

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 84

Myrcella arched her back and let out a ragged, involuntary cry as Harry's cock drove her through another rippling orgasm. He watched in delight as her body shook and her pale skin flushed all the way from her cheeks to her chest. Her cunt, which was already tightly gripping him, became hotter, wetter, and impossibly snug, and he relished the way her slick, velvety walls spasmed around his length, milking him for every drop he had. He slowed, savoring each flutter of her pussy, and leaned over her trembling body, trapping her in place with his weight. He took one of her tits in his hand, the other in his mouth, and sucked hard at her stiff, pink nipple. Myrcella whimpered, and then she let out a gasping moan as Harry bit down just enough to make her squirm.

Her hands flailed at the bedsheets and knotted them in her fists, and she writhed so beautifully that Harry nearly lost control himself. His hands roamed her body, and his fingers dug into the softness of her thighs and the sharp curve of her hipbones. He felt her shudder as her orgasm kept coming in waves. He didn't let up, and he tongued her nipple until she was keening. He then pulled back and smiled at her flushed, dreamy expression. She was just on the edge of being overwhelmed.

The room was filled with the humid musk of sweat and sex, and as far as Harry was concerned, nothing existed but the two of them and their writhing bodies. But then the door to the room opened with a soft click.

Daenerys strode in barefoot with her silver hair loose and gleaming in the early morning light. She wore only a silken robe, which she untied with the casual ease of someone very used to being naked. She let it slip from her shoulders and pool at her feet, revealing her statuesque form. She had perfect, perky breasts perched high on her chest, their nipples already stiff with arousal. Her soft belly was flat and toned, and as Harry looked down her body, he saw the clean, hairless mound between her legs. Harry's eyes lowered further, and the sight of her smooth, shapely thighs turned him on even more. He thrust hard into Myrcella's cumming pussy, and she squealed loudly. Dany carried herself with the confidence of a queen, and even as she rolled her eyes at the two in bed, there was a mischievous tilt to her lips.

"And here I was, thinking you'd wait for me," Dany said with mock reproach, cocking a hip and folding her arms beneath her breasts. This made her already perky tits look even better ... if that was somehow possible.

Myrcella, still gasping for breath, managed to glare at her while letting out a shaky laugh. "You took too long," she retorted, her voice strained but playful.

Harry just grinned, letting his cock slide out of Myrcella's clutching pussy with an obscene little pop. Myrcella whimpered from the sudden loss, sat up, and tried to fix her messy hair. He was

still hard, and the sight of Daenerys nude and ready made him impossibly harder. He beckoned her closer, and as she approached, he reached for her, yanking her onto the bed with the easy strength of a man who knew exactly what he wanted. Dany straddled him for a second, ground her slick, wet cunt along his thigh, and reached out to stroke Myrcella's hair.

"You started without me, but I'll allow it," Dany said in a smug tone as she pressed a lingering kiss to Myrcella's lips. The two girls kissed deeply and moaned into each other's mouths. Harry watched their wet, pink tongues wrestle. Dany then pushed Myrcella back and crawled forward on all fours until her face hovered between Myrcella's spread thighs.

Harry manhandled Dany into position, pushing her upper back down until her face was buried in Myrcella's still-quivering pussy. Myrcella gasped as Dany licked her. Her tongue moved softly at first and then became urgent as Harry massaged her pussy and asshole. Myrcella moaned again, and her hands went to Dany's hair, twisting the platinum locks around her fingers and shoving her face deeper. Harry's cock bobbed up and down as he moved behind Dany. It was glistening and ready, and he took one look at Dany's upturned, wiggling ass and lined himself up behind her without hesitation.

He thrust in slowly and groaned from the way his thick shaft parted Dany's incredibly tight folds and forced her open around him. She squealed into Myrcella's pussy, and the sound was muffled by Myrcella's thighs. She arched her back and pushed herself onto his cock, meeting him stroke for stroke. Harry grabbed her hips, held her steady, and began to fuck her in earnest. The slap of flesh on flesh echoed through the room, and Dany's moans blended with the wet, hungry noises of her tongue working its way inside Myrcella.

Myrcella's entire body went taut with pleasure, and her thighs trembled against Dany's cheeks as another orgasm was quickly approaching. Harry could feel Dany's pussy gripping him just as tightly as Myrcella's had. It was hot, wet, and desperate for his cum. He leaned forward with one hand pressing down on Dany's lower back to hold her in place, and he reached around with the other to twist one of her hard, pink nipples between his fingers. Dany let out a gasping moan, and Harry felt her muscles flutter around him as she started to cum. Her whole body shuddered with the force of it, but she didn't stop licking Myrcella, even as she whimpered and gasped. Myrcella's cries rose in pitch until she was thrashing under the onslaught of Dany's wiggling tongue.

The rhythm of their fucking grew frantic, and Dany's hips slammed back against Harry as if she was begging to be split in two. Myrcella's legs clamped tight around Dany's head, anchoring her in place. The bed creaked and groaned, but none of them cared if it broke beneath them.

Harry's control was slipping as the pleasure grew with each thrust, and he could feel Dany's tightness massaging his cock and pushing him toward the edge. Myrcella's hands were tightly gripping the silk sheets while Dany's tongue kept her teetering at the brink. It wasn't long before Myrcella let out a high-pitched squeal and bucked her hips as she came on Dany's tongue. Only a moment later, Dany cried out as well as her pussy clamped down on Harry's thrusting cock.

Together, the noises from all three of them grew louder. Myrcella's high, breathless whines, Dany's muffled, keening moans, and Harry's deep, guttural grunts filled the room. Harry let out one last moan and emptied into Dany's fluttering pussy. He slowed his thrusts and made sure his balls were completely empty before he pulled out. Dany collapsed forward and fell into Myrcella's embrace. Harry wiped his forehead and looked down at them in satisfaction. He loved starting the day off right.

The Dread Lord of Essos

The opening of the Pleasure District was not going to be a simple event. It was a spectacle in which Harry intended to put every other king, lord, and merchant to shame. The invitations had gone out the week before, and soon the cream of Westeros would slither into his city, each hoping to glimpse, to taste, or to claim a piece of his impossible wealth. The sun was high, gilding the marble archways in the Garden Road with a soft shimmer. Outside the city, the air was cold and uncomfortable, but in here, it was warm and pleasant. The women walking by in light, airy dresses only proved that.

Harry strode down the main avenue with Missandei beside him, and the soft clicks of her heels contrasted with the heavy clunk of his boots. The Dread Lord's cloak was a creamy white that was trimmed in gold, and it flared behind as he confidently strode down the road. Missandei wore a pale blue dress cut to the hip, and its slit was edged with sapphire beads. The bodice was tight enough that nothing was left to the imagination, and the plunging neckline set off the brown velvet of her skin. She had her notebook in one hand, one of his enchanted pens in the other, and she scribbled constantly, even as she walked.

Harry pointed at the base of a new marble statue of a nymph in the throes of ecstasy. "The flowers are half-dead," he said. "That's unacceptable. Tell the gardeners to rip them out. Plant the white peonies instead."

Missandei didn't break stride. She made a note, then snapped her fingers at the nearest staffer. A pimply-faced boy ran up to them and bowed deeply. "Replace the wilting lilies with peonies, immediately," she commanded. The boy nodded and ran. She wrote a second note, then added, "The fountains in the eastern square are running low. The water pressure has been off since the bathhouses were filled."

Harry shot a look down the avenue and saw that she was right. The water in the distant fountain slouched out, rather than arcing as he had specified in the design plans. "That's something that I'll need to handle. I'll take care of it later today," he assured her. He would tweak the runes and enchantments to increase the water flow and pressure. "I want that tree trimmed back some. The branches are hanging too low, and they'll brush against the tops of any carriage that drives by," he told her, pointing at a lovely almond tree that was blooming white and pink. Harry had enchanted every flowering tree in his city to always be blooming. The almond and cherry blossoms were his favorites.

Missandei barked the order to a runner, who vanished into a side alley. Harry gave her a sideways smirk. "You're getting too good at this, you know." Missandei had come a long way. When he had first taken her under his wing, she was very shy and timid. Now, she was much more confident.

She flashed a smile, which only made her look prettier. "That is why you chose me, is it not?"

He flashed her a smile of his own. He put his hands on her slim waist and slid them down to her flared hips and squeezed. "It's one of many reasons," he cheekily stated, and kissed the side of her neck. Missandei giggled and tilted her head, letting him kiss as much of her silky skin as he desired.

He was just starting to have fun when a commotion near the Lotus Garden drew his attention. Two shopkeepers screamed at a pair of half-naked dancers who were carrying a rolled carpet between them. One dancer was a slender young man with gold-painted nipples, and his hair slicked back with oil. The other was a young woman with a crystal beaded loincloth hanging between her thighs, her breasts completely bare except for swirls of glitter. The carpet unspooled, tripping the girl, and she tumbled forward. Instead of scrambling to her feet, she lay there on the carpet and posed, laughing. Her feet were in the air, and her ass was propped up for every passing customer. The street burst into cheers and hoots.

Harry watched the spectacle and grinned. "They're having more fun than the lords and ladies ever will."

Missandei marked something on her list. "Security will need to keep them in line once the crowd grows. Those two certainly enjoy making a spectacle of themselves."

"They do indeed," Harry chuckled and watched as the young man helped the girl to her feet. "But their antics only liven the district. Just tell them not to take things too far."

Missandei nodded. "I will alert the event master."

They continued on with their trek. Every fifty paces, a new drama demanded their attention. In front of a bathhouse, the manager, an older man with a hawk-like face, was berating a pair of girls whose uniforms were made of see-through netting. "If you bend over like that, they'll see your minge before they get to the doors!" he hissed. One girl shrugged and bent over even lower, deliberately mooning some passing merchants. The pack of wealthy merchants cackled and applauded, and one threw her a silver coin. The manager rolled his eyes, then noticed Harry and Missandei. He bowed so fast his wig nearly fell off.

Harry gave him a lazy salute. "Carry on," he said, and the man looked like he'd just been pardoned for murder.

The farther they went, the busier the street became. By noon, the avenue would be impassable. Everyone was getting ready for the Grand Opening. He enjoyed seeing all the frantic polishing, dusting, and last-minute bribes that were out in the open. The merchants hawked from their open stalls, their voices blending with the music that poured out of every brothel and pillow house. The open stalls would soon be gone. Harry only allowed them for the time being, so they could sell food to all the hungry workers who were making the district sparkle.

There were even a few brave mummers practicing in the middle of the avenue, juggling glass spheres and fake daggers while yelling obscene limericks at each other.

At the intersection with Sapphire Lane, Harry halted abruptly. Something glittered at the edge of his vision. A woman stood in the archway of a florist's shop, her body draped in a fabric so thin and sheer it might have been made of cobwebs. The sunlight caught the tiny diamond studs that dotted the silk, and it made her look like a living, walking constellation. Her hair was a curtain of black, and her skin was the color of caramel. She bent over a bouquet, and her neckline dropped so low that her entire breast was exposed. She adjusted the flowers, then straightened and stretched, yawning like a cat.

Harry watched as she turned, and the whole avenue seemed to slow. Every eye glanced at her. He recognized her instantly. So did every man within sight. She wore a necklace of thin gold, with tiny pearls spaced along the chain. Her wrists jangled with bangles. On her right hand was the signature signet ring of the Otherys family, unmistakable even at this distance.

Missandei leaned in. "The Black Pearl is out early," she whispered.

Harry didn't bother hiding his smirk. "The opening of the district is important to her. She is, after all, starting a new life in our city, and she intends to be the most powerful woman in it."

The Black Pearl, Bellegere Otherys, spotted him. She waved with two fingers, then beckoned him over with a tilt of her head. He felt every eye in the district follow as he approached with Missandei at his side. As they got closer, he saw that the dress was open from the throat to below her navel, held together by only three very thin golden chains. The swell of her inner breasts and the perfect line of her abdomen were exposed. There was no undergarment, and a hint of the top of her smooth, gleaming mound peeked out from the dress's part. Each nipple was a dark, decadent shade of brown and stood hard and proud. Her earrings were golden sunbursts, and there was only a hint of makeup on her already gorgeous face.

She seductively glided over to him and wrapped her arms around his neck. She pulled him down, and her lips brushed his cheek, then hovered near his mouth.

"Is it too early to congratulate you, Lord Harold?" she purred.

He laughed, then kissed her full on the lips. There was nothing chaste about it. The Black Pearl's lips were soft and full, and she let her tongue slip into his mouth. Harry felt the street

freeze around them as every man and several women craned their necks to see how far they would go in public. He settled for sliding his hands around her bare waist and feeling the curve of her lower back. She pressed herself tight against him, so her nipples crushed against his chest.

“Not too early at all,” Harry said when he broke the kiss. “What brings you out so early? I know you like to sleep past noon.”

She giggled, making her tits dance. “I’m doing some last-minute decorating. Everything needs to be perfect for the big day.” She shot a glance at Missandei before looking back to him. “My girls are all here, and they’re ready for anything. We are just waiting on your instructions.”

Missandei coughed politely. “We’re finalizing the schedule now. I believe you have the opening performance?”

Bellegere’s eyes twinkled, clearly pleased. “Of course. The whole city will know what real pleasure looks like.” She ran a finger down Harry’s chest. “You should visit my villa tonight and meet the others. They are dying to impress you.”

Harry squeezed her hip, just above the curve of her ass. “I’ll bring wine.”

She smiled, showing off her straight, white teeth. “Just bring yourself. I have all the wine I want.” She kissed him again. This kiss was softer and more passionate. She then turned and sauntered away, her wide ass bouncing from side to side.

He watched her go. The dress did little to hide her ass, which was round and perfect. She didn’t bother covering herself, even as the street gawked at her departure. Missandei snapped the notebook shut. “You’ll take her up on the invitation?”

He grinned. “It would be rude not to.”

They resumed their walk, and as they did, a group of courtesans whispered and tittered at the spectacle. Harry caught Veranys, a redhead from Lys, smiling openly at him. Her dress was little more than a ribbon wrapped around her curvy form, and her tits bounced as she made a show of bending over to retrieve a dropped glove.

He turned to Missandei. “Remind me to have someone check the bathhouse floors. If the visiting lords see a single stain, I won’t be pleased.”

Missandei opened her book, wrote it down, then said, “You should appoint more staff. There is still so much to do.”

“I prefer quality to quantity,” he replied, then dropped his voice so only she could hear. “That’s why I keep you so close.”

Missandei's cheeks warmed, but she didn't look away. "Then you'll want to inspect the grand stage before the ceremony. There's a new mural, and it might not be to your taste."

Harry scowled. "What's wrong with it?"

She shrugged, which made her breasts bounce. "Too many cocks, not enough tits."

He burst out laughing. "Tell the artist to invert the ratio. More tits are always better."

She nodded, then tucked the notebook away and slipped her hand into the crook of his arm. "If we get this right, we will be the talk of the continent."

He squeezed her body and pulled her close. "We already are. Even now, wealthy people from all over Essos are traveling to our city. Soon, every room in the castle will be full."

They walked on, and the sun warmed their backs. The city was practically throbbing with anticipation. The Pleasure District was alive, but it was nothing compared to what would come later.