

## The Dread Lord of Essos

### Chapter 77

They appeared on a windswept bridge over the River Ash. The three of them stood alone, with the two women huddled against the cold wind. Melisandre's red cloak twisted and loudly snapped in the howling wind. Kinvara held her hair down to keep it from hitting her eyes. Behind them, Asshai's black stone looked dull and muted, having lost the oily sheen. Its towers were covered in frost. Only a week ago, the city had been swallowed by shadow. Now, the sky was so clear you would have thought you were in Highgarden.

Kinvara pressed her hand to the stone balustrade. "It has never been this bright. I can see across the river. I don't think I like it," she said with honesty.

Harry's arms still clutched the trio of dragon eggs. The longer he held them, the hotter they became. He guessed that the eggs were feasting and growing stronger on the magic his body naturally produced. Melisandre shuffled beside him, shaking out her hair. "I think I prefer the darkness as well," she said. That wasn't shocking to Harry. She was a shadowbinder after all.

"I don't," Harry said. "Let's get out of here before someone sees these eggs."

Kinvara nodded, but her eyes kept flicking to the distant towers. "You do not understand. When you broke the city's curse, you changed everything. The people who depended on those shadows ... they'll lose their minds."

"Perhaps it's for the best. They will adapt, or they will perish," Melisandre said as she stayed close to Harry.

They set off down the bridge, their boots clacking on the stone. On either side, the city stood silent. They passed a row of shrines, the stone priests now lying on the ground as if dead. The small flames of their candles were nearly invisible in daylight. Down in the alleys, lacquered-masked faces poked out of doorways and watched the trio pass. Their eyes were beady and untrusting, and they followed Harry's every move. He didn't blame them. A man carrying three dragon eggs made for a strange sight.

Kinvara shivered in her red silks. "We should hurry. Before someone recognizes us."

They walked in silence past a market square where necromancers had once traded bone charms. Now it was empty. The only thing moving was a mutated dog gnawing on a frozen arm. Harry wasn't sure who or what the arm belonged to, nor did he care. Harry ignored the stares of passing merchants. If they knew who he was, they kept it to themselves.

“Has the city always been this ... odd?” Harry asked, nodding at a dead woman sprawled on a cart, her eyes open and mouth full of wilted black lilies. Her lacquered mask was resting on her chest.

Kinvara stopped and stared at the shriveled woman. “The city is built on fear and the unknown. If you take away, it falls apart.”

“You’d think someone would have tried it before. This area is inhospitable, but it’s rich in natural resources,” Harry said.

“People have,” Melisandre said. “But the heart of darkness has always been Stygai, and few would dare venture there. Those who dared, remained, and were never seen again.”

Kinvara looked at Melisandre, clearly uncomfortable about them openly speaking about the city’s secrets. Harry didn’t seem to mind at all.

They reached the Black Gate. There, they found three cloaked men, curled up on the ground. Their bodies were frozen stiff, and their masks were frosted over. Harry ran his finger along one of the masks. The ice was so cold it burned.

“The cold must have settled quickly,” Kinvara said.

“The curse was a powerful one. I’m not surprised to see some negative effects. The good news is that the weather will settle in time. I dare say it will be more pleasant than before,” he told them.

They moved out of the city, crossed a field of broken monoliths, and followed the river down to the docks. The water was thick with icy fog, but even the fog seemed less sinister now. Harry could see his ship bobbing at anchor in the bay. The massive, hulking beast looked out of place among the much smaller ships and boats, and Harry couldn’t help but smirk.

Kinvara walked ahead, her boot heels clicking loudly on the cobblestone. “If we hurry, we can be gone before sunset.” It seemed that Kinvara wasn’t eager to stick around. “But first, we must visit the temple. I must set things in order before we leave.”

Melisandre followed close behind. She kept glancing at the eggs. Harry caught her gaze and smiled. There was no doubt that Melisandre longed to be a dragon rider.

The trio visited the Red Temple, where Kinvara gave her orders. She then packed her things, and Harry had his drones deposit them on the ship. With that done, they doubled back and made their way to the docks. They reached the gangplank, and Harry motioned the women aboard. Kinvara turned at the top, her face serious for once. “Thank you for not dying down there.”

“Thank you for not running away,” Harry said with a smile, and he ran his hands over her curves.

She leaned close and whispered, “Some in the city will come after you now. If you ever return to Asshai, you’ll need more than fire to save you.”

He smiled. Harry wasn’t worried about a few shadowbinders. “I’ll bring a dragon, and we can see how brave they are.”

Kinvara rolled her eyes but stepped aside so Melisandre could pass. Melisandre took Harry’s hand and squeezed it. Her skin was still cold, but her smile was the warmest thing in the city. They boarded the ship together. Behind them, the sky over Asshai was still cloudless, and the city’s towers stood black against the pale blue.

### **The Dread Lord of Essos**

An icy storm pounded the ship all night. Wind screamed through the rigging, shaking loose ropes and slamming rain against the hull. Inside Harry’s luxurious cabin, the storm was barely a shudder in the floorboards or the occasional sway of the chandelier. Outside the cabin was cold and dreary, but inside, it was all warmth, comfort, and the hard smack of flesh on flesh.

Melisandre straddled Harry’s lap. Her knees were spread wide, her back was arched, and her thick, red locks cascaded down her bare back. Her breasts bounced in perfect rhythm with her jerking hips. Her large tits stood proudly atop her chest, and her nipples were as hard as he had ever seen them. She kept her hands locked behind her head, and her eyes fluttered as she rolled her hips and worked his magnificent cock.

Kinvara knelt between Harry’s legs, her mouth level with his balls. She cupped his sack with both hands, kneading it like dough, then slid her thumbs along the shaft until they met Melisandre’s soaked folds. Melisandre shuddered above. She didn’t stop there. Kinvara pressed upward, rubbing her asshole as Melisandre slammed her hips down, over and over. Each time she did, a sprinkle of her pussy juice hit Kinvara in the face. The squelching of her pussy grew louder as Melisandre grew wetter.

The bed creaked, and so did the floorboards. The whole cabin smelled like wet pussy, and Kinvara was certainly contributing to that. She could feel drops of arousal dripping down her inner thighs as she leaned in and planted a sloppy, wet kiss on his bloated, cum-filled sack. Harry leaned back on his elbows, watching Melisandre fuck herself raw while Kinvara massaged his balls with loving tenderness. He didn’t have to do anything. These two had turned his cock into a communal property.

Kinvara’s hands left his balls and gripped Melisandre’s hips. She dug her fingers into the pale, smooth flesh, then slid them up Melisandre’s sides, making Melisandre shiver and slow her rhythm.

Kinvara leaned in, her breath hot on Melisandre's back. "You're going to wring his cock dry before I get a turn."

"He's got more than enough for the both of us," Melisandre chuckled, her voice ragged and needy. She kept bouncing on his cock, not missing a beat.

Kinvara smirked, then wrapped both hands around Melisandre's tits. She squeezed them together and rolled her nipples with her thumbs. Melisandre's back arched farther, and her moans grew higher in pitch. Harry's vision blurred at the edges as Melisandre tightened her muscles and tightly squeezed his cock while rolling her hips in a circular motion.

"Your tits are perfect," Kinvara whispered. "They're so soft. I could play with them all night." She bounced Melisandre's breasts up and down, putting on a show for Harry.

"Please do," Melisandre gasped as her eyes rolled into the back of her skull.

Kinvara kissed her bare shoulder and then slowly dragged her tongue over her soft skin. She pinched her nipples hard enough to make Melisandre gasp, then rolled them between her thumbs and fingers. She nipped Melisandre's shoulder playfully and squeezed her breasts. Melisandre braced herself against Harry's chest and started grinding, trying to push herself over the edge.

Harry grabbed Melisandre's ass with both hands and spread her cheeks. The insides of her cheeks were hot and slick, and her pussy was so wet it sounded like a sloppy kiss every time she bottomed out. He could feel her thighs trembling and her whole body shaking with every thrust of his cock. Kinvara licked the side of her neck and tugged on her nipples. "You sound close," she said breathily.

Melisandre only grunted and started pounding her hips faster, and her pussy clenched so hard that Harry was forced to thrust his hips upward. Kinvara's hand slid between Melisandre's legs and found her clit. She rubbed it in tight circles and flicked her finger over it. Melisandre shrieked and came, and her whole body tensed. Her eyes squeezed shut, and her mouth opened in a silent scream. Her pussy milked Harry's cock, tugging the shaft as it spasmed around him.

Kinvara didn't let up. She kept rubbing her clit and pinching Melisandre's nipples until she collapsed forward, her hair draped over Harry's face as she trembled. Melisandre gasped for air and clung to Harry's chest. She finally let out a satisfied laugh. "By the gods, that felt good."

Kinvara smiled and peeled Melisandre off Harry's cock. She licked and sucked Melisandre's pussy juice and cream off his shaft, then licked her lips. She then crawled up and straddled Harry, facing away from him. Her ass was high and proud, and her thighs were damp and trembling. She looked over her shoulder, waiting impatiently.

Melisandre reached between Harry's legs and gripped his cock. She smeared the head up and down Kinvara's weeping slit, then pressed it against Kinvara's asshole, just teasing the entrance. Kinvara wiggled her ass and said, "Yes! Right there."

Harry lined himself up, and Melisandre guided the tip against Kinvara's tightest hole. She braced herself with her hands on Harry's knees. Kinvara looked back at them both with needy eyes. "Put it in," she demanded.

Melisandre held Harry's cock in place while Kinvara started to sink down slowly, stretching herself around the thick head. Harry moaned, and his hands tightly gripped Kinvara's hips. The dry heat of her ass clamped around him was incredible and tighter than anything he'd ever felt.

"Gods," Kinvara hissed, "It feels like it's about to hit the back of my teeth."

Melisandre laughed and leaned in, kissing the small of Kinvara's back. "Be careful, or you'll split yourself in two." Kinvara shuddered and forced herself lower, her ass swallowing Harry's cock inch by inch.

A wave of thunder rocked the cabin as Melisandre slid down beside Harry, smirking at the sight of Kinvara's ass impaled on him. "She's stretched so wide," Melisandre said in amazement.

Kinvara groaned loudly and then started riding, her ass grinding down on him. Harry could only watch with his hands on her hips as Kinvara fucked herself on his cock. Melisandre kissed Harry's stomach and then reached down and stroked herself. Her silky folds were drenched, and her clit was swollen with arousal.

Melisandre leaned in and kissed Harry. Her mouth immediately opened, letting his tongue in. She moaned into his mouth before breaking the kiss. She pressed her tits to his face, and Harry sucked on her rock-hard nipples. Kinvara kept grinding, every thrust of her hips sending a jolt of pleasure up Harry's spine. Kinvara's voice had gone shaky, and her breathing became ragged. "I'm going to cum. Gods, I'm gonna ..." she cried out, then squealed loudly.

She did as she said, clenching around him. Her whole body spasmed out of control as she squirted onto his thighs. Harry went right after her, cumming so hard his vision whited out. Kinvara collapsed forward, her ass still twitching. Harry slid out of her, and a line of cum dripped from her ruined asshole. Kinvara rolled over, panting. She kissed Melisandre, then Harry. "I'm so glad R'hllor brought me to you," she whispered and mewled as she scooted up to Harry's free side.

Harry laughed, wiped sweat from his brow, and pulled both women close. It was a long ride home, but Harry planned to take advantage of every second.

## **The Dread Lord of Essos**

The storm followed them most of the way home, and by the time the ship coasted into Seven Swords harbor, the weather had collapsed into a cold drizzle and a lazy wind that rippled the banners. The city was just as he had left it. New, taller buildings jutted out above the massive city walls, but none were taller than his beloved castle. His private pier had a few ships docked to it, but they were dwarfed by Harry's own vessel. It drew looks even from everyone in the harbor.

The ship docked with a hard thunk and a scramble of ropes. Harry stood on the main deck, arms folded, while Melisandre and Kinvara huddled near the gangway. Both wore their red cloaks tightly, shivering slightly in the wind. Kinvara kept her eyes fixed on the city's skyline. She was very impressed by what she saw. It was the polar opposite of Asshai. Melisandre smiled warmly, happy to be back in the lap of comfort.

Harry grinned and shouldered his bag. The three dragon eggs were wrapped in silk and safely stowed in his bag. He kept them close, letting them feed on his magic. He led the way down the gangplank.

A small crowd had formed at the pier's end. Most of them were city guards in gleaming armor with a black lion's head painted across the front. There were also a few dock workers, three nervous priests from the local Red Temple, and a single golden-haired girl wearing a gown two sizes too tight.

The girl spotted Harry and broke into a run. She moved fast, her boots clacking on the planks. Myrcella barreled into him before he had time to brace, nearly bowling him over. She wrapped her arms around his waist, pressed her body against him, and kissed him along the jaw when he picked her up.

"Myrcella," Harry greeted her, laughing. He dropped the bag, hugged her tight, and let her kiss his cheek, his neck, and his lips. She smelled like lavender, and Harry nuzzled her neck with his nose, which made her giggle. Her hands found his hair, and she tangled her fingers in it. She refused to let go.

Behind her, Daenerys waited with her arms crossed. She tapped one foot on the pier, feigning impatience. However, her eyes were bright and hungry, and her mouth was set in a smirk. When Myrcella finally stepped aside, Daenerys approached and looked up at him.

"You took your time getting back," Daenerys pouted with a cute scowl.

Harry swept her up by the waist, lifted her off her feet, and spun her once around. She squealed, laughed, and kicked at his shins. He kissed her slowly, tasting her soft lips and the sweetness of her tongue. He set her down, and Daenerys clung to him, not wanting to let go.

Melisandre and Kinvara reached the pier behind him. The priests bowed in unison, then immediately retreated when Melisandre shot them a look. She didn't like sharing. Kinvara

ignored them, choosing instead to survey her new surroundings. Harry caught her eye and winked. She looked away, but not before she let slip a tiny smile.

The dock guards bowed in respect, then scattered. Harry took Myrcella and Daenerys and started walking them up the pier. Myrcella latched onto his right arm. Daenerys did the same on his left, and both pressed their bodies close enough that he could feel their heartbeats through the silk of their dresses.

“What was it like?” Myrcella asked as she clung to him.

“Dark and cold,” Harry said. “I’ve missed you girls.” Myrcella squealed happily and squeezed his arm tighter.

“You smell like smoke,” Daenerys said. That wasn’t surprising considering he had the fireplace going in his cabin. She then leaned in and sniffed him deeper. “And cunt,” she added. “What have you been doing with those priestesses?”

Harry smirked at her. “I had to find some way to pass the time.”

Dany snorted and smacked his arm. They reached the end of the pier and stepped into the back garden of the castle, which loomed above everything. Harry crossed the wards, and the cold air was replaced with comfortable warmth. The path was wide and lined with beautiful flowers and fruiting trees. Pedestrians parted for Harry and his group, bowing as they passed. Melisandre fell into step behind them, and Kinvara lagged at the rear, scanning the crowd with a cautious eye. She was used to living in constant danger, and it would take some time to get used to anything different.

Harry turned and called back to Melisandre. “Melisandre, would you please find a room for Kinvara? I’m sure she’ll want a hot bath and a strong drink before the festivities begin.”

Melisandre inclined her head. “Of course, my lord. Come, Kinvara. You will like the baths here. The water is hot enough to scald a dragon.” Kinvara hesitated, then shrugged and followed Melisandre up a side path.

Harry turned his attention back to the two women at his arms. Myrcella was biting her lower lip, as if holding back something important. Daenerys was less subtle. She kept glancing at the bulge in Harry’s trousers.

Harry squeezed them both. “I have to take care of some business first. Wait for me in Myrcella’s room, alright? I’ll come up soon.”

Myrcella pouted. “But we missed you so much.”

Daenerys rolled her eyes, but she didn’t let go. “We’ll wait, but only if you hurry.”

He promised he would. He watched them go as Myrcella skipped ahead. Daenerys trailed her with a sly look over her shoulder. He felt their eyes on him even after they rounded the bend. He lingered by the path, feeling the warm wind on his face. He let himself relax for a moment before noticing her.

Cersei stood in the shadow of a statue. She was leaning with one hip cocked and her arms folded beneath her heavy breasts. She was dressed in a gown the color of aged wine, with gold embroidery curling down the front. The dress hugged her hips and proudly displayed her cleavage. Her hair was braided up and away from her face, accentuating the sharp lines of her jaw. Her green eyes were gleaming. She walked toward him in measured steps, her wide hips swinging, and her gaze never leaving his face. She stopped just shy of arm's reach, close enough that he could smell her perfume.

Cersei pressed her body against his, ran a fingernail along his jaw, and kissed him on the lips. It was a slow kiss that was almost sweet, but there was an edge to it. She nipped his lower lip before pulling away.

Harry smiled amusedly. "What do you want, Cersei?"

She smirked, her sweet lips curving in a devious way. "Maybe I only wanted to greet my lord."

Harry raised an eyebrow. He wasn't buying it. "That's generous of you."

Cersei's hand found his cock through his trousers. She squeezed, not gently. "You've spent too much time with those foreign whores. I thought I'd remind you what a real woman feels like."

He bit back a laugh. "And what will that cost me?"

She pressed closer, until her breasts mashed against his chest and her mouth was at his ear. "Only your attention for the next few minutes ... perhaps a few more than that." She dragged her tongue up his ear, nipped the lobe, then stepped back. "Now, come along," she said with a wicked smile, taking his hand and dragging him closer to the castle.

She pulled him behind a high hedgerow and unbuckled his trousers. She then dropped to her knees, yanked down his trousers, and began to show him why he should spend more time with her.

"It's good to be home," Harry groaned as he helped guide her bobbing head.