

“Take your time miss wolf. You’re pleasing our lord, not ravaging a meal,” Tyene said in her sultry voice that feels like every word is crawling over your flesh in the best way possible.

Sansa got flushed and embarrassed. She was about to say something, but not wanting to give the Dornish girl the satisfaction. So instead, she puts out her tongue and started licking Theon’s cock much more slowly and with more nuance. Theon grinned as the two beautiful women labored over him.

“There you go. And now... you have all the control. Even when you go slowly...” Tyene’s eyes glanced up to Theon. “You can even find spots that he’d never even thought to touch before...”

While Theon enjoyed getting his cock sucked and licked, it was only a matter of time before he wanted to move onto the main course. Rising up, he nudged the dusky Dornish girl to the side and then turned his hungry gaze to the amazing redhead woman. Moving around her, the archer’s powerful arms locked snugly around Sansa. Her pert breasts rocked while they were squeezed in the highborn’s powerful fingers. The air caught in her throat as he plunged his sword deep inside of her wet lips once again. As his hips continued to hammer her back, sending his cock plunging through Sansa’s cum-slick insides, the redhead’s hair flew and drifted through the air while her body blazed with heat.

Sansa swooned feeling Theon’s lips on her neck. He kissed her after every thrust, comforting her neck while she moaned and cried out from the exhilarating feeling pouring through her exquisite and naked form. She smiled, feeling special at the treatment by the son of the Kraken. The little wet embraces cooled her flesh and then she felt his lips suck hard on the spots where he teased her.

Nearby, Sansa heard some more moans. Turning her body to the left, Sansa’s nearly ice-blue eyes spotted her fellow sister-wives. While she would be Theon’s only rock wife, Tyene and Myrcella gave her and their lord such a display that the young woman with warm-red hair could see why few men would resist their beauty, and their thoroughly uncontrolled lust.

As Theon rocked Sansa’s naked body from behind, the other two women that Theon had personally deflowered stirred each other’s loins with a device that the Sand Snake stole from Asha Greyjoy’s bedroom before they sailed from Pyke. The piece of wood had been sanded and polished to a great sheen. The item had far more than just a shiny surface however. The entire length curved slightly in the middle and was divided into two vastly different halves. One side had three knots, one at each third of the dildo’s length. Each engorged section got larger until finally, at the tip, it was a shape roughly like a pointed doorknob.

The other side of the length was covered in bulbs and bumps of varying sizes. At the moment Sansa looked in on the pair, she found Myrcella’s naked body bouncing on Tyene’s lap. Myrcella felt each and every one of the bumps playing against her tight and squishy insides while she nibbled and licked her tongue. Every now and again, her gaze slid to the side to watch Theon mounting Sansa like a bitch in heat. The royal personage would have been lying if she said she didn’t want to feel his flesh and blood cock steaming deep into her quivering pussy, but she was having fun being on top of Tyene.

With every movement of the Lannister princess, the other side of the dildo pushed it’s way into Tyene’s side. The Dornish girl already had one not squished inside of her pussy. She wasn’t breathing as heartily as Myrcella, but her nipples were hard as spear-tips while the golden-haired female continued gyrating and sliding down on top of the brown-eyed girl’s naked lap.

Tyene's smaller tits quivered as her cunt continued being stretched to accommodate the large form continually moving and sliding inside of her moist inner walls. As the blonde with such an innocent and cute smile (even when she played at being in charge) bounced again and again, Tyene's hisses began turning into intense moans. As the pleasure flared up inside of her, the daughter of Oberyn Martell reached a hand out while the rest of her body squirmed and trembled. Her eyes widened, sparkling with pleasure, while she gazed at the woman on top of her and her fingers held fast on Myrcella's neck.

"That's it. I know you want to give it to me, princess. You think... huaahh... you're better than a lowly bastard... niaahh... like me...."

Tyene's tongue slid out and licked along her lips. Her body twitched and burned from the inside out. The next knot started rubbing and pushing against her nectar-coated lips. She couldn't wait for the larger thickness to penetrate her hole as the pair continued fucking each other. Distracted by the waves of warmth dancing along her fingertips, nipples and even through her eyes, Tyene was ill-prepared for the Lannister's rebuttal.

Myrcella would have leaped on the older girl's body if she could. Connected as they were, the scrumptious blonde only had to lean forward and then grab and squeeze Tyene's small and yet perfect-looking breasts to catch the Sand Snake off guard. After that, the naked daughter of a Queen pressed her body forward and nudged the woman with short dark hair down onto her back. The two naked forms rocked on the cabin floor while their ears continuously picked up the noise of Sansa howling as Theon's manhood hammered away at her spellbinding cunny.

The sharp change in their motion didn't just allow Myrcella to take command of the situation. It also sent the second and larger knot of Tyene's end right against her pussy like a battering ram. The Sand Snake quivered and hissed, pulling on her nipples as the Golden Princess continued her assault on her petite form. Her toes flew out and her brown nipples teased and played against Myrcella's body before Tyene moved in close and snapped her lips tight around Myrcella's right nipple. One girl howled and the other simply sucked while their bodies continued heaving and humping against one another.

Myrcella broke Tyene's grip on her nipple. Her eyes glared like she was staring at some wild animal but Tyene only ended up licking her plush pink lips once again. Myrcella knew that she'd pushed the second knot inside of Tyene because their bodies felt so much closer now than before. So, trying to further cement her win, Myrcella arched and pressed her body downward, shifting her porcelain skin against the Dornish girl's sun touched thighs. The lion cub grabbed both of Tyene's breasts and further dominated her fellow sister-wife by flicking and teasing them while she worked the dildo further and further into Tyene's tight and obstinate hole.

As the Sand Snake's body got warmer and warmer beneath her, Myrcella charged in. Her hands gripped Tyene's and pulled them out to the side so that her body fell and mooshed right up against the sexy fighter's breasts and face. At that point, Myrcella nibbled on Tyene's wet lips. She didn't even notice Tyene closing her eyes, though she noticed when the woman inched her head forward, offering up even more of her flesh as a treat for the bold princess who continued making her pussy stir to the point of frothing.

Alas, after a simple and pleasant kiss, Tyene made her counterstrike. 'She gave up control right when it was getting interesting,' The daughter of the Red Viper hissed silently. Suddenly, Tyene got to enjoy the

golden-haired girl's victorious smile crumble as the dusky-skinned minx locked her long, thin and sweaty legs around the lioness' lower body. She tightened her leg lock around Myrcella immediately and then she thrust upward, pushing more of the dildo up inside of the princess' glazed lips.

"Thheeeeeoonuahahah!" Myrcella moaned out even as her mental walls fell in the face of the bumpy length fueling the fires of exploding forth from the mouth of her arousal. Her eyes crossed and rolled as she started to cum. Her nub pointed upward, merely grinding against Tyene's body after it became plastered to her. While Myrcella roared, Tyene pressed on with her own strike. Arching her back up with incredible flexibility, her legs continued encircling the princess' naked and exploding form and soon Tyene and Myrcella fell to the side, both damp from their own essence but with Tyene still thrusting and humping the quivering mess that was the daughter of Cersei and Jamie Lannister.

The vase of Myrcella's nectar fell over and continued coating Tyene's body while Myrcella cried out with blissful exhilaration. In that moment, she forgot all about Theon and the promise of his cock. Instead, all her mind held onto was the beauty of the scintillating woman lying against her and the continuing motion of Tyene's hips.

Soon all three women had reached their limits. They gasped and sighed, pulled on their nipples or each other's. Their pussies cried out for satisfaction but Theon wasn't such a fool as to give them everything they wanted in one go. Instead after he pulled his cock from Sansa's frothing cunt, he nudged her down to the ground to join her fellow salt wives. From there he had them all beg out for his cum. With a few jerks of his sturdy spear, Theon's entire body arched before he expelled a thick white avalanche of his seed all over the three. Sansa blinked and began testing out the taste of some of the cum with her finger. Tyene became much more aggressive, wedging Myrcella's body up against Sansa's and licking and biting on the Lannister's now cum-soaked tits. The three beautiful women all floundered and kissed one another and once Theon was ready for another go, he took them all one at a time. Before the sun rose, Theon Greyjoy rutted and fucked each of the girls and spilled out the contents of his balls nice and deep in each of their hungry wombs.

When the three recovered the next morning, Theon went over his plans once more during breakfast on his ship. He explained to Sansa and Myrcella how they would be taken by ship and then by road to White Harbor. Just the day before, the Iron Prince had received word when getting close to the shores of the North Bran and Rickon were missing, last seen at Winterfell which had been attacked by the Bastard of the Dreadfort. Theon and some picked raiders were to go to shore, track down Ramsey, kill him and find the Stark boys.

The days that followed after Sansa and Myrcella left were not as Theon expected. Each evening he enjoyed himself with Tyene or Jaelyn Darkreed or both. Alas after he spent his seed on or inside them, rarely did he enjoy any sleep. He'd prowls along the deck, sharpen his blades or do some simple target practice. Whenever he tried to focus on his visions, they never came. All that answered his voiceless questions was a swirling blackness. Nothing relieved him of the strain as his vessel got close to the shoreline. The night before they made landfall, he got one decent night's sleep thanks to a concoction Jaelyn came up with.

Before departing with his company of killers and hunters, Theon left orders with Kragon Blacktyde.

“We are guests here and I will slay any man or woman who breaks faith with those still loyal to house Stark,”

Kragon told him the other captains of Theon’s stolen fleet wouldn’t believe it or like what he had to say.

“After I find the missing Stark boys, then we will reave down the coast and ravage the riches of Casterly Rock. I give you my word,” Kragon nodded, saying that would put most of the rabble at ease for a time. While he ordered a few ships to land and gather up wood and other material to make more arrows for the coming war, the Iron Prince ordered a few of his ships south and west. Their goal was to watch for enemy ships from Pyke.

‘My father will not forget, or forgive me for stealing even a single ship from his fleet,’

When he finally stepped foot on land again, it felt welcoming and strange. It had not been so long since he was in the North, but so much had changed since he left Rob and the army. He felt glad to have Darkreed beside him. Her skills as a ranger proved invaluable and they made quick progress inland. When they found Winterfell however, it was little more than a smoking ruin. There was no time to grieve however, and luckily for them, the cranogwoman picked up on a trail leaving the castle.

After days of tracking, Theon felt half-dead at the best of times. He still couldn’t sleep. As he woke up the next day, he imagined a punch or slap from Tyene might at least give him enough anger to help him face a new morning. For the first time, he thought about something and hoped that Maester Luwin might be found with Bran and Rickon.

‘The old Maester will know what’s wrong with me...’

Later that day, they did not find the old man, but they ended up finding a camp. Theon and his group of twelve scouted the area for some time. Even though they were akin to sharks operating on land, with Tyene and Jaelyn’s help, they were able to find good points to watch and wait. Their patience was rewarded after they caught sight of two very special prisoners. Having lived with them for years, Theon had no trouble identifying Bran and Rickon Stark.

A plan was formed and in the early morning hours when the guard of the camp were tired and their eyes were slumping, the Ironborn struck. Like wraiths, they swept through the guards of the camp. Once he boys were freed, Rickon surprised Theon by hugging him. That brought a quick smile to his face but when he set down Rickon, he saw a look on Bran’s face that worried him.

“The raven... it came to me. So much blood... and the wolves...” Theon gripped the young cripple at his shoulders.

“You’re safe now,” Bran didn’t appear to believe him. Jaelyn appeared with Hodor and Theon quickly instructed her and Tyene to take half the squad and get a move on. With the Darkreed at the front, she’d be able to make sure their way forward was secure. Too far inland to return to the boats, Theon instructed them to make for White Harbor. Then suddenly, he heard the wolves... no not wolves... hounds...

Flaming arrows peppered the ground around them. One Ironborn died instantly while Theon watched Hodor emerge and grab Bran’s carrier. “Go now!” Theon growled to Tyene. The Sand Snake gripped her dagger in one hand and then pulled him in for a kiss.

“Don’t make your son an orphan Theon Greyjoy...” With that, she and the others in the forward part raced off. Theon gathered the rest of his man but by then the terrible beasts raced through the camp. With a shot straight through the beast’s dark eyes, Theon killed on but more and more appeared. One leaped up, snarling and barking and it pushed him down and off of solid ground. The man far from both of his homes stumbled backward and rolled down a depression.

When he finally stopped moving, Theon felt blood on his forehead and a strange ache in his left arm. His bow was lost and he quickly pulled out his sword. Nearly as soon as he was on his feet, he heard the approaching footsteps of more men in dark leathers and chain. His eyes spotted a red man hung upside down on their shields and hauberks. He knew them to be the enemy. From there, the night and battle grew terrible.

As he faced off against the two foes, he heard his fellow Ironborn letting loose with warcalls while they clashed their axes together. The Boltons replied with eerie silence, only the rabid barking of the attack dogs seemed to come from their side. Theon watched the two bannerman moving in on him and saw an orange glow behind them, likely in the direction of the camp he’d been at. Theon didn’t know how far he’d tumbled, he only hoped that Bran and Rickon would be far afield by now.

The lead Bolton swung at him with a longsword. With great speed, Theon twisted away from its path and then hammered at the man who only just managed to bring his blade into a guard across his upper body. The second attacker let loose a frustrated grunt and Theon backed up, and the piercing thrust caught only air before he launched an elbow at the man’s face. When that man turned, Theon gripped the hilt of his sword with two hands. Like the gentle kiss of a boat landing on a shore, the son of Balon Greyjoy kissed the man’s neck with the edge of his longsword. With one savage pull, the edge cut through flesh and sinew and his blood jet forth across the dark, white snow crunching beneath the men.

As his compatriot stumbled, hacking and dying, the survivor made a grab at Theon. The two tumbled back into a tree and the big man with a gruesome injury snarled at the Iron Prince.

“You’re going to Ramsey. The son of Balon Greyjoy... huahah... he’ll give me a castle for you,”

In that moment, Theon braced his hands against the man and then slammed his head forward. When the man sputtered and recoiled back, Theon thanked Jon Snow. The bastard had used the trick on him when they were younger. Kicking the man in the balls sent him onto his knees on the blood-stained snow. Theon found that the man’s fallen blade was much closer than his.

“Pathetic...” Theon said before stabbing the man in the heart. The stroke was driven and clean. When the live left the man’s eyes, the young man who had been a ward to Ned Stark yanked the blood-covered blade free.

Before he had a chance to even take a breath, a cruel voice, a voice like he imagined a goblin might sound like from one of Old Nan’s tales spoke out.

“You must be this Greyjoy I’ve heard so much about,”

“I really hope you’re worth all this fuss...” In that moment, Theon decided he’d have no problem watching the life drain from this man’s eyes.

Ignoring the wound to his arm, Theon shook his right arm a bit and prepared to kill the man who'd just emerged from the trees. Ramsey Snow, since at least that was who Theon guessed he was facing, wore the armor of a hunter. It was lightweight, cut to help with movement. The Iron Prince imagined he might have worn something similar to a fight in the woods. In each hand, Ramsey had a dagger, which instantly gave Theon the advantage in reach alone.

"Enough of your men have died. Surrender. The Starks will want to put you down themselves,"

"Let's not be silly, Theon. We both know how this ends..."

Neither wasted another breath. Those were spent and used as the three blades danced and their feet kicked up snow and struggled not to get tripped up by the hidden branches of the trees around them. Falling back, Theon had to dash his blade left and right to avoid the snarling short blades that Ramsey was trying to use to gouge out his eyes. The man was incredible fast. Unease settled into his mind like a leak in a ship.

'He's not faster than me. No one is faster than me...' Theon thought as he shoved off a tree and swung his sword wide to disembowel Ramsey. The Bastard of the Dreadfort proved unwilling to make this easy on him. As Theon hacked and thrust, Ramsey seemed to be everywhere and nowhere. The pair fought on, neither giving much advantage or disadvantage. Beyond the clanging of steel blades, the rush of water could be heard, along with their intense breathing.

When the pair adjusted to onto a new fighting ground made of hard rocks and wet slushy mud, Theon saw his opening right after finding his footing. With two hands, his blade licked up, cutting up from Ramsey's hip, slicing up through his chest and then up to his cheek. Unfortunately, he saw that while the injury was gruesome, the blood loss was absent.

'I didn't get deep enough-'

Theon's thought shattered, lost amongst haggard breathes moments after he'd seen Ramsey side-throwing something. Looking down to his chest, Theon found one of the dagger's hilts sticking out of his chest.

'Blood... my blood' Pushing through, Theon pulled deep down, filling his body with the powers that had been given him. His fingers wrapped around his sword and then.

Ramsey was on top of him. Digging out the dagger, he stabbed Theon twice more. Each thrust sank the blade closer to his heart. The ward of Ned Stark felt his body twitching. Intermixed feelings of warmth and cold flooded through him. Blinking through a sickening daze, he saw a cruel smile of teeth in front of him.

"Well... this was fun," Theon felt his eyelids growing heavier with each broken breath. The pain pulsed and darkened his mind. Suddenly he felt himself being dragged. "I'll give you a proper Greyjoy sendoff though. If word is true, you've brought Sansa Stark and Myrcella Greyjoy to my doorstep..."

As Theon's vision blurred and swam, the darkness blinked in and out around him. He idly thought he saw a rush of very frigid looking water.

“Say hello to the fishies for me...” With that, Ramsey let out a quick little cackle. Theon felt the blade dig into his flesh again. He didn’t even know where it struck this time. He was already gone. His body hit something cold and wet and he drifted away.

ANGER.

That is this feeling...

How did he win?

Too far... no sea... no throne...

But I am the harbinger. I am the reborn Kraken!

You are nothing that I don’t chose to make you...

Now get up.

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Theon’s eyes blinked open. They stared into mud. He coughed and sputtered, expelling a lung’s full of water onto the damp shore. The water around him looked blood red one moment and crystal clear the next. Groggily looking around he saw nothing around him that looked familiar. Rising up, his hands felt at his chest.

‘My injuries... are gone...’ He couldn’t believe it. His fingers rubbed across what felt like... not skin... but the scales of a fish over where the dagger had struck. Even the final gouge to his neck had been treated the same.

He felt cold, alone and confused, but something drove at him. Like a moth to a flame, his mind filled with one thought.

‘White Harbor. I must get to them... before he does...’

With that, the man reborn with the blessing of the Drowned God moved one food and then the other. Far away from the rugged landscape and sweeping landscapes, the dark entity continued watching and waiting. It had done all it could. Theon would get no second chances where the inky dark tendrils could not reach...