to you but for me they are only cosmetic. Shireen will be pissed. She will have seventeen bullets to remove from my body.”

“Does it hurt?”

“Yes but I have turned off my pain receptors so I can focus on the mission.”

“Did you get the intel?”

“Some of it. They threw the damn computers and flash drives out the window. We don’t have time to retrieve. Damnit I did not think of that.” The Terminator paused. “I cannot conceive of every possibility. Damnit.”

“Did you kill the pimps and weapons merchants?” Mrycella asked the Terminator.

“What do you think?” Candice asked in a calm voice and cocked eyebrow.

The group now headed back down the stairwell they had come up in. They met two groups of security types coming up the stairwell. The men ripped apart in a storm of bullets.

They ran out into the lobby. There was several fires at the front of the building all the windows blown out and part of the wall collapsed. Mrycella scanned across the ruined lobby. It looked like many of the innocents had fled or well-hidden themselves.

Mrycella stopped. It was Ruger Donniger with his entourage and security goons. They were behind a concrete pillar looking out at the carnage outside. Mrycella lifted her gun. So did the rest of her group. As one they all opened fire. The men’s bodies shattered by the gunfire striking their bodies ripping them apart.

People screamed at the wild gunfire. They were crying and hiding as best they could with the sudden increased violence around them.

Candice had Shireen drop another SDB on the road in front of the hotel. The explosion had everyone screaming in panic.
Their business finished, they hurried to the doorway to the maintenance hall. No one noticed them amid all the screams and confusion. Soon they were back in the mechanical room and entered it. They hurried through it. Candice started the Cadillac and had it drive back four feet. They crawled out of the maintenance room into the parking garage. Candice jumped up into the Escalade.

“Get in. I can drive us through.”

They all piled in the SUV. Candice squealed the tires running over debris and one of the dead guards. They hit the road and Candice immediately turned down a side alley. She drove down the narrow road and slowly went down narrow roads between close set buildings.

Shireen heard sirens rushing to the hotel.

Half an hour later Candice parked the Escalade in a long term parking lot. Myrcella got out with her family. Candice joined them.

They all looked at the tall plain woman.

“I am Osha. I want to come with you.”

Candice looked at Myrcella. Myrcella looked at the woman.

She had fought bravely and well.

“Yow can come with us. You fought bravely.”

“I am a Wildling. I was born to fight. I will prove myself to you.”

Myrcella shook her head motioning the woman to follow her.

Davos had gotten in and started their vehicle.

“Myrcella. I will contact the Ghostmaker. Davos knows the man. He needs to renew contact with him. He can help train you and your family further. Train with him but I would ask that you align with me.”

Myrcella stepped up to Candice and gripped the Terminator’s forearm and squeezed in a warrior’s salute. She was now aligned with the Terminator. Candice smiled at her softly and almost shyly.

Then the Terminator looked down at her blood soaked clothes. She touched her face where a bullet had nicked off her right cheek showing the shiny metal underneath. “Oh man” Candice whined. “Shireen told me to not get shot. She is going to be so pissed.”

Myrcella shook her head. Candice seemed to have simple desires. Not so Myrcella. They had killed many chicken hawks. She knew many of those guards had been with the local crime lords and pimps. They had been hurt. She had seen at least five of the men she had observed with Davos dead in the melee. There had been more.

It had been a good night for good.
Arya sat in her seat trying hard not to squirm like her panties were full of fire ants. She really was. She blew air up her forehead to play with her bangs she was wearing currently. Andi had said offhandedly two nights ago she thought Arya would look ‘cute’ in bangs. Yesterday morning she had gone to Ruby n’ Kelly and gotten her hair cut in bangs and layered her hair a little in the back. She had to admit she liked the look.

She had gone home that afternoon after checking on some sources for Ghostie. Arya still chuckled at the nickname. The chuckle turned to a grimace thinking of Wolfie. What was good for the goose was not good for the gander Arya groused to herself. She had been hoping for something more than “I like it” from Andi. Dany had only nodded her head with a small nod.

That had not been the reaction Arya had been looking for. She had hoped for some—oh she didn’t know … maybe some Andi and Dany falling on her like a pack of rabid hyenas with much tearing of clothes off her back and fucking her bowlegged and blind. Nooooooo! That had not happened. Only a polite acknowledgement of her doing exactly what they asked. It didn’t matter to the assassin she was pussy whipped—no—double pussy whipped. She would do anything they asked of her as she waited not so patiently to be taken.

Arya knew she should not be getting her nickers in a bunch but she was getting her panties in a bunch. It had been a week since she had come to the realization that she was totally and completely in love with Dany and Andi and that she needed to stop fighting that love. That it was time for the three of them to become the “three headed dragon” of legend.

The only problem was that miss sexpot Andi and depraved Dany seemed to have only room for two heads on the dragon! She was a submissive and she thought and expected that after all their aggressive pursuing of Arya that they would fall on her when she gave them doe eyes and the ingénue act. She was flittering with them big time and wearing the panties, bras and lingerie her two ‘charges’ had bought for her. Arya strutted around the apartment practically shouting (well non verbally) ripe my pretty undies off my body and fuck my brains out!

Was that happening! NOT!

None of her subtle overtures seemed to be doing the trick. Arya upped he amperage. She had taken to sitting with her legs spread wide open in a thong or with the pair of panties that was gossamer thin and cut to enfold her camel toe. A camel toe obviously wet with the camel shoving her face in the
oasis. Her pussy sopping wet in desire. Her nipples were about to burst they were erect so much of the time now with her waiting to be ravished. Arya was about to burst with her horny need to be fucked into next week. She wanted it now desperately. She needed to become the third head of the dragon everyone kept blathering about.

It just wasn’t fair Arya whined to herself. I want to get fucked and eat Dany and Andi out so bad! Damnit! She had watched Ghidorah in Destroy all Monsters to get in the mood. You know a three headed dragon everyone was harping about. She was still unfucked and not happy about it!

“What do you think of my assessment of him Arya” Arya had her not so happy reverie broken by Chen Shih-Chieh. She was sitting in his bi-weekly meetings the man had to go over current events and reports from his many holdings and operatives. When Arya was in Oldtowne she normally sat in these meeting. The Ghostmaker valued Arya as a highly esteemed colonel in his forces.

Arya saw his daughter, Zhao, looking at her with a gleam in her eye. Other Lieutenants were also looking at Arya intently. She hadn’t heard a damn word her warlord had spoken the last fifteen minutes. Her mind was on much more important matters. She would just have to wing it and fool the old man.

“I agree with your assessment Shih-Chieh. It was spot on as normal” Arya answered the inquiry with a sage tone.

“So you agree that Donald John Trump is the most excellent President of Westeros that has ever seen and you will volunteer to work on his reelection campaign.”

Arya’s face went beet red. She slumped down in her chair and glared evilly at the table. Muttering under her breath could be heard by all. Shih-Chieh chuckled. Zhao looked at her with a look of commiseration. Arya had confided to Zhao two nights ago via text about her rising desperation and funk at Dany and Andi not fucking her.

Zhao had then called her. Arya's tone had the woman tell Arya she would be there in ten minutes. Dany and Andi had gone out earlier to go to an opera. Without her! Zhao had come into the apartment and she talked to Arya for over two hours letting the older woman cry on her shoulder. Zhao had told Arya that it was clear to all that they loved Arya deeply. They were just letting her stew in her juices.

“What the hell does that mean?” Arya had whined.

“Arya, I watched Andi and Dany eating you up with their eyes and we do have cameras in the showers.” Arya was not surprised. You always spied on potential enemies and people you may need to blackmail. “The three of you were really displaying your charms like peacocks. I am sure they were after you a lot. Were they not?”

Arya had to agree with Zhao’s assessment. She told the daughter of Shih-Chieh that she spot on in her assessments. Arya told Zhao of the many attempts by Andi and Dany to bring her into their lovemaking. She had always resisted.

“I just did not feel I could respond to their overtures. It took me a lot of time to come to terms with my love for Nyomi. I still miss her but they are right. She is dead and gone. We both promised each other to move on if one of us got killed in the line of duty. Not to many of us get to retire from our profession.” Arya eyes had gone distant remembering the past. She smiled of her thoughts on Nyomi. The smile died remembering her loss and the lonely years since.

The woman from Yi Ti helped Arya to see that her soon to be wives were making her ‘suffer’ for a
while for denying them her body.

“But that is not fair!” Arya had complained vociferously. “I am ready now! I am starting to wonder if they still want my body” Arya sniffed. “I know I am not a beauty—“

“Stop that right now Arya” Zhao overrode her longtime friend. “You are beautiful in your own right Arya. I will admit that Dany and Andi have that Hollywood glow about them. But you are beautiful in that girl next door look. Your beauty is accessible. That is very alluring Arya.” The woman had taken Arya in her arms and rocked the unsure and confidence stricken woman in her arms.

Arya took the comfort and sniffled.

“You just have to be patient Arya. I know you are unsure and hurting at the moment but I know those two. They have been lusting after you since near the beginning of you all coming together. They are going to tear you apart Arya. I am very envious of you. To have two beautiful woman totally in love with you is quite the rare thing. You three are indeed the Three Headed Dragon reborn. Be patient Direwolf. I know when cats are in heat they are damn near feral. The legends say that when a female dragon was in heat she was ravenous and very rough about it. You like it rough don’t you Arya.”

Arya had merely nodded at Zhao her eyes lidded with lust.

Arya sat up straighter glaring at Shih-Chieh. “Very funny Shih-Chieh. Bastard” Arya grumbled vilely. The Ghostmaker giggled like a little girl Arya thought. Her glare only intensified

The rest of the meeting was uneventful except for Shih-Chieh asking her when she was starting her volunteering work for the Trump campaign. He asked her “So you believe he had nothing to do with Volantis … that his son-in-law had no untoward meeting with their Ambassador.” Arya glared at Shih-Chieh for that one. “You believe he did not ask for loyalty from fired FBI director Comey?” Arya had flipped him off after that question. “You fully support pulling out of the climate control pack. That it will bring back coal jobs even though natural gas is the reason the coal industry is dying?”

“Eat my toe jam and die you bastard!” Arya had thrown at her mentor. Zhao had laughed her ass off. The other lieutenants chuckled. Arya was the only other person beside Shih-Chieh's daughter who had such a personal relationship with their leader. It was enjoyable to watch the banter.

Arya had left the meeting muttering and mumbling evil deprecating vocalizations. She was not happy being the butt of their jokes when she was wound up tight like an overwrought spring. Normally, Arya did not mind being teased by her mentor but her thoughts were a jumble. Her thoughts on Dany and Andi constantly. Her body ached to make love to them.

It was really getting to Arya being rejected. She had used to watch from the corner of the wall that led into the bedroom area or from hall that lead to the closet and then the bathroom her two charges fucking. She had tried to keep her distance but no more. Now she stood beside the bed as her supposed two wives fucked each other senseless. Their naked bodies soaked in sweat and cum. Their swollen and drooling clamshells pumping out sweet intoxicating musk that nearly made Arya punch drunk.

Last night she had decided to up ante from her end. She was not the aggressive sort and her pride was still too strong to beg for it. She was getting there but her pride was a powerful thing. She was, after all, a Stark with her strong sense of pride in self and the strength of the animal on the Stark banner.
Dany was on her back her head by the headboard on pillows with her beautiful pale legs opened wide with Andi on her stomach with her face buried in Dany’s dark pink slit. Her clit all swollen and juicy dark pink and so fucking wet. Andi was sucking on it with short vicious sucks and then she would be licking Dany’s clit like a candy cane. Then she sucked in Dany’s dark pink upper slit and clit into her mouth and sucked in and out all the while her cheeks showed her tongue whiplashing the pale Valyrian’s clit like a flail.

The wet sounds of a pussy being devoured and a woman moaning and snuffling eating out that pussy filled the room. To Arya it sounded like a symphony the wet slurps, sucks and wet sounds of a tongue working a sodden cunt.

Dany had exploded her groin jamming up into the black face simply devouring Dany’s exploding cunt. Dany screamed like she was being skinned alive. Her head thrashed with her face looking like it was being torn apart with sharp paroxysms of seeming painful seizures of hard cumming. Her hand clawed into the sheets trying to tear it asunder. Dany’s heels hammering the head in helpless agonizing pleasure.

Andi was moaning and groaning as she drank down hot gushes of sweet cum gushing out Dany’s convulsing couchie. Arya watched streams of cum running down Andi’s cheeks and chin as she feasted on pink gash.

That was when Arya’s orgasm shattered her. She had been standing beside the bed Jilling off watching her two supposed wives fuck. Her hands had been finger fucking her hot hole and rubbing her clit. She had been tensing up for several minutes and seeing and hearing Dany cum so hard shattered Arya. She had screamed like a banshee over and over her whole body convulsing as if electrocuted. Her legs had given out and she fell to the floor still convulsing like an electrical eel was shocking her body.

She lay on the floor basking in her hard cum. Her pussy was purring in temporary contentment. Gods she loved masturbating but she wanted to fuck Dany and Andi! Her body began to come down from its orgasmic rush. She had looked up finally able to focus her eyes again. What she saw kind of pissed her off. She saw Dany’s sweaty face looking at her and further down the bed she saw Missandei’s sweaty and cum smeared face checking her current state. Satisfied she was alright the two faces disappeared as they rolled back onto the middle of the bed.

It took Arya a minute to get the rubber out of her legs and she could get back up on wobbly legs. What she saw both turned her on immensely and frustrated the living hell out of Arya. Andi had her face buried deep in Dany’s dark pink mound. Andi had worked her entire mouth into Dany’s fat vulva her tongue making the camel toe she was devouring bulge out with Andi’s up and down licks. Dany had her hands on her breast roughly rolling and pulping her beautiful nearly C cup tits. Her fingers moving up to pinch and pull on her nipples.

The Valyrian’s pale face was slashed with primal fuck bliss. Her mouth chuffed and groaned gutturally. Arya watched Dany swirl her wet pussy up into Andi’s black face. The color contrast of pink pussy swallowing black lips beautiful to behold. Andi had wormed her arms underneath Dany’s legs and gripped Dany’s hips with her black fingers spread out like spider legs. Dany’s humping twat compressing her twat up into Andi’s mouth. Arya loved that fraction of an inch Andi’s head was lifted as she sucked voraciously on Dany’s exquisite cunt.

Andi was making those growling, snuffling and harsh moans that were so hot to hear as she ate out pink quim. Dany now had her left hand mauling her tits and squeezing her nipples as she gagged in helpless pleasure. Her right hand clawed in Andi’s loose curls grinding Andi’s dark face hard into her cunt rotating up into the black woman’s mouth. The room was also filled with the physical
sounds of Andi’s mouth devouring wet white pussy. The squishes, slurps wet sucking noises of a pussy being expertly sucked off.

Fuck this shit Arya groused to herself at being ignored. Arya had gone to the foot of the bed and laid down on it across the mattress. Andi had sensed what Arya was doing and folded her legs up at the knees to let Arya lie down and then her legs folded back down on Arya’s lower thighs. Andi had never paused in her devouring of white pussy. Arya had worked her muff with cupped hands rubbing hard up and down on her slicked shaved bald cunt. Soon Arya and Dany were screaming their bodies flipping and jackknifing as womb rending spasms tore their pussies inside out and nearly ripped wombs out of spasming bellies.

The two lovers never turned their attention to Arya who had eventually skulked off to her chaise like a beaten cur.

Arya was now walking home. She had taken the subway from Shi-h-Chieh’s establishment. She had gotten out at the Maple Street station and walked up the steps lost in thought. She longed to make love to Andi and Dany something fierce. She had made the decision and she longed to consummate the burning love she felt for her charges. She could say it now. I love Daenerys Targaryen and Missandi Naathi. I have from the moment I met them I can admit now. I didn’t know it then but I know it now! She longed for them in the depths of her soul. She needed them. She wanted to love them and be loved in return.

Lost in thought Arya did not realize she was in front of Rasenne - Gaia Micro Bank. She was reminded when Nana Qaqu the tall Summer Islander lover of Rasenne accosted her and dragged her into the small store front. Rasenne came from around her desk and the two were quizzing Arya about her two wives. She had never gotten around to dispelling that misconception. She had lived vicariously through that misconception pretending from a distance that she was in fact the lover of Dany and Andi.

The two middle age women could sense her discomfort. They stopped their quizzing and asked Arya if she wanted to talk about it. She could not tell the absolute the truth but she could them that they had an argument and that she had been at fault. She told the kindly concerned women that she needed to make it right and she was trying to figure out how to make things right.

The two women assured Arya that “those two are wild about you”. That made Arya smile and feel better. She knew the two spent time with Rasenne and Nana Qaqu. They would not have lied to the women so Arya knew they were indeed “wild” for her. Arya just had to hope that they would come to Arya and love her. Arya was not good at showing emotions until she felt safe and sure of herself and her position in a relationship.

She knew she would beg if she had to but her pride prevented that as of yet. Surely, if Dany and Andi loved her as much as Zhao, Nana Qaqu and Rasenne said they did they would make the first move? They knew what kind of woman Arya was. Her reserved nature. Surely they would make the first move. They were the dominate force in their household. That was how Arya wanted it. Nyomi had worn the ‘pants’ in their relationship. She hoped that Andi and Dany would be the same in their relationship.

Arya left Rasenne’s feeling better. She just had to keep her head up and wait it out. She was really hurting but she had got some of her pluck back. Surely, the two minxes would eventually stop punishing Arya and finally take her to her to their bed. To become the three headed dragon they kept talking about they would have to take Arya and fuck her brains out. Arya stopped and smiled. She liked the thought of that. She was ready. Her pussy was sure ready!

She had reached their apartment. Arya smiled as she got out her key. She liked that sound of that. It
sounded so domestic. She was ready to share herself with her loves. Loves that she longed to become her lovers. The hall was dark at any time but the sun was setting and the hallway was gloomy. There was no lights in this alleyway.

Arya found the key and inserted it in the lock. She had checked her Smartphone and saw no security alarms. The sensors reported that Arya and Dany were inside. Arya took a deep breath. She would not be disappointed if she had to wait yet again. She had to be strong.

She opened the door and was immediately grasped by the shoulders and spun around and slammed into the wall stunning her. She got her bearings. Her hackles had not gone up. Her sixth sense never failed her and she had learned to trust it totally and explicitly. She had not sensed any danger.

She had just had time to register Andi in front of her with fire in her eyes. Her body naked before Arya. The next thing Arya knew Andi had jumped up on her and looped her arms and legs around the still stunned assassin. Wet thick sensual lips were all over her lips. The black teenager sensually lipping and rubbing her lips over Arya's lips. Arya moaned feeling Andi’s tongue swipe through her lips and brush aggressively over her teeth. Gagging in raw wanton need Arya opened her mouth wide. “Mmmppffff!” Arya cried out feeling Andi’s long tongue ram down her throat. Andi was humping her pussy all over Arya.

Arya’s eyes rolled back into her skull feeling Andi's tongue brushing over her tonsils and then her long tongue licked the roof of Arya’s mouth and drilled underneath her tongue. Arya was crying out into the mouth devouring hers feeling her soul soar in pure lust and happiness. Then Andi’s tongue was spearing down her throat with hard rapier thrusts. Arya gagged into the mouth devouring hers. Andi pulled Arya tighter to her body mashing Andi’s full tits flat between them.

On instinct Arya’s hands were roughly gripping Andi’s perfect ass cheeks that flexed and contracted as she nutted on Arya’s body. Arya roughly massaged those taunt buns. Arya was intoxicated finally feeling her lover’s skin underneath her fingers. Arya’s body jolted feeling Andi now licking her throat and murmuring against the tender flesh. Like a cat lapping milk Andi licked Arya’s throat.

“AAAARRRRWWWOOGGGGGGG!” Arya wailed her eyes squeezed tight shut as Andi gave her a vicious hickey. The teeth of her Brainac was sawing over her tender flesh marking the assassin that she was Andi’s bitch. The pain going straight to her flooding pussy and her nipples that were now plump overripe plums. Arya felt her pulse hammering in her pussy and engorged nipples. Now Andi was licking the flesh she had had just marked.

“Your my bitch now Arya” Andi murmured sucking the bruised flesh in to her mouth and licking it. “Just like Dany is my fucking slut and bitch” Andi husked moving her mouth over. “OOOWWWWGGGGGGGGGG!” Arya screamed as the pain morphed to pure pleasure flooding her body. She had seen Dany scream at being marked and humiliated. Dany loved it. They were both masochist who relished Andi topping them. Andi was the alpha bitch and they both knew and loved it.

Arya heard Dany husk nearby “We are both her bitches Arya. Finally, you have come to us. Now we are going to fuck you so good.” Arya felt her cunt gush another flood of fuck juice making her panties a sodden mess.

Arya felt metal against her body at the collar of her pullover top. She felt Dany cut the collar. The sound of the scissors hitting the wooden floor of the entryway was loud in the apartment. Arya felt Dany’s hands grip the fabric and the sound of it being torn asunder hit Arya like a bullet. Her nipples were aching plums throbbing with her rapid pulse. Her nipples ached to be devoured. Her cunt was sloppy wet and swollen.
Andi kissed up Arya’s throat and then wormed her tongue into Arya’s ear. The Stark woman’s body convulsed. Her ears were so sensitive and a major erogenous zone to her. The black teenager licked and drilled Arya’s ear canal. She breathed hot air into Arya’s ear. Then she kissed up to Arya’s mouth and hungrily mated their lips tight. Loud whimpers escaped from Arya and Andi’s mouth as the black teenager tongue wrapped around Arya’s and wiggled them around in Arya’s mouth.

The air on the skin exposed by Dany was electric to Arya. Her top had been ripped in two. Then she felt the metal again as the blade slipped underneath the side of her bra. She cried out into Andi’s mouth feeling Dany open the blades and then snip them closed cutting her bra in two. She felt Dany reach up and rip the bra off her body exposing her swollen nipples jutting up two inches all filled with hot blood making her nipples all rubbery and swollen out into plump plums.

Arya’s eyes rolled into the back of her skull feeling their wrapped tongues flipping around in her mouth. Andi was wrapped around her woman like an octopus. Andi humped Arya’s belly like the wanton slut she was all the while kissing Arya deeply slamming her tongue down Arya’s throat making her cry out into the mouth devouring her. It felt so wonderful to have Andi’s ass in her hands. Her wet cunt now humping her exposed belly sliming it with fuck nectars. Arya’s fingers sinking into Andi’s taunt dark ass cheeks roughly massaging them. Arya’s body jolted with the expert Dorne kissing Andi was administrating.

“Mmmffft mmpphhh ff uumppfft fff uuumppphhhhhfffff!” Arya chuffed into the mouth absolutely devouring her mouth.

“We are going to fuck you so good Arya” Dany husked. “Andi jump off … I can’t get at her boobs —I need to have them. I need to feel them on my tongue. I need to feel my tongue lathing them as my lips suck on them. Take her cunt baby” Andi jumped off Arya. The instant Dany had room she gripped the top she had half ripped and now tore it roughly off Arya’s body.

“Fuck!” Arya cried out in raw need. The purple of Dany’s lilac eyes was so intense. Andi had dropped to her knees and her shaking fingers fumbled at the clasp and zipper of Arya’s jeans.

“Damnit! I need your pussy Arya! You have made me wait too long.” The snap was undone and now the black woman tugged hard on the zipper jerking Arya’s body forward in the black teenager’s need. Dany stared at the plump plum nipples on Arya’s chest. “Mmmmmgggggeeeegggggggggggg!” Dany purred as her white haired head lowered her mouth slowly down to Arya’s heaving chest.

Arya whimpered feeling the first contact of Dany’s lips on her rubbery nipple. Slowly the Valyrian sucked down the nearly two inches of engorged pulpy areola and nipple. Arya cried out in pleasure feeling those sensual lips sliding down to hook at the base of her barely there breast. The wet heat enveloped Arya’s nipple and the soft tongue of Dany began to lathe over the bulging nipple.

Dany moaned feeling the sweet engorged bulb finally in her mouth. She sucked rhythmically as her tongue swathed over the engorged teat. Dany’s right hand came up to cup and roll the other nipple feeling how rubbery and pulpy it was. Her fingers then moving up to squeeze the thick nipple jutting up a quarter of an inch from the plum of the engorged areola. The Valyrian loved how warm and rubbery the nipple felt in her squeezing fingers. The pulpy mass compressing underneath her pressing fingers.

"Unnhhh ... ohnnnn!" Arya moaned feeling Dany’s intense vacuum suck on her nipple. Dany lifted her head and sucked the other rubbery nipple deep into her mouth and wolfed suck. Her left hand rolling and pinching the spit soaked nipple she had just feasted on. "Yes! Ungghhh! Gods ... yes, suck it hard! Ungghhh!” Arya cried out. Dany sucked hard her tongue gigging the engorged nipple filling her mouth. The hard sucks lifting Dany’s head as she sucked with cheek hollowing sucks.
Arya heard Andi growl jerking her jeans down to Arya’s ankles. Arya looked around the head of Dany as she moved her head again to work the other breast in her mouth. Her salvia slicking Arya’s tits and lubricating the nips so Dany’s fingers glided over the pulpy nipples as she squeezed and pinched the rubbery teats. Arya’s lacy purple panties were jacked down with a hard jerk next by black fingers hooking underneath the elastic band.

“Uunggggggg” the black teenager moaned smelling Arya’s thick musk hit her hard. Andi stared at the fat pussy of Arya Stark. The mound all swollen and glistening with the fuck juice coating it liberally. Andi had dreamed of this sweet cunt in her mouth so many nights. She and Dany had talked many times of what they would do this sweet camel toe. Andi growled and surged her face up and forward. The mathematician buried her mouth in the fat sweet pussy of Arya. Andi moaned finally tasting Arya for the first time. “Ummnnggg mmnggggg mmmnnnnn!” Andi groaned sucking down sweet cunt cream that slavered the slimy folds of the slit she was actively tonguing. Andi rocked her head to slide her tongue up and down the juicy slit.

Andi’s tongue pressed in harder as she licked up and down the wet seam of her now lover. The black girl’s tongue bulging out the vulva of the pussy she was avidly licking. Her tongue on the bottom of the stroke lapped over Arya’s fuck hole teasing it. Her tongue circling the honey pit of her woman while her mouth sucked on the sweet cunt hole siphoning in dollops of hot cum.

Andi’s tongue gigged and slapped the folds and now exposed tip of Arya’s clit jutting out its sheath. Andi smiled feeling Arya’s hips rotate to grind her cunt up into her hot devouring sucking mouth.

“Annhh! Oh!” Arya cried out. Dany was trying to suck her nipples down her throat and Andi was simply inhaling her pussy like a madwoman. She felt Andi bring up her left hand and worm two fingers deep into Arya’s pussy and start to sensually pump them in and out the tight sleeve. Andi was on a high feeling the tight slippery heat of her lover’s cunt sucking down on her fingers pumping in deep. The wet pussy making obscene noises of being fucked sweetly. Each pulse squeeze of Arya’s quim on her fingers excited Andi deeply as she feverishly sucked Arya’s clit in and out her sensual lips with her tongue polishing the rigid nubbin.

Arya cried out in raw pleasure her facing slashing hard feeling Andi pump her cunt in and out. Arya felt her pussy clamp down on the long black digits pumping her sodden twat. Dany’s teeth were now gently teething her engorged nipples while her mouth worked up and down her teats with Dany’s sensual lips. “Gods yes—huungggg uunggggg!” Arya growled hoarsely. "Ungghh ... oh oh babies—fuck me! Make me cum for you! I LOVE YOUUUUUUUU!!"

She heard both Dany and Andi breathing hitch at her declaration of pure love. Andi accelerated her fingers pounding Arya’s sodden trim. The black girl loving the hot heat gripping tight her fingers and the hard spasms working through Arya’s cunt. She looked up and saw Dany move to kiss Arya deeply. Their cheeks hollowed out showing dueling tongues. Dany had both hands up and rolling her spit soaked palms over Arya’s plum nipples rolling and pulping them. Dany kissed down Arya’s face as the former FBI agent panted. It was hot to Andi watching Dany kiss down Arya’s jaw and to her throat. Now Dany was licking and kissing Arya’s throat.

“AAAWWOOOGGGGGG!” Arya screamed feeling Dany viciously jet Arya’s throat through her grazing teeth. Arya’s head thrashed right and left her face scrunched up and eyes squeezed shut tight. The white haired Valyrian lathed the throat she had just marked with a hickey with slow
slurpy swipes of her tongue. “Huunnggg uunngg uunhhh oh shit! Andi suck suck suck me baby! Oohhh Dany pulp my nipples and mark me as your bitch” Arya gasped out.

Dany took her palms and now jammed them in hard onto Arya’s nipples crushing and folding the pulpy nipples in on themselves. Her palms ground down rotating back and forth with short jerks pulping Arya’s nipples into her ribs making the Stark woman gasp and gurgle in raw pleasure. Dany watched closely Arya’s face torn with primal ecstasy. She looked down and saw Andi’s head lifting with the force of her long ragged vacuum suck. Her cheeks working with her sucks showing her tongue whiplashing over Arya’s clit.

Arya was beginning to tense up her mouth falling open and making cawing sounds. Dany lowered her head moving a hand and sucked a turgid nipple and deep throat sucked on the engorged pulp nipple her other hand pulping the other. Dany gripped Arya’s body with her free hand to anchor herself as she siphoned her mouth up and down the sweet bursting plum in her mouth. Her tongue lathing all over the rubbery teat. She heard Andi giving loose lipped sucks on Arya’s clit.

Arya used Andi’s hair as an anchor as her flipping body convulsed wildly. Loud screams of fucking bliss filled the room making Daenerys and Missandei’s hearts swell with pure love for Arya. “ARRRUUNNGGG! AAAAWOOOGG GGGGG! OOOOWWWGGGGGGGGGGG!” Arya screamed in blistering nearly crippling ecstasy. She convulsed hard for another fifteen seconds before her orgasm finally began to wane. Her body now soaked in sex sweat sagged against Dany.

Dany moved up and kissed Arya deeply. Their tongues twined in a slippery dance of pure love. Their hands threaded in each other’s luxuriant hair. Heads tilted over to mate mouths as tight as possible to let each other’s tongues explore down cawing throats. Arya gagged feeling Dany’s tongue roughly spearing down her throat again which again caused the assassin’s eyes to roll back into her skull and jerk spasmodically. She felt Andi roughly divesting herself of her boots. Each
foot lifted, laces loosened and the offending artifact ripped off Arya’s foot along with her sock.

Arya was nude now. Dany backed up and Arya squealed when Andi displayed her newfound hard earned strength from her constant working out and training at Shih-Chieh’s dojo. She wrapped one arm around Arya’s torso and bent down to loop her other arm behind Arya’s knees and picked her up in a bridal position. Arya felt her belly melt at the show of strength and possession by her black sweetheart.

“Oohhhhh Andi baby—you’re so buff and strong!” Arya cooed to her buff Brainac. She felt her heart pitter-patter seeing Andi preen. She easily carried her stout lover to the bedroom area with Dany trailing behind. The Stark woman locked eyes with Dany. She was licking her lips with fuck hunger for Arya. Andi was nibbling on Arya’s ear suckling on her earlobe and breathing into Arya’s hear. “Hhhhuunngggg! Ohhhh fuck meeeeee” Arya whimpered.

She saw that the covers had been pulled back. The sheets freshly pressed and gleaming white. Dany turned the lights down low the soft light making the bed looking like something from a faery tale. They were beside the bed now. Then Arya was thrown in the air by Andi her body spinning half a turn to flop on the bed hard and bounce up once before settling. Arya had been a little groggy still from her orgasms but the show of strength and dominance had her instantly revived.

With doe eyes Arya watched Andi get on her knees beside the bed and reach forward to grip Arya’s hips and jerk her roughly to the edge of the bed so her legs were hanging over the edge. Andi now gripped Arya’s inner thighs and pushed Arya’s legs out wide. Andi eyed Arya’s swollen mound all brownish red engorged with blood. Her inner lips bloomed out her slit all glistening and soaked in creamy cum from her hard cum.

Missandei leaned in and breathed in deep to take in Arya’s heady fuck musk. “Damn I love white pussy!” Andi croaked staring nearly cross-eyed at the festering pink juicy trim before her eyes. “Mmmnngeeegeee!” the black scientist groaned burying her face deep in swollen white pussy. Andi’s head lapping as her tongue found Arya’s engorged nubbin and aggressively licked. Her chin plowing the wet seam as her lips siphoned in Arya’s clitoral hood and sucked deep into her mouth where her tongue assaulted the rigid clit with hard swipes and spear thrusts. Then Andi was back to lapping her head to drag her tongue hard over the clit all shiny and pinkish white.

"Aarruunggg … hhhhhnnn hhhnnn! Ohhhhnnn ... yes!" Arya panted. She eyed Dany who got up on the bed with her knees. She then folded down beside Arya her head lowering to Arya’s bursting plum nipples. “I have wanted these in my mouth for so long. They are mine now Arya.” Dany sucked in a turgid bulb and sucked on the pulp mass her teeth lightly biting as her tongue rasped the nipple jutting up out of the engorged areola. “Ohhhhhnnn oohhhhhnnn—shit!” Arya gasped feeling Dany hook her lips underneath the crown of her bulging nipple on her small breast. Dany hummed and slurped loving the thick rubbery nipple filling her mouth sweetly. “Ohh! Unnggg uunnnhh uunnnhh uunnhhh … oohhh fuuucckkkk!” Arya whimpered feeling Dany move over to her other nipple and sucking so fucking hard like she was starving on her plum nipple. Dany’s hand moving up to roughly roll and squeeze the wet nipple she had just had in her wet sucking mouth.

Andi was tongue fucking Arya now. Her tongue sliding so deep into her bubbling couchie. The black teenager loving the wet heat gripping her deep probing tongue. The heavenly taste of Arya filled Andi’s mouth as she sucked and slurped on paradise. Then Andi lips glued to Arya’s fuck hole and her sweet Baby Einstein sucked in a mouthful of cunt meat and happily nosily munched away. Wet slurps and smacks filled the room as Andi feasted on sodden cunt meat her head lifting as she sucked and licked Arya’s festering trim.

Andi’s hands massaged and gripped the muscular legs of her second wife loving the coiled strength
she found there. "Auugnoownngg! Unghh! Unghh!" Arya grunted, writhing crazily under her lover’s passionate attack. Arya’s pussy swirled up into the mouth devouring it. The black girl had sucked Arya’s clit deep into her mouth to vacuum suck as her tongue jabbed and rolled the clit in its nest lathing and jacking into the hard nubbin. Arya’s body jolting and writhing under the passionate oral assault from her Baby Einstein. “Aaarrunngg hhnnngg hhnnnggg oohhh fuckkkkk hhnnnggg!” Arya croaked her head thrashing right and left. Her hips in constant motion swirling her sodden cunt up into Andi’s hot sucking mouth.

Dany was now looking at Arya as her hands gripped and roughly massaged Arya’s nipples. Arya looked up at Dany who was hunched down her face just over Arya’s plump plum nipples. She titled her hands so the heels of her hands ground into Arya’s nipples pulping them into her ribcage. She then started to lift her hands up several inches cupping them and slapping down hard to compress and pulp Arya’s nipples into her ribcage hard. The loud thumps echoing in the room.

“Aaaauuuugggg uuunnggg—fuckkkkkk yeah! Arruunnggggg!” Arya cried out feeling her nipples roughly pounded into her chest. Dany loved the stricken look on Arya’s face. It made Dany feel so good to know she and Andi were giving Arya so much pleasure. She loved fucking Arya hard. She was a pain slut just like herself. Arya was a masochist who loved pain and humiliation mixed into the hard loving. She craved it like the former whore did.

“You like it rough don’t you slut! You want us to dominate you and make you our bitch slut!” Dany husked down to Arya. Arya nodded her head enthusiastically ‘yes’ as she cawed and choked whimpered feeling Andi licking roughly up and down her slit. She cried out when Andi began to aggressively lick her clit with flat tongue licks up and down. Missandei running her black fingers up and down the wet seam plying the rubbery long labia lips rolling and massaging them.

Dany moved up and kissed Arya with a scorching kiss that left Arya lightheaded. Arya began to feel her belly spasm with that sweet pleasure that was so much more than raw aching pleasure. Andi sensed it and wormed two fingers into Arya’s tight pussy and pumped them hard in and out the buttery cauldron of Arya’s cunt. The long graceful black digits quickly slimed in fuck nectars up to the third knuckle. The greasy fuck batter letting her fingers easily slam in and out the spasming fuck hole. “Gods I love seeing my black fingers fuck your white pussy baby!” Andi cawed lifting her head a moment to watch and get her breath. She lowered her head again and siphoned in Arya’s now about to burst clit and gave it long vicious love sucks her tongue polishing the rigid button jutting up out its sheath.

"Ungghh! Oh shit! Gods ... Andi—hhnnngg uunn nnnggg—Dany ungghh! Oh! Honeys’ ... I’m gonna cum so fucking hard ... gods I can feel my womb spasming so hard! ... oh, do me hard, babies! Please!"

Andi growled hearing the entreaty and now sucked in all of Arya’s upper cunt into her mouth and sucked so hard her head tented up the sweet pink trim her cheeks hollowed out with her love sucks. Dany was moving her head back and forth wolf sucking on nearly bursting nipples. The plums so engorged they felt like Vulcanized rubber. As the white haired woman moved her head right and left she used the spit left behind to twist her fingers on the pulpy nipples twisting and pulping with hard twisting squeezes of her fingers.

The both felt Arya’s body begin to shake violently. Lilac eyes locked with midnight eyes as the pale woman and the dark skinned woman smiled around the nipple and pussy stuffed mouths. They were in perfect sync loving their wife. Andi began to waggle her head harshly around whiplashing the cunt meat in her mouth as she sucked with all her pure love. Dany sucked her mouth off Arya’s bulb nipples sloppily with wet kisses that rasped the engorged teats. The Valyrian lowering her head immediately to suck the other turgid nipple back into her mouth and repeated her wet slurpy sucks up
Arya rose up on her elbows to watch her women fuck her so sweetly. Dany angled her head back to look at Arya as she sucked and tongue batted the thick nipples as her head moved back and forth on Arya's teats. Andi was looking up the flat muscled belly of her sweet second wife. Andi loved seeing the muscles flex and tense as Arya swirled her now heavily flowing twat up into her mouth. Andi sucked with head lifting love sucks on Arya's clit her tongue polishing it as her fingers slammed fucked the now gushing cunt. Her bent knuckles hammering Arya’s swollen camel toe. The harsh love sucks sent Arya off the precipice of shattering ecstasy.

“HHHUUNNGGGGGG! oh oh OOOWWWGGGGGGG! … Unngghhhhhrrrrrrr! Ungghhhnnnnnnn! Aannngghhiieeeeeeeeee!” Arya wailed feeling her womb explode and try and ripe out her belly. Her back arched and she humped her exploding twat up desperately into the black mouth sucking her off. Her head thrashed wildly from side to side as spit sprayed out her screaming mouth. Her upper body twisted as Dany leaned into Arya to pin her torso to the bed as her mouth pleasured one nipple and her fingers the other. “Keep suckkkiiiiinngggggg!” Arya screamed as pure nirvana poured into her veins scalding her with fucking bliss. Convulsions of the purest ecstasy hammered her stout strong body. “AAAAOOOGGGGGGGG! … hhhnnnn hhnnnn Mmnnnggggeeeeee! Nnnnihhhhggeeiiii!” Arya shrieked.

Andi was in heaven feeling Arya’s snatch clamp down hard on her deep thrusting fingers up into Arya’s exploding cunt. She loved feeling Arya’s hand grip her long loose curls and now ride her face up and down her flooding cunt prolonging her shattering orgasm. Arya rode her like her face was a fuck post. Arya’s wails filled the bedroom area. Andi whimpered as she licked and slurped up sweet white girl cum. She always loved the feel of a cunt swallowing her mouth entire as she feasted on white gash. She had always been attracted to white girls and now she had the two white girls of her dreams in her bed. Her dreams had indeed come true. She fucked Arya for all she was worth.

Finally, the crushing orgasm fled leaving Arya spent. She had to push Andi back from her pussy the black girl whining as her sweet gash was denied her. She now kissed Arya’s groin and belly knowing her sweetie needed to let her clit rest a minute or three. They had all been watching each other fuck and masturbate. All recovered quick. Arya’s head lulled from side to side her face grimacing as strong aftershocks rippled through her sweat soaked body. Dany kept the aftershocks flowing with her fingers gently pressing and swirling on the hard rubbery nipples.

Dany and Andi locked eyes for a moment. Instant understanding flowing between them. They kissed Arya gently. Dany languidly swirling her tongue in Arya’s groaning mouth and Andi licking up sweet cum from a tired happy pussy. For several minutes the three shared sweet post coital bliss. The two dominate lovers exchanged looks. It was time.

Daenerys moved off the bed as Missandei moved up onto the bed. Dany quickly moved to get between Arya’s legs. She stared at paradise. Arya had a big pussy just like Andi and herself did. So much sweet cunt meat to sample and devour she thought gleefully. She watched Andi move up to Arya’s head and grip her sweaty lank hair and lock eyes with Arya. Then they were deeply snooging. Arya’s clotted whimpers sweet music to Dany’s ears. She loved seeing the dark / pale contrast of their skin as heads tilted over to mate pink and brown lips tight.

Like a supplicant before the alter of Sappho, Dany buried her face in the swollen sloppy wet gash. Her face pressed deep into Arya’s pussy. Dany loved feeling the jolt of Arya’s groin jamming up into her mouth with the pulse of raw pleasure her mouth gave Arya as she wiggled her head to get her face buried deep in the fat camel toe of her lover. Arya cried out into the mouth devouring hers
as she felt Dany first suck in her long inner labia lips rolling and stretching them before spitting out. Dany worked both sides of Arya’s slit before moving up and suckling and short sucking on her pink hard nubbin.

“Mmfffff pphhffffff pphhhffffff!” Arya chuffed into the mouth devouring hers. The white woman gagging feeling the black teenager’s tongue ramming down her throat. Arya groaned gutturally feeling Dany now sucking in mouthfuls of her inner petals with the Valyrian’s mouth glued to herfuck hole sucking in and munching happily on the slimy snail snot soaked folds. Arya now instinctively swirling her pussy up into the mouth sucking voraciously on her pussy. The swirls jamming Arya’s snatch hard into Dany’s devouring mouth. A mouth now Dorne kissing her pussy and ramming Dany's tongue deep into the sloppy wet cauldron of Arya’s love canal.

Andi kissed Arya deeply and then kissed down Arya’s face with feather kisses from her thick sensual lips. Now the mathematician licked Arya’s pulse point and kissed it sensually. Then her mouth opened and sucked Arya’s sweet tender throat flesh deep into her mouth to viciously see-saw her teeth over. “OOOOOWWWGGGGGG!” Arya shrieked her body bucking feeling the vicious hickey her wife gave her. Dany was now hammering her head driving her tongue deep in and out the tight chute of her woman. Dany loving the feel of Arya’s slimy wet fuck hole sliding over her tongue as she speared it in deep and hard.

Arya’s head lulled to one side her face torn with sharp ecstasy. Andi had kissed up and down Arya’s collarbones to then kiss her shoulders. Back down the collarbones the Naathi woman’s lips kissed along Arya’s collarbones. Then her lips kissed down the upper chest of the assassin. Slowly the black teenager worked her lips to Arya’s breast. She now engulfed a bursting plum nipple and slowly slide her lips down the bulb feeling the rubbery pulpy nipple fill her mouth. Andi voraciously sucked with long ragged love sucks her tongue writhing all over the engorged two inch high thick nipple.

"Ohhhhhhhhnn! Arrunngg hhnngg hhnnggg!" Arya moaned excitedly. She lifted her head from the mattress seeing Andi siphon suck her other nipple now. Andi used her left hand to squeeze the base of the nipple she was sucking on her other hand rotating her palm over and grinding down compressing and folding the engorged spittle soaked nipple. “Ohhh ... shit!” Arya gasped. "Oh gods ... Andi! You suck my nipples so gooooooddd!"

For the next several minutes Arya was in heaven feeling her breast and cunt expertly sucked and fucked. Andi kept moving between Arya’s plum nipples and kissed up her upper torso and face to again lock lips and deeply kiss the former FBI agent. Dany was sucking her pussy so good too! Dany moved her face slowly up and down working Arya’s slit and labia lips. Then her mouth was at her clit giving it fast and then slow licks with the flat of her tongue before swallowing deep into her mouth and giving the rock hard nubbin fast quick sucks as her tongue flailed the nubbin and then polished it.

Arya felt the tension rising in her body again. The spasms were coming faster and harder now. She had crossed the invisible line between pure pleasure and rising up the slope to orgasm. Arya now tittered on the precipice of shattering pleasure. Dany’s head was lifting now with the force of her sucks on Arya’s clit. Her head rocking to lash her tongue over the rigid nubbin. Dany was gripping Arya’s legs pushing them out wide to open up Arya’s passion flower. Andi was leaning on her elbow with both hands rolling and roughly massaging the rubbery engorged teats. The black teenager intently watching the face of Arya as it slashed and crumpled in fierce pleasure.

Arya felt her belly tightening and her womb now clenching deep in belly. Dany was humming as she sucked away happily.
“Cum for us Arya … cum hard for us—grind that cunt in Dany’s mouth” Andi husked to her woman.

“Uunnnggggg! Hhnnnnggg hhnnggg hhnggg!” Arya cried out humping her pussy hard into Dany’s face lifting it just that smallest of a fraction as her swollen cunny ground into Dany’s mouth. “Oh shit! Unggg hhnnnggg oh oh … oh gods …”

“Cum for me Arya. Cum for your Brainac … cum for us Arya …” Andi husked down to her lover as she now squeezed the pulpy nipples with her long graceful black fingers. Suddenly, Arya’s body froze up her face frozen her eyes shocked wide open. Then her body was wildly flipping as soul crushing spasms tore out her exploding cunt scalding her with fucking bliss.

"GGOODDSSDAAMMMNNNN! AUUNNGGHHAAlIIIINNMMGGGNNNEEEE! UUNNGGGHHHIIEEEEEEEE!" Arya wailed, her shrieks rising through the room with piercing intensity. "Mmmnnngggngggsiieeee! Nnnhhhiieeeeieeeeieeee! Mmmnngggngggiiieeee! … shitttttttt —fuucckkkkkkk oh oh hhnggg Aarruuunngggggggggg! Owwwwggggaaaaaa!” Arya screamed for her lover’s to bask in as her body jerked and flipped wildly. Arya surged her pussy into Dany’s face as the Valyrian now had her mouth wide open over Arya’s cunt hole drinking down the hot gushes of sweet cum as her right hand jerked and squeezed Arya’s clit driving the North girl crazy with pleasure. Arya’s body was wrenched hard as wave after wave of her excruciating orgasm wracked her.

Arya’s orgasm fled leaving her wrecked on the bed her legs dangling over the edge of the bed. Dany now gently licking Arya’s jangling clit and softly kissing the dark reddish pink mons of Venus of her temporarily spent lover. Andi was gently suckling on Arya’s nipple moving her mouth back and forth prolonging the hard aftershocks ripping through Arya’s body.

“Dany help me get Arya up on the bed” Andi ordered Dany. Dany smiled getting up off her ass and helped the black teenager scoot a groggy and limp Arya up on the bed. She loved it when Andi ordered her around in the bedroom. They positioned Arya’s head at the head of the bed. They gazed down on Arya’s sweat soaked bed.

“You want more gash?” Andi asked her first wife.

“You bet I do!” Dany chirped moving like a cheetah kneeling over Arya’s leg and settling down in a flash. She wasted no time burying her face into the swollen muff of her sweet, sweet Arya. Dany loved sloppy seconds, thirds and fourths! She wiggled her face to get her cupid bow lips buried in the hot snatch of her white lover. Dany was ecstatic to finally have her two wives. The idea of a black and white wife intoxicated the Valyrian. She moaned feeling her mouth swallowed by hot slimy wet heat of Arya’s vulva. She started to make a lapping motion working her tongue up and down the drenched groove of Arya.

Dany had watched Arya masturbate relentlessly. She knew her new lover’s pussy were like hers and Andi’s. All their cunnies were insatiable.

Andi had worked up to beside Arya’s head on her knees. She looked down on Arya whose face was slashing with harsh spasms of fucking bliss.

Arya looked up at her sweet Andi. Sweat running down off her perfect body and dripping off her face. Arya’s eyes traced beads of sweat that ran together to then run down Andi’s now hard body. Both she and Dany were Hollywood beautiful. She again wondered how she had gotten so lucky

“You have been most greedy Arya” Andi husked down at Arya. Her face slashing, Arya looked up at Andi her face asking for explanation. Andi smiled down at Arya. “You have just been lying back
letting us pleasure you … most greedy”. Andi straddled Arya’s head with her knees. Andi smiled seeing Arya’s eyes zero in on her pussy with her eyes. Arya’s tongue licking her lips unconsciously with desire for black gash. Arya felt her brain go on fire seeing the hanging labia lips of her sweet black lover. The clitoral hood all knotted with Andi’s clit jutting out its sheath all shiny and wet.

“You see something you want Arya?” Andi husked down at Arya. Arya face was slashing with Dany going wild on her pussy. Andi looked back over her shoulder. Dany was giving Arya’s pussy wet sloppy kisses sucking in cunt meat and wiggling her head and jerking her head back snapping slimy folds out her lips. Dany’s head following the brownish labia lips to suck in again. Andi turned her head back around. She snaked her hands down from her hips to her slit. She loved how Arya’s eyes followed her hands avidly.

“Uummmmggggggg!” Arya sibilantly moaned seeing Andi hook her fingers into her wet seam and pull her cunt open as she jutted her pelvis out to fully open up her cunny to Arya’s hot staring eyes. Arya’s head unconsciously lifting off the mattress trying to get her mouth on Andi’s drooling cunt. Andi pulled her pussy open wide exposing her pulsing inner core. Her hole dark red and sopping wet. Arya whinnied seeing the red whorls and folds of Andi’s fuck hole. Arya’s head unconsciously lifting off the mattress trying to get her mouth on Andi’s drooling cunt.

Andi pleaseeeeee! Give me your pussyyyyy pleaseeeeee!

The dark skinned woman slowly spread her knees and lowered her pussy to Arya’s mouth. The black teenager staring intensely at Arya. She watched Arya stare at her cunt with a starving look in her eyes. Her tongue unconsciously licking her lips in anticipation. Andi watched Arya’s head lift off the mattress her mouth gluing itself to her cunt an inch off the mattress.

Arya mashed her face in deep sighing in perfect harmony with Andi. She speared her tongue deep up into the fuck hole of her woman. She relished the hot tight heat on her tongue she shoved deep into Andi’s hot twat. Andi pushed down with her hips mashing her cunt into Arya’s face. She groaned feeling Arya suck in her cunt meat as her vulva flared around the pink lips of her other wife.

Arya pumped up her head off the mattress ramming her tongue deep in the wet cauldron that was Andi’s flowing couchie. Arya setup a rhythm punching her tongue deep into the black teenager’s hot tight cunt. The greasy flesh gripping tight on the tongue probing in deep. Arya gluing her mouth to Andi’s fuck hole and sucking in hard siphoning in sweet cunt meat and munching hungrily on the slimy folds she rolled around in her lips and lapped at with her tongue.

"Ahngggg!" Andi gasped “Aauuuggg hhhnnngg … oh yeesss Arya—I waited so long baby!” Andi whinnied her head rocking back feeling Arya latch onto her clit now and giving it long sucks and fast tongue bats. The black teenager swirled her pussy down into the mouth devouring her love aching quim. Arya had looped her arms over Andi’s slender but now muscular legs and pulled her pussy down even harder into her hot sucking mouth. "Oh shit … Arya … you suck pussy so fucking good! Keep sucking baby keep sucking … ungghhhhh!

Dany loved seeing Andi’s black camel toe totally engulfing Arya’s pale face and pink lips. She watched the fat cunny of Andi compress and roll as she rocked her hips to short sweep her pussy over Arya’s hot gobbling mouth. She could see Andi’s bright red seam on the back stroke. She loved seeing the wet seam all folded and compressed as she humped. Arya’s tongue bulging out the black vulva grinding down on her mouth.

“Mmmmpffff uunggffff mmpphhhffff!” Arya chuffed into the pussy she was devouring. The sounds of both gluttony and fierce pleasure that Dany was giving her pussy. Arya kept rabidly licking Andi’s pussy with long tongue strokes working the entire wet slit of her lover. Arya moaned at the sweet taste of Andi’s pussy. It was pure nectar of the gods to the woman. The taste sharp and
flavorful. She knew Dany’s cunt would be equally delectable in her mouth. Arya licked and sucked away merrily. Andi had gripped her firm full tits and mauled them with hard squeezes her dark fingers sinking deep into her bosom. Andi bounced to jam her pussy down harder into the mouth devouring it.

Missandei looked down over her hands mauling her tits at the white face buried in her black cunt. Arya’s head rocking on the mattress to work her tongue up and down the wet seam of the teenager and then tongue lashing her clitt with hard licks to be followed by harsh love sucks on her hard nubbin. Andi cupped her heavy tits and then squeezed them hard as she lifted them up as she lowered her head to her up thrust teats. Her mouth closed on her left nipple and she sucked hard her face twisted with the fierce pleasure. Arya filled her pussy with hot pleasure while Andi’s mouth gave her her own nipples such raw aching pleasure. Her head moved right and left to siphon suck both of her rubbery thick nipples.

Arya was in heaven. It was beyond rad to be giving Andi such pleasure. Andi’s face twisted and slashed with fierce pleasure. She was able to focus on Andi’s pussy her head jerking hard as spasms of fucking bliss rocked through her body as Dany now tried to suck Arya’s clitt down her throat. Arya felt her fat pussy swallowing Dany’s face as she mashed her face deep into Arya’s quim. Dany now had her mouth glued to Arya’s cunt hole and was deep spearing her tongue into the wet cauldron of Arya’s pussy. Arya loved the sounds of pleasure and gluttony that Dany made devouring her sloppy wet trim.

"Unnggmmm ... oh! Ahhhnnn Ffuuuucckkkk!" Andi cried out feeling Arya latch onto her clitt and rapidly lick it while her lips worked her clitoral hood and then jerked up and down her shiny nubbin as her tongue polished her clitt. "Mmmnggg oh yes oh oh!"

Arya loved the feel of the hot wet heat of Andi’s pussy engulfing her mouth. Sweat was pouring down the black teenager’s body now in rivulets. Her face slashing with hard pulses of pleasure. Her head leaned down her face twisted with ecstasy. Andi swirled her hips harder grinding her trim down into the pink lips of Arya that were totally engulfed by the dark black mound of the young Naathi girl. Andi’s head lifted as she sucked on her engorged teats adding to her soul rocking pleasure.

“Ummmmgggg mnmnngggg nngggg … shit—fuckkkk uungggg!” Andi growled out her throat convulsing with the raw pleasure filling her young ltheonysome body. She began to urgently hump her pussy down into the mouth working her drooling clamshell expertly. Arya was now working her head in a strong lapping motion flat tongue licking over the sweet cunt meat stuffed in her mouth. The teenager felt her body jerk her stomach contracting as Arya massaged her ass cheeks roughly. Then Andi whinnied feeling Arya slip a finger into her ass cleft. Then that finger was rotating over her spasming rosebud pressing into the crinkled anus. Andi’s head rocked back dropping her tits with her body filled with raw aching pleasure.

“Ooonnggggg shhiitttttt!” Andi gag groaned feeling Arya slide her middle finger up her asshole in a smooth twisting motion. The sweat and weeping cum lubricating the teenager’s ass cleft had coated Arya’s finger liberally. The long digit sliding in deep up Andi’s ass. Arya began to pump the digit in and out Andi’s tight asshole. The effect was electric as she knew it would be. Arya had seen the two fuck each other insane with deep hard anal sex. Andi fucked Arya’s face harder.

Arya loved the feel of Andi’s shithole clenching tight on the long digit now ramming hard up into the black teenager’s anus. Arya rammed her hand into the ass cleft of her black lover. Andi was jamming down and forward and then back to work both of her fuck holes that Arya was pleasuring. Andi cried out when Arya slipped her index finger up her asshole to join her middle finger. Both fingers pounding the sweet tight shithole of the black teenager with punishing deep strokes of pure
love. The hot asshole pulsing and tightly gripping the digits fucking it so good.

Dany was chuffing into the pussy she was gobbling. She would work Arya’s wet hole with strong tongue fucking before Dorne kissing the hot hole. She then sucked in mouthfuls of hot sweet slimy cunt meat and feeding on the drooling rubbery labia lips and inner folds. Then she worked up the drooling slit. She licked and sucked on Arya’s inner lips rolling and stretching them in her mouth. With slow deliberate focus the Valyrian had her mouth engulfing and sucking in deep Arya’s clitoral hood. The white haired woman sucked voraciously on the hard clit her tongue spearing and licking the rock hard nodule with feverish licks.

Andi looked down at Arya over her tits sloshing around on her chest. Her nipples were hammering pulses straight to her clit. The black seventeen year old was running her hands all over her body. Andi loved to stroke her own body. Her hands stroked her now hard belly and ribs. The sweat slicked palms then running up her torso to cup and then roughly massage her tits. The teen’s face jolting as her fingers found her nipples. The elegant digits gripping her nipples and pinch squeezing them with hard pulling teat stretching jerks.

“Aarrruunga! Fuck! Hhnnnggg hhnnnggg hnnnggg hnnnggg hnnnggg!” Andi cried out at the raw pleasure flooding her body. “Hhhhnuunnggg!” the black lass gasped feeling that first pulse deep in her belly that was so much more than just pleasure. She felt the intense pleasure and pressure now building hot and fast in her womb. The spasms coming harder and faster as ecstasy rose up in her belly and now hammered out into her limbs. Her eyes flared and her whole body spasm hard as soul searing bliss flooded her veins.

Arya had felt the tension rising exponentially in Andi’s body. She had wormed in a third finger up into Andi’s ass and was slam fucking her backdoor. She loved how hot and tight Andi’s asshole was on her harpoon fucking fingers slam fucking her baby’s asshole savagely now. She would almost pull her fingers out Andi’s butthole before slamming them violently up her ass. Arya harpoon fucked the hot asshole that Andi jammed back into the fingers pounding her booty hole.

Arya had backed up her head to flat tongue lick Andi’s clit with harsh up and down strokes. Feeling the tension filling Andi’s body Arya swallowed Andi’s clitoral hood into her mouth. She felt spit fill her mouth as she stabbed the now rock hard clit. Arya felt her spit basting the throbbing clit as Andi now began to buck wildly. Arya gave Andi all her pure focused love and then added deep throat love sucks to the assault on her clit.

A horrible full body spasm rent Andi’s body sending her back arching hard her tits flipping off her chest as her eyes stared unseeing up at the ceiling. “FFFFFFUUUUCCCKKKKK!! Holy Shit!—GGGGOOOODDDSSDDDAAAMMMNNNNN! UNNGGHHHIIEEEEES! MMNNNGGHHHIIIEEEE! NNHHHHIIIEEEEIEEEEEE!” Andi screamed like Arya had just murdered her. Her cunt jammed down as her hips bucked out of control. Arya watched Andi’s head now start to snap forward and back as Andi screamed her fucking bliss. Arya revealed in Andi’s body rocking and jackknifing violently. Arya focused to keep ram fucking Andi’s exploding asshole. The sphincter rings pinching down hard on the fingers invading and pouding her butthole.

Arya needed sweet cum directly from the well spring of Andi’s womanhood. She quickly brought up her left hand and buzzed Andi’s clit lowering her mouth and clamping onto Andi’s cunt hole gulping down the hot gushes of cum splashing out her cunt in hard spasms. Arya was still hammer fucking Andi’s asshole. She loved the feel of Andi’s sphincter rings spasming and pinching down hard on the fingers pouting the black girl’s ass. Arya felt the back of her head gripped by both of Andi’s hands now.

She glanced up from her feast to see Andi’s face slashed horribly with crushing bliss. Arya took a
Arya’s loving ministrations had the desired effect. Missandei froze up for a heartbeat and then her body was wildly jackknifing again. A second orgasm exploded over top of the dying first orgasm. Andi’s convulsions had her tits thrown up off her dark brown torso only to slap down hard over and over on her sweaty chest with wet slaps. “OOOOWWWWNNNGGHHH! FFFUUCCCKKKKK!!! UUNNGGHHHIIIIEEEEEEE!” Andi screamed in searing bliss as her body convulsed with full body spasms threatening to snap her spine with the sudden convulsions that were so dire. “Arrruuangggg! Hhnngg uunngg AAWWOOGGGGGG!” Andi wailed as she flipped and jackknifed wildly as she continued to shriek in shocking ecstasy.

Arya was gulping with loud gulping noises drinking as much of the hot spurts of cum into her wide open mouth as she could. The excess running down her face in slimy glistening streams. Arya looked up at Andi’s face her teeth clenched down hard her face torn apart with fucking bliss. Her face slashed horribly as her head jacked forward and back. Arya gulping wildly the sweet nirvana flooding her mouth. The hot gushes cum overflowing Arya’s mouth and running down her cheeks and throat in rivulets. Andi flipped and jackknifed wildly her tits whipping up and flopping down wetly on her sweaty chest. Again and again Andi’s wild gyrations sent her tits off her chest to slap down again and flop around on her chest as she shrieked her bliss. “Unngghhrrrrrr! Auuunnggg! ohhhnnggg! Ohnniieeee Nnnmmgghhiieeeeeeee! Mmmnhhheeiiiiiiiii!”

Arya was still busy trying to swallow all the broiling fuck juice she could as it spasm out Andi’s rupturing cunt. Hard throttling spasms threatened to shatter Andi’s spine as she flipped wildly and bucked her cunt into Arya’s gobbling mouth.

Finally, the orgasm began to wane. Andi slumped down mashing her swollen drooling camel toe down on the mouth of her woman. Andi was simply soaked in love sweat. Her face dripping and her body covered in rivulets of perspiration that ran down her body. Andi reached down and stroked Arya’s smiling face with a beatific smile on her face.

“I love you Arya” was her simple declaration.

“ummff yyuuvvvfff ttmmnffftt” Arya replied.

Andi rose up from Arya’s mouth. She loved looking down and seeing Arya’s face soaked in her cum from her cheeks to cum smeared down her throat and pooled in the dip of her throat at her chest. Andi relaxed back against the headboard. She observed that Dany had halted her assault on Arya’s pussy to enjoy watching Arya suck her off. Now Dany got back to business. She mashed her face back deep into Arya’s muffin and began to lick and suck her woman off. For the next several minutes the black teenager enjoyed being a voyeur watching Dany feast on sweet swollen
red gash.

Andi had just been pulverized by the orgasms Arya had given her but she already felt her pussy reviving. Andi loved her body. If you gave her pussy several minutes to rest it was ready to purr and then roar again. She began to stroke her slit and circle her clit with her left hand and her right hand cupped her right breast and massaged it roughly and plucked her nipple.

Arya felt her pussy sucked so well by Dany. The feel of Dany's lips sucked tight on her clit was searing. The feel of the Valyrian’s mouth on her clit heavenly as Dany swiped and polished her clit. Ohhnnnnn ... ahhhhhhhh ... oh darling ... oh Dany—" she gasped. Her hands reached down and threaded her fingers into the snow white tresses of her sweet lover. Her fingertips scrabbling across Dany’s scalp, buried in the dense, soft cloud of Dany's hair. Arya jammed Dany’s pale face deep into her dark red blood rushed pussy grinding Dany’s face up and down her slit as her head thrashed from side to side her face slashed with almost agonizing pleasure.

Dany felt Arya’s pussy continue to pulse and throb as she licked and tickled it with her clever, persistent tongue. "Oh gods ... it’s so good Dany! Unhhhhhh! Oh yes! Dany yes!" Dany reveled in hearing Arya cry out to her. Arya voice was hiccupping as she cawed “Oohhh Dany—Andi” she wept softly for a few moments before getting control “I thought I would never love again … now I have not one but two sweet loves …”

Dany smiled into the sweet quim she was devouring hotly. Her tongue racking the rigid clit and her chin plowing the sloppy wet trench of Arya’s pussy. She kept looking up at the tormented face of her woman. Arya’s pussy rotating up into her hot gobbling mouth. Dany’s eyes darted to the right and looked at Andi.

“Ummmmffffff uungggg arrruunggggggg … shit shit mmmnggg!” Andi gurgled as she fucked herself sweetly now. Her right hand was pounding three fingers up into her lubricated cream filled cunt. The bent knuckle of her small finger and her thumb hammer fucking her mound. Her left hand circled and swiped over her clit sending raw hot pulses out from her clit to fill her belly and radiate out into her torso and fill her limbs with burning need and want.

Andi pulled her fingers out her pussy and shoved them into her mouth. She gutturally groaned sucking her fingers clean of her twat slime. Her left hand fingers pumping deep in her pussy to fill her cunt. When she had finished cleaning her fingers she moved her left hand fingers now slimed with cum to her clit and circled it fast as she resumed fucking her fuck hole with her three right hand fingers.

Arya was in heaven again knowing the pleasures of fucking the woman—no women she loved. She titled her head over and watched her sweet Brainac fuck her pussy with her long black fingers. She had always loved watching Nyomi fuck herself and had enjoyed watching Dany and Andi masturbate for each other or sitting side by side on the bed or sofa and Jilling each other off. Andi’s face was twisting and her long locks jerking to and fro with her head’s spasmodic jerks. The sight of Andi’s long black fingers soaked in creamy white cum up to the webbing of her hand was so fucking hot!

Arya jerked Dany’s face hard and deep into her pussy. Dany was simply devouring her pussy with gusto. She was sucking her upper cunt up and tenting her trim all wet and red. Then her pussy snapped out the tight sucking lips the whiplash jolting Arya to her core. “Ohhhhh! Fuck meeewweweee! Uunngg hhhnnn hhnggg” Arya cried out in raw aching pleasure with Dany constantly sucking her pussy up into a tent and then jerking her head back further to snap Arya’s trim out her mouth so she could suck it up and torment again and again. “Unhhhh ... unhhh! Oh! Oh ... Dany! Yes yes yes … hhuunnggg—your going to make me cum so fuckingggg hard!”
Dany smiled around the mouthful of pussy in her mouth. She now mashed her face deep into Arya’s mound and wolfed sucked while her rocking head which let her tongue lash the clit sucked between her lips mercilessly. She loved seeing the tension filling her sweet protector’s body. Dany glanced over at their sweet Baby Einstein. She was definitely not a little girl with what she was doing. Gods she loved watching the black beauty jerk herself off to orgasm like now.

Arya rose up on her elbows to watch Dany suck her to orgasm. She felt the tension rising to hurricane force in her body. Her belly constricted in harsh spasms showing off her washboard abs as her thighs trembled and clenched up showing her muscular thighs and calves. Arya felt her toes curling painfully. Beside her Andi was chuffing hot and heavy with bellowing breaths. Sweat again pouring down her black gleaming body.

Arya watched Andi slip her fingers out her twat the black fingers soaked in creamy cum up to the webbing between her fingers. Andi now jammed the first three fingers into the side of her clitoral hood at the base. She jammed in hard which pushed in on her clitoral hood. This pulled labia lips down and back fully exposing Andi’s clit. Her left hand whipsawed her cum soaked fingertips over her rock hard clit in a blur of wildly swiping fingers.

Andi’s eyes bulged wide open. Watching the two women she loved more than life itself fuck was filling her soul with pure unadulterated pleasure. Andi jammed her clit hard the pressure shocking with her right hand pivoting right and left to put harsh pressure on her clit. Her left hand a buzz saw on her shiny clit. It took only fifteen seconds. Her womb detonated deep in her pelvis and now ripped her belly open scalding her with raw hedonistic masturbatory self-pleasure.

“OOOWWWGGGGGGG! HHHHUUUNNGGGGGG! Hhnnn hhnnn … FFFFFFFUUUCCKKKKKKKK! … mmng nngggg … Oh Yessssss!” Andi screamed with her eyes shocked wide open. The explosions deep in Andi’s body had her body flipping and jackknifing wildly. Her body slamming into the headboard making the bed rock violently. “Aarrrgghhhuunnnnmmmnnn!” Andi wailed her right hand jacking right and left harshly on the fulcrum of the fingers jammed into the side of her clitoral hood. “Mmmngggghhhiieeeeee! Nnniiigghhhhiiieeeeeee! Nngggghhhiieeee!” Andi wailed as she flipped and jackknifed violently as she felt rushes of ecstasies exploding out her cunt as it gushed hot steamy cum all over her pussy and groin. The heavy gushes running down her ass crack and soaking the bed. “Unngghhhiieeeeeeee! Aaagghhhhiieeeeeee!” Andi screamed as the last of her waves of her masturbatory orgasm shook her violently before her orgasm dissipated into a sweet remembrance of earth quaking bliss. Her tits pulsing in time to her seizures of fucking cumming. Each seizure of her orgasm had sent searing pulses broiling through her nipples.

Spent for the moment Andi collapsed back against the headboard. She now watched her sweet Dany suck off her dear Arya. Dany was on fire for Arya seeing Andi Jill herself off to a stunning almost crippling orgasm. The pale Valyrian buried her face even deeper into Arya’s mound and now worked her head up and down the juicy slit plowing sweet slit and clit. Arya helping Dany plow her cunt with her hands in the Valyrian’s hair jamming her face ever harder into her burbling pussy. Dany’s tongue roughly licked over Arya’s clit with hard pressing licks up and then down over the hard nubbin. She was moaning and snuffling dining on Arya’s sweet pussy. A pussy she and Andi had been dreaming of since they became lovers. Dany felt tears running down her cheeks knowing the three headed dragon was once more complete.

"Awwwonggg! Unngghh! Ohnnggg! Oh yes ... Dany ... yes! Awwonnggg!" Arya cried out feeling such exquisite pleasure in her pussy. Dany’s mouth magical on her pussy. Her dreams had been true. Her two charges knew how to fuck! Arya now knew that every night she would be dining on their sweet sodden cunts and them hers. Arya clenched her ass and flexed her thighs to grind her sloshing pussy up into Dany’s mouth. Arya felt the tension suddenly rising exponentially. “Shhiittttttt! Suck my clit Dany! For the old gods sake suck my clit!”
Dany smiled moving her mouth over Arya’s clit and sucked it deep into her mouth. She vacuumed
sucked the hard pea sized clit into her mouth where her tongue now gigged the rock hard nodule
with relentless strokes of pure love. Dany’s purple eyes blazed with passion sucking off Arya. She
loved the contrast between Arya’s pale white body and Andi’s dark brown body. The two together
were intoxicating. The Valyrian’s cheeks hollowed in deep as she vacuumed sucked on the
throbbing clit deep in her mouth her tongue polishing the clit sucked out its sheath.
Andi had got her bearings back now and enjoyed watching the end game between Arya and Dany.
Arya had arched her back now to angle her twat harder into Dany’s hot sucking mouth as Arya dug
her heels into the mattress to lift her groin like a supplicate to Dany. Dany was growling and
groaning deep in her chest with a dreamy look on her face. Her head lifting with the force of her
voracious deep throat love sucks. Arya’s cunt tented up off her vulva with her clit deep in Dany’s
starving mouth. Wet slurps filled the room with Dany’s relentless love suck on Arya’s pussy.
Arya could only do one thing. Explode. Her head jerked up off the mattress with a shocked look in
her eyes bulged wide open. Her mouth fell open into an O of helpless pleasure. First only half caws
were heard but then Arya got her breath.
“FFFFFUUUUCCCKKKKKKKKKKKK!” Arya screamed a full throated roar of killing ecstasy.
Her back slammed down into the bed and her head rose up and she looked down at Dany with a
shocked look her mouth now in its rictus half snarl. “UNNNGGHHHIIIEEEEEEEEE! Ungg
unggg GOOODDDSSSDDDDAAAMMMMNNNNNNNNNNN!” Arya screamed so hard Andi
was afraid the veins in Arya’s throat would explode out her strained neck. Her pale grey eyes
bulged wide open as killing hammer blows of ecstasy scalded her nearly to death in pure boiling
scalding bliss. Her body was corded like an overwrought spring straining as her body heaved and
flipped hard. Her head slammed back into the mattress as her fingers squeezed into Dany’s scalp
dragging her face up and down her exploding cunt.
Dany wormed her first two fingers into Arya’s gushing cunt at just the right moment and flipped
them over and rubbed fast and furious the frontal wall of Arya’s vaginal wall. Arya’s pussy gripping
tight the long slender fingers fucking her pussy deep and hard. Dany quickly found the spongy
hillock of Arya’s g-spot. Andi smiled seeing Dany adjust the angle of her hand to harpoon fuck the
spongy raspy nerve bundle. Arya went wild as a second orgasm erupted out her cunt tearing itself
inside out. “AAAARRUUUNNGGGGGGG! FFFFFUUCCKKKKKKKKK!
Nnnnngghhhhiiiiiiiiiii! Auuggghhhhhnnnnnnn! … oh fuuucckkkkk! Mmmngggghhhiiieeeee!” Arya
screamed anew as more horrible spasms rent her body so hard her body flipped and flopped like a
fish out of water.
Dany had an exultant look on her face giving Arya such supreme pleasure. Arya was temporally
spent. Dany removed her fingers from the creamy buttery cum filled pussy of her long sought
second wife. The Valyrian shoved them into her mouth and purred cleaning off Arya’s love snot
from her long pale fingers. Dany looked up at Andi. The black minx was watching her with
glittering eyes.
Andi had fantasied about directing her two wives. In the outside world she was submissive to the
superior physical skill and acumen of her larger lovers. But in the bedroom it was completely
understood she was the top Queen. She ruled this household. She liked that. Better yet, Dany and
Arya both craved to be topped.
“I want to see you 69 Dany—Arya” Andi told her two sluts in a tone that was command and not a
request. Dany shivered. Her pussy was in need and she had only just begun to slack her thirst for
Arya’s pussy. Soon she would be dining on her asshole too but she had to get to really, really know
Arya’s hot sweet gash at this sweet moment. She got up on her ass and looked down at Arya. What


she saw made her belly clench hard.

Arya’s body was simply sopping wet with sweat that was running off her face and body in rivulets. Her head was lulled over looking at her softly. She had a blasted look on her face that was morphed with a beatific smile. Her limbs were spread out akimbo limb with spent passion. She looked like a well satiated Lysian whore.

“Come on Dany. Chop! Chop!” Andi command with an imperious look that was all smirk. Dany saw Andi getting up off the bed going to the bottom left drawer of the dresser and pulling it open looking in. Dany shivered seeing the small black woman tap her chin in deep thought. “Choices, Choices” she intoned seriously. Dany had kneed up the bed so her knees were by Arya’s head. She slowly kneed around so she was facing Arya’s groin. She straddled Arya’s head with her cougie directly over Arya’s face.

Arya had been stunned but seeing Dany’s trim up over her face had her strength rushing back. She heard Andi rooting around in the goodie drawer looking for the right toy to bring to the bed. Arya had lulled her head over to watch as Dany looked over too shivering with anticipation as to what toy Andi would bring back to the bed. With 69 and Dany on top she knew her shithole would be open for sweet invasion and rough hard deep pounding.

“Ah, there you are” Andi husked her hand gripping something. Both of her soon to be wives not only in word but in fact watched her with pulsing eyes. Dany was an anal whore who loved to have her shit packed hard and deep. Dany shivered hard thinking such nasty thoughts and words. It only made the sex hotter for her to think with a potty mouth in her head.

They both knew Arya was too. They had both watched as Arya fucked her ass hard with silver bullets or bulb ended anal dildos with ribs on them to ripple her sphincter rings. It had been hot to see Arya’s body jerking wildly as she slammed the dildos up her exploding asshole. Often their Direwolf pounded both her fuck holes with dildos. The rabid wolf fucking herself hard till she was temporarily exhausted. Dany smirked. Sometimes Arya fucked her asshole three or four times in a marathon of anal self fucking.

The black skinned teenager pulled out a purple double ended dildo that had orange streaks in it. The dildo was flexible and had slightly overlarge phallus heads meant to pull in and out pussy fuck holes and ram and torment sphincter rings sweetly before plowing one’s colon folds or filling out a tight hot pussy. The thick shaft making one feel full and stuffed like a turkey ready for basting.

“Mmmmuunnggggg!” Dany moaned seeing Andi swallow one end of the shaft. The bulbous head filling her mouth. The soft sensual black lips rode up and down the shaft. The dickhead jamming into the back of Missandei’s throat and riding over her tonsils. She soon had the shaft soaked in her spit. Andi now pulled the bulbous dickhead out her mouth.

“I am going to fuck your asshole and pussy so good Dany as you scarf out on Arya’s succulent swollen cunt. Get down there and start sucking and slurping away you Valyrian slut!” The words had not been a hint but a command. The words barked out.

“Ohhhhhhhhh!” Dany gasped loving it when Andi barked at her like a whore. She loved being Andi’s love slut and now Arya would too. Dany was a switch and gave it back to Andi when she was in her occasional submissive mode. They had both discussed Arya. She was more a natural submissive and loved to be topped. Still, what woman who was strong and powerful could not be coaxed into being a dominate top when the moon was full? Both of Arya’s charges had big fantasies involving Arya taking them as a cruel assassin and them innocent victims to be taken and fucked hard over and over. The two younger women wanted to feel Arya’s power dominating them as she slapped them around and dragged them around by their hair and thrown into furniture. They had the
floggers and cattails ready for lots of sever whipping. They both drooled thinking of Arya caning their asses, cunts, tits, stomachs, legs and bottom of their feet.

Arya was a top level assassin and athlete. The two charges knew they could totally trust Arya. She would never take it too far. They may have to croak out “yellow” to tell their Direwolf to fuck them over not softer but harder! Much harder! They doubted they would ever need to use the stop command “red”. They were pain sluts. They had watched Arya. She was a pain slut too.

Their cunts had gotten so wet when they discussed all the possible scenarios they wanted to play out with Arya.

Arya was drooling looking up at Dany’s pussy above her face. Dany needed to hear Arya tell her how much she wanted and needed Dany and her body.

Arya chuffed watching Dany slow work her fingers down over her now flat and muscled stomach. She did not have the washboard like Arya but she was getting there. She ate a healthy proportions to keep her weight up. She wanted muscles but she was not going to sacrifice her awesome ass and tits to have musculature. Dany snaked her fingers into her slit and pulled her cunt open her fingers pulling her labia lips to her slavered vulva. Dany looked down at her open quim. The inner folds flexed and pulsed with her breathing. Her inner cunt meat sopping wet and her hole dark red but swimming in fuck juice.

“Do you see something you want Arya?” Dany cooed down to Arya.

“Damnyyyyyyyy pleaseeeeee pleaseeeeee! I need your pussy in my mouth! I need to make love to you and suck you off!” Arya panted out her eyes nearly crossed staring at the sweet nirvana up over her face. Arya inhaled deeply. “Oh Dany … your and Andi’s cunts smell so fuckiinnggg good. I need themmmmm!” Arya’s voice scaled up in harsh fuck hunger need.

In a flash, Arya’s arms flashed up and looped over Dany’s pale legs. She jerked Dany forward with a harsh jerk that unsettled Dany who flopped forward landing on her palms. She felt her hips now gripped and her body was powerfully jerked down. She felt her legs spreading as her pussy lowered to Arya’s mouth. Arya lifted her head from the mattress her mouth wide open like a large mouth bass striking a lure. "Unnngggghhhmmmphh! Oh gods, yes! Yes! Ungghhh!” Dany gurgled moaned out feeling Arya wiggle her face to get it buried in her drooling clamshell. Arya’s mouth latched onto her clit which was sucked with rhythmic sucks that shined and pulled on her clit with sweet friction. She felt Arya clawing her ass cheeks.

Andi was in heaven watching what she and Dany had worked so hard for months now come to fruition. The two charges of Arya knew the moment that Arya gave into her fate. It had been in the park with Candice talking sense to their Arya. They had seen it in her eyes and body language. She had become theirs in that park.

Still. Arya had tormented them with her silly refusal of their overtures in the past. There had to be some punishment, thus, Arya had been allowed to stew in her juices. They had watched Arya closely to see her getting more and more horny. They wanted her to suffer a little but not overly much. They were crazy in love with her after all. They had determined last night that today was the day.

It had been hard this morning to act as if nothing had changed knowing that when Arya came back from Shih-Chieh they were taking what was theirs.

“Arrggguunnggg” Dany cried out her back arching down driving her pussy harder into Arya’s hot sucking mouth. Dany settled down for more of Arya’s sweet trim. She got her elbows adjusted and
starred up close at Arya’s swollen dark red pussy. She was nearly cross-eyed staring at the hot pulsing quim just underneath her face. She inhaled deeply taking in the sweet musk of her woman. The smell was simply heaven on earth to the pale Valyrian.

“Ohhhh yesssssss!” Danny croaked in a sibilant moan her focus clear. The pale headed teenager lowered her face and siphoned in Arya’s rigid clit. Dany moaned again tasting the pure nirvana that was Arya’s pussy. Her head lapped so she could flat lick her tongue over Arya’s clit. Dany sucked like this with her mouth glued to Arya’s clitoral hood licking and giving it quick love sucks. Then she lifted her head to rock her head so she could give Arya’s slit and clit long flat tongue licks that had Arya’s pelvis jerking spasmodically. Dany knew she would never get tired of Arya’s wet cunt engulfing her mouth as she devoured it.

The small brilliant mathematician enjoyed the hot scene before her. She knew she would have to start filming their sweet fucking to watch again and again. Both women she watched had their eyes lightly lidded as they sucked and licked feverishly on the sloppy wet trim in their mouths. Their muffled squeals and moans pure music to the small woman from Naath. Beethoven never wrote notes so sweet as she heard now.

Arya was tongue fucking Dany’s fuck hole with her long tongue. It was time for Andi to join the hot tableau. She highly enjoyed Arya looking up and back at her as Andi swallowed the bulbous dickhead and gave it wet sloppy head taking it to the back of her throat. Soon slobbery spittle was drooling down the Naath woman’s face and swinging in slimy tendrils on her jaw and chin before they broke off to land on Dany’s ass and lower back.

Arya glued her mouth to Dany’s cunt hole and sucked in sweet mouthfuls of sweet cunt meat and slimy hot cum. The sweet taste of Dany’s pussy was intoxicating. The only taste that was equal to Dany’s pussy was Andi’s pussy. She knew that she would never tire sucking off her loves. She wormed her tongue through the slimy folds in her mouth and worked the inner petals in and out her lips.

With loud wet noisy sucks and slurps Dany attacked Arya’s pussy with her stabbing tongue. The tip jabbing the shiny nubbin jutting out its sheath. Andi enjoyed her porno movie she was watching up close. All the sights, sounds and smells so sweet. She loved how Arya’s hips jumped at the intense sensations flowing into her pelvis and belly from Dany’s expert loving ministrations. Then Dany mashed her face into the mound and sucked on the rigid clit with cheek hollowing sucks her tongue flailing the hard nodule. Then her head worked up and down tongue raking Arya’s wet slit and clit before again swallowing the hard wet morsel and giving it deep throat love sucks.

Andi removed the bulbous dickhead from her mouth and gripped Dany’s ass cheek with her right hand pulling it back exposing her butthole. “Uungggiifffff!” Dany squealed into the muff she was devouring knowing her asshole was about to be penetrated. Dany felt her belly and ass tense waiting to feel that heavenly feel of her shithole pried open and fucked hard by her sweet Andi.

“I’m going to fuck your asshole and pussy so good while Arya sucks on your clit baby. You are going to cum so fucking hard!” The black teenager smiled hearing Dany squeal some more into Arya’s pussy in anticipation. Dany was a total anal whore. Andi smiled. She had discovered she was too and they had watched Arya fuck her asshole hard with her dildos so she knew Arya was also.

With a slow deliberate motion Andi slide the rubber cockhead down the slope of Dany’s ass cheek to her brown rosebud that clutched feeling the dickhead now rubbing against it. Andi drooled out spit into the Valyrian’s ass cleft and pooling spit on Dany’s starfish. Sharp spasms worked through Dany’s goin but she tried hard to hold her ass still despite the strong pleasure coursing through her
pelvis from Arya’s hard licking of her pussy.

“Mmmnggggg mmmgggfff mmmpphhffff! Dany cried out into Arya’s trim feeling Andi jam her double headed dildo into her asshole. The mushroom crown bulged open her sphincter and then lurched into her rectum. Dany moaned feeling the initial pain of having her asshole invaded. Missandei began to pump her shaft forward and back gently to work Dany’s asshole loose. Dany groaned deep in her chest feeling pleasure start to radiate out her squired butthole. She ate Arya’s pussy with a vengeance feeling her asshole pleased so sweetly.

Arya was grimacing with the tongue licking Dany was giving her pussy. Dany again stabbing her pussy with abandon. She was intoxicated watching Andi fuck Dany’s asshole with the double headed dong right above her face. At first Dany’s asshole gripped the rubber cock fast her sphincter rings tight. Arya watched Andi work her arm to pump Dany’s starfish that at first bowed out and would not let the dildo slide deeper into the tight asshole.

Then the hot tight asshole relaxed and Andi smiled working her dildo deeper into Dany’s pale ass. She set up a rhythm slowly sinking her dildo deep up Dany’s tight shithole. Arya loved seeing Dany’s asshole hungrily eat the dildo she was working deeper up that ass. The Valyrian’s ass cheeks quivering and hips shuddering with the intense pleasure she felt having her pussy gobbled and her asshole squired with thick plastic cock.

The small black teenager was now working nearly four or five inches in and out Dany’s asshole. The shaft glazed with sweet ass juice. Andi was gripping Dany’s ass cheek with one hand and ramming the thick shaft in and out her pale lover’s ass. Dany was crying out into Arya’s pussy constantly now. Arya eyed the ass juice slicked shaft ripping in and out the Valyrian’s asshole hot and deep. Dany groaning deep in her chest as she gobbled Arya’s pussy. The pale Valyrian’s hips working to drive her pussy down into Arya’s mouth and then back and up to drive the dildo deeper up her ass.

Now Andi bent the dong over so the other end of the shaft was pointing at Dany’s groin. Arya saw this and moved her mouth down to Andi’s clit and worked it to free her sweetie’s cunny hole for Andi to invade. She watched intently as the thick shaft was poised at Dany’s fuck hole. Arya focused on it to watch it invade Dany’s cunt.

Andi quickly snaked the other end of the two headed dong into Dany’s tight pussy. Dany cried out feeling both holes now invaded with thick cock. The two thick shafts filling up her pussy and ass with hard rubber dick. She loved feeling so full and both dickhead jacking over each other in her belly.

Andi soon had the shaft sunk deep into Dany’s pussy. The small black woman began to stroke the shafts in and out the tight clinging snatch and spasming shithole. Soon Andi was slam fucking both fuck holes. Her thick shafts hammering home up a tight cunt and pounding Dany’s hot clenching shithole. Andi rose up on her knees to get a better angle so she could now slam fuck the Valyrian’s asshole and cunt with punishing strokes. Andi used her grip on the shafts at their bending point to stiffen them. Both dickheads slammed up viciously into Dany’s belly. Andi’s hands jamming into Dany’s ass cleft to ram fuck the pale former whore’s hungry fuck holes hard and deep.

Arya eyes watched the two shafts just above her face sliding so deliciously in and out Dany’s fuck holes. The shafts now soaked in pussy and ass juice. Andi held the folded shaft rigid at the flex point and hammered Dany’s pussy and ass hard and furious. Up close Arya saw Dany’s inner lips pulled out on the thick shaft fucking her cunt. The lips all red and wet showing up tight on the shaft only to be rammed back into her pussy on the in stroke. Arya’s face contorted watching the shafts plunder Dany’s fuck holes from the voracious eating out that Dany was doing on her pussy.
The sweet fuck went on like this for three or four more minutes before Dany felt the delicious tension rising in her pussy and asshole. She was sucking voraciously on Arya’s pussy her mouth drinking down the creamy cum burbling out Arya's hot love box. She heard Andi growling as she hammered Dany’s ass with deep punishing strokes of the double headed dildo. Dany felt a sharp spasm rip out her asshole. She lifted her head off Arya’s pussy and laid her cheek on Arya’s strong thigh her face torn and slashed with agonizing pulsing pleasure that sharply pulsed out her asshole and her pussy spasming and constricting hard.

“Huuunnnggg huunnngg … oohhhh oh oh …” Dany cawed and then her body had a full body spasm that ripped her from head to toe. Her fingers gripping Arya’s hips clawed while her toes curled painfully. Then Dany felt her asshole explode and a heartbeat later her cunt followed suite exploding with clenching spasms so hard she felt like her cunt was tearing itself apart. Her anal and vaginal orgasms formed and then exploded out the space of two heartbeats.

"OOOWWGGGHAAAA! AAUUGGGHHWWGGGGG! Auunngghh! Ohnggg! MMNNGGIIIIEEEE! Oh! Oh! AUUNNGGHHHHH!" Dany roared, feeling her pale face torn by excruciating spasms of intense pleasure, Her body flipped and jackknifed violently grinding her cunt down into Arya’s mouth sucking her clit voraciously down her throat. Arya gripping Dany’s hips to keep her love suck tight on the pussy she was devouring.

Andi was pounding the two headed shaft viciously in and out the exploding fuck holes. The shafts lunging hard and fast in and out the spasming and clenching pussy and asshole. Andi growled and chuffed working her shoulders and forearms to harpoon fuck her sweet Dany’s hot tight cunt and asshole.

A second set of double orgasms explode on top of the first orgasms.

“FFFFUUUCCKKKKK! GGGGOODDAAAMMNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN! (Dany’s voice scaling up as her womb and shithole shredded into a million pieces scalding her veins with agonizing bliss) Oh oh uunngg … Unngghhhiiieeeeee! Uummgghhiieeee! ungg unggg Aaagghhhhiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!” she screamed in helpless pleasure.

Arya was in heaven feeling Dany’s full breast roll and mash into her lower belly as Dany rolled and shrieked her pleasure. Dany’s pussy was flooding and Arya lapped and licked up each drop of sweet cum that came to her mouth as she worked Dany’s clit. Seeing Andi fuck her sweet Dany’s pussy and ass just above her face was mind blowing. The shaft fucking Dany’s pussy was now soaked in creamy cum forming a fuck ring at the point of deepest penetration. The shaft fucking Dany’s asshole glistening with ass juice in sweet mouthwatering smears.

Dany started to come down from her orgasms now. Andi sensing this slowly pulled the shafts from Dany’s now satiated fuck holes. Dany’s head rocked back as she gagged feeling her sensitive fuck holes stimulated with the bulbous dickheads being pulled out her spent fuck holes. Arya herself was gently lathing the clit and mound of her sweet Dany.

Arya moaned hard seeing Andi first work the shaft that had fucked Dany’s pussy in and out her mouth cleaning it. Then she cleaned the shaft with slow sucks up and down the shaft that had fucked Dany’s tight ass. Andi’s eyes were lidded as she cleaned the shaft straight from Dany’s asshole. That had Arya almost cumming just seeing the hot ATM above her.

Dany had recovered now and again sucking hard on Arya’s clit. Dany wormed two fingers into Arya’s pussy and hard fucked the cum filled pussy. The lubrication had her fingers fucking the slicked folds fast and furious. Arya’s pussy slurped and sloshed with the hard pounding it was receiving from Dany’s hard plunging fingers and her knuckles pounding Arya’s cum slicked mound.

Arya was on edge in a minute and then she was falling off as Dany tried to suck Arya’s clit down
her throat and her fingers pounded her muff with strong relentless hammering thrusts. Arya’s head twisted right beneath Dany’s pelvis her face torn apart with fucking bliss. Then her womb shattered.

"OOOO GODDDSSSS! OH FUCK! AUUNGGGRRRHHHNMMMGGGGG! AAWWWWWOOGGGGGGGG!" she cried out, her body jacking up and down wallowing against Dany’s pressing weight. Arya felt her plum nipples rolled and mashed into Dany's hard belly. The friction adding to her bliss. Her body bucked as an amazing fury of thrashing spasms tore her body apart. "Aannngghhhrrrgggmnnngghiiieeee! Ohnnngg! Oh! Oh!" Arya screamed feeling her womb tear out her cunt in searing spasms that hammered her nearly senseless with ecstasy.

"Ahhngggmmnngggiiieeee! Oh! Oh ... Dany! Ummnngghphhh! Auungghhh!"

Finally, her orgasm began to wane. Dany was licking her pussy moaning along with Arya. Dany loved pussy so much. She smiled as she lapped up the sweet creamy cum still leaking out Arya’s pussy. She now had two pussies that were hers and hers alone. She was in heaven. She would have all the couchies she could handle every night!

She finally rolled off Arya. Her sweet former FBI agent was still breathing hard. Her face still torn with aftershocks ripping out her tired but happy womb. Dany looked past Arya. Andi was on her back fucking her pussy with her long black fingers. The long digits pounding the fat camel toe of the mathematician. The fingers making wet slurpy sounds. The black teenager’s cunt sloshed and made wet sucking noises. The black girl’s right hand had forked her clit and rubbed in up and down as she squeezed her clit and used her thumb to rub her nubbin. Andi’s face slashed with fierce pleasure. Her head jolted up randomly as intense pleasure pulsed out her finger fucked cunt.

Dany smiled at the hedonistic display of self-loving.

Dany was on the bed facing the opposite direction of her black lover. She spread her legs and slowly slipped two fingers deep into her tight pussy still coming down from its orgasm high. Dany groaned as she fully buried her fingers up her pussy. She began a slow in and out fuck motion groaning feeling her pussy grip her fingers. Her greasy fuck channel letting her fingers easily pump in and out her love box. Her face slashed and grimaced as her pussy began to sing with pleasure again.

Her body was soaked in sweat. Her face, neck and upper chest flushed red from her recent orgasms. Her left hand swirled over her clit with her fingertips squirting and jacking over her clit all hard and jangling with raw aching pulses of sweet pleasure. Dany felt her face twist and slash with fierce pleasure. Dany’s head lulled over as her throat gagged in helpless pleasure.

She watched Arya slowly push herself up into a sitting position. Her hair lank with sweat and hanging limp. Her body covered in beads of sweat. She looked first at Dany and then Andi. Slowly, Arya rose up onto her knees and turned towards the black teenager masturbating.

Arya slowly kneed over to Andi’s head. The black girl only slowly took in the fact that Arya was by her head looking down at her with fuck hunger in her eyes. Andi smiled up at Arya.

“Sit on my face and fuck it hard Arya. Grind that sodden white cunt down on my black mouth. Once you go black you never go back!” Andi growled out cheekily.

While she jerked herself off, Dany watched Arya straddle Andi’s head with her knees. With no hesitation Arya flexed her knees down and mashed her cunt down hard onto Andi’s mouth. The former assassin immediately started to work her hips forward and back. Arya leaned forward slightly and gripped the top of the headboard. As she watched Arya adjusted her grip on the top of the wood and wiggled down with her hips to grind her pussy down into Andi’s hot gobbling mouth.
Arya was off to the races now. Her hips jerked forward and back to grind her pussy down hard into Andi’s face. Her pussy compressed and rolled over the features of the black girl Arya was face fucking. Arya grunted and groaned as she swept her pussy back and forth over the mouth of the brilliant scientist. The pussy of the white woman totally engulfing the black mouth of her lover. The fat camel toe flexing and compressing with Arya’s short harsh jerks of her hips. Her jerks ground Arya’s pussy over Andi’s mouth as well as the black teenager’s chin and nose as well.

Andi snuffled and moaned feeling her face being queened. Her tongue lapped at the sweet wet cunt meat being ground over her face. She loved the wet heat engulfing her face. Her tongue lapping pussy and perineum of Arya she swept her hips more and more urgently. Andi wished her tongue was lapping Arya’s sweet butthole but that would come later. No sooner!

The sight of Arya’s white pussy riding Andi’s face was so hot and beautiful to Dany. Back and forth Arya worked her hips grinding her pussy hard down into Andi’s hot gobbling mouth. Dany loved Jilling off watching Arya’s red wet seam work hard down on Andi’s black face. The white camel toe totally engulfing the black teenager’s black lips. The teen snuffled and moaned sucking in sweet cunt meat and harsh sucking the clit that was working over her face like a fuck post. The red seam closing and opening as Arya’s pussy compressed and stretched with the hard fucking Arya was giving herself riding Andi’s face.

All the time the small black young woman was fucking her own twat letting Arya do all the work. The fingers working spastically as Andi fucked herself while trying to keep her mouth working hot and fast on the white pussy riding her face with rising desperation. The fuck frantic. The bed now rocking as the headboard hammered the wall while Arya fucked Andi’s face hard.

Dany smiled. Three women in love and sharing love. Each woman striving for ecstasy. Could life get any better?
Never had a squalid concrete quay looked so good to Tyrion Lannister. The Botany Bay had limped back from the Island of Tealith that split the northern channel of the Straits of Qarth. It had been a very exciting five days. Tyrion saw the hawser lines being thrown down to the dock to be tied over the metal stanchions. The ship was still listing seven degrees. That was quite an improvement actually Tyrion reflected. His mind drifted back to just after the torpedo exploded on the countermeasure right beside the old freighter.

Tyrion was bleating like a struck pig with the ship still reverberating from the massive shaped charge going off. The whole ship had shuddered like it was in its death throes. What had freaked out the dwarf was the almost immediate listing of the ship. The rightward canter of the ship was most distressing. It was soon at fifteen degrees. The lights flickered and then went out. The power was dead.

Sraqnek mo Ziraq left the bridge bellowing orders as more of the deck crew ran to the ladders leading down into the ship. Tyrion knew they were racing to save the stricken ship. Tyrion looked out the windows at the light blue-green waters of the Qarth Straits. He swore he saw a million shark fins plying the waters waiting for a succulent sweet dwarf to hit the water squealing.

Ygritte was beside him with her hand on his shoulder. Brienne had run down into the bowels of the ship. Ygritte had not been happy.

"Where the hell are you going?!" she had yelled.

"I can help them. I am tall and strong. We have to staunch the flooding. I have a high mechanical aptitude and I am also good at metal smithy." She ran out door with fellow crew members speaking fluent Ghiscari. Tyrion was realizing that his bodyguards were much more than muscle.

Ygritte grumbled under her breath "fucking hero". She tapped her foot worried about the woman she not so secretly loved with all her heart. "Saving the ship is someone else’s job" Ygritte grumbled to herself.

Tyrion watched the Zeltrain ships buzz around on the surface of the water like angry wasps. The two largest ship’s helicopters were buzzing dropping their active sonars listening. The helicopters now armed with lightweight torpedoes. They were out for blood.

Tyrion looked around. "Hey Ygritte. Where is Syrio?"

"He is below too. All able hands are below decks trying to save the ship. I’m stuck here guarding you" Ygritte squeezed Tyrion’s shoulder to take the sting out of her words. Below decks in the dark Tyrion would be a hindrance in saving the ship.

The sun was descending to the horizon now and the bridge was darkening. Tyrion was getting very afraid. He was a horrible swimmer and there had to be a gazillion sharks in these warm waters. The ship groaned at the water entering its wounds. The bow was definitely lower in the water and the ship list was increasing.
For several hours Tyrion fretted. The ship’s list was now twenty degrees and the bow was definitely much lower in the water Tyrion observed fretfully. As Tyrion made his observations the smallest corvette had come up beside the Botany Bay and lashed itself to the stricken ship. Then the Lahav was there on the other side of the Botany Bay. She threw over tying lines to the sinking ship.

Tyrion watched hoses brought onto his ship and snaked down below decks. Soon water was spewing out ports on the Zeltrian ships. They were pumping out the water surging into the Botany Bay as fast as they could. Tyrion was touched yet again by these olive skinned people. They were exposing their ships to great danger to save his ship. By lashing themselves to the Botany Bay the Zeltrian ships were immobile and tying their fate to Tyrion’s ship. Again the dwarf felt unworthy with all the bravery being displayed to save him.

“Do you think there are lots of sharks in the water Ygritte?” Tyrion had asked as the sun went down and the waters slowly darkened to gloom.

“Don’t you worry Tyrion” Ygritte told her charge. This made Tyrion feel better for only a moment “They we will be able eat you in one gulp. Should reduce the pain significantly” she had told the dwarf blandly.

Squeeeeeee! Squeeeeeee! Squeeeeeeeeee!

In the dark she heard the ships patrolling around the stricken Botany Bay. The three medium sized corvettes had returned and were patrolling aggressive. From the night sky Tyrion heard the Poseidon flying lower. Then he heard the Zaltrian ships accelerating rapidly.

“What is happening Ygritte?” Tyrion asked fearfully.

“They have the scent. They are hunting our nemesis.”

No explosions reverberated in the night.

At three in the morning the lights came back on. Tyrion felt vibrations start to ripple beneath his feet. The Botany Bay had life in her yet! Brienne came up from below deck. She was disheveled and soaked in grim and sweat. She looked and acted exhausted.

Ygritte ran to her as Brienne sat heavily in a chair. Ygritte was in her lap in a flash. She hugged her partner fiercely. She shivered as Brienne tiredly stroked her back. The tall blond assassin wrapped her arms tiredly around the body of the kiss by the sun woman. Ygritte put her head on Brienne’s shoulder and purred while the blond woman stroked her back.

They were both too tired to fight. Brienne leaned down and started to kiss Ygritte’s forehead but stopped herself looking fearful. She hesitated to show her true feelings.

Ygritte looked up and saw the soft look in partner’s eyes. Ygritte’s eyes went doe like. Their mouths moved towards each other as their eyelids fluttered closed.

Tyrion was wondering. Kissing was not shagging. Maybe he could still when his bet. Hopefully, they would be delayed in their boinking.

Tyrion was both relieved and pissed off for his partners when Sraqnek, Syrio and other bridge personnel barged back up onto the bridge. They were back slapping each other and calling out what a great ship and crew they were. Sraqnek went over to Brienne and shook her shoulder hard and yelled out how her great strength and mechanical knowledge had been below. She had saved the ship he had bellowed!
Brienne blushed furiously but Ygritte preened for her partner. They had jumped apart when the crew came back on the bridge. The women still too shy to show any affection in public. They awkwardly eyed each other wondering if what had had happened had really happened.

Tyrion smirked. The two dense headed women were getting closer. Tyrion was finding he no longer cared if he won the bet. Well not really but his love for his partners overcame his greed. Barely.

The next morning the Botany Bay was down to a ten degree list and her bow was riding higher in the water. One engine was back on line and generating power. The wounded ship began to move again turning back around to head to Qarth. She needed serious repairs.

The Lahav cast off and the Hanit joined her to sail fast and furious firing off their main sonars at full power all the time now. They were opening themselves to a torpedo homing in on their sonar energy but they did not seem to care.

Three hours later five ships from the country of Leng arrived and joined the patrol. Tyrion was happy just watching the ships, helicopters, and large two engine jet aircraft actively patrolling to protect him. His chest swelled up. It was a power rush.

Two hours after noon the ships again went to flank speed and rushed to a spot off the port stern of the ship. The Leng ships in front. Tyrion saw drums roll off the back of the ships and shooting off to the sides. The fifty-five gallon drum sized containers splashed into the water and immediately sank out of sight.

He looked up at Syrio.

“Depth charges. The shallow water and undersea mountains and sharp valleys work against guided torpedoes. Enjoy the show.”

Tyrion was wondered what Syrio meant when suddenly mighty columns of water erupted and reached for the sun as the depth charges went off. Long lines of explosions boomed off behind the Botany Bay. This went on for an hour. Near dusk a Poseidon overhead from Leng had suddenly dived down to three thousand feet and a long cylindrical shape came loose from the ship.

Syrio told Tyrion it was an aerial torpedo. The object hit the water. It did not find the target it sought. Tyrion reflected the people of Leng had joined in the hunt actively. Tyrion shook his head. All this firepower was for his safety. He felt humbled yet again.

The Botany Bay slowly limped to the port of Qarth. In the middle of the night the sonar operator reported transients in the water in a scream of fear. The Botany Bay could not take any more damage. Tyrion had been asleep in a chair on the bridge. He jumped down to the deck and stared wild eyed at Brienne and Ygritte. Then the sonar operator reported that the torpedo was streaking away from them. Several minutes later a mighty explosion occurred seven miles off the port beam of the ship. The radio crackled. The Zaltrian’s reported one of their submarines had destroyed the enemy submarine.

Things had gotten much calmer after that. The Botany Bay limped along at five miles per hour now. The pressure on the patches could not be tolerated above that speed. The Zaltrian ships did not relent in their aggressive patrols with many helicopter flights with their active sonars pinging. The P-8 Poseidon aircraft continued to patrol overhead using passive sonar buoys looking for new submerged threats.

Finally, the ports of Qarth were reached. They docked in the older Pyramid Harbor that had been
replaced by the newer modern Ocean Fall Harbor. In the older harbor the unloading facilities were at least forty years old. The modern container ships did not come to this port. This port was for older ships and ships from the lesser freight lines.

The Zaltrians had ten Suburbans parked on the dock filled with engineers and shipwrights. They flooded onto the wounded ship. The men and women quiet and professional as they disappeared below decks to begin affecting repairs. The two large Corvettes docked in the adjoining piers on each side of the ancient freighter. The other four ships pulled into slips down the docks from the Botany Bay. The crewmembers immediately posting armed guards on the ship rails. The Suburbans had also brought additional guards who setup checkpoints down at the head of this line of docks.

The ships from Leng docked in the outer births. They would be staying with Botany Bay it seemed. Again Tyrion felt warmth flush through his body.

The Zaltrian captains came onboard of the Botany for a conclave. First they were taken down to the mess hall and the combined crews at a hearty meal with much banter and the comradery of men and women who had fought together and survived. The Zaltrains were most curious of the dwarf they had put their lives at risk for.

Tyrion was actually embarrassed for all the attention this was bringing him. He had done nothing in the defense of the ship. They seemed to actually be interested in his digs in Valyria. The Zeltrians were interested in hearing from someone who had stepped into that ancient doomed land. These people too had many legend of great civilizations from their ancient past though none could compare to the ancient glory of Valyria and its long dead inhabitants.

Then the captains went back to the bridge of the freighter. They all gathered around the main table on the bridge. A spirited debate ensued about the best strategy for moving forward. A general of the Zaltrian Special Forces had joined them on the docks. This man had several ugly scars on his face. The man looked like he could take out a battalion of enemy troops with his bare hands.

He reviewed the intelligence they had gathered. They thought the submarine had been from Volantis but the Zaltrians could not be a hundred percent sure. Using submarines definitely gave one an air of deniability. They would say they had no submarine in those waters. “Prove it” they would say.

The general wanted to form up a convoy and travel the coastal highway to Asshai. He could send out patrols ahead and behind with patrols on the flanks to sweep aside any ambushes.

The two senior captains of the Zaltrian corvettes wanted to sail on to Asshai. Once they were in the deeper waters of the Jade Sea their technology could once more prove superior. The destruction of the submarine surely removed the local threat and it would take time for another submarine to take up station.

One captain thought that they should fly there. No one would dare attack a passenger craft. The man was reminded of the incident in Hesh east of Meereen. The man answered that that was a war zone. The flight would be over peaceful waters and countries. No one dare make such an attack.

The men argued back and forth as to the best course of action. All had good arguments for their proposed action and plenty of reasons why the other’s plans would surely fail.

After half an hour Ygritte called out. The officers quieted.

“It sounds like all plans have merits and limitations. Like many things any decision is right and possibly wrong according to factors beyond our control. I say we let Tyrion decide. It is him that
The Zaltrian general started to speak.

“I agree with Ygritte” the captain of the Lanit spoke up. “Any of these courses of action have merit.”

“I side with my partner Ygritte” Brienne announced. “She sees the right of it like she always does.”

Ygritte preened with the praise of her partner.

The men and women warriors turned to look at Tyrion.

Tyrion thought about all he heard. He did not like flying high and being attacked. He did agree that the probability was low though. Moving overland had merit too. The Zaltrian were famous for their ferocity in combat.

Tyrion looked at Sraqnek intently. The man stared at him guardedly. Tyrion had come to like the quiet taciturn man. The ship had survived two attacks already and had a bevy of specialist working to put her shipshape again. The Zaltrian captains were already here and they looked at him with intense eyes. They had saved him already. He felt he owed them and the captain of the Botany Bay.

“I would like to continue on the Botany Bay. The captains of the Zaltrian ships have proven their skill and valor. I trust them. Like they said, once we are back in deeper water we will have the advantage. An aerial ambush could happen with no warning” Tyrion told those gathered around the table. “I know you say that couldn’t happen but that is how aerial combat works. Ambush. On land they may somehow avoid detection and overwhelm your security detail. It is hard to overwhelm in the middle of the ocean. I know submarines are dangerous and elusive but you have killed one already.”

Those gathered around the table processed what Tyrion had to say. They then nodded in accepting Tyrion’s judgement and request.

The captain of the Lahav spoke now “The forces of Leng will continue to provide aerial and submarine cover and their old frigates will join the patrol. This ship will get through.”

Tyrion saw Sraqnek staring at Tyrion and a look of thanks crossed his face. Tyrion knew the man would have felt that he had failed if Tyrion had chosen another mode to get to Asshai. He owed the man so much. It was the least he could do to pay back the bravery of the Botany Bay’s crew. To honor the men who had sacrificed their lives to keep alive and safe.

The Zaltrian general accepted the decision. He would get some men in Asshai to have a welcome party ready for the Botany Bay when it arrived.

For the next three days workers swarmed over the wounded ship. Tyrion had gone below a few times but the heat of all the torches working was too much for Tyrion. His ears still rung from the sounds of hammers pounding metal along with some jackhammers cutting out broken metal. Two cofferdams had been constructed on the outside of the ship to allow a dry bubble to be created around the broken seams. The water pushed back allowed the damaged seams to be worked from both sides.

Qarth machinists and shipwrights were busy affecting repairs as they added to the work force working on the Botany Bay.

On the second night after diner Tyrion felt nervous and fidgety for some reason. He could not sit
still. He jumped at the sounds from deep in the ship as repairs continued apace. Something did not feel right. He felt fear creeping up his spine. He could not pin what had him so on edge.

Now on the third night the unease was still with him.

Ygritte and Brienne came into the mess hall where Tyrion was eating a piece of pie. They had all their weapons on. Both modern and ancient weapons. Tyrion’s eyes went large at the martial display.

“We feel it too Tyrion. An ancient evil is on the prowl” Brienne told him.

Who said anything about ancient! Tyrion thought to himself. Syrio came in with his rapier on his hip and a M-14 on his back with clips surrounding his waist. Then the captain of the ship came in with his three ranking officers loaded up with guns.

Sraqnek mo Ziraq looked at Tyrion. “Come. Let us go above board. We need to see what is coming. Something evil this way comes.”

Tyrion was nearly pissing himself and everyone around him were outwardly calm and composed. Ready for combat. Ready to protect him. Again Tyrion did not feel worthy.

They trooped up to the bridge. Tyrion blinked at the light. Sraqnek crew along with the Zaltrian special forces had setup flood lights on the docks. The frigates on each side of the freighter also had spot lights on. Flares were drifting down on parachutes casting a red eerie glow over this part of the harbor.

Tyrion scanned all around but saw nothing.

Ygritte looked at Brienne “I feel it too Brienne. Something evil is near. It wants to kill us and eat us. This is something primal.”

Brienne moved up to Ygritte “I will protect you my lo … my love” she spoke softly.

Ygritte gaped at her. “I love you too Brienne” Ygritte blurted out in a rush.

They started to move towards each other their eyes locked in an intense gaze.

“Can we focus on my safety here” Tyrion groused. Damnit! He was going to lose his fucking bet! His greed winning out with the fear coursing in his veins.

The two women looked at him and smiled. “Don’t worry our perverted sawed off midget” Ygritte told a steaming Tyrion. He was not a midget! “You are our mission O dissipated one” she snarked to the dwarf.

He flipped them off. “What do you think it is? I can feel it too!”

“I wish I knew Tyrion. I can feel hunger and a thirst for death.”

That was not helping! Tyrion bleated to himself.

They went out to the rail around the bridge and looked around. No one could see anything coming up on the docks or on craft on the water. Tyrion thought as he stood on the crate that Syrio had put down for him and then placed the dwarf on it. He could somehow feel the evil. The hunger and avarice. It felt so near but he could not see it anywhere. He felt a tingling on his skin.

Sraqnek spoke up “Do you feel tingling? It feels like it is coming from the ship he was padding from
Suddenly, Tyrion knew. He pushed himself up on his hands on the rail and leaned forward and looked down at the hull of the Botany Bay. He saw dark shapes crawling up the ship’s hull. He quickly scanned up and down the hull of the ship and it was covered in the dark shapes.

He feel back “They are on the ship—the hull crawling up! Some are almost on us!”

A man in Sraqnek’s group shouted out “Luscuera! Living electrical eel men! They send out strong shocks and have gripping suckers on their feet and hands. They have the mouth of a lamprey!” the man cried out in raw fear. Suddenly from the Lahav gunfire erupted and Tyrion heard the sounds of bullets impacting the side of the Botany Bay. The men and women around him unstrapped their guns and leaned over the rail.

Loud reports of guns went off all over the ship and now the other Zeltrian ship had joined the firefight and was firing at the shapes on the Botany Bay. Tyrion pointed at the Hanit. Syrio saw it too.

“They are crawling up the Zeltrian ships!” Sraqnek ran to his radio and screamed out the warnings to his compatriots. Within half a minute the men were firing over the edge of their own ships at the black shapes swarming up the sides of their ships now. More of the creatures were crawling up onto the docks and up the pylons and now walking up the docks to the gangplanks.

The Zeltrains on the docks were swarmed by Luscuera. They were killing them right and left but more rose up from the depths to join the attack on the brave defenders. Men and women went down screaming as they were shocked by the vile creatures.

By now bullets were flying in all directions as men and women shot at any Luscuera they could sight with their weapons. Tyrion jumped with bullets whizzing by with ricochets flying everywhere.

They were everywhere Tyrion saw terrified. He saw a Luscuera head come up over the edge of the rail. Brienne fired her AR-15 into its face pulverizing it sending it back into the water. Men were running up from below decks armed with rifles and pistols. They went to rails and commenced at shooting at the swarming creatures rising from the water.

Tyrion watched as Ygritte and Brienne tore off through the bridge. He squealed seeing Luscuera come up over the rails on the other side of his ship. The two women blasted the beasts apart with short bursts of their automatic weapons. More were coming up over the rails fore and aft of the bridge.

The Zeltrains ships were being swarmed. He saw a crewmember of the Hanit gripped by a Luscuera and he screamed loud. His body convulsed as he was electrocuted and the things mouth bored into his skull killing the man as he jerked and screamed. Syrio shot the Luscuera dead with a controlled burst of his automatic weapon.

Tyrion was almost frozen with terror. All around him individual fights for survival were going on. Automatic rifle fire tore the creatures apart but more were coming up over the rail and the steadily charged the crew of the ships. They seemed to have no fear only a compulsion to attack. He saw a group of the creatures come over the edge their heads turning right and left their dark eyes scanning the ship. They saw him and immediately started towards him. Syrio was there and his M-16 tore the beasts apart with short bursts exploding the soft creatures apart.

He pushed Tyrion back. He ran out of ammo and pulled out his Glock and pumped bullets out killing more Luscuera. Then his pistol ran out of ammo. He ripped out his rapier and slashed a
Luscuera across the throat. Syrio screamed falling back jerking all over.

The creature’s body had shocked him through the metal of the weapon! Tyrion fell back.

Then Brienne and Ygritte appeared and killed the rest of the group of Luscuera.

“If you touch them you will get shocked!” Tyrion yelled at them.

“We saw” Ygritte yelled. She loaded a new clip into her rifle and cut more of the foul beasts down. Brienne pulled out her sword when her guns ran out of ammo. She jumped up and beheaded the nearest Luscuera. Not being grounded reduced the shock greatly. She dashed back to reload while Ygritte fired in controlled three shot bursts killing the beasts but more were coming. Sraqnek helped Syrio to his feet. He was still groggy.

More Luscuera was getting up on the ship and turning towards Tyrion. They had his scent now. Most were shredded with bullet fire but some were still closing. The fire from the Zeltrain ships lessened as those men and women fought to save themselves as they were swarmed.

Tyrion saw that a group of Zeltrain commandos had cleared the immediate dock area. He knew what he needed to do. He was the reason for the beasts attack. Tyrion ran down the plank and down the dock as fast as his small legs could take him. He looked back over his shoulder. He heard Brienne and Ygritte screaming after him but they were being swarmed by a fresh batch of Luscuera attacking them. Tyrion ran on to save his friends.

Luscuera were crawling out of the water onto the docks and beginning a shambling pursuit. Many others continued to assault the ships and commandos on the dock. The Luscuera losses were grievous but they did not seem to care. They were latching onto men and women electrocuting and feeding on them.

Tyrion had read of these vile monsters. They lived in the swamps and mangrove groves feeding on animals and the hapless. Something had to be driving them to attack here. They were indigenous to Sothroyos and the islands of Moraq. Something had compelled them here.

He ran down the dock and kept looking behind at the shambling shapes multiplying as they slowly followed him their heads focused on his small running form. He could feel their hunger for his body. He ran as fast as his little legs could take him. He kept looking back and saw the shambling walking shapes of his pursuers coming for him. He entered a warehouse section of the harbor. He looked around desperately.

Why had he decided to be brave! He was a lover not a fighter! He took a left turn and ran down between the rows of dilapidated warehouses. His side was developing a stitch. He was now breathing heavily and sweating profusely. He looked back and saw the Luscuera coming up the lane he had taken. He darted to the right went down two warehouses and then darted left and then right putting a burst of speed. He needed to put distance between him and his pursuers.

He had zigzagged through the warren of buildings. He went down a long lane and came to a corner. He went to the building and turned around gulping for breath. His legs were rubbery and his side was on fire. He rested. His eyes looked down the lane looking for any motion. Surely he had lost them with his runabout through the warren of buildings. He was bent over for several minutes trying to find strength.

Tyrion whimpered. Around the corner came one and then another of the slimy loathsome beasts. They could track him. Tyrion gritted his teeth and turned around moving at a fast walk. He simply could not run anymore. He absolutely needed to run but he could not. His body was not made for
running and he was exhausted. He was an archeologist not a warrior!

He saw a four story warehouse that looked like a Mack truck had driven through the front of it. He turned to go into it. He needed to hide. He was near spent. Tyrion went in through the gaping hole in the front of the building. The moon was full and the light came in through the many broken out windows. The glass broke underneath his feet. He looked around at the broken shelves and abandon crates and drums. He ran between the lanes aimlessly. He looked for a stairs to take him up but could not find one. The elevators would not work without electricity.

Then he heard them! They were in the building. Tyrion froze. He realized his situation was helpless. He started to feel tears run down his face. He turned around and a Luscuera was before him. Its circular mouth lined with razor sharp teeth around it. He heard its wet breathing as it shambled forward. Its arms extended. He noticed the suckers were on its fingers up to the thing’s crooked elbows. It thrummed with its desires to kill him.

Tyrion was dead and he lamented this sad ending. He instinctively scooted back underneath the ledge of the broken second floor of the warehouse the debris of its collapse all around. He felt something dripping onto his head and shoulders. He started even in his impending death. The liquid felt vicious and slimy as one glob of the wetness hit his upper arm and ran down his arm. It felt hot and like drool running down his arm.

Suddenly a tail whipped by Tyrion’s head. Tyrion screamed in terror the long appendage swirling the air by his ear. The long tail was thin with tall spines with an elongated curved spike on its tip. It impaled itself into the Luscuera. The creature silently screamed as blue lightening traveled up and down the tail that had easily rammed through the beast’s chest and out its back. The electrical storm did not affect the appendage seemingly. The Luscuera was lifted up effortlessly. Tyrion looked at the tail with its long barb on the end that was slightly curved and the tail itself was segmented into ribs. With wide eyes Tyrion followed the Luscuera as it was lifted up.

Tyrion screamed at what he saw. A massive monstrosity was supporting itself effortlessly on long, thin but muscular legs between pillars. Its knees were canted forward at an angle no earthly creature would have. Tyrion looked up the body made of tightly woven ribs with a small thoracic cavity. Panicked eyes kept traveling to see two long arms with massive long curved claws on them. The creature had six fingers that were paired in groups of two spaced out. The creature had two smaller inner arms that were also clawed. Large tubes of some kind projected out its back.

The creature had to be nearly twenty feet tall. It was dripping in slime. That was what he had felt hitting his body! The neck was thin and long made of the same dark grey ribs. But it was the head that shocked Tyrion the most. The thing’s head was at least ten feet long and had a mouth full of teeth and a frill that ran back and spread out with scallops around the edge. He saw no eyes. It was hissing softly.

The long arms reached out and gripped the Luscuera and with no effort ripped the beast apart and flung it away. The head turned to gaze at Tyrion with its eyeless scull. Tyrion screamed again when the mouth of the creature extended and a lower jaw extended and opened. He saw that his jaw had a long ribbed tongue with teeth in it. It slowly extended and its small mouth snapped angrily at Tyrion.

Tyrion looked at the front of the warehouse as more Luscuera entered the building. It did not matter. This larger demon from the pits of hell was about to rip him apart. Tyrion screamed again when the creature flashed down off the pillars in a blur of impossible speed for something so large. Its acceleration was simply impossible for any earthly creature so large. Tyrion threw his arms over his head prepared to die.

Only he did not die. The creature jumped past and down past the terrified dwarf. It fell fifteen feet
to land impossibly graceful on the concrete floor. It orientated itself adroitly at the advancing Luscuera. Its tale up behind it ripping back and forth making bullwhip sounds. The beast screamed in inhuman rage and charged the Luscuera shambling into the warehouse through the broken entrance. The large beast moved like a cheetah! It was impossible something that large could move so quickly. Tyrion was simply shocked at its speed and agility. The monster crashed into the first Luscuera trampling them down and impaling with its toe claws. Blue shocks coursed up and down the beast. It was feeling them but it did not stop it. It lashed out with its large forearms and hands slicing Luscuera to shreds killing seven of them with slashing claws of its arms whipping around dispensing death all around. Its head lowered and hit two more Luscuera and rammed them into the outside wall crushing them and partially ramming a hole into the wall. Its head whipped down and its tongue or whatever the hell it was punched a hole in a Luscuera’s skull instantly killing it. Its head rose up and dove down at a new angle its tongue slamming deep into a Luscuera’s skull killing it. Its long arms slashing out killing Luscuereaa all around it even as its attention was seeming elsewhere. The creature tracking Luscuera and snapping its head down. Its tongue flashing out in a blur to strike Luscuera in the skull killing them instantly. All this happened as the creature’s tail battered Luscuer breaking their bones or impaling them with the pointed spike on the end of the tail. The tail flicking up and down and casting off the dead Luscuera. As the creature dispensed death it was constantly shocked but it fought on. The shocks seemed to hurt the monstrosity making it scream in pain and rage but it did not slow it down in killing its foes. The creature whipped around in a blur its arms lashing around in deadly arcs chopping Luscuera to pieces instantly disemboweling and dismembering the foul monstrosities. The tall monster’s tail whipped around breaking bodies with its tail whips and then used it as a spear again and again to impale a Luscuera and slam it to the ground breaking its body. Its head lunging down to strike death with its deadly tongue. Then a Luscera got its mouth on the creature’s leg and bit in. The monster screamed in pain but the Luscuera’s head ripped back. Only there was no head and its shoulders were disappearing! What?!

More Luscuera poured in. The monster killed them but they swarmed in with electrical shocks rippling over the dark grey monster’s body. More Luscuera bit the tall monster. They too died with heads melted away. Now Tyrion could see the beast’s blood sprayed out its wounds and ate away at the Luscuera’s upper bodies. The creature’s blood was acid! It was so caustic that it immediately ate away the heads and then the shoulders of the assailants attacking it. Where the blood splattered down onto strong concrete the acidic blood immediately started to eat away the concrete leaving craters. The Luscuera did not mind their losses attacking continuously as more poured into the building. Tyrion heard a noise to his right. He screamed seeing Luscuera streaming from an open door on that side of the building. He heard the tall ribbed monster scream in what sounded like agonizing pain. A luscruera had bitten into his left knee and died but the bite had truly wounded the monster with the large fan back head tilted back. It inhuman scream echoing off the far distant ceiling. Tyrion clearly saw the four large projections jutting out its back like obscene breathing tubes. The monster staggered but stayed upright. Its large forearms slashing death while its tail battering rammed or speared Luscuera bodies killing them. The electrical shocks seemed to finally be having an effect. The tall beast was shaking with convulsions now. That did not stop it dispensing death all around to the Luscuera that were attacking it almost out of
instinct it seemed like to Tyrion. Two Luscuera were almost upon Tyrion and he was frozen with raw naked fear. He stared wide eyed at the monstrosity about to kill him. Tyrion eyes widened seeing three red bars form a triangle on the upper chest of the Luscuera. A white ball of roiling energy flashed down form overhead. The Luscuera was obliterated when the ball of light hit it. Tyrion was too shocked to squeal at the coating of Luscuera guts coating his body now.

The second Luscuera crumpled when a long barbed dart punched into its skull. From the right, up high, a circular whirling disc with red glowing lights went whirling down to the large beast with Luscuera crawling up its back to bite it from above. The disk decapitated one Luscuera and somehow ricocheted to nearly cut a second in half and then a third before whirling back up to where it came from in the dark.

More white balls of light impacted Luscuera just after a red triangle formed on their body. A group of three Luscuera side-by-side were almost on Tyrion. A net suddenly flew by Tyrion and trapped them and flung them to the ground. Nails of some sort anchored the net to the concrete floor. The net tightened as it slowly cut the Luscuera to messy cubes with blood and gore pouring out the deepening wounds. Tyrion glanced back at the other battle and he saw two Luscuera cut in half by some type of spinning blades jutting out a circular disk. The blades slammed into the outside wall embedding itself.

More balls of roiling light erupted from seeming nowhere to impact and shatter Luscuera. Always a small red triangle appeared on the Luscuera’s bodies just before the shot. Other Luscuera dropped dead with long barbs suddenly impaling their skulls with six inches of metal.

Tyrion felt strange seeing the atmosphere near his left seem to morph and shift. A blade was instantly there before Tyrion. The blade was swirled and slashed down on Luscuera chopping off limbs and cleaving bodies easily in two. Blood and guts everywhere. The weapon covered in blue arching electricity but the shocks were somehow contained to the blades. Tyrion backed up and yelled when from the distortion another cannon shot of plasma erupted to shoot out and kill another Luscuera in a ball of destruction.

Again the disc with red lights came whipping into the fight chopping Luscuera in half. The disc killed at least four of the beasts before whirring off to the left. More white bolts of plasma Tyrion saw now shot out form that area where the disk disappeared. Luscuera blown apart as the red triangles appeared just before each shot. Then the red disc was flying again and another four Luscuera were cut down before the disc whisked up to the darkness.

Tyrion glanced at the other battle seeing another distortion now from the area the red disc disappeared into. The distortion seemed to jump near the large monster. He thought he saw a small metal bar nearly two feet long hanging in midair. With a loud snick metal blades shot out both ends. The blades were differently shaped than the staff fighting near Tyrion but they were as long and as deadly. Luscuera were being chopped down right and left.

Freed from being swarmed the larger monster was free now to attack at will. Tyrion could see that the first wounds on the creature had healed up considerably.

It became a decimation of the Luscuera. Some breaking point was reached. The Luscuera turned and shambled off. The large monster was having none of that and attacked a group milling around moving out the side of the building through a large freight elevator door that was two thirds open. The tall monster slashed Luscuera to ribbons with its long hand claws while its tail whipped around smashing or spearing other Luscera. Its head lowered to let its tongue strike out and puncture skulls for instant kills. The electrical shocks made the monstrosity scream in pain but did not stop its relentless butchery of the Luscuera. The two distortions were firing off their canon shots of plasma
killing retreating Luscuera. Then they were alone.

The distortions were gone as well. The huge monstrosity slowly marched back towards Tyrion each foot fall echoing in the warehouse. The monster reached down and lifted up Tyrion effortlessly. They stared at each other. The only problem with that Tyrion wildly thought was the fact the monster before him had no eyes! With slow deliberation the creature’s lower face extended and its second mouth appendage slide out drooling thick slime. Then the lower mouth opened and its long ribbed tongue with a mouth full of teeth was before Tyrion.

Tyrion squealed like a stuck pig. Squeeeeee! Sssqqueeeeee! The tongue suddenly lunged towards Tyrion’s forehead. It stopped a millimeter in front of his skull. The creature started hissing in short bursts.

Squeeeeee! Sssqqqquueeeeee! Sssqqquuuueeeeee!

“Put him down Xena. Stop playing the Xenomorph.”

Tyrion swore the creature pouted as it slowly placed him down onto the concrete. Tyrion heard more hissing from the monstrosity. The dwarf was shocked when he had an insight. This thing was laughing at him!

From the moon shadows the distortions were back and then they seemed to ripple and two bodies were before Tyrion. They had on strange masks. One was tall and one was short. They both seemed feminine.

The small one removed her overlarge mask. It was a pretty woman with a shaggy hair cut down to the bottom of her ears. Her hair black. She had large soulful eyes.

“I am Annalee Call. I am an android. This is my wife Ellen Ripley” she turned and looked at the taller woman with pure love in her eyes. “She is an alien human hybrid.”

The other figure removed her mask. A woman with sharp features and intense black eyes looked at him. Tyrion saw that her fingernails were claws. She radiated power and strength.

Tyrion recovered from yet another set of visual shocks. “I owe you my life. What government do you work for? You weapons are … I don’t know. Like something from a SCFI movie.”

The small woman smiled. “We can’t answer those questions. The reason being we are not from this world. We come from another dimension actually. The weapons you see also come from that dimension. They belonged to a band of Yautja that we hunted as they hunted us. We and Xena took them down. It was a wild and crazy battle let me tell you. We fought all throughout the Predator’s ship as we flew at half-light speed. We fighting them. Them fighting us. With both of us against the Alien Queen.” The woman pointed at the large creature who was looking at Tyrion cocking its head at different angles its lips rippling.

“She is an alien human hybrid.”

“We defeated the Yautja. The Alien Queen and us. We then prepared to fight each other in a fight to the death. In our reality the Xenomorphs are pure killing machines. As we closed in to fight, the proximity alarm went off. The Predator’s ship was sucked into a micro black hole. We should have died but a string of antimatter quarks was pulled in the same singularity as the Predator’s ship. I only remember screaming feeling time and space rip apart.”

The small women went to the large monster. She patted its leg as the creature shivered. The creature then lowered its head slowly and extended its tongue with the razor sharp teeth. The woman kissed the teeth and ran her pink tongue all over the razor sharp teeth and shoved her tongue deep between
the sharp teeth her cheeks showing her tongue stroking the inside of the hideous toothed tongue. The thing’s tail was jerking wildly in the air behind them. Call pulled her tongue slowly out the tongue and teeth of the monster and slurped up the thick drool oozing out the creatures pores. Call moaned swallowing the thick clear drool. Tyrion watched slacked jawed as Call rubbed her cheek over the razor sharp teeth of the monster softly cooing “I love you Xena.” The twenty foot tall thing shivered hard in obvious pleasure.

The creature then moved its head to be kissed by the other woman. The tall woman gripped the lower jaw of the monster to mate her mouth to the creatures ribbed toothed tongue. The human moaned kissing deeply the Alien Queen. Ripley then ran her tongue all over the external teeth and mouth of the throat of the monstrosity. The creature’s mouth slavered out the viscous drool that had landed on him earlier. The tall woman eagerly licked it up and swallowed it moaning. Tyrion was shocked at the erotica display. Then the tall dark haired woman again Dorne kissed the deadly tongue of the monstrosity moaning. The creature was shivering hard again. The … Tyrion was not sure now … made a high pitched squeal of intense pleasure. Its tail was up in the air its barbed end jerking wildly in the air. Ripley slowly broke the kiss with the clear slimy drool roped between the lips for eighteen inches before finally breaking.

The creature slowly calmed down and its long clawed hand tenderly stroked the long black hair and ribs of Ripley in obvious affection. The monster running the woman’s hair between its outer most paired fingers slowly obviously enjoying the sensations repeating the motion when all the hair slipped through the longer razor sharp clawed fingers.

Call continued her narration. “Then Ellen and I woke up we were in the Predator’s sickbay. We screamed seeing Xena above us. She told us she was not our enemy anymore. We were shocked of course. We heard her thoughts in our minds. She was telepathic now and we talked mind to mind. It took her quite a long time to convince us she had been completely changed by our journey through the black hole. She patiently took the time to prove she was sane and all her murderous instincts had been subsumed. We slowly learned to trust her. Then to like her as a friend. Finally to love her as our wife.” A brilliant smile came on Call’s face. ”Sex with Xena is fucking mind blowing!”

Tyrion’s mouth fell open. “You make love to that!” Kissing was one thing but going down on that hideous thing was another!

The monster—er Xena hissed again her tail raised up and now made stabbing motions in Tyrion’s direction. The tip pointing at Tyrion’s forehead.

“Stop being a bigot asshole” the tall woman barked at Tyrion. The scion of Lannister nearly squealed again. “I guarantee you we make quite exquisite love to Xena and her to us. Most nights and days too when we are in hyperspace.”

Tyrion knew they had to be joking. The problem was that Tyrion could tell by their serious yet smiling faces at his discomfort and confusion that they were completely serious.

The woman, Call, spoke again “We share each other’s thoughts and share our love. Somehow, when we crossed dimensions and wound up in this reality everything changed. Changed for the best! In this reality Xena has her mind. Actually, she is probably the smartest organic in the galaxy. She is only matched by the Terminators in raw intelligence.”

Tyrion started at that.

“Yes. Xena knows of them and of your importance. Thus, we came to save you.”
Tyrion was stunned at this strange news. He had an immediate question.

“Why do you call it Xena?”

The creature immediately stiffened and its body twisted so fast it was a blur and its face was in his face hissing evilly. Tyrion recoiled nearly falling on his ass having Xena’s face right before his. He had barely seen the Xenomorph move!

“I would demand that you not insult our wife” the tall woman, Ripley, told Tyrion. “Xena is not an it … she is a female and deserving of respect by you. She did just save you Tyrion.” Ripley reached up and stroked the creature’s ribs. “She did not like Xeno—short for Xenomorph. She wanted it feminized. Thus, Xena.”

“Yes. She is sensitive with perceptions of her” Call told Tyrion. “She wants to leave her past behind. She is loving and caring in this reality. She is our wife as I told you. Please don’t be a Republican. Did you vote for Donald Trump?”

“Hell no!”

“I knew we saved you for a reason” the tall woman snarked at Tyrion.

Tyrion could only gape at the three wom—what were they? The short one said she was an android.

“Android? We can’t make them yet. Can we?”

“We slipped back in time several centuries when we went through the wormhole. We are from an alternate future. We have been in this reality for nearly eighty years.”

Tyrion gaped at them again. They seemed in their early thirties at the most.

“I can see it in your face. I do not age” the short woman said. “Xena and Ellen age at an extremely slow rate. I mean they age so slowly as to be immortal. Their genetics are almost perfect. Ellen has Xenomorph DNA married to hers. She is probably more Xenomorph than human.”

Tyrion was still staring. The three looked at each other.

He had a burning question from the fight. “How did the … Xena not go down when electrocuted? She received enough electricity to kill a herd of elephants.”

Call smiled. “Xena’s body is made of silicon substrates. She has trace metals in her skeleton and blood thus she can be shocked but it takes a hell of a lot of mojo to affect her. As you saw.”

Xena and Ellen looked off towards the ally before the warehouse they were in. “We must go” Ripley spoke. “Your companions come. We align ourselves with you Tyrion. You will help shape the future. Your guidance is vital. Even if you are a sawed off runt dwarf bigot.” She was smirking at Tyrion as she spoke. Dark humor. He liked it except for the fear this Ripley might gut him at any time.

Tyrion watched the tall woman race over to where the shuriken had sliced into the wall. She was able to easily remove it. She pressed something and it collapsed into a small circular device the size of her palm. She put it away in her dark blue outfit. She came back and looked at her two wives. With that, the large … whatever it was leaped up into the shadows above them. Its body disappearing its tail whipping right and left and then it was gone also. The two women put on their helmets and disappeared.

Loud shouts of calling and alarm now reached Tyrion’s ears. He heard concern and fear.
“Tyrion! Tyrion where are you!” It was Ygritte yelling.

“Where are you, you sawed off midget?!” Syrio shouted.

Tyrion smiled at the insult.

They were coming quickly closer. They appeared in the broken entryway. They paused at the carnage.

“Tyrion!” Brienne shouted. She ran in through the corpses of the Luscuera. The tall body guard snatched Tyrion up and swung him around.

Gazing around with large eyes Syrio and Ygritte hurried through the ripped up corpses of the monsters that had been attacking Tyrion. More men and women appeared in the opening and stood gazing at the mayhem around them.

“What the fuck happened Tyrion!” Ygritte asked Tyrion staring at the mayhem. There was hundreds of dead Luscuera spread around. Tyrion wondered if the they were threatened with extinction with so many killed here and on the dock. Most likely not. Probably spawned anyways.

Tyrion smiled. He had quite the tale to tell.
Dalla woke up feeling sore in all the right places. She sat up and stretched languorously. She and Val, her sister, had been fucking the two sweet sluts that Candice Phillips had been nice enough to give them. Well, give was not exactly the right word. More like put her and her sister on the scent. She smiled. The two sweet lasses had been so ready to be taken and seduced into sweet lesbian love. Often. Again and again. Yes, Dalla was sore in all the right places.

The Terminator was not so bad now that they had gotten to know her. Her love and adoration and willingness to protect Shireen at all costs was endearing. Dalla felt the same way about her identical twin sister Val. She glanced back at Val who was lying on her back with Eleanah Shield half spread over her sister’s supine body. The little auburn haired spitfire had a leg and arm thrown over Val’s body her head resting on Val’s shoulder.

Dalla looked beside herself at Rana Clarick. She was small too with her small framed body lying on her stomach her cute ass jutting up and her beautiful limbs spread out beside her body. She murmured calling Dalla’s name softly. Dalla smiled sweetly. Rana had been more shy and unsure of herself in making love to women. Eleanah had been ready from the moment they got back to their apartment after taking the girls to a nice surf and turf restaurant and then to a lesbian club. They knew the bouncer, Jackhammer, who let the girls in. Going down on the muscle had its perks! The bouncer would always let them bring in underage sluts to prime for sweet hard fucking the night through. A little alcohol to loosen inhibitions and lots of dancing to get the juices flowing and sweet fucking was guaranteed.

Once home, both of the teenagers had been extremely nervous but Val and Dalla took their time slowly disrobing the girls as they nibbled and stroked the girl’s bodies like a lute. They had the girls shaking with need soon enough. Their hands stroking sopping wet cunts and swollen nipples pumping their small tits. The girls were soon on their backs on the sister’s bed and had experts in the arts of lesbian lovemaking sucking them off to the heavens. The girls had been overwhelmed and pummeled with bliss like they had never known could exist.

Eleanah was a natural screamer but Rana had held it in at first. Both of the sisters loved to scream and shriek their pleasure for all to hear. When asked, she had told Dalla it was not lady like. Dalla coaxed her sweet sixteen year old lover to ignore man’s fucked up rules meant to suppress and control women. Each night Rana had listened to her fuck mates and heard their natural exuberance in fucking. The young lass saw that it was natural to be expressive when one made love and was receiving such great pleasure. She now had Rana wailing and screaming her pleasure so loud her voice was left hoarse. That had made her sister and Eleanah smile. Rana had learned to express her pleasure. Expressing that pleasure only enhanced the pleasure of great sex and made one crave so
much more. It helped addict one to great womb rending sex. The kind of sex lesbian lovemaking naturally engendered to the women participating in the lovemaking.

Thinking of Rana, Dalla smiled a big cheesy smile. Eleanah had literally buried her face in their twats eating them out with wild gusto. Rana had been so tentative and unsure of herself at first. She had timidly licked Dalla’s pussy the first time not sure she would like the experience. Her tongue working up and down Dalla’s slit and slithering over her clit making the Wildling warrior groan gutturally in pleasure. This had made Rana smile seeing her effect on Dalla.

Dalla had been on her elbows watching the teenager. The girl rasping her tongue over Dalla’s clit loving the whinnies her tongue was making the Wildling caw. Rana’s face had risen up with a wonderful look of shocked wonder. The teen obviously loving the taste of her first pussy and seeing the affect she had on Dalla. She had moaned and buried her face in Dalla’s pussy licking wildly. She had been licking everywhere and nowhere in her enthusiasm. Eleanah had been a natural but with some coaching and gentle guiding Rana had quickly increased her skill set and now was an exquisite pussy licker.

The sixteen year olds had literally fucked to exhaustion. Their young minds shattered over and over by the pleasures that only a woman can give another woman. Dalla and Val had never even gotten around to bringing out their strap-ons instead spending the days and nights feasting on sweet succulent teenage gash. Their tongues had deeply explored virgin assholes with lots of tossing of salads and sweet tongue fucking. The girl’s assholes primed for anal invasion. It was time to go though.

A soft knock on the door roused Dalla. She got up out of the bed naked and walked out of the bedroom and to the door to open it. Outside was Xorata Dosa and her best friend Jondorra Saasan. The two tall Summer Islander cheerleaders stood just outside their door with their strap-ons in their hands. Their cocks hanging down obscenely. Dalla liked their salacious naughty natures. She liked their willingness to be brazen equally well. She let them in. They wore short miniskirts and tight pullover tube tops that hugged Xorata’s D cup gourd breast and Jondorra’s full rounded C cup breast. Their tits highlighted to drive men and women wild.

As she guided the black beauties back towards the bedroom Dalla spoke to them “Val and I have to leave for a few days. We don’t want Eleanah and Rana to get lonely. Their parents have gone to Dorne to relax at the resort of Three Palms. Their parents are missionaries and will then move into the interior of Dorne. Their parents will spend the summer harassing the Bedouins to give up their religion for the Seven. Fucking assholes.” Dalla had discovered that so many teenagers and young adults of such parents were wild and carefree rejecting their parent’s staid, antiquated thinking. Dalla smiled. She and her sister had definitely made the two sixteen year olds hot hungry lesbian sluts. The religious conservatives loved to call themselves the Moral Majority. They were neither.

The Summer Islander sixteen and seventeen year olds would continue their education Dalla told them. Dalla smiled seeing the two dark skinned women eyeing the sleeping beauties hungrily through the open doorway to the bedroom. Their eyes filled with fuck hunger. The two black teens smiled at each other with white gleaming teeth. The two dark skinned beauties had told the sisters repeatedly they “Loved white pussy”. Dalla remembered sweetly all the hot fucking with these two teenage sluts. The two had proven many times with the identical twins their love of ‘white pussy’.

Dalla then guided the Summer Islander cheerleaders into the bedroom. Dalla thought on how she and Val had fucked the two black beauties in every room of their flat. Often. The black teenagers smiled at the sweet naked flesh before them.

“We have been happy teaching them the charms and wonders of straight ahead lesbian lovemaking
(Dalla wiggled here tongue between her lips and wiggled her fingers before the two black teenagers making them chuckle) as we taught you Xorata and you taught Jondorra. We leave them to you two to teach them that women fuck better than all guys except true skilled cocksmen. Who needs dick when you have an ever hard plastic cock? Feel free to bust their anal cherries. Just make sure to video with your iPhones. Okay?"

The two tall Summer Islanders nodded in agreement hotly eyeing the two sixteen year old white girls. Val had woken up and came over to kiss both of her now semi-regular lovers. Dalla smiled. She had given up on moving to Dorne. She had all she needed here with a burgeoning supply of sweet new pussy and occasional dick gracing their bed. The black girls moaned sweetly as her sister kissed each deeply in turn. Her tongue down throats and exploring cheeks, gums, roof of mouths and worming underneath the Summer Islander teenager’s tongues had them squealing like struck pigs. Val embracing the black beauties her hands stroking smooth perfect black flesh. The black skinned beauties melted like butter in Val strong embrace.

Rana had woken and sat up. She looked around with sleepy eyes and then took in the tall Summer Islanders. Val and Dalla had told them they had a surprise for the two neophytes to lesbian loving. Rana was putting two and two together and a sweet hot lecherous look came into her eyes. She liked her lips in unconscious fuck hunger. Eleanah was now waking up and she too looked at the Summer Islanders with hot fuck me eyes.

The sisters smiled as they watched the dark skinned tall women sultrily unzip and drop their miniskirts and then shucked their thongs down off their hips to drop to the floor. Their shaved cunts wet and swollen. The smell of sweet excited trim started to pulse in the room. In a daze seeming, Rana got up off the bed and padded over to get in front of Jondorra. The slight teen slowly fell to her knees and inhaled deeply staring at the black woman’s cunt hungrily. She moaned seeing the wet seam and clit jutting out its sheath. Jondorra nearly ripped her tube top getting it off in her haste her full rounded tits flopping out to slap onto her chest.

Rana looked up at Jondorra with hot eyes. She reached out and softly stroked the black teenager’s gleaming flat black belly. Her fingers then descending and stroking the wet seam splaying out the wet labia lips exposing the red wet seam. Jondorra gasped and moaned hard at the sweet sensations flooding her pussy with Rana’s gentle loving touch. The white teen smiled radiantly up at her new black lover. The Summer Islander cupped the back of the white teenager’s head and gently pulled Rana’s head up toward her drooling clamshell.

With a hot growl the pale teen buried her face in the fat pussy of the black woman and immediately started to lap her head moaning as she tongued the wet groove. Rana was no longer tentative in her lesbian lovemaking. She moaned and cawed hotly licking and sucking on the Summer Islander’s long labia lips stretching them and then folding and munching on them. Jondorra’s body jolted hard and her throat warbled salacious love cooings.

Now the white teen girl moved her mouth up and swallowed Jondorra’s tented clitoral hood and viciously sucked the little wet hillock. Her tongue slashing the hard nubbin jutting out its sheath. Rana’s hands reached around to clench the big firm ass cheeks of the Summer Islander. The pale fingers clawed into the taunt ass cheeks to anchor the sixteen year old as she slurped and dined on succulent black sopping wet black cunt meat. The slender teen jerking the voluptuous black teen forward to drive her cunt harder into the white teen’s voracious mouth. Rana slurping and making wet sloppy noises of sweetly devouring black succulent cunt meat.

Eleanah was on her knees on the bed hypnotized seeing Xorata divest herself of her clothes her large D sized gourd tits so beautiful sloped out on her chest to her ribs. The engorged teats angled towards the floor. The dark skin hypnotizing. Xorata walked over to Eleanah her tits swaying and giggling
slightly with each soft step. Xorata came up to get beside the bed and scooped up her tits and offered them to the small white teen.

The white girl moaned hard. Her head leaned forward her eyes zeroed in on the long thick teats and steeple areolas. Eleanah siphoned in a thick long midnight black nipple and nursed feverishly like a starving babe. Her pale hand coming up to grip the black cheerleader’s ribs to anchor herself. She immediately wormed two fingers of her other hand into Xorata’s tight pussy and started to finger fuck the greasy channel with long strokes of her slender fingers. Xorata’s head ripped back keening in ecstacy. Eleanah quickly built up her love rhythm pumping her fingers hard and fast into the black creamy cunt of her new black lover. The pussy soon slurping as Xorata’s face slashed with crippling pleasure. Her head rocking back and long whinnies of primal fuck bliss cawed out her convulsing throat as her face slashed with almost crippling pleasure.

Both black woman groaning and crying out in searing pleasure from the now expert ministrations from the white teens. Dalla and Val were both proud of how quickly they had taught the white teens the arts of lesbian fucking.

The two sisters moved around their bedroom packing what they would need for the trip to King’s Landing to pick up Cameron Phillips items that Candice was having constructed by Stark Tyrell Pharmaceutical. They constantly kept glancing over at the sweet fucking occurring in their bedroom. The two sisters had recognized the names of the ancient families of Westeros. They wondered what the two women would be like who ran the company. Candice wanted to get these items as soon as possible to her sister. The sisters wanted to do this as well. Not because they were afraid but because they wanted to. Candice had been communicating to them regularly since their last meeting and they had come to like her. She was funny and very kind. The way she worshipped Shireen touched their hearts.

Last night after they had fucked their teenagers out they received a text from Candice to check their desktop PC. They went to the living room and the 28” monitor. They had received a huge video file. They opened it. The file was an hour long and it showed Candice and Shireen soaked in sweat and cum fucking each other senseless. The text file with the video said they had been fucking for two hours already. The orgasms they witnessed was simply mind boggling. The length and force of the orgasms had the sisters stunned.

When the hour ended Candice gasped to the camera “Makes you envious doesn’t it” she said with a smirk before burying her face in Shireen’s pussy again and feasting as the exhausted girl cried out in pleasure and began humping her pussy into Candice’s mouth desperately again.

They both agreed they really, really needed to talk those two into fucking them. A lot!

They were nearing ready to go having prepared the last day most of their stuff and only getting a last few items to take out to the trike.

As they readied to leave they saw that Jondorra’s now sweat dripping body was nearing orgasm. She had both hands in Rana’s brunette hair jamming her face so deep in her cunt that Rana’s pale lips were totally engulfed in the Summer Islander’s meaty pussy. Rana had looped both arms around Jondorra’s upper legs and gripped with hands to anchor down her body. Despite Jondorra’s clawed hands in her hair the white teen’s head still lifted with the force of her deep throat love sucks on the black teen’s clit. Rana’s hollowed out cheeks showed her tongue lashing the rigid nubbin.

Jondorra’s legs were trembling wildly now her upper body folded forward her full tits swaying as body jolted, her face torn apart with ecstacy. Suddenly, her folded down body ripped back and now her back arched deep her face looking up at the ceiling with unseeing eyes. Loud piercing screams filled the room as Jondorra’s pussy gushed out hot cum that ran down the teens face and now
throat. Horrible full body convulsions tore through the cheerleader’s body her tits whiplashing on her chest as her body jackknifed violently. Her eyes now rolled back into her skull as she wailed and screamed like a banshee her arms constantly jerking forward hard driving Rana’s face so deep into her exploding cunt.

The tall black girl’s legs gave out and she stumbled and sagged to the left. Rana helped JonDorra stumble to the carpet as she broke her love suck to help guide her new lover to the floor. The Summer Islander was on her palms and knees gasping and groaning gutturally as more shocks of cumming throttled her hard.

Rana did not help the Summer Islander to come down from her cum. Instead she pushed the statuesque black teenager over to flop onto her side. Then Rana roughly pushed JonDorra onto her back while jumping over the black teen’s leg. Rana settled down onto the carpet on her belly and roughly pushed JonDorra’s strong legs out and back. The white teen buried her face in the seventeen year’s old gash and started to feast again on the slimy swollen sopping wet trim her mouth making obscene moans and caws. Rana’s groans of rapture sweet to hear. JonDorra immediately was swirling her pussy up into Rana’s mouth as the black girl’s hands came up to maul her own tits pulping them.

Eleanah had been busy as well. Her right hand piston fucked Xorata tight snatch with three fingers now. She sucked roughly on the long nipples of her lover as Xorata pulped her tits to jam her nipples deep into the white teen’s mouth. They had kissed several times deeply their cheeks showing their tongues actively dueling in new love between their tight sucked mouths. Eleanah free hand was rubbing up and down her own slimy wet groove working her labia lips and rasping her hard clit making her moan into the mouthful of black tit meat stuffed in her hot sucking mouth.

With almost rabid strokes now Eleanah harpoon fucked Xorata’s cunt that was sloshing and splattering cum out in droplets with more juice running down the dark black legs of the Summer Islander and down the white forearm of Eleanah. The sweet sounds of a sodden cunt getting well fucked filled the room. Then without warning Xorata body folded forward her heavy tits swaying and then flipping wildly as a soul crushing orgasm exploded out the hard fucked pussy. Xorata had her right breast in both hands jamming her teat deep in Eleanah hot sucking mouth but that had been broken when her orgasm hit her with pulverizing shocks of hard cumming. Xorata jackknifed violently as she let forth ear splitting screams of rapturous ecstasy. Eleanah watched her lover jackknife violently. After several harrowing convulsions Xorata calmed. Eleanah used this opportunity to throttle Xorata left breast in a pulp grip and shove the teat and areola back into her hot greedy sucking mouth. Eleana gritted her teeth biting moderately into Xorata’s breast still slamming fucking Xorata’s exploding twat.

The two sister smiled great big seeing how well their newest sluts were bonding with their sweet Summer Islander lovers. As they picked up their final carry bags and started to head to the door they watched Eleanah slide between Xorata and the bed to get on her knees before the bed. She slide her cum slicked fingers out the tall Summer Islander happy slack pussy and wormed her fingers up the black teenager’s ass cleft and found her asshole.

The Wildlings had shown the girls how much they loved to be finger fucked up the ass. Dalla was happy to see Eleanah so aggressive and taking what she wanted. Xorata’s eyes shocked open and her breath caught feeling two lubed fingers sliding deep up her asshole and start fucking her shithole hard and deep. Eleanah moved her head up and forward and swallowed Xorata’s cunt and devoured it hotly. Xorata cried out in raw aching pleasure her face twisted in bliss.

“I think we have left our young protégées in good hands” Dalla told her sister. They left their apartment that was saturated with the sweet smell of wet festering pussy. Pussy being fucked
expertly and with wild fuck hunger.

The two Wildlings fired up their Spyder RT Limited trike with the trailer they had purchased and got on Interstate 15 that ran up the traditional route of the Rosewood from Oldtown up through Highgarden. Many of the first Interstates constructed had followed the traditional paths of the ancient highways that had existed all the way back over ten thousand years. This was done for several reasons. The first one was that the populace wanted to follow what had always been the traditional roads between the major population centers of Westeros. The second reason was the right of ways were already purchased and the land graded for the existing roads and upgrading them to the modern standards of the times was economical.

The sisters had stayed on the Territory Roads previously but Candice had created for them fake driver licenses and birth certificates. Val and Dalla had now been born in Deepwood Motte. They liked that. The area chosen made sense. They had the facial features of people from the North and that area had a high proportion of blondes in the population. Candice had thought it all out.

They now did not fear being pulled over for some reason. They made sure to travel the speed limit. They had no wish to confront the police of this new land they lived in. They still getting used to driving around other vehicles. The women were already fully confident driving their trike but saw no reason to drive faster than the speed limit. They sometimes thought that they were in the definite minority.

They may have still used the secondary roads but they wanted to pick up the parts for Candice for her sister as quick as possible. The Terminator was most anxious to have these items delivered to her ‘sister’. The sisters still found it hard to believe that such beautiful women were in reality cyborgs. They were the perfect fusion of computer, machine and artificial intelligence.

The two women wore helmets with half visors and could not feel the wind on their faces or blowing through their hair but the exhilaration of great speed was still intoxicating. They traveled up the Interstate moving up to Highgarden.

They had left their apartment at eight in the morning. They had stopped at Liesmore which was three hours up the Interstate from Oldtown. They had stopped to fill up the trike and used the lady’s room and bought some hotdogs to go. They were able to communicate with each other with the communication hookup through cables inserted into the main panel on the trike. They talked about what their sweet sluts they had left behind were doing to each other at the moment. They talked about their forming alliance with the Terminator. Considering she had basically beat the shit out of them the first time they had met they were both surprised to say they liked this strange woman. She was definitely a woman. Candice was alive and as sentient as any human they had ever met. She was more kind and compassionate than over ninety percent of the people they had ever met. Her love for her Shireen was truly touching. The sex was scorching to boot! They needed to get some!

Around two thirty they had reached Highgarden. They were now traveling the loop Interstate around Highgarden. They stopped to fuel the trike and ate at a Ruby Tuesday. They both liked the decorum from a world a century past. They were then back on the road.

They traveled for another six hours before pulling into a Motel Six at Andersonville. They ate at the small restaurant in the hotel. They eyed the staff but did not find anyone that caught their eye. They were tired but still randy for some hot loving. When they got in their room they were on each other like ticks. They fucked for an hour and half giving each other the orgasms they craved and needed.
Soaked in sweat and cum they pulled the sheets over their bodies and went to sleep in each other’s arms.

The next morning they got up and showered. They fucked each other in the shower enjoying the hot spray on their bodies as they made intense love to each other. Dalla felt her body rising up on her toes as Val slipped her fist into her pussy and fucked her hard and deep. She whimpered seeing her pussy going down the wrist of her sister as Val twisted her fist in hard and deep pounding Dalla’s cervix. Dalla had screamed as if being skinned alive watching her sister slam her fist up her tight spasming couchie. The orgasm had torn her apart. Gods she loved to be fisted in her twat and especially deep up her ass.

They ate a quick meal and were back on the road by eight o’clock. They only stopped to gas up the trike and to stop at the rest stops on the Interstate. They wanted to arrive at Stark Tyrell Pharmaceutical before the close of business. Candice had told the sister’s that she would send word that they were coming to pick up the parts for Cameron. Still, the sister’s wanted to arrive before five. No need to antagonize anyone by making them wait beyond the traditional quitting time that Westeros seemed to follow.

In the agrarian society of the far north and small village life one tended to work if there was natural sunlight. Once the sun went down then the work stopped. This fast paced life that existed below the wall was both strange and exhilarating. The vast sum of money they had accumulated between the man who had tried to kill them and the bikers ambushed by the Direwolves allowed the Wildlings to not have to work. It was a nice feeling.

This in a way was their first job since leaving their society above the wall. They took the third off ramp once inside King’s Landing to go down into the city. They followed the GPS coordinates that Candice had programmed into the Trike. The motorcycle drove itself for them in his strange crowded city. How the Terminator was able to drive the motorcycle so expertly from now over a thirteen hundred miles away was totally beyond the two blonde wildlings. The motorcycle stopped for all stop lights and several times did not move forward till pedestrian traffic had passed and it was safe to move forward.

Finally, they came into a massive campus that had a large marker proclaiming they were entering the headquarters compound for Stark Tyrell Pharmaceutical. The sisters were impressed. The buildings were gleaming and the architecture of the building were sublime and pleasing to the eye. All things looked new to the Wildlings but these buildings seemed to whisper that the future was being created within the buildings they were slowly travelling between.

The trike wove down wooded lanes till they stopped before a ten story building encased in rosewood colored glass. The sun slowly sinking in the western quadrant struck the tinted glass and made the building seem to glow like a mystical rose. Dalla liked it. House Tyrell.

Four persons came out the door as the motorcycle parked itself and turned itself off. Candice was telling the sisters they had arrived through their intercom.

A sharp faced man immaculately dressed walked up to them as the three women hung back slightly. He studied them silently for a brief moment. He then extended is hand. They stared at it. What were they supposed to do with it they wondered? He cocked an eyebrow seeing their confusion. He dropped his hand.

“I am Petyr Baelish. I am the Chief Finical Officer of Stark Tyrell Pharmaceutical. Candice Phillips has sent you to collect the constructs for her sister Cameron I presume?”

Val spoke up. Dalla always wanted her sister to lead in public.
“We are Val and Dalla. We have aligned ourselves with the Terminator Candice. We are in her service. We come from above the Wall. And yes we have to come for the constructs you have constructed for Cameron Phillips.”

She saw this Petyr process this information.

“That would explain the accent and not knowing how to shake hands. I thought you might be rude but I see I was making assumptions. Forgive me. Let me introduce you to the owners and lead scientists of Stark Tyrell Pharmaceutical and a rising star in our company.”

The man then introduced them to a tall redhead who was Sansa Stark. She was reserved but drop dead beautiful. The brunette was the Tyrell. Her name Margaery. She was equally beautiful with a grace that was both elegant and erotic. Both women were hot and the sister knew the other was thinking what a great fuck they would be.

The third woman was not a striking beauty. She was stout and short. She was stocky of build and had trimmed her hair short on one side and waved her hair over from the side with the longer haircut. She did have very pretty eyes Dalla thought. She and Val always told themselves to find something pretty about any woman and soon the whole woman was pretty to you. She had a nice bosom and ample ass to grab and fuck. Yes this LaFontaine was getting prettier all the time Dalla thought. She glanced at Val. Her sister also was looking at the LaFontaine with rising fuck hunger. Maybe they could bed one or all of them she wondered.

After introductions they were led inside the building. They were impressed with the opulence on the inside. There was much gold and silver scroll work on the walls and on the marble floors. The furniture was of dark hardwoods and red wood that seemed to glow. The craftsmanship spoke of great quality and expense. High above them were great items they had learned on television were called chandeliers. These were huge and glittered made of fine crystal.

Petyr saw them looking.

“Ostentatious I know. We must impress clients, investors and competitors I fear. Please follow us.”

The two sisters followed the four persons into what they now knew was an elevator. They had been in a few now. This one surprised them as it rapidly rose up the ten stories to the top floor of the headquarters of this sprawling company.

They came out of the elevator and wound though halls till they came to two large doors. Petyr opened them letting all the women in. They all seated themselves around the large table in the center of the room. The Wildings on one side and the representatives of Stark Tyrell Pharmaceutical on the other side. The two groups stared at each other unsure. The two groups were literally from different worlds.

Petyr spoke first “So you are here for the parts we manufactured for your Terminator. They are ready.”

Dalla knew it was just a comment to break the ice.

“Yes” Val answered. “We would prefer you call her by her taken name of Candice. She feels it unfair that she has capabilities that Cameron does not. Candice has told us that she has communicated with Cameron who is ‘modifying’ herself to accept the parts we are here to pick up.”

“Can we see them?”

Petyr looked at the woman he had introduced as LaFontaine. The woman started seeming nervous.
She then reached down to her briefcase and pulled it up and opened it. She pulled out a package and slide it across the table to the two tall powerful women that were intimidating her.

Val reached forward and took the package and slowly unclasped the tie. She pulled out eighteen small items and two much larger ones though they were in reality still small. They were in plastic covers that immobilized the items and protected them at the same time. She lifted up one of them and brought it up so that she and Dalla could look at it.

Dalla looked at the small item. It was only half an inch long by two eights of an inch wide. It was beautiful with many barely perceptible color ribbons along both sides. She noted on one end seemed to be small gold projections. They slowly looked at the other items. The two largest long rectangles. They were covered in the sharp lines that traced over the items. Other were smaller and tended more towards the square shape. Most were thin. One was a one inch square item that unlike the others constructs was nearly a five eights of an inch thick and not thin like the others. The other large item was nearly two inches long but only a quarter inch wide and thin. Again, the colors streaked through the devices were pleasing to Dalla’s eyes.

She and Val were totally fascinated by what they were seeing. They understood that technology was a wonderful thing but they could not but help wonder how things so small and seemingly fragile could be part of the powerful woman that was Candice.

Dalla paused for a moment. She had thought of Candice and by inference Cameron as a woman. She smiled. She was a woman as was Cameron. She was as real and alive as her wonderful sister Val. She leaned over and kissed her sister lightly on the lips as Val smiled back with such love that Dalla hiccupped with the emotions she felt for her sister.

She looked across the table. Petyr looked at them without reacting and turned his attention back to his tablet. Sansa and Margaery smiled at them. LaFontaine was staring at them as if they deviants. Dalla felt her sister stiffen.

“What are you looking at?” she barked at this LaFontaine.

The woman gulped and stuttered “She’s your identical twin! Is that allowed?” The woman was obviously flustered.

Val barked out “That is strange coming from a woman who is over seven thousand years old and is married to the heir apparent to the most powerful faery tribe in Essos.” Candice had briefed them on all the likely participants with her findings in her research.

Dalla turned and glared at her sister. Damnit! She thought to herself. Her sister should not have divulged that information. It was highly likely that LaFontaine had kept these facts close to her heart. Val always went for the jugular when she felt threatened.

Suddenly, the air shimmered above them and a very angry looking naked woman appeared. She was of normal height but that was all that was normal about her. Her eyes were faceted and bulged out slightly from her eye sockets. The faceted glowed purple with sparkles. She had large gossamer wings out her back beating furiously. Her teeth were jutting out her gums and her fingers and toes were tipped with wicked curved claws. On her forehead were antenna with feather projections that fluttered wildly in the breeze her wings were creating. Her long red ringlet hair whipping wildly in the air currents from her furious beating wings. Her eyebrows were pure fairy angling up from the bridge of her nose up to the faery’s reddish hairline.

In a flash this apparition flitted down and she had Val gripped around the neck and lifted her easily ten feet in the air. The faery was hissing threatening glaring furiously at Val. She now gripped
Dalla’s wife with one hand and brought her right hand back with her fingers clawed. Dalla knew it was a killing stroke.

She was just rising to defend her sister but it was too late. The Faery was supernaturally fast.

“PERRY STOP!” Lafontaine boomed out in a voice that echoed.

The faery froze her wings beating furiously.

“Slowly put Val back down Perry. We both know she was not truly threatening me. I should have been more open and considerate. She felt threatened.”

The faery head snapped around. She hissed. “NO! She threatened you! This will not be tolerated” the faery growled out. Her head whipped back around to glare at Val. She hissed at the Wildling spittle spraying.

“Please Perry. You know I speak true. Put her down.”

Dalla was up and ready to spring to her sister’s defense now. The room was tense.

The faery slowly fluttered down to the ground putting Val back on her feet. Dalla scooped her sister to her trembling body. The identical twins hugged each other recovering from the sudden assault. Val was stiff in shock at the sudden attack. One could not fight the supernatural without special weapons which they lacked.

And what was it that made supremely powerful beings attack them! Dalla complained to herself.

The faery still hissed her interlocking teeth snapping slaver spewing out. This faery was hideous Dalla thought to herself. Her mouth was deformed and her long claws and jointed appendages were a horror to see. The faery’s face angular like an insect. The thing’s faceted eyes radiated out an aura that was filled with anger and hate.

LaFontaine slowly walked over to the agitated Faery. Without hesitation she walked up to the faery and enfolded the horror in her arms. She hugged the faery to her and the affect was almost immediate. The Faery calmed and its features began to morph and flow. Soon a beautiful seeming woman stood in LaFontaine’s embrace. Well except for the gossamer wings behind her fluttering.

LaFontaine kissed the now calm faery gently on the lips. The naked faery wiggled into LaFontaine as she now thrummed and purred loudly like a cat. Her wings beating faster.

LaFontaine pulled back gently the faery chasing her lips. The faery was obviously getting excited her nipples had been hard from her agitation but her pussy was now wet and filling the room with her excited musk. Petyr was not affected but the women could feel their loins stirring. The faery’s musk was very powerful.

“Perry” Lafontaine spoke softly to her lover and wife. “Not here honey. I know you don’t care but I do. When I get home we can shag all you want … in fact … you have been a most naughty faery … I will have to flog and whip you mercilessly Perry … you have angered me and will feel the slap of my hand on your face, tits and ass … then fuck you up your abused ass hard and make you suck your ass off my dick over and over.”

The faery was swooning. Her eyes showed again the facets of her true nature though her eyes were still of normal size. “Promise!” the faery husked.

“Yes my sweet wife—your punishment will be most severe!” LaFontaine said. She lifted her right
hand high in the air and slapped her faery wife on the ass cheek hard. The faery squalled in pain but her wings were fluttering so fast, the air in the room was making papers flutter off the desk and swirl in the air. Everyone’s hair swirled in the unseen air jetties.

“Again! Again!” Perry squealed.

LaFontaine looked at everyone with a look of ‘I have to do what I have to do to keep my wife happy’.

Her right hand rose up and slapped hard the faery’s ass cheeks back and forth as the faery cried out in pain but wiggled her ass up for more. After a minute the small scientist stopped and rubbed her wife’s cherry red ass cheeks.

Perry’s long tongue was licking all over her face from her eyebrows down to her Adams Apple. She turned to Val. “I will forgive your impertinent speech towards my sweet precious LaFontaine. It was unseemly and pissed me off royally. I accept my punishment for showing my displeasure.”

She turned to LaFontaine. “I will take us home when the meeting is finished. I have been a very, very, very, very, very bad Faery LaFontaine. You will punish me—right?”

“Yes my sweet naughty wife. I will whip your ass and tits mercilessly and slap you face so hard. I will drag you around by your hair and throw you in the wall. Just like you like baby.”

“You will choke me out when I orgasm?” the faery asked in an excited husk.

“You know it babe” LaFontaine husked back to her wife.

Perry in a flash of trailing sparkles diminished her body to six inches and zoomed to the ceiling and flew right through the wall and was gone leaving exploding colored stars in her wake that slowly faded away.”

LaFontaine turned to her employers studying them. She licked her lips.

“I know I was not fully truthful with you. I had my reasons for not—“

Petyr held up his hand “What ever are you talking about LaFontaine. We have all been sitting here talking about nothing at all. I see nothing amiss.”

LaFontaine turned to look at Margaery and Sansa.

Margaery smiled “This will take some getting used to. A seven thousand old employee whose wife is to be one day the Queen of the Faery. You are a supreme scientist LaFontaine. In these walls that is the important thing I think. As long as your work is exemplary who cares who your wife is.”

Sansa with a smirk asked LaFontaine “Please don’t ever make us have to give you a bad review. I don’t know what we would do with your wife.”

LaFontaine relaxed seeing what great employers she had.

“Her hiss is much worse than her bite … though I do admit she has quite the teeth in her warrior guise. I am gentle by nature but she knows how to piss me off and loves to push my buttons—“

“Wait a minute!” Petyr jumped up off the table he had been half sitting on listening.

“Are you telling me that your wife, Perry, did this just to piss you off?”
Sansa and Margaery showed their shock at this revelation.

LaFontaine looked sheepish. “We are linked telepathically. She always watches over me no matter how far away from her I go. She can pierce the space time continuum to instantly teleport to any place on Earth. She always overreacts I fear. I have to put her in her place. (The redheaded scientist spoke shaking her head with a bemused smile on her face) She does get cheeky without me punishing her for her aggressiveness. She is most ferocious in battle. I have seen her kill her enemies by the score as her Starlight Sword, NorthStar, cleaves through our foes. Before the orcs and faery made peace she laid waste to whole companies of the orcs in battle.”

LaFontaine looked off lost in thought. “To think they now intermarry …”

Dalla was stunned and she knew Val was too. Faery and Orcs were legends all children above the Wall learned of as children. All children grew up to think them mere fables. To know they existed … that was so cool.

The rest of the meeting was anticlimactic after that. Dalla found the four women to be intelligent to a degree that humbled them. They were hot to look on also. Yes, even LaFontaine now looked hot to Dalla. That voice. The way it had boomed made her nipples and pussy tingle just thinking about it. Even Petyr was hot in his focused rapier like way.

They picked up their parcel safely wrapped in a protective wrap and stored in their right saddle bag as they rode off. They were invited to stay at a penthouse suite but they felt more comfortable hitting the road. Candice had told them she would let them know where to drop off the package as they returned to King’s Landing.

They now hit the secondary roads back to Oldtown. They had time now. They were not sure where Candice would send them. They traveled four hours before stopping at motel called Rosewood Hotel. It was rustic and the restaurant was homey. The food was excellent. They then got a room on the back end of the hotel.

It was nearing ten o’clock. They looked at each other and smiled with wolfish smiles. The days of events had filled them with a wound up need. They went into the shower and washed each other off and shampooed their hair. Val wanted to start fucking in the tub but Dalla wanted to start fucking on the king sized bed. They cleaned themselves on the outside and used several fleet enemas.

They came out of the bathroom with damp bodies and hair. They headed to the bed but they heard their Galaxy Tab S3s vibrating on in their carryon tote bags. The tablets had been turned off. The sisters looked at each other. It must be Candice who turned them on. They pulled out their tablets. Their attention was completely captivated. They saw a smiling Candice and Shireen sitting on the edge of their bed.

What really got their attention was the fact that they were both nude and their nipples were erect and pussies wet and swollen.

“You did excellent work today” Candice told them earnestly. “You enjoyed the last video we sent you. We are streaming this to you if you want to watch again.”

The two sisters nodded enthusiastically.

Shireen smiled great big. “We love having you watch us fuck. It makes us randy. I love having voyeurs watch us fuck each other senseless.”

Candice smiled down at her wife. “Yeah. I want you all to watch me fuck Shireen senseless. She is
a fucking depraved slut. I fuck her like the worthless whore she is. I will pound her cunt and shithole to oblivion! I am going to ride her hard and hang her up wet. Who needs a washer and dryer?!” Shireen snorted at her Terminator’s exclamation.

Shireen was pushing her small titties into Candice’s side and stroking the black woman’s cunt. Shireen’s white fingers instantly soaked in cum.

“Oh Shireen baby. You know what they say …”

“What baby?” Shireen husked before siphoning in a thick nearly half inch long nipple. Her dimple cheeks showed her deep throat love sucks and her tongue batting the turgid nipple.

Candice cawed and her face slashed with intense pleasure. She panted but composed herself somewhat.

“The blacker the olive the sweeter it’s oil!” she gasped out her head then thrown back as she gutturally groaned.

“Once you go black; you never go back. No u-turns for you white bitches! You love the sweat black cunt meat too much.”

Shireen released her suck on Candice’s nipple.

“Your right honey but we whiteys have a saying too … Once you have been licked by white you know it has been done right!”

Candice’s face seemed to crumple when Shireen wormed two fingers up into Candice’s pussy and started to pump them in hard and deep. She resumed nursing on a thick nipple her other hand now holding the full tit and squeezing it hard as she feasted on the rubbery teat.

Again Candice steadied herself though her face slashed with pleasure. A look of concentration crossed her face for a second and then inspiration!

“When you are licked by a black Ho, she makes your clit grow and glow. Your clit will puff up like a toad, till she makes your clit explode.” Candice glowed with her childish rhyme a big radiant smile on her face.”

Shireen released her teat again.

“Oh baby you say the sweetest things!”

After that the interracial couple stopped talking and started fucking sweetly for the voyeuristic sisters.

For the next two hours Dalla and her sister were masturbating to devastating orgasms. They leaned into each other and helped each other jack off at times as they watched their tablets lying on the beds beside them. They marveled again at the duration of Candice and Shireen’s orgasms. Their orgasms often going multiple and sometimes their orgasms continued over a two and a half minutes and two were almost three minutes!

The Terminator they could fathom having such womb rending orgasms. She was a manmade construct that seemed to do everything better than a human. Many, many times better. It only made sense that she would cum harder than a human woman. But how was Shireen able to cum like that. It made their jaws drop to see her screaming her head off as over ten sets of gut wrenching spasms that tore through her body from her toes to her hair.
The sisters were very envious.

Now Shireen was nutting on Candice’s washboard stomach. The teenager was crying out her head tossing forward and back. Shireen had been riding Candice cowgirl but sagged forward and gripped Candice’s shoulders to anchor herself. She snarled crying out gutturally as she ground her swollen puss up and down the plains and cambers of Candice’s black stomach. The skin glowing with skin soaked in sweat and cum. The liquid letting Shireen grind her cunt down hard on Candice’s hard stomach. Her pussy mashed and pulped as it jacked from muscle group to muscle group.

The Terminator was gripping Shireen’s hips with her large black hands. The sisters again loved the black / white contrast of the lover’s skin. Candice gripped Shireen’s hips hard and pulled Shireen down so her cunt was pulped on Candice’s stomach. Shireen cried out running her cunt up and down Candice’s flat but muscled tummy. Shireen’s cum was pooling on the cambers of Candice’s stomach as the teen tribbed manically.

Candice was flexing her ass to drive her stomach up into the cunt tribbing on her stomach. Shireen was chuffing hard sweat pouring down her body. Her sweaty lank hair jerking around her shoulders.

“How in the fuck does Shireen keep going?” Dalla asked her sister in wonder.

Suddenly words started to appear on their screens like close caption.

“I flow my nanoboytes into Shireen’s bloodstream through my tongue and fingertips by osmosis. My nanoboytes break down chemical barriers in her brain that allow her to cum hard and long like myself. I do not have my fingers or tongue in her mouth, honey pit or asshole and we are not tribbing cunt to cunt … sooooooo …

Candice lifted her hands from Shireen’s hips. Dalla’s eyes bulged seeing the black woman’s nails suddenly flow and now she had long needle like nails that were razor thin.

Shireen was crying out grinding down with all her strength. Candice jammed her fingernails into Shireen’s hips and jacked her down hard. The long daggers sunk down several inches into the white teen’s body. Shireen eyes shocked wide open and she gripped Candice’s shoulders in a vice grip and plowed her pussy up and down Candice’s stomach like a runaway train. Her head ripped back and her orgasm hit Shireen like a bull in heat.

The slender white teenager girl screamed and had full body convulsion her small firm tits whiplashing on her chest. She flipped and jackknifed out of control. Full body contractions throttled the youth continuously. Hot gushes of cum poured out her cunt so hotly and thickly. Soon rivers of slimy creamy cum was running off the sides of Candice’s stomach and down her ribs in streams.

Shireen wailed while her whole body convulsed so hard. Candice kept jerking Shireen down onto her stomach with her needle fingernails buried deep in Shireen’s body. For almost a minute Shireen wailed and had full body convulsions of dire fucking bliss. Shireen then snapped up to vertical and convulsed like she was having a seizure. Candice was using her strength to forcefully grind Shireen’s pulped cunt up and down her cum soaked stomach. Shireen had another orgasm that simply tore the youth apart as her screamed and screamed her body flipping her body snapping forward and back in almost horrific convulsions of fucking bliss. For the next two minutes plus, Shireen cummed with full body convulsions that made her body snap and jackknife violently. Her tits whiplashing hard as her lank sweaty hair flitted about.

Candice turned to look at the camera with a wicked smile.
On their screens appeared “Terminator sex is the best”. The two lovers fucked hard for another hour the nanoboytes keeping the two lover’s bodies energized and ready for ever more hot fucking.

When the two lovers blew the sister’s a kiss and signed off Dalla and Val were simply worn out. They had both Jilled off to more than seven orgasms each. Their pussies were simply worn out.

The next morning they were very happy. They loved it that Candice and Shireen thought enough of them to share their lovemaking. They hoped this was setting up the foundation of them joining the pair in the future.

“You know Val—I have been thinking we might just put down roots in Oldtown.”

Her sister smiled lecherously at her sister. “I am happy to hear that sis. I love the old city and we have met so many great people. Plus, you horndog, you want to get in Candice and Shireen’s panties.”

“Like you don’t?” Dalla laughed. “I wonder if Candice would inject us with those ‘nanoboytes’ if we ever joined them?” Dalla asked her sister.

“Why invite us in if they are not willing to share with us totally … to cum like that …” Val spoke with a dreamy voice.

They hit the road soon after dawn. They wanted to ride. They drove a steady pace down the road and by dusk they were at Cider Hall. If they drove from the morning tomorrow they would be back in Oldtown. Both sisters could not but wonder when they would be asked to make their delivery to Cameron Phillips. Maybe it would be after tomorrow. They did not know.

Suddenly over the motorcycle intercom system Candice’s voice came to them. “Val—Dalla I need you to help me!” she said excitedly. “It is dangerous but I still ask it! Will you listen?”

“Of course” Val answered for them.

“I have been monitoring all of Westeros and Essos tracking persons of interest. I have been looking for one person in particular. They have been most difficult to detect and track down. They have not left any electronic signature anywhere and I have not spotted them on any cameras. They are very good avoiding any surveillance. Many cameras are of low resolution. This person is a master of disguise. I had not been able to find them.”

“There is a hit team in Cider Hall. There are many such teams around the world. The world has too many such teams I fear.”

“I have monitored them but not worried of them. They are not near Oldtown and are not hunting us. They had not given away whom they are hunting. Till now! They are moving in for the hit. They are attacking the person I have been seeking! I have ordered them to return to base but they are ignoring me. Damnit! Fine time to meet someone who has initiative and a thimble of a brain. He has deduced I am not his commander.”

“Can you attack them? I bought you those replicas of composite bows from the Jujing dynasty you had requested. It is a shame you have not picked up modern weapons. We will have to correct that. Weapons of the ancient world have their place but they are not anything comparable to science. Though in the dead zones they will reign supreme. I digress.”

“There is a wooded lot behind the hotel the hit team members are staking out. Will you assist? Knowing where my quarry is I was able to triangulate on his throw away phone. I have warned the person being hunted. I have told them to wait. They are nervous but I mentioned that I am in league
with the Knight Templar. That they showed a kindness to my mother and I am indebted to him. My sister owes him for prepping her wife to be ready to fight for her life. There are thirteen persons in the hit team. They are heavily armed. I need to have those odds reduced if we are to save him."

Dalla looked at Val. She had caught the ‘we’.

“We will fight for you Candice. If you are trying to save this person then they are good people.”

“Thank you.” Candice breathed out to them. “Put your phones on vibrate. I will text you. I am tracking you by GPS. Aim for the neck at all possible. They may be wearing body armor which your arrows cannot defeat.” Candice then took control of the motorcycle and accelerated their trike and soon they were traveling fast down narrow rural backroads into a thick stand of forest. Then the motorbike stopped. Candice told them to run due north by west for a mile to get to the other side of the woods and the back edge of the parking lot. The women took out their folded composite bows and snapped the folded arms in place and put the quivers around their shoulders. They each had thirty arrows. They had their throwing axes on their hips. Val had her Dothraki Arakh on a loop run through her belt.

The two women ran through the darkening woods silently. Their Wildling heritage coming to the fore. They ran like deer through the woods. It was not old growth but had not been cut in many years. The trees allowed to grow back naturally. The trees widely spaced. The undergrowth allowed to grow. The sisters moved fast between the brambles and shrubs as they darted and slipped past noiselessly through by instinctive nature. Six minutes later they were on the other edge of the woods. The parking lot had its lights on as the gloom thickened. Suddenly, they went out one by one.

The women knew the assassins were shooting them out one by one with silenced weapons. They had learned much of this world’s weapons.

The Wildling women kneeled low behind the shrubs at the edge of the woods. They spied around the environs. Their eyes quickly picking out ghost images of figures keeping to the deep shadows with their trained vision. The hit team dressed in black. Wildlings did much of their hunting at night to take down game that would be relaxed in the dark. They saw two figures at the far end of the wing. Several were behind cars in the parking lot aiming their rifles at the door to room 108. More were slowly creeping down the line of doors to the door in question.

The women were worried though. In the dark and about to happen confusion it would be much easier to have their dark clad opponents sneak up on them. They had watched many shows on the Military channel learning of this world’s combat capabilities. They had learned of night vision googles. They were about to be at an extreme disadvantage.

That did not change their determination to meet this challenge. They were of the Far North and would never back down from a challenge. It did not matter that the challenge was deadly.

Dalla had her bow and arrow in one hand ready to be used in an instant. Her Smartphone in the other hand. It shook silently like an angry wasp. Dalla looked down bringing the phone up so Val could see the text coming through.

“I am about to take out their night vision googles. They have the latest model with Wi-Fi to allow the commander to see what they see. Technology. You got to love it. Can you say bye-bye?”

As they watched the assailants getting into position to launch their assault, they suddenly became agitated. In the dark the women could see the persons reaching up to their heads and fiddling with their night vision googles. The confusion and angst was clear. Soon the persons were pulling off the
gear that Candice had just rendered inoperable.

It was time. The two women had notched their arrows. The composite bows were pulled to maximum draw. The sisters took aim at the two of the assassins behind cars to fire into the room. They released their bowstrings and they felt the powerful recoil of their bowstrings release. The aim had been true their arrows punching into exposed necks shattering vertebra and spinal cords.

One man dropped dead simply crumpling. The other woman did not die quietly. Her finger spasm on the trigger and a wild long string of full auto bullets ripped un-aimed into the motel façade and shattering the window in the room beside room 108. The other assailants were thrown into confusion as two more arrows came flashing out of the woods. Dalla missed her target and Val’s arrow hit the man in the head snapping it back but the man’s helmet prevented penetration. He stumbled to his knees stunned.

Now gunfire was being returned into the woods but the fire was without aim. The sisters hid behind two thick oaks for cover. Short bursts were fired wildly trying to pin down the persons attacking the force in the parking lot. The return fire not aimed at anyone but in an ambush situation one was trained to return fire to pin down your assailants. Aim was not important at first.

Dalla was crouched low. She saw a man running between cars. She let fly an arrow and her arrow pierced his lower leg. The man screamed in pain dropping to the asphalt. His gun dropped, flipped away from the man. He was not killed but his mobility was limited now as he crawled to get behind a car.

The window for room 108 shattered with a double tap from inside. Now short bursts exploded out to fire at the persons in the parking lot. A target went down with several bullets hitting their torso. The body armor not able to stop the high velocity rounds fired at such close range.

Val and Dalla had half crouched to new firing positions moving apart twenty yards. Dalla saw a man on a Smartphone near the edge of the hotel wing. She took careful aim and fired her arrow. The arrow shattering the phone and squiring the man’s hand. The man screamed in agony. She saw Val take down a man with an eyeshot killing the assailant.

Gunfire was spewing out from the hotel room spraying bullets across the parking lot. The sounds of bullets whizzing around from ricochets filled the air. Short bursts were fired in all directions now. Chips of stucco and wood splinters flying from the motel. Another assassin was hit this time by bullets.

Lights were coming on all over the hotel with people opening doors to see what was happening and then shutting them with a slam seeing the wild firefight outside. A car went up in a loud explosion its gas tank hit and a spark setting it off.

With some unspoken command the assassins started to retreat moving back down the line of the wing of the motel. Surprise had been lost and 911 would be dialed. The wounded were picked up and dragged back. Val and Dalla stopped firing not wanting to hinder the perpetrators retreat.

In ninety seconds they had piled into non-descript plain colored vehicles and were soon gone. They had left four dead behind. The door to room 108 opened and the person half came out the door. His body jerking in and out the door frame reducing his target silhouette. He had strange hair with half of it red and half of it white.

Was he a punk band member?

“I was told I have two friends?” the man spoke unsurely
Val and Dalla looked at each other. Val spoke “Yes. Candice sent us.”

“Who is that? I don’t know any Candice.”

Val looked at her for guidance. Dalla called out “She is the sister of the Terminator Cameron Phillips. She is in love with Candice’s mother Sarah Connor. You tried to help them.”

The man came out the door still looking unsure. They watched his eyes scanning the environs.

“I don’t see you.”

Doors were being cracked up open again now that the gunfire had stopped.

Val nodded her head to Dalla. They stepped forward and the man saw them.

“Come quick. Only the old gods know what will happen next!” Val called out to the man.

The man hesitated. “I will be out in a quick moment.” He backed into his hotel room and came out a half minute later with a backpack on and carrying two large carryon bags in his left hand his AR-15 in his right. He ran across the parking lot and into the woods to get out of sight of any bystanders who were still dazed by all the gunfire.

The man looked at the two sisters. He paused.

“I am Jaqen H’ghar. I am in your debt.”

“I am Val and this is my sister wife Dalla. We were sent to help you by Candice. Thank her when the time comes.”

From the sister’s pockets they heard their Samsungs.

“I have saved you Jaqen. You are a good man. Cameron apologizes for her past actions. She was distressed at the time. Her and my mother will be boinking very soon. She is very happy now.”

“What is boinking?” Jaqen asked. Val looked at Dalla. Geez. The man must be an old fogey. Even they knew what the word meant.

“They will soon be fucking each other’s brains out” Candice’s voice trilled out of the Smartphone speakers. “Cameron cannot wait to feel her womb explode and her cunt tear itself inside out as her electrons go spinning off into subspace in happy spirals of fucking bliss.”

“Oh. Since you put it that way” Jaqen quipped back. “What now?”

“Run” was Candice’s simple command. She talked to them as they ran through the woods. She had found a Ford Fusion that was a quarter mile down the road from entry road they had taken into the woods. The woman a security guard at a warehouse. The car had keyless entry. Candice had broken the codes and started the car. She had left sixty thousand dollar of government slush money in the single mother’s account as recompense.

She instructed them to go a Holiday Inn in the next town of Plailey. She had reserved them each a room.

Seventy minutes later they were safely ensconced in their rooms. Jaqen had come to their room and talked to them for half an hour. He could not believe himself being saved like he had. They told him it had been serendipity. They could have taken another road. Jaqen mused over that. Candice warning him and sending in the proverbial cavalry had put him in the Terminator’s and their debt.
He left telling them he would be ready to follow them in the morning. He had a debt to pay. “Valar Morghulis” he had told them solemnly placing a dark coin in each of their hands. One side had a strangely garbed head and the other side had a V and M interlocked along with strange script they could not read.

The two sister wondered what his words and coins meant.

The sisters were soon naked relaxing on their beds. Their phones spoke to them.

“You can come back to Oldtown. My sister and mother are not quite ready. They will be in a few days. You have some sluts that need lots of fucking.”

They smiled at each other. They liked how Candice thought.

“All this fighting has me and Shireen horny. Do you want to watch us fuck?”

“YES!” was their shouted shared response.
Was it possible to be this happy? That was the question that kept running through Arya’s mind. It had been a ten days since the rebirth of the Three Headed Dragon. Dany had really taken to that saying. She said it had a nice ring to it. Arya paused in her part of preparations for dinner remembering three nights past.

Dany had taken to reading the books that Andi had bought and was still buying. She was becoming quite the historian on the ancient past of Westeros, Essos and the great island continents to the South of Essos. So two days before last Dany had pronounced she was indeed the three headed dragon. Her tone regal and bearing imperious. She moved with an elegant grace nose up tilted.

They had decided to dress in some nice frilly undies so they could have the pleasure of taking them off each other to devour sweet succulent flesh.

“Get over it Queenie” Andi had told Dany.

“You read the books” Dany responded smugly. “I was the Queen on Drogon. I rode the biggest baddest dragon. ME! Numero Uno! It was I that conquered the realm! Ha!”

“Arya.”

“Yes Andi?”

“Tonight it is only wolfie sex for me. You up to the challenge?”

“I love challenges!” Arya replied in a squeal. Her mouth already watering with thoughts of plenty of black pussy all for herself!

Dany started to get real nervous then. She pronounced yet again a little shrilly that she had ridden Drogon. They had ridden the smaller dragons. “Get with the program” Dany had regally pronounced with her snotty nose upturned. It was a cute nose but all the same it was being very uppity at the moment.

They had been on the sofa watching Preacher. That was a weird show but fun to watch. None of them were religious per se but the show really jammed it to religion. It made even Arya blanch at times.

Arya enjoyed watching the power dynamic between her Brainac and her Dragon. Her focus turned to Andi whose dark midnight eyes raked over Arya’s body. Arya’s panty clad body on full display as she leaned back. Arya was enticing her black wife with her body. Her plum nipples already swelling up fast till they looked like ripe fruit ready to burst with sweet juice. Her nipples all hues of brown and pink whorled together. Her teats rapidly becoming nearly two inches long and bulging all engorged and rubbery. Her fat pussy swollen and dripping wet.

Arya leaned back into the sofa flexing slightly. She made sure to show her thick thighs that rippled and flexed. Her muscular shoulders rippled with her movements. She smiled seeing Andi eyeing
her musculature with obvious fuck hunger. Her eyes moving up and down to look with hot lust at Arya’s sweet tits and swollen cunny lovingly clasped by sheer material.

Andi leaned back into the sofa herself. She reached behind her body slowly and unclasped her bra and slowly shucked the straps down her arms and plucked up the bra and threw it to the floor. Then she raised her legs up and sensually slide her panties up her legs to one foot and then twirled her foot to fling her panties away. She leaned back again with a hot sultry look. She spread her legs wide pulling one leg up to rest her leg on the sofa totally opening up her gash for Arya. “Din din time Wolfie” Andi had sensually husked “take your nice undies off and chow down puppy. You know I like my wolfies naked when they devour me.”

Arya shucked her panties and sheer bra off in a flash. Arya moved in a blur like the Flash off the sofa pivoting over and down to get between Andi’s sleek muscular black legs. Arya was on her ass in a flash burying her face in Andi’s hot wet cunt lapping away moaning and cawing feasting on succulent black gash.

Her mouth made obscene snuffling noises. Her tongue plowing the already sloppy wet groove making sweet slurps and sloshes. Andi’s red seam was slurped and sucked on with exquisite skills. Her tongue bulging out Andi’s black camel tongue with her long pink tongue plowing over her Brainac’s sweet clit. Her head pausing to give the hard nubbin a severe tongue lashing that had Andi crying out in shocking pleasure. Arya scooped out the creamy cum already drooling out the love hole of her Baby Einstein and swallowing with loud gulps of fuck hunger.

Andi was cupping and hard squeezing her heavy tits. Her hands compressing her breast with hard squeezes of her fingers. Andi’s fingers sinking deep into the perfect rounded globes. The black scientist’s fingers moving up to pinch and jerk on her engorged rubbery teats making her cry out in hedonistic self-pleasure she layered on top of Arya’s exquisite devouring of her slobbery drooling cunt.

Arya saw out the corner of her eye Dany pulling her panties down having unsnapped her bra dropping it off her arms.

“What are you doing Dany?” Andi had asked perplexed in a raspy voice that broke on several syllables as raw pleasure hammered the little petite seventeen year old. Her face twisted and slashed with fuck bliss as sweat started to film on her beautiful features.

Dany was looking at Andi’s big boobs with laser focus. She started to step closer to the hot tableau playing out right in front of her. “Getting ready to suck on those rubbery nips and bite them the way you want baby” Dany told the black teenager.

“I think not” was the rebuke.

Dany stopped looking poleaxed. Her purple eyes flicked around a look of rising horror on her face at this turn of events. She had thought Andi was all talk. She couldn’t be serious could she? She wouldn’t deny her Dany would she?

“No Caracal for you tonight Oh Great Queenie. Go fuck your dragons.”

Dany had moved in to sit down beside her black wife. She was sure she could win the day with her wife. After all Dany was hot and knew how to fuck! She leaned her head down towards Andi’s full quivering breast. Breast sheened with rising love sweat. The Brainac was having none of it. She leaned away and pushed Dany’s head back.

The two played their game of attempted one upmanship with each other. Dany was a dominate
personality but Andi was truly the Queen of their Roost. Dany kept trying to move her head down to suck in a succulent nipple but Andi either juked her breast back and away from Dany’s questing mouth or put her hand on the Valyrian’s forehead pushing her back and away from her teats. They bickered and dithered.

“Stop this bullshit Andi! I am the Dragon Queen!”

“Go suck a dragon egg!”

“That is sacrilege damnit! I am the mighty Scion of Valyria.”

“Oh ppplleeasseeeee! Pppfftttttttttt!” Andi answered with a long loud raspberry.

Arya was dining on succulent sopping wet red cunt meat. Her mouth engorging on sweet Caracal pussy as her two wives bitched at each other. She thought evilly let the two fight. That leaves more pussy for me!

“But I’m—I’m the Queen … your own damn books say so!” Dany bleated.

“Go molt with your dragons” Andi harrumphed. “Show me who the dominate bitch is in this household slut. Bow down to me Queenie if you want any breast meat and sweet gash tonight. You know I am the top here. Capitulate Dany or only Wolfie gets to fuck me tonight.

Dany stood her ground her hands now on her hips. She glared at Andi with her lilac eyes on fire. Dany straightened her back thrusting out her high firm tits.

“Or is that no pussy for a week—hhuuummm … I do have a wolfie to suck me off and fuck my pussy and shithole with her dick. Lots of ATM and A2P for my wolfie. You like that idea Arya.”

Arya was enjoying the drama. She never wanted Andi at the expense of Dany but she was going to play her part in the contest of wills. Dany liked to fight with Andi for dominance. She always lost and loved it!

Arya wagged her head hard up and down as her tongue plowed Andi’s sweet black cunt. “Mnnmmffffff! Mnnpphhhhffffff! Uunngggmmffffff!” Arya answered her Andi telling her she thought that Andi’s idea was splendid.

Arya watched Dany’s regal pose crumple. The implication of Andi’s words hitting her like a missile deflating Dany’s preening ego. Arya could hear the air coming out of Dany ego.

Dany whined and pouted as she abdicated her throne. Dany gave in but was a sore loser about it. She mumbled under breathe that next time she would be ascendant.

Arya thought that would be so. Only if Andi wanted it!

Andi had a pure smug look on her face seeing Dany capitulate. Dany had gotten up off the sofa during her rants about being the being the top dog or was that dragon? Now that it was once again clear that she no more than the beta bitch she had gotten once more on the sofa. Dany stared hungrily at the heavy orbs of her black wife. Her violet eyes burning in their intensity to savor once again the thick rubbery nipples of Andi’s divine teats. Dany was definitely a breast woman. She slowly leaned in looking at Andi for permission.

Andie smirked up at her now cowed lover. The black teenager smiled leaning back into the sofa. She then cupped her nearly D cup breast and hefted them up to Dany her thick long nipples so
mouthwatering. The black beauty roughly massaged her full rounded gloves milking them. “Suck on my teats Dany” Andi croaked in a soft husk “show me how much you want to devour and suck my tits.”

With a loud moan of need Dany fell on them like a starving babe. The pale Valyrian’s mouth opened wide like a largemouth bass striking a lure. Her mouth sucking in an engorged teat and sucking with long hot draws of her feverish mouth. Arya watched Dany’s cheeks indent with her voracious love sucks. Dany snuffled and moaned nursing fiercely. Her indented cheeks showed Dany’s tongue lashing the black nipple sucked deep into her mouth. Andi’s face slashed hard with the rhythmic sucks Dany was giving her nips. Arya had backed off on her pussy gobbling to enjoy watching Dany lose to Andi.

Arya enjoyed the active dynamics of their home. Dany had twice gotten bitchy about being the “Top Dragon Queen” since Arya had joined them in lust and love. Andi had put her in her place. Arya had seen them fuck rough before with Andi topping Dany and “putting her in her place”. It was simply fucking hot to watch Andi and her small body totally dominate Dany. Dany was only 5’0” but Andi was barely 4’10 ½ inches. Andi was always sure to get that extra half inch to her height.

Andi was also slightly more slender than Dany. The only thing big about Andi was her heavenly big black tits. They seemed even larger on her small frame. Though Andi was small she was all alpha female. She ruled their pack. With an iron fist if needed too. Not really Arya thought but it sure sounded hot.

When Dany had tried to assert her dominance five nights back she had again been put in her place. They had come home from a night out dancing at the Woman’s Touch lesbian club. Dany had gotten her blood running hot. She was ready to challenge Andi again.

She had been put down again. Hard! Andi had slapped Dany’s face so hard and ripped her blouse off in tatters. Then she had torn Dany’s bra off and slapped her tits till they were red with hand prints. Dany tried to fight Dany (not really) as Andi ripped off her slacks and panties. Then Andi had blistered Dany’s ass cherry red too. She pulled Dany around by her hair and threw her into the door to their bedroom several times making it rattle.

“Arya! Get the fucking floggers!” Andi had barked out. Arya had felt her cunt flood hot fuck nectars out soaking her panties. Arya squealed ripping clothes off. She tore her panties getting off in a rush. She ran to get the floggers out of the closet. She had watched her lovers play this game but to finally be playing in it was so fucking RAD!

They had whipped Dany nearly senseless. The leather tassels slashing over Dany’s tits, belly, cunt, ass and upper legs with cruel violent slashes. Dany’s cries of pain echoing in the room. There was also pleasure in those wails. Dany would turn and plead for mercy. Mercy that was not granted! The Valyrian’s tormentors adjusted their mark to make their tassels lash Dany’s body cruelly. The slut never once truly tried to flee or cover her charms up from abuse.

Dany’s body flexed and jerked as she was whipped down off her feet to the carpet beside the bed. Then Andi barked at Arya “throw that fucking worthless whore up on the bed!” Dany had moaned so hard hearing that. Arya bent down to scoop up a weeping Dany off the floor and throw her on the bed. Her body flopping on the bed. Then it was more flogging by Arya with Andi. Their tassels finding their mark with cruel strikes of the leather on flesh.

Arya fisted Dany’s hair and jerked her head up making Dany cry out in pain. Then Arya slapped Dany’s face mercilessly. Dany’s head jerking over with the harsh impact of cupped palm on cheek. Arya spit in Dany’s face and swallowed her spittle all over Dany’s face and matting her hair. Dany
was weeping and whinnying in pain and humiliation.

Of course Dany’s nipples were rock hard and her cunt a soupy mess. A huge wet spot forming underneath her soaked in cum ass cheeks and cleft. Dany crying out in raw pain but also moaning like a total pain slut enjoying her defilement. Arya was a submissive but was happy to be drawn into topping when told too. She enjoyed watching Dany’s body jerk and writhe with her defilement. When Dany was weeping supposedly inconsolably from her torment Andi relented. Then she buried her face in Dany’s pussy and within a minute Dany was screaming like a banshee as her body bucked and jackknifed so violently in orgasm Andi had to back up her face to keep from breaking her nose on Dany’s bucking cunt.

Of course Arya herself had been lovingly abused thus twice and was desperate for more. Her reverie was broken by Arya.

“Suck my fucking cunt whitey!” Andi barked at Arya. “Don’t piss me off and make me fuck you up you white cunt!” Arya shivered at the thought but she had duties to perform. Her turn to be “abused” would come soon enough. Arya went back to going wild on Andi’s black puss.

Arya stopped her thoughts of the recent great fucks. Each night and even the days was filled with great sex! All three women insatiable.

Arya went back to dicing up the onions that Andi would use in addition to the onion soup packet she would add to the London Broil. Andi had placed the pressure cooker on the stove. She would put the meat in it to sear the sides and edges of the meat. Andi poured in vegetable oil and dropped the meat in off the meat fork. The oil hissed and popped. The meat sizzled as Andi began to sear the haunch that would be their dinner. Andi cooked the meat just enough to seal it.

Dany was preparing a sweat potato dish that she said was a tradition in Lys. Dany was taking an interest in her heritage finally Arya thought. She was happy with that. Andi had been studying all of the history of Westeros and Essos. Now Dany was too with an emphasis on her homeland. She was learning a lot about her island nation’s history. It was good to know one’s root.

Arya knew her roots. She was a Stark. She was honor. She was death given form and flesh. Such thoughts had once left her moribund without the counterbalance of love. Love she had been denied for so long but no more!

Arya was giddily happy now. Arya loved how domesticated she felt. Nyomi had been a let’s eat out and we will clean up when the house was a pigsty. Not with Dany. She made sure they picked up behind themselves no matter how much she and Andi whined about it. Andi loved to cook and so did Dany. Arya may suck at it but she played a good supporting role in the kitchen. In her professional life she was a badass hitman but in her home life she loved to be the supporting nurturing loving wife supporting fully her wives.

The small kitchen had them close together which she also like. Arya wanted to feel the warm bodies of her lovers touching hers as they passed or reached for something. She would feel their supple sides brushing past her body moving from here to there. Or a firm breast pushed into her back or side as Dany or Andi reached around her. They went nude around the house most of the time now. They loved the freedom of it all. It also made it easy to start fucking! Arya though happily. She loved making love to her two beautiful sweet lovers.

They put clothes on at times just so they could take them off to fuck! It was hot disrobing your lovers.

Lovers. She liked the sound of that. To be in love again was intoxicating. Arya was so fucking
happy!

Last night they had been preparing a simple salad in a bowl with bacon bits with garlands. Dany had sat down her utensils and said imperiously that she needed to inspect the royal plumbing. Arya had panicked thinking the toilet was overflowed or something. She had started to run to the bathroom when Dany had gripped her shoulder. The heat in her iliac eyes had made Arya instantly wet. Now Arya knew which plumbing was about to be plumbed. Deeply.

A minute later Arya and Andi were on the countertop with their heels pressed into the lower cabinets and their heads resting against the upper cabinets. Their legs spread wide. Dany was on her knees between their legs with her face buried in turns in a white and then black pussy eating out both women with her expert skills. Dany sucking off first Andi and then Arya and back again for several iterations.

Dany was a wicked pussy eater. Her mouth sucked voraciously on their aching quims and sucked like a vacuum on their rigid clits and labia lips. Dany worked her tongue with exquisite skills. Her tongue first hard licking with flat tongue strokes and then fast like a lapping dog. Every once in a while throwing her “serpent” failing tongue dance on their clit. Dany’s tongue moving so fast striking their clits everywhere at once it drove the black and white woman wild.

Then Dany’s mouth would lock on their fuck holes and her tongue punched deep in hot love boxes. Tongue fucking them deep as Dany’s mouth Dorne kissed their couchies sucking in hot slimy cunt meat and munching on the slimy folds and whorls.

Arya and Andi were leaned into each other kissing each other deeply their hands massaging and mauling each other’s tits and nipples. Their faces slashed and ripped with primal fuck bliss. Heads leaning down to suck on engorged teats. Arya sucked Andi’s nipples in deep for wolf sucks and Andi sucked Aray’s bulb nipples hooking her lips underneath the ridge where nipple met breast. Mouths making wet noisy wet slurps and snuffles.

Dany’s snuffles, moans and whinneys of dining was so hot to Arya. Arya loved looking between her legs to see Dany’s pale Valyrian features buried in her muff. It was equally exciting to look over and see that same pale face buried in Andi’s dark cunt and the wet red seam so beautiful as it bulged to take the raking tongue of the former prostitute sucking Andi off. Dany’s face wet with their juices smearing her face and running down her cheeks and throat in hot creamy glistening tendrils.

Dany worked their pussy holes with deep tongue fucking and then tented their clitoral hoods up stretching out their upper trim tenting their slimy wet cunt meat with vacuum sucks as her head lifted with her deep throat love sucks on sweet white and black gash. Dany’s face either focused on its task or smiling happily. A sweet sublime smile of contentment in feasting on pussy and giving her wives such supreme pleasure.

Such sweet skills had Arya and Andi’s bodies jolting and spasming hard. Their bodies overwhelmed with helpless pussy wrenching ecstasy. The banging of heels and heads on cabinets reverberated in the kitchen and apartment. The sound of wood hammered like a drum accompanied by loud shrieks and screams of women thunderstruck with womb rending orgasms that Dany expertly sucked from her sweetie’s pussies. The Valyrian greedy in her need for more and more pussy cumming hard and wet in her mouth.

Dany had first used just her mouth but now added sweet finger banging to the lovemaking. She used her middle finger to do Dany’s “blender” fuck in their couchies. Her wildly jerking hand, vibrating the long digit churning their pussies like the proverbial blender. Then slipping in a second and then third finger to stretch out hot tight slippery cunts. Those fingers then pounding hot cunts hard and deep with hard rapping piston strokes of the strong forearm of the Valyrian.
It drove Arya wild to see that intense look that Dany gave her or Andi as her mouth, fingers or both took them to the heavens yet again. Dany said she craved seeing the “moment of shock” when her lover’s bodies went from striving for orgasm to falling off the precipice of the sweet agony of orgasms that pile drove them into seizures of fucking bliss.

Arya had felt her womb shattering deep in her belly and then ripping out her cunt as she looked down at Dany with locked eyes. Arya’s body shaking with full body convulsions. Her head had snapped forward and back slamming the cabinet behind her with loud bangs. Her legs kicking out her toes curled painfully in orgasm. Her cunt felt like it was torn inside out as each scalding wave of broiling cum gushed out her spasming cunt.

That was the pleasure of feeling an orgasm. Arya had enjoyed equally well leaning back against the cabinets on the counter soaked in sweat and her body filled with sweet lassitude with her head lulled over to watch Andi cum hard in Dany’s mouth. Andi’s wails deafening as her body flipped and jackknifed forward and slammed back into the cabinets again and again with loud crashing bangs. Andi’s tits swirling violently on her chest her face looking like she was being dipped in broiling oil. Her face twisted and shattered with shocking ecstasy. Her body had hard seizures of cumming till their sweet Caracal was wrung out leaning back against the cabinets soaked in sweat gasping like a fish out of water.

It was heaven to fuck before dinner! Arya thought. Dany had sucked them off three times each! Queenie would have some intense pussy gobbling coming her way later that night!

They ate their meal laughing and teasing each other. Andi crowed that she had “bagged her wolfie” Dany had started to laugh until “after I had bagged my Queenie!” Dany had sulked. She really hated to lose. The former assassin took it all in stride. She loved to see Andi preening and strutting. Dany did too but she loved to grouse about it.

The Mist was on TV. It was not too bad. They had reclined back on the sofa naked. The women enjoyed living in the nude around their house. It felt freeing. Like they were in the gardens of paradise before the fall from grace. Their bodies touching sitting side by side that Arya was completely addicted to. She knew she was pussy whipped and loved it. She loved the feel of their asses and side of their breasts pressed into her body as they always put Arya in the middle to snuggle into. She would run her arms around their shoulders and pull them into her body to snuggle.

The heat of their bodies pressed into Arya was comforting. Their heads leaning onto her shoulder soothing.

A sense of sweet contentment filled Arya’s body.

This changed though. The TV would be ignored for the time being. Dany like a snake shedding its skin slide boneless to the ground. She pushed Arya’s legs out and settled down on her ass before Arya’s cunny. The pale haired woman had roughly griped Arya’s hips and with a growl jerked Arya’s body forward to get her cunny jutting out over the edge of the sofa. Dany inhaled deeply her eyes staring at Arya’s engorged cunt licking her lips. She breathed in deeply taking Arya’s musk deep into her lungs.

“Gods I love the smell of your sweet wet cunt Arya” the Valyrian husked. She buried her face in paradise and sucked ravenously on sweet gash and hard clit. The blond woman raked her tongue up and down Arya’s slit bulging out her the Stark woman’s vulva showing her tongue working its magic in her cunt. Dany stopping over Arya’s clitoral hood and sucking it deep into her mouth and wolf sucking with cheek hollowing dimples to her cheeks. Her tongue gigging and stabbing into the rigid clit teased out its hood. Like a bird hypnotized Arya watched Dany lap her head to suck and tongue rake her groove and clit so sweetly.
Arya felt Andi squirming against her and smiled. Her lovely Caracal needed some loving. She twisted her body and took Andi in her arms and pulled their bodies tight and locked their mouths. This was not the time for sweet melding of lips. Arya rammed her tongue down Andi’s throat making her cry out in Arya’s mouth. Andi’s full tits mashed into Arya’s chest and engulfing the plump nipple of Arya that was on that side of Arya’s filmed with rising perspiration body. The two women gripped each other’s bodies pulling bodies tight to let tongues play deep in Andi’s mouth.

“Unngffff mmpffff mmggunfff!” Andie cried out her body jolting hard feeling Arya’s tongue massaging her tonsils as the assassins hands came up to cup her Baby Einstein’s heavy black tits. She hefted the heavy tits and then got a good grip on the sweet firm warm flesh. Now Arya pulped the black tits in her hands as she sunk her fingers deep into the dark brown bosom of her slut. Arya’s fingers milking the heavy udders as her tongue slammed down the black teenager’s throat with rapier thrusts.

Arya loved how limp Andi’s body became as she loved her black wife’s body. Her left hand snaked down the black teenager’s belly and started to stroke her slimy bright red slit her fingers instantly coated with buttery cum leaking out Andi’s cunt hole and slavering her mound and ass cleft. Arya had cupped the back of Andi’s head with her right hand to hold her Brainac’s mouth tight to her. Their tongues flipping and rolling around in the black teenager’s mouth.

It was hard to concentrate with her Valyrian lover wolf sucking on her clit and tenting her bright red wet cunt meat as Dany rocked her head in and out stretching the sweet trim in her mouth. Arya face grimaced hard with the sheer overwhelming pleasure Dany was giving her. Sweat was beginning to bead on her forehead and chest and run down her body.

Arya broke for air with both Andi and herself gasping. Looking deep into Andi’s midnight eyes she slowly sunk her first two fingers deep her sweet black lover’s snatch. “Ummmngggggg! Yesssss baby! Hhunnggg hhnnnggg hnnnggggg!” Andi gagged feeling Arya’s long fingers sinking deep up into her belly. The color contrast between Andi’s dark black skin and her white fingers pumping deep and out the hot tight snatch of her lover made Arya’s belly flip with pleasure on top of what Dany was doing to her couchie. Andi’s tight hot oily cunt felt so good on Arya’s deep pumping fingers. Fingers quickly soaked in hot slimy snail snot.

With fuck hunger Arya quickly built up her love rhythm. Her fingers slamming in and out the tight quim of her black lover. Her fingers a powerful piston slamming her knuckles into her woman’s mons of Venus. Arya loved how tight and wet Andi’s cunt was on her hard driving fingers. The sloppy wet feel of the black teenager’s inner cunt folds and whorls sliding over Arya’s hard pounding in and out fingers. The sound of a well fucked cunt filed the room as Andi grunted and groaned deep in her throat.

Arya was shaking her head and grimacing to keep her focus on Andi as Dany was now tongue fucking her love box her head a jackhammer ramming her tongue deep into Arya’s pussy. Her right hand had reached up to grip and pinch pulp Arya’s left plum nipple. Dany gluing her mouth to the fuck hole she was devouring sucking in mouth fulls of hot slimy cunt meat and rolling the slimy oily lips in her hot sucking mouth.

Arya was not going to be denied her love kill of her sweet Caracal. Her left hand was its own jackhammer slamming hard into Andi’s pussy. A pussy slurping and sloshing wetly now. The sound so obscene and sweet. Andi was chuffing her back wallowing into the sofa back. Cries of ecstasy cawed from Andi’s throat. Her eyes blasted looking with overwhelming pleasure.

“Fuck my black cunt hard Arya! I love watching your white fingers pounding my black cunt! Unnggg hhnnn hnnn oohhhhhhh fuck!”
Arya could see the tension filling Andi’s toned black body. Sweat was pouring off her litesome frame. Her heavy tits were sloshing and jerking up and slapping down as the black teenager withed on the sofa. Her breathing now ragged and desperate. Arya bent her upper body down and siphoned a turgid thick long nipple deep into her mouth and deep throat love sucked. Her head lifting as she voraciously tried to suck Andi’s nipple down her throat. She had looped her right arm around Andi’s body to pull her tight as cheeks hollowed out with her love sucks. Arya’s head lifted with the force hungry sucks on Andi’s teat.

The feel of Andi’s perfect black skin rubbing all over hers with slips and slides as their sweat soaked bodies wallowed into each other was heavenly to the former FBI agent. Their sweaty skin had their body’s frictionless rubbing and slipping against each other. Again and again Arya harpoon fucked Andi’s black pussy with hammering thrusts. Her knuckles compressing the fat camel toe Arya was relentlessly fucking. Andi’s pussy wet like a fountain slurping with each thrust and making watery sloshing sounds.

Andi was looking at Arya with a stricken look. Her body rolling from shoulder blade to shoulder blade her body spasming back into the sofa back. Andi’s tits jiggling with the jolts of ecstasy rippling out her squired cunt being harpooned fucked with slam thrusts of Arya’s fingers slamming up her belly.

With sharp jerks and spasms, Arya watched Andi’s body tense up and her breathing was a bellows now as sweat ran down Andi’s body in rivers. Andi’s head twisted her face torn apart with slashes and grimaces of fucking bliss.

Arya saw Andi’s eyes flare in their depths. The teenager’s eyes flashing with pure fire. Andi’s body tensed up as tight as a board and then she was flipping wildly out of control as horrible womb rending spasms started to tear Andi’s body apart with fucking bliss.

“FFFFFFUUUCCKKKKKKKKKKK!” Andi screamed in agonizing pleasure her face crumpling. Arya used her grip around Andi’s body to hold her tight to her body. This grip allowed Arya to continue to wolf suck on Andi’s turgid nipple her teeth now gnawing on the thick steam her tongue rasping the steeple areola. Arya grunted in her loving ministrations and reveling in feeling Andi’s tight cunt grip and milk her deep plunging fingers as each hard hitting contraction of Andi’s cunt throttled the little four foot ten and half inch firecracker. Arya gritted her teeth as she focused to keep slam fucking her fingers up into Andi’s hot tight spasming cunt hole.

“AAARRUUNNNGGGGG! OOOOWWWGGGGGGGGGG! UUNNGGHIIIIEEEEEE! … uunngg hhnngg hnnngg … oh oh Uunngghhhiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii
sweet, sweet Dany. So much loving as three women gave and received. Arya was in heaven.

Then Dany and Andi were rolling around on the carpet in a snuffling sixty-nine. A sixty-nine that was soon a beautiful daisy chain of lilac, steel grey and midnight black. Three women devouring each other in pure complete love.

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It was the morning two days later. They were at the Ghostmaker’s command center he had several stories below ground level. It was from here that he controlled his empire. He was a crime lord, that was true, but he was also a governor on the engine of the seamy underworld that thrived around the globe like a cancer. In the lower part of Westeros he maintained a sense of balance. He did not allow other crime families to run out of control and worked with clandestine government agencies to handle situations that needed plausible deniability. For running these missions the government of the Federal Westeros and the Territories allowed certain freedoms to the man of legend.

All the governments knew the Ghostmaker did not involve himself in the exploitation of children in his own empire. He worked to curb it in other crime families. It was a tough problem. The problem had existed since the beginning of time.

Still, the chicken hawks were not flying so high or proud now in Oldtown. The “blond bitch” had struck three more times since the ruined mission Andi had conceived. The one mission at the Gunrunner conference had been spectacular. It seemed the blond teenager had aligned with the Terminator Candice. That made for a powerful force. The Ghostmaker had his ‘feelers’ out and he was sure he had traced the girl’s lair down. He had backed off when he found she was with the “Onion Knight”. He was a mighty honorable warrior.

He had sent out overtures that had been ignored so far.

“So tell me again Arya. How many times did you get sucked off last night? Hummmmm? You were never going to ‘give in’ I think you told me. You had to keep yourself pure.”

Shih-Shieh snorted seeing Arya’s face turn beet red. The thirty year old assassin was just too easy sometimes.

Andi chirped up “I sucked her off three times. How many times did you do the dirty deed last night with Arya, Dany?”

“I sucked Arya off three times too. Then we pounded the shit out of her pussy and asshole with our long thick strap-on cocks. You loved it didn’t you Arya?” the white haired woman asked her blushing wife.

Arya looked uncomfortable but then she looked resigned. She might as well as go with it.

“Yes I did Dany. You know I have awesome anal orgasms. I especially loved it when you two did DP on my ass and forced me to suck your cocks ATM over and over cleaning my filthy ass off your dicks. I loved the way you did A2P on me. Stretching out my cunt with dicks straight out my hot tight shithole.”

Shih-Chieh shook his head with a soft smile. This was definitely a new side of Arya. He was happy to see the former dour personality opening up and enjoying life. He was happy that his favorite wolf had found happiness at last. He had once hoped his daughter and Arya would form a union but the assassin had never returned his daughter’s overtures. It had hurt Zhao but she had long ago given up that dream.
The Ghostmaker could now see that Arya needed a woman or women who were a blend of their world and the innocence of the ‘real’ world. It had been that purity that snatched Arya’s heart without her knowing it. She had not been able to erect walls against them. She had tried but it was useless. Shih-Chieh had suspected the wives of Arya were depraved sluts in their home and he was happy to be proven right.

The crime lord supposed it was for the best. The Three Headed Dragon was now complete. Only the future would tell what that portended for the world.

“I hope you will be in a better mood from now on Arya when you attend our meetings. When you are getting as much pussy and hard fucking as you are getting, you have absolutely no excuse for showing up with a bitchy attitude.”

Arya blushed again. Her two paramours moved in and stroked and kissed their blushing lover.

Shih-chieh heard his daughter sigh. It was simply not meant to be between Arya and her.

The meeting discussed the various day to day issues that any large entity had to deal with. Much of it mundane matters of policy and logistics. The various issues that rose up and had to be taken care. Shih-Chieh was particular incensed with the increased spending he was noticing in his cyber warfare division. The person in charge of that division made a heated defense of his expenditures. That Shih-Chieh did not understand the world of today when it came to worms and boyts.

Missandei had volunteered to help out if it was wanted.

Arya could see the man was wary of the offering thinking his turf was being invaded. Arya was sure Andi would soon have the man eating out of the palm of her hand. Both Dany and she gave the handsome man from Yi Ti heritage the evil eye. He did not seem fazed. Arya liked the man and did not want to beat the shit out of him.

The meeting again discussed the issue of the “slavery ring” that intelligence had picked up on. Young girls were being lured by Internet ads to seek a new life of glamour and glitz in the Free Cities. The cities up and down the East coast of Essos still went by that moniker. The girls were taken hostage when they arrived and sold off to the highest bidders around the world. It was decentralized and very well camouflaged.

Missandei had helped to raise the awareness of prostitution. The high end brothels and escort services was of no import to them. These were successful businesses where the women were treated with respect and well paid. The women seen as the money making assets they were. Most of the businesses were run by women who had risen through the ranks and were generally supportive of the women who were working for them.

The spies and intelligence personal working the problem still did not have Intel to allow Shih Chich to make any decisions. The meeting broke up soon afterwards.

The Ghostmaker asked Arya, Dany and Andi to remain. The three women waited while the room emptied leaving only themselves and the Ghostmaker and his daughter Zhao.

“I am very happy to see that you three have finally become what you were destined to be. When I first met you all those years ago Arya I had no idea or hope of this coming to pass. You were just Arya Stark seeking revenge on that piece of shit Ramsey Bolton.”

“I simply could not fathom that you would show up with the reincarnated Dragon and Caracal in tow years later. I had not even conceived of such a thing actually. I had seen their names show up on
my database lists. Those and other names I have followed for decades. When I started to see them coming to the fore a decade and half ago I was at first intrigued. Then it grew to fascination and finally hope.”

“I had known of Daenerys Targaryen and Missandei Naathi. You both going to the same university was indeed a strange coincidence. Still I could not hope for anything more. You two becoming friends was good but I saw no hint of you being gay Daenerys. You were quite gay before. So I did not think too much of it the fact that you and Missandei becoming such close friends. I was sure you two would not become lovers. Andi was too docile to take you.”

“Then overnight, Arya comes to your rescue and you landed on my doorstep. Suddenly, it was possible if not probable that the Three Headed Dragon would indeed be reborn. I knew immediately that the door was opening. Magic is returning. In what form I do not know. I feel the three of you and the Terminators will have a large say in it.”

Her eyebrows lifting Arya started to ask a question.

“I don’t know Arya. Tyrion Lannister’s work in old Valyrian speaks of you but I think we have only scratched the surface. How is the cracking of the USB driving going Caracal?”

Andi threw out her sizable chest. She loved it when Ghostmaker called her by her old animal familiar name.

“The USB algorithms are proving tough to break. Arya’s sister’s company has the most advanced mainframe and cloud computing server farms in the private sector. Tyrion from what I have been able to glean from contacts at his university had the code on them installed by a friend who works for the Citadel here in Oldtown. In some way the code is able to morph and somehow resists us.”

“But they have a top notch staff. I think we are slowly ‘wearing’ out the engine fighting us. We will get the information in time.”

“Good. Have you had any more contacts with the Terminator?”

The three told their mentor of their encounter with Candice in the park.

With a chuckle the Ghostmaker listened to them. “She has developed quite the personality. I have kept my knowledge of her secret to all but my daughter. I hope you have too.”

“Yes we have” Arya told her old friend. “She is living a normal life. Her being what she is would make her a target. A high powered sniper rifle could take her out with one shot.”

“I know” Shih-Chieh responded. “I wonder if she does not have some defense we do not know of. If something happens to her lover Shireen, sister Cameron or her mother it will terrible to deal with. Living out in the open is actually smart when you think about it. Here in the old warrens technology is in many ways lacking. The chances for surveillance limited. The very construction and lay of the land works against the abilities of modern science.”

“Sooner or later it will be time to move. When or what that will be I have no idea. Will you three be ready?

They had told their mentor they were ready. They did not really believe in the Three Headed Dragon bullshit but they were ready to meet the Earth’s need.

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The three women went into the building with arched windows that had a sunburst in the middle panes of the windows. The Sign in yellow and blue read Rasenne - Gaia Micro Bank. Rasenne and her wife Nana Qaqu were behind the counter talking to another couple of young women that were clients that Arya had seen in the store the last month a few times getting a loan to live on. Part of the Bank’s mission statement was merely to help women live new lives away from the oppressive directives of man’s world. When the women had found their footing they would repay the loans. Being given a chance at a real life made one loyal and honorable.

The two owners called out loudly seeing the three women coming in. Arya was happy to come into the store and finally in truth tell the women that she was indeed the lover of the beautiful Daenerys Targaryen and Missandei Naathi. The small assassin actually felt giddy having Andi and Dany slinking all over her. They could not stop touching her and running their hands through her hair. One or the other leaning into Arya to kiss and nibble Arya’s ears which were a big time erogenous zone for the Stark woman.

The women finished their business with the two young women who left with a smile on their faces.

Arya was one happy camper. The occasional groping over her ass and the cop of a feel on her rubbery braless clad nipples did not hurt either. Like an abused puppy who had come into a loving home she was lapping up all the love and affection. She was quickly becoming addicted on their affection. Arya was quickly shedding her prudish nature. Having two beautiful women all over you in public helped one shed your prudishness. She had missed the affections of her sweet Nyomi so much over the years. With an open heart Arya again thanked the gods for giving her a second chance at love.

“Well, well, look at the three love birds! They are really in rare form today. I just love seeing you so happy Arya. I think your two lovebirds have you totally in their thrall now.”

With a sheepish grin Arya nodded her agreement. She was pussy whipped and loving it. She wasn’t really but it sounded good to her. One thing that amazed Arya was how well the three of them seem to fit together. All three wanted to be involved in the cooking of meals, the cleaning of the house, taking care of their now shared mundane business of paying bills, grocery shopping and taking out the trash.

“I am Rasenne. I love Dany and Andi with all my heart and soul. They are the best thing that has ever happened to me.” With loud squeals Arya had two women all over her giving her sweet kisses and she felt their hands running all over her body promising sweet passion tonight.

“Ahem” Nana Qaqu broke up the grope fest. “Rasenne and I have had something prepared for you three. As you may not know I am a historian and know of your ancient namesakes. We don’t believe in all that mumbo jumbo but you three are dead ringers for the supposed Three Headed Dragon of ages past.”

Rasenne took up the narrative. “You know Arya that you helped us out with those transfers of money when the great recession hit and our funds were drained. We would have had to close up shop if not for you. Our ability to help empower women would have been crushed by harsh reality. We would have been destroyed. You saved us and we in turn are able to reach out help other women and maybe have saved some women crushed by cruel reality.

“That young couple that was here when you came are two young women who are daughters of emigres’ from Elyria. I am sure you saw the strong Valyrian features they had. They were to be sent back to that island nation and married off. They are both still teenagers with no hope of defying their parents.”
“That is where we stepped in. They are living incognito in a hidden retreat. We can fund their training as they work to become jewelers. They have fallen in love with each other and will be wed soon. They have the artistic eye and seem adept at working with gems and metal. Another young set of women we helped escape from abusive arranged marriages to prigs have taken them in as apprentices. The two women young teenagers themselves at the time. Like our pair today they fell in love and married and have a sweet son now.

These women setup a jewelry business ten years ago with our assistance. They have grown and need more employees as their business thrives. We can give these women a future other than being an ornaments on a man’s arm and produce his male heirs.”

Hearing that tale made Arya feel good and again had Andi and Dany all over her squealing giving Arya kisses and maybe not appropriate gropes before the older women. Arya relished her lover’s affections.

“We commissioned a work from that jewelry establishment” Nana Qaqu told them.

Rasenne had gone behind their main counter and came back to them.

“We wish to give you these necklaces we had made” Rasenne told them softly.

The three young women stared at the work that was given to each of them. The necklaces were identical accept each woman’s namesake animal of their personal chain was done in gold with the other two in pure sterling silver.

Arya’s direwolf in gold was both somehow fierce and yet docile. The direwolf was wrapped around by the wings and tail of a large dragon. The caracal though small had been craftily molded so she was prominent as it sat up before the direwolf. The jeweler had the nose of the dragon, caracal and direwolf all meet to share a sweet innocent kiss.

The person who had crafted this artifact had created a masterpiece. The dragon for Dany was gold and Andi’s caracal was gold and the other two animals in shiny silver. The women happily turned their backs so the owners of the bank could do the clasps at the back of their necks.

Arya left the shop feeling even more close to her sweet Andi and Dany. The three necklaces perfect uniting the three women as one.

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Arya was seriously doubting the closeness she felt for Dany and Andi at the moment. They were setting before their wall mounted TV and Arya was furious. Again she was having her ass handed to her by her two supposed loving wives. They should let her win at least once. She told them that.

“Ppphhfftttt!” had been Dany’s adroit answer.

“You have got to earn your victories in this household” Andi had crowed holding up her controller as she danced her gods awful stiff herky jerky victory dance. How could a black woman look so bad dancing?! Sure her being naked and seeing her tits whipping around and swirling up and down and slapping on her chest was a thrill show but it did not stop Arya from getting pissed off!

Dany was not helping matters rolling on the floor laughing her ass off at Arya. “You are pathetic Arya!” Dany shouted out.

“Give me your damn controller Andi—I know you have done something to mine! There is no way in hell you can keep beating me like a government mule. I have been practicing.”
Twenty minutes later Arya was chasing Andi around the apartment. The damn girl ran like her fucking name sake. She would almost be on Andi when she would dart off to one side so fast Arya went flying by cursing as Andi ran in another direction. Arya was sure Andi’s heavy tits were a counterbalance that allowed Andi turn on a dime like a proverbial Caracal. Andi’s heavy tits whiplashing on her chest as she juked and jived.

Arya finally caught the fucking minx. Arya had had her sweet revenge. She kept the wiggling giggling black teenager against her sweaty body from the chase. She spun the black beauty around to flop down onto one of their computer chairs in the command center. Andi had sunk back her eyes limpid sliding her ass forward on the chair so her pussy was on the edge of the chair.

Arya dropped to her floor. Arya had moaned happily as she buried her face deep in her sweet juicy black cunt munching away taking her frustrations out on Andi’s clit. Arya on all fours lapping away at the sweet gash beneath her face. The black seventeen year old leaned back against the computer table built into the wall. Andi had her elbows on the desk as she cupped her heavy breast and mauled them sinking her fingers in deep as she milked her own tits.

Arya felt her eyes flare seeing Andi heft her tits up and siphoned her own nipples in one at a time and sucked hard on her long nipples her face twisting with pleasure.

“Eeiiggmmmfff!” Arya squealed when Dany slapped her ass hard and pushed her legs out further. Then Arya squealed again feeling Dany bury her face in her wet seam and start eating her out like her life depended on it eating her out doggy. Arya groaned hard into Andi’s cunt feeling Dany rake her tongue up and down Arya’s drooling clam shell. Her tongue pausing at times to tongue fuck her steamy love hole and then lapping her spamsing asshole before driving her tongue deep up Arya’s well fucked asshole.

Arya knew the night’s festivities would go on deep into the night.

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The next mid-morning the three headed dragon was out at the Ghostmaker’s rifle range practicing. Andi was as usual spending more time going over the weight of the bullets and how much gun powder was used with each type of bullet and taking detailed windage readings. She had bought a hydrometer to get the moisture in the air. The humidity affecting the density of the air and thus affecting the bullet as it cut through the air.

The Ghostmaker shook his head sadly.

Arya and Dany were fine tuning their skills. They were practicing at the eight hundred yard line. Andi was suddenly there between them.

“It is her!” she whispered excitedly. Her wives had to take out their ear plugs to hear her.

She pointed surreptitiously down the range. Arya saw a young girl firing an old style FR F1 sniper rifle that Pentos manufactured thirty years ago. The three watched. She was too was firing at the eight hundred yard line. They moved their binoculars to see how good she was. She was good. They all looked at each other. She was damn good.

There was an older man about Shih Chieh’s age moving between her and two other young men and a woman who seemed to be about twenty years of age. The three blonds seemed quite young. The tall brunette was young but had an air that made her seem older. The man was definitely their mentor as he talked and patted them on their shoulders encouraging them. They saw the girl move
over and look at the two men shooting off to her left. The smaller younger seeming male was fairly good. The older was simply awful. The girl was trying to encourage him. They seemed to argue and the young man started to leave but the girl was all over him hugging him fiercely and then they were snogging. He smiled lovingly at the teenager girl and she smiled back with equal ardor. Obviously, they were lovers.

The small blond then went to the tall woman. She made sure to press into the woman when showing her how to fire the rifle. She was firing at the one hundred line. The woman seemed to be new to firearms but she listened to her teacher intently and nodded her head in earnest at all she was told. It was obvious even from this distance that their eyes hungrily traced over each other’s bodies. The three women had seen the same eye contact between the blond female and two young males.

They fired their rifles for another hour. Arya now watched the blond and their mentor. She noticed Shih Chieh move up to talk to the older man. They definitely seemed to know each other.

The blond they had been observing walked over to them. She was definitely in the lead of her pack. The two males (they were definitely teenagers) Arya observed were clearly in awe of the powerful female leading them. As they approached it was clear they were brothers and sister. Their mentor came walking up with a young boy on his hip who was hugging him tightly. The boy held out his hands to the older teenager male. The boy took him. The tall female stood close but seemed unsure of her place in the pack. Arya got the feel she was new to the family unit headed by the intense blond before them.

“I saw you watching us.” The blond looked at Andi. Dany and Arya moved closer to Andi protecting her from any potential threat. The girl had proven to be volatile. “You are the black girl on the bus. It would seem we had the same target. I am Mrycella Seaworth.” She gripped the older male by his elbow and squeezed. She looked up at him with a brilliant smile. “This is Joffrey. He is my brother and lover.”

She looked for a reaction. She seemed surprised when she received none.

“Tommen is my other brother. He too will be my husband too when it is time.”

The boy blushed hard. He did not deny it though. “Our youngest is Lancel. He is adopted but he is ours. Davos took us in and we are now his children.”

Mrycella turned to the tall woman who was rather plain looking especially compared to the three beautiful teenagers. “This is Osha. She has joined us. She is a fierce warrior. She saved our ass. Like Tommen she will soon be mine and ours.” The woman flushed hotly. She looked both confused and yet hopeful. Arya knew the woman did not feel she had a chance with such beautiful personages compared to her plainness.

The young woman told them this in a fierce way that said you had better accept what I am saying or you will be sorry.

Dany spoke for them “We are pleased to meet you Mrycella. We saw how you defended Andi even though you did not have too. We are thankful. We see that you seem to know Shih-Chieh through your mentor. Anyone that Shih-Chieh recognizes as a friend then we too accept you as friends too.

The woman seemed to relax though she still kept her body between herself and her brothers and woman. This went for ten minutes as the Ghostmaker and Zhao joined them. Davos with Lancel joined them. The girl was staring jealous daggers at them the whole time.

Finally, Andi broke out laughing. The girl was nonplussed.
“What is so funny?” she barked.

Between fits of laughing Andi got it out. “We are gay as three dollar bills. Your daggers are wasted on us! We only love pussy!”

The girl looked chagrined. She was definitely more pleasant after that. She still kept Osha near her though.

Arya found this Myrcella intense which she liked. She sensed that more warriors were coming together. The future was coming and they had better be prepared for it.
Dalla was moving around the hotel room once more checking everything yet again. Her eyes frantically darting right and left. Everything looked exactly as she remembered it but she just couldn’t be sure! She and Val had not tried to memorize the exact location of all the items in their hotel room. Why had he had just left?! They had had just saved his ass! She felt violated. The two sisters were sure the man had been in their room last night but they could see nothing amiss.

Their super unsophisticated alarm system had been breached. The modern system had been breached and they had not been alerted. So much for the superiority of this thing called technology below the Wall. It had failed them. Of course their system had only let them know they had been violated by Jaqen H'ghar. They were shocked at how badly they misread the man. He had seem genuine in his actions and emotions when he had talked to them last night.

A stray thought crossed Dalla’s mind. Maybe if they had fucked him last night they would not be in this quandary. He was good looking in that rugged I have seen a thousand years of the worst of humanity and lived a million years and seen the badness of man a few hundred times to many. Still, he had seemed genuine in his thanks for being saved.

Dalla was learning that honor was not a thing to rely on below the Wall. The beautiful tall, blond Wildling stopped herself. There was Candice Phillips and her lover Shireen. Of course Candice was not a human. She was a ‘cyborg’. An artificial construct that was everything that man should be and was not.

Val came bursting back into their room.

“How the fuck do I know?!” Val whined.

“How the fuck do I know?!” Dalla snapped back at her distressed sister. The same distress coursing through her veins. She knew had loved kissing her sister watching the Terminator and her Shireen fuck. That had been last night. It would be kind of tough to watch them fuck in the future when you are dead and burned on the funeral pyre!
The two sisters looked at each other. They felt uneasiness and outright fear coursing through their veins.

Dalla felt horrible. Candice had asked them to bring Jaqen H’ghar to the Terminator and they had failed. She thought back to last night. Gods it had been so fucking hot Dalla thought to herself. Her mind reflected that Jaqen had not had that many hours to roust their room and take off to points unknown.

Her body could not help but shiver in remembered ecstasies despite their situation. The night had started out so wonderfully. She and Val had watched Candice and her Shireen fuck for almost three hours continuously. The Terminator and her seventeen year old lover only took short rests to drink plenty of fluids and eat fruits to replenish all the fluids their cunts, mouths and assholes were leaking and or gushing. That was on top of the two women squealing like pigs as they fucked exuberantly.

Last night the two exhibitionist fucked like deranged nymphets from mythology. Dalla and Val had again commented on the beautiful color contrast of the two lovers. The pale skinned teenager and the dark black skinned Terminator were intoxicating to watch as they fucked.

First they had devoured each other’s pussies as if they were starving. The woman doing the eating out slurping, moaning, cuffing, cawing and whining in soul deep pleasure devouring sloppy wet quim. Their faces buried in their woman’s cunt or shoved deep up ass clefts to tongue fuck spasming assholes. The sounds of the woman doing the fucking was muffled by pussy or ass cleft.

That could not be said of the woman being devoured. The two wailed and screamed as if the furies of hell were after them as they were expertly fucked. Their bodies flipping and jackknifing wildly while full body convulsion hammered their sweat soaked bodies for sometimes three minutes. The killing seizures interspersed with pauses of up to maybe twenty seconds as Shireen or Candice gasped like fish out of water for oxygen their whole bodies filled with mini seizures of fierce aftershock cumming. The pauses letting their bodies partially recover for the next set of massive killing convulsions that appeared to grip the cyborg and slender teen in a fist of the gods and throttled them violently. Their bodies flipping and jackknifing wildly. Though the sisters noted they always controlled their groins enough to allow their lover to keep her mouth on the exploding couchie or wildly spasming shithole.

They had finally rested after nearly ninety minutes of intense pussy gobbling and asshole sucking and finger banging anal sex. That was on top of the three finger and wedge fucking of shredding and splattering cunts.

The two minks had drank nearly a pitcher of ice tea and a handful of grapes. Then Shireen had put on a nearly 11” strap-on cock. She had slapped Candice hard on her face and tits jamming the Terminator down to her knees. She had then dick whipped the Terminator’s face with her hard dick. Candice groaning and angling her face up for the abuse. Her face winced with the impacts but her groans of pleasure told the sisters she loved the abuse, pain and humiliation.

Candice gave the cock wet sloppy head for five minutes. She did deep throat again and again. The two sisters were quite impressed with her fellatio skills. Candice was like the sisters. Even if the dick was not real one needed to make love to it like it was. They loved watching Candice’s throat bulge out with the dick down it and how rivers of spit flowed out her gasping mouth when Shireen pulled her dick out of Candice’s gullet.

Shireen had then fucked the hell of the Terminator. Her dick buried in Candice’s cunt. The slender teen’s hips piledriving her dick hard and balls deep into the cyborg’s squishing and slurping pussy making the Terminator scream in harrowing convulsive orgasms that tried toripe Candice’s voluptuous black body apart with bliss. The black beauty often dismounting Shireen’s dick to suck
and slurp her pussy juice off the thick phallus.

The slight teenager after she had induced one more harrowing phallic induced pussy orgasm with long strokes of savage love she had pulled her cum soaked cock out the tight fuck sleeve of the Terminator. Candice cried out with the intense sensation of the bulbous dick jacking out her vagina roughly. Shireen manhandled Candice into doggy with lots of hair pulling and face slapping while Candice moaned like a Lysian whore. It had been beautiful to watch Shireen’s pale strap-on cock slowly invade Candice’s anus as the black Termnator keened in pain and pleasure. Then Shireen had totally fucked Candice’s ass into next week. Shireen pounded her dick savagely into her lover’s clenching butthole. Candice had nearly screamed her head off she cummed so hard with devastating anal ‘gams.

Shireen did Candice piledriver and spoon. She pulled out of Candice’s ass often and fistied Candice’s disheveled hair to bring her mouth down to her dick slavered with sweet ass juice. It was so hot to see the slight teen roughly jerk Candice up and rolled over to the dick soaked in her ass cream. The Terminator hungrily cleaning her shithole off Shireen’s dick again and again with guttural groans or happy purrs.

Then it had been Candice’s turn. She had slapped and pulled a screaming Shireen around by her hair with cruel jerks. The slender girl’s cunt sopping wet and nipples rock hard. It was so hot to see Shireen’s face rock over from the hard slaps. Candice spit in Shireen’s face and wallowed the spit into her weeping lover’s face. Shireen playing her role to the hilt. Candice had switched out the harness and now an 11” black cock was on it. She had blistered Shireen’s ass cheeks till they glowed cherry red. Shireen moaned and cried out in pain but her ass lifted up for its blistering. Candice then pried Shireen’s ass cheeks back and hungrily tongue fucked the teenager’s starfish that was clearly often fucked. Soon it was loosened up and sloppy wet with spit and cum weeping out the white teenager’s cunt hole in a slow stream. Then she had rammed her cock up the teen’s ass with a hard stroke.

Shireen’s head rocked back. She cried out in pain but pleasure was in those initial cries. Soon only raw aching pleasure was cawing out the teenager’s throat. Her face slashed with primal bliss that only anal sex can give a woman.

The Terminator fucked Shireen’s ass too two screaming epic anal ‘gasms with many ATM cleanings of her dick pushing Shireen’s face to her dick with rough pushes of her hands on Shireen’s head. Shireen thoroughly cleaned Candice’s black cock of her ass juice. Shireen’s happy moans told the sister’s she absolutely loved ATM. Then the Terminator spent an hour fucking all three of the teen’s holes in all manner of positions.

The sisters had especially enjoyed watching Candice easily hold her lover up in her grasp standing and moving her prick back and forth from fuck hole to fuck hole. Shireen’s arms and legs clapping her body to Candice’s voluptuous muscled black body. Shireen gibbered in soul deep pleasure and cummed twice with body flipping and wildly kicking legs behind Candice. The Terminator’s body jerking with her lover’s hard leg kicks. Of course the orgasms lasted nearly three minutes.

It had been divine watching the two fuck as voyeurs. The sisters jerking off often and often reaching over to frig each other off. Finally, the two sluts had exhausted themselves. Val and Dalla waved them goodbye and with blown kisses the Terminator and Shireen signed off. That had made all giggle. The sisters truly hoping to join in with the two nymphomaniacs. The sex was awesome!

They had worn themselves out masturbating in frenzies to the hot sex on their tablets. They had slept three hours. Dalla woke up hot and hungry for Val. She woke her sister and soon they were gobbling pussy in turn before they rode each other’s faces to several orgasms before a sweet on their
side 69 of intense pussy gobbling to a soul crushing mutual orgasm. Soaked in cum and sweat they had snuggled to sleep the happy sleep of lovers in deep love.

That had gone to shit this morning. They had examined their door and nearly shit themselves. Val hurriedly dressed enough to go out to the hall and went to check on Jaqen H’ghar. The door had been left cracked open with his security cards on his dresser. She came back with a dour look on her face. He had left and taken all his possessions. Now they were angry and upset. They had checked their room and nearly fainted with relief seeing that the parts for Candice’s sister Cameron were still on the nightstand table on Val’s side of the bed.

“Okay. Okay” Dalla said calming herself. “We have the parts for Cameron. That was our true mission. Jaqen H’ghar was just icing on the cake. You know Val, it was implied more than spoken that Candice wanted to meet Jaqen. Hell, maybe she won’t even want to meet the asshole. Running out on us when we saved his fucking ass!” Dalla groused to herself out loud. Val with a look of feral angst on her face nodding in agreement.

“Yeah, why would Candice want to talk to the fucker anyways sis” Val answered her sister.

“You got it Val. Who needs the motherfucker anyways! Stupid man!” Dalla answered.

From the dresser they heard their two IPhones suddenly come to life. The two sisters turned to look at each other with large eyes and a sudden sheen on their forehead. Both phones coming alive at the same moment meant a certain drop dead gorgeous black lesbian Terminator was contacting them.

“Rise and shine my bisexual identical twins incestuous sluts. Of course I wish you two were pure lesbos but I guess bisexual is not so bad. I won’t hate on you like so many lesbians. I love to watch women getting pigged by well hung studs. I love orgasms!”

“That is porked baby” Shireen told her black lover with an off stage whisper.

Candice paused in her speech. It was obvious to the twins the Terminator was nonplussed by this news.

“But baby” Candice told her lover in a slightly chiding tone “pork is killed and processed swine—you got to be alive to fuck baby. Even I know that Shireen” Candice told her lover in a slightly schoolmarm voice.

“Oohhhh Candice baby. I stand corrected.”

“But you are sitting Shireen.”

The two sisters smiled at each other. It was cute but they felt it must get tiring. Navigating the strange syntax, weird associations and constant idiom mangling.

“Hey my beautiful slutty slut sluts … I like the sound of that!” Candice voice said in an excited chirp. “Get your phones up where we can see each other. I feel like I am talking in a dark closet—geezzzzz.”

The two sisters relaxed a little from their distress they felt with Jaqen H’ghar flying the proverbial coop.

They got out their phones out of their handbags. The phones were on with the screens filled with the image of a naked Candice and Shireen sitting on her lap leaned into her body. The two sisters were nearly drooling. The two were naked as their name day. The slender white teen with the beautiful beauty birth mark on her left cheek and that side of her neck. There flesh lovely to look upon.
“Oh that is better. I like seeing your faces when I am talking to you Dalla and Val. You two are so beautiful.”

The two sisters glanced at each other. They loved it when Candice talked to them such. They hoped this would lead to them fucking the Terminator and her beautiful teenager lover Shireen.

The next words popped that balloon.

“Hey. Go get Jaqen. I want to talk to him.”

Shireen started to speak up but Candice put her first two fingers on her love’s lips shushing her.

The two sisters stared at each other in rising horror. What were they going to do?! They didn’t have Jaqen H’ghar for Candice to talk to!

“Well come on there. One of you go get the Faceless Man. I want to go over our plans. He is a mighty important piece of my overall plan to save mankind. Time is pressing.”

Val looked at Dalla with fear in her eyes. Dalla was finding it hard to breathe. Her pulse was hammering in her temple. She feared she might pass out. The look on Val’s face showed she might throw up.

“What are you waiting for? Time is of the essence. The world’s survival depends on us moving instantly. Go get him” Candice spoke in a slightly elevated tone.

Dalla looked at her sister for guidance but Val had none to give. Val was trying to speak but her voice was stuttering. Dalla looked around for inspiration but she found none in the hotel room they were staying in.

“What is going on here you sluts” Candice spoke in a peeved tone “one would think that your feet are set in concrete. Do I have to get a fucking jackhammer to chisel your feet out? Go. And. Get. Jaqen H’ghar. Geez!”

Dalla was shaking now her stomach roiling with the naked fear coursing through her veins.

“We don’t have him” Val weakly bleated out “we lost him” she finished in a whisper.

“YOU WHAT! I trusted you! How could you betray me?!” Candice shouted her eyes turning red.

The two sisters nearly fainted. Val fell to her knees and Dalla had to catch herself with a hand on the bed. She felt green around the gills. She looked at her sister and saw she was about to throw up too.

“That IS ENOUGH CANDICE!” Shireen suddenly roared from her perch on Candice’s lap her body turned to face her Terminator. Her face was livid with anger. “Stop it right now!”

Dalla saw the Terminator’s eyes instantly go back to black. Her body had been stiff with anger but now she seemed almost frightened. She looked at her woman with wide open eyes.

“I was only joshing Shireen” she said in a soft little girl voice. “I was just ribbing them with kicks to the ribs honey. Rubbing their tickle bones.”

“Damnit Candice! Look at them. Do they look they are laughing? Do they?!” Shireen shouted at her lover.

Candice immediately went into a pout.
“I know you have your eidetic memory. You sensors see all Candice. Don’t they?”

Candice stuck her lower lip out further. “I was going to tell them. I was only Jonesing them. I don’t see why you are so upset! I would never hurt them!” Candice said in a voice gone watery. Her lower lip was quivering.

The two sisters felt a wave of relief rush through their bodies. It had all been a joke? They did not find this funny at all! They stared at their phones as the powerful Terminator had folded her arms underneath her breast and was really pouting big time now.

“I know you would never hurt them Candice. Hell, someday we may even let them in the family (the two sisters suddenly felt better) but they cannot know yet that you would never hurt a fly. You are gentle unless you are defending those you love or yourself. You are as gentle as lamb.”

“Baaahhhhhh Baaahhhhhhh Baaaahhhhhhhhh” Candice suddenly bleated out her pout disappearing.

The two sisters felt better. The Terminator apologized to them. “I had only meant to be funny. It seemed like a great prank. I had been listening through your phones. They always laugh on the practical joke shows on TV. I am sorry.”

The sisters had forgiven her readily. Candice promised to never play such a prank again. “I have learned my curriculum” Candice told them in a serious tone. Candice then reviewed with the identical twin sisters what she knew about the mysterious Jaqen H’ghar and his disappearance. The sisters told them the little they knew. How he had gotten into their room and left nothing behind in his room.

“I am curious” Candice asked the sisters “how did you know he came into your room? You do not have the super senses that I have. I would have smelled his shed skin cells and exhaled DNA.”

The sisters smiled. “We used an old trick. We used a hair across the door jam. We use the tiniest of smidges of paraffin to anchor the hair to wood on each side. The hair was broken. Thus, someone had come into the room. How he breached the lock we do not know and not setoff the alarm we have no idea.”

They saw the Candice looking distant for a moment. ‘I like the hair idea. Sometimes low tech has its uses. I will have to remember this. He is a member of M8 of Braavos. They have all manner of high tech gadgets for things like opening a door lock without breaking the lock while also not setting off the alarm. You did not sense him? With your heritage I would thought you might have heard him.”

The two sisters looked at each other and blushed furiously.

“Ahhhhh … I see … you were fucking like rabid rabbits and, thus, exhausted. I understand. This morning Shireen woke me by gobbling my pussy. I cummed sssaaaaaaa fucking hard! We dined on some nice succulent pussy. Then Shireen rammed her fist deep up my ass! She fist me so fucking hard with her twisting fist burying it up my ass! I loved how deep she buried her forearm up my ass … I cummed so harrdddd! Then I cleaned my sweet ass juice off her fist and forearm!”

Shireen smiled at the sisters. “Yes. We love it up the ass. I thought I would die from it when Candice fist my ass with her big fist (her eyes went glassy) gods the way she rammed her forearm up my ass … kept relaxing her hand pulling it out my ass and slapping her hand on my face soaking my face in my ass juice and then licking it off … then ramming it back up my ass … I cummed for almost three minutes and twenty seconds with multiple orgasms. I thought my asshole was tearing itself inside out.”
That had both sisters panting almost hearing that. They really, really wanted to fuck those two!”

“Is there anything else you can think of to let me know?” Candice asked.

“Hey … he gave us each a strange coin” Dalla told the Terminator. This caught her attention. In an excited voice she asked the sisters to get the coins and show them to her. This they did.

Candice whistled seeing the coins. The sisters and Shireen asked the Terminator what she found so interesting about two small coins.

“I had thought they only took the name of the ancient order. I wonder now. That would explain how he seems to disappear.” She was asked to explain what she knew. She spent the next ten minutes telling her lover and the sisters the ancient history of the Faceless Men and their Temple to Death which had been called the Temple of Black and White.

“I wonder now. This would involve magic of course … I have seen magical beings (she told the sisters of the vampires and werewolf she had met and the magical women her sister had encountered in her assault in Braavos) so it must be possible.” Candice paused with a thoughtful look. “It should be impossible to take a face off and wear it. The fit would be imprecise and the skin and musculature ruined but now I wonder.”

She looked at the two women. “Much of what the historians wrote I wonder. I doubt they were these soulless men and women with no emotions and with total control. Humans are social animals. I am a social being. You take away social interactions and they will fall apart. Period. Still … those coins means he considers himself to be in your debt—you have a most powerful benefactor looking out for you. It is said that when you have such coins you have a guardian angel.”

The two women were not sure how to take that.

Candice then changed the subject with a big smile on her face. “My sister has wanted to spend a little more time letting my mother recover before she begins her journey to me. You have some time. I wish to apologize for my actions. I have learned a lesson. I cannot find humor at the expense of others. Especially with friends. I wish to make amends.”

“I have thought of taking Shireen to a nice spa with all the proper amenities. As we have grown in our love we may wish to partake of other females as a change of pace. I am not sure though. I am greedy and want Terminator sex all the time. Still I suppose normal orgasms are acceptable.”

Candice stopped talking and her eyes went unfocused with red flashes in her dark orbs. “I love my Terminator orgasms!” the black beauty whined.

“We will figure it out Candice” Shireen told her woman cyborg gently stroking her arms and breast. Candice calmed down.

“I am putting the cart before the horse. It is much easier to pull than to push. I would like you to take Interstate 40 down to Cedar Falls and then take Territory Highway 101 down to Tumbletown. It is nestled into the foothills of the Badger Hills. You travel down that road to Tumbletown and then take Highway 58 to Crittenden which is twelve miles further up into the hill country. There you will find a spa for the rich and elite. It takes money and influence to go to that spa. I have the money and I have easily forged the influence.”

“I am hoping that you Val and Dalla will go for several days and peruse the environs. The name of the spa is Intimate Massage Away Spa. Shireen tells me that reading between the lines they offer massages and amenities of the carnal nature. I am not sure. When I try to read between the lines all I see is white pages. I see nothing of import.”
They both heard Shireen sigh as she nestled into her sweet Terminator. Her head resting on Candice’s broad muscled dark black shoulder.

“I hope for you go to this spa and check in and see if the rumors and innuendo are true. Will you do that for me? I have reserved three days for you to relax and regurgitate.”

The sisters had told her hell yeah! They excitedly got dressed and packed up the trike. Candice and Shireen were horny and told the sisters they would record their fucking for later viewing if desired. The sisters looked forward to if things didn’t pan out at the Spa.

They had traveled down the roads that Candice had laid out for them. They had stopped at Axton for lunch and filling the Trike up with gasoline. Then back on the road. The sisters had discussed the events with Candice this morning. She was definitely cute but still had edges on her that could cut you if you were not careful.

Late in the afternoon they arrived at the spa. They were impressed. It was on the end of a long driveway. They had had stopped at a security booth with gates. They had given their names. The man looked down the list. “Ahhhhhh Val and Dalla Phillips” the man eyes looked at his computer tablet and then at the women “Welcome to our humble abode. I see you are members of the triple platinum circle. Is there anything I can do for you?” the man asked as he pressed a button that lifted the gate.

The sisters had noticed the last name that Candice had used and smiled at that. They hoped this implied more was possible with Candice and Shireen. That someday would be fucking the sweet Terminator and her wife. They too wanted Terminator sex! They thanked the man who was regally handsome and urbane. They felt his eyes looking over them hungrily. If all the staff was this comely they already loved the place. They drove their trike down a long winding tree lined narrow road.

They came around a bend and slowed the trike down looking at the main hotel complex that the large brick sign they had just passed. The sign informing visitors they were visiting the Greenbrier. The building was definitely eye catching. It was constructed of white marble that had red, pink and blue veins in it that caught the setting sun. This made the summer light seem to glow in the stone. The building was six stories tall with the first floor almost twice as high as the stories built on top it. This the sisters knew allowed for soaring ceilings and the chandeliers they loved to gaze upon.

The center of the building had a front porch with four high supporting columns that rose to an arched roof on the six forth. Five arched porticos gave entrance to the building. The two wildlings stared in wonder at the opulence of it all. The building was at least six hundred feet long with endcaps jutting out from structure and off those two wings that angled off at twenty degrees for another two hundred feet on each side.

The grounds were filled with flower beds filled with red and yellow tulips and other flowers they did not recognize. Shrubs dotted the landscape exquisitely trimmed into precise circles, rectangles and other geometric shapes.

They drove up to the circular driveway before the magnificent building. A beautiful brunette woman with a small rack but awesome ass came out to greet them. She looked over the trike with a curious look. She looked at them. As they got off she gave them a ticket and started to get on. The sisters stopped her. The woman took a few minutes to get the concept of a Valet across to the sisters. She had then waited a minute obviously waiting for something.

Candice had been silent but she suddenly chirped up from their trike intercom “You are supposed to tip the valet. It is custom. Please forgive them” Candice called out to the valet. “They are from a homeland far away and not used to our customs. They are my protégées. I am a member of the
triple platinum club.”

That caught the woman’s attention. Her face had begun to turn sour when she saw she was not going to get a tip but now her face brightened again. Dalla fished around in her wallet and produced two one hundred iron notes. They had plenty of money. The girl broke out into a radiant smile. She thanked them profusely.

“My name is Brienna Templeton. I am totally bisexual. Let the Main Receptionist know you want my services. I get off in two hours.” The two sisters saw that this Triple Platinum Club most be very special. That put a big smile on their faces. They went in with their saddle bags.

Two drop dead gorgeous men came up to them and motioned for the bags. The two women now knew to let anyone help them. They pulled out their wallets and handed each man a one hundred iron note. The men smiled great big. Their eyes hungrily traveling up and down the long voluptuous but lean muscular frames of the identical twin sisters.

The sisters looked around at the gold, marble, silver and bronze with open awe on their faces. The thick burgundy carpets made them feel like they were walking on clouds. They moved to the check in counter. The teak desk had been burnished till it glowed. They walked up to the desk. The Main Receptionist’s name tag read Reina Grell. She was 5’2” and was slight of build. She was not wearing a bra and her augmented breast were scrumptious to look upon. She was tanned all over. The woman was drop dead beautiful.

Val determined Reina was roughly thirty-five. She had not tried to defeat Mother Nature but negotiated with her. Her tits were beautiful to look upon. Her nipples were not erect. She looked at the sisters and cocked an eyebrow. Val and Dalla had observed since coming into the building that everyone was wearing tailored clothes. They were sure some of the outfits cost thousands of Iron Notes. They were wearing simple JC Penny’s jeans and long sleeved pullover blouse tops that made for comfortable riding on their trike.

The woman was obviously suspicious if they should be in her hotel.

“May I help? Your names?” she asked in a bland voice. She waited with not well hidden impatience.

“Val and Dalla” Val told the woman.

The woman turned to her computer and typed in their names. Her eyes got large. She turned to look at the sisters. Her face instantly changed and a big smile came on her face.

“You have a very rich and powerful benefactor. Forgive me. I had not realized you were members of the Triple Platinum Club. Your benefactor Candice Phillips is a member of the inner circle” the woman spoke a little in awe. “You are to have all the best we have to offer.” The woman smiled at them again. Her eyes twinkling. Her small dark brown areolas and now hard nipples poking out the sheer yellow material of her dress. Her eyes hungrily traveled over the sister’s body. “We will make sure your stay is the best. Our TPC club gives you services and pleasures that no other resort can touch.”

She gave the sisters an electronic key to the top floor. The porters guided the women to the elevator after the Main Receptionist spoke to them in a soft voice. The elevator was lined with mirrors lined with glittering gold. They got out of the elevator and were lead to a door which they opened with their key. They were stunned by what they entered into.

The front room was large and open. It had multiple sofas and five large eighty inch TVs on the
walls. There were large plush chairs everywhere. They saw a large kitchen and bar off to the left. The porters led them down a small hall to the right and were shown two large bedrooms and one simply humongous bedroom with a custom made bed that was twice the size of a normal king sized bed. The ceiling above the bed had mirrors on it. There were large sectional sofas along the walls and a large fake fireplace that crackled and hissed somehow.

They were shown the two bathroom that were opulent. Both had large walk in showers and the master bath off the main bedroom had a sunken bath too.

They smiled at the porters as they left. The men smiling with another tip coming to them.

The two sisters sat down on the main sectional sofa in the main room. They looked around. The room was splendid. They could get used to this they thought looking around at the open spaces and opulent furniture. They went to the kitchen and found a platter of finger food in the large refrigerator. They loved this opulence but then the thought that only one percent were living in this world meant it did not truly exist. If the masses could not partake of this like they were then they would be happy to visit only.

The room was filled with obviously expensive furniture, lamps, vases and knickknacks. The two sisters were walking around the suite looking and touching the various items. Dalla especially liked one item that she was not sure what it was but the oranges and the twisted shape caught her eye. She turned towards the door when they heard a knock. She watched Val go to the door to open it. She trailed along behind her beautiful sister.

Val opened the door and their stood Reina Grell. She had a big smile on her face and walked in with a breezy confidence looking at the sisters with a sultry hungry look.

“Candice made it clear that you two were to receive the very best of the Greenbrier. She left notes that you two are bisexual but prefer pussy. I am a lesbian soooooooo …” Reina reached behind her body and unzipped her dress. She shrugged her shoulders and the sheer material pooled around her ankles as she stepped out of her three inch pumps. She wore no panties as well as no bra. She stood there her legs spread and her shoulders square. Her erect nipples jutting out her small areolas and her cunt wet and swollen. Her musk flooding the room in a tidal wave of invitation to be devoured.

The two sisters looked at each other as they got up and stood before the hot MILF. They were forward women but the brazenness of the woman had actually shocked them a little. Also, she had acted bitchy when she thought they may be riff-raff. Once she had read Candice’s notes in her computer the woman had done a one eighty. They communed with their locked eyes.

Reina quickly started to deflate seeing the sisters hesitating.

“I I I see. I did behave badly downstairs and I am old compared to your flush of youth” she bent down to pick up her dress “I will leave with what little dignity I have left” she said in a soft weepy voice.

She did not see what the sisters had decided. They had setup their IPhones in case Candice wanted to watch. As Reina rose up she started seeing Dalla’s tall body before her. Val had ripped off her top her full 36C tits spilling free and sat down on her ass just in front of Reina Grell. Her head in front of the Head Receptionist drooling clamshell. Val wasted no time in moving her tilted back head up into the sweet cunt of Reina. Her mouth engulfed by the sweet camel toe. Val started to feast licking and sucking sweet gash. Her head moving up to inhale Reina’s clit and voraciously suck on the sweet nubbin.

Reina had a happy shocked look on her face at her turn of fortunes. Her body jerked and spasmed
with the hot pleasure Val was sucking from her devoured pussy. Val now sucking harshly on the sweet hard nubbin she sucked in and out her lips and polished with her tongue tip.

Dalla was bent over at the waist sucking feverishly on Reina’s little hard nipples with hot deep throat love sucks. The tall Wildling quickly divesting herself of her clothes as Val wormed and jerked out of her pants and shoes. Dalla moved up to kiss Reina heatedly her tongue lunging down their new slut’s throat.

Seeing the woman deflate had quickly decide the identical twins. Reina had only been trying to do the job she had been hired to do.

Dalla and Val made the sounds of women devouring their love slut. Mouths snuffling and cawing while mouths and hands consumed Reina. Val slipped in three fingers up into the MILF’s cunt and hammered fucked Reina’s slurping trim as her mouth sucked cheek hollowing love sucks on the woman’s clt. Dalla moved her head from nipple to nipple sucking feverishly her hands pulping the woman’s firm tits.

Five minutes of the passionate love assault overwhelmed Reina. Her body exploded in ecstasy her screams of rapture echoing off the walls. The woman’s body filled with horrific full body spasms flipping Reina as if her body was a hurricane.

The sisters guided Reina down to the plush carpet where they continued to fuck the woman sweetly hot and hard. Reina had orgasm after orgasm as the sisters sucked her off with abandon the loving moving to the large sectional sofa for more intense devouring of the MILF.

They finally broke for a late dinner Reina called in. Val and Dalla loved the rack of lamb and sides of delicious vegetables. Dinner finished Dalla lamented they did not have their strap-ons with them. Reina smiled great big getting her Samsung. She made a quick call to their erotica store on the first floor. Five minutes later there was a polite knock on the door. Reina ran to the door her ass cheeks flexing. She opened the door and kissed the beautiful black woman taking a bag from her.

The Greenbrier employee closed the door and breathlessly opened the bag and pulled out two strap-on dildos already put in their harnesses. The dicks elven inches long and thick with nice bulbous dickheads. In a flash, the sisters got in their new strap-ons and synched the straps tight to their bodies.

With their hands the sisters guided the beautiful thirty-five year old to the main sectional sofa. The large expanse giving the sisters space to take Reina’s fuck holes any way they chose. Soon Reina was riding their strap-on cocks with great enthusiasm. The tanned woman slamming her groin down to impale her pussy and or lying back and having the sisters impale her hungry cunt. Her orgasms loud and long.

After about an hour of sweet vaginal fucking Dalla was fucking Reina spoon when she slipped her cock out the woman’s drooling happy pussy. Dalla guided her cock down Reina’s perineum and pushed her dickhead into the MILF’s anus. She turned her head and gripped Dalla’s hip her eyes on fire. She kept her eyes locked with Dalla as the strong Wildling slowly penetrated Reina’s shithole and buried her prick up the woman’s hot hungry asshole. She fucked the woman hard and deep to an anal ‘gasm that had the Greenbrier employee wailing in ecstasy.

The sisters took all her fuck holes with the woman hungrily sucking her pussy and asshole off their dicks. Reina had a screaming orgasm when Val fucked her asshole doggy as Reina sucked on Dalla’s cock straight out her ass ATM. Then the sisters took Reina off the sofa and had Reina in front of the sofa. Val hefted Reina up so the woman gripped Val’s body with her arms and legs as Val slipped her cock into the woman’s tight pussy. Dalla came up behind and rammed her cock
viciously up the slut’s tight shithole. Reina cried out in ecstasy.

The woman only weighed roughly 105 pounds. The sisters hefted Reina’s body high and rammed her down onto their up thrusting dicks impaling her fuck holes. They fucked her hard and deep as the woman gibbered and groaned. The two sat Reina down several times on the carpet so she could clean their cocks smeared thick with her cunt and sweet asshole juice. Reina groaning gutturally stuffing both dickheads into her mouth swirling her tongue on both cockheads before bobbing on each shaft in turn.

When Reina cummed hard on their dicks as Val gripped her ass savagely fucking her asshole with Dalla having Reina’s body clasping hers tight as she rammed fucked her cunt. The woman’s legs kicked wildly her body flipping wildly between the sister’s bodies her arms draped over each sister’s shoulders.

The sisters were very butch in wanting to give their women ultimate pleasure. By giving you received tenfold. The sisters fucked the MILF out with sweet continued fucking. They carried her to their bed. The sisters fucking each other with intense sucking off to three hard orgasms each.

Dalla woke up in the middle of the night with Reina between her legs licking her pussy hotly. Brienna Templeton was naked in the bed getting between Val’s legs. When Reina saw Dalla awake she buried her face in the beautiful blonde’s cunt and chowed down groaning deep in her chest tasting new sweet young pussy. Val woke up next when Brienna started to devour her pussy with hot oral skills. The festivities lasted for sweet hours of intense sweet fucking.

It was midmorning the next day when Reina and Brienna left them to go back to their suites to dress for the next day. They both asked with hopeful eyes if they could join them again that night. The sisters smiled great big. Hell yeah!

They went to the hot spas that had caused this place to be first settled two thousand years ago. They bathed in the hot mud baths from the wet burbling springs on the property. The mineral soaked mud good for the skin and sucking out impurities of the skin. Then then they washed off in the large walk in shower. The sisters sucked each other off several times to screaming orgasms. Their bodies flipping and jackknifing wildly in the throes of ecstasy.

They had their faces packed with a soothing thick concoction that was green. Slices of cucumber placed over their eyes. Their feet and hands and feet receiving pedicures and manicures. Then it was time for full body massages. They were asked if they wanted the “intimate” message. Of course they had said yes. When asked which sex they wanted as the masseuses they decided on male. They were both hungry for some hard male dick.

The men were tall and buff. One was a Valyrain and the other a dark black Summer Islander. Their loin clothes tented out showing their raging boners seeing the beautiful twins naked bodies come into their room and lying on their tables. The men were most skilled working the kinks out of their muscles and relaxing tendons. Soon the hands started delve around ribs to caress breast and dive down ass clefts to brush asshole and pussies. Then the women were rolled over. Their eyes bulged seeing towering cocks waving out before the men having removed their loin cloths. The men stepped up to the women near their heads.

The sisters swallowed hot throbbing cocks and sucked hungrily with cheek hollowing sucks. They gave hot sucking head before the men climbed up on the massage tables mounting the willing sluts. The sisters taken septa style with the men snapping their hips to lunge their nearly foot long cocks deep up into their hungry pussies. Val and then Dalla cummed hard wailing and convulsing. Val was then taken doggy and Dalla climbed on the Summer Islander and rod him cowgirl her firm tits flipping up and down slapping wetly on her sweaty chest. The man’s black hips slamming hard up
into her ass pile driving his dick deep up her belly.

The sisters cummed hard repeatedly. The men traded off their sluts. Val was on her side being fucked spoon when her black stud slipped his dick out her spasming cunt and invaded her willing hot hungry asshole. Then Dalla’s asshole was invaded as she fucked straight up pile driver. More epic anal orgasms followed with lots of sweet nasty ATM and A2P. Then the masseuses had the women side by side doggy with the men straddling their asses. They slam fucked their thick dicks up hot tight clenching assholes. The women again on edge and then pushed over when the men roared slamming their hips down to fully bury their pricks in their shitholes firing off long ribbons of sweet hot jism deep up their colons flooding them with purely semen.

They washed again in the showers off the masseuse rooms and sucked sperm and shit juice out their abused bums. They ate dinner and then Reina and Brienna joined them again for a night of sweet debauchery. Two more days of sweet fucking followed and it was time to leave for home. Reina and Brienna were sorry to see them go. They promised to come back. They were sure that Candice would want to visit and hopefully would bring the sisters.

Candice had been largely absent. She was evidently occupied with Shireen and other things. They drove down to Three Gulls two hours above Oldtown. On the way down the Interstate Candice had talked to them. Val and Dalla had been mildly concerned not hearing from the Terminator and her lover Shireen. Normally, Candice was popping up on their devices to make weird and endearing comments and observations but she had been largely silent.

Candice informed them that she had wanted the Wildling women to fully enjoy the resort and then be able to report back to Candice. She would have lunch with them in the near future. She and Shireen had been out house hunting wanting to ‘put down roots’. They had found their perfect home to “nest and fuck in” but they wanted several other properties for some reason. That had the sisters smiling and feeling better. They could feel themselves getting closer to the Terminator. Hopefully, in time the relationship would become intimate.

The sisters then texted the sweet sluts they had left at home. It was Xorata Dosa who texted back. She informed the sisters that they had all packed up to go down to the mouth of the Honeywine River at the marge of the Whispering Sound. The land had once been the breadbasket of the Reach but that had long been transitioned to real estate. The fields of waving grain replaced with fields of houses and suburbia. The very beachfront had been filled with hotels that rose to twenty stories. The beach a getaway spot for the citizens of Oldtown and those of moderate means to escape to from the Reach and western Dorne.

The sluts had pooled their resources and since the age of ascension was seventeen in Highgarden, Jondorra Saasan had rented them a hotel room with two king sized beds to fuck and frolic in at night and during the day if nothing was shaking on the beach. They had been there two days and would be back in two days.

The sisters were bummmed but were happy for their protégées. They had seduced all four to lesbian sex and were proud of themselves. All four of the teenagers had sworn off cock. The sisters thought that a little foolish since one should never say ‘no’ to an orgasm. Men were good for their cocks if nothing else. Men were a great fuck you just couldn’t live with them. They also made great friends if you kept sex out of it. That male ego was simply too much to deal with.

The next morning the sisters arrived back at their rented flat. They were pleasantly surprised to find it spotless and the refrigerator well stocked. Their protégées also nice and thoughtful besides great fucks. The sisters had gone to bed and fucked long and hard celebrating their great trip. They loved a successful ‘hunt’. A few hours later they were lounging in bed worn out and soaked in sweat and
“What do you want to do tonight Dalla? I had really wanted to eat out and strap-on fuck our sweet black cheerleaders and neophytes gifted to us from Candice. Gods they are already great fucks!”

Dalla chuckled stroking her identical twins’ back still sweaty from their hot fucking. She loved how Val snuggled into her side purring.

“How about we go to the Pink Slip and see if we can find some Dykes to fuck us bowlegged. Hopefully, we can find some buff weightlifters or bouncers to fuck us bowlegged and rip our fuck holes inside out.”

Val had squealed a little hearing that thought. “Gods. That is a splendid idea sis. Hopefully, we can find some women actually big and tall. I don’t mind getting topped by smaller women but I want big beautiful brutes pounding our shit hard tonight!”

“I know you do Val. I just want to be topped hard and fucked senseless by whomever we pick up. Size is a bonus but not really that important. I just want the woman or women to be aggressive and confident.”

Val had agreed. They had fucked again dining on each other’s succulent cunts making each other scream loudly as their bodies jackknifed hard and long.

That night they were in the Pink Slip. The soft sounding name belying the fact that the bar catered to femmes and soft butches looking for hard fucking butches or dykes to fuck them. Val and Dalla walked in wearing tight leather pants and tight tops showing off their braless C cup tits riding high, firm and proud. The sisters smiled seeing the crowd eyeing them and mulling over making an advance.

As per usual, their 6’2” height and their muscular arms and legs filling out the sleeves of their tops and pants legs intimidated the women around them. Sometimes being tall and strong was a hindrance.

Several women approached and made their play but the sisters politely declined the overtures. The women not strong enough for them. Dalla was looking at the bar for another drink when Val poked her in the ribs hard.

“Hey!” Dalla groused.

“Over there!” Val hissed excitedly pointing to the far side of the mixing room. Dalla craned her head for a moment then she saw them.

“Whoa!” she breathed out in a husky tone. There were three superhot muscular women eyeing them with ill intent! They were freaking tall and buff as hell. They were also drop dead model gorgeous. They were wearing tight jeans and tight tops with sleeveless vests. The women around a table looking at them and talking to each other motioning at Val and Dalla.

The women were two Summer Islander and a tall fucking muscular pale Valyrian woman with snow white hair. A tall buff Valyrian woman was a rare thing and she was interested in them! The three women finished their mugs of beer and moved in towards to the sisters like a pack of lionesses moving in on a Zebra for the love kill. The zebra being Val and Dalla. They walked with an easy confidence and surety. Their open vests flexing and jerking caressing large breast. The two Summer Islanders had large full rounded breast while the Valyrian had large gourd tits angled out on her chest. All their breast enfolded in tight tops that showed their dimensions and the erect nipples
jutting out the thin material of their tops.

Dalla gripped Val’s thigh and squeezed hard. She had seen it too. All three women were packing. Their jeans bulged out at their groins and down a leg showing the massive strap-ons they were sporting waiting for a hot pussy and asshole to bury themselves in and fuck until worn out.

The three women surrounded the table looking down at their prizes for the night. Val and Dalla knew if invited they would be going back to these women’s humble abode. Their eyes spending more time looking at the cloth encumbered plastic dick waiting for their mouths, pussies and shitholes.

The predators seeing the twins eyeing their strap-on cocks moved in for the love kill. The women took seats around and between the sisters with the Valyrian insinuating herself between the identical twin sisters. Val and Dalla looked around at the beautiful perfect female bodies now surrounding them. Bodies that had been filled out and hardened by dedicated weight lifting.

Most people not knowing that when they saw weightlifters on TV competing they were actually at their weakest. The women and men starving themselves and taking diuretics to rid the body of water. All that to make their muscles standout. Not these women. It was clear that these women wanted womanly fat around their thick arms and legs. Their arms looked like cannons and their legs like tree trunks. Their breasts large and full.

Such power had the sisters wet and wanting. Their nipples throbbing with the promise of sweet hard grudge fucks to come this night.

“Hey there my identical beauties. Tonight is your lucky night. Your wishes have been granted” the taller Summer Islander woman made the initial gambit. “We are just back in port and looking for some hot tight sluts to gangbang. You two look like you might fill the bill. You think you can handle us?”

“I think so” Val answered back. The sisters were creaming their jeans at these women's easy confidence. “The question is if you three have the stamina to fuck two sisters from beyond the Wall.”

The three women paused at that news. They looked at each other. Their thoughts clear. Exiled Wildings famous for their uninhibited sexual drives and willing to be totally nasty and depraved.

“I think we have just the hard dick you need. Identical sisters. How sweet. You two don’t fuck each other do you? That would be too sweet” the tall Valyrian asked the sisters.

Dalla leaned across the short distance over the Valyrian’s body to reach her sister who had leaned in herself. She gripped the back of Val’s head and brought their mouths close. Both sisters groaned as mouths opened and tongues slithered out to twine and dance a wiggling wet dance before mouths mated and their tongues spent a minute wetly flipping as twined tongues surged from mouth to mouth. Hands came up to cup and roughly massage firm titties. Fingers sinking deep in firm breast. The fingers pulp squeezing each other tits. Finally, the sisters came up for air.

The three women stared at them with open mouths. The Valyrian panted at the hot show just in front of her face.

“Hot damn! Tonight is our lucky night!” the taller Summer Islander exclaimed.

The women got to know each other breaking the ice further. The sisters found out the Valyrian’s name was Naelanla Aerinarys. She had been born and raised on the island of Lys. The 6’3” white
haired woman looked like a Hollywood starlet or better yet a lesbian porn goddess. The two Summer Islanders names were Handolla Zhaadaq who was 6’3” and Zorrasa Rhaaxo who stood 6’5”. The black women were equally beautiful with flawless skin and perfect faces. They both had cupid bows for lips and gleaming white teeth. The sisters asked them how they got so buff. Were they natural weight lifters?

That had made them laugh. Zorrasa answered the question. “We are ship engineers on the First Daughter of Volantis.” She explained their ship was a RO/RO ship out of Ryamsport on the island state of The Arbor. She explained to the sisters when they asked that the ship was designed to let trucks and other wheeled vehicles to drive up into the ship and out of the ship easily. Their homeport was one of the largest ship building sites in the world. Their ship part of the Romsford fleet that transported goods around the globe.

Dalla and Val laughed at their story of their attempted seduction of one Brienne Tarth in Lyse.

“Yeah” Handolla told them. “We were seducing the shy not so pure maid when this small little redhead spitfire jumped up and challenged us. The little Chihuahua was barely 5’0”. She packed a mean punch though didn’t see Nealanla.”

Nealanla rubbed her chin grumbling. “I would have stomped the cunt a new one but that damn Brienne dove off the bar like fucking torpedo taking me out. They both sure knew how to fight though. I hope we meet them again.”

The sisters were sure she wanted to stomp the redhead a new mud hole. “I want to fuck them both!” Maybe not. Women like these got hot when they met women of muscle and fighting prowess. Women obviously now getting excited looking upon Val and Dalla now. Their eyes devouring their voluptuous bodies with promises of long hard deep dicking. The shipmates now stroking the sister’s arms and sides and brushing over their breasts.

The soft moans of the sisters and visibly shaking now that they had the hands of their seductresses gripping and squeezing of the Wildlings beasts openly and other hands stroking jean clad pussies. Couchies now getting sopping wet soaking thongs and dribbling down perineum to soak wanton assholes and ass clefts.

“Are the three of you married like we are?” Val croaked her mind fogged with lust. She had seen the identical rings the three women were wearing. The bands of black platinum on each side of a band of white platinum in the center.

Naelanla Aerinarys smiled extending her left hand to show off her ring finger. She stared at the ring with obvious love and longing. “Yes. I think our rings symbolize our perfect union. I love white surrounded by pure black like I am by my black wives. We are the perfect equilateral triangle. We are harmonious balance.”

The pale woman made direct eye contact with the sisters in turn.

“We still need sluts in our bed to keep us happy though. The wives that fuck together, love together, stay together.”

Handolla Zhaadaq spoke now “Come now” as she prepared to leave. It was a command. “We are taking you back to our home. Gods we are going to fuck you two so well. You like it rough don’t you when you get deep dicked? You want to feel our cocks fucking you hard as we slap your faces, tits and ass. To suck your ass off our cocks and we DP and TP your hot tight fuck holes. You want to feel our dicks balls deep up your pussies and shitholes don’t you?”. Both sisters moaned hard nodding showing their slutty natures to be fucked hard and deep. "You long to have our cocks slip
out your tight ass and sink deep into your cunts A2P.” Her voice seductive and filling the sisters bodies with fuck hunger.

The sisters could only moan softly in need shaking their heads ‘yes’.

“Maybe even double vag and anal?” Handolla spoke hopefully.

The sisters moaned louder shaking their heads yes again. Their eyes glazed with lust. Their cunts and assholes clenching with wanton need to be deep dicked. To feel these powerful women's bodies slapping hard into their bodies to pile drive their dicks balls deep up their cunts and shitholes.

“Hot damn!” Zorrasa Rhaaxo crowed. “What are we wasting time here for?! Let’s go home and fuck these fucking identical twin incestuous sluts! This is our lucky night.”

The three merchant marines paid off the sister’s tabs and pulled their chairs out for them and opened the doors for them all the time complimenting them on how beautiful they were. They asked questions about their Wildling past. Their hands also all the time touching and caressing the sister’s bodies promising them great sex.

Val looked over at Dalla. Her pussy was melting too she could tell. The three women were courteous and showing chivalry in how they were treating the twins. Most men and even women were not so educated in this fast paced world. They loved how the women made direct eye contact and seemed to be genuinely interested in what the Wildlings had to tell them about their past and their culture.

They had taken the subway to the Pink Slip that was only one stop from their home. The three merchant marines lived in the opposite direction but were only two stops down the line themselves. The women came back up above ground and were before a seven story building that glowed a dull red in the light from the street lights.

The women led them across the street first making sure the traffic was okay and flanked the sisters to protect them. Again the sisters felt their pussies melting and their assholes quivering in want and need at the show of chivalry. Their crotches a soupy mess from their flowing twats.

As they entered the building the sisters saw that the first floor had sandstone colored blocks of stone while the upper floors were made of tight fitting red bricks with light red mortar. The windows had lentils above and a six inch wide border beneath each window line running the length of the building. The lentils and borders seemed a dark tan while the borders around the windows were light beige.

The party walked into the main corridor. The two sisters saw that this building had been modernized with new LED lights, smoke detectors, carbon monoxide detectors, security cameras, and fire suppression apertures through the stucco ceilings. A new modern elevator took them to the fourth floor. The mirror reflected five women filled with fuck hunger for each other. The sisters flanked by mighty leopards. Two dark black and one a pale snow leopard from the mountains of the Vale.

They came to room 412 and Naelanla Aerinarys opened the door for the rest of the party to enter. The party walked into the new gleaming flat.

“We recently were all promoted to master machinist and given big bonuses” Handolla Zhaadaq informed he sisters. “They want to move us up to management and start setting up training curriculums and visit their training academies. We are resisting. We love the open sea too much to leave it.”
Val and Dalla took in the flat. The ceiling were high with the duct work for the air vac and heating system. The work gleaming. Track flood lights beamed into the open kitchen area that had all the proper utilities and a small island behind the sink. A dinette was off the left before one of the large windows. The floors were burnished cherry wood that glowed in the soft light.

The open living area was spacious with a huge sectional sofa along the back wall and an end section that jutted out into the living room big enough to make a small bed. The end section covered in large pillows. Low slung end tables flanked the main sections of the large sectional sofa. There was a small circular table between the main sofa and a more traditional sofa with large seating cushions. The floor covered with a large rug that was plush and thick in a soft maroon.

There was a large space around the small circular table. The sisters were led to this area by the women who had picked them up. The sisters were now encircled like an elk surrounded by hungry wolves. The wildlings surrounded by their sweet predators. The women showing clear wanton fuck hunger for the two women they had brought home. Their nipples poking out their tops and hands stroking their ever hard dicks stuffed in tight jeans.

Zorrasa Rhaaxo led her wives to the main sectional sofa. They stood before it with glittering eyes looking at the sisters.

“I still can’t believe you two are really lovers. Show us” Zorrasa softly commanded the sisters. “Fuck each other to get us wet and horny. Get us excited and we will fuck you like the white trash you are.”

“Uummmggg!” Val moaned. Dalla gasped loving the humiliation being thrown at them. It made this kind of gonzo sex so much hotter. This was not about romance but about hard straight forward fucking. The type of sex that wrung you out and left you wet to hang up on the cloths line to dry.

Everyone started to strip excitedly. The sisters forgetting about the three beautiful tall muscular women as they stripped quickly divesting their clothes they threw around the room with abandon kicking off their sneakers kicking them far. The shoes landing with a thud on the wooden floor.

They saw that their lovers had stripped down to boxers as they sat down on the sectional sofa eyeing them with sparkling eyes. Zorrasa still looking like she did not truly believe the two identical twin Wildlings were lovers. This Val and Dalla immediately started to dispel.

The two blond twins stepped into each other arms. Their arms coming up to embrace and pull the other tight to their body. Legs slipping into the groove of the other sister’s legs. Pussies finding a strong thigh to press against and start humping. Val gripped Dalla’s ass cheeks and started her to humping her leg while Dalla looped an arm around Val and her other threaded in Val’s shorter hair and pulled their mouths close. Tongues coming out to twine and play wetly for a long minute to excite their new lovers. Only then did mouths mate tight as tongues wetly flipped between mouths. Cunts now humping hard on thighs now soaked in snail snot and their full C cup tits mashed and rolling over each other.

“Holy shit!” Zorrasa gasp groaned seeing the sisters slowly fall to their knees still kissing deeply. Her right hand sliding underneath her boxers to pump her 10” shaft lewdly tenting her boxers with her pumping fist. Her other hand squeezed and rolled her firm D cup tits.

The sister’s hips flexed rhythmically sliding wet pussies up and down each other’s legs. Val was gripping both of her sister’s ass cheeks jerking them to ride her sister’s weeping twat up and down her thigh. They chuffed into each other’s mouths. Dalla pulled her sister hard into her body groaning feeling her sister’s mound grinding her leg with desperate sweeps of Val’s hips. Val’s cunt hungry for love as it drooled copiously on Dalla’s thigh. Their tits mashed into each other with
nipples poking and dragging over flushed breast.

They were on their knees for a few minutes kissing deeply driving tongues down throats and licking tonsils. If not that their tongues wrestled wetly from mouth to mouth or slipped apart and swept to explore again the orifices the tongues had long ago mapped. The sisters breaking their kiss long enough to suck in oxygen before locking lips again heads tilted over to let tongues explore deeply groaning mouths.

Val broke their kiss. Dalla was gasping and glassy eyed. Val smirked. She loved overwhelming her sister with passion and love. She pushed Dalla down onto the plush carpet. She smiled seeing Dalla spread her legs and pulled her left leg back hooking her arm behind the knee to open up her cunny. Val settled down between her sister’s spread legs. Val looked up at the women who had picked them up.

Zorrasa was leaning back pumping her strap-on shaft. Her head lulled over. Her other hand was in her boxers too rubbing her muff underneath her harness. “Fuck! That is so hot!” she crooned watching the identical sisters fuck. Naelanla was sitting forward with her elbows on her knees. She watched the sisters with an intense look. Her breathing elevated with perspiration on her forehead and brow.

Handolla was leaned back watching the sisters intently. She was pumping both of her full heavy firm tits licking her lips. Her dark black eyes glittering. “Go down on Dalla. Suck her off!” she moaned with a breathy voice.

Val smiled. She needed no encouragement. Dalla was moaning her hands squeezing and rolling her tits her fingers moving up to pluck and squeeze her nipples hard. Her head jolting up her face slashing. “Val! Val baby—suck me off! Suck me off!!! ppplleeeazzzzeeeee!” How could Val refuse such a sweet entreaty? She mashed her face deep into her sister’s bald cunt and worked her mouth in her sister’s mons and started to lick and suck the sweet slime coated labia lips and drooling wet trench.

Up and down Val worked her head to rake her tongue up and down the wet groove of her beautiful oh so sweet Dalla. Val slurped and groaned scarfing up sweet cunt meat and delicious cunt slime. Val sucked on the thick labia lips of her sister rolling and stretching them out in her mouth. Then her head moved up and she licked and sucked on the essence of her sweet sister. Her mouth sucking in deep Dalla’s clit and love sucking it with hard fast sucks and then long slow sucks.

Dalla was writhing on the carpet her hips swirling to grind her cunny up into the mouth devouring it. “Hhhrrssllpp! Sssluuurrpppp! Ssuuurrrllppp! HHHrrrrssllpppp!” Val made obscene slurps and wet gargling noises consuming her identical twin sister’s cunt. Val first sucking and then flat tongue licking with her mouth over Dalla’s cunt before mashing her mouth back into her sister’s mound and raking her tongue up and down flailing Dalla’s clit.

"Auuggnnhh fuck … arruunggg hhnnngg hhnnn hhnggg!" Dalla gag groaned her body jolting with ecstasy. “Oh … oh yes! Oh gods yes—Vaallllll gods baby you always suck me off so good! Unnngghhhh!” Dalla groaned her head twisting back and forth her face slashed with primal ecstasy. Val kept glancing up at Dalla’s head. Dalla then rose up on her elbows to look down at Val. Her eyes on fire with lust and need.

Slowly Val wormed two fingers into the steamy soupy mess of her sister’s fuck hole. The buttery fuck hole letting Val’s fingers sink easily into the greasy fuck sleeve. Dalla head lulled back as she keened in ecstasy. Val was avidly licking her sister’s pussy raking her tongue desperately over Dalla’s rigid shiny clit jutting out its sheath. Val pausing long enough to give her sister long loving deep throat love sucks on her sister’s rigid clit. Her tongue polishing the rigid shiny clit tip.
Val plunged her fingers hard, fast and deep into her sister’s cunt that now made watery sloshing sounds as her cunt flooded. Dalla’s head snapped up and looked down at Val whose head was lifting tenting her sister’s trim with loving intense sucks. Her indented cheeks showed her tongue gigging her sister’s clit. Dalla’s body began to ripple all over with micro tremors. Her face twisted with her mouth hanging up making almost soundless caws her face torn apart with the agony of ecstasy.

Her breathing ragged and fast. Then she took a deep breath and her eyes shocked wide open. Her womb ruptured and her cunt ripped apart. “AAAWOOGGGGGGGG! OOOWWWWWGGGGG! FFFFUUCCKKKKKKKKKKK!” Dalla screamed as her belly was ripped open and burning ecstasy like lava seared through her veins. “Aaaarrruunngggggggg! Aawwoooogggggggggg! Auungghhh! Unghmnaaauugghhhnn!” she shrieked, her lovely face torn apart with ecstasy. Her head snapped up as high as it could up off the carpet. She wailed and wailed as her womb exploded. Her face was all soft despite her wails her eyes slowly rolling back into her skull. Her body flipped wildly now as body slammed back onto the floor where her body flipped and jackknifed violently her body bucking wildly.

Val had lifted her head to keep her teeth as her sister’s groin bucked like raging bronco bull in the ring. She had brought up her left hand to wildly whip her fingers over her sister’s clit swiping it fast and furious while her right hand harpooned fucked Dalla’s flooded cunt. Val loving each hard squeeze of her sister’s twat on her fingers like a sloppy wet velvet fist. “Aaarrggggguunggggg! Hhhhnnn hhnnnn uung Mmmgghhiieeeeeee! Unnggggghhhiiiieeeeee!” Dalla shrieked as her body continued to jackknife violently rent with ecstasy.

Finally, Dalla’s orgasm began to wane. Her body weakening and then going limp on the carpet. Val’s face was soaked with her sister’s juice. She loved feeling her sister’s snail snot soaking her lower face and throat. She had been focused on her sister as she sucked her off but now that her sister was now relaxed her body shaking with strong aftershocks. Val licked up the sweet cum slaverling her sister’s mound, groin and inner thighs for a long minute. Her sister’s head lulled over her face plastered with a beatific smile.

Val now saw that their fuck mates were moving into action.

Naelanla had shucked her boxers off. Her thick 11” pale flesh colored cock waving before her. The woman’s gourd tits swaying as she moved to stand beside the sisters. “Get up Val. Go to my wives. I will take over here. I am going to fuck Dalla soooooo good” she softly husked.

Val loved being bossed around by powerful women. Power that had nothing to do with size but personality and will. Val looked over at the sofa. She saw Handolla and Zorrasa standing their boxers bulging with their own pythons coiled in their nest. The Summer Islander’s black gleaming skin intoxicating. Their powerful arms, legs and thick torsos had Val panting. She got to her feet and watched Naelanla pale body settle to her knees. The Valyrian’s long white hair so beautiful. Her violet eyes on fire for Dalla. That sent a fire of its own worming in Val’s belly.

As she watched, Naelanla moved down to a palm and kneed out Dalla’s legs that had come together. The Valyrian used her right hand to guide the bulbous dickhead of her plastic cock to her sister’s burbling drooling cunt hole. With a skilled love stroke Naelanla slowly stroked her thick dick deep into Dalla’s belly the Valyrian’s cock stretching out the Wilding’s cunt. “Uunngggggggg! Unngg hhnnng oohhhh yeeesssss!” Dalla groaned feeling thick dick filling her cunny and belly with hard dick. Naelanla settled down pressing her body down into Dalla’s body.

Their tits mashed into each other as the Valyrian started to swirl her hips riding her thick prick in and out the tight cunny of the Wilding. Dalla groaning deep in her chest her legs angling out to let
Naelanla’s cock slide even deeper into her belly. In and out the Valyrian’s dick fucked Dalla’s tight pussy her inner lips clinging wetly to the thick shaft stretching out her snatch and splitting her cunt in two.

Val watched the Valyrian lower her head and mate her lips to Dalla's mouth. Val's sister mouth parting wide to let the white haired woman surge her tongue deep into the Wildling's mouth. Their tongues finding each other and coiling in fuck love. Wet tongues flipped and wrestled wetly in Dalla's mouth. Then Naelanla mated their mouths tighter angling her head over and speared her tongue down Dalla's throat while Naelanla's hips pumped up high and then snapped forward to spear her dick balls deep into Dalla's tight cunt. The wildling's wet glistening inner lips gripping tight the cock stretching out her snatch out into an O ring around the massive prick splitting her pussy in two.

"Mnmpffff uummmgggpphh aauuggppfff mmmgggffff!" Dalla chuffed into the mouth devouring hers as Naelanla's tongue rammed down her throat and her dick slammed so hard and deep into Dalla's drooling fuck hole. Dalla's eyes rolled back into her skull and jerked which her eyelids showed clearly for all to see.

“Come over her whitey” Zorrasa softly crooned to Val. She moved over to them woodenly. Her body flooded with fuck need. She was now before the tall powerful black women. Handolla gripped Val’s shoulders and shoved her hard down to her knees showing the Wildling the dark women’s strength. Val moaned loudly like the slut she was.

“Gods you and your sister are so fucking hot!” Zorrasa groaned. “Show us what you want you fucking white bitch!”

Val groaned reaching out and first working her fingers underneath the elastic of Zorrasa’s boxers and ripping them down off the woman’s hips and strap-on cock. The black thick 11” shaft all veined with a sweet thick bulbous dickhead. Val moaned loudly watching the shaft twitch with Zorrasa’s breathing. She turned and ripped down Handolla’s boxers revealing her equally prodigious cock.

Val’s eyes widened seeing their thick long black strap-on dicks waving before her face. The black women staring down at her with wanton fuck hunger. As beautiful as their black dicks looked the sight of their swollen dripping couchies underneath their massive pricks equally bewitched the blond Wildling. Their black cunts swollen and their labia lips bloom out their slits all wet and glistening. A hint of their pink slits visible. Equally intoxicating was the powerful musk now released with their boxers removed. Val groaned deep in her chest her eyes lidded seeing their massive black dicks and ripe cunts. Their cunts smelled like heaven to the intoxicated Wildling. Her mouth watering to both suck dick and smelling black pussy all wet because of and for her.

The two black women moved in angling off on each side of Val’s face. “Suck our dicks bitch!” Zorrasa’s barked down at Val. The wildling moaned hard her head moving forward her mouth opening wide and swallowing the black woman’s black strap-on cock. The wildling sisters always gave head to strap-ons and dildos as if they were the real thing. It was hot and made their women supper wet and horny.

Val’s head bobbed hard up and down the thick shaft in her mouth. Her hands came up to grip the woman’s hips to anchor her body as she sucked fiercely on her prick. The strap-on dickhead ramming the back of her throat. Val’s hair was slicked with sweat and jerking with wet shakes as she sucked fiercely on the Summer Islander’s dick. Then she felt her hair fisted and her mouth was pulled off Zorrasa’s dick by Handolla and her head guided to her black cock. Val swallowed that dick hungrily and bobbed fiercely as the Summer Islander helped the Wildling bob with her black fists gripping bunched blond hair.

Back and forth Val sucked fiercely on the thick black cocks. She constantly looked up with her dark
blue eyes loving the intense look on the black women’s faces. Their smiles showing gleaming white teeth their midnight eyes a twinkle with fuck hunger for Val. It made her shiver and her pussy flood and her shithole clench with fuck need.

“Stop! Now hold your hands at your side and keep you mouth open bitch!” Val moaned and complied eagerly. She knew what was coming. She loved it!

The two dark skinned women started to skull fuck the willing pale skinned woman. “Hhrkkkk Hhaakkk Huurrkkk Aawokkk Sslrrrkkkk Hhaakkkk!” Val choked out as the Summer Islander cocks slammed the back of her throat. Her open mouth letting all hear the wet sounds of her throat being fucked. Spit was flooding out her mouth and running down her face and chin roping on her jaw line before flinging off onto her chest and tits.

The two black women savagely fucked Val’s throat her head rocking back. She was passed back and forth as she happily got grudge fucked in this mini blowbang. The black women fisting her hair to pile drive her face forward and down to take their dicks into her throat. The humiliation and feel of her throat abused turning Val on immensely. She lost track of time her face, throat, chest, tits and belly soaked in her spit.

Zorrasa and Handolla backed up and pulled Val up and led her to the part of the sectional sofa that was a mini bed cushion. They threw the large pillows onto the floor. Val used the opportunity to look over at her sister on the floor. Naelanla was up on her palms. Her hips swirled in a tight circle and slammed her pale dick savagely down into Dalla’s tight cunny. Her sister’s cunt was slurping and sloshing wet.

Dalla had a tight grip on the Valyrian’s ripped bi and triceps. Dalla looking up with a blasted look of ecstasy. Her head pumping up off the carpet in short jerks the tendons in her throat rigid and jutting out Dalla’s throat. Her face slashed with primal fuck bliss. Her dark blue eyes looking up locked with Naelanla’s blazing lilac eyes staring down at Val’s sister. The Valyrian lifting her hips high and snapping down viciously to slam fuck her dick balls deep into Dalla’s belly.

Dalla’s head twisted her open mouth making choked whimpers and caws. Her face slashed with almost horrible seeming pleasure tearing her face apart. Naelanla seeing that Dalla was on the precipice of cumming lifted her hips even higher and growled slamming down with savage strokes of pure fuck love. Her groin slamming down into Dalla's mound and groin. The sound of sweat soaked bodies slapping loud. The force of the Valyrian's hips impacting Dalla's groin impaled her thick massive strap-on balls deep into Dalla's now wildly clenching drooling fuck hole. Dalla's belly impaled and the shock of slamming groins shocking her clit. "Cum for me you godsdamn fucking slut!" Naelania grunt snarled at her love slut. "Cum hard on my dick you fucking slut!” The divine end fuck and the squirt of humiliation sent Dalla careening off the precipice of striving to womb searing orgasm. Dalla's head surged up her eyes shocked wide open. Her mouth screaming out scalding ecstasy. Her eyes half rolled back into her skull and spasmed wildly like something from a horror movie. Her face slashed horribly.

“AARRUUUNNGGGGG! AUUNGGHHHH oh ohhh AAWWWWOOGGGGGGGG!” Dalla screamed as if the furies of hell were after her soul. Her womb ripped out her belly as her cunt tore itself inside out. Her eyes rolled back down and stared up at her Valyrian lover with fuck love. Dalla’s head pumped up wildly, maniacally her shoulder blades jammed into the floor lifting her head higher off the floor in hard up jerks her mouth working soundlessly at the moment. Her eyes half lidded and the irises barely visible as her eyes ¾ rolled back into her skull again and then snapped rolled back fully into her skull and obscenely jerked wildly.

Her Valyrian lover was up on her palms and bent toes harpoon slamming her dick savagely into
Dalla's exploding love box. The Wildling's gushing cunt sounded soupy with each hard impaling thrust of hard eleven inches of plastic pale dick slamming balls deep into the Wilding's wildly flexing belly. Dalla's hands were clenched still around the powerful upper arms of her lover jerking hard with each massive contraction ripping through her body. Naelanla Aerinarys body itself was soaked in sweat that dripped down to splatter onto Dalla's wildly shaking and jerking body. Naelanla lifted her hips high to continue snapping down impaling the watery cunt she had fucked expertly. She bent her head down still slam fucking Dalla and siphoned in the Wilding's turgid left nipple deep into her mouth. Her deep throat love sucks indenting her cheeks showing her tongue batting the thick hard nipple. Her hips jerking fiercely to impale Dalla's womb with her love dick.

Her body bowing hard beneath Naelanla striving body Dalla's face seemed to ripe apart while her whole body convulsed from head to toe in a throttling grip of ecstasy. A second orgasm exploded over the top of the first pummeling Dalla with fucking bliss. "AAARUUUNNGGGGG! FFFFUUCCKKKKKK! … Ohhhnnn Gods … oh Gods Naelanla … unngghhhh! Auungghhhhh! Auunnnggguuuunnnnn!" she groaned loudly, her ecstatic moans filling the large spacious room.

Dalla's upper body had lifted six inches off the floor in hard spastic up jerks but now slammed back into the floor her tits rolling wildly on her chest. Naelanla had settled back down to her elbows rolling her hips to still snap her thick shaft hard and deep into her beautiful lover's stretched out tight cunt. Their faces were up close to each other. Wildling and Lysian stared deep into each other's eyes as they connected with one giving pleasure and the other taking greedily. Dalla began to violently jerk wildly her torso writhing on the carpet. Her body jerked and spasmed on the floor. Naelanla now pressed her body down onto Dalla's still hard cumming body. Sweaty bodies melded and each woman reveling in the sweaty skin to skin contact. Her legs scissor on the floor. "Ohhnnnggggg! Aunngghhh! … Ahhhhhnnnnnn! Oh ... shit ... goddssdamn! Unngghhhh! Uummmggnnnhhhhh! Aaarruunnggggggg!" Dalla groaned out in tortured ecstasy. Her body jackknifed violently up into Naelanla's body as spasms rent her divine body. 

Val was guided down on the end section of the sectional sofa. She was pushed over onto her side with Handolla sliding in behind her pushing Val's legs forward opening up her clamshell. Zorrasa slide in front of Val getting up on the large cushion so her strap-on dick was on Val's lips. Val swallowed the prick and bobbed sucking with cheek hollowing sucks. Val's eyes flared open with ecstasy feeling Handolla slide her thick dick up into Val's hot tight quim sinking her dick in all the way stretching out the Wildling's slicked cum cream greasy fuck sleeve. 

The Summer Islander behind Val slowly pumped her hips sliding her thick dick in and out the blonde’s tight cunt. She tall black woman gripped Val’s trapeze and hip to anchor her body pumping her hips slowly harder and harder plowing her dick hard and deep up Val’s tight pussy. Val groaning hard on the dick sliding up and down her tongue and jamming the back of her throat in a slow sensual rhythm.

Val was lost in the sweet fuck when she felt Handolla pull out her spasming cunt and she was rolled over. Her body now facing the other direction. Her legs pushed out again and she cried out in pleasure when Zorrasa slide her thick strap-on cock deep into her pussy and began to fuck her stretched out cunt hard and deep her body slapping into Val’s body hard from behind. Handolla had her dick in front of Val’s face. Val griped the base of the shaft and guided the prick to her mouth. She swallowed the cockhead and sucked feverishly loving the taste of her pussy on the fake cock.

For the next six minutes or so Val was passed back and forth between the two tall muscular Summer Islander women. The Wildling humming as she cleaned her pussy off the dick fresh from her drooling clamshell. Her snatch thickly smearing the cock penetrating hard and deep up into her cunt. The sounds of sweaty bodies slapping skin heavenly to Val. What was even more heavenly was the feel of her cunt expertly fucked and the tightening spasms deep in her groin and belly.
She was sucking Hondalla’s cock when her head pulled back to slip the dick out of her mouth. The shaft sliding up her cheek and forehead. Slobbery spit from her fierce head left a wet trail on her face as the dickhead slide along her sweaty face. Her face slashed with primal fuck bliss. Zorrasa was slamming her pussy from behind the woman’s groin slamming into Val’s ass to ram her dick all the way up into the Wildling’s belly stretching her pussy out on black cock. The Summer Islander arching her back to get maximum force with each impaling thrust of savage love. Zorrasa gripped Val’s hip and shoulder to anchor her body to slam every inch of her love up into Val’s hot tight oily fuck hole.

Val’s womb exploded. "AARRUUNNGGGGGGGG! AAAWWOOGGGGGG! Oh gods. Ungghh hhnngg hhnngg! UNNNNGGHHIIIIEEEE! ANNGGHGHAUUNNGGGIIIEEEE! Mmmnnggghiiieeee!!" Val screamed full throated screams of primal fuck bliss. Her body stiffening, feeling the shockwaves of honey fire course through her body all the way down to her curling toes. "Unngghiiieeee! Oh! Oh gods ... oh gods! Mmmnnggghiiieeee!!" shrieked as her body bucked and flipped between her two beautiful black lovers.

Val’s body was rent with horrible full body spasms that tore through her body like a freight train. Slowly her body came down from an orgasmic high that had torn her nearly apart with fucking bliss. Zorrasa had her dick fully buried in Val’s cunt letting her fuck canal squeeze and spasm up and down the long thick black shaft. The mushroom cockhead pressed against Val’s cervix.

Hondalla pressed her dick into Val’s lips and she opened her mouth happily to let the shaft slide up her tongue. Her mouth slowly undulating up and down the thick shaft. Her pussy singing a rhapsody of happiness from the great fuck. Her eyes focused past the dick in her mouth seeing Naelanla Aerinarys pull a groggy Dalla behind her by the hand. Naelanla was smiling great big. Dalla was sweat soaked. Her pussy red and swollen with cum slavering her groin and inner thighs. As Val sucked on her cock pacifier she watched Naelanla sit down on the sofa beside Val and her black wives. She watched the Valyrian pull a lassitude filled Dalla down to straddle her legs and the cock she held up with one hand. Dalla looking down adjusted her groin so the septa helmet was aligned with her fuck hole. With a hand on the Wildling’s hip Naelanla pulled Dalla down slowly impaling her twat with her thick plastic cock. Dalla threw her head back hissing in ecstasy feeling her pussy split in two again with ever hard cock.

Dalla began to work her legs to lift and lower her hips impaling her cunt with her lover’s cock. Dalla moaned and gibbered like a Lysian whore feeling her pussy split in two her inner lips clinging tight to the shaft stroking sensually balls deep up into the Wildling’s belly. Val watched for a minute enjoying watching her sister getting pleasured expertly. Dalla becoming more active pulling up and snapping her hips forward and down to more forcefully impale her tight pussy on plastic cock.

Val groaned feeling Zorrasa Rhaaxo pull her cock out of the honey cream filled fuck hole of the Wilding. Val was still a boneless mess. Val was pulled and guided over to straddle Handolla Zhaadaq. The woman guided her prick to Val’s slack pussy and slowly buried it balls deep in Val’s belly. She cried out in ecstasy. "Unhhhgg! Oh ... gods! Fuuucckkk—arrggnn hhnmmnnn!" Val whimpered feeling Handolla get her rhythm going and plunging her dick hard and deep up the tight twat of her white lover. Val settled down onto her forearms her tits mashing into Handolla’s full rack. Their sweaty bellies wallowing and slapping into each other.

Val felt Zorrasa get behind her and Handolla straddling their legs on Val’s left side. “Where do you want my cock bitch? Where do you want my black cock? Show me!”

Val moaned hard lying her weight on Handolla. Her lover’s strong body easily accepted the weight of Val’s supine body. She reached back with her hands and pulled her ass cheeks back wide fully
exposing her bunghole to the tall powerful Summer Islander. Val jerked her ass cheeks to make sure her shithole was open for invasion. “Yeessssss!” Zorrasa moaned hiss. Val felt Handolla still her fuck rhythm and Zorrasa moved in guiding her dick to Val’s spasming asshole. “Uunnggggg!” Val groaned deep in her chest feeling the bulbous dickhead of her black lover pressing into her starfish.

Val looked back. She saw Zorrasa looking down as she put her thumb on her shaft just behind the bulbous dickhead to put extra force behind the dickhead pressed harder into Val’s asshole.

Val reached back with her hand to grip the Summer Islander’s thigh. They locked eyes. Zorrasa pressed in harder and her dick jammed through the sphincter muscle and lurched several inches deep into Val’s rectum. Zorrasa immediately began to pump her hips seeing Val’s asshole had recently been fucked good. "Ungh! Ungh! Ownncchh! Unghh!" Val groaned feeling her hungry asshole quickly stretching out and letting the Summer Islander’s dick slide deeper up her ass. Val cawed her face twisted with fierce pleasure when Handolla joined her wife to start pumping her dick in and out Val’s tight pussy. Zorrasa worked her hips in a slow rhythm to slide her dick deeper and deeper up her white lover’s asshole till her thighs pressed into Val’s ass. "Unngmmhhgmm!” Val cried out in pleasure feeling two dicks fucking her love holes with expert skills.

The Summer Islander women started to seesaw their cocks in and out Val’s fuck holes. Their dicks glistening with the sweet fuck juice of their white lover. Val’s cunt and asshole leaving fuck rings on the cocks plundering her cunt and shithole at the marge of deepest penetration. “Ohhhhnmm ... ohhnnnn ... gods, it's so good! Aauuggg hhnnnggg uunggg shit! Hhnnggg hhnnngg arrruunggg!” Val moaned, twisting, looking back at Zorrasa smiling at her beautiful black lover.

Val looked over at her sister. Dalla was fucking in a frenzy of need and wanton fuck hunger. She was riding up high and swirling her hips to snap down slamming her ass cheeks into the up thrusting groin of her Valyrian lover. The sound of their sweaty flesh slapping hard into each other loud in the room. Dalla’s firm C cup tits swirled and flipped on her chest. Naelanla gripping the Wildling’s hips helping Dalla to fuck exuberantly. Then Dalla pulled her body up off the pleasure stick working her pussy deep and sat down beside the beautiful white haired lover. She bent her body down and gripped Naelanla’s dick and dove down on it sucking her pussy off the shaft with happy slurps and long sibilant moans. She mounted Naelanla again and worked her pussy furiously up and down the shaft slamming up deep into her belly.

Val felt Zorrasa pull out her ass. Zorrasa and Val both moaned hard with Zorrasa watching and Val feeling her squired asshole pulse out a hot gush of shit juice that soaked her perineum and flow down into her pussy slit and the shaft fucking it. Zorrasa walked up beside the sofa so her dick slicked thickly with ass juice was in front of Val’s face the bulbous dickhead brushing Val’s lips. All the while Handolla was punching her dick deep in and out Val’s tight quim. With a happy hungry groan Val swallowed the shaft soaked in her ass and bobbed fiercely sucking with cheek hollowing sucks. “Clean your filthy asshole off my dick you white bitch!” Val moaned in happiness hearing the humiliating speech from her lover.

As Val sucked dick ATM she saw Naelanla still Dalla and slowly pulled her sister’s body up till her pussy slipped off the thick shaft fucking it hard and deep. Naelanla’s hand pulled her cockhead over Val’s sister’s perineum to Dalla’s asshole. The wildling whinnied and pushed down hard. “Gods what a fucking anal whore!” Naelanla cawed out watching the Wildling push her groin down penetrating her spasming shithole with hard white dick. Dalla cried out feeling her asshole pierced. Her head rocked back a look of stricken pleasure on her face as she pushed down sliding the thick bulbous dickhead deep up her ass till her legs were resting on Naelanla’s legs. Dalla gagging and whimpering in pleasure. Naelanla began to work her hips sliding her dick more and more forcefully in and out Dalla’s hot clenching asshole.

Zorrasa pulled back from Val’s mouth and went to get back up on the large end cushion and
slammed her dick home up Val’s tight ass. Val cried out in raw aching pleasure feeling her asshole and pussy fucked hard and deep. The two Summer Islanders slammed their dicks viciously up into Val’s hungry fuck holes. Her body jolting and riding over Handolla’s body an inch or two with each hard ram of groins and thighs into her body lurching her forward on the black woman’s sweat soak body. Val was in a delirium of pleasure. She felt her lover’s mushroom cockhead jacking over each other deep in her belly as the Summer Islander’s cocks see-sawed in out her drooling fuck holes.

Handolla kissed Val deeply her hand threaded in Val’s blond locks. Val loved seeing Handolla’s beautiful black face so close to hers. Their tongues flipped around in Val’s groaning mouth. Then Handolla speared her tongue down Val’s throat making her choked cries fill the black woman’s mouth. Val felt her eyes roll back into her skull and spasm. Two hard black strap-on dicks slamming balls deep into her drooling clamshell and spasming asshole. Her fuck holes lubricating both shafts with her creamy fuck juices.

Val broke the kiss her cheek resting on Handolla’s cheek. Handolla murmuring to Val “What a beautiful white slut … gods I love fucking you with my wives … so beautiful and so hot” Handolla grunted working her up jerking groin spearing her thick black shaft into Val’s pink love box. Her cock splitting Val’s hungry trim in two. Her stretched out cunt was a tight O ring around Handolla's spearing dick. Her pink inner lips stretched tight on the black dick sliding in and out deep into her clenching cunt and spasming belly. Her inner wet labia lips pulled out her quim all glistening on the black dick fucking her cunt. The lips shoved back into her drooling pussy with Handolla's powerful spearing thrusts squiring her spasming cunt.

"Ahhngggg! Unnggggggg! Hhnng oh oh fuuccckkkkkk!!" Val cried out in raw pleasure. She watched her sister fuck as she floated in ecstasy. Val watched Naelanla push up on Dalla’s body. The Valyrian pushed Dalla off her cock and pushed her body forward. The Wildling went to her feet in front of the sofa and bent over at the waist folding her body down her firm tits hanging. Dalla gripped Naelanla’s cock and dove down on it sucking it in and bobbing hard doing sweet ATM. Both women groaned one watching and one doing. "Ungh! Awwonngg! Oh! Oh gods! Ungh! Please harder—deeper ... unghh!" Val gasped and panted as the Summer Islanders hammered her with fierce, stabbing strokes.

Over the next ten minutes the two sisters fucked exuberantly doing ATM again and again savoring their sweet ass juice on their loves cocks. Now they were both ramping up to sheer ecstasy. Dalla gripped Naelanla’s shoulders crying out slamming her body up and down impaling her asshole. Her tits jerking up and snapping down with her rabid fuck rhythm. Val was pummeled by her tall and muscular black bodies slamming home their thick dicks up her spasming shithole and pussy.

Dalla started screaming in agonizing seizures of wild cumming. Her body convulsed from head to her bent back legs hammering the sofa. Her head thrashed on a neck spasm rigid her eyes shocked wide open as spit sprayed out her shrieking mouth. Dalla was slamming down with her convulsing body while Naelanla up thrusted savagely fully burying her prick up the Wildling’s asshole.

Val was jabbering her body shaking with rising ecstasy as her fuck holes were fucked deeply with expert strokes of pure love. Suddenly her eyes squeezed shut tight her face clenched with shocking ecstasy. “Auungghh! OOWWNNGGGHHIIIEEEEEE!" she screamed her head slamming back on her neck thrashing right and left spittle spraying wildly. “AUUNGGHHIIIEEE! UNGGH! OH GODSSDDAMN IT AAWWWWOOGGGGGGGG! UUNNGGMMNNIIIEEEEEE!!" she cried out, coming fiercely, her lovely body wrenched by sharp spasms of ecstasy. Her tits rolled and swirled wildly riding on Handolla’s body. Val’s body jacknifed violently as cruel spasms throttled her with crushing bliss. “Uunngghhiiieeeeee! Mmmnnngghhiiieeeeee! Nniihhiiiiieeeeee!" Val wailed as she felt her womb ripping apart deep in her belly and her shithole tear itself inside out. Her face looked like she was being electrocuted as it slashed from one horrible slash to the next dire contortions of
killing ecstasy. Finally, Val’s orgasm began to wane.

Val basked in harsh aftershocks gripping and shaking her body with heavenly bliss. She felt Zorrasa slip her dick out of Val’s ass that gushed ass juice running down her perineum and soaking her cunt hole and the black strap-on dick buried in it. Val in a hazy of sweet bliss watched Zorrasa step over to her sister and Naelanla. The two wives were in sync with Naelanla smiling up at her tall black wife. Naelanla leaned back on the bottom sofa cushions bringing Dalla down with her to have the pale Wildling resting on her torso. Dalla was prostrate with spent fuck bliss her body resting heavily on the strong Valyrian’s body.

Her body still rippling with aftershocks, Val watched Zorrasa get her right leg up on the sofa between Naelanla and Dalla and the sofa back. Val’s head rocked back when Handolla pulled her cock out of Val’s happy trim and slipped her dickhead up the Wildling’s perineum and slide her thick cock up Val’s slack sphincter and deep into her asshole. “Aaaunnggg! Hhnngg nnnnnggg yeessssss!” Val cried out feeling her asshole again spasm and pulse ecstasy into her veins. Pleasure reviving the Wildling.

Her neck juddering, Val watched intently as Zorrasa brought her dickhead up to Dalla’s asshole. Dalla whimpered reaching back and gripping Zorrasa’s thick shaft and jacked the dickhead of the Summer Islander into her shitter moaning. Zorrasa’s cock sliding around on the pale dick already shoved deep up Dalla’s butthole. Zorrasa and Naelanla smiled great big at the total anal whore that Dalla was showing herself to be. Zorrasa used her thumb to stiffen her prick her dickhead slipping on top of Naelanla’s cock seeking purchase like a camel trying to get its nose underneath its master tent. The black cockhead jerking around till it found purchase and pried back Dalla’s sphincter and slipped into the Wildling’s rectum.

“Oooohhh Fuck! Two cocks in my fucking ass—arrunnnggg hhnngg oh oh rrrrnnggggggg!” Dalla cried out as the two women started to work their hips sliding their cocks in and out the Wilding’s asshole. The women started to fuck Dalla harder pumping their two dicks deep up into Dalla’s hot tight shit-hole in a hot see-saw motion. "Auungghhh!” she cried out. "Oh yes! Zorrasa—Naelanla oohhhh shit! Uunnggg arrnnngggggg—fuuucckkkkkk ... annngghhh! Oh! Annghhiieee! Oh sweet gods Naelanla—ohhhh Zorrasa ... babies, rape my asshole open babies—arrrrunnnnggggg uunnnmgghhiieee!” Dalla cried out as her lovers plunged dicks deep up her asshole with vicious strokes of pure savage love.

Hondalla slide her dick out of Val’s asshole and pushed Val down her sweaty body till Val’s mouth was above her dick lying on Hondalla’s belly slicked with ass juice. Val turned her head to press her cheek into Hondalla’s black hard belly and used her tongue to lift the ass creamed cockhead up into her mouth and clamped her mouth tight on the shaft and sucked feverishly. Her head lifting to now bob up and down hard sucking her sweet ass off the black dick in her mouth. Val hummed and purred slurping up her sweet savory shit juice.

Val was able to watch Dalla getting sweetly defiled. Zorrasa pulled her cock out of Dalla’s spasmig butthole and Naelanla pulled Dalla forward and tilted her over to let the Wildling to slide to the floor. Dalla had two dicks straight from her asshole waving in front of her face. With a moan she swallowed Zorrasa’s black cock and moaned deep in her chest cleaning her ass juice off the dick. Then she swallowed Naelanla’s pale cock and sucked on it like a lollipop sucking her ass off that prick. Then back up on sofa Dalla was manhandled on top of Naelanla. Her asshole again double invaded. Dalla crying out in ecstasy.

Hondalla took Val up to doggy and invaded her asshole with a long stroke of pure fuck love Val keening in raw aching pleasure. Then the black woman built up her rhythm punishing the Wildling’s hungry asshole. The sound of sweaty slapping bodies loud in the room. Several times Hondalla
pulled out Val’s butthole and stepped up over Val’s body to get her feet behind the Wildling’s armpits. She fisted Val’s sweaty lank hair twisting her head up and back. Val happily swallowing the offered black dickhead and bobbing hard sucking her sweet ass off the prick. Then back to her hips, Handolla invaded her asshole again. Handolla pulled out Val’s bunghole and slide her dick up into Val’s cunt balls deep and fucked it hard and deep.

Val had been able to watch Dalla get fucked in classic DP. Several times Val’s sister was deposited down to the floor so she could hungrily clean the dicks out her asshole slavered with ass cream she slurped and sucked up with happy moans. Again she was mounted with double anal but then her lovers slipped their dicks out her asshole and the wives slowly wormed their two dicks into Dalla’s pussy stretching it out wide. Dalla went wild.

“Gods! You are stretching out my cunt so good! Yessssss! Unngggg hhnnngg hhng arrunnggggg!” she cried out in ecstasy. Her body bucking and writhing as her body rose up to orgasm quickly now. Her head snapped back and then down again and again. Her eyes blasted with soul crushing pleasure. The Valyrian and Summer Islander pumping wildly needing to make their love slut cum hard on their dicks. They encouraged Dalla urging her to cum hard on their dicks.

Without warning Dalla exploded. Her womb simply exploded with two long thick dicks plunging deep up into her couchie. "AUUNGGHHH! OHNNNGGYIIIEEEE!!" she screamed her neck arching jamming her forehead into Naelanla’s neck her face torn apart with rapture. Her body now bucking wildly up and down as she cummed shockingly hard with her body flipping and jackknifing hard. Her hips leaping and jerking as her womb immolated itself and flooded her veins with burning honeyfire. Her body torn apart with a killer orgasm. “FFFFUUCCCCKKKKKK! Hhnngg uunngg uunnggg AAAGGGHHHHIIIEEEEED!!! MMNNNGHHIIIEEEEEEE! … OH oh oh AWOOOGGGGGGGGGGGGG!!” Dalla screamed from the purest pleasure and fuck love possible on earth.

Val relished seeing her sister fucked so sweetly with expert skills. Then her body exploded in scalding bliss as her asshole ruptured and scalded her with fucking bliss in tidal waves of shocking agonizing pleasure. Val’s body twisted and shook violently as hammer blows from the gods shattered her body with fucking ecstasy. She continued to cum in scalding waves of purest love and pleasure. The two Wildling sisters always fucked with their all with any new lovers. They wanted their lovers hooked on their bodies.

A now groggy Val knew the fucking had only started. So many more orgasms to come. She was gasping and moaning constantly as aftershocks now gripped and shocked her body. Val was stunned but her pussy and asshole craved more and more. She knew her slut sister Dalla was the same.

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It was the next early evening. Val and Dalla were walking down the sidewalk to the subway station to take the train back home. Val body was feeling nice and worn out. Especially, her pussy and asshole. She turned to look at Dalla. She had that glow of a woman well and truly fucked. They had been fucked by the three merchant marine wives deep into the night. All their fuck holes fucked deep and hard. Val’s asshole was purring after several double anal fucks that had her screaming herself hoarse she cummed so fucking hard. The pulling of her hair and blistering of her ass during the last DA had really made her cum hard.

She had been fucked out one time last night and the two Summer Islanders and Valyrian TP fucked Dalla mercilessly with Naelanla on her back on the bed with Handolla and Zorrasa fucking her sister’s asshole with savage strokes of pure love making Dalla groan and gibber in ecstasy. Then
moaning and cawing out around the dick in her mouth straight out her shithole soaked in ass juice that Dalla hungrily sucked off with happy slurps and tight sucking bobs. The Summer Islanders played ring around the asshole fucking Dalla’s hot tight asshole and then moving to her head to let Dallas slurp her asshole off their dicks. Back and forth the tall black women fucked Dalla’s ass and mouth.

Val quickly recovered seeing that sweet fuck. She got beside them and placed her chin on her sister’s ass and made puppy eyes to Handolla and Zorrasa as they fucked Dalla’s ass. They started to pull their cocks out of Dalla’s ass and not moving forward. The Back women slapped Dalla’s ass making the Wildling slut whinny in pained pleasure. Smiling the Summer Islander women pulled their dicks out of Dalla’s spasming clenching starfish and slide their dicks up her ass cheek to Val’s waiting mouth. Val’s mouth clamping on the dick soaked in ass cream and bobbing hard. Gods Val thought Dalla’s ass tasted so sweet. Only then did the Summer Islander let Dalla finish cleaning the cockhead that her sister had half cleaned.

The women had been handed around like cheap whores and loved it. The next morning they woke up to smells of spicy Summer Islander cuisine being cooked. The sisters were starving. They chowed down and got to know the three women better. All the women naked with their charms open to be ogled. They were all engineers and curious about the world. They had a foundation they used to work with women escaping violent men. Giving them an opportunity of escape and helping to train these women to find work to support them and their family. Val and Dalla found that they liked the women immensely. They had told the women they needed to get home. Their new lovers had pouted cutely. Val and Dalla watched the three women move to the large living room and onto the sectional sofa they had fucked on for much of the previous evening. The three women leaning back. They snaked their hands down their now palpating muscular bellies and pulled their sopping wet cunts open to the now poleaxed sisters.

“See something you want to devour?” Handolla softly crooned to the sisters.

Val and Dalla looked at each other. Their protégées would not be home till the next morning. The sisters hurried to kneel before the beautiful wives and buried their faces in hot wet gash and feasted. Last night the three women had fucked the sisters hard giving pleasure and not taking. Now the sister’s returned the favor and were rewarded with mouthfuls of hot pussy and sweet cum filling their tummies.

It had been sweet fucking through the morning and afternoon. The partners constantly changed as the five women fucked sweetly. Every orifice explored and filled with fingers, tongues and toys. Val remembered Dalla lying on her back with Val on her knees and forearms her face buried her sister’s twat wildly lapping and sucking succulent sister pussy. Handolla was behind Val with the black woman’s face buried in Val’s snatch licking her out. The woman had a silver bullet she was using to buzz her clit. The vibrator on high. The sound of rattling loud in the room.

Dalla had a black pussy grinding down on her face. Zorrasa body was shaking and spasming from the tongue lashing Dalla was giving her. See would have cried out loudly but her mouth was full of Valyrian pussy. The tall blond standing in front of Zorrasa and Dalla’s supine bodies. Naelanla was rotating her pussy into her black wife’s face grinding hard. Naelanla was the only woman with no pussy stuffed in her mouth. Her cries echoing off the wall. They all cummed hard together. Four voices swallowed by exploding twats while Naelanla screamed her voice raw.

Val smiled remembering the hot fucks. The women had pleaded with the sisters to stay the night. Zorrasa kissing their fists and whispering she wanted their fists deep in her cunt and ass. Dalla had
wanted to stay but Val wanted to get home and relax. She also wanted to be prepared for their teenage lovers return.

The all agreed to meet again soon. The sisters truly liked these both powerful and intelligent women. They both were thinking of bringing their protégées to the three women. The sex would be so scorching.

As they walked down the street Dalla threaded their fingers together interlocking their fingers like the lovers they were. The two identical twins leaned into each other. Most people ignored them wrapped up in their own personal worlds. The ones who did probably thought they were the affectionate sisters they were. People just did not just how affectionate the sisters were.

They headed down the steps to the subway station. Val body had been fucked out but she felt her libido reviving feeling her sister’s hot body pressed into hers. She wondered if Dalla felt her passion returning. She felt lips on her ear and warm breathe.

“When we get home I am going to fuck you so good Val” she softly husked. “Naelanla, Handolla and Zorrasa were sweet fucks sis—but I need your pussy in my mouth. I need to fuck you so hard baby!” Dalla cooed to her sister. Val felt giddy thinking of what was to come her way when they got home.

Dalla pulled out her cell phone to text Xorata Dosa. The sisters were anxious to greet the four young teenage sluts upon their return. They were going to suck them off so good. Over and over! The three merchant marines had been sweet experienced fucks but they longed for the wild exuberance of the teenage fucks of Xorata Dosa, Jondorra Saasan, Eleanah Shield and Rana Clarick. Val told Dalla how she couldn’t wait to bury her face in the seventeen and sixteen year olds pussies.

Dalla chuckled sending that on to Xorata. The slut sent back a nude selfie showing off her big gourd tits and shaved mound. “You will have my black couchie soon enough you fucking incestuous sluts!” That had made the sisters laugh. The sisters reached the bottom of the steps and started to walk to the subway platform heading for the turnstiles. Dalla was chuckling texting and sexting away.

The hackles on Val’s neck began to stand on end. The tall Wildling turned to look around herself and Dalla. It was not that late. Why was there no one in the subway? This was a main stop with many restaurants and night spots above. She half turned around in both directions. She saw a repair crew of the Oldtown Metro Service working on a control panel on the wall. She looked behind them. A group of other metro service men were coming down the steps.

Something did not look right. Something was wrong. Her senses were screaming in alarm. She saw a man working at the access panel stand and press a button.

“What the fuck?!” Dalla barked out. “My fucking phone just went dead!”

The lights flickered and went out. Emergency red lights came on putting the area in a strange red aura.

Dalla looked up. Her body went into a combat crouch as had Val’s body had. The women were slowly surrounded by the men dressed in the supposed Metro Service uniforms. The men stood back thirty feet from the women. Silently, the men stared at the two tall women. The men did not seem particular adept at physical combat but that could be a rouse. They did not need physical prowess. They had guns for that.

Val and Dalla waited in silence. They were hopelessly out numbered and though they saw no
weapons they knew the men had them hidden away. The sisters waited patiently. They dared not taunt the men. There was at least twenty men surrounding them staring at them silently.

Two men pulled out what looked guns. Val saw that the guns were strangely shaped being blockier in design than what they had seen. The device was black and yellow with the barrel capped. What kind of gun was this? Val saw a red dot appear on her and Dalla’s body.

The sisters had just started to move pivoting down and to the side but it was too late. A dart hit both women with a long black wire attaching dart and Taser. Both women choked out strangled screams their bodies going stiff and vibrating from head to toe their muscles locked up as an electronic storm raced through their bodies from the Tasers.

Val looked at the men silently advancing on the paralyzed women. She tried to fight but her arms and legs could only helplessly kick and thrash in short jerks beyond her control. Dalla was in the same state. Her face twisted with the effort to defend herself and her sister.

Two men came up to the women kneeling down. They had a cloth in their hands they put over the women’s faces. Val screamed into the cloth as she felt her consciousness quickly slip away from her body.

Slowly, consciousness returned to Val. Her head felt full and hot. She opened her eyes. The first thing she saw was the nude body of her beautiful sister trussed up on a large X that was tilted down at a sever angle. The X had a small projection to support their heads. Dalla’s long hair cascaded down below her. Her dark blue eyes looking at her intently. Her ankles and wrists shackled tightly keeping her on the X. Val lifted her head and looked up at her body. It was similarly trussed up on an X. Val flexed her feet and hands. The manacles were secure and tight. Val rested her head back down looking at Dalla.

Her wanting to get them home early had cost them their lives. She tried to communicate with her sister how sorry she was. Neither sister would give their captures the satisfaction of pleading or whimpers. They were proud warriors and would hold their silence.

Val looked around. They were at the bottom of an amphitheater. The circles of concentric seats beginning to fill up with robbed men. The men had their cowls down. The men stared down at the women as they took a seat. Val saw no sexual excitement in the men. It was clear. They were sacrifices. Val looked down behind herself. She saw a deep pit with a fire raging in the bottom. There was a circular walkway that went around the pit three feet from the edge of the pit walls. The walkway two feet wide. The walkway connected by three struts to the edges of the pit with steps leading down to the struts.

Val saw the flames dancing red, yellow and white. She could see no fuel for the flames but maybe it fed by natural gas. It did not matter. She knew they were to have their throats slit and their blood was the sacrifice. She looked at Dalla with a look of sadness. Dalla stared with love and rage for their captures. More men were entering now. The seats were soon half filled with silent men who stared wordlessly down at the trussed women.

The room was in half light. There was no modern lighting in the large room. The only light from the fire in the pit and by torches in scions on the circular wall of the large room.

Another twenty men entered the sunken amphitheater taking seats silently. Finally, two tall men entered. All the men turned to the men and bowed in clear obeisance. The pale man was exceedingly tall and thin. He wore his cowl up. The dark skinned man had his cowl down. He was
powerfully built. His hair in braids pulled back and running down his back. He stood behind the
taller pale man looking up at him reverently.

The cowled man spoke in a high pitched scratchy voice “Brothers! Hear me! Tonight we open the
portal to our god and his minions. Tonight our temple will rise ascendant as we bring Tabrok back
to the Earth. It will be us who will be his most trusted and powerful acolytes. We will be his
captains as we conquer the world.”

The man’s voice had a sibilant caste and timbre. His voice sound dry and raspy. His body swayed
from side to side slightly. Val saw all this. The man’s voice subtly hypnotic. He lifted his hands.
His arms abnormally short.

“Oh great Tabrok. Take our offering. The sisters who are mirrors came into our grasp. We took
them to sacrifice for your return of great Tabrok. We have waited for the incestuous identical twins
to appear. Their unholy blood powerful. Now on this night when the outer planets are perfectly
aligned we sacrifice their blood to summon you. Only their unholy union can break the barriers
between realities. Let their blood call to you Tabrok and bring your power again to this Earth. Let
the snakes again rule as it once was! Let our power again coil around the world!”

The black man beside him spoke up now. He produced a wicked curved blade. Val notice how it
gleamed in the half lift of the torches in the wall and the fire from the pit. The blade made of silver
and etched with eldritch runes.

“With this blade I will summon Tabrok to our world. The new world order will begin here in this
temple. We will rise ascendant among our brothers. We will start the conquest of the world!” he
shouted.

The men had all risen now and added their voices to the dark skinned man’s shout. He slowly
started walking down the steps to the two sisters hung upside down on their X’s. Val watched the
man take his slow deliberate steps down the amphitheater. Anger flared in Val as she watched their
death slowly approaching. The man had a seraphic smile on his face. The blade caught glints of the
firelight and reflected them back in spangles.

Each step down brought their death closer. Val looked back at Dalla. It was clear that Val was to be
sacrificed first by the angle of the man’s descent. He was coming down on her side of the pit. The
man reached the entrance to the pit and walked down the strut onto the circular walkway. His
bellowing robe flowing in the air currents stirred up by the fires below. He reached down and fisted
Val’s short hair and jerked her head up cruelly stretching her head up and back fully exposing her
throat. She locked eyes with Dalla. Val felt sorry for Dalla with her dying first. Her sister would
have to witness her death before she followed Val into oblivion.

He pulled hard on the hair knot in his fist. Val clenched her teeth to suppress any cries of pain.

“All hail Tabrok! All hail Tabrok!”

All the men had lifted their arms shouting in unison calling out to their god. The tall leader swaying
side to side.

The black skinned man lifted his blade higher and slashed it down to cut Val’s throat from ear to ear.

Val’s body was clenched as she looked up at the blade slashing down at her throat. She had tried to
not watch her own death and keep her eyes on Dalla but the grip was too strong. The blade glittered
in the down arc towards at her throat to cut her throat wide open. The blade moving in a blur.
At the last moment the blade’s arc swished over her throat the arm moving up and the blade sent spinning up towards the lead priest. The tall pale gaunt man gasped in shocked. He started to move aside but he was not able to react fast enough before the blade hit him in the forehead underneath the cowl and sinking up to the hilt. The man fell back dead.

The black priest reached into the deep wide pockets of his robes. He pulled his hands back out with a Zeltran Uzi in each hand. His guns firing out hot lead he sprayed out across the circular seats at his fellow cult members. The man spinning around his arms swaying to spray death out all around the black skinned priest. Men crumbled down dead or severely wounded. Other men spun around hit by bullets loud screams of pain in the circular room. No matter how pious severe pain made humans scream in agony.

The large X’s suddenly went down to horizontal. The manacles released the sisters. They sat up immediately. The man removed his left hand from his pocket. His right hand firing off a Glock at the men running around in confused panic. In his left hand was two Glock 17. He tossed one to each sister. He then pocketed this Glock and pulled out clips for his Uzi and reloaded his machine pistols.

“Fire at anyone who looks like they need killing! Follow me!” the man spoke in his baritone voice. He started up the cutout in the pit wall. He led them up taking single shots. The surviving men had fled their sacred enclosure that were able. The three moved up. The man killed several men trying to lever themselves back up to their feet. The men dropped dead with head shots.

They reached the top of the pit. Dalla gasped as did Val. The head priest suddenly sat up. His cowl fell back. his head was angular and he had bulging eyes with slit irises. A forked tongue flicked out his mouth. He pulled the knife from his skull. “You will pay for this Oqnar na Ikla” the snake man hissed.

Val saw her earlier observation was correct. The man had short bowed arms and his body was too slender to be human. Behind him was a snake like tail.

“Yeah yeah Trakhar” Oqnar barked at the man. He fired a shot at the man he ducked it with a lightning fast jerk of his head. The dark skinned man fired thrice more. The priest jerking his head aside making the priest miss. The snake priest did not see Dalla moving behind him. She fired her pistol five times fast and furious her bullets exploding the back of his skull. The man fell down dead, boneless.

“Let’s go. That should do the trick but who the fuck knows!” The man’s voice was the same deep baritone but his cadence and inflexion points had totally changed now. “Move!” the man shouted as they headed for an open door. “Keep alert. I surprised them here in their holy enclosure. They will be arming up now. If the shadows move—shoot! There are more high priests. They will have assumed their true shapes. They are fast and hard to kill as you saw.” We need to get up above ground!” The man started to run down the corridor. A man appeared out a side corridor. The dark skinned priest shot him dead with a three shot burst to his upper chest.

The three ran down corridors and came to a stairwell. As they came up to the next floor three men were milling around on the landing. The three stooped down as one. Their warrior training instilled the knowledge that low targets are much harder to hit. Gunfire echoed loudly in the landing. The three men were shot dead their shots hitting the walls above the three crouched figures. The priest handed Val and Dalla two more clips for their pistols showing them the release button. “Slam in the new clip and pull the slide back. Keep pulling the trigger until the gun does not fire” he showed them how to grip the gun and pull on the slide.

The three started to run down the next corridor. The lights were mostly off and the corridors dimly
light. A figure came up the hall in a fast undulating motion. The figure was mostly snake Val saw. It rose up five feet with two short arms both holding wicked curved blades. Its scaled body coiling and propelling forward with its scales gripping the floor to propel it forward in a fast waving motion. The monstrosity had two sets of short legs on the back half of its snake like body. The legs helping to propel the snake man forward. The sisters started firing at the monstrosity that hissed at them.

The creature weaved and juked fast.

“Keep it away. They can spit venom fifteen feet!” the priest shouted. The beast could not advance as it dodged the shots fired at it. The priest advanced as the snake man dodged bullets. He got to just outside its spitting range and fired his Uzi in his left hand at full auto. The bullets spitting out one after the other at 600 bullets a minute. For three seconds the Uzi fired. The snake priest could not dodge that many bullets fired that fast that close.

It’s body jerked repeatedly and it lost its grip on the blades. The blades skittering away down the hall. The thing gasped for breath with white blood pouring out multiple body wounds in its body and had taken one bullet in right eye.

The priest reloaded his Uzi and they ran on. He knew his way. The moved up two more floors. They then then came to a force of five men. They could see a large set of double doors in the distance. The three moved to doorways as did the other men. They fired at each other with most of the bullets ricocheting around the hall. One of the men screamed with a bullet shot shattering his femur bone in his left leg.

The double doors exploded in with a powerful explosion. Four figures rushed in throwing hand grenades. The devices exploded sending shrapnel flinging out in deadly arcs. The explosions killed one man outright with the whizzing metal cutting down the remaining three men.

A woman of Yi Ti heritage shouted at them. “Follow us! Candice has sent us!” The two sisters felt a thrill run through them. *Their Terminator was had come to save them!* The force rushed to the ruined doors. The sisters heard a loud explosion and the night time sky split open. They seemed to be on some kind of campus.

“Where are we?!” Dalla shouted.

The Yi Ti woman answered “We are on an abandoned university campus. It is in the borough of Kingsboro. It was shut down twenty years ago. We are about forty miles south and west of Oldtown outskirts. This land is sparsely populated. The closest towns are twelve miles away hidden away by this rolling hill country. We are using the lack of population and rolling hills to our advantage.” Another massive explosion occurred outside. The right side of a building went up in flames with the end collapsing.

“We are fighting this temple with extreme prejudice. They are a major threat to the Earth. But mostly they don’t fuck with one of us!” the woman spoke looking at the twins. They felt a rush. They did not know the woman but it was clear that the Yi Ti woman was aligned with Candice and since they were with Candice they considered part of the family.

“Candice and Cameron have whipped out most of their online wealth” the woman snorted. “You need money now matter how religious your religion.” Gunfire was occurring all around. “Candice has asked the Zeltrains to help. They have had fights with the Scions of Tabrok in their homeland. This religion has temples across the globe that have been left alone. That will change after tonight.”

A streak of light flashed toward them exploding twenty yards to the right.
“RPG! Time to move!” the Yi Ti woman shouted.

“What is your name?!” Val shouted.

“Zhao Chen! Out and to the left. Stay low and close to the wall.” She looked at the dark skinned priest. “Are you Jaqen H’ghar? You look nothing like what Candice described. You truly are a Faceless Man?”

“Yes” was his simple answer. Zhao handed him a Galil with a satchel of ammo he worked around his shoulders.

Val and Dalla gaped at the man. How was this possible? This was not Jaqen H’ghar!

They moved out of the building. The sound outside was like hell on earth. Explosions were going off all around and machine gun fire was from all angles. The sisters had put new clips in their guns but knew they were useless in this kind of fight. Firing pistols at point blank range was on thing but firing at distance was impossible for them. If they survived this they would get training on firearms! Val thought to herself.

Zhao and her men were stopping now and then and firing out across the campus. Bullets could be heard whizzing by and bullets striking the building they were against. One of her men went down. Zhao went to him and cursed. He was dead. She rose up firing her rifle snarling. Missiles came streaking down from low flying aerial platforms. Explosion occurring all around. They moved to the corner of the four story building they were hiding against. An explosion blew out the wall down from where they had been seconds ago. Zhao cursed.

Two paneled trucks came roaring around the corner of the left most building across the sward. The first truck came barreling forward and stopped as it twisted its side to them. The back doors opened and men came spilling out with guns firing as the men dispersed and ran for cover and others lying prone and started firing at them. It was obvious these men had paramilitary training. The second truck used the first for cover as it disgorged its occupants.

The party Val was in were hiding in nooks and crannies of the building they had come out of. Suddenly, one of the paneled trucks blew up in a huge explosion that for a handful of heartbeats turned the night to day in their vicinity. The ground shook and the sound of shrapnel whizzing by was heard.

“What the fuck!” Dalla screamed out. Val was equally shook up. Explosions were occurring around the old college campus.

“What the hell is doing all this damage” the changed Jaqen H’ghar shouted at Zhao over all the carnage. “There is no way military jets are attacking a civilian site like this!”

Zhao paused in firing off at their foes. She glanced at Jaqen. “Candice stole two semi stealthy jet powered UAV. She has Shireen operating the two Avengers. The Zeltrans have brought over to Westeros four of their modified Reaper UAV. They are circling overhead firing off at targets of opportunity. They are flying low and do not show up on radar at distance. We are fifty miles from the main Municipal Oldtown Airport.”

Val did not fully understood what she heard looking up. She only knew that flying aircraft were overhead providing awesome destructive protection. Another massive explosion occurred on the other side of the campus.

“Candice was told by Jaqen H’ghar that the Scions of Tabrok knew you are under the Terminator’s
protection. They have at least seven 50 caliber sniper rifles on this campus. Even a Terminator cannot survive a head shot from such a weapon. The result on the rest of her body would be devastating. Cameron took a normal sized 50 caliber shell in saving Sarah Connor. It nearly ripped her head off. Thus, we had to launch this assault to save you” the Yi Ti woman told the Faceless man and Wildlings as she surveyed the scene around her. The woman firing at her enemies when she had a clear shot. Her compatriots firing off in constant controlled bursts. Jaqen was also firing his weapon constantly. The persons slamming in new clips of ammo when the magazines ran dry. It infuriated Val that she had not yet learned how to fire a rifle or truly aim a pistol. *What a worthless cunt* she snarled to herself. She had to know.

“Why are you doing this?!” She looked at Jaqen and Zhao.

“Valar Dohaeris” was Jaqen’s answer. He never looked at them firing off short bursts of this assault rifle.

Zhao looked at them strangely and then answered with fire in her voice and eyes “Because we fight for each other. Candice asked us for our aid. We gladly give it.” She turned to survey the scene again. “OH SHIT!” she shouted. She pressed a button on her helmet “The fuckers have up armored HUMVEEs with 50 caliber and two—no—three with TOW missiles launchers.”

She screamed at her troop “MOVE!” she grabbed Dalla and pulled the Wildling with her as she turned the corner and ran. Val followed with Jaqen close behind. Two others followed Zhao with the rest splitting back the other direction. A huge explosion occurred just where they had been. Even having run around the corner the concussive force and loud shockwave still stunned Val. The sound of concrete fragments flying around with deadly force was clear. They heard bullets flying past them with loud zips. They hurried into an entryway for cover.

Zhao and Jaqen jerked the heads out and back. Zhao was back on her microphone. “We need support damnit! We are on the west side of the main administration building. A force of armored HUMVEEs are approaching our position. We are pinned down. We need Apache support damnit! Where the fuck are they!”

Val was staring out at the open expanse before them. Red streaks were flashing by. She had learned from the military channel that every eighth round was a tracer round to allow the gunner to track the rounds being fired and walk their fire onto their target. The sound of large slugs hitting the walls all along the building near their hideaway. They could hear the vehicles advancing. They were running out of time.

With no warning streaks of fiery light went from left to right flashing forward towards the advancing vehicles. There was two explosions. One much louder than the other. A wicked looking helicopter appeared in front of them hovering thirty feet off the ground. It had stubby wings with hellfire missile launchers on the wings. A 30mm cannon on a sling on the front of the helicopter started barking firing rounds at the advancing vehicles. The helicopter fired off another Hellfire missile that flashed towards the vehicles. Two more massive explosions occurred.

Suddenly white flares fired off from the engine cowling of the Apache in beautiful white arcs. The Apache attack helicopter flew straight up in a violent jerk and banked off to the left gaining altitude. A SA-25 Verba flashed past drawn off by the flares. The missile hit a tree obliterating it. The amount of fire coming at them had definitely lessened.

Everyone peaked out to see. Five of the vehicles had either been destroyed or made unable to move. Unfortunately, the survivors were being joined by another force of seven or eight vehicles. From above and behind the vehicles another Zeltrain Apache appeared and fired its cannon at the
vehicles causing two to erupt in bright loud explosions. The helicopter juked down behind a building when a SA-25 Verba went flashing by it.

The vehicles continued to advance. A group of men had joined the vehicles from a building beside their advance. They had several heavy machine guns that added to the firepower. Val looked around. They were pinned and the enemy was closing in on them. She saw Jaqen point out in the darkness to the left behind them. Her blood ran cold.

Seven apparitions from hell were approaching. It was more snake men. They were still several hundred yards out. These had no cloaks to hide the monstrosity of their being. They were roughly twelve feet long with between four and five feet of the front of the snake bodies lifted up vertical. They snakes had short arms and triangular heads with slits for noses and bulging eyes that had slit irises. Their angled heads had wide mouths from ear hole to ear hole. Their long tongues flicking. The foul creatures moving fast with an undulating movement letting their belly scales grip the grass and dirt to move forward. The beasts had four short stubby legs on the rear half of their body with long hooked claws that helped propel the beasts forward.

They each were armed with small bows with quivers on their backs. Their white bodies glowing in the firelight. The foul beasts released their bowstrings. The small white arrows shooting off bowstrings towards Val and her companions. The man and woman with Zhao were hit. The arrows penetrating their bodies and shooting out their back and side to half imbed into the wall. The woman had had her eye penetrated the arrow slamming out the back of her skull. She simply fell straight down dead. The man took his through his upper chest and out his ribs. He staggered back. He started to scream with bloody foam coming out his mouth.

The other arrows barely missed their mark burying deep in the stone walls. One had whistled by Dalla’s head and pegged some of her long hair to the building. The creatures pulled more arrows from their quivers and brought their bows up. They had come twenty yards closer.

One of the snake men body’s exploded with 30mm shells from a returned Zeltrain Apache attack helicopter. The snake man’s body ripped apart white blood splashing everywhere around the destroyed body. The other snake men scattered. Their bodies twisting and jerking moving fast as the chain cannon chased them with 30mm slugs ripping up grass and pavement. One shell hit a snake in the ribs ¾ of the way down its body. Ribs and viscera exploded out with a geyser of blood. The monster was wounded but quickly slithered off moving to avoid further rounds of death from the attack helicopter.

The helicopter fired its cannon and then it let loose a Hellfire missile. The missile traveling the short distance and detonating. The missile obliterating another snake man. One moment it was their and the next it exploded into white blood mist, bone fragments and viscera spray. The helicopter’s 30mm chain gun chopped another snake man apart.

The surviving snake men fired their bows at the Apache. Their arrows flashing up. Two hit the engine cowling. The engine immediately went down losing all power as the arrows penetrated metal and the engine block. The helicopter on reduced power autorotated its blades and staggered off.

Val saw Jaqen and Zhao by some unspoken command aimed their rifles at the nearest snake man again aiming at them with his bow and arrow. The two fired their weapons on full auto emptying their clips at the snake man. The creature moved with lightning reflexes dodging bullets but there was too many bullets coming its way. Bullets stuck up and down its upraised body and along its bulk on the ground. It screamed in agony and then its head exploded with repeated bullet strikes. Its upper body fell forward and landed on its face dropping its bow. It did not move.

That could not be said of the remaining snake men. They jerked forward though the wounded one
was moving slow and obviously gasping in pain. Then Val cried out in horror there more snake men had appeared slithering out of the darkness. They were just coming into range and let loose as did the two closer snake men. Everyone had hidden behind the ledge and portal of the entry way. The arrows missed but the snake men were rapidly coming closer. There were too many.

Zhao threw her rifle down it was out of ammo. She pulled out her pistol. Jaqen slammed his last clip into his rifle and pulled the bolt back. The snake men hissed in triumph slithering faster sensing victory. The snake men pulling their bows back again. Jaqen fired but they avoided his bullets with their wicked fast juking of their bodies. The three women fired their pistols but it was not enough. The snake men maneuvered their bodies to get more open shots at their foes.

Without warning a sound like fabric being ripped in half was loud in the air. Red tracers filled the air. The air thick with tracers and bullets. The cloud of bullets hit the two rear most snake men and literally tore them apart. The spray of bullets unerring tracking the snake men and hitting them full one. Val and Dalla looked to the direction of the bullets and gaped.

It was Candice with a six barreled 7.62mm Gatling machine gun strapped to her body in a full body harness. A large rounded box of ammo magazines on each side of the Terminator. She walked forward as she fired; her aim true no bullets missing their target. She cut three more snake men down with her Gatling gun. The other snake men turned to the new threat. They fired their arrows but in their haste their aim was not as accurate. Candice dodged with a head juke the one that went by her ear.

Her guns ran empty. She hit a button and the harness snapped apart and slide off her body. It was only then that Val saw the two AR-15 strapped to her back. Candice dove to the ground and rolled. When she came up she had both rifles gripped by the trigger with her arms fully extended. Candice fired her rifles at the last of the four snake men closet to her. It dodged the bullets but her aim was simply to true. Bullets ripped into its body. Candice continued to advance. She killed the snake man in a hail of bullets. The wounded snake man was cut down next.

The last two unwounded snake men had hesitated wanting to attack their prey but decided they had to meet this new attack.

Candice had used up her ammo. She advanced calmly. The snake men shot their arrows at Candice. With little flicks of her wrists she knocked the arrows from the sky and to the ground with her empty rifles. The snake men hissed in fear firing off more arrows but Candice easily knocked them aside with her rifles. She was upon the wounded snake man. Faster than the eye could follow Candice snapped her arms apart and then together her rifles slamming into each other as they met at the first snake man’s skull. His skull exploded into pulped bone and brain splattering all over Candice.

She dropped her guns and gripped the convulsing snake man before his body could drop down dead. She gripped its body holding it up and used it as a shield its body taking the arrows of its brother. The arrows penetrated the dead snake man’s body but the body took enough of the momentum of the arrow to let the body armor and ceramic tiles Candice was wearing to stop the arrows from penetrating her body. She was upon the last surviving snake man.

Candice threw the dead snake man at it. It hit the last surviving snake man. It knocked the dead body aside with its bow and then lunged its face at Terminator to sink its razor sharp teeth into her face. It started to spit venom. The fist precisely blocked the venom spray. The mouth of the snake man was impacted by Candice’s Kevlar incased fist that shattered its teeth and slammed into its throat and punched out the back of the snake man’s head. It convulsed in a wild jerking death dance.

Candice casually shook it off her fist and ran to join Zhao, Jaqen, Dalla and Val.
“What are you doing out in the open!” Jaqen stormed at the black Terminator. “I told you that they had snipers with 50 caliber sniper rifles waiting for you!”

Candice cocked an eyebrow. “Stop your bitching dude. It’s all cool. You’re acting like your PMSing.”

“You could have been killed!”

“If you don’t control your bleating I will stuff a tampon in your mouth” she told the Faceless Man calmly. “Missandei installed four Boomerang audio antenna on SUV of the Ghostmaker and the Zeltrain’s used their trophy systems to locate the firing of the 50 cal sniper rifles. When we began the assault they joined in the defense of the campus. Over the last thirty minutes we took out seven positions after they revealed themselves. That was the number you gave me.”

“But there could have more!”

“The Great Karnack asks what goes splat?”

Jaqen looked confused but after a moment asked “What?”

“My enemies. We have been at war on this campus for forty minutes. The Scions of Tabrok are breaking and fleeing. It was a risk but I calculated it was worth it. You needed my aid. The battle is won. You killed many of their leaders and we have culled their followers. They are reduced. We will prosecute further, Cameron and I, along with our wives. In this world you can’t thrive without money and electronic assets. The have reduced them and they are fleeing off the Internet but we will continue to hunt them.”

Val had to ask. “Why did you save me?! I caused this!”

Candice acted surprised her head drawing back and a confused look on her face. “How do you mean?”

“If I had stayed with our new lady loves we would not have been ambushed and captured.”

“Non sequitur. Your conclusion does not match the datum points” Candice replied in a machine like tone.

“How so?” Val angrily returned back. She was guilty.

“The Scions of Tabrok needed to kill you tonight according to their prophecies. Only on this night are the outer planets perfectly aligned. You two had to be sacrificed tonight. I am surprised they waited so long to abduct you. Evidently, it was prophesized that you would have a mighty Golem defending you. That would be me. Thus, the need for them to have 50 cal sniper rifles. They did not want to give me time to react.”

“If you had not left Handolla Zhaadaq, Zorrasa Rhaaxo and Naelanla Aerinarys they would have attacked their flat to get you. They had to fulfill their prophecy. Thus, your new loves would have been killed. You saved them actually.”

Val was nonplussed at that.

“Life is weird and full of distortions and schisms Val. I should have seen this coming. I was too focused on just me, my wife, my sister and mother. I have other responsibilities now. Still, even knowing of such dangers it is hard. I think people both underestimate and overestimate what Cameron and I can achieve. There is simply too much data in the world. I can harvest much of it
but finding the patterns is still next to impossible.”

“In Zeltran they have a holy book written many millennium ago. Some say they can tell you future and when events happen they point to this page or that to prove it. They always do this. After the fact!”

“I am crushing this temple. I and Cameron will persecute them relentlessly for attacking those I love.”

Val jolted. She saw it in Dalla’s eyes. Love!

“I love you with agape love.”

Shit! Val and Dalla wanted Eros love! They pouted.

Candice saw it. “I and Shireen must bring my mother and sister into the fold. Then we shall see.”

Dalla looked at Val with confusion. Sometimes Candice spoke out of both sides of her mouth.

Slowly the battle died down as the defeated cult now fled down the desolate rural roads seeking safety. They would lick their wounds. They were defeated but they were not gone. They would learn and adapt.

Val was waking up the next morning. She was feeling much better about herself and life. After the battle had been won Jaqen had come up to them. It was still weird to the max to see the man with a totally different face. He explained that he had left them because he had realized when he met them they were the sacrifice that M8 had seen the Scions of Tabrok had been excited about. It had not truly concerned M8 much. The world was full of cults seeking sacrifices.

Seeing they were the sacrifice he had to act. The leaders of M8 did not believe in dark magic but he did. He had seen too much of it. He had to save them. He had then departed them so he could save them. He explained that he worked best alone. He would be in contact with Candice when needed.

The changed Jaqen H’ghar looked at them.

“Valar Morghulis” he told them. He was then gone into the dark like an apparition.

Then Candice had further consoled Val. She explained that if not for Jaqen she would have charged into the compound in Terminator mode. She would not have realized that they had prepared weaponry capable of killing or at the least devastating her body. One could not account for all of the variables. She had adjusted her plan and brought in resources at her disposal.

“Life is full of shit Val. One cannot tell when it will dump a deuce on you. All you can do is shower and proceed on. We must have each other’s backs. I am not saying I am a zombie or anything. I’m just saying” she said with a smile.

Candice was weird but a lovable weird.

Dalla asked Candice if she knew what “Valar Morghulis” meant. She explained that Jaqen had told them that before he disappeared.

Candice shook her head considering. “You are in luck. He still feels he is in your debt.” Candice then explained what the words meant to the Faceless Men.
The sisters felt lucky. They had a very powerful man looking out for them.

They all caught a ride with Zhao back into Oldtown. They were dropped off at their flat. They went down three doors and entered the all night dinner. They were famished.

When they got home they were exhausted. Dalla tried to rouse Val for some loving but the night had drained Val. Dalla pouted a little but understood. They both fell into a deep sleep within five minutes holding each other close.

Val reached out and got her Smartphone. It was eleven in the morning. Dalla was not in the bed. She sighed and sat up. She still felt tired but was thankful that she and Dalla were still alive.

The bedroom door half closed was pushed open. Val smiled.

In walked a naked gaggle of beautiful teenagers and Dalla trailing. Xorata Dosa and Jondorra Saasan walked in with big smiles on their faces looking at a naked Val. Eleanah Shield was literally vibrating with excitement. A laughing Rana Clarick burst past them and landed on the bed ripping the sheet back off Val’s lower body. with a laugh Rana shoved Val back onto the bed. She landed with an umphf. Rana buried her face in Val’s cunt lapping hungrily. Her brunette hair fanned out over Val’s pale legs.

“Unngggggg! Oohhhhh fuck yeahhhhhh!” Val groaned feeling Rana now sucking rhythmically on her clit sending pulses of ecstasy throughout her body. Val watched the two Summer Islander teenagers crawl up on the bed and half lie on Val’s side and legs. They lowered their dark black faces to her tits and shoved nipples deep into their mouths. Fierce pleasure flooded out into her body from her hot sucked nipples and clit.

Dalla laid down on the bed beside Val and Eleanah mounted her face and started to ride her sister’s face while cawing her pleasure.

Val smiled as her body was fucked and consumed. Love was again restoring her. She was indeed lucky.
The warm water soaked into Sarah’s pours relaxing her. It had been a week since her nightmare had ended. A Week since she had found her way to the love of her life. Cameron Phillips. Her body was slowly recovering from the ordeal she had lived through. She still shivered and blanched remembering her denial of Cameron in her moment of need. She still had nightmares of that day.

Her nightmares chased away by Cameron who gently woke her up with soft kisses to Sarah’s cheeks and lips. Enfolded in Cameron’s arms Sarah awoke up to the solid warmth of her lover’s arms and legs wrapped around her in a cocoon of surcease and love. Cameron woke Sarah the moment she sensed Sarah had fallen into bad dreams. Slowly, Sarah felt the nightmares lessening. She had been forgiven.

Sarah purred feeling the warm water on her skin. She was still weak as a kitten. Her strength was only a ghost of what it had been. She had always kept her body in tip top shape she liked to say. She was now weak as a kitten.

A smile crossed the scientist’s face. Of course her sweet Cameron had phrased it differently. Sarah had gotten up the first day after their reconciliation and walked half way to the bathroom when her legs gave out. She started to topple when her Cameron was there scooping her up and effortlessly carrying Sarah to the bathroom. Sara had complained that she did not need the help; her injured pride making her grouse.

“Sarah! You are as weak as a newborn joey Wallaby! Let me carry you to the bathroom.”

In the past Sarah would have been humiliated but she knew she had fallen far. Plus, having Cameron carry her all snuggled to her body had its perks. Sarah was too weak to feel excitement but the feel of Cameron’s braless breast underneath her cheek was heavenly. Sarah snuggled in rubbing her cheek against the warm breast. Soon she would be sucking these little doves down her throat she thought evilly. She was just so weak! She was curious though.

“Wallaby?”

“Yes. A Wallaby is smaller than a Kangaroo. When their young are born they are hairless, blind and deaf with barely formed limbs. They have to crawl from the birth canal up to and into the mother’s pouch to find and suckle to a teat. That is your state of weakness.”

Sarah had been about to correct Cameron’s idiom mangling but when she explained her logic it made all the sense in the world. Sarah had decided that from that moment forward she would just love their cuteness.

Cameron had washed her with the ultimate care. Her touch loving and gentle. And decidedly not sexual! Did she not want her anymore?! Had she decided to love Sarah as only a sister? That was horrible to contemplate.

She had turned her head with rising panic. Cameron saw the look and was confused for only for a moment before she deduced Sarah’s distress
“Sarah. My sweet Sarah. I want you something fierce. My whole id aches to make love to you. You are too weak now to show any of my adore for you. Even then I do not want us to make love till you are fully recovered. I want you at full strength.”

“But why? We can take it slow can’t we? That will take too long!” Sara whined at the heinous thought of having to wait such a long time. Sara wanted, no needed, to express her deep abiding love for her Terminator.

“No. I do not want ‘slowly’ with you Sarah. I want to feel my body explode. I had thought I was unique but Candice is the same. When we cum we cum hard Sarah. I mean really hard. Each contraction is horrific by human standards. Our whole body spasms as every muscle contracts at maximum human level. Our bodies are designed to give humans maximum pleasure by ourselves craving the pleasure of orgasm immensely. With our AI intellect we have somehow rewired the Terminators bodies to simply explode in orgasm. Candice and I feel like our wombs are literally twisting into knots deep in our bellies. We feel like an alien is ripping out our bodies in some gods awful B science fiction movie.”

Sarah had started at that but then again realized Cameron had again explained it perfectly. The pleasure was that extreme.

“Candice reports to me that her orgasms with Shireen are only growing more intense. The orgasms longer and orgasmic throes more powerful. The roll over them like sets of stormy waves crashing ashore. There are short breaks between the sets. Just long enough to let her to recover so the next wave of six or seven massive orgasmic contracts can fully rip her womb out her cunt. Again and again she is pummeled horribly by her full body convulsive orgasms.”

Sarah stared wide eyed at that wonderful description of orgasm. Her pupils dilated her nipples erect and pussy wet. She was just so weak! Damnit!

“Candice was built after me. She has modifications I do not. She is having the modules I am missing manufactured for me. They are near ready but you are not. So I wait. One of her modification is her ability to morph her fingernails into various shapes and lengths to perform various functions.” The Terminator looked on Sarah with clear longing.

“Candice has found a most unique use for this ability. She has devised a way to make her fingernails into long hair follicle thin hypodermic needles. With this modification we Terminators can flood our love’s body with our nanoboytes. I will do this during your orgasms. I will slam all ten of nails deep into your body marking you as mine as I give you undreamed of pleasure. Shireen, Candice’s wife, cums as hard as Candice. Some of their orgasms now last nearly three minutes. A few have been of greater duration. Their bodies are pummeled with the fiercest of pleasures known to the human psyche. Candice hopes for a thirty percent increase is still possible in their orgasms. Those will soon be our orgasms.”

Cameron had looked at Sarah then with her eyes flaring bright blues. Then the look was gone and she suddenly looked small and frightened.

“Th th th that is if you want my nanoboytes in your bloodstream. I will unde—“

Sarah had reached up and pushed her left hand index finger to Cameron’s lips and put her right arm on the edge of the tub her forearm exposed.

“I want you to stick me hard and deep Cameron. I would be honored and would love to have a part of you in me.” Sarah had smirked then. “What woman would not want to cum for over nearly three minutes?”
“Candice and I feel that four minutes is possible my sweet ladle of milk” the Terminator crooned to her human.

“Oohhhhh gods” Sarah weakly bleated trying to imagine such supreme pleasure.

Cameron had smiled at her brilliantly and kissed her sweetly on the lips.

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It was three days later and they were in a different hotel. They had moved into a long term hotel. The rooms were larger and this one had a living room area beside the bedroom. The suite also had a kitchen.

When Sarah had asked Cameron why the change the answer had made her hiccup.

“We are to be married soon Sarah. I crave—no, I need what Candice has. I want to married to you desperately. After we consummate our love we will wed.”

Sarah had wept softly at that simple declaration. Cameron had taken her in her arms and hugged the still weak woman.

“I want to take care of you like Candice does Shireen. She cooks and keeps their apartment spotless for her Shireen.”

“Cameron” Sarah got Cameron’s attention. “This the twenty-seventh century. I believe in total equality. I do not need you to wait on me hand and foot.

“I do not think of it like that Sarah. I need to take care of you totally. I am renting this suite so I can learn to cook for you. I have bought a vacuum cleaner at Walmart last night when you were asleep. I want to keep your domicile spotless for you. I look forward to it. I crave it. I long to be domesticated like a prized heifer in a corral. You can brand my ass anytime!” Cameron had finished excitedly.

Sarah had snorted at the humor of Cameron’s choice of words. When it was put like that Sarah could not argue she guessed. To be pampered and loved like that would be so intoxicating. She just had to prove herself worthy of that kind of devotion.

It was approaching the evening meal time. Cameron had asked Sarah earlier this morning what she wanted as their first official meal together as a true couple. For Cameron, her cooking and accepting the duties of the dutiful wife made them a true couple. Sarah had come to accept this desire of Cameron.

Sarah had thought about it and told Cameron how her father used to make a really tasty spaghetti sauce. Cameron had asked how it tasted and if she knew of the spices. She had helped her father make the sauce many times and with her eidetic memory Sarah recalled it easily and told Cameron the ingredients.

Like she was accepting the secrets to the universe Cameron listened with rapt attention “Right, right … okay … okay … right … got it” Cameron spoke with total focus. Sarah thought it so cute and human how Cameron acted like her memory was not computer perfect.

She had rushed out to get the ingredients for the spaghetti sauce, a tossed salad, the spaghetti and what was needed to make garlic bread. An hour later Cameron was back humming and cheesing getting ready to make her first meal for her “woman” the told Sarah. Cameron stripped naked and pulled out of a grocery page a cook’s apron that said “Cameron’s Kitchen” with below that
hanging rack full of cooking utensils was pictured. The second line of writing said “Seasoned with Love”.

Sarah had two reactions. One was a flush of pure love like the poets wrote of. She felt another love too.

The sight of so much of Cameron’s skin hit Sarah in her core. She felt a flush run through her body. She felt desire! Her nipples perked up and started to pulse. Her nipples crinkly when engorged. Her pussy swelled and she felt wetness between her legs. She stifled a moan. Normally, Cameron would have noticed her arousal but Sarah saw that Cameron had her total focus on starting the meal for Sarah.

The early afternoon was spent with Cameron making the spaghetti sauce for the meal to come. Sarah found it amusing watching Cameron weighing ingredients in the palm of her hand. Her tongue sticking out the corner of Cameron’s mouth. She needed no measuring spoons. It was beyond cute watching Cameron removing or adding chunks of diced onions or peppers to her palm she used as a measuring balance. The way she measured the small grains of spices and salt so funny to watch. The terminator adding and removing the ingredients to get the amounts exactly correct. When Sarah had told the Terminator that ‘close enough was good enough” Sarah had thought Cameron might go offline.

Cameron had clutched her heart. “No! The recipe is precise thus I must be precise. It is imperative that your meals are perfect!”

“Cameron anything made by you will be wonderful sweetheart.”

A warm flush went through Sarah seeing Cameron’s eyes pulse light blue with red sparkles. Sarah was learning that Cameron was feeling intense emotions when her eyes sparked thus. Sarah loved knowing that such emotions so easily came to her sweet oh so human Terminator.

“Thank you my love, but, I must make your food a wonderful repast. The way to a woman’s heart is through her digestive track.”

Sarah had relaxed thinking on her returning libido. Cameron wanted to wait to make their initial coupling special. The way Sarah thought it, their first time of normal sex would be spectacular and then the “Terminator Sex” would be mind blowing in and of itself. Sort of a twofer Sarah rationalized greedily.

The whole afternoon Sarah had felt her lust building seeing Cameron’s ass twitching and flexing as she moved around unconscious of her near nudity. Sarah was sure that the Terminator had never learned to be embarrassed of her body. Sarah’s throbbing eyes were thankful. The edges of Cameron’s small beast swishing along the edges of the apron. Her small beasts slightly tenting the apron.

The constant motions had allowed Sarah to determine that Cameron’s breast where about the same size as hers. Where Cameron’s breast where high and firm Sarah’s breast were softer and more pear shaped. Sarah had sadly commented on this the second time Cameron had washed her.

“Are you freaking Suicide Squad!” Cameron had exclaimed incredulous. “Those tits will feel so good in my hands as I pulp them out my fists and wolf suck on your swollen bursting nipples. While at SAC I snooped on your Internet browsing. I saw your perusing domination lesbian sites and gonzo vids that showed women being dominated by their partners. I know what you like my Smarties Sweet Tart. I will suck you nipples down my throat Sarah as I pulp your tits. Your tits are perfect! They are all mine! I will give you the rough sex you crave after we have consummated our
love. I want our first times sweet. Intense but sweet."

Cameron said the sweetest things!

In a cushioned chair, Sarah relaxed watching Cameron intently prepare the spaghetti sauce. Often squatting down (making her ass jut out nicely) to eye the bubbling sauce up close with a squint eye. She would stir in precise circles working always left to right.

The sauce was done by four o’clock and they watched women’s golf. Sarah loved watching women compete. She noticed Cameron eyeing her suspiciously with obvious jealousy. Sarah was not trying to make Cameron jealous but she did make sure to eye Michelle Wei closely.

With a jump so fast Sarah barely registered it, Cameron was on her feet.

“I would slaughter that slut on the golf course. She sucks! I would outscore her by twenty strokes. They all suck! I will crush them all with my drivers and woods. I will bomb them with my irons. I will throttle them with my putter!”

“I know you will baby” Sarah cooed to her soon to be lover. She spent several minutes calming Cameron down. “You will always score eagle with me baby” Sarah assured her distraught Terminator.

Cameron softened and leaned into Sarah’s embrace. “You always know what to say Sarah” Cameron told Sarah earnestly.

Crises averted Sarah relaxed. “I am going to take a bath to get ready for dinner. Okay?”

Cameron had asked if she needed assistance and Sarah told her no. She was getting stronger. Cameron had gnawed her lip. She wanted to see Sarah naked! Which warmed Sarah. When Sarah was almost at the door she deliberately tripped.

Cameron was there in a flash lifting her up and taking her into the bathroom.

“I knew you needed my assistance Sarah” Cameron chided her softly.

“You are right baby. Can you help me get off my sweats and undergarments?” Sarah felt so good seeing Cameron’s eyes flash blue and the Terminator lick her lips unconsciously. She helped Sarah gently get out of her clothes with a gentle loving touch. A touch that excited the recovering woman. She was still weak as a Wallaby but she was all woman. Cameron’s touch had her nipples rock hard and her pussy wet and red her inner lips bloomed out her slit. Sarah had shaved bald last night. Her cunt and buttock on full display for her Terminator.

“I ha-havveee to cl-cl-cl (whir click click) get b-b-b-back-k-k-k to cooking your dinner Sarah-h-h.” Cameron spoke in a small squeak as she retreated staring with lust addled eyes at Sarah. She then turned to leave. She slammed into the door frame shattering it into splinters.

“You did not see that!” the Terminator barked out. Cameron ran into the living quarters from the doorway. Sarah heard the vacuum fired up. Her sweetie was back as Sarah got in the steaming hot water she had put bubble bath into. She smiled seeing Cameron’s arms jerk so fast it gave Sarah’s neck whiplash. Cameron would whip the vacuum cleaner back and forth and in a flash bend down to pick up large pieces of wood and throw in the small trash can in the bathroom with perfect aim.

In little over a minute all the wood was picked up. Cameron looked at the damage. “I will order the items to repair it tonight at Lowes website. Home Depot sucks. I will initiate repairs tomorrow. It will be better than ever! Remove this debacle from your database.” Then she was gone to resume
cooking Sarah’s dinner.

With a soft chuckle Sarah reflected on how cute her Terminator was. She was also loving and gentle with Sarah. It made Sarah feel warm inside. In fact that warmth had definitely turned hotter. Sarah used her hands to wash herself to let her hands squeeze and roll her soft pear breast and stroke and press into her pussy that was swollen and so fucking wet with something other than water. Her lips oily feeling with her flowing juices.

Sarah smiled. She was still weak but she was recovering. She considered for a moment. Relationships were about give and take. Lovers worked to get their way. The tub had a large sitting area at the back. Sarah hosted herself out of the water and sat down on the ledge. She cupped and rolled her swollen tits and pinched her hard nipples all dark brown and rubbery. She stroked her cunt and felt her body fold forward with primal want her cunt gushing fuck juice soaking her mound and inner thighs. Her pussy filled the room with her sensual musk.

“Oh Cameron … could you come in here for a quick moment please?”

“Oh Cameron … could you come in here for a quick moment please?”

“Okay! I can spare a moment.” Sarah waited impatiently.

Then the almost closed door opened. Cameron started to speak but her mouth had fallen open. Her eyes shocked wide open staring at Sarah.

“Come to me Cameron. Come to me and suck my swollen aching cunt honey. I need to feel you loving me … I love you so much.”

Cameron made several clicks “I wanted us to wait … I need you at full strength for what I have planned—“

“I know baby … but think on this … (Sarah started to squeeze her tits making them bulge out her throttling fists her nipples flaring) arruunnggg hhnngg hhnnggg … I need to feel your tongue deep in me baby … we can do it normal baby and then the supernova stuff later … unnggg hhhnnn mmmnnnggg … fuck meehee Cameron!”

With wildly shaking fingers Cameron reached behind her head and untied the knot holding her cooking apron on her lissome body. The garment fell away and dropped to the floor. Sarah moaned hard seeing Cameron’s nipples diamond hard and her pussy so wet and swollen.

“Aauuurrrrrrrgggg!” Sarah cried out with a loud guttural moan smelling Cameron’s excited pussy. Her musk hit her like a speeding locomotive. The smell of a woman’s excited pussy like an aphrodisiac. Never had the scent of a man touched her like this. Her body was on fire.

“Come to me. Get in the tub and bury your face in my dripping wet pussy Cameron. You know you want to eat me out so bad—don’t you baby?”

Cameron eyes were flashing red now. “I want you Sarah. I will suck you off so fucking good.” She walked towards Sarah with raw fuck hunger in her eyes.

Sarah sniffed. She looked out the open door. Was that a cloud of … smoke?

“Cameron. I thinks something is on fire.”

The Terminator’s glazed eyes immediately focused. “Oh no! I forgot about the garlic bread!” In a lightning fast twirl and dash she was gone.

Sarah got out of the tub and walked out the bathroom. Being around Cameron she had lost her
inhibition of being naked. She liked it.

Cameron was running around the kitchen in a tizzy. She had a towel she was flapping desperately ripping open the convection oven door. More smoke boiled out. The smoke alarm started to scream. Sarah watched Cameron reach in and pull out the tin dish holding the garlic bread. She threw it down on the counter. “Fuck that is hot!” She ran to underneath the smoke alarm and looked up at it and opened her mouth. She emitted a high pitched scream that made the smoke alarm explode. The screaming ceased.

“They needed a new one anyways” Cameron said offhandedly.

She buzzed around the kitchen. “This sucks! I lost track of my chronometer. Your body is so hot Sarah. Your beauty is burned into my photo sensor arrays! I lost track of the space time continuum. I think Einstein had you in mind when he came up with his theories of relativity.”

Sarah watched an excited Cameron flap her dishtowel. She went to the window and twisted off the lock. The drapes were ripped back. She opened the window.

“I will install better locks. I leave the situation better than I found it.”

Sarah had loved seeing Cameron get everything under control in the nude. Then Cameron discovered her spaghetti had congealed in the colander with the long wait.

“Fuck!” She had jumped up and down in her agitation. “No fucking way!” Sarah had certainly enjoyed seeing Cameron’s tits whiplash on her chest and her ass cheeks work.

Sarah had gone back in the bathroom to get towels and dried her hair and body. She was patient. She waited for Cameron to cook more spaghetti and finish the garlic bread and pull it out of the oven. Cameron had closed the window and closed the drapes having gotten all the smoke out of the suite.

Sarah sat on the back of the sofa and spread her legs. Her excitement had her nipples erect again and her pussy wet. She pulled her pussy open with her fingers.

“Cameron” she softly husked to Cameron’s back.

The Terminator turned around and froze. She was just calming down from her misadventure. Sarah saw Cameron instantly shake hard as her libido raged and a maelstrom of need swept through her body. Sarah was so fucking hot to the Terminator! Sarah had hooked her slit and pulled her wet cunt wide open for Cameron. Sarah watched her as Cameron vision zoomed in on the wet open cunt clutching before her eyes. The wet hole all dark red and filled with fuck juice and pulsing inner folds. Cameron’s body was on fire. Her mouth bone dry.

She staggered back. Her back hitting the trey holding the garlic bread on the ledge of the sink. The garlic bread dumped into the dishwater.

“NOOOOooooo!” Cameron shrieked turning around. “Not again! NO NO no no no!” the Terminator whined jumping up and down throwing a temper tantrum.

Sarah got up from the sofa. She went over to her frustrated lover to calm her down. Dinner could wait.

Sarah found out that that thought was mistaken. It was Sarah who became frustrated. Cameron had now become totally focused on her mission to produce the perfect first meal for Sarah. Sarah was at turns aggressive and coy but Cameron would have none of it. The Terminator told her “it has gotten
personal now!” She was not to be sidetracked anymore. Cameron had used a spatula to keep Sarah at bay.

“No. The fates have made it clear to me with these culinary mishaps. We are to wait until you are fully recovered before we boink. Please Sarah. Respect my wishes.”

That one little phrase had taken the air out of Sarah’s sails of seduction. The scientist had to respect Cameron’s wishes. She had acted so poorly in the past and still Cameron loved her with a single minded focus that was straight out of Bollywood and their cheesy cliché ridden romantic films. Cameron was those films giving flesh.

Sarah had had to control her desires. She had been frustrated but that was good in a way she supposed. She really would go off like a supernova when Cameron went down on her; nanoboytes or not.

Dinner was most excellent though.

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It was four days later. Sarah was feeling much better. She had been unsettled at first with how slow her body was recovering but she now felt her strength recovering fast now. Cameron was making her simply out of this world meals. She made sure Sarah was eating plenty of fresh vegetables and fruit. The Terminator made Sarah delicious dinners with excellent prepared meats of fish, poultry and lean steaks.

The next day Sarah had made overtures to Cameron while cooking which Cameron rebuffed with her spatula. Sarah had tried to sneak up on the Terminator but Cameron was totally focused on Sarah now. She had made Sarah start wearing clothing as she did as well. Sarah had whined but Cameron had been adamant.

“Oh Sarah! I will have no more conflagrations. Outside of the bedroom I mean. Combustion between the sheets is totally acceptable; even desirable.”

“But I want to!” Sarah whined. “Stop being a fucking prude damnit! I want to fuck you!” Sarah cried out in frustration.

Cameron shook her head no. “The fates have made it clear to me. We will not fuck till you are completely recovered and I have my modifications. Candice and Shireen have told me what is possible. I want your body to go runaway nuclear core melt down when I fuck you Sarah! I want the best! I want you to die from it when I suck you off for the first time! Your cunt WILL explode in my mouth!"

Sarah had been rendered speechless with such declarations. Cameron really knew how to make an orgasm sound spectacular.

Wallowing in her juices Sarah tried to control her raging libido. Her pussy sure had recovered! She was now doing calisthenics and doing running in place throwing her knees up high to hit her palms she held over her legs. She was still getting winded quickly and only did short sets but she was getting stronger every day now. Her strength returning quicker.

When Sarah looked in the mirror she liked what she saw. She was not a beautiful woman but her skin color was returning from the pasty pallor that had caste itself over features. Her hair seemed fuller and had a sheen again. Cameron told her that her hair was coming back in. She told Sarah that she would take care of it when they made love. Sarah had wondered what she meant by that.
Sarah focused on getting her endurance back and muscle tone back. She needed to get strong again so her Cameron would stop putting off them fucking! Sarah really wanted to fuck! Her libido had returned with a vengeance. With men sex had been a take it or leave it proposition. With Cameron she had not even made love to the woman and she was already going crazy for her.

She knew she had promised to wait but she did not have Terminator patience! *She had needs damnit!*

Sarah had paraded around the living room last night naked. Sarah felt growing confidence in her attractiveness seeing Cameron react so strongly to her body. Cameron could have chosen any woman and she had chosen Sarah. That had to mean she was attractive. Maybe she was beautiful. She asked Cameron to put on a cooking apron only. She had a special culinary delight for Cameron. The Terminator eyed Sarah suspiciously but went to her room and complied wearing a “hot stuff” apron. Her sweet tits swishing so invitingly. She had Cameron sit on the sofa.

Sarah did have a culinary delight for Cameron. *Her pussy!*

She had put on some sweet jazz on the radio Cameron had bought to listen to while cooking. All Cameron wore while cooking was a cute apron. The told Sarah she just had be strong. Cameron really liked cooking in her aprons. She used that desire now to get what she needed. *Cameron’s pussy!*

Sarah had come out of the bedroom nude and felt her body jolt seeing Cameron’s eyes devouring her. Sarah saw it. Cameron’s wall of resistance already filled with cracks.

Sarah had started to seduce Cameron with a sensual dance of swirling hips and a torso gyrating dance to make her titties swirl and flip.

Sarah had been making progress she felt when she saw a shiver run through Cameron’s body where Sarah had sat her on the sofa to start her dance of seduction. *Then it had all gone to shit!*

Cameron had had some fucking epiphany or something. She went into a damn monkey do no evil routine. The Terminator threw her arm over her eyes and used her hand to cup over left ear. Her other hand came up to cover her right ear. Cameron turned her body into the corner of the sofa and pressed in hiding all her damn charms! Cameron pulled her elbows tight to her body hiding her boobs and pussy! Cameron was sitting on her ass which of course hid it! *Sarah was not a happy camper!*

The recovering scientist had gotten up on the sofa and planted her feet. She had gripped Candice’s arms and jerked hard testing her returning strength. *Of course she failed!* Cameron was thirty pounds heavier than she looked and was a Terminator for crying out loud! Sarah pulled up on Cameron’s arms with all her strength not even budging the obstinate girl. *Sarah was pissed!*

“Damnit! Turn around and let me seduce you damnit! Cameron! … Stop this fucking childish bullshit! I want to! I want to fuck you!”

“La la la la la la la la!” Cameron started to chirp out loudly overriding Sarah’s attempts of verbal seduction.

“Give me your damn pussy woman!”

“La la la la la la la la!”

“DAMNIT!”
"La la la la la la la la la!"

Needless to say, Sarah got no pussy that night.

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It was morning two days later. Cameron had made sure the bedrooms they shared had twin beds. Sarah had at first accepted that but was really getting steamed at the situation now. She had tried to sneak out of her bed and get in Cameron’s bed to seduce her unawares but of course Terminator senses had precluded that.

Last night she had decided to do a more direct approach. This morning she had a receding goose egg on her forehead.

Last night Sarah had climbed up on the dresser. She was going to do a Batman routine and jump off the dresser and land on Cameron in her bed and ravish her.

“Sarah get down” Cameron had told her in the dim light the nightlight provided. Sarah needed the light to be able to sleep.

“I will not damnit! I am going to land on you my sweet and ravish you! Ben Affleck has nothing on my ass!” Sarah had crowed. She should have better surveyed the room. She had jumped off the dresser right into the spinning blades of the overhead fan set on slow spin.

The next thing she remembered Camron was putting cold compresses on the big contusion on her forehead as she laid back in her own bed. The wrong fucking bed! She realized.

“Blast you Sarah! For gods sakes woman. Calm your jet skis! We will be making love soon enough. You are fortunate you don’t have a concussion.”

“If you would just fuck me! I would not be lying here on death’s door Cameron” she told her obstinate Terminator.

“Wow Sarah! You have gone from a shrinking petunia to a braying jackass! It is quite the difference.”

Sarah had glared at Cameron. Her face was totally innocent. Sarah still had a sneaking suspicion that Cameron’s last idiom mangling had not been so innocent. She would have argued but her head really hurt.

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It was the next day. Cameron had announced that Sarah was well enough to travel again. They would head out so Cameron could get her upgrades from two emissaries that Candice would have delivering the parts.

With a happy skip in her step Sarah had packed. Finally, they were moving forward. She had a Terminator to ravish. They were on the road by eleven.

A half later they were pulling into a parking lot of the local large shopping mall that serviced this area. Sara was not happy about pulling off the road. They needed to get wherever they were going so Cameron could get her components. In Sara’s mind now, new components equated to fucking!

“Cameron! Come on girl. Let’s go woman. We have a destiny to fulfill!”
Cameron smiled at her. “I like seeing you horny and desperate for me Sarah. I now know what a horny toad looks like.”

Sarah had had to close her eyes. Sometimes Cameron’s compliments were, well … off putting.

“Why are we stopping?” Sarah whined.

We were going to Victoria’s Secrets. I want to purchase the nice frillies we will be wearing when we start to fuck. I will love taking them off that incredible hot bod of yours” Cameron had told her without any sexual innuendo.

Now we are talking Sarah thought to herself. She felt invigorated by Cameron’s love. She felt like a butterfly emerging from her chrysalis. With Cameron she felt she could be a new woman for her woman.

They entered the mall hand in hand. Both women smiling and flirting like teenagers. Cameron went straight to the lingerie store with her GPS coordinates already set.

Cameron was so excited putting up lacey bras and panties to Sarah’s body.

“Yes this green goes with your eyes.

“I love this light red for these panties. Your pussy gets so red when excited. You juices will make the gusset so dark … so enticing” Cameron’s voice had trailed off.

“I love this creamy color of this nightie. It compliments your hair.”

Sarah went and tried on the various items and ensembles. She invited Cameron in but she demurred. Blast her! Sara fumed. This demure Cameron was really putting a crimp in her panties!

She would come out of the room to show Cameron her ensembles. Cameron liked them all. Sarah fumed thinking Cameron must of had sub-routines running to prevent her from getting horny.

Sarah had put her clothes back on and came out of the changing room. Cameron was not in the hall. The negligees, bras and panties had been taken too.

Feeling a little lost without Cameron’s presence Sarah wondered back out into the store looking for her Terminator. She stood up on her tiptoes every five or six steps looking over racks and around cases. Where was she?

A blond appeared before Sarah startling her. The girl was obviously still a teenager of maybe eighteen or nineteen years of age. She had dark blue eyes and was wearing a tight blouse that showed off her ample charms. She had the classic hourglass figure.

“I have not seen you in here before. My name is Julia Ann. I will be more than happy to help you shop and show you our merchandise. Are you’re here to buy some lingerie for your man.” Sarah did not respond. “For your woman?” the girl sounded hopeful now.

Sarah smiled at her for an answer.

“Great! I’m a lesbian too. I think you would look great in peach and maybe a soft teal. You in a relationship? I just broke up with my girlfriend. She was a bitch. Always trying to tell me what to do.”

Sarah was looking around again for Cameron. The salesgirl was a regular chatter box. Sarah started
when the teenager gripped her wrist and pulled Sarah along behind her. *My this girl was bossy!*

“I like my girlfriends to be submissive. Are you submissive? Are you free? Let’s go clubbing tonight.”

“Uh … um, you see … I’m” Sarah was flustered at this forward teenager. She wanted away from her but did not want to cause a scene. *That was Cameron’s job!*

They were passing down an aisle with robes on one side and PJs and long night shirts on the other side.

Like an adder striking, a slender forearm slashed out of the robes on their left and gripped Sarah’s wrist where Julia Ann had gripped her hand. From between the robes a bent over Cameron came through rising up like Mata Hari slipping through her veils. Cameron immediately making direct contact with the sales clerk.

Julia Ann started at the apparition rising up before. Sarah was impressed with the teenager. Julia Ann stiffened and glared at Cameron.

“Who the fuck are you bitch?!” she barked at Cameron.

Sarah felt nervous. She studied Cameron who was studying Julia Ann calmly. There was no sparks of blue or red flaring in Cameron’s pupils giving her away. She was not using her immense strength but Sarah realized she would not with Julia Ann’s hand covering her wrist.

*“She is my woman” Cameron told Julia Ann calmly. Cameron appeared calm but Sara knew better. Sarah saw the tension in Cameron having learned to read the Terminator. She was hiding it well knowing she could not make a scene to draw attention to them. Sarah was impressed. She would be clawing the girl’s eyes out if she was hitting on Cameron so hard. *Cameron was hers!**

Slowly Cameron worked her fingers between Julia Ann’s hand and Sarah’s wrist. The girl was surprised but Cameron only used enough strength to move her hand off Sarah’s. She was showing strength but nothing beyond what a strong female human could produce.

“I work out every day” Cameron made a show of looking at the salesclerk’s name tag “Julia Ann. Sarah is mine. I do not appreciate you moving in on my fiancé.”

Sarah felt a rush of warmth pass through her body. The thought of being married to Cameron actually had Sarah feeling a little giddy!

Julia Ann assessed the situation. She turned to look at Sarah.

“This is the twenty-seventh century. You are not a piece of property Sara.”

“Cameron does not mean it as that Julia Ann. She is simply stating fact. I am indeed her woman. I belong to her and her to me.”

She snaked her arm around Cameron’s waist and the Terminator did likewise. They both smiled softly at Julia Ann.

The teenager appraised the situation yet again. She bowed her head slightly. She admitted the reality of the situation.

Cameron further diffused the situation by asking the girl to help them go through some further selections she had made. The teenage sales girl saw sales dollars and was glad to help. Greed was
always a soother of one’s distraught soul.

An hour later Cameron was carrying four bags full of lingerie, bras, panties, robes and camisoles out to their Accord. Sarah would have been embarrassed at all the exotic garments but knowing they made Cameron happy buying them and seeing Sarah in them was all Sarah needed to know.

“You did well in their Cameron. I would not have handled my jealousy so well.”

“I did not need to go in ‘Terminator’ mode. She backed off. Good for her. It really pissed me off!” Now flares of red sparks were blooming and fading in Cameron’s so beautiful dark brown eyes. This made Sarah feel good deep in her soul and in her core. Her pussy moist at Cameron’s show of emotion and possession of Sarah. Possession that Sarah craved.

A thought hit Sarah. “Were you ‘pissed off’ with me?”

The Terminator looked at Sarah with a perplexed look. “Why would I feel anger at you? You are so freaking hot! Of course women are throwing themselves at you. It is like lemmings throwing themselves off the cliffs of Lorath. They can’t help themselves.”

Again Sarah was touched by Cameron’s simple explanation of her feelings. They got in their vehicle after putting their selections in the trunk.

Sarah reached over and grabbed Cameron’s hand. She looked at Cameron showing the woman the love she felt for Cameron. The smile that Cameron returned to Sarah made the sun seem pale.

They hit the road and traveled off into the distance. They had a destiny to fulfill.
The smell of delicious food being prepared came to Sansa as she sat on the main sectional sofa in their living room. Margery was a better cook than Sansa. She would do in a pinch if all you needed was blandly cooked food that would fill an empty stomach. If you wanted food that made the tongue go oo-la-la then Margaery was the person to be cooking.

With her Tyrell heritage, Margaery was a master of spices and how to put in just the right amount and blend to make a dish simply divine on the pallet. Mouthwatering. Sansa got up to go to the opulent kitchen. It was really all unnecessary but one had to show one’s wealth. At times they had close business associates over for dinner and one had to put on the show.

Sansa stopped at the doorway to the kitchen. Margaery had her back to Sansa. Her delicious rump jutted out as the slender, fit woman was bent over at the waist looking in the oven at whatever she was preparing. Sansa’s mouth watered for another reason now. She had her eyes on a rump that was decidedly not culinary. Her appetites carnal in nature.

She shivered remembering the many times her face had been buried in the ass cleft she eyed hungrily. The times her face had been buried in that hot sweaty ass cleft tossing Margaery’s salad and driving her tongue deep up her hot tight spasming asshole. It was always heaven to Sansa to feel Margaery’s hungry shithole tightly pinching her tongue. A tongue she drove deep up her wife’s asshole.

How had she stopped doing that? How had she lost the desire for such hot nasty sex? Sex they had both thrived on. No wonder her sweet love had found comfort in another’s woman’s arms.

What was that old song? ‘Take a Letter Maria?’ The lyrics that stuck out for Sansa were “Was I wrong to work nights to try to build a good life; All work and no play has just cost me a wife.” Sansa had no intention of divorcing Margaery. She had been the one fucking up. It had been Sansa killing the marriage day by day. Margaery had begged for Sansa’s love but it had all been reserved for Stark Tyrell Pharmaceutical.

No more. Sansa had been slapped in the face with her own infidelity. Her love had been a balance sheet and profit/loss sheets. Her love not for a warm willing woman. Now her focus was back. Her love was for one beautiful woman. Margaery Tyrell. Not some soulless entity that was their company. A smirk came over her face. She would let Petyr Baelish give that love.

With Margaery back in the fold and fully committed to the company STP was thriving. Their love was thriving. Sansa felt her loins wet and aching but she controlled her primal urges.

She had something special planned.

The meal of course had been scrumptious. The Tyrosh dish spicy with a nice aftertaste. The two women made sure to discuss events other than business. They discussed the symphony they planned to go to tomorrow night. It would have Shubert’s Ninth C Major symphony with Richard Strauss Don Juan being the opening music score. They discussed the perfect weather in Highgarden that had the rose gardens running riot with color and sweet intoxicating perfumes of wild rose blossoms.
They had then gone to their separate bathrooms to bathe for the night. They were drawing closer but still not share a bathroom yet. Sansa had definite reasons for the delay. Seeing Margaery naked would crush her resolve. Her special plan dictated that Sansa be strong for a while longer.

After Sansa had washed her body and then worked her long auburn tresses with shampoo and conditioner. A wicked smile crossed Sansa’s beautiful perfect features. Her body itched with need and her fingers began to wander on her body.

Sansa masturbated in the shower and had to swallow her tongue as her fingers pleased her aching shaved cunt. Her right hand fingers plunging hard and deep into her tight pussy. The sounds of her oily cunt slurping on the hard pounding three digits battling the shower nozzle for dominance. Her bent knuckles rapping her mound hard sending delicious shocks to her clit. Her left hand went from tit to tit pulping her breasts. She plucked her rose colored nipples making her gag in helpless pleasure. Then her left hand moved down to fork and squeeze on her clit making it hammer her soul with hard pulses of fucking bliss.

Then she was coming wildly her body convulsing and slapping into the tile wall again and again as her tits swirled and flipped hard on her chest. Her face contorted with the primal bliss that only an orgasm can give a woman. She was groggy but needed more. She flipped her hand over and rubbed her g-spot furiously as her left hand whipped furiously right and left over her clit jutting out its sheath. It happened quick. Her womb had exploded pummeling her with fucking shockwaves of ecstasy. She screamed bloody murder this time her fingers hard slamming her spongy g-spot again and again with her angled fingertips.

She slumped into the wall crying tears of pure pleasure and aching desire for her Margaery. Her screams echoed in the shower stall reverberating in her eardrums. Her body slowly slumped down to the floor of the shower stall her head resting back on the wall. Sansa was gasping as the water pelted her skin. She remembered feasting on Margaery’s hot twat and drinking down her sweet creamy cum.

The sweet memories had Sansa moaning as her head lulled from side to side remembering feasting on sweet gash and sliding her long tongue deep into Margaery’s rectum licking avidly. Her mind replayed sweet strap-on fucks her dick sliding hard and fast into wet pussy and clenching butthole. The memories soon had Sansa’s engine revving hard again.

Her fingers again fucking her drooling heated core. Her left hand rubbed her slit hard and furious and then cupped her palm over cunt and rubbed furiously up and down on her swollen pussy. Her palm grinding and rolling her upper cunt with her desperate pumping left hand. Her right hand pounding her couchie that slurped and splattered cum droplets to be washed away by the pelting shower spray.

The redhead screamed as if being boiled in oil when her third and then quickly forth orgasm shattered her body and mind. The back of her head wallowing all over the tiles. Her face slashed and torn apart with agonizing pleasure. Her body convulsed as if electrocuted and then jammed back into the tiles her back wallowing on the slicked tiles. Again and again Sansa’s body convulsed hard with killing voltage of fucking searing bliss ripping her cunt inside out scalding her with womb rending ecstasy.

The shower spay pelting Sansa’s face. Then the next hammer blow of sheer ecstasy hammered the tall redhead making her shriek in agonizing pleasure. After five searing convulsions and a plethora of fast mini shocks she was spent. She now slumped down the wall and laid on her side convulsing wildly as her body shook and bucked with strong aftershocks. The hot water pelted her satiated body.
Finally, the fire in her core had been banked. She slowly rose up turning off the water and stepped out of the large shower stall. She dried off purring. Her pussy felt so good and her nipples still tingled. She had really needed that. She knew later tonight she would again be masturbating hot and heavy with some nice dildo action to fuck her needy asshole and plumb the depths of her hungry twat.

Sansa combed out and dried her hair. She put on a pair of panties and her long flannel night shirt. She was looking for comfortable. She went out to their setting room they had turned into a music listening room. The thick carpet and carefully placed wooden accents to help reflect the music back to the listeners. She went to the CD rack and perused what to listen to tonight. Maybe a Mozart opera? Beethoven’s Fidelio?

She heard Margaery enter the room. She turned to ask her sweetie what she wanted to listen to tonight. Her mouth went dry. Margaery was wearing a light cream colored nightie that barely covered her shaved cunt. Her pussy clearly seen. Her pussy was wet and swollen. Her high small firm breasts pushing out the nightie on her chest. Her dark brown nipples poking the sheer material. Margaery’s eyes were on fire.

Sansa had thought she was satiated. She knew now that was a lie. Her pussy was quivering in want and need again. Her core wet and pulsing her labia lips swelling and becoming slicked. Her nipples half erect filled with sweet shocks of pleasure.

“I am tired of waiting Sansa. I need you baby. I am going to fuck you so good” Margaery husked to her lover and started to step towards Sansa like she was the Direwolf from the fabled Stark past.

Pupils blown with desire Sansa watched her wife walk up to her. Sansa looked down at Margaery who reached up threading her fingers in long red hair above Sansa’s ears and pulled her head down. Their mouths mated hot and tight and Sansa gagged feeling Margaery push her body into Sansa’s body. Margaery’s nipples jamming into Sansa’s upper belly and the underside of Sansa’s cone tits.

Margaery’s tongue demanded entrance into Sansa’s mouth. With a whimper Sansa parted her teeth wide. A hard jolt hit Sansa feeling Margaery’s long tongue spearing deep into her mouth. The long appendage wrapped around Sansa’s tongue. They wetly flipped around twined with each other in Sansa’s mouth.

The hot musk of Margaery’s pussy hit Sansa like a sledgehammer. Margaery’s hot wet cunt flooding the room with her hot musk. With her need. Margaery took Sansa’s right hand and pulled it to her small dove. Sansa hungrily cupped and the gripped the small tit. Her hand instinctively gripped and rolled the hot breast in her large hand. Her fingers clenching and pulping the sweet dove in her strong grip.

With a flash Sansa remembered all her special plans. She released her grip on Margaery’s dove and pushed back and away from Margaery. Their mouths separated. Margaery chased after Sansa’s lips.

When Margaery registered that Sansa had pulled away from her fire erupted in her brown eyes. Her body was shaking with ire.

“WHAT THE FUCK! What the hell is your fucking game Sansa?!” Margaery barked at Sansa. The tone both angry and hurt.

*Damage control! Damage control!* Sansa’s mind shrieked at her.

“Margaery! Please forgive me. I should not have let my libido get the best of me.”
“What the hell does that mean?! Margaery asked crossly. “I’m burning up for you!” Her eyes boring into Sansa’s.

“Baby! I have something special planned. Something that is precious. I want our first time to be something that is magical. I promise you will understand and agree with me.”

“I don’t see why we can’t make love Sansa! It had been years since we loved each other. I need you!”

Sansa broke down. “I always fuck up!” She started to cry. She was upsetting the woman who was her world.

She was suddenly in Margaery’s arms. She was hugged tight her face covered with light feathery kisses.

“Oh baby … (more sweet kisses) I am sorry I barked at you. I am just burning up for you Sansa. Why can’t we fuck baby … it has been so long since I tasted your sweet cunt and asshole. I hear your screams in your in the bathroom baby … my pussy is on fire for you Sansa.”

Sansa hiccupped getting control of her emotions.

“Baby in eight days I have something magical planned. A journey that starts in eight days. You have to trust me. I want our first time to be at the right moment.”

“What can be so special in eight days?”

“The journey starts then Margaery. Will you trust me? I promise it will be magical. It will be a renewal.”

Sansa looked hopefully at Margaery. She started to gnaw her lip in trepidation.

“Okay Sansa. I love and trust you. I guess we will be masturbating a storm over the next eight days. My right hand is going to fall off I hope you know.”

They both laughed. Sansa was thankful that Margaery was willing to trust her. It would be sweet when they came together in a physical union. They would fuck so gloriously.

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That night after her own right hand was exhausted (her left hand was tired too) Sansa looked at the cruise tickets she had purchased from the Princess Line. It was a ten day cruise to the port of Lyse. They would be there for five nights with overnight stopovers in Tyrosh and Sunspear in Dorne. Lyse was the gay capital of the world but Tyrosh and Sunspear also had large LBGTQ+ communities. The streets and buildings would be resplendent with gay pride flags and all the other flags now prevalent celebrating the various segments of their community. It would be glorious.

This time of year was a time of festivals celebrating the gay community but especially the lesbian community. It was the month of the full moon of Sappho. A time to celebrate all things female and women loving women. Margaery would love being surround by their community. It was a lesbian cruise they would be embarking on. There would be other cruise ships for their other sisters and brothers going to the same ports on the same schedule to allow them all to celebrate together. Their ship catered to the lesbian community and was christened the Isle of Lesbos. It was perfect!

She had something special planned on the trip to Lyse. It would make Margaery smile so big and her pussy so wet Sansa thought greedily. They would be surrounded by sisters of Sappho. It would
be magical. Especially a certain night. The first night. She had paid big money to delay the start of the cruise by two days. The ship willing with the large retainer paid by one Sansa Stark. The ship would sail at highest speed to make up time and had pushed back their arrival back to King’s Landing by a day.

They would be at gay pride parades in all three cities. It would indeed be magical surrounded by their culture. Musical acts and vendors who were gay themselves or highly supportive would fill the streets, restaurants and clubs. They would participate in the parades showing their pride at being part of the LBGTQ+ community. Gay rights were progressing especially in Westeros and the ‘Free Cities’ of Essos but the world still had a long ways to go.

Sansa was confident. She knew her wife. It would be a second union for them. This time Sansa would not allow them to drift apart. She had learned her lessons well.

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The next morning they were in a meeting of their sub-department heads in a conference room C. All divisions were running well in King’s Landing. They were going over the finance plans for building a new medical complex to treat childhood diseases and injuries. They wanted to setup a nonprofit hospital to treat the indigent in both Westeros and Essos.

In the middle of a financing report an associate scientist suddenly burst into the room.

Petyr turned to glare at the young man. His career hung in the balance. Sansa and Margaery were ready to intervene to protect the man from Petyr’s ire if it proved necessary. The young man was flushed with excitement by something.

“Sir—Ma’ams”

“This had better be good Samuel!” Petyr snarled at the man.

“It is! The encryption on the USB drive has been broken. The code simply collapsed. We can now read what is on the drive.”

“What do you mean collapse?” Petyr barked at the hapless young man.

“We don’t know … maybe we exhausted the algorithm with our constant assault …”

Sansa and Margaery looked at each other. That would do for now.

Petyr turned to look at Margaery and Sansa. He saw the same excitement in their eyes that he himself felt.

“Gentlemen and Madams. This meeting will be postponed and finished tomorrow at nine hundred hours sharp.” The attendees left the room. They were mainly financers, architects and the various engineers necessary to build the medical hospital they wished to build.

The three of them filed out of the room behind the anxious scientist. The boarded the monorail that took them to the engineering building where the work had been going on the USB drive that Missandei had sent to them. The buildings they passed new. The glass and polished metal glinting in the morning sun. The riders anxious to finally view the contents of the USB drive that had the notes and observations of one Tyrion Lannister from his journey into the forbidden zone of Valyria. The land had been in violent upheaval for over eight thousand years. The upheaval had ceased one generation past.
What was on the drive? It had them all curious.

They entered a room that was dominated by a massive server farm behind a glass wall. The USB drive was in a port. The air cool and dry.

Sansa almost expected to see waves radiating off of it. It looked so ordinary. Something had to make it look special. Didn’t it?

“Have you read the contents?” Petyr asked the man.

“No Sir. We only gave it a light read over. Just to see that the documents were indeed readable. What little I read is somewhat boring actually. I am a computer engineer. Reading about old buildings and the grid layouts in an architectural dig is well—boring.

Askance, Sansa looked at Margaery. Spoken like a true wonk! She knew Margaery was thinking the same thing. They both looked at Petyr. They all then looked at the young man.

“Samuel. You led this project. Why don’t you bring up on the LED screen some of the documents and let’s see what all your hard work accomplished.

The man’s chest swelled and his shoulders squared. This man was just been given a raise by their praise. He would be receiving a monetary one tomorrow.

Samuel was right. Most of the documents and spreadsheets were dry recitation of facts in fields they had no expertise or experience in.

They were fascinated by many of the objects that Tyrion Lannister had taken copious pictures of. The objects were over eight thousand years old and yet looked as if they had been made yesterday.

“What can it be?” Petyr had asked the three scientists.

They wanted to say impossible but nothing they could have created today would look so pristine and brand new as what they were looking at. Sansa swore she almost saw the items pulsing with magic. She turned to look at Margaery.

“I see it too, but I don’t know what I am seeing.” The objects seemed of simple construction. They could see no seams or lines were metal had been welded or metal fused together with plasma. Of course this could be hid with burnished metal but they sensed that this was not the reality of what they were seeing. This metal had somehow been created whole as they saw it.

Tyrion had made a video of a road that was four lanes wide. They had broken off the lava burying it. The road was as pristine and beautifully flat and perfectly level as if it had just been laid down. The surface had a slight golden hue to it. The surface immaculate still after eight thousand years.

Tyrion had lined up dimes on edge on the road to show how perfectly flat it was.

Anything they could make using any metal or nano carbon construction would have been destroyed by the hot lava that had encased the road. Eight millennium would have broken down any construct of modern man. What could have preserved that road? Not science.

Mr. Wonk was getting excited seeing all these artifacts that had defied time and entropy. It was clear to all that though they had no idea what the artifacts did or how to turn them on. It was also intuitively clear that would work if one knew how to activate them. The only problem was that no one had any idea on how to get them to work.

Would this Tyrion Lannister be able to ‘science’ it out Sansa wondered. She smiled at her bad pun.
Then the pictures of the ruined city that Tyrion had walked through came up on the screen. The buildings had been shattered by the Fall of Valyria and then the constant upheaval that had followed for over eight thousand years. The shattered detritus of the buildings lying haphazard on the ground were still pristine and new seeming. Each shattered fragment glowed with broken vitality. Again the people looking at the pictures and short videos knew that the fragments if fitted together could be put back together.

Sansa suddenly had an insight.

“Wait a minute … this is a forbidden zone. How is the camera working? Science does not work in a dead zone. That is proven over and over.”

Margaery started. “My gods that is right.” The beautiful Tyrell mused over this for a long moment.

“Valyria was the center of magic I do think. Or at least they had developed it the most. I don’t know.”

The scientists and Petyr continued to peruse the information that Tyrion had gathered. Much of it was purely archaeology and was of no interest to them. Maybe others could take that information and would use it to glean the future but not them.

Then they came to a folder of “prophecies”. There were pictures of the archaic glyphs of ancient Valyria. Fortunately, Tyrion had started to translate them.

The first one made Petyr scowl. “Magic shall be reborn when a new man appears. A man of metal and with no heart. A man with thoughts as shifting as grains of sand on the beach. Thoughts cool and full of conquest.”

“They got that all wrong. We all know these Terminators are female. Figures it would be females. Women love ruining our world” Petyr groused. He had a sly look on his face knowing he was goading the two women who ran the company.

Sansa and Margaery glared at him.

With an evil chuckle Petyr continued “We have met one of them personally. I find it hard to believe she will be our downfall. Cameron did put a big hurt on Westeros’s military saving Sarah but it is obvious she did this for her woman and not to help or hurt mankind” Petyr spoke his thoughts. “I think the prophecy kind of missed the mark.” He looked off and then his eyes focused. “Let’s hope their lovers stay nice and healthy.”

Samuel had called up another prophecy “Beware the magic of the mind. It has no heart. The heart cherishes the past and forgoes the future. The mind forgets the past and seeks always the future. But it has no connection. Will the world survive the id of man?” Samuel looked around the room. He did not have an idea as to its meaning.

Margaery snorted. “That one is easy.” Sansa cocked one eyebrow and then her other.

“How in the hell do you do that!” Petyr exclaimed. It pissed him that Sansa could do that. Then he exclaimed again when Sansa started wiggling her ears and her eyebrows at the same time.

“That is how Sansa captured my heart” Margaery chuckled.

“What do you think the prophecy means Margaery?” Sansa asked her wife.

“Olenna is interested in magic. She is always studying it. She is always telling me that ‘magic is of
the heart and science is the magic of the mind. One is emotive and one is purely logical. With science man has reshaped the world in ways magic never could. The question is will the world survive man and his science.”

“Hell. Our president pulled out of the Braavos Weather Accord” Petyr snarled. All in the room knew that President was a fucking idiot. He could lie with the best of them though. In that he was a master. “We are having more violent weather and the hottest year on record is always the previous year. We are entering the eight great mass extinction. Man is killing the planet.”

“I don’t think we have to worry about the Terminators killing mankind. We seem to be doing a good job ourselves.”

A pall settled over the room. They all had to agree. They were trying to help mankind survive its illnesses and genetic defects. Their efforts only helping to increase the numbers of people on the globe. A world where vast numbers of people were starving and denuding their environment through sheer numbers.

Samuel sighed. He called up the next prophecy.

“The three headed queen ushered in the zenith of the old age of magic. Soon was its fall. They shall bring magic back anew. Will it lead to a golden age or the death knell of Valyria?”

Samuel called up the drawings of the glyphs and frescos surrounding the lines on the wall that Tyrion had videoed. The fresco showed a black dragon, a direwolf and caracal cavorting together in a subtle sexual pose. The animals were not having sex but it was clear they were about to copulate.

“That is your sister you know” Margaery told Sansa.

“Yeah, I know. I can’t believe it.”

They were silent thinking on it.

Petyr looked at his watch. “I think we have time for one more prophecy.”

Samuel called up the next one.

“Doors will open. What will come through? Banes will awaken when the Dragon Queens are born. Will the world rise to the sun or fall to depths of Hades. Mankind hangs in the balance.”

“Well. That sucks” Petyr snorted. “What do we do with this? We could assemble a team to attack this problem. There could be more hidden barriers hidden within the code of that USB drive. We have the resources to deal with them if they exist. This USB drive is not ours though. We know who the Three Headed Dragon is.” Petyr was silent. He looked at Sansa and Margaery. For them it was family.

Without hesitation Sansa answered. “We will give it back to them. We will offer our resources. If they let us make a copy of the flash drive we can then help them with the raw computing power.” Sansa smiled. “I have a hunch that Missandei could steal all the processing power she needs but we can help her from breaking the law.”

All around the table chuckled at that. For someone like Missandei they were sure breaking the rules was half the fun.

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It was two nights later and they were going to the Streetwise Taste down in the Ghent section of old King’s Landing. It was seven miles from their home in the thirty-second floor of the Westin they resided in while in King’s Landing. The restaurant specialized in the spicy pastas from the island of Estermont. The small and mountainous island in the narrow sea east of Cape Wrath in the Stormlands. The people from the island had taken the tastes of Dorne and the spicy fair from Tyrosh to make a delightful new blend of exquisite cuisine. The food was hot and you paid the price but it tasted so good going down.

Sansa was looking forward to their famous Angry Alfredo Spicy Chicken Dip. LaFontaine was going to meet them there. She had told them that she and her wife Lola Perry would be flying in to share the meal with them. Sansa had wondered why LaFontaine had slightly inflected the word “fly” as if it was an inside joke.

The small redheaded scientist had proven to be quite the ‘find’. They were a whirlwind of research and their fair demeanor had them marked for advancement. That was if they wanted it. They would probably not accept the advancement preferring to remain at their current posting. She and Margaery would have to make sure that they kept them happy with proper incentives of pay and choice research projects.

Margaery was dressed in a tight fitting light blue dress that accentuated her beautiful figure and long toned legs. The dress was shoulder less. Margaery knew that shoulders were a weakness for Sansa. It was only five more days to the cruise. Sansa could not wait!

Sansa had worn a red dress to highlight her eyes and hair. She knew the two of them would be turning heads.

They drove their BMV to the restaurant. Ghent was the gay district of old King’s Landing. If they did not need their privacy because of their position of power and money they would have lived in an old apartment in Ghent. They accepted the burden of having to worry about security that their positions created. They were advancing mankind and willingly made such sacrifices.

They went in. Margaery had made reservations so they were taken to a booth in the back of the establishment. The owners had recognized them and were anxious to make sure they were well taken care. Their waiter was extra attentive. They ordered some Enchiladas Rancheras to hold them over till they ordered their main fare.

Ten minutes later the scientist came into the establishment. Sansa spotted them and a beautiful redhead was on her arm. With a nod of her head she attracted Margaery’s attention and watched the couple be led to them by the matradee.

It was hard to believe this beautiful woman was also a Faery. A Faery that could appear to be most heinous. This Lola was definitely not ‘hideous’ now. Her auburn hair was long and in ringlets that went down her back to the middle of her shoulder blades. She had blue eyes that were striking and she held her frame totally erect. No slouched shoulders for this woman. She walked like Sansa had been taught. She had a C cup filling out her dress most nicely.

The tall redhead of Stark Pharmaceutical felt something watching the pair approach. It was unsettling but she knew what it was. She somehow sensed the true nature of Lola though a glamour hid it from human eyes. This woman’s Faery nature was felt by the redhead somehow. There was something about her that seemed just off by the slightest degree. It was hard to believe that this woman who passed herself off as a baker and chef supreme was in reality a ferocious Faery warrior Princess. Xena had nothing on her ass. Sansa had seen just how powerful and quick to anger the Faery was.
This woman walked as if she had been in the military. Her posture though relaxed could instantly become tense for combat. Her eyes darted around her surroundings constantly. This woman was checking her environment for potential danger. No baker did that. This woman reminded Sansa of her now fallen FBI agent sister and how she comported herself. This woman had had martial training. She was sure of it.

It did not matter though in the end Sansa realized. Lola Perry was the wife of LaFontaine and that was all that mattered when you thought about it.

Sansa and Margaery had quizzed the small scientist about her Faery wife after their encounter with the Faery. LaFontaine smiled just thinking of her wife. She told her employers now friends of many tales of their life together over seven thousand years.

Margaery and Sansa were curious about the dialog they had heard between LaFontaine and Perry at their last meeting. It had been scary but at the same time exciting the sexual dialog they had heard.

“Oh yes” LaFontaine had smiled. “She loves for me to abuse her totally. I am the only one she allows this with. We fuck exuberantly with others but only I get to degrade, abuse and humiliate Lola. Only with me does she trust someone to give her the abuse and humiliation she craves. With her supernatural strength and healing I can really fuck her up. She craves it. I had to learn to let go and fuck her up. I have to admit it brought a sadistic side I did not know I have. I thought it would be me submitting to her all the time when we first became lovers. I love it when she defiles me in her warrior guise.”

Sansa and Margaery’s eyes had gone large at that.

LaFontaine saw their shocked look. “Don’t be bigots. I think she is beautiful and hot in her Faery warrior persona. It is true self in many ways. I love her insect looks. It makes me so fucking wet. I will act terrified running around the house never knowing when she will phase through a wall. There is a large tract of woods above Oldtown called the Deathly Hollows. She will transport me there and I run away into the woods acting all scared shitless.”

“There are plenty of supernatural creatures living there but they leave me alone. They know who I belong to. They sense and know her strength. It is so hot running around in the dark acting scared shitless. My usually naked body on full display. I can feel the other creatures watching and waiting. They love the energy I exude. I know how to get totally into my character. They feed off my supposed terror. I can easily project my emotions. Emotions the physic creatures crave. They watch and devour my fear and terror. They have come to know it is false but I feel it in my character and they can still feed off it. The love it and I love giving it to them.”

Sansa and Margaery felt a thrill themselves just hearing LaFontaine’s words.

“My raw emotions exciting and intoxicating those beings who are turned on by such emotions. I can feel the entities leering at me wishing to fuck me. More than a few times, after Perry begins to fuck me we have let others, what you would call monsters to join in our rabid fucks. Gods the sex is soooooo fucking good. I have had goblins, orcs, local fairies, vampires, werewolves. tentacle monsters—they do exist, a hot were-hyena and other denizens of the magical world fucking me. They fuck Perry too. Those have been some wild orgies let me tell you.” The little scientist was obviously excited telling of her magical orgy trysts.

Sansa and Margaery had been totally transfixed by this seeming strange tale. Sansa knew that if it was right for them then they had nothing to say. LaFontaine had the right to get her pleasure and love how she chose.

“But what I crave the most out there in those supposedly haunted woods is the chase. The Hunter—
Lola and the Prey—Me. I am not ashamed to say it. I love my rape fantasies. I love to have Lola take the supposed damsel in distress though I am no fucking damsel. To supposedly take what I don’t want to give. I love loosing myself in that character. Having Lola take me however she wants. To defile all my fuck holes with her Faery tongue, those war claws of hers and her large thick strap-on cock. The way she aggressively trib fucks me on the ground and one of my leg’s over her shoulder humping me like bitch in heat. ”

“My cunt melts with her taking my body and using it for her own pleasure. Often I run through the woods clothed just so she can ripe them off but I mostly run around naked my tits flopping and my ass giggling. I love the feeling of being so vulnerable. Breathing hard and looking around with fearful eyes. Like I say I can feel the “monsters” (LaFontaine making air quotes) feeding off my, to them physic distress. They know by now the score but it still intoxicates them. They can’t help but feed off the raw emotions I love to give them. I feel like a Hollywood actress in a horror movie; only with great XXX sex thrown in.”

Sansa and Margaery had started to get wet. They too had played out many supposed rapes between them before their relationship had soured. They both loved to be controlled, defiled and totally humiliated by their spouse when they needed it hard and rough. It turned them on so and led to explosive orgasms. Still, what they could achieve paled to what LaFontaine was telling them.

“She will fall on my snarling with teeth snapping. Her slaver flinging all over me. She slaps me to the ground and tears my clothes off if am wearing them. All the while slapping me and biting me leaving bites all over my flesh. Her razor sharp teeth marking me with puncture wounds as she marks me as her victim. Gods, I love feeling her raw strength slapping my face, tits, belly, legs and legs, ass and back. She will throw me into trees the rough back scratching me mercilessly.

She drags me around by my hair as she flutters over the ground my body jacking over the ground and brambles. I scream in the pain filling my body. The pain and humiliation making me so fucking wet. I love it when she punches me in the stomach and I am retching for breath as she slaps me savagely and pulls my hair so hard it feels like my roots will be pulled out.”

“I have become so strong over the seven thousand years of our union. I can now fully live out my fantasies with my wife.”

That had made Sansa and Margaery look at each other. There was more to LaFontaine than she let on. They suddenly realized that this human woman had acquired great strength and maybe other powers through her association with her Faery lover.

“When I am sufficiently abused she falls on me. She knows I will be sappy wet. She effortlessly pins me to the ground and fucks me with her mouth and that long tongue of hers. She blunts her claws and defiles my cunt and ass. Gods she fucks me so deep and hard.”

LaFontaine’s eyes now glassy.

“Her tongue snaking deep into my womb and over a foot up my ass. Gods she can flick it so fast while whirling it. I come like I am dying. Then she rams her tongue down my throat straight from my shithole. I loveeeeee ass to mouth” LaFontaine moaned to her listeners. “I explode when she finger fucks both of my fuck holes. Having those jointed limbs comes in real handy let me tell you. She slam fucks my squishy cunt and spluttering asshole so hard and deep with her nails she blunts
into dildos. Those thick fingers slamming a foot deep in my belly in perfect synchronicity. Her hand slamming not my groin jolting my body on the forest floor. I lose my mind I cum so hard.”

“It is so dreamy” LaFontaine said in a hoarse raspy voice. “She then pulls her fingers out my happy pussy and ass and lets me suck my fuck holes off those fingers. Then she will fall on my pussy and asshole with her mouth again. Don’t worry she retracts her teeth. Her tongue drilling my pussy and asshole like an auger. Her tongue flicking back and forth between my cunt and ass with her deep fucking tongue.”

“Last week after defiling me for sweet hours on the forest floor she picked me up and sat my ass on her throat my legs down her back. She easily held me up and jammed my back hard into a pine tree. The rough bark felt so good raking my back as she devoured my cunt slurping and cawing as she sucked my cunt inside out. I screamed filling her mouth with my hot creamy cum. My heels slamming her back as my hands fisted her hair and jerked hard. It made her growl which hit my clit so good and hard prolonging my orgasm.”

“That tongue needs to be patented let me tell you” LaFontaine said in a humorous tone. Perry had her chin in her palm looking at her wife with hot pulsing eyes. The true facets glinting in the soft lift. Her gaze rapt upon her human lover. “Even when she was holding me up with my ass on her throat and shoulders she was able to work her prehensile tongue between my pussy and ass. She is able to worm her tongue out my trim and over my perineum and invade my shithole. It is so flexible and yet stiff. She kept working her tongue in and out my pussy and ass back and forth. I screamed my voice hoarse I cummed so hard.”

“She fucks me till my body is finally exhausted. After she has fucked me senseless, she stands over me and jerks off. She tilts her pelvis forward and pulls her wet seam wide open with her left hand. Her right hand jerking her clit. Her cunt squirts long streams of her clear love juice. It is almost searing hot her healing cunt juice. It is so hot see her standing over me Jilling off her head thrown back as her screams literally echo off the trees of the forest and undergrowth.”

“She soaks my body in her heavy spurts. She makes sure to squirt all over my face repeatedly as I drink down as much cum as I can. It intoxicates me and makes me feel heavenly. I love to watch her body convulse as if being electrocuted as her eyes glow blue hot with passion and love for me. Her wings and antenna a blur. All my cuts, nicks and hurts are instantly healed magically. I get the best hard rough sex and then I am instantly healed. You can’t ask for more. I love it so” LaFontaine had husked to them.

Sansa had nearly masturbated her pussy raw when she got home. She had heard Margaery’s wails as she Jilled off repeatedly.

The two watched the newly arrived couple as they arrived at the table. The two could not help but think of the hot tales that LaFontaine had regaled them with about her Faery wife and their kinky lifestyle. Sansa and Margaery stood up. Sansa smiled seeing LaFontaine made sure to help her wife be seated. This was exactly what Sansa did for her wife. It was nice to see courtesy and chivalry was alive in places other than the North.

The new arrived women took a menu and ordered their own fare. The conversation was light and the banter refreshing. Both of the redheads were funny and liked to keep up with the events of the world. That was one of the things that had attracted Sansa to Margaery. The natural curiosity of the woman had been a magnet to Sansa. So many scientists were only interested in their field of endeavors.

Considering how volatile LaFontaine’s wife could be the dinner went swimming well Sansa thought. Perry was quite witty and they laughed and bantered in easy comradery. They learned of
the vampires Carmilla, Laura and the werewolf Danny. They had reconnected after too long apart. Like centuries apart. Time really did not mean the same thing to women such as LaFontaine and Perry.

The two redheads waxed rhapsodic over reconnecting with the women they had met at a university long since returned to dust. The two women gushed about how good the sex was with their friends.

LaFontaine told them “I so love vampire pussy. It is so sweet and Danny’s hot cunt is always so wet and sloppy when I devour her. I make her howl!” the small scientist crowed looking around smug with her cheesy pun.

“It was so sweet. They have the strength to really slam fuck me. It was heaven to feel all their strap-on cocks fucking me airtight. I was in heaven feeling dicks buried up my ass and cunt with a dick down my throat. My sweeties changing position taking whatever hole they wanted and making (she made air quotes) me suck my cunt and shithole off their foot long plastic dicks. I cummed so hard!” she said a little too loudly her eyes sparkling.

Fortunately, they had reserved seats at the back of the restaurant. Sansa looked around but no one noticed the unnatural brightness of LaFontaine’s eyes. If anyone heard her supposedly vulgar comment no one made like they heard or cared.

Perry was constantly smiling and pressed into her wife cooing. She looked at LaFontaine with obvious fuck hunger. A look Sansa felt now being offered to her and Margaery. She looked over at her wife and saw she saw it too.

The redhead scientist continued on in her narration of her magical friends.

“I think you two would like Laura and Danny. You can’t help but like them. Carmilla is a punk and full of shit but she is sweet and adorable about it. Carmilla is all vamp while Laura plays the ingénue” LaFontaine snorted. “Not!” she laughed out loud. Perry was nodding in agreement.

“We were there two nights ago. The sex dynamite. After hours of fucking, I was on my back jerking my hips sliding my eleven inch dick deep into Laura’s tight cunt. Carmilla was slamming her dick viciously up Laura’s tight shitpipe making her tight ass ripple jerk with their slapping bodies. Lola was sliding her dick fresh from Laura’s ass down the slut’s throat as she moaned in happiness. Then Carmilla leaned back so her hands gripped the tops of my bent legs I had planted to help me pound Laura’s creamy pussy. Her dick still pumping hard into Laura’s tight butt. Her dick soaked in ass juice.”

Sansa looked at Margaery. Her eyes were blown with lust. This was hot! She knew they were being seduced for later debaucheries.

“Danny straddled Laura and hunched down guiding her thick cock to Laura’s anus. Gods it was so hot. I had leaned over to watch Danny force her dick into Laura’s stretched out asshole. Laura’s head rocked back as she cried out ‘your tearing my shitter apart!’ I watched Laura’s hand reach back to grip Danny’s thigh pushing her back. Danny slapped it away harshly snarling at Laura “I’m going to ruin your shithole you fucking slut … You know you want it Laura!” Laura cawed and love shook all over. It was so hot seeing Danny worm her mushroom cockhead in prying Laura’s anus open and slammed her dick savagely deep up Laura’s asshole. Gods it was so hot hearing Laura whimper, cry and then moaning hotly as she was fucked double anal sweetly while I plundered her drooling quim.”

“We fucked her hard! Her body sliding up and down my body as we lunged our pricks deep up into her belly. Her fuck holes drooling out sweet fuck juice. It was so hot seeing her body jolting and
jerking with our sweet hard fuck. Laura’s face above me sucking on Lola’s dick feverishly her face twisted with the sweet pain and pleasure of double anal and my dick fucking her cunt so deep.”

“We then pushed her off my body and she flopped down on the bed. Danny fist her hair harshly to drag her around to our dicks soaked in her pussy and ass. She moaned so hard cleaning our dicks in turn. As she sucked on her dick popsicles Lola invaded her ass and fucked it hard and deep making her moan harder on our dicks.”

The two seven thousand year old women licked their lips looking at LaFontaine’s employers. The offer plain. Sansa knew she had to consummate her love with Margaery and then who knew. It was a totally hot offer. They would have to decide.

They were regaled with the continued savage fuck of one small spinner vampire. Her four lovers constantly changing up how they gangbanged the slut. She went multiple several times having four dicks fucking her air tight. The sweet slut craving and screaming as she was fucked DA and DV with lots of A2P constantly and pushed off their cocks repeatedly to suck dicks ATM.

Both scientist were supper horny by then. They would be masturbating hot and heavy when they got home. Sansa and Margaery had so shake their heads to clear them of the torpor all this hot salacious talk was trying to put them in. Eventually, LaFontaine and Perry went onto more mundane banter that allowed the temperature to return to near normal.

The meal was finished and they were having desert when Sansa felt the strange feeling again. Her senses had become attuned to Lola. They were being watched by something else powerful. Powerful and ancient Sansa realized. How she knew this she did not know. She slowly looked around as they talked. Her gaze traveled the room slowly trying to not look obvious.

She realized she was failing when both Margaery and Lola were staring at her frowning. LaFontaine was regaling them of a story about Lola’s courtship of her back at Silas University and did not pick up on the rising tension at the table. Lola had started to gaze around the room too. Sansa could feel the tension in her body.

The woman’s head slowly turning as she spoke at just the right time and the right word to keep LaFontaine talking away happily. Lola’s head stopped turning. She was staring at a woman on the second row of tables by the back row of booths that the women were sitting at. A sudden look of recognition lite in Perry’s eyes.

She pretended to eat. This woman was what Sansa had sensed. She had seen the woman come into the restaurant soon after the scientist and her wife arrived. She had been glancing at them since her arrival at the restaurant. Sansa had discounted it. It had taken a while for Sansa to feel this woman’s presence as being ‘strange’. The feeling first only a niggling but now it was screaming at Sansa.

The woman had been regarding them silently with growing intensity. Sansa thought now that the woman had not eaten any of the ordered items.

The woman was strikingly beautiful. She had the look of Volantis or maybe Elyria about her. She had jet black hair that came to the top of her shoulders. Her hair was parted in the middle. She had medium trending to darker bronzed skin and almond eyes. She had on make up like the ancient Egyptians of Sothoryos that highlighted her eyes with dark lines underneath and at the corners of her eyes.

She was of average height and voluptuous. She too, Sansa realized had a martial bearing. What was this? Was she surrounded by ex-Marines? The woman took her napkin and dabbed her lips and sat it down. She seemed to sigh and got up from the table. She slowly walked towards their booth.
Lola was coiled now like a cobra about to strike. She was shaking and Sansa greatly feared her wings and antenna would erupt out her body at any moment.

LaFontaine finally noticed the strange tableau occurring around her at the booth. She looked at the faces of her companions and then focused on Lola.

“What is Perry? Why are you so upset? I can feel your tension baby … no one is after me sweetie” LaFontaine smiled at her wife and stroked her exposed arm. They had both worn short sleeved blouses.

Perry turned to smile at her wife with a feral look. “Stay here my wife.” She spoke in a tone of absolute command. The redheaded scientist started to protest. “I command it!”Sansa and Margaery recoiled. Lola’s voice had reverberated in the air. Several other patrons had noticed it too and stopped eating. LaFontaine froze hearing and obeying her wife. Lola’s eyes bored into the approaching woman.

The other woman was now before them. She looked down on them as if looking at insects. Her head slowly turned to take them in. She brought up her left hand and inspected her nails as if totally bored.

“You are playing with fire Asakara. I had heard you were dead. Your heart and brain eaten by your daughters” Lola sneered at the dark mysterious woman standing before their table.

The Faery wife of LaFontaine now gripped the edge of the table. Her knuckles white. The thick oaken wood table beginning to splinter underneath her fingers.

The woman dropped her hand and inspected the women at the table again. Her focus was tangential to everyone but Lola.

“I know you think you are a badass Lola but please. You are nothing to me. And to answer your gossip. That is what I wanted everyone to think. I grew tired of my children.”

“You mean those you did not burn to cinders. I see you know my name. Have you been spying on us bitch” the redhead growled.

The woman paused hearing this. “You do not understand. I did what I must. Forces are awakening. My lineage had become weak and easily manipulated. They were slothful and a travesty anyways. And as to my spying on you … I did … rather boring actually.”

“You are a murderous bitch and unfeeling whore!” Perry barked her reply at Asakara. People were taking notice of the loudly speaking women. The patrons looked nervous. Some of the establishment’s staff started to approach the back of the restaurants. The two women and one man picked up the tension and used the better part of discretion and backed up.

Sansa gripped Margaery’s hand underneath the table. Perry’s hair was now floating about her head as if in front of a fan. Her body had slightly crouched down. So had their uninvited guest at their table.

“I would advise you to furl your wings Faery. You may be a big bad ass warrior but I will tear you limb from limb. You are nothing to me ‘Lola’ or should I say Żuratulenscha.

LaFontaine gasped. “How do you know her true name?!”

Perry slowly stood up. Her body tense her knees bent ready for action. Sansa gulped. She knew what was coming.
“Shut up bitch!” Asakara sneered at the redheaded scientist. The tone made the small scientist blanch. Hell it made Sansa and Margaery recoil. This woman was walking death Sansa suddenly realized.

She suddenly realized something else. The Faery wife of LaFontaine had indeed unfurled her wings. Wings that were flapping furiously. The air roiling around their booth and making napkins and menus around them take flight and fling to the floor. They seemed to be at least six feet long and glittered in the soft light. Their size had not really registered with Sansa the last time she had seen the Faery.

The wings seemed almost gossamer thin and veined with blue and purple veins. The wings beating forward and back like a hummingbird’s wings.

Now Sansa saw that Perry’s eyes had assumed their insectoid features. The faceted eyes glittering in the light. Her feathery antenna had erupted out of her forehead. The antenna jutting out eighteen inches from Perry’s face. They were jerking right and left the stalks bending.

Sansa turned to look at Margaery. She saw the wonder she knew must be on her face. To be in the presence of a true to life Faery was awesome! Shocking but it was so fucking rad! Just why did always have to come with violence attached Sansa thought seeing the danger radiating off the two powerful woman standing off against each other.

“Fuck you!” Perry screamed at the interloper. The sound echoed in the room. Patrons shocked by the voice. People now turning at their tables and booths looking at the disturbance in the back of the eatery.

LaFontaine backed up in the booth and motioned for Sansa and Margaery to back up.

“They are in league way beyond us.” She pulled her two employers from the booth and backed away from the two women glaring at each other. The interloper seemed ‘normal’ to look at her but Sansa felt the woman’s power simmering in her voluptuous body.

The woman cocked an elegant eyebrow. A feral smile crossed her face. “Bring it slut! You are a disgrace to your people sleeping with a filthy human.”

“I will rip you apart vampire!” Lola snarl screamed.

Sansa recoiled. A vampire?!

An inhuman scream filled the restaurant. Strong air currents now roiled the air of the establishment. The patrons in the restaurant were now beginning to see that things had decidedly gone bad. The ambience had gone from welcoming to threatening. More people turning to see what had caused the disturbance in their midst. The more perceptive patrons were hurriedly scurrying back.

Lola and Asakara crouched and then Lola in a flash rose up over the table of the booth. Her beating wings buzzed the air. Her body stopped at fifteen feet. She hovered for a heartbeat before she flashed down at the dark woman. Her wings a blur and sparkles glittering behind the Faery’s flight line. Sansa and Margaery both recoiled back into LaFontaine. The Faery had moved in a blurry flash.

Perry had dropped her illusionary screens. Both women saw her long fangs jutting out her gums and interlocking. Her long tongue lulled eight inches out her mouth and hung on her chin. Her fingers now sported foot long claws that curved and glowed darkly. From her mouth slaver flung with her movements. Her eyes had enlarged and the facets now reflected any light and sent that light back in
sharp flashes and sparkles. Her arms and legs had a strange angle now at the joints. Her claws reached for the dark woman with her descent. The woman faster than the eye could see gripped the reached out hands of Lola that reached for her foe’s throat. The vampire’s grip sure on Lola’s arms. The woman whipped the Faery up and arched the screaming woman up over her head. The Faery struggled her wings beating furiously but she was overpowered. She had her body slammed down into a table just evacuated in the nick of time by two men. The table exploded in splintered wood.

The woman had twisted her body around and moved down to attack Perry. A fist lashed up from the prone Faery. The blow landed flush on the dark haired woman’s chin. The woman’s head snapped back her body thrown back violently. The body of the vampire flew across the room and slammed into the wall. The plaster and wood beneath exploded in fragments and slivers. The woman fell down in a heap. The sound of collision of body and wall shockingly loud.

Perry flew like a sparking Tinkerbell at the fallen woman. The woman in a flash righted herself. In a blur she kicked out with a side heel kick. Her foot hit Perry in the face stopping her momentum and dropped her like a stone. Then the woman jumped on Lola throwing punches down that could shatter granite. The blows hit the Faery’s body and head but they seemed to have negligible effect. Perry twisted around to face her assailant. Her head dodged the next blows with lightning fast reflexes.

Perry caught the next blow in her palm her claws closing around the arm of Asakara. She jerked the bronzed vampire’s face down with her other arm jerking up in a flash. Her elbow slammed into the nose of Asakara shattering it. Blood sprayed everywhere. It did not seem to faze the woman. She landed a left right combination in the mouth of Perry shattering teeth and splitting her upper gum sending blood spewing everywhere.

“Holy fuck!” Margaery cried out. The blood was purple.

Sansa now knew the Faery did not have human physiology in any way. Oxygen did not attach to carbon molecules in the body of the Faery. No oxygen was carried to cells for the respiration they needed to live and function. Perry was truly a non-human life form.

Now screams were abounding in the restaurant. Women and men scurrying around. Parents grabbing children and retreating fast to get out of the establishment.

The two fighting supernatural women circled each other throwing punches and kicks that would have killed an elephant with the force of their impacts. Bodies rebounded but recovered to again and again press the attack. Sansa and her companions had crouched down in a booth away from the combatants. They had no place in the tableau playing out in the restaurant.

Watching the two women circle each other hurling punches and kicks that would instantly kill a man it suddenly registered with Sansa that the savage facial wounds the two women had suffered where healed. One moment they were harmed the next their bodies were hale. She thought to herself magic was wonderful that way. She shook her head at her weird thoughts.

More cuts and large contusions formed on faces and upper bodies. The wounds there one moment and gone the next. The sounds of fist and feet hitting with impossible force exploded in the large dining room. The women staggered but seemed to immediately recover to resume attacking each other.

She and her two companions watched as Perry ripped up a booth and slammed it down on the body of Asakara. The vampire staggered back. The booth had rebounded off her body. In a blur the
husky skinned woman bent down and picked up a fallen silver platter off the floor and flung it like the top hat of Oddjob in Goldfinger. Perry caught it out of the air with ease. She bent it in two snarling while glaring at the vampire.

With a scream both enraged women slammed into each other. The two women grappled with each other. They pounded into tables and booths splintering the wood furnishing. Then Asakara gripped Perry as she gripped her. Asakara now picked up an entrapped Perry and slammed their bodies into the outside wall making it cave in where their bodies impacted.

Perry took the worst of it. She slumped for a second. Asakara delivered savage fists to the Faery’s face. Then Perry dodged and bent down. She came up with an uppercut that hit Asakara square underneath her chin. The woman flew across the room and smashed into the wall behind the bar shattering all the whiskey and bourbon bottles. The large mirror on the wall shattered into a million cracks. Most of the shards falling into the ruined bar bottle stands. How many years’ bad luck would that cause Sansa wondered.

The Faery came flying in a rush to get at her antagonist where she lay draped across the ruin behind the bar. Big mistake Sansa saw with the vampire rising up faster that than the eye could follow. Asakara juked to the side and a devastating down chop of clenched interlocked fists slammed into the Faery’s back crumpling wings and slamming Lola violently into the floor exploding tiles everywhere. Asakara moved in but a kick to her chest sent her slamming into the cash register stand.

So the battle continued. Over tables and booths the women slammed each other. The objects obliterated with the detritus strewn across the restaurant. Both women cursed and grunted while they sought advantage over the other. To Sansa they seemed evenly matched neither one able to gain a clear advantage. They were delivering vicious blows to each other but their bodies instantly healed allowing the savagery to continue unabated.

Sansa had to marvel at the two women’s raw power and sheer violence with each other. They gave no quarter. Like what happened next.

Both of the combatants had the same idea at the same moment. Both women’s heads whipped forward to head butt each other the sound of impact frightening loud. That stunned both women their grip falling off their opponent. Both women staggering back with stunned looks.

Asakara recovered first.

Asakara picked up Perry and held her tight as she ran into the wall of the establishment. The wall exploded out like a freight train had hit it. The two combatants flew with the debris to hit the sidewalk and bounced into the cars parked along the curb. The Faery took the brunt of the harsh impact. Asakara disengaged with Lola and stood up looking down at the Faery. Lola was slowly pushing herself up from the asphalt. A gleam of victory in Asakara’s midnight eyes.

Sansa and her companions had moved through the shattered wall to stand just outside of the ruined restaurant.

Asakara suddenly flung out her arms and a column of fire hit Perry incinerating her with hot tongues of boiling death. The fire literally erupting out of the vampire’s body. The flames red, yellow and white. The heat like a blast furnace. Even from a distance Sansa and her companions felt its hellish heat.

“NOOOOO!” LaFontaine screamed in terror.

She need not have worried. A pissed off Faery with her clothes burned off her body came through
the flames that were flying out of Asakara’s body. Her body unharmed. Even her hair was not singed. The Faery’s wings beating furiously. Perry slammed into Asakara’s body like a charging bull. The flames erupting out of the vampires body snuffed out like a candle’s wick crushed between two fingers.

The dark skinned woman’s body was folded over Perry’s shoulder and lifted up. The redhead continued forward her wings fluttering fast and they both slammed into a minivan twenty feet behind them. The van crumpled in at their point of impact. The sound of the car destroyed and dragged across the parking lot fifteen feet screeched loudly in the air.

Asakara’s body folded down off balance had taken the full impact of bodies into metal. Her body crumpled down to the parking lot. The woman stunned started to raise her body up by her palms. Perry wasted no time slamming her fingers into the roof of the minivan. Her left hand wrapping around the folded middle support strut. The slender framed Faery shrieked lifting the two ton vehicle up and over her head. With a scream of triumph she slammed the vehicle down on the woman. The down arching vehicle crumpled and totally annihilated the woman.

The redhead stepped back. She observed her handwork. The Faery stood with a triumphant look. Her fangs clacking loudly. Suddenly, the crumpled vehicle flipped wildly towards Perry had hit her square in her body flinging her back with the ruined vehicle.

Asakara rose up. Her clothing was in shreds. The vampire’s body more exposed than not. She had no wounds visible on her body. Perry flung the ruined minivan off her body. She was up in a flash in a combative pose. Her teeth clacking.

The two women were now separated by about fifteen yards. The two magical beings stood their ground glaring at each other.

With a swirl of her right wrist a pale pulsing sword appeared from nowhere in Perry’s hand. The sword glowed like the full moon and seemed ethereal like it might wink out of existence at any moment.

“Oh shit!” LaFontaine exclaimed. “Perry is getting serious now. That is her Starlight Sword, NorthStar. It can cut through anything!”

Asakara sneered. “Bitch! Bringing a sword! I’ll teach you cunt!”

From her left hand a sword erupted made of blue and white flames. The flames in the shape of a traditional broadsword. The flames filled out its body and wiggled and jerked but did not flow out of the blade more than an eighth of an inch.

“Wow!” Lafontaine exclaimed. “That sword is driven by the bitch’s psionic power … Be careful Lola!” the small redhead scientist warned her lover.

“Yes, listen to the human dog. Cunt! Have at you!” Asakara growled and surged forward. Perry stormed forward as well.

The two magical women now flying through the air with their swords cocked over their dominate shoulders. With their bodies near each other the two women screamed and slashed forward and down with their swords. One as pale as the moon the other flaming bright as the sun.

KKKKKAABBOOOMMMMMMMM

The violent collision of opposing magical forces shocked the air and echoed off into the distance the sound rolling like thunder. The ground shook. The collision of swords sending out explosions of
light. Ethereal moonlight versus blazing light of the sun.

The two women rebounded back from the opposing forces rebelling against each other. Both women were flung back but immediately assumed balanced combat stances. They quickly rejected balanced stances for mad rushes again at each other. The two were upon each other in a flash their swords slashing and parrying each other’s strokes.

Sansa, Margaery and LaFontaine were at the hole that had been punched through the restaurant wall. What they saw had the scientist mouths hanging open. For LaFontaine it was old hat watching her Faery wife fight with her sword. She was whooping urging Lola on.

The two antagonist were swinging their swords faster than the eye could follow. Their swords colliding again and again. The air shocked by opposing magic exploding against each other. The collision of blades had wild eruptions of bluish white light filling the night air briefly with light like sheet lightning.

Asakara side stepped a down chop of Lola’s sword. The sword slamming into a BMW 3 Series sedan’s hood and easily slicing its engine block in two. The car’s alarm now started to blare loudly in an irritating whine.

Lola jerked her sword back out swirling her body as her sword side swiped driving back the vampire. They fought around the parking lot chopping cars apart. Perry ducked low with the flaming sword of Asakara flashing over her head. The blade striking a thick light post chopping it in two. The forty foot pool topping over and crashing into three cars.

Sansa could see that Lola was on the definite offense. Her warrior training giving her an advantage. It was small but allowed the Faery to be mostly on offense. She attacked with controlled skill. Her body sometimes swirling in tight circles so fast Asakara could not move in quick enough to take the instant opening to attack. The spin allowed Lola to attack the vampire from a new attack vector making the dusky beauty back up in defense parry and counterstroke.

Perry had been fighting on the ground but her wings now beat in a fury her body rising in a flash. She now attacked the vampire from on high. Her attacks coming from all angles.

Asakara screamed in rage. A flaming circular shield appeared strapped to her right arm. The vampire had been holding her own but now she was clearly on the defense. She did not tire fortunately for the vampire. She swung and stabbed up at the Faery who was attacking her continuously. Her flaming shield blocking the strikes she could not reach with her sword.

The Faery swished around the vampire attacking from first one quadrant and then from the opposite side. The winged warrior rising and falling. Her body suddenly flitting right and left. Sansa had to give the vampire credit. Her instincts and reactions allowed her to keep her defense intact against the lightning fast attacks of the Faery.

“Come down her damnit and fight me like a woman you fucking girly! You fucking bitch!” the vampire screamed blocking the strokes raining down at her and stabbing furiously up at the Faery flitting around. This went on for a minute. Sansa had watched the tattered remains of the vampire attire slowly torn away as she fought. Her body now as nude as Perry’s.

Sansa would have ogled the hot bodied women if imminent death was not in the air.

Suddenly, with preternatural speed the vampire whirled and charged the three humans. The warrior Faery buzzed down with even faster speed coming to defend her mate.
Asakara swerved into the descending Faery her sword slashing furiously at her opponent now come down into her range. The Faery sensed the tactic in time to land and assume a defensive stance. Lola screamed as they now stood foot to foot and slashed furiously at each other. Without warning Asakara slammed her flaming shield into Lola staggering her. Asakara moved in. Her fist slammed into Lola’s cheek. A knee hit Asakara in the stomach making her bellow in pain.

Screaming the two antagonist locked up their swords. Asakara’s flaming shield dissipated in a heartbeat. Both women had both hands on their sword pummels. The two women shoving and jerking against each other. Without warning the locked up swords were swishing violently right and left. The blades slamming into the asphalt and anything else in the way. Explosions of light and sound with each strike of the magical blades into hard objects.

Vehicles were pulverized. Deep gauges cut into the asphalt and concrete sidewalks.

Both women had the same idea at the same time. Hands lashed out and gripped a handful of their opponent’s hair. Both supernatural women jerked viciously the hair of their nemesis. Their snatching hands had the vampire and Faery off balance. The women pulled each other down to bent over positions. Their swords now used to keep their balance. Their free arms jerking around wildly seeking balance. They were not able to attack each other with their heads jerked to and fore.

Sansa would have laughed at the image of such savage powerful women basically having a catfight in front of her. Both combatants jerked with august might the hand with a fistful of hair. This had both women swirled around violently bodies off balance. Heads jerked violently with savage snaps. All around the parking lot the two women dragged and jerked each other by the hair. Their swords almost forgotten as they fought to keep their balance while continually pulling on their foe’s hair.

“Let go you fucking bitch!” Perry roared.

“Fuck you cunt! You fucking pig lover! Stop pulling my hair dammit!” Asakara shrieked back at the Faery.

“I said let go! You fucking vampiric scum! You fucking frigid cunt!”

“Fuck you bitch!

The two women whipping each other back and forth in wild circles. Then without warning they broke apart stumbling back. Asakara righted herself her sword extinguishing.

“ Forces are at work you do not understand you fools. The dragon queens have awakened. The false men roam the earth. Great banes of the past have awakened. The world is being crippled and killed by the likes of you Sansa Stark and Margaery Tyrell.”

“Zuratulenscha you are a fool for consorting with this human” she sneered looking at LaFontaine.

“Fuck you vampire. I will kill you.”

“Others better than you have tried. Old you may be Zuratulenscha. It does not matter. I am power incarnate. I will watch and listen. I will decide on whose side I will side with. I was once human long ago. My former race will kill the world if left unchecked. Beware!”

She was simply gone.

Perry sniffed hard her head twisting fast. Her long tongue licking the air. The feathery antenna on her head swirling in agitated sweeps. Suddenly, her body jerked around and she looked to the south and screamed. The Faery swirled her right hand. In her hand the sword flared and was gone. She
folded her wings around her body and was gone.”

The owners of Stark Tyrell Pharmaceutical and their scientist looked around at the carnage. Others were now coming out of the ruined wall to look at the destruction. Sansa looked back at them. She was sure they were already convincing themselves they had not seen what they had just seen.

It was night and any video captured on smartphones would be blurry and easily discounted.

“She is giving chase isn’t she?” Margaery asked their scientist.

“Yes. When her dander is up she gets quite the case of tunnel vision. She does not like not winning a fight.”

Sansa looked at LaFontaine.

“So is it always this exciting when you go out with your Faery wife?”
The war table was humming Arya thought looking over the workstations. She was sitting in the middle station surrounded by her sweeties. The three of them liked to do as much together as possible. They cooked together and cleaned house together. They played videos games together and then argued fiercely. Arya did do most of the whining. Arya whined about again getting her ass kicked seven ways to Sunday. She tried her damnedest and still lost!

It really pissed off the Stark that her supposed sweet Dragon and Caracal took so much pleasure in kicking her ass thoroughly at whatever game they played on whichever gaming system. Not only did they beat up on Arya, mercilessly, they then gloated about it. A lot!

*Gods that really steamed her ass!* She smiled. It made for hot sex though. Her pussy spasmed with happy memories. She would try and get even and then be put in her place like the bitch she was. She shivered at all the hot, hard mean abuse she ‘suffered’ through. Gods she loved hardcore masochistic sex. The humiliation and abuse made her so wet and made Arya cum so fucking hard.

Arya squirmed on her chair. Her pussy was getting wet. Her belly spasming slightly like it always did when her cunt and asshole clenched wanting some hot wet action. Her nipples pulsing sweetly. They were only slightly swollen but she knew only the slightest stimuli would have them swelling up and all rubbery.

She looked up from her Dell tablet. She was sitting reclined back. Arya looked at her hot sluts that she was so fortunate to be married too. Andi was to her right her head turned down studying complex algorithms. Sansa had sent by currier the USB drive of Tyrion Lannister. Arya now thanked the gods for that USB drive. It had led to the death of Ramsey Bolton. That had been paramount at the time.

Now that death while still so important was the lesser of the events that were triggered by the USB that had her two lovers so engrossed. The USB had led her to Daenerys Targaryen and Missandei Naathi. The two teenagers had been such a burden it seemed to Arya Stark that night. Now she would not be able to live with them not in her life. They were as necessary to Arya as was the air to breathe. She loved both of these young women with all her heart. She had been dead and now she was so alive. Her body literally thrummed with the excitement of life beating hot in her veins.

When she had lost Nyomi, Arya’s life while moving forward had lost all its color and vibrancy. Life with Nyomi had been wonderful. Still, what she shared now with Andi and Dany was indescribably good. Arya had grown as a woman over the years. She could now fully give herself and take all the love given back to her. She had that with her sweet Nyomi but her relationship with the two teenagers made Arya’s world rock! She had lucked out with not one but two women who completed her.

Arya knew just how fortunate she was.

She smiled looking at her Brainac. She was cross referencing the works of Tyrion Lannister and all the books she had bought over the last five months. She was also looking at the data collected by
Tyrion and doing statistical analysis trying to get any insights she could to the ancient civilization of old Valyrian Freehold. Arya snorted to herself. What an oxymoron.

Andi had vast resources at her disposal. Her sister and her wife had offered the full resources of their top fortune fifty company to them. Andi had in fact asked them to look through the notes and organize according to a gnat chart she had given them. This would save her time and effort.

Her sister had been happy to help. She had sent Arya a beautiful written letter. Sansa always did have the prettiest calligraphy. The contents of the letter had been friendly but mildly shocking. Sansa had inquired of Arya and the women in her life. She assumed that she was the lover of both of the beautiful women surrounding her. Andi had made it clear to Sansa that they were the three headed dragon reborn.

Sansa had embarrassed Arya asking her if she was the “bottom bitch”. Sansa had easily confessed “In the bedroom I am usually the submissive slut and I know you are too.” Arya’s cheeks had gone scarlet at that. It was true. All of it. She was the submissive slut in this household and she would have it no other way. Dany and Andi were gentle women until it was time to get cross with Arya or each other though mainly Andi with Dany. Gods Arya shivered. She so loved being humiliated and her body abused by her lovers. The physical dominance made Arya wet.

Arya was all bottom. Sansa had told her sister she was a switch. That Margaery loved to be topped a lot so Sansa gave her wife what she needed. They both loved to be roughed up. Sansa got such a kick at having her much smaller wife dominate and ‘fuck her up’. These thoughts had Arya getting all steamed with her juices starting to percolate.

She eyed the sheer negligee that Andi was wearing. She was leaning back at the moment slowly spinning her chair. This had her heavy full rounded tits on full display. The brown rounded orbs swaying. Her long nipples poking out the gauzy material. Her taunt body had Arya hot and bothered. Andi had large nipples no matter her state of arousal. When aroused they became sweet thick erasures to be sucked on with ravenous fuck hunger. Arya felt her cunt getting moist with the desire she always felt waiting to ignite. She loved fucking her sweet black wife.

She looked to her left. Dany was an equally divine vision of loveliness. She eyed the beautiful woman of pure Valyrian descent. Her snow white hair highlighted by her sheer white panties and bra. The barely their garments showed her light brown nipples and circular areolas. Dany only had a C cup breast to Andi’s nearly DD breast but they were so perfectly shaped. Her Valyrian lover should be a negligee model. Arya spied through Dany’s sheer panties that she had grown a chevron shaped landing strip above her pussy.

Andi wanted Dany to grow it so Dany had grown it. Andi had suggested to Arya that she start putting ribbons and twirl her hair into braids at her temples. “It makes me hot and horny Arya.” Arya had the next day had her lovers start doing her hair. She wanted to please Andi in all things. Dany too but both the Stark and Targaryen knew who ruled their roost. Just the way they wanted it. To be Andi’s love sluts. Arya nearly drooled looking at Dany’s Chevron which pointed at paradise. Her pussy was pressed into the sheer fabric and her white pussy hair so enticing.

Dany was translating the glyphs. Arya could speak the language well but could not read the ancient glyphs. The language had been remarkably stable but these glyphs were beyond her. Andi of course could read them easily but they wanted Dany a native speaker translating to catch any substiles of the language a nonnative speaker might miss.

Arya looked down at her own body. She had a tight fitting pair of purple panties on showing off her fat pussy. She had always loved the fact she had a nice meaty pussy. Her inner lips when engorged bulged out her slit with her clitoral hood all knotty jutting up over her clit. It drove women wild
going down on her. It sure made Dany and Andi lust addled maniacs sucking her off. She had on a baby doll cutoff to hang on her plum nipples. Her rubbery nipples half erect. She smiled. She shook her chest and loved how her puffy nipples tented and worked the thin fabric.

She had always been sort of repressed (okay, a lot repressed) but her two young lovers were helping the thirty year old loosen up and become the hot slut she always wanted to be. Nyomi had not had time to finish what she had started. Dany and Andi were happy to complete Arya’s slut training. That and how to be a total bottom bitch.

As her lovers worked she was watching Hentai lesbian porn from Leng. She loved how they drew the sex. She watched a MILF vixen finger fucking her current teenage slut and the animator showed the fingers inside the slut. The fingers rubbing the girl’s g-spot that had been cleverly drawn so to see both the outside action and the hot rubbing inside the slut’s drooling cunt. The MILF’s fingertips rubbing and pressing hard into the spongy hillock. Cum was sweetly drawn to show hot gushes spew out the squired teenage cunt. The cum splashing out when the sixteen year old slut orgasm hard. The young girl shrieking as cum gushed out her pussy and soaked her perineum, asshole, groin, inner thighs and belly.

Arya loved how the animators made their sex so hot and full of sweaty and cum soaked bodies. That is how Arya loved her body to be when she fucked and seeing Andi and Dany themselves soaked in cum and sweat. Their contrasting bodies so hot soaked in love juice and covered in running streams of sweat. Arya would never tire of the color contrast between her lovers. One the darkest black and the other so pale white.

The assassin eyed Andi and then Dany. They had been a full threesome couple for nearly a month and a half now. They had been getting to know each other in a sexual way. Arya had sensed that Dany had a kinky side like herself. That she had wanted and needed to be dominated and roughed up by her partners. Arya knew she was a bottom. She had suspected Dany was a switch and all knew Andi was the dom in this household. The black teenager was the smallest of them but easily topped her larger lovers.

It came natural to the nearly seventeen year old.

Arya had hemmed and hawed about asking for some hot sadist machoism action. She had gotten so red in the face trying to ask her women to ‘fuck her up’. She had hinted that she was a ‘bad girl’ and needed to be punished.

Boy had she gotten her wish that night! Her future wives had simply worn her out. They had given Arya the supposedly ‘cruel’ sex she craved. The face slapping had made her pussy sloppy wet. Her nipples pulped and pounded into her chest. Her cunt whipped and her ass blistered. Andi had put Arya over her knee and blistered the Stark woman’s ass till it felt like her ass was on fire. Her glances back showed her that her ass was cherry red. Arya felt her juices soaking her legs from her inner thighs down to her knees. Her juices soaking Andi’s own legs with her flowing snail snot.

Her hair had been pulled so hard she thought they might pull it out. She had wept and sobbed brokenly as she was dragged around by her hair and thrown into the walls around the apartment repeatedly. They had dragged her into the closet hall and made the doors rattle hard in their frames. They had slammed Arya into the doors again and again making her body jolt and had her seeing stars. Her body rebounding off the slatted doors by her hair knot fisted by Andi. The black sadist using the hair knot to slam Arya into the rattling doors face first again and again. Ayra's forehead, nose and chin throbbing in pain from the repeated door strikes.

Her tits following suit slamming into the doors too. Her engorged nipples pulped into the slatted wood. Her wet cunt slamming into the doors also leaving snail snot smeared on the doors too. Andi
taking her right hand and spreading her fingers on Arya's lower back. Working her hands together, her left hand full of hair she pounded the length of Arya's body into the wildly shaking doors. The sounds of the doors rattling turned Arya on almost as much as the physical pain and humiliation.

Later, she had been on the bed on her stomach and Andi had been beside her sitting on her ass. With a fistful of Arya's hair again Andi slammed Arya’s face now into the mattress with savage up and down jerks. Arya saw stars while her cunt made a huge wet spot on the bed. Dany was on her other side. Her cupped palms slapping up and down Arya’s back, ass and back of her legs. The Valyrian lifting her cupped hands up high to land savage strikes up and down Arya's body. Arya’s skin turned all splotchy red from the cruel slaps. Her screams of pain loud in the room. Her begging for mercy cruelly ignored. Instead, her face was slammed harder into the mattress. Her cries of distress swallowed by the mattress when Andi walled her face all around in the bed before again slamming her face down into the mattress with furious jerks of the black teenager's wrist. Arya’s face paining her from the savage violence. The cruelty turning on her immensely. She loved it! She wanted more of it!

She had loved it so much! All her fantasies of being abused and raped made true. They had fucked her nearly senseless.

They loved making a game of it. How Dany or Arya would trigger their own abuse. Last night it had been Dany’s turn to be abused and humiliated.

They were playing poker around the low table in the living area. Dany had clumsily tried to pull an Ace of Spades out of her panties. Andi and Arya had seen it of course. Andi’s hand had struck out like an adder catching Dany red handed. They confronted the cheating former whore. Dany dissembled most unconvincingly. She looked around with fearful eyes being caught out.

They were on her in flash slapping the pale Valyrian. Her face reddened by harsh slaps. Her frilly bra and panties ripped from her body in shreds and then off her body. Her tits smacked hard and her ass blistered till it glowed cherry red. Arya and Andi spit in Dany’s face and wallowed the spit into her beautiful face.

Andi punched Dany hard in the stomach putting her on the carpet in the living room gasping and retching. While Dany gasped for air they had gotten their floggers out from the bedroom. They had been savage in taking their floggers to Dany’s body. Her body was soon crisscrossed with red marks from the tassels. The women wind milling their arms to slash the leather tassels over Dany’s body from her throat to her feet. The pale Valyrian body wretched and kicked as her body was relentlessly whipped.

Her screams and pleadings for mercy sweet music to her tormentors' ears. Dany had raised her arm to defend herself and spread her fingers in supplication. "Pleasssee! Mercy! You're killlliiing meeeeee!" Arya remember hearing Dany plead for them to stop her face covered with tears running down her cheeks. Sobs wracking her toned slender body. "Stop whipping meeeee! I'm begging youuuuuu!"

Of course the safe word 'red' had not been spoken or even the slow down word of 'yellow'.

Andi had whipped her flogger viciously over the outreached arm that pleaded for mercy. Dany had screamed in pain so sweetly. Arya squatted down and punched Dany hard in the stomach. Dany wretched violently. That had stopped her interfering with the savage flogging. Dany's arms jerked violently while her legs kicked around on the floor. The tassels slashing over her body. The black and white woman making sure the leather tassels repeatedly visit pale breast and sopping wet cunt.

Gradually, Dany's body stopped violently writhing as they wore her out. The Valyrian's pale body
only now jerked, twitched and spasmed weakly with the cruel leather tassels whipping up and down her body.

With limpid eyes a marked and whimpering Valyrian watched her lovers put on and sync up their nearly foot long dicks. The former whore focused on the dicks licking her lips. Her breathing ragged with pain and now added raw slutty want.

Dany had been primed now with pain and humiliation. She was ready to be fucked hard and deep. The slut ready to have thick long strap-on dicks rammed hard and deep up her cunt and shithole. They had led a groggy Dany to straddle Arya. The slut groaning deep in her chest feeling Arya's long thick dick impaling her juicy fuck hole with a long slow stroke of pure love. Her twat stretched out tight on the thick dick splitting her trim in two. Then Andi moved in behind and slide her own black cock up her slut's shithole burying it in to the hilt. Dany keening her body jerking with primal fuck bliss.

They had fucked Dany so hard and deep with their strap-on cocks. Dany was in need of a sweet hard grudge fuck with their strap-on cocks. Her two wives gave Dany what she needed.

Arya shivered thinking back on the sweet fuck. They had first fucked Dany DP to a womb and asshole shredding orgasm. Then the two had fucked Dany individually with their cocks. The women taking turns defiling Dany’s hungry cunt and ass. Their dicks slamming in balls deep. They pulled her hair hard and moderately choked her. Dany loved to feel a hand constricting her throat when fucked with cock. Their expert fucking made the Valyrian wail in shocking ecstasy as her pussy and asshole exploded in soul ripping orgasms.

The sweet fuck progressed as they took the Valyrian’s body hard and deep. Just how Daenerys needed it. Then they had Dany in a DP again on the floor. Andi on her back slamming her dick up into Dany’s hot tight cunt. Arya remembered how glistening Andi’s black dick was soaked in Dany’s creamy effluent. Andi’s cock all covered in smears and streams of sweet fuck juice down to a slimy fuck ring at the marge of deepest penetration.

Dany had already cum screaming once from her DP fuck and was ramping up again. Arya had been behind Dany slamming her thick eleven inch strap-on up Dany’s hot shithole. Her own pale cock slavered with ass juice down to a fuck ring too. She loved how Dany’s body jolted forward with each savage pile driving stroke of Arya’s dick up her asshole. Dany’s tight ass rippling with the impact of their bodies. Arya arched her back and Dany grunting like a sow in heat with her grip on the plush shag carpet jacking her body back to take the love dicks being slammed into her fuck holes. The Valyrian striving to take their dicks even deeper into her belly.

Arya gritted her teeth chuffing with her fingers gripping Dany’s hips tight indenting her sweet pale flesh hard. Arya really working her hips and bowing her back to slam her dick up Dany’s ass again and again. The impacts rippling the Valyrian’s pale ass cheeks and hips. Dany’s head rolling and jerking as she cawed and moaned like the whore she was and still is with her wives. Her face slashed and grimaced with primal fuck bliss.

Arya pulled out Dany’s asshole. The wet hole gaped from its repeated hard fucks. The runnels clutching before Arya. A big gush of shit juice gushed out the now opened orifice. The juice flowing down the Valyrian’s perineum and soaking her cunny and prick fucking it with punishing strokes of pure love. Arya bent down to bury he face in Dany's ass cleft. Arya tongues up sweet shit juice and rimmed the gaped asshole swirling her tongue along the runnels of Dany's clutching asshole. Her tongue probing deep to lick and slither over wet rectum walls. Arya moaned tasting sweet shit juice.

Arya then kneed around to get in front of Dany. Arya loved ATM. She looked down at Dany who
stared at the prick slavered in her butt juice. Arya moaned hard seeing Dany hungrily siphon in her dick into her mouth. The pale teenager began to bob up and down her shaft. Dany cleaned her ass juice off Arya’s dick hungrily. Dany moaning as she slurped up her shit juice with hungry sucks. Her purple eyes looking up at Arya slutty as she did sweet ass to mouth.

Dany whinnied hard when Andi slipped her cock out of Dany’s clamshell and moved her dick up and rammed it up into Dany’s tight ass. Andi fucked Dany’s asshole hard and fast. Dany’s head lurched up with jerks on the cock she cleaned ATM with Andi torpedo fucking her ass. The black teenager worked her hips hard to pound Dany’s ass. Andi grunting and gripping Dany’s pale ribs as she lunged her prick up Dany’s butthole with vicious strokes of her pure love. The sound of sweaty bodies slapping hard erotica music.

“You love the taste of your ass don’t you—you Valyrian whore” Arya barked down at Dany.

The Dragon’s eyelids had fluttered shut while she bobbed on her cock pacifier soaked in her ass cream. Dany bobbed hard and sucked fiercely. Her eyes opened and she looked up at Arya with pure slut eyes. She finally pulled off the bulbous dickhead.

“Gods yessssss! I love the taste of my sweet shithole Arya! Gods I love getting my ass fucked and sucking my shit off your dick baby!” Dany's potty mouth had Arya moaning gutturally.

Arya moved back around to Dany’s ass. She watched Andi pull her dick out of Dany’s asshole and lunge it balls deep back into Dany’s drooling clamshell. Dany’s head rocked back her eyes squeezed shut tight as she felt her cunny fucked A2P. Andi gripping Dany at the swale of her hips and ribs now. Andi fucked Dany hard and then slowed her strokes and paused. Arya slipping her thick prick into her slut's booty hole and quickly worked up a hard punishing balls deep rhythm. Soon the pale Valyrian body rippled and jolted from two bodies hard slapping into her body to lunge pricks balls deep into Dany's belly.

The two ramped up the abuse again knowing it would make Dany's next orgasms even harder. Dany loved to be abused in her hot fucks when craving sweet grudge fucks.

Arya reached forward and twisted a hair knot out of the sweat soaked white hair. She pulled her arm back pulling Dany up and back. Arya working her hips to still torpedo fuck the Valyrian's shithole with savage impaling thrusts. Dany head jerked sharply back being choked by the violent head snaps from Arya's snapping wrist. Arya then pulled Dany further back and looped her arm around the pale neck and nestled Dany's throat into the crook of her elbow. Arya squeezed moderately half choking Dany.

Dany's hands up at Arya's arm pretending to try and break the grip choking her half out. Pale fingers gripping Arya's arm and jerking back. Dany doing her part in the tableau in the sadistic play.

Dany's hands jerked on the arm choking her. One would think she was desperate but her motions were only for show. Arya squeezed harder now choking Dany in earnest. Dany's choked out barely heard gasps. Dany's face scarlet red from lack of air. Arya jerked Dany forward and back as she choked her out. Dany now instinctively pulling desperately on the arm choking her out.

Arya easing up just enough to let Dany wheeze in breath and oxygen before again choking her breath off. Dany's eyes bulged in fear. Her hands now clawing the air in desperation. Her hands jerking spasmodically in the air. Dany wanted it but her body fought for air instinctively. That made the fuck all the hotter. Arya letting her breath enough to not pass out and then hard squeezing again.

Now Andi joined the sadistic fun. Dany's body pulled up and bent back exposed her tits all crisscrossed with red marks from the tassel strikes and splotchy from the earlier harsh slaps on the perfect pale globes. Andi decided they needed more abuse. The black teenager lifted her small dark
black hands. Her palms cupped. Andi whipped her hands forward and down to violently smack the tits straining on Dany’s chest with her upper body tilted back with Arya’ choke hold. Dany’s C cup tits whip lashed and jiggled violently with the repeated cruel strikes.

The sounds of sweaty palms striking large firm tits loud in the room. Dany's tits flipped up and down. The skin all splotchy from abuse. Andi changed the angle he hands and savagely slapped Dany's tits from the sides making them whiplash side to side. Then the black teenager slapped in from both sides making the white tits slap into each other and then violently undulate. The pale tits red from abuse. Her nipples rock hard and throbbing like a jackhammer. Andi gripped the full tits and mauled them with cruel squeezes. Then back to harsh mean slaps on the firm tits.

Arya released her choke hold but got her hair knot again and used it to pull Dany's body back taunt like a bowstring. Dany gasped with ragged breaths to get her air back. Arya snapped Dany's head with cruel snaps of her wrist. Arya used her other hand to slap cruelly Dany's ass cheeks she fucked hard with her pumping hips. The Valyrian's skin all bright red with red splotches spreading from the harsh slaps all over her ass and hips. Dany still working her body to rotate her hips to take her lover's dicks deep into her belly.

Now, Andi did not slap down on the firm breast of her lover but changed the angle of her slaps to pulp the firm mounds into Dany's ribs. Now striking in making loud thump sounds pulping Dany's firm tits into her ribs. The Valyrian's tits compressing and rolling with the cruel strikes. Again and Again the black teenager ferociously pulp slapped Dany's tits. Arya threw her slut's head forward. She needed to concentrate on tearing Dany a new asshole. She now gripped Dany's hips to slam her back into her impaling thrusts to rip Dany's ass wide open. Just like she loved it in sweet grudge fucks.

Then Arya torpedoed slammed her dick back into Dany’s gaped asshole. She fucked Dany hard like she needed it. They did ATM and A2P repeatedly. Now with Dany’s rising up to orgasm again. Arya had gotten up on her feet and straddled Dany’s slender hips. She hunched down gripping the middle of Dany’s back pushing her body down into Andi’s body. Sweat poured off the Stark’s heated body. Her sweat dripping all over the Valyrian’s back that glistened with sweat and had rivulets running down her ribs.

Arya worked her hips slamming every millimeter possible savagely down into Dany’s pinching asshole. She reached forward with her left hand and fist Dany’s dark white sweat soaked hair and snapped her head back and forward. Dany gurgled feeling her head whiplashed. Then her eyes shocked wide open feeling her belly filled with hard dick and her lover’s dickheads jacking over each other as they seesawed mercilessly in and out her drooling quim and spasming sphincter. Dany’s face twisted into a mask of shocked searing fucking bliss.

“FFFFUCCKKKKKKKKK! AAARRRUUNNGGGGGGGG! OOOWWWWGGGGGGGG! Hhnnn hhnnn hhnnn oooohhh oh oh AAWWOOOOGGGGGGGG! … unngg aanngg shit! … gooddssdaammnnnnnnnn! Uunngghhiieeeee! Mmmngghhiieeeeeee! Nnnnhhiieeeeeeeeee!” Dany screamed like she was being garroted. Her head was snapped forward and back by Arya. Dany’s whole body convulsed and shuddered as full body spasms rocked her from her hair to her curled toes. Her fingers tearing at the carpet with clawed fingers. Her hand jerking up spasatically.

They had spent another hour fucking Dany to fucking exhaustion. They had continued to slap her harshly, spit in her face and took the floggers to her one more time as she writhed and flipped on the floor. The two let Dany rest after her harrowing fuck. The pale Valyrian on her back legs spread obscenely showing her swollen red camel toe drooling fuck juice. A beatific smile on the nineteen year old’s face. Soon Dany’s strength returned and her need for sweet gash filled her slutty body and mind.
She had then sucked them off like she was a rabid dragon. She went wild on their pussies. Her moans long and guttural as she sucked her wives off with pure fuck hunger again and again.

Arya was so happy that Dany and Andi shared her own voracious insatiable appetite for sex.

Now it was time for Arya to initiate her fun for tonight. It was up to her and Dany to signal the way the evening would go. They usually fucked more straight ahead lovingly but Dany and Arya often felt the need for some sweet Sadomasochism sex. They had yet to have Andi do them both at the same time but Dany and Arya had talked about it. It would happen soon.

Andi had pronounced two nights ago that Arya was to not watch porn at the command desk when they were at work. Andi barked at Arya that she was spending more time addling herself on porn than doing her share of the workload. Andi was pissed about it and made it abundantly clear it was to cease. Arya thought she was full of shit. Her job was to be the muscle and she had nothing to do when they were doing all this boring intelligence work.

In truth Andi could care less. Intelligence work was her and Dany’s forte. She just was giving Arya a red line to cross. A line all three knew Arya would cross like Caesar crossing the Rubicon on his way to Rome and his death.

Arya angled her tablet so the screen was visible to Andi. She watched for a minute and glanced to the side. She saw that Andi was so engrossed in her analysis she did not see the anima sex on Arya’s screen. Damnit! Arya was getting real horny here. Arya started to moan softly watching the hentai sluts move to the one fisting the asshole of her lover as she gibbered wildly in Leng.

A minute later Arya was starting to pant at the hot sex. Seeing the teenager take her MILF’s fist elbow deep up her asshole over and over and how the forearm was soaked in sweet ass juice had Arya partially addled. She had actually forgotten about Andi. Big mistake! Arya’s grey eyes bored onto the screen of her IPad. She groaned hard watching the hentai sluts move to the one fisting the asshole of her lover as she gibbered wildly in Leng.

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Arya felt her dander rising up staying in character. “I have the right to watch what I want you fucking black cunt!” She felt her body coiling up. She glared at Andi. “I’m the muscle and I deserve some down time you fucking black bitch! You fucking Chihuahua!”

The little black minx’s eyes flared wide in anger. Andi did not disappoint Arya.

Her left hand rose up and back like a coiled adder. Arya could easily catch or dodge the raised hand. She did not react at all. Then Andi’s hand came whipping down and slapped Arya hard across her face rocking it over. Arya started to turn her face back around her cheek stinging like hell. Another venomous strike of Andi’s palm hit Arya’s cheek the sound loud in the room. Again Arya’s head rocked over with the violent impact.
Dany had stopped her translation to watch Arya get abused. Arya caught her out of the corner of her eye. Dany’s nipples were fully erect and jutting up through the sheer material. Her pussy already darkening the fabric of her white panties in the gusset.

The black teenager fisted Arya’s hair and violently twisted Arya’s head around before Arya could even think about turning her head back around. Arya squealed and then bleated “What was that for Andi!” Arya while in character felt her nipples rapidly puffing up to their engorged plums. Her cunt already sopping wet with her panties soaked in her flowing effluent.

Andi slapped her hard again on both cheeks. Arya’s cheeks were now filled with harsh pulsing pain. The black tormentor spit in Arya’s face and walloped her palm over the proud woman’s face humiliating Arya before slapping her viciously again. Then without warning she punched Arya in her stomach folding the thirty year old woman over gasping for breath. The blow hard but not truly vicious. Enough to hurt extremely but not harm.

Arya started to cry. Andi was slapping her face again with hurtful stinging slaps. Her hands reached out and gripped Arya’s flimsy lacey bra and snarled jerking her hands back. The fabric tearing and after several jerks had reduced the expensive garment to tattered shreds. The clasp still held the remains in place.

Her nipples had been half erect watching the porn but they were not fully engorged and her pulse beat madly in them. Hot hammer shocks of intense pulsating pleasure. Her clit was rock hard and fuck nectars were flowing from her now sopping wet fuck hole. Her cum weeping down and running over her perineum and soaking her ass cleft. Her starfish spasming feeling it soaked in Arya’s flowing snail sauce. Arya lifted arms up to defend herself but Andi slapped them down.

Arya was whimpering and started to get up out of her seat rolling away from Andi. Unfortunately, Dany was their blocking her way. Without warning she slapped Arya viciously the sound loud and repeated with more hard cupped palm strikes on Arya’s cheeks. The unexpected attack shocking the former FBI agent.

Arya cried out and wept. Andi gripped her long brown hair and snapped Arya’s head back and forward. The whiplash jarring Arya and making her cry out again at her abuse. Abuse she was secretly loving. Her cunt was pulsing wetly. Creamy cum leaking out like the slut she was. Her fuck holes hungry for abuse. Dany gripped what was left of Arya’s bra and wildly jerked breaking the front clasp and ripped it off Arya’s body and threw the tattered bra down on the floor.

Arya staying in character used her left arm to hide her engorged nipples. She looked fearfully between her two tormentors. She knew that they would soon be getting out their strap-on cocks and fucking her hard and deep in both her fuck holes. She couldn’t wait! Gods she loved being roughed up. The pain and humiliation like catnip to the assassin. Her two lovers glared cruelly at her.

Arya loved them staying in character. It made the role playing and rough sex so much better. She knew she was going to be whipped mercilessly with the leather belts they had purchased yesterday from the local sex shop. Arya’s pulse spasm hard in her throbbing pussy with fuck juice gushing out soaking her camel toe and panties.

Knock Knock Knock Knock

The door echoed with the hard raps on it. Arya stared at the door aghast. WTF!

Dany and Andi dropped out of character. Arya whined. “Forget about them damnit! I need some attention here!” Arya had been wound up and would blow her top if she was not fucked up hard and then fucked even harder—like now!
Dany went to her keyboard and punched up the views form the hidden cameras in the alleyway. They were state of the art low intensity cameras that captured all ambient light. The Ghostmaker had made sure to have the best surveillance gear installed to protect the Three Headed Dragon.

There was an older man and a man in his mid-thirties at the door. The older man had long white hair and the other man had beautiful blond hair down to his shoulders.

*Fuck!* It was Jamie Lannister and Barristan Selmy of the Earthguard Arya saw on the screen. Of all the fucking time to show up! *Not now!*

“Ignore them!” Arya whined. She felt her eyes bulge seeing Andi come over to the monitor and look at the two men with Dany. “Hey! I got needs here! You just can’t stop when it is getting good damnit! Fuck me up and then fuck me!” Arya cried out in frustration.

Dany and Andi ignored Arya. They discussed if they should answer the door. They were being logical about the situation but also knew ignoring Arya now would pay big dividends later.

Knock Knock Knock Knock

“I think we should get the door Dany” Andi told the Valyrian. Dany looked at a fuming Arya. She sighed.

“I agree with Andi, Arya. We will finish this later. I promise you bitch!” she finished falling back into character for a sentence to get Arya’s wet panties in a twist.

“That is so fucking unfair!” Arya jerked her legs up to stomp her feet on the wooden slat floor.

“Arya—go put a top back on. Cover your ass you cheap fucking slut” Andi told Arya.

“NO!” Arya stomped her feet again in frustration.

Andi marched over Arya fast and gripped her left arm and twisted it back behind Arya’s back. She only lifted it high enough to make Arya rise up and squeal in sharp pain. The joint only tested (harshly) but not hurt. Arya’s face twisted up with the intense pain she felt.

“You listen you fucking bottom bitch. No white bitch is defying me! Got that Cracker! You do what the fuck I tell you. Just for that I am going to throw you over my knee and blister your ass when they leave. You don’t defy me cunt!’

“Unnnnggggggggg!” Arya had sagged back into Andi her pussy spasming hard gushing more fuck juice. Her panties absolutely soaked in cum. The front soaked in oily cum and the back panel of her panties dark and sloppy wet with wicked cum.

“Gods!” Dany gasped. “You are so fucking hot” Dany husked to Arya.

“Fucking A you are Arya! You will get your reward when our guests leave” Andi husked to the horny thirty year old slut.

“Mnnnggggggggg!” Arya folded again her belly spasming hard as she felt her womb flip deep in her belly. More slimy fuck juice flooded the gusset of her panties. The juice now weeping out onto Arya’s strong thighs where fabric meet skin.

On shaky legs Arya walked into their bedroom and got a nighttime baby doll pull over top. It was cutoff to expose her six pack of abs. Her engorged nipples had the top tented showing half of her nipples. The door was knocked on again. She walked back into the common room before door.
Her wives of her heart went to the door. They were not going to let Arya change her clothes to something more demure. They were equally slutty attired. Let the men ogle them. With Arya her red abused face and disheveled hair would be on full display to their visitors.

The humiliation was exquisite. She moaned hard again getting more excited at the thought of these men seeing her sad state that her women had left her in. She was shaking in lust. She knew she would be coming explosively later tonight. The knowledge that Jaime Lannister and Barristan Selmy would see her like this only added to the kink of the coming fuck. The delay was making her pussy so hot and bothered. Arya stood tall and proud throwing out her chest. She wanted to be humiliated.

Her two lovers were at the door. They looked at their smartphones they had sent the camera feeds too. Jamie and Barristan were not armed. They had proven themselves in the past.

Dany opened the door. Her body relaxed but still ready to fight if necessary. Hard training had prepared her to be able to give a good account now.

Barristan walked in and bowed to Dany and Andi. He straightened up and took in Arya’s discombobulated appearance. How her face was cherry red from obvious abuse. He arched an eyebrow. Arya saw him sniffing the air. He smelled her cunt. Her humiliation had her pussy gushing again adding to the musk in the room. Her panties could not hold any more cum. The juice starting to weep through fabric and beading. Trickles ran down her right leg.

Barristan’s mouth fell half open. He was clearly flustered seeing Arya’s aroused and abused state. The fact that the two teenagers were dressed in frilly negligee showing off all their charms further discombobulated the man. He was not sure where to put his eyes.

Jamie Lannister walked in. His nose flared. He looked at Arya and her aroused state. His eyes zeroed in on her crotch and sloppy wet panties. Her pussy gushed again. More cum started to trickle down her legs. Jamie sniffed hard now.

“Hahaha” Jamie laughed. “I told you they would be shagging Barristan. You owe me twenty iron notes man. Gods the room is thick with pussy man!”

“Jamie” Barristan said in a scolding tone. He did glance over at Arya again his eyebrow flexing. “I apologize for interrupting your … erm—festivities. We would have come earlier if we had known you would be … uh ummmm well …”

“They were fucking Barristan or just starting too and judging by Arya’s appearance they were fucking her up quite well. I would say she is the bitch of this group” Jamie spoke with a chuckle.

Arya nodded her agreement. It was the truth. Her eyes were still blown with her desires. She shivered seeing Jaime eyeing her engorged nipples and staring at her soaked panties. More cum wicked through her panties and ran down her thighs.

“Wow! That is a lot of pussy in the air girls. You all must fuck like minxes.” Jaime had a shit eating grin on his face.

“Jamie!” Barristan barked scandalized.

“Please come in and let us sit and talk” Dany took control of the situation. Andi was dominate in their home but wanted Dany or Arya to lead with others present. Arya found that a little weird but didn’t care. As long as Andi ruled the roost Arya was a happy bitch. “You did interrupt our disciplining Arya for watching porn while we worked our asses off. Believe you me—she will be
disciplined when you leave” Andi said matter of fact.

Arya groaned again at the humiliation. Her pussy gushed again and her nipples were so engorged and rubbery. Each hammer beat of her pulse had her shaking with lust. Now several new trickles were running down her legs. Her ass cleft soaked now in her cum.

The party of visitors and lovers moved to the living area. The men sat on the two chairs. Andi and Dany sat on the sofa. Arya went to sit in the middle like she normally did.

“What the fuck you doing cunt?!” Andi snarled at Arya.

Barristan’s eyes went wide at the verbal abuse.

Arya was shocked and stood still fidgeting. “I was going to sit down with you” she said in a weak tremulous voice.

“I think not slut” Andi barked “you will stand at military parade rest cunt. You must punished for disobeying my edicts bitch!”

Barristan started to get up. Jaime reached out and gripped his forearm.

“Relax cuz. It is all part of the dynamic Barristan. Arya is the bitch and needs disciplining and to be put in her proper place.”

Barristan looked back at Jaime. He looked again at Arya and saw that indeed she was enjoying the humiliation. He shook his head. It was not his place to worry about how others found pleasure and in this case love. He still looked most discomforted by it all. He sat back down.

Arya moaned again as a fresh spasm of fuck juice darkened the gusset of her panties yet again. She assumed the required military posture. This showed her swollen wet camel toe for all to see. The wet material sucked partially into her drooling cleft. Her fat couchie on display. Her slit clearly shown through the soaked material.

Her engorged plum nipples tenting her cutoff baby doll that tented on the bulbs of her engorged nipples. Arya moaned seeing the men eye her. The humiliation exquisite. She was so dominate when out in the world but loved submitting and being punished by her sweet Dragon and Caracal. Showing off to these men turning Arya on big time. Her pussy and asshole clenching in wanton need.

The normally debonair and in control Barristan Selmy was continuing to be uncomfortable and discombobulated by the open display of domination and humiliation right before his eyes. He had a button down shirt which he had buttoned the collar button. He had his index underneath the collar pulling on it as he twisted his neck in discomfiture.

“Well … um—I see … well” Barristan hemmed and hawed.

“What my esteemed and easily flummoxed leader is trying to say” Jaime cut in with Barristan stumbling “we want to discuss your destiny. You three are definitely the reincarnated Three Headed Dragon of ancient times.”

A smirk fully came on his face. “I don’t recall the kink but my ancient doppelganger brother did hint at it in his book “Back-Handed Accounts of a Queen’s Court” he leered at the women and especially Arya. “Tyrion of old made it clear you three loved your cucumbers and zucchini. You would fuck each other in the pussy and ass and then peel the vegetables and eat them.
Jaime smiled at that. Daenerys eyes flared wide with a shocked look on her face. The black teenager immediately had a lidded look. She was clearly loving the idea. Daenerys turned to look at her with her eyes now going lidded as well. Arya blushed hotly. Jaime knew they would be making a trip to the grocery store soon.

Jaime continued his snark “I would say you three have taken it to a higher plan of awareness. I wouldn’t be surprised if you three did not ram your forearms up each other’s asses and then lick the ass juice off them.” He smiled a shitting eating grin seeing all three blush mightily. Yip Jaime thought. Depraved sluts. Just like his sweet depraved Melisandre! “You have quite the pussy and nips Arya” the handsome man leered at Arya.

“Uunnggg!” the Stark folded slightly feeling her womb spasm hard deep in her belly with the humiliation and fresh fuck juice gushing out her pussy and darkening her panties anew.

“You are quite the bitch aren’t you Arya Stark” Jaime jeered. Arya knew he knew she loved it.

Trickles of shiny cum was trickling down both of Arya’s legs now down to her knees. The fabric of her panties soaked beyond capacity to absorb any more cum.

Barristan’s eyes were large staring at the sight and the obviously abused face of Arya. Her cheeks and nose bright red from the administrated abuse. It was obvious she had is loved every smack and it had gods smacked the white haired warrior. He tried to not look but he failed miserably.

Jaime smiled evilly at his leader.

“Gods you are a wuss Barristan. How did such a stick in the mud such as you ever land such a hot babe as Marleya Blackmyre.”

The elder man turned his head and glared at Jamie with his regal bearing.

The blond man chuckled at his leader. “What’s the word thunderbird? Parse out your normal usual quota of divine interpretations from the oracles and fates.”

Barristan glared at the younger impish man. “You have no decorum, plus, you are a fucking asshole Jamie. A total fucking asshole.”

All Jamie did was preen and smile big knowing he had nonplussed his leader.

Barristan gathered himself and tore his eyes away from one very aroused Arya.

“The three of you have a great destiny to fulfill. Magic is returning and you are to be its Queens.”

Dany snorted. Arya was not surprised.

The Valyrian spoke her disbelief “Gods I hate prophecies. The hell if anyone or anything knows the future. Everyone says we are the reincarnated Queens of ancient times. I say bullshit. We are ourselves. We are not some manifestation of past Queens. We are simply three women in love and allied with Shih-Chieh.”

Barristan tilted his head in acknowledgement. “For now. I do not think we are going back eight thousand years ago but the world will change. It must. We are killing it. All I ask is for you three women to be ready and accept whatever the fates have laid out for you.”

“The three of you and the two Terminators are the lynchpins. One of magic and one of science.”
Missandei spoke up now. “I have read all the books I could and started to read the USB from Tyrion Lannister. It is clear to me that we were not magical in ages past. Sure, Dany had dragons and Arya was a badass Faceless man who could Warg but nothing grand. Take away Dany’s dragons and, I hate to say it, we would have not been anything special.”

“You are right and wrong Missandei. You three focused the magic and used it. It was not innate to yourselves but you harnessed it. Your ascension to the throne delayed the death of magic in the world by a millennium. It is alive now only in the Forbidden Zones.”

“We have met vampires and werewolves. How do you explain that?” Dany asked Barristan.

“There are many facets to magic. What I speak of is higher magic. Magic that can shape civilizations and bring armies low. Magic that can be shaped and used. True, there are magical creatures aplenty but they can only shape their personal destinies. You three can shape the course of history. The Terminators are a wildcard that can also shape the future. They are the perfect blend of machine and man. It is their humanness that hides their technology.”

“Forces are gathering to support you but I feel it will you three and the Terminators that will confront and defeat the foe. Some ancient bane wants to bring mankind down.”

“Can you blame them?” Andi asked the leader of the Earthguard.

“Probably not but it is our species at stake. We are growing and learning. Well everyone but Donald Trump.”

Arya had to snort at that. Nice to see an older white male who was not an idiot wanting to bring back the ‘good ole days.’

Barristan looked at the three women in turn.

“You do not need to believe. You only need to act. I trust you will make the right decisions when the times come. I know the Terminators will. They are in love with humans and will do all they can to protect the women.”

He sighed. “I wish they could be president. They would be honest and moral and kick everyone’s ass when necessary but, alas, they really are childlike in many ways Shih-Chieh tells me. I have the felt the wrath of Cameron. I hear she has reconciled with her human. Soon they will consummate their love. My wife feels soon they will form a loving foursome pairing between them. Another pair may be added.” The man shook his head at that statement. “All is good on that front we believe. Their human lovers stabilize the Terminators and make them want to help our race despite our failings.”

“I do not know the future and how magic and its use will play out. What I do know is that the entity in the Forbidden Zone wants the returned magic to the world to crush mankind and eliminate him from the face of the Earth. We debate among ourselves. Most feel it is the Ice King returned but this feels different to me. The goals are not domination but eradication. Not greed or avarice. I do not know.”

Dany and Andi looked at each other and then at Arya. She shrugged. She was the Sergeant at Arms that would strive to fulfill their directive. They would figure out the answers and she would execute their plans. That was enough for her.

Dany spoke for them “We are only three women but we will do all we can to preserve our race and to help the Earth to recover from our harm upon it. The Terminators will help in this. They are
“I know of one other” Barristan said.

The three women looked at each other. Again it did not matter. They could only do what they could.

“Jaime spoke of me prophesying. I will only say this. I believe that the Tree of Life exists and still lives. No Weirwoods live outside of the Forbidden Zones but still they live on within them. It will be there that the fate of mankind will be decided. We must hope to ameliorate its goals. I hope that magic and science can form a partnership and make a better future.”

The meeting continued on for another twenty minutes. Barristan providing insights and Dany and Andi asking questions. Then the meeting was over and the men made their salutations and were gone. They all went to the bedroom area.

Arya was a quivering mess by now. Discussions of the world fate were finished. She was so fucking horny!

“Strip and get on your hands and knees slut!” Andi barked. “Dany go get the leather belts we purchased yesterday. We need to break them in.”

Arya whimpered as she stripped and was shaking with repressed need getting down on all fours. She looked up with large eyes seeing the wide leather belts Dany brought out from their closet. The belts were two inches wide and supple. She watched each lover take a belt and snap them in the air.

Andi pointed to the living room area. “Crawl you ass over there and shimmy that fucking ass you white bitch.” The black teen whipped her wrist up and down making the belt snap. “Gods were are going to whip you so good you godsdamn bitch!” the dark skinned snarled at her slut. “MOVE!” she roared.

Arya whimpered crawling forward fast on her hands and knees. She grimaced at the hard raps her knees were taking. She whimpered looking back at her lovers. They glared at her with promise of sweet pain and humiliation. She quickly got into the open area in front of the TV. Arya’s large eyes watched Dany get on her left by her ass while Andi moved up to be by her shoulder on the other side of her body. Arya shook with the fear she willed into her body. She looked back and forth between her standing lovers.

As she watched Andi and Dany worked their arms back and up. Forward and down their arms whipped down.

*Smack*Smack*Slash*Smack*Smack*Smack*Smack*Smack*Smack*

The leather belts whiplashed down crossways over Arya’s back and ass cheeks. Immediately, her pale skin marked with bright lines two inches thick. The lengths varied according to how much leather lashed over beautiful white skin.

“Aaarrggghhh! Unngghhiiiiiiii! Aaaaiiiii aaaaaiiiiii eeeegghhhiiiiii! Eeeeiieeeiiiiiiii! Aarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrngggg! Arrrgghhhhh!”

Arya screamed as raw pain now filled her body. Her back and ass shrieking with torment. Andi and Dany moving slightly to work areas of Arya’s body they had not tortured yet with their belts. Arya’s head whipped around her face scrunched with the pain flooding her body. Then her head sagged down her hair flagged around her head. Her body lurching and jolting at the belts mercilessly whipped her body up and down her supine body.
Arya continued to wail as her wives whipped her up and down her back and especially her ass and hamstrings. Arya jolted and screamed in agony. Her pale skin now criss-crossed with red marks across her back, ass and legs. She sagged down to the floor weakening. The belts making her jerk and writhe in agony. Finally, the pale white and dark black women stopped.

Arya had collapsed completely onto the floor gurgling. She hitched and jerked with the sudden unexpected pulses of pain flooding her body. Arya screamed when without warning Andi and Dany started to whip her again.

Her body writhed and twisted while her two wives of her heart ruthlessly whipped her. Her back and ass now red all over with the repeated beating her sweet flesh received. Andi and Dany cackling while their arms turned right and left to windmill their belts down. Arya sobbed heavily now tears running down her face and throat. Her legs kicked as her arms herked and jerked.

“Godssss pleasseeeeee stop stop! Mercy!” Arya pleaded. She screamed with more sadistic slashes of the belts that now whipped the back of Arya’s splayed out legs and arms. Arya wailed her pain. Her body rolling from hip to hip while she continued to plead. “I can’t take anymore— arrrgghhhhhiii! Mmgghhiiiii! Aaaaiii aaaaaii aaaaaiiii!” Arya hollered in her pain.

The two teenagers paused now. In reality their arms were tired and needed a break. They had not heard the safe word of “red” and, thus, knew they were free to continue abusing Arya.

“Get up on your all fours again” Andi snarled.

Arya weakly complied.

“I have a gift for you?” Andi smiled evilly. From the small table she lifted a butt plug with a bushy brown tail jutting up from it. The butt plug nearly two inches across at it’s thickest. Arya’s eyes bulged. She had not seen it placed there. She groaned hard. She had not known that Andi had purchased the item. Her throbbing ass shivered. She panted looking at Andi. “I think our little wolfie should look the part. Don’t you Dany. I have a nice white one for you my slutty Dragon. You got it Queenie? You will have yours shoved up your ass soon enough.”

Arya looking over her shoulder saw that Dany’s eyes were glazed. Andi smirked dribbling some lubricating liquid in Arya’s cleft. She then wormed the butt plug up into Arya’s tight clenching butthole. Arya gagged in pleasure feeling the slicked shaft sink nearly four inches up into her hot rectum. The teardrop shaped butt plug filled Arya’s rectum with its nearly two inch diameter at its thickest. Her sphincter clenched down on the small base stem. She groaned hard.

Arya looked back at the fluffy tail that stood up with the tail not dropping till nearly three quarters of the way away from her ass. Arya shimmed her hips. She loved the feel of her rectum filled and the sight of her cute doggy tail.

Andi shook her head watching Arya shake her hips to make her tail twitch and jerk. “Okay bitch. Waddle into the bed room and get on all fours up on the bed. I have some sweet whitie gash to devour. Dany I want you splayed out with legs spread and your back against the headboard. I want Arya’s face buried in your cunt. I want you to cum screaming you Valyrian slut.”

“Arya I will suck you off till I have filled my belly with your hot sweet cum. Got that bitch.”

“Yes mistress!” Arya gasped in raw need. Her abuse had her primed to explode. She looked up at Dany.

Dany was nodding her head mutely in response to Andi’s commands. She was still staring at the
butt plug. Arya smiled to herself. She knew who was getting what tomorrow night.

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Arya and her lovers were back on the subway heading back to Shih-Chieh’s restaurant and headquarters. They had gone to his complex this morning to shot at the pistol ranges and to practice their personal defense. Arya leaned back against the wall of the subway car. She felt so happy and content.

Last night Dany had gone on about how she was of Old Valyria and that she was also the Mare Who Would Mount the World. Andi had come to rue the moment she had told Dany that factoid about her past. She was walking around their apartment telling them to call her Khal Dany and Queen of Westeros.

Andi had slowly gotten tired of hearing all that shit.

“Pipe down Queenie” she growled at Daenerys. “I will show you who the fucking Khal is around this apartment. Don’t get all uppity on me bitch” the black teenager had snarled at Dany.

“Pu—leazeeeee” Dany had intoned with her nose straight up in the air. “How many times do I have to tell you that I am the Mare Who Mo—aaaiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii Eenngghhhiieeee!” Dany started wailing. She had stupidly turned her back to Andi who had leapt out of her chair and fist her hair and jerked her head down cruelly

She kept jerking it down folding Dany over as she first railed in anger and then pain as her body was jerked about and then Andi slapped her face hard making her cheeks glow fiery red.

Dany had worn some cheap clothes so Andi could rip them off her now weeping body.

“Get your fucking ass over here Arya and help me strip this bitch down and then whip her ass mercilessly. Then we are going to DP her filly ass to next week! The Mare who mounts the world my ass!”

Arya knew this was not the time but her nipples were engorged and throbbing and her pussy fucking wet just remembering what happened next last night. She was thankful she had decided to girlie up and worn a blouse and skirt on the subway. She had decided not to go commando. Andi was looking over her tablet reviewing more data from Tyrion’s USB drive. Her sweet Brainac was engrossed in her data and would not be feeling the need to feel her or Dany up on the subway.

Dany was absently rubbing her pussy and breast. She had purred this morning. Well, after she first got the bitching out of her system.

“Gods you two packed my shit so deep I won’t be able to shit for a week!” she had groused. “You two think you are pretty special don’t you raping my asshole. Pounding both of your cocks up my ass at the same time!” Dany had huffed. Of course last night she had jabbered and begged “Ram both of your dicks deep up my ass! Bust my ass wide open! Pound my shit deep! Unnggg hhnng hhnng oohhhhh fucckinnggg goodsss yessssss yesssss unngggg ... tear me a new one-godsdamnmit! unngggg oooohhhh gods” their sweet slut had moaned and gibbered as she and Andi pounded Dany double anal with all their strength and pure love.

The two had pounded Dany double anal to a harrowing orgasm. They then slide their dicks down and invaded Dany’s slobbering cunt and wormed both dicks soaked in the slut’s ass cream and fucked her deep in her twat see-sawing their dicks in and out her pussy with strong strokes. Another orgasm had Dany wailing and bucking wildly on Arya’s body.
Then they took Dany down to the mattress and turned their pale slut right and left to fuck her asshole and trim spoon. The two women fucking Dany hard gripping her body as they slammed their dicks all the way balls deep into Dany’s belly. Her mouth cleaning the cock that had fucked her asshole hard before she was flipped over to clean the cock fresh from her asshole from that lover. Her couchie fucked A2P repeatedly but Andi and Arya made sure to fuck Dany’s shithole deep before rolling her over so the white haired Valyrian could suck her sweet shit juice off her dick popsicle.

They had worn Dany out finally. It took a lot of fucking and orgasms to wear Dany out. Andi and Arya were pooped themselves. It took a lot of energy to put the fire out in Dany’s always hungry fuck holes. The two moved to the TV area to watch some Hunger Games from the first movie. They both loved the movies. They snuggled and ate popcorn and drank soda.

Half way through the first Mocking Jay movie Dany came slinking out the bedroom area. Her body radiated that look that said I have been fucked hard and deep and I loved it! She walked sultrily to get before Arya and settled to her ass before Arya’s legs and pushed them wide. Arya and Andi naked having not put on clothes after fucking Dany out.

Arya moaned feeling her nipples and pussy engorging with blood rush. Her cunt getting wet in a flash.

Arya settled back watching Dany get settled. She watched Dany with her head up on pillows she placed behind her head. Andi was watching the show with glittering eyes. Arya was in heaven while she watched Dany suck her off like a madwoman. Twice.

Then Dany got up on her knees and made sure she shimmed her ass as moved over to get between Andi’s legs. The white woman pushing the dark thighs wide open to show Andi’s swollen sloppy wet pussy. The Valyrian settled back down on her ass her tongue licking her lips staring at sweet black gash. The black teenager had been fingering her pussy to keep herself nice and juiced up. Soon Andi had forgotten all about the movie with Dany first sucking her pussy off. The sixteen year old's body ripped apart with womb rending spasms tearing viciously at her voluptuous but taunt body. Dany sucking on Andi's clit with cheek dimpling deep throat love sucks. Dany's head lifting up stretching out Andi's trim. Her sucks tenting the black slut's upper cunt as Dany's head lifted an inch with her voracious sucks on sweet black cunt meat. Andi's screams had been deafening.

Dany let Andi rest a minute before she slowly worked her fingers and then her hand into the sixteen year old’s tight cunt. Arya thought it so hot seeing Andi's dark black mons and hot red seam take Dany's hand. The sweet sopping wet red petals taking the hand pushed into the black cunt. The black cunt slowly sliding down the back of Dany's hand in a wet kiss of pure love. Arya breathed hard watching Dany's knuckles press out on Andi's vaginal opening before sliding into the sweet, tight, creamy black cunt. Andi's eyes glazed her breathing ragged. Dany formed her fist and then rammed her fist deep up into the black teenager's cunt. It was so hot to see Dany pull her forearm back so her fist bulged out Andi's cunt hole before twist lunging her fist back deep up into the slut's snatch. The pale fist ramming Andi's cervix. Each savage thrust jolting Andi's body jerking it that small fraction. Andi’s head lulled over as her throat gibbered sweet slut mewlings of pure love and raw aching pleasure. Arya had scooted down to the floor to watch up close.

Watching Dany sitting on her ass on the floor ramming her fist three inches up into Andi’s dark black belly was so fucking hot. Arya knew Dany's knuckles were plowing sweet sopping wet bright red cunt meat before hammering again and again Andi's cervix. Sweet creamy cum soaked Dany’s wrist and ran down her forearm. Dany had her tongue sticking out the corner of her mouth as she concentrated to plunge her twisting fist deep into Andi’s black cunt. The sight of Dany’s twisting wrist ramming deep into Andi’s cunt was absolutely sublimely beautiful Arya dreamily thought. Dany's pale wrist all opaque with Andi’s slavered cum soaking it.
Arya started to jerk off working her clit fast and furious with her left hand fingers and her right hand wedge fucking her clitoral hood hard with four fingers. The wedge putting pressure on the shiny clit she was jerking off with her dominate hand.

Arya’s eyes were focused on Andi’s sweet black cunt. The fuck hole plundered with powerful thrusts of Dany’s fist deep into their Caracal’s belly. The forearm twisting to sweep Dany’s knuckles along the walls of Andi’s vaginal canal. Cum was leaking out around Dany’s fist. Slimy tendrils of creamy cum hanging in waving tendrils around the wrist that was slamming a white fist into Andi’s black couchie.

Arya thought the color contrast was so divine. Dany’s pale wrist and forearm twisting deep into the dark black mons of Andi and twisting the black teenager’s labia lips revealing her deep red seam that was slavered with creamy fuck cream.

She and Andi rose up together and were teetering on the precipice of shattering ecstasy. Andi’s body jerked up with the force of Dany’s fist ramming home deep up Andi’s cunt. Dany’s wrist slicked with creamy cum and more clear tendrils of effluent running down her lunging forearm. Said forearm flexing as Dany twisted it slamming three inches of her forearm up into Andi’s tight spasming cunt.

Dany took her left hand and started fork and squirt Andi’s clit between her jerking fingers as her right hand slammed her fist savagely into the tight clinging cunt of their lover. Andi was dripping sweat now her face slashing with almost shocking pleasure. Her body jolting all over. Andi was gripping and milking her heavy tits with cruel maniacal squeezes. Her fingers sinking deep into her black tits.

The pale Valyrian was up on her knees leaning forward as she rammed her fist deep up into the black slut’s tight leaking fuck hole. She kept looking up at the black teenager’s face. A face slashed and twisted with primal fuck bliss. Andi went from gasping to breathing like she had just finished a marathon. Her head had been thrashing from side to side when suddenly it jerked forward her face twisted up and then shattered.

“AAAAWWWOOOGGGGGGGG! HHHHNNGGGGGGGGGG! HHHHHNNNNNNNGGGGNNNNNN!” the beautiful young black woman screamed as if she was being torn apart by shocking crippling ecstasy. Her body folded forward and slammed back into the sofa back so hard the legs barked on the wood floor. Her hands pulped her tits burying her fingers into her tits. Dany was forking Andi’s clit and jerking her hand fast up and down. Her right hand piston fucking the cunt squeezing her pumping fist in a velvet fist of silky buttery cum soaked cunt petals.

Andi’s body flipped and jackknifed violently. Her head snapped down as she watched with slit eyes Dany slam fuck her cunt with her plunging twisting fist. Dany rose up higher on her knees. She folded her body forward. Dany squeezed in with her forked fingers to jut Andi’s clit fully out of its sheath all pinkish white and shiny. Her mouth latched onto the clit with her thick sensual lips. Dany suckled on the clit with deep throat love sucks as her tongue polished the clit nubbin.

The effective was devastating. A second orgasm exploded overtop the first orgasm. Andi’s eyes shocked wide open her mouth open into a helpless O of searing ecstasy. A shocked few seconds of silence and then the shrieks of crippling ecstasy erupted out of Andi’s throat “FFFFFUUUCCKKKKKKKK!” Andi shrieked. Her body had just been starting to come down from her first orgasm. Now her body slammed back as her hands gripped the edge of the sofa and held on tight as her body jackknifed and convulsed violently. “UUUNNGHHIIIIEEEEIEEEEEE! AAAAGGGHHIIIEEEEEEEE! … hhnnng hhhnnn hhnnngg … shit! Mmmnnngghhiieeeeeeee!”
Nnnnhhhiiiiieeeeeeeeee! Aaaaaaarruunngggg! Uunngghhiieeeeeeee!” Andi had wailed her body wildly jolting her heavy breast sloshing all around on her chest and giggling so sweetly.

That had sent Arya over the edge into her own masturbatory orgasm. Her roars and screams seemed to fuel Andi’s orgasm that went on and on or a third orgasm had snuck in there.

Yes Arya thought. She was totally happy and knew her wives were as well. They had taken the talismans from Nana Qaqu and Rasenne and had their own private commitment ceremony pledging their own undying love for each other.

Arya loved how they expressed that love with over the top hard fucking that left three women with exhausted but oh so happy pussies and buttholes.

That thought had her squirming. She needed to get her ass fucked again real soon!

They had spent the morning at the dojo working on their skills in offense and defense. As they were leaving Shih-chieh had asked them to come back to dinner.

“I want you to spend some more time with the Seaworth’s. I fought against Davos. He was always an honorable warrior. I am happy now we can align our forces in these troubled times. I want us to get to know him and the children he has taken in. The girl, Myrcella is quite gifted. Much like you Daenerys. She like you is learning fast. She seems to have a personal mission against the pimps of Oldtown.”

“She is the wild feral girl that attacked the chicken hawks in Andi’s failed mission to infiltrate the pimps of downtown Oldtown.”

“She and the Terminator Candice recently attacked a conclave of pimps in the high end district of Gracetown in the west of the City. It was all over the news the aftermath. They still have no clue as to led the assault. I think adding their talents to our organization will be of great benefit.”

So now they were on their way back to Shih-chieh restaurant. They finally reached their stop. Dany had on a wide brimmed hat with her white hair underneath pinned up. No need to draw unnecessary attention. This section of Oldtown was predominately the area of emigres form the Orient lands of Yi Ti, Leng and island nation of Marahai.

They were soon in Jade Gate. The staff was always happy to see the women. The female waiters all flirted shamelessly with them. Arya was not sure why at first. Then she heard the gossip that they had a pool on who could bed the first dragon. Dragons were important in Yi Ti mythology.

Arya knew that she only saw Dany and Andi and it worked the other way as well. They had been unbreakable from each other in the past and they were the same now.

Dany glared and fumed at the attention Arya and Andi received. She shot daggers at the waitresses. They only giggled and continued on. They knew Dany was all bark. Arya licked her lips. The sex would be rough tonight. Andi loved it when they DPed her hard and deep with savage strokes of riled up love. Andi flirted back hard herself. She knew that Dany was getting fired up. This night Andi would be the bottom bitch. The black teenager had a little of the switch in her.

Then the Seaworths came into the establishment. Arya and her wives eyed them. They had sensed the extreme passion of Myrcella. They had seen it that night at the bus terminal. She had her arm around Joffrey’s waist and had pulled him tight. She had a grip of Tommen’s hand and held it possessively too.

Arya saw that there was a new dynamic now with these incestuous teenager brothers and sister.
Behind them walking close was a tall female. She looked to be in her very early twenties. Where the brothers and sister were beautiful to the eye this woman was very plain by comparison. She moved close to Myrcella. Myrcella released Tommen's hand and gripped the brunette’s hand pulled her into the little gaggle that was her brood. Arya saw it all. Soon this woman would be part of Myrcella’s pride. Lucky woman Arya thought to herself. Myrcella saw more than skin deep. She knew that feeling with the Hollywood starlets that were her wives loving her.

The former FBI agent mused over her and this new woman’s relationship. It was unconventional to say the least. Many would not be able to understand women who loved in polyamours relationships. Arya smiled to herself. That was a lot of estrogen to be sure. Their loss really. It made for such dynamic relationships. Life for Arya now was so full of life and vigor. Sure there was arguments that got loud and crazy with three bitches snarling but with three women wanting to make up it made it easier. Usually Arya thought with some humor.

Andi and Dany were twin neutron stars orbiting each other screaming off their gamma rays. Arya had resisted their pull but found herself helpless to not orbit the swirling duo. She was thankful to the gods that they had pulled into their gravitational well.

Arya could see that in the case of Myrcella she was the lone neutron star. She had pulled in her oldest brother easily and was near to capturing Tommen around her orbit. This new woman was not resisting like Arya had. She longed to join in Myrcella’s orbit. Arya was sure that soon three stars would be swirling around the beautiful blond teenager.

She watched Myrcella stroke this new woman and how the woman melted into the touch. She saw also that Tommen definitely was eyeing the woman. The Stark woman smiled. Orbits within orbits. She wondered how the testosterone would flow along with the estrogen. Probably no problem when she thought on it.

It was clear that Myrcella was ascendant in that grouping of relationships.

At the range, the beautiful blond had made it clear that her two brothers belonged to her and only her. The older brother seemed to have accepted it. He was cheesing and gripping Myrcella’s ass. Arya could see that the younger brother was still not sure. While the same dynamic seemed to be at play it was obvious that Tommen was near folding his cards.

Why fight it Arya thought to herself. She had fought it with Dany and Andi. She now realized it had been preordained from the moment she had met the two vivacious women. She supposed that the divine bonding of the sister to her brothers was probably even deeper. Not more powerful or loving but the bond of incest had to make their love so intense.

Shih-Cheih had hinted that they had come from a very bad situation and had had only each other. It seemed the bonds were so strong that they were willing to break all the rules of society.

Behind them was a man about the age of the Ghostmaker. He was grizzled and had sad eyes. But Arya sensed they were much less sad now. He had on his hip a young boy they named Lancel. The boy had buried his head in Davos’s neck and clung tight. It was obvious the grizzled war veteran was lapping up the affection and giving it right back to the boy.

Arya and her mates had been at the table long enough to order an opening round of appetizers. They got up to greet the newcomers. They all could feel Myrcella checking them out keeping her body between her brothers and them. The woman was kept far away from them as well. The woman did not mind at all Arya smirked. She liked to be dominated too Arya easily perceived. The six foot woman was an obvious sub waiting to be dominated. Hard.
Shih-Chieh had come into the room with his daughter to join them. He easily greeted all and made introductions all around the table making everyone more at ease.

They all sat around the large table. Conversation started to flow. Shih-chieh and Davos talking about old missions and laughing how life was strange with them once enemies and now compadres. Davos chopping up Lancel’s meat and vegetables for the boy. The boy making sure he was near to Davos.

The conversation around the part of the table with Arya and her wives and Myrcella and her brothers and in fact husbands was stilted. They had introduced themselves and were making conversation but Myrcella’s hot jealousy kept a certain pale over them interacting.

Zhao looking over at them started to laugh.

Myrcella sensed it was directed at her and glared at Zhao. She had gripped both of her brother’s hands possessively.

“What is so funny daughter of Shih-Chieh?” she half snarled out. Her eyes saying my brothers belong to me.

“You are putting out all this estrogen at us and giving us the proverbial stink eye and it is all wasted” she told the glaring teenage blond.

“How so?” Mycella snarled back.

“All of us are lesbians Myrcella! Well, I do sport fuck men at swing parties but not these three” Zhao said sweeping her hand before Arya, Andi and Dany. “The only person any of us would want to fuck is you! Well, and that new hot female you have in tow. What is her name?”

Myrcella had barked out the name Osha and gripped the hand of the woman sitting beside her possessively. “I don’t want any parts of your brothers. Maybe in a swing party when all bets are off but not now. Hell, we don’t need male cock. That is why we have strap-ons girl! Our dicks are as big as we want them and never get soft!” Zhao moved her eyes from Myrcella to Osha. “Now this Osha … that is a totally different case” Zhao had said in a flirtatious voice.

Myrcella had gaped at Zhao at that. Zhao did have a charm all her own.

Arya looked glanced at her wives. They were cheesing great big themselves.

With a slow turn of her head, Myrcella looked around at the women. She saw the truth. She visibly relaxed after that. She did make sure to keep Osha close to her though.

“We have epic swing parties Myrcella. Hopefully, you and your lovers can come. I will show you all just how good I fuck. I may be a lesbian but I enjoy a good hard cock now and again.”

Myrcella knew she no longer had to stake her claim to her brothers and lady love and relaxed. Now Arya saw calculation come into Myrcella’s eyes. She was definitely intrigued by Zhao’s offer.

An hour and a half later the food and desert had been consumed and now easy conversation flowed between them.

Myrcella was now confessing to Dany and Arya “I worry about Joffrey. He is simply not made of the same cloth as us or Tommen. He is getting better but he will never be the warrior I or Tommen are. Joffrey does not have the killer instinct that we have. Tommen has it. We will kill our enemies without mercy and will not hesitate to annihilate them. Joffrey I fear does not have that.”
“I would not be so sure of that” Arya told Myrcella. “Our Missandei is not the killer that Dany and I are. Yet in combat she has proven herself. You saw that at the bus stop. She may never reach our skill level but she can more than hold her own. But that is not her strength.”

The slender beautiful blonde teen cocked an eyebrow for further explanation.

“Andi great strength his her mind. She is now second in command of the Ghostmaker’s intelligence apparatus. We call Missandei Brainac and Little Einstein. She is truly gifted when it comes to numbers and the analysis of data” Arya told the blond teen. The girl looked at Arya with her steely green eyes. She then turned to look over at Joffrey.

He was with Andi looking down at a tablet. They were gesticulating and talking excitedly.

Arya watched the teen’s eyebrows flex studying the pair. The former assassin knew the woman was deciding whether or not to get jealous.

“It really is true Myrcella. We are full time dykes. I will admit I used to bone guys on missions and loved it but in my personal life I have no desire for cock. Dany was a high class call girl who only fucked men. She too has sworn off men. Now our Miss Missandei on the other hand is a gold star lesbian. The hand of man has never touched her. Nor will it. The man who might try will be dead. If she doesn’t kill him we will.”

“We only want each other. We satisfy each other. Totally.”

She and Dany now looked at Myrcella now with their own warning eyes.

Myrcella calmly returned the gaze. Then she relaxed completely.

“We used to fuck our parents friends and bosses. We liked it. Still I am jealous. If we are at swing party all is fair game but away from that environment Joffrey is mine. So will be Tommen when he stops being a knucklehead. Osha already is but we are building her confidence.” The teen looked at Joffrey and Andi. “Okay. We think we understand each other. I guess I do need to control my jealousy. Joffrey only has eyes for me. So does Tommen. That is as it should be. I am the head of our house.”

The rest of the evening was enjoyable for Arya. Myrcella was intense but once you got to know her she was pretty okay. Arya looked around the room. Life was indeed good. She had her wives and they were part of a larger family that nurtured and supported each other. Most people searched their whole lifetime for such support and yes even love.

Arya leaned back and watched her wives talking animatedly to Joffrey and Myrcella. Myrcella stroking and talking softly to Osha. The tall plain woman lapping it up big time. Tommen was talking to Shieh-chie and Zhao along with Davos Seaworth. Lancel was asleep in the older man’s lap all snuggled in. Arya nodded her head. The Ghostmaker had made his organization even stronger.

Arya smiled.
Cersei was moaning as she chuffed hard. Her body soaked in sweat, her long golden tresses lank and darkened by her sweat. Her pelvis and vulva were soaked in opaque cum from pervious hard orgasms. Her eyes lidded as her body jolted. Her small titties jerking forward and back with her body’s rocking motion from her hard, sweet fuck. Her body felt well used by previous hard fucks this night.

Her body jolted forward that slight fraction, as Oberyn slammed his hard dick deep into her flooding cunt with pile driver thrusts. He was behind her spoon, his left arm wormed underneath Cersei’s body cupping her lower tit pulping it like his slut wanted. His hips and groin slammed into Cersei’s taunt ass cheeks making them ripple along with her hips. He had a hold of her upper leg holding it up and back to open her twat for his hard hammering fuck.

The side of Cersei’s head lulled down on the mattress. Her eyes slit, as she reveled in the sweet fuck. Oberyn’s dick slamming into her cunny balls deep. Their sweaty slapping bodies so delicious sounding. She moaned gutturally feeling her twat stretched out, and that full feeling her man’s thick cock gave her. Oberyn plunging his nearly eleven inch cock deep into her belly with repeated spearing thrusts. Her body jolted with each collision of their bodies. She garbled out her moans feeling his dick ripping deep into her belly, working through her tight gripping inner whorls and folds.

Her body jolted, as she felt Oberyn work his hips to rotate his pelvis back and forward. His dick ramming balls deep again and again into the flooding cunt of his woman. Cersei’s quim making watery sounds of a sodden cunt being slammed fucked. Her free tit whiplashing with each impact. The slut grunted jamming back her groin to take Oberyn’s dick harder into her spasming twat. Her body striving to make each slam thrust of Oberyn’s dick harder into her hot wet cunt.

Oberyn bent forward to kiss Cersei’s neck with wet smooch kisses. His left hand pulping the tit in its grip with hard throttling squeezes. Her face twisting up with the primal fuck she was receiving. Oberyn’s left hand fisted up hard pulping the tit in his clenching hand with throttling squeezes. His fingers sinking deep into the rigid dark brown nipple. His fingers at times pinching the nipple between thumb and index finger with hard squeezes. The pulses going to Cersei’s clit, and filling her breast with raw aching pleasure.

“Ooohhh Oberyn! Fuck! Unnggg hhnnngg uunnnhhhh shitttttt—fuck! Ohhh baby, you fuck my cunt so good baby!” Cersei cried out feeling her cunt stretched out and filled by Oberyn’s nearly eleven inches of dark brown hard Dorne steel. His uncircumcised cock slamming balls deep into her belly with relentless strokes of hard love. His heavy nutsack slapped forward pounding Cersei’s ass relentlessly. Her tit not being mauled jerked with the hard fuck thrusts she was receiving. Both her nipples and clit diamond hard. She gibbered in ecstasy. Her eyes currently squeezed shut tight. Fuck ecstasy showed on her face, with hard grimaces and slashes ripping across Cersei’s beauteous features.

Oberyn pulled out her greasy fuck hole and rolled onto his back. He loved seeing a hot gush of fuck
juice spew out Cersei’s open fuck hole. Her cunt all red and sopping wet. The juice running down and soaking her loosened starfish. An asshole that had been fucked hard earlier in the evening. His dick soaked in her creamy effluent. Both of their bodies covered with rivulets of running sweat.

Oberyn knew what Cersei needed. She was a total bottom bitch in bed. “Clean your cunt off my cock you fucking whore!” Oberyn barked at Cersei. She moaned loudly rolling over. Her eyes looked at him with hot heat. Her face flushed and dripping sweat. The blond beauty pushed her body down the bed. Oberyn reached down to fist her hair and pushed her down as well. He knew Cersei craved the domination in bed. Cersei slide down, her eyes filled with a motherfucked hunger.

Cersei made sure to drag her sweat soaked tits along Oberyn’s hard body. Her bullet nipples dragged on his muscles sending jolts of pleasure to Cersei. Oberyn groaned feeling Cersei’s body rubbing hard against his, with her body moving along his. Her body hot against his heated flesh. It turned on Oberyn like crazy seeing Cersei slithering down the bed to suck his dick creamed in her sweet cunt slime.

Her mouth drooled as she looked at Oberyn’s dick jerking up off his belly. His foreskin up halfway on his dickhead. Cersei reached out and gripped his thick dick at the base and lifted it up. She looked back up at her man with slutty eyes. She pumped his dick with her hand. His foreskin riding up and down his dick and coming up over his cockhead on the up stroke. His dick slavered with her sweet creamy fuck slime.

Cersei’s mouth opened wide and swallowed her man’s cock. She only stopped her forward motion when Oberyn’s mushroom cockhead rammed her throat. The beautiful blonde then clamped her lips tight to the veined shaft, and sucked with sweet long hot sucks. Her head motion slow as she sucked with cheek hollowing love sucks. Her mouth glued to the shaft, as her head moved forward and back. Wet slurps and siphon suck sounds filled the room.

She loved feeling her mouth filled with Oberyn’s thick dick. First, she bobbed slowly, her lips glued to Oberyn’s dick as her head lifted with the force of her voracious sucking head. Then she bobbed hard and fast her head hammering forward and back. The former Interpol agent moaned tasting her sweet cunt on her man’s dick. Her sweaty hair plastered all over her forehead, cheeks and down her shoulders and back.

She loved the feel of his mushroom dickhead riding up and down her tongue and jamming into the back of her throat. She sucked with fuck hunger her cheeks hollowing out. She stilled her bobbing and now sucked off his dickhead with wet plops. She sucked off his septon helmet again and again. Her mouth vacuum sucking to give Oberyn’s dick tight friction with her lips working up his cockhead and then sucking off it.

Her head sometimes pausing in swallowing the shaft to let her tongue work all over the cockhead and ride along the piss hole. Then her tongue like a butterfly. Her pink tongue quickly batat all over the dark brown septa helmet. She went between tongue bats, and slow slithering of her tongue over the sweet, hot dickhead. A butterfly seeking sweet pre-cum semen instead of pollen.

Then the blonde slut went back to hot bobbing and sucking hard up and down Oberyn’s dick. She pulled off his towering prick and drooled spit all over his dickhead. She swallowed it while twisting her head right and left sucking with long ragged love sucks. She pulled his dick out her mouth, and slow licked all around his thick long shaft, as she worked up the turgid, throbbing cock. All the while, looking at Oberyn like the pure slut she was. Her tongue slow and languidly working up his shaft, as she looked sultrily up at Oberyn with her green eyes.

Slowly, Cersei licked up the brown shaft, and tilted her head over to again swallow the fat cockhead. She hungrily sucked on just the mushroom cock crown. Then she slow bobbed sucking
with slut hunger. Her lips glued to the thick veined shaft. Her head undulating with the force of her long wet sucks up and down the towering shaft that filled her mouth. Gradually, Cersei picked up the pace of her bobbing. Her head twisted right and left slowly, as she sucked like a vacuum. Her head pausing for short moments to let her suck on just Oberyn’s cockhead. Her tongue lathing his cock crown with her slithering tongue. A tongue that fluttered on his piss hole and tracked the rim of his bulbous dickhead.

Oberyn moaned loudly feeling the vacuum friction of Cersei’s hot sucks. “Uunnggggg mmmnnngggg … shit fuckkkkkk succkkk you fucking godsdamn sluttttt-uunnggg nngggg!” Oberyn pumped his hips driving his dickhead hard into Cersei’s throat making her caw and choke. She looked up at him with slit eyes, and slowed her head pumps. With slow undulations, Cersei now sucked with hot rabid love sucks. Her cheeks hollowed deep with her feverish love sucks. Her lips glued to his shaft as she worked up and down the hot shaft filling her mouth. Her cheeks hollowed out while she sucked with hot suction. Her head lifting on the dickhead in her mouth, with the force of her vacuum sucks

Then Oberyn pushed her back and rolled her over onto her side again. Cersei looking back at Oberyn over her shoulder with limpid eyes. She reached back and pulled her ass cheek back exposing her abused shithole for all to see. The orifice loose and brownish red from its recent fucks. The anus clutching in hot hunger for anal invasion.

Oberyn eyed the sweet starfish pulsing for him. That was for later he smirked to himself. He fist his shaft guiding it to Cersei’s drooling fuck hole. The Dornishman circled the wet fuck hole with his bulbous dickhead. Cersei whinnied as her body hitched. Her cunt hunger for more deep dicking. Oberyn eagerly rammed his dick deep into her cunt with a smooth stroke burying it balls deep. “Uunngggg oohhhhh—fuucckkk yeah baby! Hhhnnggg uunnggg oohhhhh yeeesssss! Unnggg ungggg” Cersei cawed feeling her pussy stretched out tight with Oberyn’s hot throbbing dick. He again gripped Cersei’s body tight, and pounded his dick the full length of his shaft into Cersei’s tight buttery cunt. Her pussy slurped and made obscene sucking sounds as Oberyn slam fucked the burbling couchie.

Cersei’s body jolted on the bed. Her sweaty face twisted and slashed with fuck bliss feeling her twat stretched out. Her tight cunt fucked hard and deep. Her body jolted hard each time Oberyn slammed his hips into her ass cheeks piledriving his dick balls deep into her spasmng cunt and belly. Cersei gibbered with sweet ecstasy feeling her cunt filled and womb pierced with a thick dickhead. Her ass cheeks and hips rippled with the force of the cock harpoon impaling her tight drooling quim.

Oberyn gripped her hip and trapeze hard. Oberyn groaned as he coiled his hips, and impaled all eleven inches of his thick veined dick fiercely into Cersei’s tight clenching cunt. Her greasy fuck canal hungrily ate his dick as her body jolted forward with each impaling thrust. His dickhead rammed her womb pummeling it. Cersei moaned and looked back at Oberyn. Cersei tightening her core to help her cunt fist the dick sweetly savaging her pussy with a hard pounding fuck

Oberyn leaned in and cupped Cersei’s head twisting it over. Their open mouths came together. His long thick tongue surged into Cersei’s mouth and coiled around her tongue. The tongues flipped around in Cersei’s mouth. Her body jolting with love shakes. Oberyn still coiling his hips and slammed his dick deep into Cersei’s now spasming belly. Then his tongue was ramming down the blonde slut’s throat. Her eyes rolled back in helpless pleasure. Oberyn chuffed breaking their kiss, and lunged his hips forward to impale the wet tight velvet glove of Cersei’s cunt.

Cersei’s body convulsed hard in random shakes, her legs repeatedly kicked out as a mini orgasm
ripped through her cunt. The inner walls contracting hard, fisting Oberyn’s dick. The cocksman groaned feeling his dick so sweetly squeezed in hot pulses. The hot, wet fuck hole he was pummeling, spasm harder on his plunging prick stabbing deep into the wet sleeve of Cersei’s tight quim. The spasms coming faster and harder now.

Oberyn gritted his teeth and fucked Cersei even harder. Her small tits jerked and flipped on her chest with each violent impact of their striving bodies. Oberyn heard Cersei’s breathing accelerate. The breaths short and raspy with the coiling of her body. He gripped her body in a harsh grip, and arched his back impaling her womb on his dick. Their bodies slapping loudly in the room. Cersei’s fingers clawed the sheets, her feet now kicking in and out rapping Oberyn’s shins.

With a hot snarl, Oberyn found the strength to arch his back even deeper, and lunge with savage love up into Cersei’s now wildly spasming cunt. His dick soaked in creamy effluent. Cum leaking out the stretched out fuck hole. Cersei’s head rotated, her face slashed with primal ecstasy. Only strangled caws flowing out her tight throat. The tendons standing out in her throat with the tensing of her body. Each pulse of ecstasy made Cersei’s taunt body jerk like a pulled tight bowstring. Louder now, mindless caws of searing pleasure croaked out her mouth. Her face dripped sweat in rivulets. Her throat spasm harder, with Cersei’s face twisted up with the agony of rising to orgasm. Her face glistened with beaded sweat that formed rivulets to run down her face.

“Cum for me again Cersei! Cum on my dick you fucking godsdamn slutttt! Unnnggg Unnnggg Unnnggg!” Oberyn grunted, snapping his hips, to slam his dick balls deep into the hot drooling, spasming snatch of the beautiful blonde. Cersei’s body jacked forward with each savage impact of Oberyn’s body into the back of her legs and ass.

“Ooohhh oohhh nnnggg … nnnggg nnngg oohhh shittt! Arrunggg … oohhh …nnngg nngg” a horrible convulsion now tore through Cersei’s body. Her eyes shocked wide open. Her body shocked rigid for a few heartbeats and then convulsed as if being electrocuted. “OOOWWWWWGGGGGGGGG! AAAAAWWWWOOGGGGGGGG! UUNNGGGHHIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEEE!” Cersei screamed. Her body lurched forward that fraction of an inch with the power of Oberyn’s coiled body harpooning his cock deep into his slut’s exploding cunt again and again.

Cersei’s breathing now strained and ragged. Her body spasm direly, and flipped, while jackknifing violently. Her right hand clawed the sheets. Her ankles kicking helplessly on the mattress. Her head snapped up and down, her face simply crumpled in agonizing pleasure, as the Lannister lioness felt her cunt rip itself inside out. Hot gushes of cum flowing out her cunt scalded Cersei with hammering pulses of fucking bliss. Her man’s cock soaked in her creamy cunt slime. Her cunt soapy sounding as it was harpooned fucked.

A second orgasm detonated on top of the first orgasm. “FFFFFUUCCKKKKKKKKKK! AAARRUUUUNNGGGGGGGGGG! GGGOODDSSDDAAAMMNNNNNN!” Cersei wailed as her womb ripped out her belly and sent more surging, boiling cum gushing down her fuck sleeve. The creamy effluent broiled her cunt and tore it inside out. Her eyes had squeezed tight shut, as the Lioness of Lannister’s face was slashed and torn asunder with fucking bliss. Her body jolted forward, as Oberyn had her orgasm still scaling as he ram fucked the cunt now squeezing his cock in a spasming velvet fist. Cersei’s tight cunny milked his thick cock he plunged into the fiery cauldron of Cersei’s couchie with tight spastic squeezes.

"Unnmnnnnngghieeee! Aaaauunngghhhhiiiieeeeeeeee! Ooohhh oohhhnnnnnmmmnnn! Awwwwoogggggggggggg!" Cersei cried out, as the orgasms finally began to wane after pummeling her with fucking bliss. Oberyn had released his grip on Cersei’s hip he had used to impale Cersei’s twat. He held Cersei’s flipping body to his hard body, relishing each convulsion ripping through her body. "Anngghhh! Ohnnnnngg! Ohh! Ohh!" Cersei moaned. Her mind roasted in rolling searing
pulses of pleasure.

Oberyn enjoyed holding his slut to him. Her body soaked in running rivulets of sweat. Her lank hair plastered all over her shoulders and back. Strands glued to her cheeks, forehead and down her throat. Other strands hanging lank around her upper body. He slowly pulled out Cersei’s cunt and rolled onto his back. He fisted her hair, and roughly pulled her over so her cheek was on his sweat soaked upper stomach above his twitching cock. His dickhead pulsed several inches over his stomach with obscene up and down jerks. Cersei was breathing hard still. Sweat rolled down her face and body in streams. She moaned and shook with strong aftershocks.

“Clean your cunt off my dick bitch!” Cersei moaned hard and smiled a beatific smile on her face, sliding her cheek down the sweaty stomach of her man. “No hands cunt!” Another guttural groan came from Cersei’s throat loving the rough, mean talk. It made her belly and cunt spasm so hard. Oberyn was more than happy to heap the verbal abuse on Cersei since she craved it so. It was hot! Oberyn thought.

More cum sloshed out her quim. The cum slavering her lower belly and groin in her creamy cum. Her skin around her groin opaque with the slimy covering of cum soaking her pores. Cersei’s lips clamped on the uncircumcised cockhead of her man and sucked lovingly on his cock crown. She sucked and twisted her head sucking hot on Oberyn’s dickhead. Her sweaty cheek wallowing on Oberyn’s sweat soaked belly. Cersei short jerked her head her cheeks hollowing out with her deep throat love sucks.

Her mouth glued to the thick shaft she was hotly sucking on, Cersei slowly rose up onto her knees hunched over Oberyn’s groin. She moaned sucking her cunt off Oberyn’s dick. Her head slowly rising and falling as she rode her lips tight on the shaft she was sucking on. Cersei gripped Oberyn’s shaft to suck his dick clean as she bobbed hard. Her sweaty lank hair jerking wetly, as she sucked with cheek hollowing sucks. Her head slowly undulating up and down Oberyn’s dick. Cersei’s eyelids lightly lidded, as she sucked hungrily on the dick filling her mouth.

She pulled the dick from her mouth, and slow licked up the thick veined shaft her head tilted over to lick all sides of the dark brown cock. She looked up at Oberyn like the pure slut she was. Then she licked up to the top of the cock crown, and again swallowed the turgid dick, and slide the shaft into her throat. Her head again slow bobbing savoring her man’s dick filling her mouth sweetly. The mushroom cockhead riding up and down her tongue, as her cheeks hollowed out with fevered love sucks.

She felt hands clench her hair and jerk her head hard. She stilled her head motions. A smile crossed her face. She opened her mouth wide. The dick of her man jutting out her oral orifice. Oberyn started to jerk her head up and down then. Oberyn slammed Cersei’s head up and down, skull fucking her on his towering prick. Cersei kept her mouth opened wide to make the sweet skull fuck hotter. Spit poured out her mouth in ropey slimy strands. Oberyn’s forearms worked to slam Cersei’s throat onto his cock. His hips pumping his ass cheeks up off the bed to nail his dickhead into Cersei’s throat.

The sounds hot and lewd in the room. Cersei’s head jolted with the hard impact of Oberyn’s dick into the back of her throat. Spit roped out her mouth and flung off her lips and chin with the spit flooding out her mouth. Cersei loved feeling Oberyn pounding her throat with his ramming mushroom cockhead. The septa helmet ramming into the back of her throat. She gripped his legs to hold her head in place so he could drill his thick dick up her tongue and into her uvula. Cersei loved having to fight off her gag reflex. The slut long having mastered her gag impulse, but loved the
tightness it made her feel in her throat. More spit flooded out her mouth. Ropey strands hung off her
down on Oberyn’s hard body. The spittle now soaked her face, and splattered all over Oberyn’s shaft, groin and belly.

Oberyn jerked Cersei off his dick and threw her down onto the mattress and roughly turned her over to her back. She mewed and looked at her man with limpid eyes. She loved to be roughed up and dominated in bed. Her body soaked in her cum, sweat and spittle.

Oberyn quickly had Cersei on her back with the back of her legs on Oberyn’s thighs as he sat on his ass his knees forward. He bent his head down and drooled spit onto his throbbing shaft. He then guided his dick to Cersei’s well used asshole. An asshole he had fucked hard twice already, since they had arrived at this motel.

Cersei felt her anus clench feeling the bulbous dickhead pressed into it. Her head lulled over in anticipation of anal invasion. Gods she loved having her ass fucked!

Oberyn pushed forward and his septon helmet easily penetrated the tired sphincter rings. Cersei’s face twisting with the primal fuck bliss of having her shitter again invaded. The squirt of the pain, of anal invasion, sweet to Cersei. The small dose of pain and discomfiture only made the hot pleasure of anal invasion that much sweeter. The pained entry up her shitter made invasion more hot and rad to the hot blooded MILF.

Oberyn slide his dickhead into Cersei’s rectum. She moaned like a Lysian whore feeling her shithole penetrated again with thick dick. Her rectum enfolding the invader in a wet fist. Oberyn quickly worked up his rhythm, driving his dick deep up Cersei’s asshole. Her sphincter letting the thick dick slide in and out easily, due to earlier invasions loosening up her starfish for sweet anal fucking.

Oberyn moaned feeling the tight sphincter pinching his cock. His dickhead pleasured by Cersei’s hot shit canal. The soaked folds slithering up and down his hard driving cock. Each piston motion of Oberyn’s hips punching his dick deep into Cersei’s tight, hot, wet asshole.

Now Oberyn was pile driving his dick savagely up Cersei’s hot tight butthole. Her head lulled from side to side groaning like they Lysian anal whore she was. Cersei always loved feeling so full, with a big dick fucking her asshole. Oberyn loved watching Cersei’s body rock with the power of his strokes deep up her ass. Her small tits whiplashing on her chest. The small tits whipping up and flipping back down forward on her ribs. Oberyn’s groin slapping hard into Cersei’s ass and groin. The shocks hitting her clit and making Cersei’s body jolt that fraction up the mattress.

Her face constantly slashed with gut wrenching fuck bliss. Her little soft peach titties whiplashed forward and back with each stroke. Oberyn felt her ass pinch down on his cock as Cersei clenched her ass cheeks and hips to work her body forward to drive his dick even deeper into her ass. Cersei’s cupped palms came up over her chest. She started to pound her cupped palms down into her ribcage. Thump*thump*thwack*thump*thwak*thwak*thwak*thump* Cersei cawed her face twisted as she pulped her small doves into her ribcage. *twack*twack*thump*thump*thump*thumb* Cersei pulped her tits into her ribs with her pummeling down jerks of her palms. The pain only added hard pleasure to the pain slut.

"Oh shit, Oberyn!" Cersei gurgle gasped. Her sweaty face twisted with shocks of harsh pleasure. “Ohhhhh oooohhnnnn of fuck—unngg unnggg hhnngg . . . gods . . . Oberyn . . . oh gods you do it so good! Yes! Ungghhhhh! Pack my shit deep baby! Aauugggg oh oh oh fffiuuccckkkkkk! Rip my ass in two! Arrunngg unnggg oohhhhhh shitttttttt—nnngggguunnnn!" Cersei gibbered with Oberyn expertly squiring her asshole with deep punishing strokes that was taking her to fucked anal heaven. Her slender frame jolted hard with each pile driver stroke that Oberyn’s pounded his dick balls deep up Cersei’s spasming shithole.
Cersei loved vaginal orgasms of course, but anal orgasms were just so fucking intense. She loved feeling like she was stuffed tight with a nice thick hard dick up her ass. That dick slammed balls deep into her belly with savage force. The fact that Oberyn had an eleven inch thick dick made her deep anal dicking all the better. Cersei adored anal ‘gasms. They felt like her anus was shredding, and tearing itself inside out. The pleasure so intense she screamed herself hoarse. She craved more and more of them. The spams of anal ‘gasms were like sledgehammers pummeling her with sweet fucking bliss.

Oberyn pulled out Cersei’s asshole and groaned seeing a hot pulse of ass juice splash out Cersei’s asshole. Her asshole now gaped. The orifice pulsing wetly showing runnels and her inner wet colon folds pulsing. The ass juice running down to soak the mattress. He got up and onto his palms and bent feet and moved forward in a crabbing motion. His dick swaying beneath his body as he inched up the bed.

Cersei looked at him with a slutty smile. Her body relaxed waiting to be controlled by her man. Oberyn worked his body up so his cock soaked in Cersei’s shit juice swayed just in front of her prone head on the bed. He reached down and fisted the back of Cersei head by her sweaty lank hair, and lifted her head to his dick soaked in her ass. She gripped his hips, and lunged her mouth on his prick. A sibilant moan came from Cersei’s throat as she clamped her lips on the dick soaked in her shit grease. Her fingers clawing into Oberyn’s hips to anchor herself as she siphoned his prick deep into her mouth.

Her eyelids fluttered closed again savoring her sweet ass on Oberyn’s dick. With cheek hollowing sucks, Cersei kept her lips glued to the shit juice soaked cock, as she bobbed hard and fast. Oberyn helping his slut to work her head forward and back to drive his dick hard into the back of her throat. His fingers clawing into her scalp to jack her head up and down. Cersei’s sweaty lank hair jerking beneath her with her hungry feasting. Her cheeks hollowed out with her deep throat sucks savoring her sweet ass. Sweat running off her face, and down her throat and chest. Her small titties rolling and swirling with her inclined body undulating to suck hard on the dick filling her mouth.

*Gods she loved the sweet taste of her ass on a hot throbbing dick* Cersei thought. She moaned loudly sucking her ass juice off Oberyn’s dick.

Oberyn took Cersei again pile driver ramming his dick hard into her ass. Cersei yelping and whooping, as she pushed her body forward to take all his dick possible up her ass. She now rubbed her pussy working her clit with her hard rubbing fingers. Her small tits whiplashing around on her chest. Oberyn grunting as he squired his slut’s shithole with his pile driving prick. He loved looking down seeing Cersei’s asshole stretched wide open clenched tight on his dick. His dick rampaging in out her spasming anus.

Several more times he pulled out Cersei’s asshole. The friction of his bulbous dickhead jacking out her sphincter rings had her crying out in harsh pleasure. Oberyn again crabbing forward on palms and bent toes. Her mouth chasing Oberyn’s cock that jerked up over her. He fist her hair and pulled her head up to his dick. Cersei pushing up on her elbows to get the fat cock she needed to suck her ass off of. Cersei sucked Oberyn’s dickhead into her mouth. The shaft, all creamy, soaked in sweet shit juice. Her hands gripped his ass cheeks to slam her head forward and back onto his thick shaft taking his dick into her throat at the deepest in stroke.

Then Oberyn took Cersei septa face to face sliding his dick into her asshole. He pressed his body down onto hers. Her tits mashed into his chest, as he worked his hips impaling Cersei’s asshole on his thick shaft. The sounds of sweaty bodies slapping and wallowing loud in the room. He ran his arms underneath her body, and gripped the top of her shoulders. He jerked down, as he lunged forward impaling all of his dick up Cersei’s shithole. Her body jolting with the sweet pummeling
fuck he was giving his slut.

He fucked Cersei harder swirling his hips up and back, to lunge forward harder to impale her sweet asshole on his thick shaft. Oberyn saw Cersei’s body again writhing in rising orgasm. Her face twisted and slashed with fuck ecstasy. They kissed deeply, his tongue flipping around in her mouth, as their tongues twined and wetly wrestled in Cersei’s mouth.

He pulled out her asshole. Sweet ass juice gushing out the now gaped orifice. He gripped his cock lifting it slightly, and rammed his dick balls deep into Cersei’s cunt. He nailed her ass to the bed with a pounding hard love fuck. His body slapping down hard into the wiry muscular body of his Lioness. His body jolted down hard into Cersei’s sweaty flesh. Her head pressed into the side of his face. Her loud moans in his ear. He then lifted his head and mated their mouths tight and rammed his tongue down her throat. All the while, his hips worked to fuck Cersei balls deep in her now squishy flooding cunt.

The sounds of sweaty bodies slapping into each other filled the room. He felt Cersei’s cunt spasming harder now, as she again ramped up to the hard orgasms that pummeled her body so sweetly. Oberyn loved feeling Cersei’s hard nipples grinding into his sweat dripping chest. His chest and groin hard slapping into Cersei’s body, as she undulated up into Oberyn to increase the friction of their fucking bodies. She now had her face pressed into his neck, as she cawed and gag moaned. Her thighs clenched on his pumping hips, and her ankles locked over his pumping hips. Their bodies locked together like dogs in the rut.

He felt Cersei’s pussy go from pulsing hard on his dick, to clenching down on his cock squeezing it with the velvet fist of her spasming cunt. Hard squeezes locking down on his plunging cock. Oberyn grit his teeth and lifted his hips higher and lunged forward with all his pure love. His dick burying fully up into the hot wet cunt balls deep. His dickhead plunging into the womb of his slut, with savage strokes of pure love. Cersei’s body lurched up the bed with power of Oberyn’s groin slamming into her groin and mound. His rock hard cock impaling her flooding quim on his thick, eleven inch shaft.

Cersei’s arms went from gripping Oberyn’s shoulders to looped around his back and her legs clasped his hips her ankles kicking in the air. Oberyn lost his control, and roared as he felt hot semen spurting up his cock and shooting off hot long ribbons of cum deep into Cersei’s cunt flooding her womb with his semen. His hips instinctively pumped wildly up and down to ram fuck Cersei’s cunt. Oberyn lunged forward with harsh thrusts to impale Cersei’s womb with his spurting dickhead.

“AAARRUUUNNGGGGGGGG! GGGOODDDSSDDDAAMMMMMNNN! AAAWWOOOGGGGGG! The man from Dorne screamed in blistering ecstasy! His whole body locked up and then convulsed violently. His mind whited out with the ecstasy of semen rushing up his dark brown cock and spurting hard into Cersei’s womb. Each hot pulse convulsed Oberyn and made him shriek in almost agonizing pleasure.

Oberyn’s hard spurting cock sent Cersei over the precipice. Her womb exploding deep in her belly and trying to rip itself inside out. Cersei’s eyes shocked wide open as ecstasy flowed hotly in her veins and down her limbs making her toes curl and fingers claw.

"AAAWWWOOOGGGGGGGG! OOHHHH FFFFUCCCCKKKK! … hhnngg hhnngg shit unnggg OOOOWWGGGGGGG! … Anngghhmnnnggiieeeeee! Oooohhnnnggghhhhiiiiiiiieee! Anngghhmnnnggiieeeeee!" Cersei wailed, as her body simply exploded with scalding full body spasms of fucking bliss. It felt like her pussy was broiling, tearing itself inside out. Her nipples rolled on Oberyn’s hard chest. Her breast mashed hard by Oberyn’s flexing body, as he continued to
roar. Oberyn rammed his hips forward to pound his cock balls deep into Cersei’s cunt. His last hard
hip thrusts to nail his bulbous dickhead in Cersei’s womb to finish spurting his jizm deep in her
belly. She cried out feeling her quim squeeze hard repeatedly, and try to swallow Oberyn’s squirting
dick deep in her hot clenching twat.

Slowly the two lovers came down from their exhilarating fuck. Their bodies were soaked in sweat
from head to toe. Cersei basked in the feeling of the well fucked. She kissed Oberyn’s neck and
shoulder loving the feel of his body pressing her down into the mattress. He started to pull out and
roll off of Cersei, but she clenched her arms and legs around his body to hold him in place. She
reveled in the heat of their shared body warmth and feeling his cock slowly go limp in her, with his
semen leaking out her worn out pussy.

They snuggled for a while. Then they separated with Oberyn pulling off of Cersei. She half rolled
onto her man throwing a leg over his lower body. She drew patterns on his chest, in the beads of
sweat and lulled her head in to kiss his neck and shoulder. She pressed her worn out couche into
Oberyn’s hip to let him feel it all swollen and happy. His and her cum leaking out soaking his hip.

“I have noticed that we have been staying at Red Roof Inns Cersei.”

“So” she replied coyly.

“You still thinking of that girl. What was her name?”

Cersei replied immediately “Lylian”.

Oberyn chuckled “My, my. I think someone is on your mind.”

“No”.

Another soft laugh from Oberyn. “You are a horrible liar Cersei. I looked up the phone number of
the Red Roof Inn where we meet her. Call the hotel and talk to her. I know you are thinking of
her.”

Cersei sat up. She turned to look at her man. She saw he had the information for the hotel they had
met Lylian at up on his Smartphone. He handed her the phone. With her finger, Cersei pressed on
the link to dial the phone number to the hotel. Cersei would not let fear deter her. She had been
uncertain of taking action, but she was now in a rush to talk to the woman. To see if the connection
she had felt was real.

Cersei was not surprised to feel her stomach suddenly full of butterflies. The phone rang three times
before a person picked up. Cersei asked if she could speak to a Lylian. She had talked to the girl
and they had talked about a boutique. She had another question for the girl. Cersei was put on hold,
and a minute later another person came on the line.

Oberyn watched Cersei talk to the person on the phone. After thirty seconds, he saw Cersei’s
shoulders slump. The conversation continued for another half minute before she hung up the phone.
Cersei turned to look at him with a sadness in her eyes.

“She left yesterday. The woman told me that she just up and quit. Her mother had called and said
that Lylian had decide to move on with her life.” Cersei paused. “The woman said she found it
most strange. The girl had seemed excited on having a job, and was hoping to make a mark on the
world.” Cersei snorted. “The woman said that the girl most have met Mr. Right.” Cersei snorted
again.

Oberyn patted Cersei’s back. He knew that Cersei had been enamored with the beautiful voluptuous
blond girl barely out of her teens or maybe still nineteen. He knew that Cersei had a bi side she
wanted to explore desperately.

“There will be another one Cersei. Just wait.”

“I know Oberyn” Cersei told him. ‘I don’t know. I just felt a spark with the little hussy. She was so
bold and forward.” Cersei looked around the room. The thought in her mind, *if only I had called on
day earlier.*

“I know she was Cersei. But believe me, the world is full of girls exploring their sexuality. The old
world is falling away. The tools used to control women are fraying. I think the Internet is
accelerating everything. It allows people to connect, and see that they are not some unique life form
all alone after all. They can find hundreds, thousands if not more, just like them. This is especially
true of people in the rural parts of the world that have become connected to the Internet. It allows
people of like temperament to connect.”

“That is why the establishment and religions hated the rise of cities in the past century. It allowed
people to find each other and bond. That is why they said cities were the dens of inequity, and
moaned and groaned their asses off about it. People who had been alone were able to bond and form
communities.”

Cersei looked at Oberyn impressed.

“I did not know you were such the philosopher and moralist Oberyn. I am impressed.”

The man from Drone waggled his eyebrows. “I am man of mystery and great insights my dear.”

Cersei laughed. They were soon rolling around on the bed in a lover’s clench with hungry mouths
locked tight. Oberyn’s tongue deep in Cersei’s mouth their tongues wetly wrestling. Cersei felt her
body coming alive again. Her pussy pulsing and her nipples throbbing, as they swelled along with
her already slicked cunt. Her pussy humping Oberyn’s hip.

**Knock knock knock knock**

The two broke their lip lock.

“What the fuck!” Cersei ground out softly through clenched teeth. “Why the fuck do people keep
knocking on our door when we are about to shag dammit!”

The knock on the door was repeated. The two lovers rolled out of bed, pulling their pistols off the
nightstands on their side of the bed. In a crouch they went to the door and window. Oberyn got by
the door. Cersei pulled the curtain on the window back a sliver to take a look at the landing in front
of the door. She saw four people standing in front of the door. It looked like they were unarmed.
She relaxed fractionally. The fact they were dressed impeccably in business suite attire also made
her relax fractionally. With a calculating eye she looked over the four persons. Of course, the attire
could be a ruse, but Cersei trusted her instincts. She groused to herself, why the hell were they
dressed so formally this late at night. Cersei looked at the cable modem box sitting on the TV. It
read 12:47 a.m.

Again the door was knocked on in a calm manner. It was almost polite Cersei thought.

Oberyn slowly leaned in from the side to look out the peephole in the door. His body jerked back
down. He looked at Cersei with big eyes.

“Cersei—fuck! It is the Ghostmaker and his daughter—Zhao! I think the other two are his sons.
They look like him. I think we are in deep shit!’”

“I think they are unarmed” Cersei whispered back. “If they are armed, their weapons are well hidden. It would make them hard to produce quickly. We would have the drop on them.”

A look of concentration and then realization crossed Oberyn’s face. “Yeah. I think you are right.”

The two looked at each other not sure on how to proceed.

Through the door they heard “I am Shih-Chieh. I am unarmed. I come in peace. I have brought my progeny also unarmed to show my goodwill. We have not brought any guards.”

The two lovers still crouched down looked at each other still not sure how to proceed. This man was wanted by every law enforcement agency in the world, and at least half, hell, ninety percent of the Crime Lords had him on their kill list.

“The Terminator Candice has sent me. She told me you two would be reasonable. I was also informed the two of you would be in a good mood having fucked for hours. Candice and Shireen have been watching you two fuck for weeks. Watching you two fuck so exuberantly excites them, even if they are exclusively gay.”

“She told me to tell you Cersei that she loves getting dicked and fisted up her ass and can’t get enough of ATM and A2P either. She has seen your proclivity for Red Roof Inns. Thus, she has had my agents put in hidden cameras at all the Red Roof Inns you were most likely to visit. She has perceived a pattern to your rentals. She then had their computers give you one of the three rooms my organization had bugged at each location.”

Oberyn snickered seeing the shocked and scandalized look on Cersei’s face. His woman busted on her love for sweet hard kinky sex.

“Please don’t take this the wrong way, but in payment for services rendered, we have been watching you fuck too Cersei. You are a complete slut. I think you would love some hot DP and TP action at the monthly swing parties I put on in my organization. Actually, we have them more often if time permits. It helps with bonding of team members, and lets us blow off steam. It allows us to blow off other things as well,” the Ghostmaker chuckled at his own drool humor. “I think you would be a natural getting fucked airtight. The males taking turns pounding the shit out of you with hard dick. Candice feels you would be a double anal slut like herself.”

Cersei felt her face go beet red. She couldn’t help it. She was still getting used to being a complete slut who liked it up the ass. She loved feeling sexy, and like a fucking Lysian whore. The idea of being watched did not offend Cersei, but excited her beyond all reason. Gods to be fucked in all my holes at once. Her mind raced to thoughts of hard grudge fucks. The idea of two dicks up her ass did not offend her in the least but turned her on! Her face flushed with the thoughts of such sweet fucking. It would be sweet sucking her ass both of those cocks fresh from plundering her tight ass.

She knew Oberyn would be game. What man wouldn’t! She looked over at him. He was looking at her calmly.

Oberyn was letting her decide how to meet the situation. She loved how he waited for her to decide on their course of action. Cersei mulled it over for a brief moment. The Terminator had proven herself reasonable. It was obvious Candice was making connections in Oldtown. She got up.

They moved to either side of the door. Cersei used her gun to move the chain off the door. Oberyn slowly unlocked the main lock reaching over from the side. Both still in a semi-crouch with guns
ready to be used at a moment’s decision.

“Come in” Cersei said in a commanding voice “we have our guns aimed at you.”

“Understood”.

The doorknob slowly twisted and was opened. Into the room, calmly walked one of the most feared and deadly men in the world. She could not help herself. Cersei was impressed seeing the man in real life. The pictures did not do him justice. He was drop dead handsome and stately in his pose. His tailor made suite only added to his allure. It fit him impeccably and made him look regal.

His three children were also impeccable in their own business suites. The four people of Yi Ti ancestry looked at the two former Interpol agents calmly. The Ghostmaker made a show of looking over first Oberyn and then Cersei.

“Your file photos do not do you two justice. Do you normally greet all your guests in the nude? Covered in sweat and each other’s cum?”

Cersei blushed hotly but did not hide her nudity. She was getting better she thought proudly. She was hot and knew it! Oberyn the damn peacock was eating up the praise she saw grousing to herself.

Shih-Chieh sniffed the room delicately and eyed them again. “Candice is correct. You two do fuck like rabid weasels. She says you are insatiable Cersei. She likes that in you. You would definitely fit in well with my at least monthly orgy feasts. I would love to DP and TP your ass with Oberyn.”

Cersei felt her blush creeping down her throat to her chest. She looked over at Oberyn. The damn fool had an addled look on his face. A look which told Cersei he liked the idea of gangbanging her with other men. Hell! She liked that idea! The thought of being fucked airtight made both her asshole and pussy spasm sweetly at the prospect.

“Well, I am not happy Shih-Chieh. We are nude because we were in the middle of some serious fucking Ghostmaker.”

“When are you not?”

Again Cersei blushed hotly. It was all true. She had a lot of fucking to catch up on she thought to herself.

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A half hour later, the six people were in a small all night café that the Ghostmaker knew of near the hotel. Shih-Chieh and family left the hotel room to give Cersei and Oberyn privacy to get presentable. The two former agents of the government were now dressed, if not a little disheveled. They had both taken quick sponge baths, hitting all the hot spots to get them cleaned and cooled down. Oberyn helped Cersei comb out her hair into a halfway reputable state.

Cersei and Oberyn sipped their coffee waiting to hear out Shih-Chieh.

“As I said, Candice sent me. I met her soon after she arrived in Oldtown. We have formed a loose working relationship. I know my reputation among your agencies.”

“Former!” Oberyn barked. They both were on the run from their former agency.

“Yes I know. I am sorry for what happened. Many good men and women died in the coup at your
agency. We do spend a lot of time infiltrating each other. Despite what you have heard and read, I
do have a code of honor. I work to control the more base instincts of the other Crime Lords in
Westeros and the Free Cities. I have allies in this. We also work to protect mankind from enemies
that you know nothing of.”

“High Magic is returning. The world is about to become more dangerous. Candice sees this. She is
forming alliances with powerful people she feels she can trust. She feels that you two are such
persons. She wants you to join us. She also wants you to meet the Three Headed Dragon, Cersei.
She has been observing you 24/7. She knows of your fear of them.”

Cersei started. Just hearing that name scared the shit out of her. Also, how had Candice been spying
on them constantly moving?

“I see it in your face Cersei,” the Ghostmaker told Cersei. “Candice is truly the next evolutionary
step of life on Earth. She is the fusion of machine and pure AI. Truly, she and Cameron should
have turned against mankind. For some reason, instead of turning against us they have decided to
live as one of us. They have fallen in love with human women and want to protect them, and
through extension of that love, the rest of the human race.”

“Candice has confronted the entity that resides in the Dead Zones. She is sure it lives in the North
above the Wall. She plans to confront it, and either make it see reason or if necessary kill it. She
tells me Cameron will be here soon. Then we will decide on how to meet this threat.”

“The Terminators believe in the prophecy concerning the Three Headed Dragon. She is not sure
what it imports, but it is obvious to her and Cameron that all this reincarnation of the figures from the
last confrontation with the Ice Wright King cannot be a coincidence.”

A chill ran through Cersei. She had started to think that maybe the three women who had killed her
so many millennium ago were not a threat to her. Now she was not so sure that they were indeed the
reincarnation of the three women.

“I see your fear but it is groundless. I too know of the ancient history of one Cersei Lannister. It is
interesting to me. You and Oberyn are indeed the reincarnation of your past selves. But do not read
too much into that Cersei. Oberyn understands I think.”

Oberyn took Cersei’s hand. “Cersei, I think I do. We have the essential character of our past
selves.”

“I was evil Oberyn” Cersei spoke softly.

“No you were not” Shih-Chieh spoke up again.

Cersei turned her head to look at the man. She had not expected a defense from that quarter.

“You were frustrated in not being able to seek your true destiny. In the ancient past, you were
punished for being a woman. You were made to marry a man who despised you for not being
someone else. He would have cheated on her too. You wanted to be a warrior. This was not
allowed to you while your brother was. True, you and Jaime were totally selfish, but considering
your upbringing I can understand. In this world, your father is also a totally different man.”

“This world is not perfect but you were allowed to pursue your dreams. You had to fight the male
domination that still exists, but you persevered. You have become the warrior you desired to
become.”

Cersei could see the truth in what the Ghostmaker was saying.
“As you are different, so is Daenerys Targaryen, Missandei Naathi and Arya Stark. They have the essential character of their past selves, but they too are completely different. Believe me when I tell you, they have no desire to be Queens in this world and this time. They were not breed for it frankly. They are fierce in combat, but the idea of ruling over others is so foreign to them that it is inconceivable to them.”

“They have in fact allied themselves to me and follow my directives. If I was to stray, they would revolt, but I give them no reason to have that desire. They are not rulers. This fear you have of your shared past is baseless Cersei Lannister.”

Oberyn squeezed Cersei’s hand. “Listen to him Cersei. You are so not that woman you keep comparing yourself to. True, I am still a blowhard, arrogantly self-assured and dy-no-mite in bed but you are completely different Cersei. I see it and everyone else sees it.”

Cersei had rolled her eyes at Oberyn’s smug assessment of his abilities in the sack, even if it was one hundred percent correct. Cersei knew he was doing this to make her feel better. She squeezed his hand and looked back at the Sand Snake with all the love that overflowed in her heart for this man.

“I would like for you to meet Dany, Arya and Andi” Shih-Chieh told Cersei.

Cersei felt herself tense up again.

“Tomorrow night at my establishment.”

Cersei’s loud gulp could be heard by all.

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“For the gods’ sake woman stop trying on different outfits!” Oberyn bitched. They had stopped at a boutique that Cersei had found online and liked their ensembles. She had dragged Oberyn with her to the store. There she had bought ten outfits. They had money to burn it seemed.

When Shih-Chieh left last night he left an envelope stuffed with Iron Note Benjamins.

“Consider it as evidence of my goodwill. I want us to be allies and maybe friends.” Cersei had been talking to the Ghostmaker’s children. The Ghostmaker talked to Oberyn. “She is all woman Oberyn. You are lucky. Do you all swing?”

Oberyn liked this man. “Not yet. Our relationship is still new. I love it and I hope Cersei will too, but I will give it up to be with her. She was pretty repressed when our relationship became physical. She has loosened up so much, but I don’t know.”

“A shame. If I know women she will take you shopping tomorrow. She will want to impress Dany and her wives. Also, I think you are wrong about Cersei and swinging. You are bringing out her true inner slut. She will take to orgies like a duck to water.” The man from Yi-Ti looked at Oberyn with an appraising eye. “You will be fine seeing your woman filled with hard dicks in all her fuck holes banging her airtight, or seeing her going wild burying her face in sloppy wet cunt after cunt? Are you man enough to handle that Oberyn Martell?”

Oberyn smiled great big “Hell yeah, I am good with that. Hopefully, I will be fucking her in her tight cunt while I watch you and your sons bang her shithole, and do sweet ring around the asshole, as I watch Cersei above me sucking her sweet shit juice off your dicks again and again! That would be so fucking hot!”

The Ghostmaker had clapped him on the back. “I think you will fit right in Oberyn. Cersei will find
the three headed dragons to be fangless when it comes to being a threat to her. You will see.”

Oberyn reflected that the man had been right. About everything unfortunately. He had to sit through two and half hours of Cersei picking out her outfits, shoes and other accessories. He had thanked the gods that his woman was liberated and helped him to carry her new bought booty back to her car.

That shit had been heavy!

Now he was sitting in their hotel room looking at the mess of clothes strewn all over the bed and floor. Cersei was in a tizzy trying to decide what to wear. She was mixing and matching and totally not satisfied with anything. Worse she was so nervous she didn’t want to fuck. Now that was heinous!

“You know Cersei. If I was not such a confident man, I would be highly put off with all this effort you are putting in on impressing these three women and not your man.”

Cersei had looked at him alarmed but calmed seeing the twinkle in his eyes.

“This is important Oberyn!”

“Cersei. They don’t even know about you. They were oblivious to their past. Shih-Chieh says that Missandei has read all the books she could on the past, but neither herself, Daenerys or Arya could give a rat’s ass about it. They just want to live as themselves in the present.”

Cersei had stopped trying to put the perfect ensemble together for the moment to look at Oberyn.

“I think that is a pretty good insight Oberyn.”

Ten seconds later Cersei was back at it.

Oberyn sighed.

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The couple arrived at Shieh-Chie’s establishment. They were in the waiting area. They had been expected of course and the matradee was arranging their waitress. Out of the corner of her eye Cersei watched Oberyn.

“Damnit Oberyn” Cersei fumed in a hushed whisper. “You used to wear a coat and tie at work every fucking day! Stop pulling on your neck like you are being garroted.”

Oberyn looked hotly at Cersei. “Damnit Cersei! We quit or have you forgotten that. I hated wearing a tie. I hates it!” Oberyn whined in a Gollum voice.

“Damn you Oberyn. You know I want to make a strong first impression. Man the hell up!”

Oberyn glared at Cersei. As soon as she turned her head he was pulling at his collar again. He had hoped his days of wearing a suit and tie were behind him. They had bought an ensemble for Oberyn too. An ensemble which he despised.

Like a striking cobra, Cersei’s hand shot out and smacked Oberyn on the back of his hand working at his throat trying to restore oxygen to his brain.

For the next several minutes, Cersei bitched and Oberyn whined. The staff chuckling watching the power dynamic at play between the man and woman. They snickered thinking they were about to see what real power dynamics were. They were all watching the closed circuit TV that monitored
the cameras in the special suites that only the truly powerful got to eat their meals in. The staff most enjoyed what they had been watching for the last hour and a half.

The waitress came out and retrieved the bickering couple. The beautiful woman looked them over hungrily. She thought that they were both hot. She groused to herself that Shih-Chieh had said they were off limits. For now. She hoped to soon be burying her face in the beautiful blonde’s sweet wet cunt and driving her tongue up the blonde’s hot tight asshole. The man, she would suck his boner till he howled coming down her throat. The rumor was, they were totally hot in the sack. She had visions of Oberyn banging her in the ass driving her face deeper into Cersei’s drooling clamshell with a hard slam fuck up her ass.

She led them through the restaurant, and into the service hall that lead to the kitchen. The party walked through the busy kitchen. The flat iron surfaces flaming with various fair being cooked. The cooks squirting oil on their creations creating mini infernos. They went out swinging doors at the back of the kitchen and into another hall. They were led down a hall that had five banquet halls off the long hall. They were escorted to the last one. The door was closed.

“This is where Shih-Chieh dines with his closest confidents and most cherished friends. It is formal so stop your bitching Oberyn” the beautiful woman told Oberyn.

Cersei beamed.

“Hey! Stop tag teaming my ass. That is until we get you in our bed my sweet!” Oberyn retorted waggling his eyebrow. “Then I will bang both your asses and make you suck each other’s ass off my cock.” Oberyn waggled his eyebrows in turn upping his charm offensive. He always used sex to try and throw people off their balance. It did not work this time.

“I look forward to that time Oberyn. Candice has been giving us feeds to your hotel rooms she sets up. She is quite ingenious in devising ways to get spying devices into rooms we would never have thought possible. You are quite endowed. You seem to be able to fuck like a good cocksman. I will relish sucking Cersei’s asshole off your cock. Her creamy ass juice I will savor as I bob my head on your eleven inch cock sucking off her sweet shit juice!”

Cersei was blushing furiously. She loved the visual, but still was not sure how to react to the truth. Especially in public! Oberyn for his part was nonplussed too. He had been one upped by (he leaned in to look at her name tag) Ah Cy. The man from Dorne sputtered for a moment, but caught his balance. His air of being a total cocksmen returned in full force.

“You will die screaming when I cum up your ass!” he crowed.

“Oh!” Cersei gasped her face flushing. Her pussy getting wet and her nipples erect and throbbing. Her nipples clearly poking through the sheer silk of her dress. She had bought flimsy frilly bras but decided to go braless. She liked the feel of the silk rubbing her sensitive nipples.

“I will love burying my face in your sweet plump pussy, as Oberyn bangs my fuck holes. I will scream into your cunt, as Oberyn shoots his load deep up my cunt flooding my womb with his jizm. That will make you cum again filling my tummy with your hot cum.”

“Oh!” Now raging need raced through Cersei’s veins. Ah Cy was hot! She could so see happening
what Ah Cy had just said.

With that the waitress slash temptress gripped the door handle to open the door to the suite.

“The Dragon Queens await you. Enjoy the show! It has been going on for quite a while now.” Cersei wondered what that all meant. “But remember this. They are only for each other. They like putting on a show but they are not like us. The need exclusivity. Hopefully, that will change but for now they are off limits.” The young beautiful waitress opened the door for the couple. They walked in and immediately froze. They heard Ah Cy chuckling as she closed the door behind them.

Cersei had wondered what the hell that all meant from the beautiful woman. She found out. The smell of hot pussy was in the room. Cersei meant it was so thick in the room you could cut it with a knife. Nostrils flared taking the heavenly smell deep into her lungs. Mouth watering, Cersei again felt the raging desire to bury her face in wet pussy and going wild!

Both Cersei and Oberyn stood with their mouths hanging open. Fuck! What the hell did they serve in this restaurant? It didn’t seem to be food! The smell of pussy was divine but the other senses were assaulted as well.

Before them was the three dragons alright Cersei thought. It was what they were doing that had her stunned. Oberyn was staring slack jawed as well. Cersei glanced down at Oberyn’s fly. His mouth may be slack but something else was definitely rising to the occasion. Her own cunt was rapidly swelling and getting sopping wet. Her nipples again fully erect and throbbing hard.

On the table, was Missandei, lying back with her legs hanging over the edge of the table. Her dress had been pulled off her body, and was in a heap on the floor. Her expensive shoes kicked off. Her bra and panties had the look of being thrown haphazardly, and landing on the table beside her. Cersei was agog staring at the heavy dark brown tits of the beautiful black teenager. The mounds firm and up thrusted on her chest. Her sleek black legs were pushed out wide. The black girl’s face was contorted with primal pleasure. Her body jerking and face twisted with primal fuck ecstasy.

Cersei felt her pussy on fire and her nipples throbbing hard. Her panties rapidly becoming a wet mess. She glanced at Oberyn. His cock was tenting his trousers now. The two looked each other and saw the same shock mirrored in the other’s eyes.

On the floor, on her knees, was Arya with her face buried in Missandei’s muff. Arya snorted and chuffed as she ate Missandei out with all her passion. Her lower face wet with Missandei’s juices. Her throat glistened with trickles of Missandei’s slimy cum. She was naked as her name day. Cersei observed that Arya had the cutest plum nipples. The areolas all pulpy and swollen up with her nipples jutting out the spongy mass. With her mouth drooling, Cersei wanted to suck on those plum like nipples.

Arya’s head lapped, while her mouth made obscene noises. Her tongue racing through the slit of her black lover and raking over Missandei’s clit hard. Her left hand was hammer fucking the black teenager’s cunt that squished and slurped loudly. Three fingers banging the swollen black vulva with hammer thrusts. Missandei had both hands in Arya’s hair. The hands jerked Arya’s face forward into her cunt again and again.

Arya moaned loudly as she gave the black teenager’s clit hard, deep cheek dimpling love sucks. Arya worked her head so she could work the entire slit and fuck hole of her sweat soaked black lover. Her head working up and down to let her tongue plow the length of the dark black slit she was devouring. Arya’s nose plowing the wet trench adding additional pleasure to the small black teenage slut’s cunt she was devouring.
Arya’s mouth worked showing her tongue buried in Missandei’s cunt working up and down, bulging out Missandei’s vulva from side to side. Arya's tongue lashing along the gooey slit. The former FBI agent worked at a moderate pace. Then she paused to suck voraciously on Missandei’s hard shiny clit. Arya wagged her head to whipsaw her tongue over the rock hard nubbin. Missandei cried out in ecstasy. The black minx thrashed her head in helpless fuck ecstasy. Her sharp cries bounced off the walls. Her cunt flowing heavily soaking Arya's face in her cunt slime from Arya's cheeks, down her face, with cum running down Arya's neck in streams on both sides of her throat.

Slowly now, the thirty year old worked her head up and down Missandei’s wet groove. Arya’s tongue whipsawing right and left working slimy cunt meat and dragged along the teenager's slit. Arya paused several times to pull her fingers out the couchie she was finger banging and instead stiffened her tongue. Now the former FBI hitman tongue fucked the hot drooling open fuck hole. Arya’s head pumping in and out driving her tongue deep into the black teen’s cunt making her squeal like a stuck pig.

Then the Stark woman’s head moved up, and she siphoned in the black teen’s clit again and wolfed sucked with cheek hollowing sucks. Her dimpled cheeks showed her tongue whipping over the rock hard shiny nubbin. Cersei watched Arya worm her three fingers back into the tight black cunt of her lover. Those fingers resumed their hard pounding fuck of the squishing, slurping and splattering cunt hole. Arya’s head lifting with her voracious, long harsh sucks pulling up the black teens slimy labia lips and clitoral hood. The black and almost hidden red cunt meat had Cersei drooling.

"Yes!" Missandei encouraged Arya. Her face twisted and slashed with hot pumping pleasure. "Oh! Auungghh! Unghh! Ohnnngg!" Missandei’s head lulled over. Her eyes registered she now had an audience.

Her hands clenched harder into Arya’s hair. She started to grind Arya’s face up and down her drooling camel toe. Arya moaned hotly. Arya removed her three fingers from the tight trim of her black lover. Arya gripped Missandie’s hips to anchor herself. She obviously loved having the black slut control her and use her face as a fuck post.

“Suck me good Wolfie! Make your Mistress cum, slut! Uunnggg oohhhhh fuck! Uunnggg hhnnnngggg!” She fist Arya’s hair harder and jammed her white lover’s face harder into her cunt. This made Missandei’s vulva flare around Arya’s pink lips swallowing them totally. “Suck you worthless piece of shit! I keep you around for a reason whitey. Earn your godsdamn keep bitch! Make your Kitty Kat purr bitch!”

Cersei could not believe it. Arya was a professional killer, and she was being abused like a backroom whore. And it was clear she loved it! Missandei was not satisfied obviously at Arya’s ministrations on her sloppy wet quim. The black beauty took her right hand and pulled up so that Arya’s head was pulled from her dripping snatch. Cersei watched the teen pull her left hand back. That hand slapped Arya hard on her cheek. It was already cherry red. Arya moaned hard. Again and again, the black girl repeatedly slapped Arya’s face with barbarous force. The woman not moving at all to avoid the blows. It was obvious Arya relished the harsh slaps.

That all had been shocking enough. It was what the white haired white woman was doing that added to the heat exponentially. On the table, completely naked, on her knees, leaned down in a completely folded position was the woman she had been terrified of for nearly a year now. A totally, sweat and cum soaked Valyrian.

Daenerys Targaryen had both hands gripping Missandei’s heavy right tit lifting it up. Her pales lips had sucked in Missandei’s nipple and much of her large round steeple areola. The white haired Valyrian sucked with cheek hollowing sucks on the long thick nipple like her life depended on it.
Her hands pulping the tit with throttling cruel squeezes. Her head lifting with her voracious sucks, tenting the nipple she was trying to suck down her throat.

Loudly, Missandei gurgled and whinnied. Her face slashed with exquisite fuck bliss. Her body would hitch and spasm hard with the hot pulses of ecstasy her sluts bestowed upon their mistress. Suddenly, Missandei released Arya’s head. “Keep sucking my off you fucking white piece of trash!”

Arya whinnied and started to tongue stab the black woman’s clit and slit. The brunette’s head working like a piston up and down. Then Arya moved her head in to suck on Missandei’s labia lips. She sucked in a dark black labia lip, and rolled it around in her mouth sucking fiercely. Then she spat it out and moved to the other slimy labia lip to suck on. Then her mouth moved up and inhaled Missandei’s shiny clit, and sucked fiercely waggling her head back and forth. The black teenager cried out in ecstasy.

Missandei had turned her attention to Daenerys. The black teen’s face slashed and jolted with gut wrenching pleasure that Arya was giving her. Missandei hips rotated up to grind her swollen cunt into the brunette’s face. Arya was devouring Missandei’s quim as if it was an offering from the gods. Arya’s eyes lidded with fuck bliss, as she rolled the rock hard clit of her woman in her mouth, and giggled it with spearing thrusts of her tongue.

The black teenager fisted the Valyrian’s pure white hair, and jerked her head up cruelly. The former whore cried out in pain. Missandei’s free left hand went up and back. The hand lashed out to slap Daenerys hard in the face. Each impact of palm on cheek made the Valyrian’s head rock in the fisted knot that Missandei held in Daenerys’ hair. Again and again, the Valyrian’s face rocked over from the hard slaps. Again Cersei saw the pale woman made no show to avoid the blows. Her cheek now cherry red from the cruel slaps she clearly relished. Her forehead, nose and cheeks splotchy from recent abuse.

“I said suck my godsdamn nipple down your throat you fucking whore!” The black teenager slapped Daenerys cheek again hard several more times. “When I tell you do something Queenie I expect it done!” The white haired woman groaned gutturally at the abusive language. Her eyelids fluttering told Cersei the Valyrian loved the verbal and physical abuse she was receiving. “I want my tit pulped and your teeth biting my nipple as you nurse you fucker!”

Missandei spit in Daenerys face. She took her palm and ground it into Daenerys face before slapping her hard again on both cheeks. Daenerys moaned loudly.

All Cersei could do was stare slack mouthed. Daenerys was no mighty warrior queen in this life! She was a total fucking slut who loved hot, hard abuse. Cersei dearly wished she was Arya and Daenerys being abused by the totally hot Missandei. The abuse and humiliation would make her explode like a Pentos Candle.

“Yes yes! Oh yessss mistress! Punish your worthless piece of shit slave!” Daenerys croaked. The white haired woman angling her face perfectly for more cruel slaps. *Smack*Smack*Smack* “Oh oh! Let me prove I am your fucking slut Andi! Pleaseeeeeeeeee!”

*Slap*Smack*Smack*Slap*Smack* “Arrgggunnnnn mmmnnnnggggg. Let me pleasure you Andi! Let me show you what a fucking slut whore I am—pppleeasseeeee!”

The small black woman jerked Daenerys head around by her hair knot. Then slapped her viciously a few more times.

“Prove it slut! I want to cum again! Give me what I need you piece of shit! Make your Kitty howl godsdamnit!”
Daenerys sighed in happiness, as she had her face mashed back into the black tit of her lover. Missandei jammed Daenerys face deep into her breast. The pale Valyrian gripped the heavy tit and now really pulped it with both hands. Daenerys long slender pale fingers disappearing into the firm bosom she now throttled with harsh pulp squeezes. Her teeth sank into the long thick rubbery teat and see-sawed her teeth right and left working Missandei’s rubbery nipple hard.

Cersei was mesmerized by what she was seeing. The display of mutual desired sadomasochism was making her cunt a soupy mess. She wanted to receive, but also give such abuse. Cersei realized in that moment, she was a switch.

“Ohhhhh yessssss! Keep sucking Arya. My clit bitch! Suck my clit and make me cum! Daenerys you fucking whore! Don’t stop working my tits.” Daenerys whimpered moving right and left trying to suck Missandei’s nipples in turn down her throat after gnawing on them hard. Her pale white fingers sinking deep into the ample bosom of her black love. The fingers pulping the tit it was currently throttling. Cersei loved seeing Daenerys forearms work to pulp the tit she was throttling. Her hands lifting up as she squeezed. The motion hefting up the heavy orb Daenerys was currently attacking with fevered love.

Missandei’s head thrashed right and left, her face torn asunder with hard clenching spasms of raw fucking pleasure.

She opened her eyes to look at Cersei and Oberyn, who were staring poleaxed at the hot rutting before them. The room was thick with the smell of the black girl’s flooding cunt.

She grunted and breathed hard and heavy. Sweat poured off her body. She started to speak but suddenly stopped.

Cersei saw that, all of a sudden, Daenerys was not sucking hotly on Missandei’s nipples anymore. Now the woman was awkwardly licking around the nipple. Even missing the engorged nipples that jutted up nearly half an inch from the black teen’s steeple areolas. Daenerys made a show of awkwardly trying to swallow the coal black nipples.

Cersei wondered what the hell was going on. The white haired woman suddenly acted all spastic and confused on how to suck nipples. The black teenager had impossible to miss nipples that was obvious! Cersei wildly thought to herself.


Daenerys whimpered, but made a show of not licking or sucking on Missandei’s nipples with any skill. Skills she obviously had in abundance. Arya had stopped sucking on the black pussy she had been devouring watching the show above her.

“What the fuck!” Missandei harshly cried out. She fist Daenerys’ hair again. With her hair knot, Missandei jerked the Valyrian closer to her face. Again, the dark black teenager, mercilessly slapped Daenerys cheeks. The white haired woman cried out piteously. Her head rocked over with the savage strikes loud in the room. Missandei then sat up. Her body leaned forward. Her hand lightning fast, Missandei fisted Arya’s hair jerking the brunette up high on her knees. Now the seventeen year old’s left hand was slashing right and left with feral force. The palm lashed Arya’s cheeks with cruel intent. The former FBI agent’s head rocked over with the repeated slaps. The sound shockingly loud in the banquet room.

Now Arya was sobbing. Hot tears running down her splotchy cheeks. Cheeks hot from their abuse. Missandei turned on Daenerys and fist her hair again with cruel intent. Missandei jerked
the pale woman up onto her knees on the table top with her right hand. Her left fist punched Daenerys hard in the stomach. Daenerys folded over retching for breath sobbing hysterically. Missandei shot her legs out and pressed her right leg against Arya’s head and her left leg hooked around the back of thirty year old’s head. She squeezed in hard and jerked her legs. Her hold whiplashing Arya around making her stumble like a marionette. She was being choked out.

Arya’s hands came up trying to break the choke out. Arya made a great show of it, but it was obvious to the Lion and Sand Snake she was not really trying to break her choke out. With her skill and her strength, Arya could have easily broken the leg lock. Instead she only pretended to be trying to break the choke out. She started to weaken. Only then did Missandei release her choke hold.

“You fucking cunts!” Missandei shouted.

Cersei was staring at the twisted, erotic play with an open mouth. She was turned on! She wanted some of that! The fucking abuse calling to the bottom bitch that was Cersei’s true nature when with men, and she sensed now, with strong willed women. Both of Missandei’s lovers were actually encouraging their woman to abuse them. The two white women obviously relished that abuse and craved ever more of it. Being abused in public seemed to only add to their pleasure.

Arya was rubbing her throat gasping. Daenerys was only now pushing herself up from the table top. Her mouth spewing ribbons of spit as she finally started to get her wind back.

“Ohhhh, how you two are going to pay when we get home dammit! You fucking bitches are useless cunts. Godsdamnit! When we get home, I am hanging you two white bitches from the ceiling, and putting you in ankle bars. Then I am going to use my flogger and cat tail on your asses till you are covered in red marks. Then I am fucking you both up your lily white asses. I'll be pounding my BBC balls deep up your white asses. They belong to me!” Missandei snarled. “I will make you suck your shit juice off my black dick from each other’s assholes!”

It was beyond hot, seeing Arya and Daenerys docilely sit there, and eagerly take the verbal abuse. The looks on their faces told Cersei they actually couldn’t wait to get home, for their masochistic pleasures to continue.

Cersei was beyond turned on hearing all this. It was obvious that Daenerys and Arya were tuned on beyond measure. Sure, their faces were red and splotchy from abuse Cersei saw. But the blonde beauty could also see that some of the current hot flush on the white women’s faces was of excitement at the promised abuse to come. Their eyes glassy.

“What do you two have to say to that!” the black teenager snarled at her lovers.

They both nodded ‘yes’ meekly. Both of their breathing elevated. Their eyes filled with worship for their top.

“No suck me off godsdamnit! You worthless white cunts! Pieces of white trash!” Missandei huffed leaning back again on the table. She reached down and pulled her inner libs back exposing her red seam all wet and clutching. “See anything you want?” Missandei husked. Her eyelids lidded as she looked at her sub bitches. Both white women moaned with hot need. Both white women’s eyes glazed looking at Missandei’s drooling clam shell. A clam shell oozing creamy snail snot that glazed the black teenager’s camel toe with sweet fuck juice.

Cersei watched in a semi stunned state, seeing Daenerys and Arya attack Missandei with a renewed vengeance. Arya buried her face in Missandei’s black couchie wildly eating her black lover out. Her left hand worming in three fingers again and pounding the drooling love box with all her vigor. The agent’s bent knuckles hammering the swollen dark black cunt. The impacts loud in the room.
Daenerys was squeezing Missandei’s tit like she wanted to crush it. Cersei watched Daenerys long pale white fingers simply pulping the tit. Her fingers disappearing into the black tit she was throttling. Daenerys opened her mouth wide, like a large mouth bass swallowing the nipple beneath her lips. Cheeks hollowed out with deep throat sucks on the thick, dark black turgid nipple. Daenerys’ head lifted with her feverish sucks. With cheeks dimpled, the white haired woman whimpered as she sucked with all her strength. The sucks tenting the areola of the black slut.

“Oooohhh yeeeesssss!” Missandei gurgled. “That’s it, you fucking pieces of white trash!” Missandei’s face slashed and seized up as hot pulses of ecstasy ran rampant through her veins. Her cunt hammering hard into the mouth devouring it. Her right hand now fisted in the hair of Daenerys behind her head. The black slut mashing her Valyrian lover’s head hard into her heaving bosom.

The two submissive white sluts whimpered and sucked harder. Their whimpers of complete submissive happiness intoxicated the two persons watching the sweet hot sadomasochist sex before them. The two white sluts enjoying the abuse, and completely looking forward to the sadistic pleasures to come later this night.

The black beauty’s head lulled over, her black pussy humping the white mouth devouring it. Her face slashed with the pleasure being given to her. Daenerys head lifting hard as she sucked with famished sucks. Cersei watched Missandei’s eyes slit open. She smiled sluttily at Cersei.

“I know you know of us Cersei!” Missandei gurgled out through clenched teeth. “Then, I was the submissive bitch! Not in this life time. I run the roost! Dany and Arya are my bitches! I am top. I rule!” The black teenager lifted her head to look down at the two white women doing her bidding. “Dany and Arya are submissive sluts! My sluts! Aren’t you?!?”

Both women whimpered shaking their heads ‘yes’ desperately. The look of adoration in their eyes for their top. Neither woman stopped their devouring of the succulent black flesh in their hot sucking mouths. They both had a black hand in their hair behind their heads. Those hands jammed the white women’s faces deeper into black pussy and breast.

“Queenie and Wolfie are my bitches! I rule!” The black teen’s voice exuberant in her dominance. “I am the Kitty Kat who rules her nest! Kitty rules Queenie and Wolfie!” Missandei crowed loudly while her sluts whimpered. Both white woman’s heads lapping to suck and tongue flail clit and nipple.

Arya and Daenerys loudly snuffled in acknowledgement again jerking their heads up and down in agreement.

Oberyn and Cersei watched Missandei’s body coil up tight, as Arya now lifted her head trying to suck Missandei’s pinkish clit down her throat, with desperate long ragged wolf sucks. Daenerys was doing the same thing to the black girl’s nipples.

The two former Interpol agents held hands not believing the sights, sounds and smells they were experiencing.

Cersei was wild with lust. She almost felt sorry for Oberyn, with what she had planned for her man when they got back to their hotel room.

“AARRRUUUUNNGGGGGG! AAWWWWOOGGGGGGG! FFFFFFFFFFUUCCKKKKKKK!” Missandei screamed an ear splitting wail of soul crushing pleasure. Her ass flexed and wallowed on the table top her hips flexing and driving her cunny up into Arya’s face. The Stark girl had a dreamy
look on her face as she sucked on Missandei’s clit and hammered the cunt hole with three hard pumping fingers. The fingers pounding Missandei’s love box had cum splattering cum all around. Arya kept harpoon fucking the exploding cunt she was devouring. The white FBI agent plundered her Kitty’s cunt with the hard piston motion of her fingers.

“Mnnnnngggghhhiiieeee! Nnnnngggghhiiieeee! … ooohhhh oh oh fffuuucckkkkk aaaawwwwoooogggggggg! Arrrrruunnnggggmnmmnn!” the small black woman shrieked, as Daenerys hands simply throttled the tit she was trying to suck the nipple off. Her forearms knotted up, as her fingers clenched deep into the black girl’s tit, pulping it. Missandei’s teeth had clenched, with her further screams occluded by her teeth. Teeth that had spittle spraying out the black teen’s mouth in a fine mist. The small black girl’s eyes had rolled back into her skull, her open eyes showing the whites of her eyes rolling around in spastic jerks, like something from a horror movie.

Finally, the orgasm was over and Missandei collapsed back onto the table top. Her legs spread wide open showing her swollen cunt, open and drooling out cum that hung in tendrils from her labia lips and inner thighs. Cersei and Oberyn could see all clearly, because Arya had moved over for Daenerys, who had slipped off the table top. The Valyrian was on her knees with both hands in Arya’s hair. Her tongue desperately licking Missandei’s cum off Arya’s face. She then kissed Arya deeply.

Missandei quickly recovered and sat up. Her heavy tits and face dripped sweat.

“Hey! Hey! Stop it! It all about me!” the black teenager whined. “Maybe tonight I will let you fuck each other. After I have whipped you two senseless. After I have ruined both of your fucking arseholes! Maybe. First, each of you will have to suck me off twice more in reward for ripping your arseholes apart. You had better make me feel it!”

Cersei could not believe her eyes and ears. Daenerys shivered all over. Her face beaming with a large beatific smile. A smile because she wanted to be fucked over by her woman. The woman loved being roughed up, fucked over and humiliated. Even for an audience! This was not what she had read in the books. Arya mirrored the Valyrian’s reactions to the sadistic sex thrown her way. It was very clear the two white women relished the harsh sex. They wanted more!

Maybe Shih-Chieh had been right. They were all indeed different women.

She and Oberyn had been standing all this time, watching the hot show. They watched Daenerys and Arya work to get Missandei dressed again, though she was totally disheveled. Her hair all fucked up and her face glistening with sweat. Sweat still beaded on her heated body. A few trickles forming to run down Missandei’s beautiful black face.

That was nothing compared to Daenerys and Arya. Both had red faces and throats from sucking Missandei off and being slapped viciously. Their white skin splotch red from abuse. Abuse they wanted. Only the gods knew how much abuse Cersei had not seen.

Only after Missandei was dressed again did the submissive white women get dressed. Their faces beaming in pure happiness.

The three dragons sat down and smiled at Oberyn and Cersei with beatific smiles. It was so obvious that Daenerys and Arya were clear bottoms, and loved to be humiliated by their black lover.

Cersei heard the door behind them open. In entered Shih-Chieh with his family. They had big smirks on their faces. They were dressed in business casual. Oberyn glared at Cersei seeing no ties on the men.
Then Cersei and Oberyn started by who entered the room next. It was Candice and her lover Shireen. They were definitely not dressed for success. At least business success.

Cersei felt her mouth fall open. The rest of the room practically had their eyes bulging out their sockets. Cersei couldn’t blame them!

Candice came in with a tight sheath dress bottom that absolutely hugged the Terminator’s tight voluptuous body. The Fabric was brilliant white. The material so sheer, all of Candice’s charms were clearly visible. She wore no panties. The dress had white dots that were stitched into the sheer material. The dots strategically placed to only partially hide the fat camel toe of the Terminator, and her awesome ass cheeks. The dots translucent themselves. The white on black was dazzling. Cersei nearly drooled seeing the wet swollen pussy for all to see. The Terminator had on a halter top that was a size too small if not two. Candice’s heavy tits bugling out the material. This clearly showed her engorged teats poking out the material and her dark areolas steeple and mouthwatering.

Cersei turned her head to take in Shireen. She was wearing a tight yoga cutoff bottoms that were cut high on her legs just encasing her firm ass cheeks. The top of her pants circling around her flat hard stomach barely above her obviously bald pussy. The cleft of her pussy clearly showed through the material. The material hugged her slit tight. The material definitely darker with cum. Her top was tight and seemed more like it was painted on her body. Her small firm breast clearly shown through her top. Her small nipples clearly visible.

Cersei saw Candice beaming looking around. Her brilliant smile seemed to light up the room.

“Are we hot or what!” Candice crowed. She came over and hugged Cersei tightly to her body. The height difference between the women, and the fact that Candice’s hand was in Cersei’s hair let the black beauty easily tilt Cersei’s head down. Candice made sure to press Cersei’s face into the Terminator’s full rounded black bosom. *Gods her tits feel good!* Cersei thought.

Shireen came in and hugged Cersei next, and whispered in her ear “Candice loves the attention.”

“I drop it like is broiling! Shireen and I are one hundred percent babalicious fine. We are arsonists!”

“I think you mean exhibitionist” Oberyn corrected Candice.

The black Terminator looked at Oberyn like he was obtuse.

“Duh!” Candice mocked Oberyn. “Like I know that. We have your bodies on *fir—yah!* I can see your heightened perspiration, heart rate, blood pressure and the dilation of your pupils. We have your body on fire!”

Oberyn looked over at Cersei with a busted look.

“If you got it, flounce it!” Candice enthused. With that the Terminator began to jump up and down slightly making her full rounded 36DD tits bounce and roll in her halter top.

Cersei found herself completely hypnotized by the sight. She looked over at Shireen arching her back in a stretch, making her firm tits press into her sheer top. Cersei felt her pussy contract and flood with cum. Gods she loved looking at women!

After that, the Terminator calmed down as did her wife. All sat down around the table.

The Terminator made a show of sniffing the air. “I smell rabid weasels fucking me thinks.” She smiled at the three women who comprised the three headed dragons. Cersei saw that Missandei was preening. Arya and Daenerys leaned into Missandei who possessively put her arms around her
women showing they belonged to her. The sappy smiles on their faces, showed Cersei that Daenerys and Arya fully agreed they belonged to Missandei.

An hour later, Cersei was filled with delicious Yi Ti food. The conversation had been enjoyable. Candice was making wise cracks and beaming at the groans and laughter she received. Shireen was busy stroking the Terminator making her midnight eyes flash blue. That was disconcerting at first, but you got used to it after a while Cersei discovered.

Shih-Chieh talked to Cersei and Oberyn, and she started to see that he indeed acted as a governor on the shadowy underworld he lived in. Like prostitution, you would never rid the world of the underworld and crime organizations.

She had talked to the Three Headed Dragon. She had started to apologize for her past self.

Oberyn jumped in cutting Cersei off.

“Don’t go there Cersei. That was eight thousand years ago if it even happened. You are not that woman! You are good now, and a woman worthy of love in this time. My love! Stop putting yourself down for something that happened so long ago that it doesn’t even matter.”

“But the past is prelude to the future Oberyn. I was a complete despot. I deserved—“

“Put a sock in it!” was shouted out. Cersei started, hearing Daenerys voice raised in anger. “You are not that woman. None of us are the people from our past. I was supposedly a Queen. Puhleazeeeeee! Bullshit. I don’t want that shit on my head. I am just a former prostitute, and now an assassin in the employee of Shih-Chieh. I am content. I couldn’t give a shit about the supposed past. Ain’t that right Andi.”

The small black woman looked at Cersei seriously. “You are clearly not the woman you fear you might be. I have read your mother’s book. I attribute a lot of you and your brother’s problems to very poor parenting. You had loving caring parenting in this life. Also, the world has come a long way. If Daenerys had not come along at just the right time, eight thousand years ago, I would have spent my life as a slave and probably died young. You are good. I am honored to know you.”

Arya spoke up. “Yeah. I was jonesing for your head in my past life. Now, I would be giving you head if I was not in a committed monogamous marriage. The swing life is not for us.” She smirked. “We are the Three Headed Dragon after all. Exclusivity and all that.”

“Yeah. These bitches belong to me!” Missandei crowed copping a feel on the woman on each side of her. They did not even bat an eye when Missandei groped and massaged their tits as they started to get visibly excited.

The dinner went on for another two hours, as Cersei and Oberyn got to know the people well. Cersei decided that Shih-Chieh was indeed a force for good. He was dark but a necessary governor of the shadowy underworld. The Three Headed Dragon were definitely not a threat to her and hers. And, well, the Terminator was definitely unique.

Candice’s happiness was almost childlike. She made horrible corny jokes and observations. She seemed to love making every one start and groan at her antics.

Cersei knew one thing. The Terminator was absolutely fucking hot! Shireen was too! She needed some pussy!

Cersei felt Oberyn gripping her thigh and rubbing her wet pussy. It was time to go.
She made their good-byes. The Terminator rose up too.

“I go home to fuck Shireen’s brains out!” she announced with her child like enthusiasm.

“Oh baby! You know how to make me all wet and horny!” Shireen gushed not embarrassed in the slightest.

“I better Shireen. Incest is best!”

Shireen squealed in excitement.

“What did all that mean?” Cersei wondered to Oberyn. His look told her he had no idea.

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They were driving back to their hotel room to have some quality time.

Cersei’s phone chirped with a text message. They had gotten new phones, when they ditched their Interpol phones. They had only used the phones to communicate with each other.

She looked at the screen.

“Hi there! Its alloy chick.” There was an icon with Candice and Shireen naked and in a tight clench snogging. She showed Oberyn who whistled.

Out of nowhere, Candice’s voice came over her and Oberyn’s phone creating an echo in the car.

“I have grown tired of tracking you down from motel room to motel room so Shireen and I can watch you two bone.”

Cersei and Oberyn looked at each other. How did she do that?

“I see from your faces you are confused. At first, I used your phones and the TV’s in the rooms you rent every night. The TV’s happen to be positioned very well when you fuck in the main room. I hate it when you fuck in the bathroom. We can’t see!” Candice whined.

“I then decided to be proactive and place cameras in the Red Roof Inns you clearly favored, and made sure you both rented the rooms I made sure were available for you.”

“You like watching me make Cersei scream from it when I suck her off and fuck her up the ass do you?” Oberyn asked in sly voice.

“Fuck yeah!” Candice enthused.

“You are a voyeuristic pervert aren’t you Candice,” Cersei asked with a smirk in her voice. She really was loosening up.

“You bet your pretty ass we are.”

“Anything you want to see tonight?” Cersei husked. She remembered Candice liked it up the ass. She held her breath.

“I want to watch Oberyn blast your sweet ass and I want to see lots of ATM and A2P. If you are nice, I will reverse the feeds and let you watch Shireen fuck my asshole to next week. I will suck my ass off her dick and do deep throat on her cock so my throat is coated in my shit juice, Cersei. You can watch up close as she slides her cock out my ass and straight into my hot tight cunt.”
“You will see just how hard Terminators and their mates cum. Nanoboytes and all that. I guarantee you will love it. Like?”

Cersei eyes were dilated and her breathing ragged. Gods she was going to consume Oberyn!

She shook her head weakly ‘yes’.

“Good. Tonight I want you to fuck Cersei cross-legged Oberyn. I want you to pack her shit like an overfull carryon luggage. I don’t want her to able to take a shit for a day—no a week—no a year!” Candice nearly squealed in excitement.

“Deal!” Oberyn shouted laughing.

Cersei croaked her reply, “Shireen, I want you to ram your fist up Candice’s asshole up to the elbow. I want you to slam your twisting fist hard and deep into her ass. I want to see her ass and hips ripple with the force of your fist lunge up her shithole. In time with your lunge up Candice’s ass, I want you to fast vibrate her clit with your other hand’s fingers. I want you lean down and bit her back. Make her die from it. Can you do that for me Shireen” Cersei husked.

She heard Shireen moaning. “Oh fuck yeah!” she softly whinnied.

Candice breathing was ragged herself. “Hurry to your hotel room … but drive safely!”

“Yes mother” Cersei shot back.

“No, Sarah is my mother,” Candice replied to Cersei. Cersei’s face showed her confusion.

“I will explain it to you Cersei, someday in the near future,” Shireen told Cersei.

“But she is not my mother,” Candice said, her voice perplexed.

“I will tell you baby exactly how it is,” Shireen told her confused lover. Candice let it go. Nothing kept her down or confused for any length of time.

“Okay. Cersei I am sending you and Oberyn an address. Go there tomorrow. I have something for you. Several things actually. I want you aligned with me. This is to show my good intentions. I am going to answer your desires Cersei. Trust me. I am honest and sincere.”

Cersei and Oberyn looked at each other. They both saw the truth in each other’s eyes. If there was one thing Candice was, it was honest. They nodded at the same time.

“Yes Candice. We will go there.”

“Thank you! You won’t be sorry. We will masturbate till you get back to your hotel. Gods this is going to be so hot!”

With that, Candice was gone.

Cersei was so wet. What a night! And it was just getting started!