

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 81

Cersei rolled her hips, moving in slow, seductive waves that squeezed Harry's cock with the full power of her tight, greedy cunt. The morning light made her bare shoulders gleam gold. She tossed her mane of golden hair over her head and locked her eyes on his, her mouth curved in a feline smirk. "I love the feel of your cock in the morning," she purred, and gave him a slow grind that sent a jolt through his body.

Harry moaned and thrust upward, driving himself deeper into her clenching heat. He reached up and cupped her tits, delighting in the weight and perfect roundness of them. Each thrust made them bounce, and he caught one in his hand, squeezed it, then ran his thumb over her wide, pink nipple. Cersei shuddered and leaned forward, bracing herself on his chest and putting her tits right in his face.

He tickled the tip of her nipple with his tongue, making her gasp. "You're up early," he said, his voice muffled by her tits.

"I had a dream," she said, rolling her hips in a lazy circle that made Harry's eyes flutter. She clamped down on his cock, milking it, then released the pressure and smiled wider. "A dream where I got everything I wanted."

"Isn't that every day for you?" he joked, but the next twist of her hips made him grunt.

Cersei planted both hands on his chest and leaned down until her face was inches from his. Her hair spilled down around them like a golden curtain. "Harold, I want something," she said, and her voice was as thick and sweet as honey. "And you will say yes."

"What else is new?" Harry chuckled, but he kept his hands on her tits, using them to bounce her up and down his shaft. "What is it this time? A golden palace? A fleet of ships?"

She rolled her eyes, then sat up straight and rode him with a slow, steady rhythm. "I want to go to King's Landing," she said.

He actually laughed, and the motion made her tits shake. "Why in the fuck would you want to visit that festering shithole? You've got everything you could possibly want here. And anything I don't have, you order from afar. I know, because I've received the bills."

Cersei closed her eyes and arched her back, making her already impressive chest jut out even further. She kept riding him, never missing a beat. "Because my father requests my presence. He sent a letter. It was delivered by one of the merchant ships from the Crownlands. He wants to see me."

Harry snorted. "Is the old lion dying? Is he finally out of money ... or perhaps he's no longer satisfied with the mountains of food and firewood I send every week. Does he know how much gold I spend to feed the people of King's Landing?"

Cersei shuddered and squeezed his cock with her cunt, making him lose his train of thought. "He knows," she said. "But he pretends otherwise. He still calls himself the King of the Crownlands. The Small Council is nothing but a gaggle of terrified old men who think they're clever."

Harry pictured Tywin Lannister sitting on the Iron Throne, wearing the heavy crown, with nothing to rule but a city held together by bribes and the promise of more shipments from Seven Swords. The image almost made him laugh out loud.

"Let me guess," Harry said. "He wants to beg for an official alliance. Something public. Something that makes him look strong."

Cersei's beautiful green eyes fluttered with pleasure. "He wants me to broker a deal between the Crown and the Dread Lord. He thinks he can play us off each other."

Harry caught both of her tits and brought them together, sucking on one while teasing the other nipple with his thumb. "You just want to show off," he said, his lips brushing her nipple. "You want to walk into the throne room and make them all kneel to you."

She bit her lip, and the thought sent a shiver down her entire body. She rode him faster, and her cunt was dripping wet as she slammed herself down on his cock. The sound of her pussy practically sucking him off was perversely wet. "You always know me, Harold," she moaned. "So will you let me go?"

Harry let go of her tits and grabbed her ass, spreading her wide as he thrust up into her. "You're not going alone," he lustfully growled. "You'll take an entire regiment of soldiers, and at least three handmaidens that answer to me. I want the old man to know that he can't pull the wool over my eyes." He would also send a dozen or so drones to act as her bodyguard. Maybe they could do a bit of spying at the same time.

Cersei's nails dug into his chest as she started bouncing wildly, her tits slapping against his face with each drop of her wide hips. "So I can go?" she breathlessly demanded.

"I'll make the arrangements, then you can go," he said, and then fucked her so hard that the headboard slammed against the wall. Cersei squealed, but she matched his rhythm, grinding down so hard that Harry could feel her asshole puckering as it mashed against his bloated sack. Her hands slid up his neck, and she squeezed, pinning him down with her strength. Sweat poured down her body, making her look like a bathing goddess.

He knew her well. Cersei only asked for permission once she knew she'd already won. She clenched her cunt around his cock and rode him with a frenzy, her face twisted in pure joy. Harry pulled her down and bit her nipple, and that was the last push she needed. She screamed, and her entire body spasmed up as she came. The muscles of her pussy clamped down with bruising force, and Harry slammed into her one last time, filling her with thick globs of cum.

Cersei collapsed on top of him with her tits crushed against his chest, her breath hot and ragged in his ear. She rolled to the side, but didn't let go of his cock. She lazily stroked it, milking every last drop out of him with her hand.

She finally looked up, her face flushed and satisfied. "So, I have your leave?" she asked in a dreamy voice.

He ran a hand through her hair and kissed her forehead. Cersei mewled cutely and melted into him. "You have my leave. I'll make the arrangements, and you can leave in a few days' time."

Cersei's eyes sparkled with smug, wicked pleasure. She kissed him deeply, and her tongue slipped into his mouth. After breaking the kiss, she rolled away and stretched out in the sunlight, looking perfectly at home and utterly victorious. "I will need some gold. I can't go to King's Landing looking like a pauper," she told him, and all he could do was roll his eyes.

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Harry strolled through the Pleasure District in the late morning sun, hands behind his back and chin lifted in satisfaction. The street was a perfectly leveled ribbon of polished stone, flanked by fruit trees, potted flowers, and the enormous marble columns that framed every entrance. Each building had its own style, chosen specifically by the person who had purchased the land rights from him. Some mirrored the sleek lines of Yi Ti palaces, and others the curving, organic forms of Qarthian architecture. One had a roof shaped like an open seashell. It was called the Moaning Mermaid, and Harry didn't need to guess what would go on in there. Another had its doors carved to resemble a woman's legs spread wide, the entrance itself positioned for maximum innuendo.

Harry watched the work crews for a while. The Drones moved with inhuman speed and precision, stacking bricks, pouring tile grout, and carrying statuary into position. A pair of former Dothraki girls laughed and chased each other down the street, their dresses slit to the hips and their breasts bouncing free in the breeze. Nobody batted an eye. The entire district throbbed with the kind of freedom that could only exist in a city where he was the undisputed god-king.

He made his way to the district's heart, where a new fountain glimmered in the light. He'd designed it himself. The outer edge was a shallow pool rimmed with night-blooming lilies. In the center, on a pedestal of gold-veined stone, stood a statue wrought entirely of gold. It was Myrcella and Daenerys, both completely nude and locked in a tender embrace. Myrcella's lips brushed Dany's cheek, while Dany's hands cupped Myrcella's ass and pulled her in. Both

bodies were lean and flawless, and every detail of their skin, hair, and even the tiny wrinkles of their nipples had been uncannily rendered by Harry's own magic.

He stood back and admired his handiwork. When he'd unveiled the statue, both girls had squealed in pride and excitement. Later that night, Myrcella rode him in bed while Daenerys sat astride his face, both girls competing for his attention. They took turns kissing, then sucking him, and then licking each other. They didn't stop until he filled both their mouths, and they licked the taste of him from each other's tongues.

A faint cough interrupted his memory. Harry turned and found himself face to face with a slim, severe man in a crimson doublet. It was the head banker from the Iron Bank. He had hair like damp wool and the pale, sunless complexion of a lifelong accountant. The banker bowed with his hands clasped together. "Lord Harold. I see the Pleasure District exceeds all expectations."

Harry smiled and didn't correct the man's title. "It's coming along. I trust the bank is happy with the trade so far?"

"More than happy," the banker said, glancing at the golden statue with obvious interest. "We have a matter to discuss, if I may."

Harry gestured for him to continue.

"The main branch of the bank is on the far side of the King's Garden. The merchants and gentlemen who will frequent this district have asked for a ... ah ... secondary hub, if you will. A place where one may discreetly withdraw funds. The walk is a burden, you see. Especially for patrons who may not wish to be seen in the main lobby."

Harry couldn't help but smirk. "You want to build a little bank in the middle of my city of sin?"

The banker smiled thinly. "We see it as a matter of efficiency, my Lord. For everyone's convenience."

Harry eyed the fountain, then pointed at an empty lot halfway down the avenue. "There. Put it on the corner, next to the Lotus Garden. You can't miss it."

The banker bowed deeply, scribbled a note, and nearly tripped over his own feet as he hurried off. Harry watched him go and shook his head in amusement. If the Iron Bank wanted to get in on the debauchery, he would let them. It would only make it easier to keep the whole world's economy in his pocket.

He stood for a moment, letting the warmth of the sun and the spray of the fountain wash over him. The statue glittered, and the city hummed around him. Everything was exactly as he wanted.

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"Next," Harry called, and the door opened at once.

The Copper Maiden was to be the finest club in the world, and his private office was the definition of excess. The walls were paneled with polished blackwood and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. A large, perfectly clear window ran the length of the wall, giving him a bird's eye view of the main stage and the seating floor. The office floor was covered in a thick, lush carpet from Myr that muffled every sound. Harry lounged in a wide, deep leather chair behind a curved desk. Missandei stood to his left, notebook in hand. Her posture was perfect, and yet still graceful.

Missandei wore a coppery silk dress that pushed the limits of decency. The neckline dropped all the way to her mound, exposing the insides of her breasts and her entire belly. The skirt was cut in two slits up to her hips, revealing her long, toned legs. Her skin was the color of caramel, and her curly hair was up in a high, elegant twist. She watched each new candidate with a cool, appraising gaze.

The next hopeful was a redhead, and not just any redhead. Her hair was a shock of molten copper, her skin pale as cream, and her tits so magnificently round and large that even Missandei looked impressed for a split second. The redhead shut the door behind her and let her simple linen shift fall away. She stood there, fully naked. Her nipples were pink and hard in the cool air, and she made no attempt to hide her body.

"She has excellent tits," Harry observed, rising from his chair.

The redhead smirked, braced her hands behind her back, and thrust her chest forward. "I have been told so, my Lord," she replied, her voice thick with the rolling accent of Lys. "And I hear you are a connoisseur."

"Her name is Veranys," Missandei supplied without looking down. "She comes recommended by Taro Pendaerys." Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Taro Pendaerys?" he asked, having never heard the name before.

"He is the merchant prince of the Spice Quarter in Lys, Your Grace. I believe he hopes to gain favor with you."

Harry nodded and circled the girl, his eyes wandering. "Are you a good dancer, Veranys?"

She licked her lips, then grinned. "I am the best in Lys, my Lord. They say when I dance, women weep and men beg for my touch."

He moved behind her, and his hands slid up her sides. His fingertips brushed the hourglass curve of her waist. He pressed his palms against her perfect hips, kneaded them, then trailed his hands up to cup both of her breasts. Veranys let out a low, hungry moan, and her hands reached up to pull her hair over her shoulder, baring her neck. Harry played with her tits, squeezing and bouncing them, his thumbs rolling over the stiff, perfect nipples. Her flesh was soft and flawless.

"Her skin is very soft," Harry said. "I can't find a single blemish. She would look good in anything, or nothing at all."

Missandei wrote it down. "Soft skin, responsive to touch, excellent figure."

Harry pinched Veranys's nipples, making her whimper. He then ran a hand down her belly and traced a circle around her belly button. Her pussy was bare and smooth, and the lips were full and pink. When his fingers drifted lower, he found her already slick with arousal. "She's eager," Harry said, and Veranys giggled aloud, her body writhing against his hands.

He stepped back and gestured at a clear space near the desk. "Show us."

Veranys nodded once, then began her dance.

Veranys straightened her spine and drew his gaze to her tits. Then, with a little smirk, she lifted her arms high and rolled her wrists, beckoning unheard music from the air. The movement sent her copper hair shivering down her back and drew every eye to the sharp lines of her clavicle and the gentle curves below. She stalked forward a single step, letting her bare feet sink slightly into the lush Myrish rug, then shook her shoulders so both breasts jiggled in a perfectly synced wave.

Rather than drag things out with a slow burlesque-style show, she dropped abruptly to her knees, her thighs spread, and toes pointed behind her. She let her hands travel from her hips to her belly. Her hands caressed her stomach with a lover's familiarity. She then pressed her tits together, pinching one nipple, then the other, wearing a teasing smile. With her chin tilted up, she presented her body for inspection and waited for them to acknowledge her. Harry's own cock had already started to thicken, and the sight of her so open and brazen made him want to mount her on the desk. Even Missandei, with her aloof professional expression, couldn't stop her eyes from flickering back and forth between the dancer's mouth and her exposed cunt.

Veranys's hands rose to her hair and gathered it in a loose fist, and she dragged it deliberately across her face and neck before letting the strands fall over one side. She arched her body to the left, then to the right, showing the perfect symmetry of her figure. She cupped her own breasts again and rolled the nipples between thumb and finger, making it clear she relished their sensitivity. Her thighs pressed in tight together, so her mound bulged outward with the pale lips forming a pink, perfect heart above the crease.

She leaned back on her elbows, letting her pelvis move up, and she began to rock her hips in a smooth, obscene wave. It was the motion of a woman who knew how to fuck, and Harry could see that she knew exactly what she was doing. She gave them both a preview of what she could do with the rest of her body. Her hands trailed down to her knees, then up again, raking her painted nails over her own inner thighs, and she shuddered theatrically as her fingers found the slick, hairless folds of her cunt. A gentle press made the lips part, but she stopped just short of spreading herself open. Instead, she drew a single finger up the line of her slit, then brought it to her lips and sucked the tip while staring straight at Harry.

He had to admit, she was exceptional at this. She was aware of her effect on him, and she played to it like a master.

Veranys rose with a dancer's grace, twisting around so her ass was front and center. She bent at the waist, placed her hands flat to the rug, and jiggled her hips so the cheeks of her ass wobbled and clapped together. Then she rolled upright, cocked her hip, and used both hands to frame her ass. Every movement was exaggerated, but she never lost her poise. Even when she twisted to the side and let one hand slip between her cheeks, she kept her eyes fixed on Harry and Missandei, reading their faces with the focus of a performer trying to judge the perfect next move.

When she turned again, her hair whipped around her face, and she used both hands to knead her breasts together and bounce them. The nipples were flushed, and the crinkled tips jutted away from her pale areolas. Slowly, she approached Harry's desk. Her hips swayed, and her tits jiggled with every step. Rather than just stand before him, she climbed onto the desk itself. She spread her knees wide and crawled towards him so her face was level with his own. She was close enough that he could smell the perfume on her, as well as the sweet, musky scent of her wet cunt.

Veranys reached out and placed both hands on Harry's shoulders, then used them as leverage to lower herself onto his lap. She straddled him without a hint of shame, her thighs trapping his hips and her nipples brushing the fabric of his shirt. She rocked her pelvis forward, grinding on his obvious erection, and then curled forward so her tits pressed against his chest. She cupped the back of his head and drew him towards her left breast, the nipple aimed squarely at his lips.

"Would you taste me, my Lord?" she whispered, her voice breathless and hungry.

Harry answered by taking the nipple into his mouth and sucking hard. Veranys gasped, holding him closer as if she wanted to fuse his mouth to her tit. He bit gently, then tongued the tip, swirling it around until it stood impossibly stiff. He could feel her shivering, not just in play but with actual arousal. When he moved to the other nipple, she mewled and ground harder against his lap.

His hand dropped to her ass and squeezed before sliding down to cup her pussy from behind. His fingers brushed along the length of her slit and found it dripping wet. He let his middle finger

glide up the center, collecting her juices. Harry pressed the tip up into her entrance. She bucked instantly, burying his face in her chest, and he felt her clamp down so hard it was clear she was very good at the physical side of her trade. Missandei coughed softly but did not comment. She just made another note in her book.

Harry pulled away from her breast and looked up into Veranys's flushed, eager face. "You're talented. Where did you learn to do that?"

Veranys smiled coyly. "I started out at the Perfumed Garden, my Lord. I was their favorite."

He nodded, then withdrew his finger and brought it to his lips, licking her juices off in full view. She watched with wide, hungry eyes, waiting to see what he would do next. Harry gently lifted her off his lap and set her on the edge of his desk. She sat up straight, legs apart, and let her hands rest demurely in her lap. She was breathing hard, but there was no shame in her, only pride.

He let her up, then turned to Missandei, who was still making notes. "She can dance, and she's proud of her skills. She's not afraid to take initiative."

"Noted," Missandei said, her lips twitching with a hint of a smile.

Veranys knelt on the carpet, arched her back, and spread her knees wide, blatantly showing off her wet, pink pussy. "Have I passed the test, my Lord?"

Harry smiled. "You've passed the first. There's a second, but that's for after hours." He looked to Missandei. "Set her up with a room. I'll visit her tonight and see what else she's good at."

Missandei shut her notebook with a snap, her eyes finally lingering on the naked girl. "Come," she ordered, and Veranys followed her out, her hips swaying with pride.

Harry sat back and closed his eyes for a moment, savoring the lingering scent of sex in the air and the knowledge that, in his city, every pleasure was his to command.