

"Strip!" Joffrey repeated, glaring at her. "Or leave!"

Margaery stared at Joffrey, fear and shame mixed in her own eyes. Her entire body shivered as she found not an ounce of love, lust, or pity from the King. Her mind went empty at that point, finding no way out of this.

Only by pleasing the King, doing whatever he demanded, could she hope to remain his wedded wife, the future queen. The entire time, she remembered her grandmother's words and they gave her some strength. *Just this time. Grandmother assured me... Just this once.*

"I'm running out of patience, Lady Margaery." Joffrey coldly voiced from the table, still seated there as if expecting a great show.

"I-I will obey my husband." Margaery submitted and began taking off her dress. Starting with the knot on the side of her waist, she loosened the dress around her body. Then, with a swift move of her palms, she slid it off her shoulders.

Her fully naked form was finally revealed, without a thread of smallcloth on her perfectly pale, smooth skin. The peaks of her beautiful breasts hardened from the cold air as the slopes of her hips swayed from her coyness.

Joffrey admired the view. *As much as I loathe her, there is beauty in her nobility. What a tight body, that perfect cunt.*

Margaery felt conscious of his gaze and covered her breasts with one arm, and her femininity with a palm, legs squeezed tight.

These are useless expressions. She thinks she can fool me? Joffrey decided to play more with her.

"Use your discarded clothes as a seat," Joffrey ordered with an aroused smirk. "Sit down, spread your legs, and pleasure yourself with your fingers."

Margaery's eyes widened once again, her tears welling up until sliding down this time. "Y-Your Grace, that's unbecoming of your wife-to-be, you—"

"You're MY wife-to-be, are you not? Then there's nothing to be ashamed of before your royal husband," Joffrey retorted and waved his hand, nudging her to start.

Margaery gulped, regretting coming to his room now; regretting wearing that revealing dress, and leaving her hair loose. But she bit her lips and did as commanded, kneeling down first before falling back on her hips.

She tried not to look at Joffrey and spread her knees apart, revealing all of her pale brown tight cunt. It lacked the dampness, but not for long, as Margaery quickly began rubbing two of her fingers all over her entrance.

Joffrey breathed deeply, loving the spectacle. His cock grew hard as the view was something he knew he could afford only as a King. He thanked the heavens, the Seven, and peered at her.

"Eyes on me, my Lady."

Margaery pursed her lips and looked up. Seeing the erection on Joffrey's breeches and the lust-filled smile on his lips brought confidence in her. Perhaps there was something to be earned? In the end, the King was also a man, and every man's weakness was a beautiful woman.

"Mmmh..." Margaery let herself go, moaning gently as soon as her middle finger slid in. Spreading her own walls apart, simmering in the hot silkiness.

"Wonderful, Lady Margaery." Joffrey commended, eyeing her from her handful breasts to her drooling cunt. "Now, use two fingers."

"Y-oooh! Your Grace, why don't you..." Margaery quivered on the floor, supporting herself with one arm as she spread herself wider. "Take me-eh... Your Grace!"

"Hmm..." Joffrey hummed as if pondering something. But then he moved and walked around the table to his chair to open a drawer.

Margaery felt excited, hoping the King would spill in her once again. This time, she really didn't want to take any Moon Tea. For the survival of her dream, she needed to have his babe and produce him an heir.

Anything for that.

Anything.

"I think fingers won't be enough for you," Joffrey muttered.

Margaery got excited. "Ummm... You can help me, Your Grace."

"No, I don't think I will. But I have something useful." Joffrey finally took out a wooden 'thing' shaped like a cock, carved, smoothed, polished, and cleaned according to his own erect size. "This should do."

He walked over to Margaery and presented it to her. "Use this and give me a wonderful memory."

Margaery looked at it with annoyance. She was a mess on the floor, sweating everywhere, her eyes teared up, her hot slit soaking wet—this wasn't what she was hoping for.

She tried to smile and lovingly look at Joffrey. She leaned back on both her arms and spread herself wide as if presenting a gift. "Your Grace, why use a fake when you can have me any way you like?"

"Then, I want you this way." Joffrey waved the wooden cock at her. "Quick now, I don't have all day."

In the end, she helplessly nodded and took the wood. After taking a deep breath she pressed it over her petals and slowly inserted it. It felt big, similar to Joffrey's size. But unlike a cock, this was completely hard, forcing her walls to spread ruthlessly.

"Ummmmh!" She groaned amidst the moans from each inch it gained inside her. It was rough despite its smoothness. It was cold unlike a cock. It felt foreign as if it didn't belong inside her. So rigid, so big.

She could hear the bouts of claps from the King, bringing shame to herself.

Joffrey could feel his arousal rising to the peak. It was hard to control himself from just fucking her right then and there, however he liked. Especially when she was offering herself so diligently.

But he didn't want it, he was done with Margaery Tyrell.

"Eyes on me, my Lady."

Margaery shivered on the cock as soon as she began taking it out again. She had never done herself like this before, using a cock made of wood. Yet, she couldn't deny the pleasure she gained from it. On top of that, hearing Joffrey address her so respectfully while making her do something so shameless—Felt like a forbidden pleasure.

"Aaaah... mmm!"

With great satisfaction, Joffrey watched her coo and pleasure herself. Standing so close to her, it was the best spot to relish her constantly changing expression. However, why be a spectator when you could join in the fun?

"Good, keep going," Joffrey ordered and got even closer to her. "Straighten up on your knees. Don't stop."

Joffrey began tugging on his breeches, loosening them. Soon, it fell down to his knees, followed by his smallcloth. Right away his straining cock made an appearance, pointing at Margaery with twitches.

Margaery deeply breathed, taking his scent in, wondering if she'd get to take him in now.

"Don't stop." But Joffrey had other plans as he widened his legs a little and slammed the base of his cock on her forehead, slapping her. "Let me borrow that mouth of yours... my Lady."

Margaery felt a shiver run down her entire body, her hands felt tired and yet she couldn't bring herself to a stop. The sliding sensation of that tool was too much. The joy of being spread wide like that—so close to that edge, that release.

Without responding, she silently surrendered her lips wide to take the King in her mouth. If this was what Joffrey desired from his wife, it was her duty to give.

With a deep breath, Joffrey eased forward. With one hand he grabbed her head, with the other he aimed his cock at her mouth. Then, with a gentle push, he drowned himself in primal pleasure.

The soaking warmth almost made his knees shake. Tight, clamping around his entire girth, he continued to indulge himself deeper and deeper with no care. While not monstrous, he was sizable, girthy with an especially swollen cockhead.

"Ugh... Agh!"

Margaery gagged for breath once Joffrey struck the back of her throat, pouring all of his masculine rod to the hilt. But instead of pulling back, he remained there and roughly pulled her face on his length with his palms.

"Unnnn!"

Joffrey grounded her face there and gyrated his hips too. It was her punishment for betraying him and ruining his entire plan. If only she had remained a good little pawn and birthed him an heir, everything would have been under his control by now.

"No... Don't stop, my sweet Margaery." Joffrey finally pulled back and let her breathe a little. "Don't make this king repeat himself."

"Hmmm..." She hummed in reply, her face a mess already from the sputtering, dribbling sticky spit that had leaked out of her lips. Her wonderful, proud eyes had nothing but surrender in them—a tearful yield.

Joffrey shoved back in again. But he didn't hold himself in anymore and began fucking her face in the true sense. Fast, harsh, and deep. With his hands on her head, he made Margaery fuck her own face on his cock, while his thrusting hips reacted at the same time and fucked her back.

"Tight!" Joffrey roared. "Clamp your lips, my lovely queen-to-be."

"Ummmmh..." Margaery gave it her best and pressed her lips hard together around his thickness. But that only earned her a harder fuck as her nose constantly brushed against Joffrey's slightly bushy pubes.

Yet, she never dared to stop both her hands below. One twirled and pinched her own nipple while the other fucked her own cunt with the wooden cock. She drew pleasure and gave pleasure at the same time.

Sweaty, wet from her sticky spit, her tears, and Joffrey's cock—the musky, scented activity continued for a long time in that room. Joffrey had closed his eyes, his chin up towards the ceiling while he fucked her to his heart's content.

House Tyrell foolishly thinks they have a chance to win this game. Joffrey drove in hard, hitting her throat roughly. No doubt, she was going to sound hoarse at the wedding ceremony.

Once a fine lady, she's no more than a whore to me now. Thank you, Olenna Tyrell... Thank you.

"I'm close!" Joffrey warned, not holding himself back this time. He had better things to do. But still, the intensity and pace of his thrusts increased, earning claps that usually came from another sort of fucking.

With her eyes closed, Margaery gave herself to his pleasure, only ever letting out long endless moans. "Mmmmmh... Nnnnnngh!"

Joffrey grounded himself deep, almost standing on his toes as he arched forward. Both his palms tightly clenched on her hair while his straining cock throbbed like a beating heart. "S-swallow it all!"

Finally, the last wall broke and he felt his balls jump in joy at the glorious release. Harsh groans left his lips while he flooded himself in her throat, oozing out all that royal spunk she desired in her cunt.

"Ghk!"

"T-Take it!" Joffrey heard her harsh swallows and pumped out a few more bubbling loads. She coughed and choked on him, some leaking out in long sticky strands. But Joffrey began fucking her face again as if coating every inch of her face was his goal.

In and out, while his cock calmed down, he continued to fuck her tight lips, smearing all of the leaking cream around her mouth. But when he finally took out his cock, he slapped it all over her forehead, eyes, nose, and cheeks.

"Art!" Joffrey exclaimed at his work below.

His balls squeezed tight as if demanding a second round. The complete surrender from Margaery Tyrell was highly pleasurable. Sadly, he felt no desire to bed her anymore, her cunt more useless to him than Cersei's life.

"Aaah! Oooh, Your Grace!" Margaery, having never stopped fucking herself, arrived at her own moment of glory. She cried out in ecstasy, a dizzying explosion of sensations. Already powerless and tired, she sensed the oncoming explosive climax exhausting the last ounce of energy she had left.

"Ummmmmm! Yesss~ Ah, ooooo-yess~" Her hand moved with a mind of its own.

The sizable wooden cock slid in and out of her cunt while it clamped and spasmed around it. Not long after, she fell back completely on the floor, her legs still spread apart while her hands moved.

Joffrey stood there and watched the entire thing play out. The state Margaery was in, very much unlike a noble, pleased his heart. This was her worth in his eyes, a whore who thought she had a role in this game.

A whore who dared to dream of being my queen.

"Aaaaaah~" Margaery finally climaxed. Her hands let go of the wood, leaving it still impaled deep. Her pussy lips shuddered uncontrollably as a stream of erotic squirt escaped her, the wooden cock wiggling as her muscles contracted and shuddered in pulsating waves of pleasure.

Her belly throbbed, contorted with each sweet release. So much, so loud, so scentful that the entire room reeked of sex and nothing else. No matter how many scented candles burned in the corners, Margaery won over them all.

"Ooooooh~" Her head fell back on the floor while her legs finally came down. A puddle of her squirt drenched her dress under her hips, the floor sullied too. But she just lay there silently, naked, eyes closed in abandon.

Joffrey smiled at the view and engraved it in his memory. Having donned his breeches and cleaned himself, he knelt down and pulled out the wooden cock from her swollen red slit. She let out another mewling cry when he did so.

But Joffrey merely walked to the side to clean it, dry it, and then store it in the table drawer again. He had made it just out of curiosity, but now he really liked its usefulness.

"You did well, my wife-to-be," Joffrey said as he walked towards the door and headed to his room for a night's rest. "I shall see you at the wedding."

"Umhmm..." Margaery merely hummed, too tired to speak. But in her heart she relished, considering the little humiliation worth it.

As long as she got to marry him and be the queen, everything was worth it.

#####

After a good night's sleep with Mhaegan, Joffrey left his bedchambers and walked toward the Tower of the Hand. He had called a special meeting of the Small Council. However, it was only a partial meeting with Tyrion and the new Master of Ships.

"Your Grace!"

Joffrey paused and looked behind. Instantly he felt conflicted as he gazed at his little brother. The boy was too simple and too easy to manipulate. The only reason so many schemers felt confident in killing him was because of Tommen.

Should I kill him?... I'd rather not be my old self. Joffrey cleared his mind and noticed a small kitten sitting on Tommen's shoulder.

"Just call me brother, Tommen. Blood is stronger than a crown—one you can't lose, and the other you can." Joffrey let the boy approach him. Not as tall as him, but Tommen was growing to be a fine man, albeit physically weak and untrained. Cersei still had her tentacles over the family.

Tommen nodded firmly, displaying a rare show of seriousness. "I-I wanted to speak with you, Brother. Alone in secret, please."

With one brow raised, Joffrey became interested. "Follow me."

Quickly, he took Tommen to one of the empty side rooms that belonged to the servants. "What is it?"

"Don't marry Margaery, Brother. She's not a good person!" Tommen explained everything with a worried expression. "When you left to fight in the North, Margaery came to my room at night and tried to get into my bed. But I always jumped away from her."

"Always? How many times did she approach you?" Joffrey asked. On the surface, he looked calm, but in his heart, he felt like exploding in anger. The punishment he had given Margaery felt too gentle now.

"S-She came each night, for a week."

"Did she do anything to you?"

Tommen hesitantly shook his head. "She tried to... to touch me. She tickled my belly often, but it always felt weird. She once asked me if I wanted to be the King."

Joffrey glared at his brother. "And what did you reply with?"

"I denied, Brother. Being the King is boring, and I hate fighting." Tommen chirped as if it was a fact, not just his thoughts.

Hah, he hasn't changed at all. Joffrey chuckled and patted Tommen's shoulder. He caressed the little kitten's head. *Good thing I patched up my relationship with my siblings. Now I don't have to feel pity for the Tyrells.*

"Thank you for telling me, Tommen. But promise me to never reveal this to anyone else, not even Mother." Joffrey sternly advised him. "As a reward, I will have a big cattery built in your room."

"Really?" Tommen beamed with joy. "Then, I'll take this secret to my grave, Brother. I promise."

Haha, who's teaching him these words?

"Good, you may go now. I have a Small Council meeting." Joffrey exited the small room and they parted ways.

As he continued towards the Tower of the Hand, he thought about Cersei and Jaime. The more he thought the more frustrated he got. *Why is Jaime still loyal to Cersei?*

On the way, Joffrey neared Tyrion's room and decided to just go and get the man to come along. Being the King's right-hand man, Tyrion didn't really lack luxury. If anything, he had more than needed—a huge room, and plentiful wine.

But as Joffrey opened the door without knocking, he realized the man had his whore settled too. Currently amidst a battle of flesh on the bed, the whore riding the little lord.

Joffrey sneered and walked further in. He hated Shae and wanted her gone no matter what. The two-faced whore had hidden agendas and was willing to sell her loyalty for a little gold. It was extremely dangerous to keep her there.

It was possible that she genuinely loved Tyrion right now, but Joffrey still couldn't care less. Any person with even a speck of possibility of treason deserved to die in his eyes. He couldn't afford the same mistakes of the past life.

I'll have to be smart about this one. Joffrey silently stood there watching Shae ride herself on his uncle, her tits jolting with her jumping hips. *When is grandfather arriving?*

"Shouldn't you be at the Small Council chambers, Uncle?" Joffrey finally spoke and interrupted them.

Shae opened her eyes and gasped, quickly jumping to the back and covering herself with the quilt. Meanwhile, Tyrion had no shame and slowly moved while groaning.

The whore covers her tits? Joffrey amusedly looked at Shae. Usually, women would brazenly reveal themselves to him in hopes of catching the King's eye. After the word spread of how he took Mhaegan into the Red Keep, many whores dreamt of the King's favor.

"I was going to, Y-Your Grace..."

"You're drunk?" Joffrey sneered rather coldly, his eyes glaring at the whore and his uncle. "In the middle of the day?"

"Ah, just a tiny bit to energize myself." Tyrion rolled out of the bed with great effort. But with him, a wine goblet also fell to the floor with loud clanks.

Joffrey's heart grew colder with that. "Do you know why I made you the Lord Hand?"

Tyrion looked around for his pants. But he couldn't even walk around properly. It was questionable if he could see.

"I value your brain, Uncle. That's why I stood by you even when Grandfather demanded that you be removed from the position." Joffrey raised his voice a notch. "This is your reply to the trust I put in you? Whoring in the middle of the day? Drinking? You can't even walk, Uncle!"

Joffrey felt the dormant evil beast waking up in his heart again. He had tried his best to not be repulsive towards his uncle since he was a smart man, a useful man. But if this was going to be Tyrion's decision, he realized he needed to start looking for replacements already.

"I never cared who you slept with, or where you did it." Joffrey gave Shae another cold glance and walked back towards the door to leave. "But if you can't even control your vices, it's better you indulge in them at Lannisport, not King's Landing."

Joffrey walked away, vanishing through the door. But then he returned for a moment. "No need to report to the Small Council. You're useless to me, the Crown, and the Seven Kingdoms like this."

Infuriated, Joffrey decided to postpone the meeting. It was important for the future of the Seven Kingdoms, but he didn't want to make grand decisions without sound advisors beside him.

"Tell Lord Redwyne that the meeting will be held after dinner," Joffrey ordered his lone Kingsguards to relay the message and walked back towards his solar alone. As the King, he had plenty of things to do anyway.

"Your Grace."

"Mother?" Joffrey found Cersei walking towards him just then, alone. Dressed in tight but modestly covering robes, he noticed her particularly deep neck gave too much for the eyes to feast on. He had no doubt it was for him. *Or perhaps Jaime?*

"Is that how you greet your mother?" Cersei stepped forward and embraced Joffrey in a surprise move. Tight against her bosom while her lips kissed his cheek rather moistly. The hug lasted more than necessary, raising alarms in Joffrey's head.

Joffrey finally embraced her back, grabbing her by the waist. Only then did the woman let him go. "Where are you headed, Mother?"

"Oh, I simply felt interested to see the Small Council today. You wouldn't mind if I joined, would you?" Cersei asked softly, never leaving his hand that she held. Her green eyes sparkled, trying their best to show sincerity.

This whore! Joffrey, already angered by Tyrion, felt even more enraged. *Just because she had my cock she now believes she has me? How naive is she?*

What Joffrey didn't realize was that this trick had always worked for Cersei. Despite being in her later age, and having a little more flesh, she remained one of the most desirable women in Westeros. The number of men willing to kill just for a chance to lay with her was countless. She had long realized the most useful tool she had was between her legs.

"Forgive me, Mother. But I can't allow that. The rules are made to be obeyed, and if I as the king break them, where does that put the smallfolk? A lot of important decisions are taken in there that, if leaked outside, can bring ruin to my throne. Of course, if anything leaks, the first one to be suspected would be the odd guest in the room." Joffrey maintained a calm voice and caressed Cersei's face as if in concern. His thumb rubbed very close to her lip, maintaining the illusion that her cunt had worked its wonders on him.

"I can't have your name tarnished, Mother. I can't have anyone raising their fingers at you."

Cersei's gaze became softer as she locked her gaze up with him. She held Joffrey's hand resting on her face and kissed his palm. "You care for me so much, my lion. I just... wished to help you make decisions."

"I know, Mother. I am thankful," Joffrey replied and purposefully glanced at her bosom for a short moment before looking up again. "I can't have you in the Small Council for now. But I will remember to look for you if I ever need any other help."

Cersei smirked, which turned into a big smile. Her pearl-white teeth showcased beautifully. She once again stepped closer to him and placed one hand on his chest while the other lingered below over his belly, continuously going further down towards his groin. "Anything for my sweet Joffrey... Anything."

Before she could reach his cock, Joffrey hugged her back on his own accord this time, making her live under the impression that she had her ropes around him. "I'll remember that, Mother. But I should go now, too much work."

"I should go and oversee the preparations for your wedding," Cersei replied and bid farewell with one last peck on Joffrey's cheeks.

Joffrey, returning to his solar, wiped his face with his sleeves annoyedly. But he could still feel the phantom touch of Cersei's lips.

Finally, he hoped to sit down and relax a bit. But there was already someone waiting for him there. However, seeing this person made him feel somewhat calmer.

"Did you lose your way, Myrcella?" Joffrey asked as he took his seat behind the table.

Myrcella was already seated in the visitor's seat. She was an elegant girl with a delicate and courteous nature. It didn't help that she was a beauty of the same fame as Cersei once was.

Her golden curls, emerald eyes, and full lips stood out. Although slender now, she was still growing into a fine lady. Perhaps this was the reason why Oberyn so readily agreed to couple her with Trystane Martell.

"Why do you hate me, Your Grace?" Myrcella asked suddenly.

Joffrey sensed another headache approaching. "What do you mean? I never hated you."

"Then why are you selling me off to Dorne?" She asked, her pretty eyes on the verge of tears.

Joffrey sighed and relaxed in his seat. "Do you think you can live in King's Landing for the rest of your life?"

"I know I'll have to marry and leave someday. But isn't this too soon?" Myrcella questioned.

Joffrey sighed and stood up, walking around to Myrcella. He gently caressed her head like a caring brother. It was truly pathetic that their fat whoremonger of a 'father' couldn't even act like a father figure to them.

"It's not soon, Myrcella. It's just a betrothal, not marriage. Besides, what options were there? The Starks are dead, the Riverlands have nobody, Loras likes men, and... Ah, there is that boy I brought from the Vale. He's slow in the head, would you have preferred him?" Joffrey explained his choices to some degree. "Dorne is rich, and they are respectful. You'll find happiness and comfort there, Myrcella. For me, that's all that matters."

"But I don't want to go so early." Myrcella sobbed and suddenly stood up. Her face looked ugly with all those tears. "I want to stay here for a little more... Please, Your Grace."

"I'm afraid the decision has been made," Joffrey replied.

Myrcella cried openly at that and suddenly grabbed Joffrey's surcoat. She looked up at him, his height far domineering for her. "T-Then... I'm willing to..."

Joffrey's eyes gaped wide. Myrcella abruptly rose up on her toes and pressed her lips against Joffrey's. At the same time, she grabbed his hand and forced it atop her budding breasts.

"Myrcella!" Joffrey bellowed and pushed the girl away, almost throwing her on the floor. He coughed and wiped his lips quickly, "Have you lost your mind? What is this madness?"

Myrcella balanced herself and stared back at Joffrey with a hurtful expression. "Y-You like women... I'm willing to do what they do. I don't want to go, Joffrey, please."

"Ugggh!" Joffrey growled and rubbed his forehead. "Fine, I'll ask the Martells to let you stay for a few more months. But after that, I don't want any more of those tears and absolutely not... whatever you thought you were doing! It's disgusting, Myrcella! It's vile!"

Myrcella quickly stopped crying and wiped her tears. Plastering a faint smile on her face, she nodded her head vigorously. "I promise."

"Off you go now." Joffrey waved his hand as if shooing a puppy away.

Thud!

Just as the door was slammed shut, Joffrey also fell into his seat. He poured himself a glass of water to rid the headache. Though he couldn't help but question what just happened. He wasn't even a whoremonger like his 'father' and yet his name was being ruined somehow. Even his sister doubted him.

Seven hells! What is wrong with my family!? He cursed.

Knock! Knock!

"Your Grace," Val called from outside the door just then. "Lord Tywin Lannister has arrived and wishes to have an audience."

This entire day is cursed! Joffrey felt a pulsating headache already. Did that whore Margaery curse me last night?

"Send him in," Joffrey ordered and stood up. This was the least amount of respect he was willing to give the old lion.

As always, the old lion strode into the room with an oppressive aura. His hands behind his back, his eyes narrow and sharp. There wasn't an ounce of leaking emotions from his expressions—consistent like the never-changing plains of the Dothraki sea.

"Your Grace." Tywin offered a curt nod in greeting, where most would have already knelt. "I extend my congratulations on your forthcoming wedding."

"Thank you, Grandfather. Please, take a seat," Joffrey commanded, his tone imperious yet tinged with a rare hint of respect. No matter his usual disdain, he recognized the necessity of having the old lion at his side, now more than ever. "I was hoping to have a word with you."

Tywin glanced with an amused expression as he sat down. "My ears are open."

Joffrey shifted in his seat uncomfortably. A ruse to keep his foes underestimating him. "If... If I ask you to be my Lord Hand in the future. Will you accept it?"

"I thought you liked Tyrion as the Lord Hand," Tywin asked back. He was never the one to give anyone anything that easily. Unless he could gain something in return, it was useless to help.

Joffrey sighed wearily. "I do like him, Grandfather. He's a brilliant administrator. A quick-minded man who has sorted this city out to finally start earning profits. However, I sometimes fear his vices—they can get out of hand at times."

Forgive me, Uncle Tyrion, but this is necessary to open your eyes. I gave you Knighthood, fame, and the recognition you desired. It's better you understand how easy it is to lose all that. Joffrey acted brilliantly to make the old lion start pondering about what his most despised son did to make the King this annoyed.

Go on and investigate. Joffrey knew Tywin was planning on asking around soon. *I hope you don't disappoint me.*

"I foresaw this, Your Grace. I acknowledge Tyrion's occasional competencies. However, in the long term, he has consistently proven himself a failure," Tywin responded, accepting the offer with respect. "It will be an honor to fulfill the duties of the Hand of the King, should you choose me for the position."

Joffrey smiled and nodded. "Thank you, Grandfather. Oh, one more thing. I was hoping that we can have a heavy presence of Lannister soldiers during my wedding feast tomorrow—In case something happens."

Tywin was no fool. He could smell a plot without even trying. The young King had planned something big. But he also understood it was better not to pry in too much. This wasn't the young and naive brat he once knew.

"I shall ensure my troops cooperate fully with your Golden Legion, Your Grace." Tywin chose to help this time.

Joffrey smiled once again, one that hid a thousand plots and curses. "You must be tired after your long journey, Grandfather. You should have some rest before the night's feast."

With so many noble guests already in King's Landing, almost every single night was a feast by now. Thankfully, the bill was being footed by the Tyrells.

"I need somewhere to relax." Joffrey sighed and stood up, grabbing his sheathed sword. Seeing it was almost evening, he decided to find his favorite toy. "Sansa will do."

With the aim to clear her worries about his wedding, and also to satiate his thirst—figuratively and literally—he set out once again.

Followed by Val alone, he headed towards Sansa's bedroom and opened it. But there was nobody inside. Frowning, he looked at a maid walking by timidly, head held low. "Where is Sansa?"

"Y-Your Grace, Lady Sansa has gone to the Great Sept of Baelor to offer prayers."

Joffrey was on the verge of bursting into anger. Nothing had been going well since morning. "What of Arya Stark?"

"Her... I don't know, Your Grace," the maid responded.

"I know," Val interjected and waved at the maid to leave them alone. "She's hiding in an unused small hall. Training with her sword alone."

Joffrey smiled devilishly at that. "Is that so? Lead me there, Val."

"Of course." Val happily obliged. She already knew what her conqueror desired. Although she hated not having the man all for herself each night, she didn't mind his various partners. In a way, she sometimes hoped she'd be asked to join.

Walking, Joffrey looked at his tall and beautiful Kingsguard. His hunger for pleasure heightened already, he wondered if he should just take her to his bedchamber. But eventually, he decided to focus on taming the wolf girl instead.

"What's the best way to tame this wolf girl, Val? What do you think?" He asked.

"Hmm..." Val thought about it deeply. "She's ferocious like us northern girls. I suggest a good beating will teach her where she belongs."

"And where is it that she belongs?" Joffrey asked and suddenly got closer to Val before sliding his hand under her cloak, gripping her rear, and squeezing her ass. This was the real delight in having her as his Kingsguard.

Val giggled and hungrily looked at her man. "Under your cock, of course."

Joffrey laughed and stopped fondling her. But he cherished this woman enough to notice her needs. "Come to my bedchamber tonight. I have some safety-related things to... discuss."

"With pleasure, Your Grace," she responded and finally led him deeper into the castle through a few twisting paths. At last, she stopped in front of large twin-doors. "This is it, my King. The hall is used to store old furniture and items."

"Useful," Joffrey smirked and clutched his sword tight. "Wait for me here. If I call for you, enter and subdue the girl."

"Good luck." She nodded.

Joffrey quickly pushed the doors open and looked inside. It was a large hall with enough space in the middle. There were a few large windows at the end that let in plentiful daylight. As for Arya Stark, she was dancing with her sword alone in the middle. Unaware that Joffrey had arrived, she continued to practice her sword art.

Joffrey silently admired her form. Her masculine black breeches were tight around her legs while her brown, full-sleeved tunic was loose, tucked into the waistband. Her hair was short, and her feet were nimble as she danced. Not much could be seen from her clothes, but Joffrey could imagine plenty.

Lithe and short. I'll take my time breaking this one slowly. Joffrey thought.

Having seen the strong Eddard Stark before, and the beautiful, voluptuous tall Catelyn, he couldn't help but wonder if Arya was even trueborn. She was nowhere close to her parents—not in height or feminine size. Despite having grown plenty, she remained the shortest among her siblings.

Soon, Arya's panting breaths became audible. Her pristine ivory skin glowed from all that sweat and sunlight. Her movements soon began to show signs of fatigue.

Joffrey watched her all the way, undressing her with his eyes already. Consider it a King's hobby, or devious pleasure—there was joy in seeing a woman undress for the first time after imagining her for days. To see what lay hidden under those clothes was like unwrapping a gift.

"Haaah~" Arya gasped eventually and stopped, out of breath. She fell on her knees.

"Marvelous!" Joffrey made his presence known and clapped his hands. "I'm really impressed, my Lady."

Arya's head turned abruptly. She seethed. "Joffrey!"

So wild. Joffrey chuckled in his heart.

"Is that how you address your King?" Joffrey asked.

"You are not my King!"

"Last I remember, Lady Catelyn bent the knee." He barely held himself back from laughing, imagining Catelyn sucking him off. "I saved Winterfell, destroyed House Frey and House Bolton. My men, to this day, live in Winterfell protecting your mother. They even found your lost wolf."

"Nymeria?!" Arya's ears perked up. "D-Don't you dare do anything to her!"

"I won't." Joffrey shook his head, circling around Arya until he stood squarely before her. Then, he also sat down on the floor a meter away from her. "I understand the importance of making a good impression, and I realize it was all spoiled when we had that foolish fight by the riverbank. I was young and foolish—I wish I could turn back time and prevent it. Sansa's wolf didn't deserve to die... that innocent creature was wronged."

Arya glared at Joffrey with pure hatred. "I don't care. Leave my sister alone if you want to live."

This naive girl. I can have her beheaded for threatening the king. Joffrey tried to keep himself calm and collected.

"I won't. I love her," Joffrey replied. Honestly, he didn't know if it could be called love. Yes, he wanted to keep Sansa as his own forever. Yes, he'd be enraged if someone else were to lay their hands on Sansa. But was it love? Only the gods knew.

Arya scoffed, rolling her eyes. "What a benevolent lover. Is that why you're marrying that smiling bitch?"

Ah, now I like her. Joffrey found common grounds for hating Margaery.

"It hasn't happened yet." Joffrey solemnly smiled.

Arya felt somewhat shaken by that smile. "What are you planning, Joffrey? Why are you here?"

"I'm planning nothing, Arya. Can't the man of this house find his guests to have a chat?" Joffrey replied as he looked at her sword. "I really admire your spirit. You learned to swing a sword... a peculiar sword."

"It doesn't concern you. If you're done, you can leave," she barked like a wild wolf. It fit her nature perfectly.

Joffrey sighed and stood up. But instead of leaving, he walked to the large window. "Lady Catelyn no longer hates me. Sansa loves me. The North has accepted me—Why do you still abhor me, Arya?"

"Abhor? I hate you! I want to kill you, Joffrey!" Arya growled and jumped to her feet. She raised her needle sword at Joffrey's back. "You killed my father—so cruelly!"

"It wasn't me. It was Cersei," Joffrey replied without looking back. Sansa had accepted his lie easily, but he knew Arya wouldn't. "It was all Cersei's plan."

"Lies! It was you who changed his sentence from taking the black to beheading!" Arya bellowed at that, the emotions that she had kept dormant for so long flaring out. Her enemy was right in front of her, alone, his back facing her. She just wanted to pierce through his heart.

I'll have to rubbish my way out of this.

Joffrey shook his head and looked back. His expression was serious, eyes red. While cursing his past self, he stepped closer to Arya and let the tip of her needle press against his chest.

"Don't be a fool, Arya. It was all orchestrated by her—all of it! She wanted chaos, so she could pull the strings from the shadows, ruling in my name without question. I... I had no choice. They see me as expendable. Tommen is a better puppet compared to me, easily manipulated."

Firmness in Arya's eyes wavered after his emotion-filled speech. "Let's say you're not lying. What does it change?!"

"My loathing for Cersei Lannister and Tywin Lannister," Joffrey sneered, catching Arya off guard. "I was foolish once, but I soon saw through their schemes. They held all the power then, and still do now. But I fought back with all I had, and look at me now—I have an army under me, Kingdoms sworn to me! Soon, their heads will adorn my walls—their very existence chokes me!"

This time, he wasn't even lying. He truly was naive before, and now he saw his grandfather as an enemy. Although Cersei was almost tamed, she remained dangerous and ambitious.

Arya narrowed her gaze and tried to see if he was lying. The more she thought about it the more she failed to see a fault in him. Although she still hated him, but not enough to kill him anymore.

"What will you do after killing them?" Arya asked.

"Unite the Seven Kingdoms," Joffrey replied. He knew he could sway her more by mentioning Jon Snow and his mission up north. But he felt it'd ruin the momentum. "You can be a part of it, Arya Stark. I'll need brave warriors by my side."

Arya mockingly chuckled. "Of course you do. You can barely lift that sword. I bet all the victories you earned in the North were earned by your commanders."

This is my chance.

Joffrey, as if offended, stepped back and unsheathed his sword. "Are you sure, Arya Stark? It's not just you who's been training."

"Hah, a dog can try to roar all it wants, but it remains a barking dog," Arya mocked.

Joffrey's brows furrowed, showing a hint of anger. "And you expect me to take you seriously with that thing... is that even a sword?"

"It kills just fine, Joffrey." Arya took a fighting position. "Want to find out?"

Joffrey scoffed and reciprocated, taking a stand. "Don't complain when you lose."

"Then how about a bet?" Arya suggested suddenly. The smirk on her lips hinted at her confidence in winning. "If I win, you will let me and Sansa go back to Winterfell."

Such a naive thing. Joffrey maintained serious expressions while chuckling in his heart. He knew about Arya's prowess. She was nowhere near a threat to him. *Lured and trapped like a fish; she sure has Tully blood in her.*

"Fine," Joffrey grunted. "What if I win? What do I get?"

Arya froze for a moment. She couldn't think of anything that Joffrey could have. She had no money, no power to offer. A bet only makes sense if the stakes are balanced.

"Umm... If you win, I won't ask to take Sansa back ever again," Arya offered.

"Hah, you consider those equal stakes?" Joffrey scoffed and stood up properly. "Don't waste my time, Arya Stark."

"Then what do you want?" Arya asked back.

Hook, line, and sinker! Joffrey had her right where he wanted now.

But he took his time to think about it. The whole time he maintained his eyes on her. He occasionally looked at her whole body, up and down. Her slender figure wasn't as attractive as Catelyn's, but taming her was an achievement in his heart.

"Alright, if you win, you and Sansa can go back to Winterfell," Joffrey said, getting to the good part. "If I win, you will remove all your clothes, kneel, and pleasure me with your mouth."

Slow and steady, Joffrey. We don't want her to back out now. Joffrey wanted to ram his cock in her tight cunt right then and there. But he knew it was impossible. For now, at least.

"W-What?!" Arya stammered, her feet beckoning on their own. "Are you insane?"

"What else do you have to offer?" Joffrey shrugged and started leaving for the door. "I knew it was a waste of time. You'd lose in any case."

Say it, girl. Say it! Joffrey took his sweet time to leave. *Where is that Stark pride?*

"In your dreams, Joffrey! I accept the bet."