

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 68

Harry appeared just down the street from where Melisandre was staying. On the ground, writhing in pain while clutching their heads, were dozens of guards. They moaned and groaned in pain while trying to push themselves to their knees. 'The psychic backlash from the Old Ones dying must have scrambled their brains,' Harry guessed. He knew the discomfort would be temporary, and not wanting to cause a scene, Harry hurried into the small room and found Melisandre reading in front of three lit candles. She looked up and smiled at him before snapping the book shut. She rose to her feet.

"My Lord," she smiled sexily at him. Though he was in a bit of a rush, he still found time to run his hands down her curves and pull her in for a steamy kiss. Melisandre moaned into his mouth while her arms slid around the back of his neck. He ended the kiss too soon for her liking.

"I'm afraid our time here is at an end," he smiled at the sexy redhead. "Did you accomplish everything you were hoping to?" he asked her while cupping her shapely ass.

"I did. My brethren have received your donations of food, supplies, and gold. They asked me to thank you for your generosity," she told him.

"That's good to hear. Do you need help packing?" he asked, looking around the room. There were only a few things scattered about. She shook her head as Harry let her go.

"It will only take me a few minutes to gather my things," she said.

"I'll go check on the girl before we leave. I'll be back soon. Wait here for me," he told her before disappearing.

It was easy to find the girl since he had a Tracking Charm on her. He appeared a few feet away from her, invisible. Harry took in his surroundings and found himself in an ornately luxurious bedroom. Kiana was at a desk in a far corner, working on something. He guessed that this was her bedroom since she was in there alone. He made himself visible and placed a Silencing Charm around the room in case she screamed. Harry then cleared his throat. Kiana squeaked and turned her head. Her large eyes went wide in shock. "Harry!" she gasped quietly. "How did you get in here?" she asked.

"I snuck in," Harry chuckled as she stood up.

"You shouldn't have," she said quietly, taking a quick peek at the closed door. "It's not safe for you!"

"What do you mean?" Harry asked as he stepped up to her.

"My mother is being unreasonable. She doesn't believe me when I tell her that you saved me. It's like she can't see reason," she told him.

"Ah," Harry replied, nodding his head. "I think that will all change soon, but for the time being, I'll be leaving Leng. I came here to check on you and make sure you're safe."

Kiana blushed in embarrassment and tossed him a small smile. "I am," she assured him. "Thank you for rescuing me and bringing me home. I owe you a great debt."

"It was my pleasure. Stay safe, and I promise we'll meet again in the future," he smiled at the young woman. She blushed harder and looked shy while nodding. Harry waved goodbye and disappeared, leaving a shocked and confused girl behind.

He appeared next to Melisandre, who was packed and ready to go. "The drones will bring your stuff to the ship," he told her, holding out his arm. Melisandre snaked her arm through his and held on. A moment later, they were back on his ship. Melisandre sighed happily and sat on the bed.

"I was quickly growing tired of that uncomfortable, flea-infested room. Do you think I've gotten spoiled by you?" she asked. Harry chuckled and scooped her into his arms. Melisandre wrapped her arms around the back of his neck.

"I think we both know the answer is yes," he teased. "But that's not necessarily a bad thing. Know your worth, I always say," he joked. Suddenly, Melisandre found herself on his lap in a spacious bathtub. Both were completely nude, and Harry wasted no time in soaping her large breasts. Melisandre smiled and rested the back of her head on his shoulder. She mewled as he massaged her slippery tits.

"Mmmm," she hummed delightedly as he flicked his fingers over her stiff nipples. Harry kissed the side of her neck and pinched the little, crinkled nubs. He rolled them between his fingers, making her back arch with a moan. He smiled into her sweet-smelling neck and lightly nipped at her skin. "That feels good," she mewled and began grinding her ass against him. Her legs parted, and she reached between him.

Her hand found his lengthy cock, and her nimble fingers quickly encircled it. She angled it toward her and pressed the top of his shaft against her lips. With the palm of her hand, she began massaging the underside of his shaft while grinding her warm pussy against the top. She turned her head to the side and captured his lips. Harry loved Melisandre's lips. Her kisses were always very passionate. He lightly tugged on her hard nipples before letting them go. His fingers caressed the sides of her round breasts, and he tickled the soft skin of their undersides. Melisandre mewled into his mouth and mashed her pussy against his shaft so hard that her plump lips were hotdogging his cock. Her hips bounced up and down, smearing her womanly juices up and down his length. Harry smiled into her lips and moved his fingers down her

stomach. When he reached her belly button, he tickled the little hole while his other hand caressed her bald mound. Melisandre couldn't take it anymore.

"Take me to bed!" she gasped while trying to stuff his cock into her wet opening. Harry broke the kiss.

"But I haven't finished cleaning you yet," Harry teased, moving his fingers down her mound and flicking her throbbing clit. Melisandre squealed and mashed her clit against his fingers.

"I don't care!" she moaned, which made him laugh softly.

They suddenly appeared on his bed, fully dry. Harry hovered over her, and Melisandre expertly flipped him over and straddled him. Her hips immediately began to roll. Harry caressed her smooth thighs while thrusting his hips upward. Her pussy was so wet and hot, and it felt incredible against the skin of his cock. She then surprised him by turning her body around so her back was facing him. Her ass lifted up, and she wiggled it at him. Taking his cock in hand, she moved it into position and stuffed the head inside of her. Harry watched her taut lips spread as they enveloped his head. His head slipped in, and he could feel the scalding heat of her insides. He felt her hands grip his shins just before she drove her ass down. A loud, wet squelch filled the room as her pussy lips slid down the length of his shaft until her teardrop ass came to rest against his lower belly. Again, she wiggled her ass from side to side before lifting up. Inch after inch of his shaft reappeared from her depths, slick with juices and streaked with her white cream. Her pink inner lips stretched downward as they desperately clung to his skin. More than halfway up, Melisandre slammed her ass back down, creating another loud squelch. Harry couldn't stop the moan from escaping his mouth. Melisandre turned her head and looked at him with a smirk. She loved pleasing her Lord.

Taking it to the next level, she spread her knees wider and lowered the upper half of her body so it was lying flat against the bed between his legs. She then began to bounce her ass, starting off slowly but rapidly increasing the pace. Harry squeezed her jiggling ass cheeks and moaned from the sudden rush of pleasure. Spreading them apart, he brushed his thumb over her tight hole, making her shudder. Melisandre got a little too enthusiastic with her bouncing, causing his cock to slip out. She whined and shook her ass at him. Harry lightly beat his wet cock against her pussy while she was attempting to take it back in. "My Lord!" she whined in frustration, which made him laugh. He pressed the head against her slit and angled it so it easily slid in when she dropped down.

Harry locked his fingers behind his head and let Melisandre do all the work. He just stared at her ass while she took pleasure from his body. He very much enjoyed the way her thick cheeks clapped together with every bounce of her ass. It wasn't long before she was cumming on his cock.

Melisandre let out a whorish moan as her body began to tremble. Her bouncing slowed, and her body spasmed while her pussy squeezed the life out of his shaft. The smell of her wet pussy

grew stronger, and he could feel her inner walls fluttering around him. He gently caressed her lower back while she came. Sitting up, she took a deep breath and turned around to face him. His cock slipped from inside her, but that was quickly rectified by her taking him into her mouth. She hummed on his cock as she half of him into her throat. Her head started bobbing, and he could feel the flat of her tongue pressed firmly against the underside of his shaft. Harry reached out and threaded his fingers through her thick red hair. With one hand, she grabbed him at the base and started tugging on it while sucking him off. Her other hand cupped his balls, and she worked them in unison. She then lowered her head until her face touched his lower belly. Melisandre remained in that position until she couldn't take it anymore. She pulled off with a loud gasp.

His cock was covered in saliva, but she quickly grabbed his cock and began stroking it, smearing it into his skin. She leaned down and licked him from his balls all the way up to the tip. She looked at him cutely. "Will you please give me your offering, My Lord?" she asked, kissing the tip of his head while jerking him with both hands.

"You need to earn it, my dear," Harry teased back while she flicked her tongue over the tip. Melisandre responded by straddling him and sliding back down on him. Her eyes fluttered, and she dropped forward, catching herself with her hands. Her upper half was hovering over him, and her big breasts were dangling in front of his face. Her body started rocking back and forth as she drove herself down on him. Her tits smacked his chin, and her hard nipple brushed across his face. The next time it passed his lips, Harry latched onto the hard bead, sucking it while massaging the tip with his tongue. Melisandre seemed to like this. Her pussy started squeezing his cock again, and he knew it wouldn't be long before her previous orgasm flared up. While riding him, Harry grabbed her breasts and switched nipples. Melisandre mewled and pressed her tit against his mouth harder. It seemed this time she was actively trying to get him to cum fast. Her pussy was tighter than he had ever felt it, which told him that she was using her inner muscles to squeeze him.

Melisandre squealed as her orgasm arrived first. She pushed herself into a sitting position and rolled her hips faster, causing her big, round breasts to swing and bounce. The scent of wet pussy hung heavy in the air, which added to his arousal. Her soaked pussy was practically sucking him off by that point, and he could feel his orgasm nearing. "I'm close," Harry groaned.

She jumped off him and sat on her knees with her head tilted up and her mouth open. It was obvious what she wanted, and Harry was happy to provide it. He stood up and let his cock call against her face. She gripped him by the base and placed the head flat against her tongue. When her hand started moving, it only took half a dozen tugs before cum erupted from the tip, flying directly into her mouth. She quickly wrapped her lips around the tip and pumped the cum straight from his balls. Harry moaned and caressed her hair while she sucked him dry. Once drained, Melisandre let go of him with a wet pop and looked up at him with a happy smile. Her hand was still fondling his drained sack. "Thank you, My Lord," she said, and then leaned in and kissed all around the base of his cock. Harry chuckled as her lips climbed up his stomach.

“My pleasure,” he joked and dropped back on the bed. Melisandre snuggled up to him and held his cock firmly.

“Where are we going next?” she asked as her hand worked him with long, slow strokes. Harry responded by wrapping his arm around her and cupping her breast. Melisandre hummed in pleasure when his fingers found the stiff tip of her nipple.

“Asshai,” he said, kneading her breast while flicking his thumb over her pale nipple. “We’ll pass by the Manticore Isles, but I don’t plan to stop there.”

“Good,” she smiled and kissed his chest. “Those islands are home to nothing but savages and wild beasts. Even the people of Asshai refuse to go there,” she told him.

“Are there any resources there? I could return another time,” he asked her. Melisandre knew this part of the world much better than he did.

“Not that I know of,” she answered and let go of his cock. Her hand moved down and cupped his balls. She began massaging them in the same way he was rubbing her breast. “The islands are very rocky with patches of thick jungle. Fresh water is sparse, though it does rain heavily. The rumors are that the savages drink the fresh rain from puddles, though I don’t know if that’s true or not. The Asshai’i used to go there to harvest salt. There are deep caves with salt the color of salmon meat. However, the Asshai’i stopped going when traders began supplying us with salt from their kingdoms. It was cheaper and much less dangerous than harvesting it ourselves,” she explained while peppering his chest with kisses. Her long red hair tickled his skin. He removed his hand from her breast and slid it down her smooth back. He cupped her shapely cheek and slid his fingers between them.

“How long ago was this?” Harry wondered while toying with the rim of her asshole. Melisandre mewled from the pleasure.

“I was a young woman the last time I tasted the pink salt. I do miss it. It had a pleasant, earthy flavor,” she told him.

“Really?” Harry said more to himself. He might have to visit the Manticore Isles to see what they had to offer. While he was thinking, Melisandre took the opportunity to mount him.

“Can we go again?” she asked, shuddering as she dragged her wet pussy along the underside of his cock. By then, her core was burning hot and dripping wet.

“Do you even have to ask?” Harry joked and flipped her onto her back. He grabbed her thighs and lifted her ass up. Melisandre reached back and spread her cheeks apart, letting him know exactly what she desired. Harry summoned a bottle from the nearby cabinet and popped the top. He poured the sweet-smelling oil down her ass and into her crack. He watched the viscous

oil roll down her pale skin, over her puckered hole, and onto her pussy lips. Harry closed the bottle and placed it aside. He rubbed the oil into her ass, massaging her cheeks.

“Right here,” she stated in a sensual voice, rubbing her asshole with her finger. Harry didn’t need to be told twice. He settled behind her and pressed the head of his cock against her tight hole. With a bit of pressure, the head popped in, which made her moan. Melisandre pressed her face against the bed and gripped the sheets tightly, readying herself for what would come. Harry slowly thrust forward, careful not to harm her. Melisandre whimpered as her hole was stretched around him. He lovingly rubbed her lower back while sliding into her at a steady pace. When he was halfway in, he slowly pulled back and re-lubed his cock. Holding onto her flared hips, Harry began fucking her with slow, shallow thrusts. With every thrust, Melisandre squeaked as he went deeper and deeper. When two-thirds of his cock had penetrated her, Harry pulled back until only the head was in. He thrust forward, filling her with his entire cock. Melisandre cried out in pleasure and trembled from the feeling of being completely stuffed. Harry ran his hands down her nude back and gripped her shoulders. He then began thrusting.

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The bed muffled Melisandre’s moan as her asshole was reamed by her most beloved. She loved the exquisite pleasure only he could provide, though her only thought was to make him feel as good as he made her feel. She clenched her hole shut, making herself as tight as possible. She was rewarded with a deep moan as his hefty balls slapped against her soaking twat. The roughness of his balls repeatedly striking her slit and clit felt incredible to her. It was even better when he reached between her legs and started rubbing her folds.

“Oh ...” she squeaked. “My Lord ... Please ... More!” she begged, grinding her sloppy, wet pussy against his fingers. She could immediately tell that his fingers were absolutely coated in her juices by the way her silky fold glided across them with no resistance. He answered her by pushing his fingers between her lips until they touched her swollen clit. His fingers began dancing in circles, massaging the area around her hardened bead. The intense pleasure made her asshole pucker, which made him even more eager to please her. He leaned down and kissed her between the shoulder blades while his fingers rolled her clit. Melisandre’s eyes fluttered, then rolled into the back of her head. She had to bite down on the bed sheets to keep from squealing like a pig.

“Are you enjoying yourself, my dear?” her Lord teased as he slid his fingers down until they were at her opening.

“YES!” she cried out in a warbly voice when his fingers parted her damp lips and penetrated her. Her tight pussy desperately clung to his fingers while he continued to take pleasure from her ass. Melisandre delighted in the naughty pleasure of having both holes taken simultaneously. While being fingered, his thumb rubbed circles over her clit, adding to the pleasure. Lights began flashing behind her eyes, and she knew she couldn’t hold on for much longer. A high-pitched squeak escaped her lips, and her pussy began attempting to milk his fingers. He

pressed down hard on her clit with his thumb, which made her body shudder. She was suddenly taken by surprise when he switched holes, pulling out of her ass and quickly thrusting into her cumming pussy. Melisandre felt herself release and spray her juices around his cock.

Her brain began growing foggy from an overload of pleasure. Her pussy was fluttering on his cock while her beloved Lord furiously pounded it. Wanting him to finish inside of her, she squeezed him as hard as she could. After another minute, she felt him shudder right before her insides were flooded with his hot seed. Melisandre mewled and rocked her body back and forth slowly, fucking herself on him while he pumped his seed into her. Eventually, he pulled out and slid it back and forth between her cheeks to clean it off. Rolling onto her back, she spread her legs and looked down only to see his cum dripping from her used cunt. The sight filled her with pride. Her Lord dropped down next to her, and Melisandre took her place at his side, lovingly caressing his slick cock. By then, the ship began to leave port, but she was too tired to care. Resting her head against his chest, she dozed off while being held by the only man who mattered.

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Asshai was a massive city that sprawled across both sides of the river Ash. Harry had heard tales of its monstrous size and was glad to see that those tales were only slightly exaggerated. The city was dark and cold, and every structure was built from the same greasy black stone he found in Sothoryos. They say it was greasy to the touch, but Harry had no desire to test that rumor. One thing was right, though. The black stone did appear to absorb the light, casting the city into an unnatural darkness. It immediately made him think of the Old Ones and how they also feasted on the light.

Despite the massive size of the city, few people walked the streets. Everyone he saw wore lacquered masks to hide their identities. Why they did this, he had no clue. It was something he would ask Melisandre about when in private.

“As strangely as it sounds, it’s good to be home,” she said, looking at the city with a small smile gracing her gorgeous face. Harry raised an eyebrow.

“You’ve got to be jesting,” he said, looking around. This place would be a city of nightmares for a regular person.

“This is the main seat of the Lord of Light. Here, his followers are the most devout. I can feel his power in the air,” she said, breathing in deeply.

“I’ll take your word for it,” Harry said as a rat lay on the road, wheezing and squeaking out its last breath. “I assume you’ll be heading straight for the temple?” he asked her. Melisandre nodded, eager to get back.

“Shall I escort you? I’m not sure how safe this city is,” he asked her. Melisandre laughed merrily.

"I have no fear of this city, My Lord. I assure you, I will be safe," she smiled at him and wrapped him in a hug. She kissed him deeply before pulling back.

"Very well. I'll see you soon," Harry said, eager to explore the strange city. She nodded happily and began walking away from him. Her red hair and dress contrasted starkly with her dreary surroundings. 'Follow her,' he sent his drones a mental message. She may have believed she was safe, but Harry could feel the evilness of these rotting lands. With that taken care of, Harry moved further into the city to begin his adventure.