

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 71

Harry's eyes opened, and he let out a loud yawn. Two bodies squirmed next to him, and he angled his head down and saw his two women on each arm, using his chest as a pillow. Melisandre was the first to wake. Her lovely eyes fluttered open, and she blinked away the initial sleepiness before setting eyes on him. She smiled prettily and sat up. Her hair was a tangled mess, but she still looked incredible. Her naked tits bounced and jiggled, and when she raised her arms to stretch, her large breasts lifted as well, stretching upward. She, too, let out a loud yawn, which woke Kinvara.

Kinvara slowly sat up, her eyelids heavy and her hair messy. She ran her fingers through her tangles, and Harry took the opportunity provided to check out her naked body. Her breasts weren't as large or perky as Melisandre's, but they were still very fun to look at. Unlike Melisandre's, Kinvara's nipples were already stiff and ready to be sucked. Harry slowly ran his hands up both of their nude backs, letting his fingers gently caress their soft, smooth skin. Kinvara shuddered loudly at the intimate touch. Melisandre couldn't help but giggle.

"Our Lord loves early morning fun in the bedroom," Melisandre explained as her hand slipped under the bedsheet and found his soft cock. She cupped as much of it as she could in her palm and began playing with him. She smiled cheekily when she felt it begin to inflate.

"I suppose that could be arranged," Kinvara said with a soft, sexy smile. Her makeup had rubbed off during the night, but she was still very pretty. "May I first go freshen up?" she asked him for permission.

"Of course. You don't need to ask," he told her with a smile. His hand moved around her back, and he gave her breast a quick squeeze. He let his fingers graze her hard nipple, which made her inhale deeply and loudly.

"I'll join you," Melisandre said and yawned again. She fluffed her messy hair and pulled the sheet down, exposing all of their nude lower halves. Both women sat up on their knees while Harry indulged himself with their soft, silky skin. "We'll be back shortly, My Lord," Melisandre assured him and climbed off the bed. Kinvara followed her, and his eyes followed them both as they walked out of the room, their wide hips and asses bouncing from side to side. Harry had to smile. He was a lucky man. He let out another loud yawn and stretched his arms and legs. With a snap of his fingers, his body and teeth were completely clean and fresh. He snapped his fingers again, and the bed and sheets were clean and suddenly smelled spring fresh. He did the same with their dresses. All it took was a snap of his fingers for their dresses to levitate off the ground and clean themselves. He mentally conjured two clothes hangers and hung the dresses on one of the old torch mounts on the wall. He lay back down on the bed with his hands behind his head, patiently waiting for his bed partners to return. Thankfully, he didn't have to wait too long. Fifteen minutes later, the Red Priestesses came bouncing back into the room.

Both women were still completely nude, and Harry could see that their skin was still wet in places. They had obviously done a quick wash of their bodies before brushing their hair and applying just the bare minimum amount of makeup. Harry helped them by snapping his fingers. Melisandre knew what was coming, but Kinvara squeaked in shock when she felt an invisible soapy brush caress every inch of her body. Their hair billowed out, caught by an unseen gust of warm, pleasant-smelling wind before settling back into their normal hairstyles. Melisandre didn't miss a step. Her gorgeous, lustful eyes were locked on her prey, and she sauntered over to the bed sexily before climbing on. On her hands and knees, she crawled to him, her big, pale breasts dangling low and swaying sexily with every movement of her curvy body. It only took a few seconds for Kinvara to snap out of her momentary shock. Seeing that Melisandre had already made a move, she quickly followed and crawled onto the bed after them.

Melisandre moved to his other side, letting Kinvara take the side closest to her. Harry was still lying there with his hands behind his head and a small smile gracing his handsome face. Seeing their naked, jiggling bodies had his cock fully hardened and ready for action. Melisandre was the first to make a move. One hand settled on his muscular thigh, and she gently toyed with his skin with the tips of her delicate fingers. Her other hand moved down his muscled abs and found the base of his shaft. Her fingers enclosed the thick rod of meat to the best of their ability, but even so, the tips of her fingers weren't able to touch. That didn't stop her from forming a tight grip on him. She took a moment to let her fingers glide across his skin, studying the exact shape of his manhood ... not that she didn't already know it by heart. Still, Melisandre would take every opportunity to play with his body. Slowly, her hand began bouncing up and down, working his cock while Harry watched Kinvara's large tits swaying as she crawled next to him. Her nipples looked hard enough to cut glass, and when she got close enough, Harry cupped one of her dangling tits and lightly tugged on the hard tip. Kinvara's eyes fluttered, and she practically lunged forward, eager to be as close as possible to him. Her dark eyes started at his face.

Kinvara's cheeks heated up when she remembered how handsome he was. It wasn't just that he was handsome. Harold was by far the most attractive man she had ever seen in her very long life. He was like a marble statue of a god come to life. Feeling flush, she moved her eyes away from his smiling face and moved them to a safer place. The muscles in his chest bulged with strength, and her pussy tingled just from looking at it. All she wanted in that moment was to lean over and drag her tongue along his skin. Kinvara desired to taste him again. She quickly moved her eyes lower. His washboard abs didn't do anything to quench the fire between her legs, and when her eyes finally reached his cock, she realized there wasn't a safe place for her to look. Every inch of him was utter perfection. Every part of his masculine body made her pussy clench and her spine tingle. Melisandre seemed to understand this because she appeared to be having the time of her life as she caressed his muscles and stroked his glorious manhood. Kinvara couldn't take her eyes away from the sight of Melisandre's feminine hand sliding up and down his pole. Harry's hand was on the back of Melisandre's bare thigh. His fingers crept to her inner thigh, and he moved them so close to her womanhood that Kinvara thought she felt her own pussy twinge. Melisandre responded by spreading her knees wider apart, a clear invitation to touch her more. Kinvara was done sitting and watching. She wanted to play too.

As Harry's hand slipped between Melisandre's legs and his fingers began stroking her damp slit, Kinvara moved into position and leaned down, giving into her base urges. Her lips found his stomach, and her peppering kisses quickly turned into licks. Within seconds, her tongue was slithering along his body, tasting the salty sweetness of his skin. Like Melisandre, her ass was up in the air and pointed toward his head. She jumped slightly when she felt his hand creep up her inner thigh. His strong fingers tickled her soft skin, and before he could reach the promised land, Kinvara parted her knees, giving him plenty of room to explore. Harry cupped her pussy in the palm of his hand. His fingers drifted over her smooth, hairless mound while his thumb laid flat along the length of her moist slit. Kinvara moaned into his skin when he moved his thumb from side to side, repeatedly bumping into her hard clit. For her part, Kinvara wasn't content with just licking and kissing his skin. She wanted more.

Her lips moved down his body until her forehead bumped Melisandre's fingers, which were firmly wrapped around his throbbing shaft. Melisandre gave way to her High Priestess, moving her hand further up his shaft to give her room. Kinvara immediately acted on it. Her lips found the base of his shaft, and she kissed as much of it as she could reach. A squeal left her lips when two of Harry's fingers slipped between her plump, hairless folds and penetrated her. Her wet pussy instantly tightened around his wandering digits, clutching them as though her life depended on it. Harry slowly eased his fingers back and slid them forward again. Kinvara could hear how wet her pussy was, but she wasn't embarrassed by it. It was just the opposite, in fact. It was proof that the Lord of Light made the correct decision when he demanded she offer her loyalty to her new Lord. Harold was an impressive figure to behold, and he could get her pussy wet with a mere few touches. She was proud that her body responded to his touch in such a way. Kinvara was convinced she had made the right choice.

Melisandre smirked as she watched the High Priestess kiss around the base of his shaft. Kinvara had always been a very proud woman, so it was amusing to see her act like a bitch in heat. Her tongue slipped from her lips and touched his shaft. She then dragged it all the way up and over Melisandre's fingers. Her tongue didn't stop until it reached the tip of his head. Her tongue stopped there and swirled around the tip, tickling anything it could reach. Harry certainly seemed to like it. Melisandre felt his cock jerked against her palm. Melisandre moved her other hand to his balls and cupped the cum-laden sack. She gently squeezed and tugged on them while her other hand pumped his hard shaft. Meanwhile, Kinvara had wrapped her lips around the head and was sucking on it like she was trying to extract some tasty treat. Melisandre could certainly understand her enthusiasm. She had done the same thing to him many times before. Though she didn't want to, Melisandre removed her hand from his shaft and let Kinvara slide her lips down his pole. She angled her head to the side and let her lips and tongue glide down the side of his shaft. When she got to the bottom, she pressed the flat of her tongue against his length and licked him all the way back up to the head.

"I think she's addicted, My Lord," Melisandre giggled as she watched Kinvara work his shaft with her mouth. Kinvara didn't pay her words any mind. She continued worshipping his cock with her

tongue. It didn't take her long before his cock was shiny and wet, coated in her saliva. Melisandre looked over her shoulder at her Lord and saw him smirking.

"I believe you may be correct, my dear. Just listen to how wet she is," he said and began rapidly pistoning his fingers into her pussy. Kinvara's pussy began squelching loudly as it sucked on his thrusting fingers. Melisandre giggled harder.

"Now, now. There's no need to tease our High Priestess. Especially when you're no better," he teased her. He then began treating her body the exact same way. Melisandre's eyes fluttered, and she moaned when his fingers began rapidly fucking her tight pussy. Soon, their room was filled with the sounds of two wet pussies getting stuffed. Kinvara moaned around his shaft, keeping her lips tightly around it while her hand pumped the base.

Harry had had enough of the teasing. He wanted to get on with the main event. He gently eased Kinvara's head up until his cock slipped from her lips. He patted his lap, letting her know exactly what he wanted. Kinvara quickly and eagerly got into position and threw a leg over his lap. She grabbed his cock and slid the head back and forth across her slit, making sure the head was nice and slick. Melisandre wasn't one to be left behind. She threw her leg over his head and sat down on his face. She immediately felt his warm tongue slide down her slit, making her eyes flutter. Melisandre was facing Kinvara, and she could see her breathing heavily as she stuffed the head into her opening and slowly sank down on it. Melisandre became incredibly aroused watching her High Priestess slowly devour his cock. Her spread lips slid down his pole, stretching to accommodate his impressive size. When she took him down to the base, Kinvara's eyes rolled into the back of her head, and she sat there still, momentarily transfixed by the sensation of having her pussy completely stuffed. Melisandre wiggled her wide hips, smearing her wet pussy all over his face. Harry's hands came up, gripped her thighs, and he pulled her pussy back into position. Melisandre loved the feeling of his strong tongue lapping at her folds and licking up her juices.

Kinvara leaned forward and rested her palms on his muscled stomach. Her breathing was ragged, and her eyes were wide with pleasure. She, too, wiggled her hips while her pussy clutched his shaft. She then slowly raised her hips, and Melisandre saw his thick shaft descending from her wet depths. His cock was streaked with cream, and when Kinvara reached the peak, her hips dropped. Her thick ass clapped against his thighs, and the loud, perverse squelch of suction met Melisandre's ears. Kinvara threw her chest out and squealed. Her back bowed, and she steadied herself by holding onto his powerful thighs. Her body shook and trembled, causing her large, perky tits to quiver enticingly. Melisandre couldn't help herself. She leaned in and pulled Kinvara forward. Her mouth quickly found her quivering tits, and her lips wrapped around one of her stiff nipples. Kinvara gasped loudly and looked down at Melisandre as she licked and sucked on the hardened tip. Her pussy tingled badly from the extra stimulation, and all she could do was push down hard on Harry's cock and grind her hips. She let out a wild moan when Harry's massive cock rubbed every millimeter of her sensitive inner walls. Wanting more, she rolled her hips in a figure eight, making sure his cock touched every single sensitive area inside of her. Kinvara brushed the hair from Melisandre's face and watched

her switch breasts. The Red Priestess laid soft kisses around her areola, occasionally letting her tongue out to lick at the crinkled tip. Kinvara heard Harry moan, and she looked over at his face. It was completely covered by Melisandre's wide, pale bottom. Her smooth, creamy thighs were spread wide, emphasizing the shape of her womanly hips. She could hear him licking her and slurping up her juices. Kinvara pussy clenched tightly around his shaft, and when Melisandre began humping his face by rolling her hips from front to back, she followed course and began riding his cock the same way Melisandre was riding his face.

Melisandre teased her by tugging on the hard tip of her nipple with her teeth. Kinvara shuddered and watched her. Melisandre looked up at her cheekily and let her nipple go. It snapped back into place, and Melisandre continued to watch her expression as she teased her by wiggling her tongue all around her areola and tickling the tip. Kinvara threw her head back and moaned while grinding on Harry's cock. She suddenly felt a soft hand slide down her belly and over her smooth, hairless mound. She instantly knew it belonged to Melisandre, and her hand didn't stop until her fingers reached her clit. As Harry's cock reshaped her wet pussy, Melisandre's fingers touched her little nub and began massaging it. Her fingers danced in circles around the hard bead, sending jolts of pleasure racing up her spine.

Melisandre smirked into Kinvara's hard nipple. The High Priestess had lost herself in the pleasure of having her pussy fucked and clit rubbed. She flicked her finger over her damp, swollen clit, making the sexy woman squeal and buck her hips. Just then, Harry's tongue hit a very pleasurable spot, which made her gasp. Her hips began to rock faster, dragging her wet pussy over his lips and back again. Harry held her hips in place, and his tongue found her ass. Melisandre moaned like a whore as the tip of his tongue swirled around the rim, teasing her tight hole. Melisandre was greedy and wanted more. She used all the strength she had to try and grind her pussy against his face, but Harry was too strong. The best she could do was grind her clit against his chin, which provided a surprising amount of pleasure. When the tip of his tongue began wiggling over her hole, Melisandre moaned into Kinvara's nipple, and she lightly pinched her clit and rolled it between her fingers. The area all around Harry's cock was slippery with Kinvara's spilled juices, so Melisandre gathered some on the tips of her fingers and used it as lubrication to further tease her hard clit.

Kinvara felt every inch of her smooth body tingle from the overload of pleasure. Her soaked, quivering pussy was already fluttering and squeezing Harry's shaft. Her delicate, silky skin rippled around his cock, tugging on it while trying to get him to spill inside of her. Some of his fat, bloated sack snuggled between her parted cheeks, rubbing against her asshole and smearing her fragrant arousal all over the tight hole. Melisandre then pinched her clit and rolled it, making her cry out in sexual bliss. Her back arched violently, and she wasn't expecting Melisandre to lean in and capture her full lips in a fiery kiss. Kinvara was too far gone to even think twice. She reached out and began fondling Melisandre's large, full breasts, kneading them and brushing her nipples with her elegant fingers. Melisandre's mouth opened, and Kinvara followed her lead. Their tongues met, and both women moaned as their lips danced and their tongues twirled. Melisandre could feel an orgasm rapidly approaching. Her pussy was starting to contract, which was furthered by Harry's tongue leaving her ass and sliding down her slit until it found her

opening. His thick, warm tongue slithered between her plump lips and entered her. Her damp walls immediately began squeezing it as though it was a thrusting cock ready to explode inside of her. However, before she could cum, Kinvara's body was the first to break. The sexy priestess squealed into her mouth, and she roughly squeezed Melisandre's breasts. Her body began shaking badly making her lovely tits bounce wildly. Melisandre rapidly flicked her fingers over her clit, and she could feel that Kinvara's wetness had doubled. She didn't see it, but Kinvara was squirting around Harry's cock while she repeatedly lifted up and drove her hips down with a wet clapping sound. Down below, Harry lifted Melisandre's backside and latched onto her clit with his lips. She didn't know what he did, but it suddenly felt like a lightning bolt of pure pleasure striking her clit and causing her pussy to explode. A torrent of girl cum sprayed from her cumming twat and drenched his face. Harry was unfazed by her flood of womanly juices. His lips tugged on her throbbing clit while his tongue wiggled circles around the swollen bead. Like Kinvara, Melisandre's body began shaking violently, and she broke the kiss and cried out loudly.

Both women arched their backs so much that their breasts and nipples were rubbing together. Kinvara creamed Harry's cock while Melisandre drenched his face. The two women looked at each other. Both had wide, dazed eyes clouded with lust, and both of their mouths hung open as they let out high-pitched squeals of pleasure. Kinvara was pounding her hips down on his groin, trying to get the brute to finish inside of her while Melisandre's hips swung back and forth, smearing his face with her arousal. Melisandre felt the vibrations against her pussy as Harry deeply moaned. Kinvara's eyes rolled into the back of her head, and she pressed down hard on his cock. Her hips rocked slowly, and Melisandre knew that Harry was pumping her full of cum. Harry then latched onto her clit again, but Melisandre was too sensitive for another round so soon after cumming. She rolled off his face and flopped onto the bed, her chest rapidly rising and falling with every labored breath. Kinvara's body bucked a few times as she spasmed on his cock. She then collapsed forward into his arms, and Harry lovingly caressed her nude back while she rode out the waning waves of pleasure.

Melisandre crawled to his side and turned on her side. His hand slid behind her neck, and she gratefully snuggled into his side. Kinvara gave one last moan before she rolled off of him. Melisandre saw his long, hard cock slip from her depths as she rolled over and rested on his other side. His cock bobbed a few times before coming to rest, pointed straight at the ceiling. Melisandre's hand slipped over his stomach and moved down until her fingers wrapped around his shaft. She liked holding it while they rested. Before she could even say a word, she heard light snoring coming from Harry's other side. He looked over and chuckled.

"I think we wore her out," he joked while his fingers caressed her nude back, making her soft skin goosebump. Melisandre giggled at her friend's expense.

"She'll get used to it," Melisandre joked as well. Though in reality, it wasn't much of a joke. She also experienced a transition period where her body had to acclimate to Harry's insatiable sexual appetite. 'That certainly was a fun and pleasurable time,' she reminisced while nuzzling Harry's chest with her lips and nose. His hand moved down her back, and he cupped her ass possessively. Melisandre smiled and kissed his chest while her hand slowly began pumping his

cock, intent to keep it hard until she recovered from her latest orgasm. The morning was still young, and there was plenty of time to play.