

## The Dread Lord of Essos

### Chapter 92

Harry lay on his back in the center of the bed. His muscled body was glimmering with a light coating of sweat, and his cock was hard and ready. The cool sheets bunched around his waist, and the air in the room was thick with the smell of three wet pussies. Sansa, Catelyn, and Arya hovered around him, naked. Their dresses were now pools of silk and satin at their feet. They moved like they were wild beasts, and he was a juicy rabbit ready to be devoured. Sansa, with her coppery hair tumbling down her back and her cheeks hot and pink, climbed onto the mattress and approached Harry's cock like it was something to be worshipped.

She reached out with a trembling hand and gripped his shaft with fingers that were already slick from her own excited pussy. His cock was so big, Sansa thought to herself. She'd, of course, seen it and had even taken it inside her before, but it always amazed her every time she saw it. He was thick and long in a way that almost scared her. Sansa wrapped both hands around him, yet the head still bobbed above her knuckles. The flushed tip was already glistening. The thought made her dizzy, and when she looked up she noticed the other two watching with matching expressions of lust, envy, and something close to pride.

Sansa pressed her knees to either side of Harry's hips and lifted herself, balancing with one hand on his chest. She lined him up with her entrance and felt her own folds part wide around the blunt head of his cock. The pressure was immense, and her swollen clit tingled. Sansa whimpered before she even began to lower herself. Only he could ever stretch her like this, but she was so wet that there was hardly any resistance.

The moment she forced him inside, Sansa's mind nearly blanked from the pleasure. There was a deep, stretching ache as her tight walls were forced open, but it was paired with a pleasure so powerful it made her gasp. Her pussy clenched reflexively, and it was as tight as a vise around the invading head. She only managed to swallow the first thick inch of him before she stopped, panting hard. She could feel every vein and ridge pressing against her sensitive inner walls. She could feel herself being split open.

"Keep going," Catelyn ordered in a low purr. Catelyn's hand was on Arya's shoulder, keeping her from darting forward and joining in, but her eyes were glued to the spot where Sansa's pussy was struggling to swallow Harry's cock. Her shiny pink lips stretched to the breaking point. Sansa looked to her for comfort and found only encouragement. Catelyn's nipples were stiffer than any she had ever seen, and her thighs were pressed together.

Sansa was determined, and she shifted her hips and worked herself lower, using the natural glide of her abundant arousal. Harry was groaning now, and his hands were caressing her silky smooth thighs as she took inch after thick, amazing inch. The sensation was too much. When the head of his cock bumped deep inside her, it hit her g-spot with an orgasmic pressure that

made her toes curl and her insides flutter wildly. She let out a high-pitched squeal, and her whole body shuddered violently.

Her pussy spasmed, trying to push him out, but Harry held Sansa by the waist and pulled her further down onto him, forcing more of his length into her impossibly tight channel. She felt so full she thought she might split apart. Harry's cock throbbed deeper inside, stretching her in ways she hadn't thought possible. She could feel the outline of his shaft against her belly, and when she placed her hand there she could sense the hard, thick shape just beneath her skin.

"By the gods," Sansa choked as her eyes rolled back. "I can't, I ..." but she didn't stop. She ground her hips in small, desperate circles, rutting up and down, and with every movement Harry's cock battered her g-spot until her vision blurred. Her pussy was so tight around him that it was almost painful. The friction was intense and wet, but she never wanted to let him go. She wanted every last inch buried inside her.

Arya watched, biting her lip. Her eyes were wide in disbelief as she took in the sight of Sansa impaled on Harry's thick cock. She was massaging her own naked breast and rolling the pink nipple between two fingers. Her other hand was hidden between her thighs as her fingers worked steadily over her throbbing clit. Catelyn's hand now circled Arya's waist, holding her in place as if to keep her from doing something rash. But Catelyn's own eyes were glassy with arousal, and she pressed her thighs together harder. There was a visible sheen of wetness on her skin as she rubbed her thighs together.

Sansa rode Harry in a frenzy, and the bed creaked loudly beneath their bodies. Harry's cock slammed into her again and again, and each thrust made her gasp and see stars as her tight walls clung and dragged along his length. She could feel her orgasm building. It was like a tidal wave about to break, and she threw her head back. Her coppery hair whipped over her shoulders as she ground down even harder. She was dimly aware of how she looked. Her taut breasts were bouncing, and her nipples were dark and swollen against her pale skin that was flushed with exertion and lust. Her pussy was stretched obscenely wide around a cock that should never have fit.

Her climax hit with the force of a warhammer blow. Sansa screamed out in a raw voice, and she bucked wildly on Harry's lap as her pussy clenched and milked him in powerful, rhythmic spasms. Her vision went white, and she felt herself collapsing forward. Harold caught her and held her tight, and she realized with a thrill that he was still hard and twitching inside her, ready to fuck her again and again.

Sansa's mind reeled as she remembered that the other two were watching her every move. She locked eyes with Arya, who was panting and red-faced. Her face was twisted with pleasure as her fingers moved faster between her legs. Then Sansa looked at Catelyn, who nodded in approval while playing with her own naked tits. She knew it should have been shameful, but she didn't feel that way. She felt powerful and alive.

She started moving again, and her hips rolled, determined to take Harry as deep as she could. She reached down and gently squeezed the base of his cock, loving the way her pussy bulged around him where they joined. The next time she bottomed out with a loud, filthy squelch, Sansa ground her hips and rotated them in a slow circle. She felt the head of his cock massage her g-spot until her entire body trembled, and a fresh flood of wetness spilled around his shaft.

Harry's hands were all over her now, and she loved it. He caressed her back, teased her stiff nipples, and gripped her ass while guiding her deeper onto him. He looked at her like he'd never seen anything more beautiful, and the way he groaned her name made her feel like a goddess being worshipped.

She lost count of how many times she came. Each orgasm was more intense than the last. Her cunt spasmed and flooded around his cock until the sheets beneath them were soaked. By the time she collapsed onto Harry's chest again, she was sweaty, limp, and giggling with disbelief. She could barely keep her eyes open.

But she felt his cock still inside her. It was still impossibly hard and throbbing, and she knew that he hadn't finished inside her yet.

Sansa was so tight around him that Harry could barely move. Each time he thrust, her walls clamped down and milked him with bruising force, and the pressure on her g-spot sent bolts of pleasure through her that made her thighs shake. She wanted to scream, but all that came out was a strangled gasp as another orgasm crashed over her. This time, she was unable to stay on top of him. Sansa rolled over, curled up into a ball, and spasmed uncontrollably while her pussy contracted around a cock that was no longer there. She heard Arya giggle, but she didn't care. She was too lost in her own pleasure to care about anything.

Harry chuckled at Sansa, then wagged his cock toward the next in line. Sansa's creamy white girl cum was smeared up and down his shaft in thick streaks, and a frothy ring lingered at the base. Somehow, his cock looked even bigger and more obscene. He grinned, locked eyes with Arya, and smirked. "Who's next?"

Arya and Catelyn exchanged a look, and an entire battle of wills fought out in a heartbeat. Arya's dark eyes were wide and desperate, and she nearly vibrated with the need to climb aboard. Catelyn was flushed and regal even in her nakedness. She kept her lips pursed and her chin lifted, but her hand dropped unconsciously to her own thigh. She squeezed at the quivering muscles there and brushed the wetness already coating her skin. For a second it seemed like they might both lunge at once and fight it out on the bed, but then Catelyn released a sound that was a mixture of a sigh and a resigned growl.

"Go on, Arya," said Catelyn. "You've been dying for it."

Arya didn't need to be told twice. She was on him in an instant as her knees flew up onto the mattress, and her weight slammed down over Harry's hips. Her wet cunt left a shiny trail across

his stomach as she scrambled into position, and the tension in her body made her limbs shake badly. She tried to line his cock up with her entrance, but the head was too big and too slick with Sansa's cream, and it kept sliding out from under her. She gritted her teeth, grabbed the base with two hands, and mashed the thick head against the tight slit between her legs.

It was harder than it looked. Arya's pussy was sodden and dripping, but her opening was a very tight and stubborn hole, and Harry's cock barely even fit against it, let alone inside. Harry watched her struggle, then reached up, planted both hands on her hips, and yanked her down hard. The head of his cock popped into her with a wet, squishy sound, and Arya's whole body tensed as she let out a choked, high-pitched squeal.

For a moment she just sat there, impaled on the tip and shaking. Her dark hair hung down her face, sticking to her cheeks and forehead, and her eyes were squeezed shut as she struggled to breathe. Her inner walls clamped down hard enough to make Harry groan. The pressure was almost crushing, and from the outside Catelyn could see the way Arya's pussy lips stretched obscenely around the thick shaft. They were stretched wide and were glistening with a mix of her own juices and Sansa's fresh pussy cream.

Harry didn't give her a chance to adjust. He rocked his hips up and forced another thick inch of his cock inside Arya. She gasped, and her nails dug into Harry's shoulders. Catelyn watched with open fascination as Arya's sodden pussy stretched to accommodate every vein and ridge. The look on Arya's face was a mixture of discomfort, pleasure, and disbelief as her tight channel was forced open.

"Is it too much?" Harry gently asked, but he never stopped moving. He kept pushing deeper with each slow upward thrust.

Arya shook her head and bit her lower lip. "I can take it," she growled cutely, and then she started to move. She ground her hips in frenzied circles. Harry's cock bulged out the flat of her stomach, and when she looked down, Arya could see the faint outline, like a snake moving under her skin. It somehow made her even wetter, and the next thrust went in easier. By then, his cock had been thoroughly coated in her juices.

She slammed herself down again and again, finding a good rhythm. The pain dulled, and it was replaced by a dizzying, overwhelming pleasure that raced up her spine and made her eyes flutter. Her clit ground hard against his skin every time she bottomed out, and she could feel her own juices squirting out in messy spurts. It was dripping down her thighs and pooling on Harry's pelvis. She looked up, met Sansa's eyes, and grinned triumphantly even as her body trembled.

Catelyn was still watching, but now her hand was between her legs, working herself slowly as she drank in the sight of Arya riding that impossibly huge cock. Her breasts heaved with every breath. Her nipples were harder than they ever had been. In fact, they were so hard that they were beginning to hurt. Beads of sweat littered her forehead and slicked the hollow of her throat. She kept her gaze fixed on Arya, but every so often she glanced at Harry, as if measuring his

stamina. She already knew for a fact that he wouldn't break before the girls did. Her fingers slid through her wet folds and circled her clit with increasing pressure.

Harry's hands guided Arya's movements, and soon she was bouncing up and down. Her thighs slapped against his pelvis, and the wet sound of her pussy squelching echoed off the walls. Every so often she'd lose control, fall forward, and brace herself on Harry's chest, and he'd use the leverage to piston into her from below, driving his full length into her stretched cunt. Arya's whimpers turned to moans, then to outright screams as her orgasm built inside her. When it hit, it was like she was struck by lightning. Her body convulsed, and her pussy clenched so hard around Harry's cock that he had to grit his teeth to keep from finishing right then and there. Arya collapsed forward, panting, but she didn't stop moving her hips. She was determined to wring every last drop of pleasure from the experience as her walls continued to spasm and milk him.

She rode him through a second orgasm, then a third. Her tight pussy fluttered and squirted around his shaft. Her hair was plastered to her face, and her body was glazed with sweat. Every muscle in her body trembled from exertion. By the end, Arya could barely hold herself up. She slumped onto Harry's chest as she twitched through the orgasm, and she let herself be manhandled into a new position. Harry lifted her up, turned her around, and slid her back down onto his cock, this time with her facing away. Arya arched her back with her ass lifted high in the air. She looked over her shoulder at Catelyn as the thick shaft disappeared between her cheeks once more.

Catelyn watched as Harry gripped Arya's hips and fucked her from below. Every thrust made Arya's ass jiggle and her pussy squirt more of that clear, slippery fluid down over his balls. Catelyn rubbed her clit faster as she teetered on the brink. She imagined that it was her pussy being split open by the godly cock, and her juices dripped onto the floor.

Arya was limp in Harry's arms, overcome with pleasure, and her cunt still clenched weakly around him. Sansa, still coming down from her own high, crawled forward, kissed Harry's shoulder, then licked the sweat off his skin while her hand reached down to stroke the section of slippery cock that wasn't buried in Arya's pussy. Catelyn's fingers blurred between her legs, and her breath came in and out in short, ragged gasps. When she finally came, it was with a shuddering, helpless moan.

Harry gave a final, brutal thrust, and Arya went rigid. Her body shook as she came the hardest she ever had, and she screamed out a wordless cry while her pussy clamped down in violent spasms. Harry's cock throbbed inside her, but he still didn't finish. He just held her there with her pussy stretched wide, and he let her ride out her climax as long as she could. Thick strands of her ejaculate ran down his shaft, making it slippery and shiny.

When it was over, Arya rolled to the side and curled up just like Sansa had done. Her gaping pussy leaked a mixture of her own juices and Sansa's earlier cream. Harry slid out of her, and his cock was slick, shiny, and still impossibly hard. He looked at the only woman who hadn't gotten to ride it yet. He raised an eyebrow at Catelyn, making her face flush.

Catelyn didn't move. She was breathing heavily while staring at his messy, arousal-slickened cock. The air in the room was heavy with the scent of sex, and the only sound was the labored, uneven breathing of the girls on the bed. "Come on, Cat," he teased. "You don't need to wait for an invitation."

Catelyn's hands shook as she climbed on and knelt in the center of the mattress. The sheets were wet, and the heady, unmistakable scent of sex hung heavy above the bed. She could taste it in the air, and it felt sticky on the back of her throat even before he touched her. Harry's cock was thick and flushed, and the shaft glistened with a cocktail of fluids that ran in viscous, creamy ropes down to his heavy, cum-filled balls.

When Harry beckoned her closer, Catelyn crawled into the triangle of his splayed legs. Her breasts dragged along the damp sheets, and her nipples tingled at every brush. She knelt upright, face to face with his cock, and she studied it with fascination. It was massive, veined, and throbbing, and it was still shiny with the mixed juices of the two ruined girls.

The heat radiating from his groin was incredible. She could feel it wafting up and warming her already hot cheeks. Harry's hand came down on the back of her head and threaded through her hair. His touch wasn't rough, but it was insistent, and Catelyn's scalp tingled at the dominance of it. He nudged her closer, and she let him. She felt her heart thudding loudly in her naked chest. The domed head of his cock was streaked with Sansa's white cream and shining with Arya's ejaculate, and Catelyn stared at it in wonder while a sticky bead rolled down the long shaft and onto his balls.

She looked up at him, caught his eyes, and then looked back down at his huge, throbbing cock. Could she handle it? Was she even willing, considering what it was covered in? Her answer was a gasp and a soft bite of her lower lip as the head of his cock brushed her lips. She opened her mouth, let him guide it in, and her first taste was that of the salty musk of girl-cum. The flavor nearly undid her. For a quick moment, she thought she might pull away. This was all too much. But Harry's hand at the nape of her neck was gentle and steady, and she let herself relax and swallow. The taste filled and overwhelmed her, but it wasn't unpleasant. It was intoxicating in the way that a forbidden delicacy was.

The soft, plush tip of his cock was wider than she'd expected, and her jaw ached as she eased her lips around it. She kept her eyes fixed on Harry's face, and she watched his eyes flutter and his breath shudder. That was what she wanted to see. She'd never cared much for a man's pleasure before, but now she craved it. She craved the sight, sound, and feel of Harry's body shuddering in delight, and she wanted to be the one to provide that pleasure.

She bobbed her head slowly, but Harry wanted more. He pressed her down, and the thick head popped past her lips and onto her tongue. Catelyn's cheeks hollowed as she tried to take him deeper, but there was so much of it. There was a little too much, and she choked, coughed, and slobbered around it. Drool and girl-cum ran from the corners of her mouth and down her chin,

and the embarrassment of it only made her more desperate. Harry moaned, and his fingers gripped her hair tighter. She loved the sounds her actions were producing from him, and her empty pussy clenched and leaked in response.

The taste was overwhelming, but she forced herself to concentrate on the feel of his velvet-soft skin over the iron hardness. Catelyn flicked her tongue against the underside of the head, and it twitched in her mouth. She wrapped her hand around the base for leverage, pumped him as she sucked, and licked the length clean every time she pulled off, gathering the mixed juices of Sansa and Arya onto her tongue. Each time, she took a little more and let the head bump the roof of her mouth and the back of her throat, and each time she gagged a little less as her throat began to yield. Suddenly, Harry gently tugged her head back by her hair, and Catelyn was forced off his cock. She breathed heavily as she looked to him for an explanation.

"It's not going to get any cleaner," he teased her, and Catelyn looked at his sparkling clean cock and blushed. "Now it's time for you to get it dirty again."

Catelyn knew exactly what he was hinting at, and she was all for it. She immediately straddled Harry's hips, and her knees sank into the warm sheets. She blinked the sweat out of her eyes and braced herself against his broad torso. The thick shaft of his cock jutted up between her thighs and brushed against her slick lips, and she felt an incredible thrill as she lowered herself and pressed the length into her folds until her clit tingled with pleasure. She rocked her hips slowly, smearing her wetness up and down his shaft. She coated his cock thoroughly, and Harry's hands rose to cradle her waist. Their eyes met, and Catelyn's mouth pulled into a knowing smile. She was conscious of the power she now possessed. She had full control of his pleasure, and she meant to enjoy it.

On Harry's right, Sansa snuggled in. Her face was still flushed from her previous orgasm, and her coppery hair flowed over her shoulder and onto his chest. She propped herself up on one elbow and lightly ran her hand down Harry's chest, pausing at muscle as if to map the terrain by touch. Sansa's worshipful gaze was solely focused on Harry. Sansa was soft and warm, but her gentleness always masked a surprising ferocity. Sansa leaned in and kissed Harry. The intimacy of the way her tongue lingered on his made Catelyn's insides twist in a peculiar, not-unpleasant jealousy.

Arya, not to be outdone, pushed herself upright and slithered across the mattress until she was pressed against Harry's other side. Her dark hair fell around her face and shoulders, and her taut, jutting nipples stood stiff on her sweat-slickened breasts. Arya watched Sansa's kiss with annoyance, and when Sansa broke away, Arya seized Harry's chin in her hand and swung his face toward her. She kissed him hard, nipped at his lower lip, and shoved her tongue down his throat. Arya's hips squirmed against the sheets, and her hand reached down to his lower stomach as Catelyn ground her pussy along the length of his cock. Her slick folds parted around the thick shaft, making sure every inch was slathered with her juices.

Harry could only grunt and shudder as Sansa rained kisses along his jaw and throat while her hand massaged his chest. Arya licked and bit at his ear while her fingers worked the part of Harry's shaft that wasn't being devoured by Catelyn's plump pussy lips. Even in her haze, Catelyn couldn't help but laugh. This was nothing like the boring, quiet couplings she remembered from her marriage. This was primal, and she loved it.

Catelyn arched her back and proudly presented her naked tits, and he responded with a low moan. Each time she thrust her hips forward, she caught the head of his cock against her clit and gasped. She found it hard not to simply bury him inside her and fuck herself silly, but she refrained. She wanted to tease him a bit more.

Sansa, tired of being ignored, pressed her breasts against Harry's arm and hooked her leg over his. She kissed the corner of his mouth and murmured sappy things into his ear. Harry responded by grabbing Sansa and Arya's asses. His finger slipped between their cheeks, and he began rubbing their assholes at exactly the same time. Both girls moaned and snuggled in closer.

The pleasurable sensation built until it was all Catelyn could do to keep from crying out. Her knees trembled, her pussy throbbed, and her voice rose in a strangled moan. She felt Harry's body tighten beneath her as he tried to hold back his own release. Arya called out for her to bounce on his cock already, Sansa laughed, and Catelyn finally let herself slide up and impale her pussy on Harry's cock in one smooth, desperate motion. The head popped inside, stretching her open with a thick, wet pressure, and she gasped so loudly that Arya laughed and Sansa giggled.

She ground herself down until she was filled to the hilt. Her tight walls stretched around every inch, and she stayed there, shuddering, while Harry throbbed and twitched inside her. She watched Arya and Sansa. Both were breathless and wide-eyed, and she rocked her hips just enough to keep herself at the edge, not wanting it to end so soon. Harry's hands dug into her hips and forced her down, and she felt every nerve ending light up as the head of his cock pressed deep against her most sensitive spots.

Harry reached down and rubbed Catelyn's clit with surprising tenderness, and his fingers slid through the wet mess where they were joined. The sensation tipped her over the edge, and she came hard. Her whole body seized as the orgasm ripped through her. She clenched down on Harry's cock, and that sent him over the edge as well. He grunted and thrust up into her while her pussy milked every last drop of cum from him. She screamed into the crook of her own arm while her pussy spasmed and flooded around his shaft. Rope after rope of cum painted her insides. Her body bucked and spasmed, causing her naked tits to jiggle and shake. Unable to help himself, Harry reached up and squeezed them while Catelyn trembled and shook on top of him.

When it was over, she collapsed onto Harry's chest, and her head landed next to Sansa's. Catelyn looked up and met Harry's gaze. He was grinning, and his eyes were twinkling. She couldn't help but laugh.

Sansa leaned in and kissed Harry's cheek. Arya outdid her by kissing him hard on the lips. Catelyn was too tired to do anything but lie on top of him while he pawed and played with her jiggly cheeks. She snuggled deeper into his chest and purred, hoping this day would never end.