

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 82

The wind cut across the high, frozen ridge and left Harry's cheeks and nose raw. He pulled the fur collar of his cloak higher and shifted in the saddle. Melisandre rode beside him. The Red Woman wore dark leather trousers and thick black boots that reached almost to her knees. Her coat was trimmed with crimson fox fur, but she looked unimpressed by the cold. Missandei trailed a length behind. She hunched over her mare, clenching the reins with cold fingers. Her fur coat was cinched so tightly it bunched at her hips, making her look smaller.

They crested the hill, and the valley opened up. The land below was a vast, grassy basin ringed by forest. In the center was a huge, geometric shadow that stretched for miles. It was a perfect square, and already three-quarters of it was bordered by a new stone wall. The wall was so tall it cast a sharp black shadow across a huge swath of land, and so wide that they could see the parapet was big enough to drive a team of horses along its top.

Inside the wall was an explosion of organized chaos. Thousands of Harry's drones hauled blocks of stone up makeshift ramps. Smaller teams, clustered along the wall's length, used hoists and ropes to lever the stones into place. The blocks were the size of a small carriage, and the drones moved them in long, disciplined lines. They looked like worker ants building a fortress for a king.

Missandei tried to steady her breath as the wind knocked the words from her lungs. "It is even larger than the city wall," she said, her voice muffled by her scarf.

Harry nodded and squinted through the cold, howling wind. "By twofold. It will enclose everything from here to the lake," he explained, pointing to the shimmering lake in the distance.

Melisandre shifted in her saddle, her eyes sharp and calculating. "How many men are working?"

"Five thousand," Harry said. He reached into his pocket and fished out a pair of enchanted brass lenses. He pressed them to his face, and the scene below leaped forward. He tracked a team of drones as they lugged a stone block up a ramp, paused for a moment, then shoved it off. The block crashed onto the next tier, slid a yard, and was instantly halted by another team. These kinds of actions were a suicide mission for normal men, but the drones were enhanced by Harry's godly powers. It was a perfect chain of movement, every step calculated and synchronized.

He handed the lenses to Missandei. She fumbled a bit, then pressed them to her eyes and gasped at the scale. "How much longer will it take?"

"If they keep this pace, another couple of months," Harry replied.

A blast of wind made Missandei shiver violently. She hunched down in her saddle, one hand holding her scarf in place and the other still gripping the brass lenses. "It will be a cold winter," she said through chattering teeth.

Harry turned to look at her. "Are you cold?"

She nodded, but tried to smile. "It is nothing. I am not used to such wind."

Harry nudged his horse closer and waved a hand at her. The moment his magic touched her, she shuddered with relief. She looked down in wonder at the small cloud of steam rising from her palm.

Melisandre watched them with a faint smirk. "Why build a wall of this size, My Lord?" She didn't raise her voice, but she didn't have to. Somehow, her melodic voice seemed to cut through the wind. "The city already has plenty of room to expand."

Harry scanned the land below, then gestured at the enormous wall. "That is not just an expansion of the city. That is a farm. Every acre inside will be worked year-round. There will be orchards, vegetable beds, and livestock barns. In six months, there will be food enough for a hundred cities."

Missandei's eyes widened. "That much food?"

Harry nodded. "More. As the world gets colder, every city in Essos is coming to us for help. The South cannot feed them all. The warmer areas will barely be able to feed themselves."

Melisandre watched a drone team guide a block into place. The block settled with a low, thunderous sound that was audible from the ridge. "If your city already produces more than it needs, why expand?"

Harry took a slow breath, filling his lungs with the icy air. "Because most of what we eat here is grown in Sothoryos. It is still warm there, but the further north you go, the less will grow. Most cities are already desperate for food. If they do not get it, millions will starve."

He looked at Melisandre and Missandei with a knowing smile. "I very much intend to be the savior of this barbaric world. I want the smallfolk in every city and kingdom to praise my name." Missandei rolled her eyes, and Melisandre giggled happily. It was only fitting that her lord be praised by millions.

Below them, a huge block swung in midair, suspended by ropes as thick as a man's thigh. A team of thirty drones muscled it into place. When it hit the platform, the ground shook hard enough that their horses felt it and stamped nervously. The stone didn't crack. It locked perfectly into the wall.

Missandei wrapped her hands together and blew into them. Even with Harry's spell, the cold was a bit too much for her to handle. Missandei had always lived in hot climates, and she wasn't used to the frigid temperatures that winter brought. "I would like to return to the city now," she said, blinking through the wind. "If that is permitted."

Melisandre gave her a look of amusement and pity. "Poor girl. You are softer than you look."

Missandei made a face. "I am very soft ... isn't that right, My Lord?" she teasingly asked Harry.

Harry grinned and chuckled. "Let's go. There's no point freezing when a warm castle bed is waiting for us."

He wheeled his horse around and started down the path. Melisandre followed, riding straight-backed and poised as ever. Missandei fell in last, pulling her hood up. Her eyes were still fixed on the distant city wall.

Behind them, the sound of the next stone block dropping rang up the slope. It was a deep, earth-shaking boom that seemed to carry for miles. Harry glanced back and watched as the wall grew one block at a time.

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Harry sat behind his desk in the highest room of his castle. His shoulders were hunched, his chin was resting on his hand, and his eyes were rimmed with exhaustion. The office was his sanctuary, but it doubled as the most exclusive prison in the city, and the endless reports and paperwork were his shackles. The space was generous, with floor-to-ceiling windows that overlooked the city lights. He had a private balcony where he sometimes retreated to sip wine and relax. But tonight, he was surrounded by a forest of papers. There were bank ledgers, shipping manifests, and architectural blueprints. Most were scrawled with neat annotations in Missandei's fine hand, but some contained sticky patches of dried perfume. He knew those letters came from the women hoping to rent a space in his new Pleasure District. He shuffled through a report about the new grain silos, frowned at the mention of "double allocation of funds," and muttered a curse about his goddamned bookkeepers. He would have to investigate to make sure they weren't pilfering some of his hard-earned gold.

A sharp rap on the door yanked his attention from the papers. He sat up, rolled his neck, and, when the knock came again, he called out, "Come in."

The door swung open, and the world's most spectacular pair of tits made their entrance. The handmaiden was tall, almost six feet, he figured. She had a curvy body, and the soft, ripe flesh of her tits bulged out of her uniform. The dress was jet black and trimmed with coppery thread. It fit her so tightly that it looked like it might tear if she so much as inhaled. Her breasts were pale and lightly freckled, and they strained against the plunging neckline, nearly popping the top button. A hint of pink areola peeped over the edge.

She smiled nervously and stepped forward, a sealed envelope balanced atop her cleavage like a tray. "A letter for you, Your Grace. It's marked urgent," she managed, her voice high and anxious. Harry smiled at the way she presented the letter. No doubt, it was Melisandre's doing.

Harry gave her the full once-over, his eyes lingering on the deep, glistening valley of cleavage. He enjoyed the way the dress hugged her hips. The uniform was definitely Melisandre's design. She believed in using beauty as an advertisement for his city, and this one left nothing to the imagination. The handmaiden's face was flushed. She was either embarrassed or excited, or maybe both. She had that look of a new recruit who half-hoped she'd get ravished on the spot.

He reached out, took the envelope from her cleavage, and let his hand brush her warm skin. She trembled. "Thank you," he said, grinning wide enough to make her blush deepen. "I'll let Melisandre know that I approve of the new uniforms."

The handmaiden dipped into a deep curtsy, which caused her breasts to flop out of the dress. She caught them with one arm, then fled the room with a hasty, "Thank you, Your Grace!" Her hips wiggled as she closed the door behind her.

Harry rolled the letter between his fingers, feeling the weight and smelling the faint, flowery scent. The wax was Lannister crimson, stamped with the head of a lioness. He slit it open with a dagger, then unfolded the parchment. The script was Cersei's bold, looping handwriting. He poured himself a glass of wine, leaned back, and began to read.

'My dearest Harold,

First, let me congratulate you on your latest triumph in the east. The entire city is already abuzz with tales of your new Pleasure District. They say your cock is more famous than the Crown itself. For the sake of my poor pride, I beg you to tell me this is only half true.'

Harry chuckled and took a long sip. He could practically hear the sarcasm in her voice.

'You will be pleased to know that my father, King Tywin, remains alive and annoyingly lucid. He called me to King's Landing under the pretense of advice, but I know the truth. He wishes to parade me before the remaining lords as proof that the old order still exists, even as the walls crumble around him.

'The city, if you can even call it that, is more of a decaying carcass than a living thing. The rot has spread from Flea Bottom to every corner. The stench of shit and corpses is worse than ever. The Maesters say the outbreak among the smallfolk is carried by lice, but I know better. The entire city is covered in a layer of filth so thick that there is barely a place you can step without sinking ankle deep in shit.'

Harry grimaced at that. He could easily remember the stench wafting from Flea Bottom. However, he smiled at the phrase “parade me before the remaining lords.” Cersei was born for the throne room, not the gutter.

‘Father is, predictably, unimpressed by my choice in fashion. He called the slits in my gown an abomination and my neckline a disgrace to the Realm. It only made me wear my dress lower the next day. You should see the look of abject jealousy on the faces of the other ladies. I’ve set a new standard in King’s Landing, and the courtiers now whisper about “Lannister whores” in the corridors. You would be proud.’

She underlined the last sentence. Harry grinned and chuckled.

‘Father wishes to speak with you in person. He has not forgiven the insult of becoming successful, but he cannot ignore your power. He believes that a grand meeting of the minds will force you into concession, but I know that you will only use it to humiliate him. Please, if you come, bring a small army and display as much wealth as possible. This would please me greatly.

The city will not last another winter. There are rumors that the Riverlands and the Stormlands will bend the knee to you if you provide enough grain and timber. If you wish to make a proper show of strength, invite the lords and ladies of Westeros to Seven Swords. Show them what a real city looks like. Father believes it would be a sign of weakness, but I know better. He cares only for his own power, and he does not wish the other lords to know of his failures. Let them see the wealth, the decadence, and the power you have amassed. Let them choke on their envy.

I miss you greatly. I miss your lips, your hands, your tongue, and the other things I should not write about. I promise to return as soon as my father releases me from this gilded cage. That should be in two months, barring catastrophe.

I will write again soon. Do not do anything too reckless without me.

Yours, in every way that matters,

Cersei

Please send more gold. These Lannisters bleed the vault dry.’

Harry laughed until he nearly choked on his wine. He read the letter again, amused by the malice and the pride that oozed from every line. He could see her now, stalking the Red Keep in a slit dress, her tits and ass on display while daring any nobleman to say something to her face.

He closed his eyes and, for a second, imagined what it would be like to walk through King’s Landing with his many scantily dressed women on his arms. He pictured Tywin’s sour face, the

disgusted courtiers, the chaos, and the hunger that would drive every lord into his pocket. The thought was intoxicating.

He set the letter aside, poured another glass, and watched the city lights flicker below his window. There was nothing in the world as sweet as victory, except maybe a woman who understood the taste of it.

Harry thought about Cersei's suggestion of bringing the lords and ladies of Westeros to his city. It had merit. Let the old houses come and see the kingdom he'd built from nothing. Let them taste the bread, see the women, and try to imagine their threadbare palaces compared to this. Winter would soon close the roads and ice the seas, but if he moved quickly, he could time the event with the grand opening of the Pleasure District. If the lords and ladies wanted to wallow in decadence, he would give them an experience they would never forget.

He snapped open a drawer and pulled out his finest parchment. He dipped a heavy, glass-bodied pen into the ink pot and began to write. His script was broad, and every loop and line was written with confidence.

'Dearest Cersei,

Your letter has been received and is appreciated. I am gratified to hear that your father remains in command of his faculties. Please inform grandfather that I send my regards and my continued respect for his resourcefulness, if not his taste in matters of fashion.

I trust you will continue to set new standards for the ladies of the realm, regardless of what old men think or say. Perhaps one day, the nobles of King's Landing will recognize true beauty when they see it ... or at least, when you force them to.'

Harry grinned, imagining Cersei's smile as she read that. He continued.

'Regarding your suggestion, it is a good one. If the lords and ladies of Westeros wish to see what a civilized society looks like, I shall invite them. You know my city is unequaled in all the world. I will trust your judgment in creating the guest list. Include all people of importance.'

He paused to take a drink, then continued writing.

'As for your body, I miss your tongue, your thighs, and many other body parts that I will be happy to describe in great detail if you so desire it. I will ensure you are safely escorted back here at the first opportunity. In the meantime, I have taken the liberty of replenishing your gold purse. It will arrive with this letter. If you must bankrupt the Lannister treasury to clothe yourself, do it in my name.'

He put the pen down, reread the letter, and then scrawled a postscript.

'I look forward to your return and to the taste of your lips on mine.'

He let the ink dry, then folded the parchment and sealed it with a blob of black wax. He pressed his personal signet into the soft wax, then summoned the handmaiden by calling out to her.

She returned, breathless and still flushed from before. Harry handed her the letter, along with a pouch that jingled heavily with gold coins. He watched the way her eyes widened, and her lips parted at the sight of so much gold, and for a second, he almost called her back for a more personal thank you. But there would be time for that later.

"Take these to Missandei and tell her to send them with the next ship going to King's Landing," he said. "And tell Melisandre to have the staff ready for a flood of guests in two months' time."

The handmaiden bobbed a curtsy, and her tits bounced in time with her steps as she hurried from the room. Harry watched her go, then leaned back and propped his boots up on the desk.

Let the world come and see what he had built. Let them weep or drool with envy. By the time Cersei returned, the Pleasure District would be the talk of the continent, and he would sit on a throne of gold, surrounded by the world's most beautiful women. He smiled, drank from his cup, and chuckled to himself. Let the old world come calling. He was ready to show them how a true king ruled.

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Missandei appeared at Harry's door less than an hour later with her head bowed and her hands locked in front of her belly. She waited for him to finish sealing the last letter, then raised her gaze to meet his. Harry beckoned her in with a finger, and she stepped inside, closing the door behind her. The instant the latch clicked, Missandei let her dress fall from her shoulders. Her skin glowed in the soft light. Her smooth, light brown skin was flawless, and her nipples stood stiff from the cooled air. She did not speak, but the invitation in her eyes was plain. Harry admired the shape of her slender body, the gentle curves of her hips and thighs, and the way she stood with her feet apart, allowing him to see her puffy slit and engorged clit.

She reached for his hand, and Harry took it, feeling the heat and tremor in her palm. He drew her closer until her bare breasts pressed against his chest. He then swept her up in his arms. Missandei let her head fall back, and she laughed. The sound was gentle but laced with desire. Harry carried her across the chamber and laid her on the vast bed. Its sheets were cool from the evening air. She stretched out lazily, her arms open in welcome, and her legs parted to draw his eyes to her.

Harry undressed with little ceremony, stripping away his clothes in a matter of moments. He was hard already, but he did not mount her at once. Instead, he knelt at the edge of the bed, his hands sliding over her ankles and calves. His fingertips lingered at the tender hollows behind her knees. Missandei flushed deeply, and her lips parted as Harry's hands roamed up her

thighs, which were as smooth as silk and much warmer. She reached for him, but Harry seized her wrists and pinned them to the mattress, grinning down at her as he leaned in.

He traced kisses up the inside of her thigh, pausing just short of her damp pussy. He teased her by gently blowing on her sensitive clit, which made her hips jerk. Missandei moaned quietly and rolled her head from side to side, her curls spreading over the pillow. Harry released her hands, and she buried them in his hair as he set about his work. He licked at her softly at first, barely grazing her clit. He then flattened his tongue and drew it slowly across her slit. Missandei's knees rose, and her heels dug into the mattress as she bucked against his mouth. He loved the taste of her. She had a sweet, musky taste that always drove him wild.

Harry pushed Missandei's legs wide open and devoured her, licking with a greedy rhythm that soon had her gasping and writhing. She curled her hands into fists and bit her bottom lip, trying to hold back the noises that grew louder with each pass of his tongue. Harry could feel her muscles and thighs trembling as the pleasure built within her. He gripped her hips to steady her as he buried his tongue deeper, and Missandei cried out in a melodic, passionate wail.

He kept licking her dripping cunt until her whole body arched from the bed, and she shuddered beneath him, her orgasm crashing over her in waves.

Missandei pulled away from his tongue and rolled Harry onto his back. She straddled his hips, and she didn't hesitate. She pressed her soaked slit along the length of his cock and ground herself down, painting him with each slow, steady swipe of her pelvis. His hands found her smooth, sexy thighs, and he ran his fingertips up to her hips, gripping her with a force that said she was his.

She hovered, gently sliding the head of his cock between her silky, delicate folds. She then placed the head at her entrance and took him in with a slow, shivering slide. Her mouth fell open, her lips parted in a silent moan, and she braced her hands on his chest, pinning him to the bed to keep him in place. She rode him hard, and the slapping of their hips filled the room. Her eyes locked onto his as her lovely face twisted in pleasure. Harry's fingers dug into her hips, and he helped guide her slender body up and down.

Their bodies began moving together. Her body arched above him while he thrust up to meet her. She tipped her head back and let out a cry as her pussy began to flutter again. Harry's vision momentarily whited out as he emptied inside her, and all he could feel was the pleasure of her pussy clenching around him.

Missandei rolled off and melted against his side, and she rested one leg between his. They lay together in silence, and the only sound was their mingled breathing. Harry ran his hand along her smooth back, feeling her body quiver as he caressed her soft skin. He pressed a kiss to her temple and then to her mouth. Missandei accepted the kiss and moaned against his lips.

Missandei curled into him, and he pulled the covers over them both. It was late, and they were both tired, so they just lay there, wrapped around each other. He loved the feeling of her breasts against his arm and the weight of her thigh over his leg. He listened to her heartbeat slow, and soon, she yawned cutely. Harry chuckled and kissed her forehead. Missandei closed her eyes and mewled cutely. Harry waved his hand and snuffed out the lights.