

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 62

Harry woke up in the best way possible. As soon as his eyes opened, he blurrily looked down and saw that Missandei had pushed his legs open. Her head was bobbing up and down as she took as much of his length down her throat as possible. His eyes moved down her bare back and onto her naked ass, which was sticking up in the air. Her thin waist flared into a pair of hips that he loved holding onto when he took her from behind. Harry moaned as her lips slid across his shaft while dragging her tongue along his length. Missandei was an expert at giving head, and he expected nothing less of her. She had always been eager to please him in every way possible.

"I appreciate your efforts, my dear," Harry moaned, and Missandei sucked even harder in response. "It's such a pleasant way to wake up."

Missandei let go of him with a wet pop from her mouth, but her hand continued to work his cock. She smiled warmly at him, happy that she had pleased him. "Thank you, My Lord," she said, lowering her head in submission. "Shall I continue?" she asked for permission. Harry thought about it for a second before answering.

"Straddle my lap," he told her. Missandei didn't hesitate. She began crawling on top of him and was about to throw her leg over his waist when he stopped her. "Face the other way," he ordered. Not missing a beat, she turned around and straddled his lap, facing away from him. Her hands gripped his shins, and she leaned forward, offering her holes to him. Harry stuffed the head of his cock into her wet pussy, and Missandei didn't waste a moment before sliding down on his shaft. Harry's hips automatically thrust upward as her wet, silky folds were dragged down his throbbing cock. As he went deeper, Missandei gasped as her g-spot was hit before he hit the deepest part of her. There was no need for her to rest and get used to his size. Her body belonged to him, and he was the only one allowed to use it. As such, she was perfectly stretched to fit his exact size. Immediately, she began rocking back and forth, riding him in the reverse cowgirl position.

Harry stared at the point of penetration, fascinated by the way her pussy lips clung to him so tightly. As she slid forward, her taut lips stretched away from her body in a desperate attempt to keep him inside. When she slid back down, the perverse, wet, squelching noise of a pussy getting fully stuffed echoed off the stone walls of his room. Missandei whimpered every time she took him back in. The dusky-skinned Naathi still had a problem with expressing her pleasure. Her time as a former slave had taught her to keep her expressions of pleasure, pain, sorrow, and the like to herself. She had come a long way in the short time they had been together, but she still had a long way to go. In the meantime, he would have to force her to express her pleasure properly.

He placed his hands on her slender ankles and slowly slid them up the backs of her calves. Harry loved how soft and smooth her skin was. When his fingers reached the backs of her knees, Harry gently toyed with her delicate skin. As he did so, he began slowly pumping his magic into her body. The results were immediate. She froze for a second and shuddered deeply. Her pussy became even tighter, and he could feel it pulsating against his shaft. Missandei snapped out of her momentary daze and began riding him again. This time, however, it was with much more passion and vigor. She drove her ass backward, fucking herself on his cock. Harry moaned deeply, letting her know he approved of her actions. Then, she leaned forward and started bouncing her ass. Harry was mesmerized by the way her ass jiggled and bounced and how her cheeks clapped together. He tickled the backs of her knees again and pumped even more magic into her. Missandei let out a whimpering squeak of pleasure. The sound of their fucking was getting wetter by the second. By then, she had absolutely soaked his crotch and lower belly with her womanly juices.

“Does it feel good, Missandei?” he asked her as he moved his hands up the backs of her incredibly soft thighs. Her skin was very warm and softer than the finest silk sold in his city.

“Yes, M-My Lord,” she breathed out in a shaky voice.

His hands rose to her rippling cheeks, and his thumbs slipped between them. He slowly spread them open, exposing her tightest hole. Missandei gasped loudly but never stopped riding him. Instead, she drove her ass down until she was pressing hard against his body. Her hips began gyrating as she ground her pussy on his cock. Harry moved his thumb over to her asshole and gently caressed it. He flooded her body with magic, and Missandei cried out loudly, throwing her head back as she instantly came. Her body trembled uncontrollably while her pussy attempted to milk his cock. However, Harry wasn't ready to cum just yet. He pushed her body forward until she was on all fours. Remaining inside of her, Harry got up on his knees and gripped her thin waist tightly. With as much speed as he could, he brutally fucked her doggystyle while she continuously came.

Missandei's eyes rolled into the back of her head as her top half collapsed onto the bed. Her small hands gripped the blanket that had been pushed down to the foot of the bed by her when she decided to please her Lord while he slept. That was a decision she would never regret, despite the torturous pleasure he was now putting her through. Their night together had been wonderful, she thought. For hours, he made love to her, slowly and passionately. Missandei had practically purred as she lay back with her legs spread open wide. She had missed her Lord and was eager to welcome him home, and she did just that. He accepted the gift of her body with great enthusiasm. The number of orgasms she had experienced was too numerous to count, and she had fallen asleep draped over his body with a wide, happy smile on her pretty face. His homecoming was everything she had hoped it would be ... but the following morning was different.

Gone was the slow, passionate thrusting, and it was replaced by the brutal pounding of a man hell-bent on wringing every last ounce of pleasure from her worn body. Missandei didn't mind,

though. In truth, she loved being taken by him both ways. The only problem was that it felt too good. Her mind had gone fuzzy, and she couldn't think properly. All she could do was moan and cry into the bed as she was mercilessly fucked from behind.

Harry smiled down at the young woman, who had finally begun to moan unceremoniously. The insides of her thighs were wet as fat drops of pussy juice rolled down her smooth skin. Her lips were clutching his cock almost chokingly tight while she left behind white streaks of cream on it. He pressed his thumb harder against her asshole, and the tip popped in. With his magic coursing through her puckered hole, Missandei squealed loudly and bucked so hard that she nearly fell off the bed. Juices began spraying out of her pussy while her walls fluttered around him. That was enough to send him over the edge. Harry barely had enough time to pull out and cum all over her upturned ass. Globbs of cum erupted from the tip and covered her cheeks. Another spurt rocketed forward and left a white line across her nude back. Having sufficiently marked her body, Harry shoved his cock back into her pussy and began fucking her all over again.

The Dread Lord of Essos

Harry was pleased with the efficiency of his city's harbor. Of course, it was a little slow when it came to loading and unloading goods, but that was to be expected without the luxury of post-industrial machinery. Cargo ships loaded with blocks of ice from Beyond the Wall were lined up by the dozens. Sadly, soon, that money source would mostly dry up. Very few would need ice during the winter. Luckily, that lost revenue would be made up in the fur trade. Far east of his camp in Sothoryos, his drones had discovered an animal that looked like a beaver, though there were differences. One was that it was three times the size, and another was that it didn't have a tail. The giant rodent lived near the many rivers throughout Eastern Sothoryos and ate the small freshwater crustaceans that lived on the muddy banks. Their fur was very soft and dense, and they multiplied almost as fast as rabbits. Harry quickly ordered his drones to set up a farm so as not to deplete the natural population. Unfortunately, their meat was mildly toxic and wasn't fit for human consumption. It also had a smell that was slightly sickening. The good news was that the meat could be used with his massive spider farm. The giant spiders seemed to love the meat, and they didn't appear to suffer any side effects from eating it. Harry was quite glad that the meat didn't have to go to waste. The fur from the beaver-like creatures provided excellent protection from the cold. The fur products he was producing were growing in popularity every day. The thick fur blankets were especially popular in the North.

He had checked his books after his morning fun with Missandei and found that the amount of firewood going to Braavos had almost tripled. This fact didn't shock him in the least. Braavos was almost as far north as Winterfell and was getting colder by the week. His charcoal exports were doing just as well, though the Braavosi appeared to prefer wood due to the smoky flavor it gave their food. Harry couldn't argue with that. The Sothoryosi wood added an excellent flavor to food, and Harry preferred it himself.

His Auroch beef was moving better than ever. Now that everyone had noticed the signs of the impending winter, they were all working fast to sure up their depleted stocks. Harry couldn't produce his beef jerky fast enough. He had even created a special type of jerky that was overloaded with spices. All you had to do was drop it in a pot, add some broth, a potato, and Baby ... You got a stew going. (RIP Carl Weathers) His grains were bought up as fast as he could grow them. The fresh fruits and vegetables remained about the same since they couldn't be stored for long periods of time. The smartest kingdoms and cities purchased large stocks of his dried fruits. Scurvy was a serious problem during winters when most people were forced to eat whatever they could get. That meant mostly bread for the poorest smallfolk. Of course, that wouldn't be a problem for his city. He would always have fresh fruits and vegetables available to his people.

Liquor sales were also going up. Most people falsely thought that it warmed their bodies in the cold. Even though that technically wasn't true, he allowed people to continue thinking that. If it helped them on those cold, lonely nights, who was he to deny them that small mercy?

His black trading ships spanned as far as he could see as they waited for their turn to unload. The sea was rough that day, and it was only due to his enchantments that there were no accidents. The large ships remained steady, even in the choppy water. He was brought out of his thoughts by the clicking of boots behind him. Harry turned and saw Cersei walking toward him. He stepped forward and greeted her. "Cersei," he nodded respectfully.

"Harold," she greeted him back. Cersei was wearing a form-fitting dress made from dark purple velvet. The bottom of the dress went down to her ankles and had only one slit that went up to her upper thigh. The top of the dress ended mid-bicep, leaving her pale shoulders bare. However, the striking feature of the dress was the neckline. The tops of her tits were completely exposed, and he was certain that her nipples would pop out if she wasn't careful. The woman was trying very hard to be the fashion icon of his city, and from what he knew, she was doing an excellent job. Many of the shops catered to her specific tastes in dress design. Having women walking around and showing more skin wasn't something he was going to complain about. He wondered how long it would be until they reached the point of the Qartheen women, who walk around with one breast exposed. He wasn't holding his breath for that to happen any time soon.

"I was about to visit King's Garden for a bit of shopping. My wardrobe is a disgrace," she told him, running her hand down her slim belly.

"I very much doubt that," Harry said, unconvinced. The woman shopped multiple times a week, and her closet was bursting at the seams. If that wasn't enough to convince him that she was full of shit, the bills he received from the giddy shop owners were. The only reason why he put up with her unreasonable spending was that she looked so damn good in those dresses. The fact that he often got to take them off of her helped as well.

"You're a man," Cersei snorted. "You wouldn't understand what it's like to be a woman of the Royal Family. We are expected to look our best at all times. I can't be seen wearing the same

dress on many different occasions. Twice is acceptable. Three times ... perhaps ... if the dress is of the highest quality and if sufficient time has passed between wearings. Any more than that is a disgrace. You wouldn't have me embarrass our family, would you?" she asked, scooting up to him and slipping her arm around his. Her antics always amused him.

"Heaven forbid," Harry stated, trying hard not to chuckle. "What do we have if not our reputations? I can't have my beloved Aunt walking around in such rags. It would be unbecoming of me to deny the city the tempting splendor of you in a new form-fitting dress," he teased. Cersei smiled despite the fact that she knew he was being facetious.

"You jest, but your words hold truth nonetheless," she told him seriously. Truthfully, Harry could see some truth in her words. As a member of his family, she represented him in the city. While he didn't give two shits about high fashion, he always kept in mind that they were living in a world where status and appearance mattered greatly. Having members of his family or staff looking subpar would reflect poorly on him. In a strange way, having Cersei wearing all those dresses helped the economy. She was like a walking advertisement for the many dress shops in King's Garden. Women saw her and wanted to be like her, so they went out and bought similar dresses. These transactions kept the gold moving around and stimulated the local economy.

"I do indeed jest, but you are correct. I would not have you walking around looking anything less than perfect. You are royalty and should look the part. You may shop to your heart's content," he told her. Cersei smiled wider and squeezed his arm. He would probably regret it once the next bill came in.

She then pulled her arm out of his and wrapped them around the back of his neck. Her large breasts were pressed tightly against his chest. "May I use the Royal Carriage?" she asked with wide, innocent eyes. Cersei was anything but innocent, but she played the part wonderfully.

His Royal Carriage was a large carriage made from the dark wood from Sothoryos. It was covered in decorative gold plating that contrasted beautifully with the dark wood. The inside was spacious and filled with thick velvet seats. The axles were fixed with specialized shock absorbers, and the bottom of the wheels were covered in vulcanized rubber. This, along with the incredibly even and well-maintained roads in his city, made for a very smooth ride. Harry had noticed a trend in the city. While the women competed to wear the fanciest dress, the men seemed to try and one-up each other on who had the most luxurious carriage. Again, it was a status thing. Harry didn't care one bit and rarely ever used a carriage. When going out alone, he typically used a horse. Even so, his carriage was by far the most expensive in the city. Due to the insane value of the gold and jewels that decorated it and the fact that it was a symbol of royalty, he outright refused to let anyone take it while he was away. His city didn't have a bandit problem, but there were always a few who were tempted by the wealth he controlled. A golden carriage would be a hard target to pass up, and he didn't want anyone getting hurt in an attempted carriage-jacking. No one seemed to mind, though. Well ... No one but Cersei. Harry inwardly chuckled when he heard about the temper tantrum she threw when she found out that she wouldn't be able to use it at her leisure. To her, the carriage was the ultimate status symbol.

She adored the way people turned their heads and stared as it drove by. She would intentionally keep her window open so that everyone could see her riding in it. It was borderline ridiculous, but it kept her happy and out of his hair.

“Please?” she added before slowly kissing along his jaw. Harry moved his hands down her back and cupped her wide ass. He squeezed her cushy cheeks, and she did nothing to stop him.

“I suppose that could be arranged,” Harry told her. ‘Someone might as well get some use out of it,’ he thought.

Cersei rewarded his generosity by sliding her lips to his and kissing him deeply while he groped her thick ass cheeks. He never tried to hide the fact that he was fucking his own Aunt. He didn’t try to hide that he was fucking all the girls in his sphere of influence. If someone had a problem with it, they kept it to themselves. No one in their right mind would confront him about such a thing. They were too afraid to offend him. Cersei broke the kiss and smiled at him. “Can I use it now?” she asked with false sweetness. This was as close to demanding it as she was willing to go with him. Harry nodded, giving her ass one last squeeze.

“Walk with me,” he ordered, and she hooked her arms around his once again. They began walking toward the front of the castle. “I’ll order an armed guard to escort you into town.”

The colder it got, the more desperate people became. It was a well-known fact that bandit activity increased exponentially the closer it got to winter. The number of pickpockets caught in his city had multiplied by three over the last month. It was something he needed to keep an eye on.

The Dread Lord of Essos

Harry left Cersei to her own devices and went out to explore the city. Plaza of the Dawn in the Business district was booming with activity. The Business District was in stark contrast to King’s Garden. In King’s Garden, everyone tried to look and act the same. They all followed the Crown’s example. When he got a fancy carriage, every other wealthy man in King’s Garden got their own. When Cersei or Melisandre wore a new style of dress, all the other wealthy women wanted their own. However, in the Business District, there was a healthy mix of different cultures and styles.

One shop was being run by two women who were clearly from Asshai. Both were short and very thin, bordering on bony. Both appeared to be old, but Harry couldn’t be sure. Their entire bodies were covered in long, black robes that draped over their hands. One was wearing a black veil that was impossible to see through. The other was wearing a lacquered mask that was mostly black but had blood-red embellishments. Stacked in front of them on a table were dozens of jars filled with the most vile-looking things Harry had ever seen. In one jar, a thick, pulsating black ooze squirmed around as though it were alive. As far as he knew, it could have been alive, though he had never heard of such a creature. Another jar contained what appeared to be a

withered, mummified human hand with a golden ring still attached to the middle finger. It was floating in a syrupy, green liquid. Many passersby did a double-take after seeing it. Two giant millipedes crawled over each other in another jar that was as large as his head. 'A breeding pair,' Harry thought when he saw them. Harry guessed that they probably weren't suitable as pets.

They also had other things for sale. Bundles of Ghost Grass sat on the tabletop, easily identifiable by their milky white appearance. Harry was intrigued by a shallow box filled with small, meaty lumps. He approached the women and asked them about it.

"It is dried, salted tongues, young man," she hissed out eagerly. The woman did indeed sound old. He also found it amusing that they didn't realize who they were talking to, or perhaps they didn't care. Often, when he explored his city, Harry dressed like any other wealthy citizen to help him blend in better.

"And to what did the tongues once belong to?" Harry asked, picking one up and sniffing it. It smelled spicy and wholly unpleasant.

"Man, of course," the old lady answered with a heavy accent and began cackling along with her friend. Harry raised his eyebrow. He was very accepting of cultures in his city, and he did his best to avoid unnecessary regulations. The only thing he outright prohibited was slavery. Still, he had no idea that such things were being sold in his city.

"Are they from slaves?" he asked them.

"No. In Asshai, we remove the tongues of all the dead and soak them in seawater. Then we slowly roast them in coals until all the juices have boiled away," she explained and plucked it from his hand. She moved her hand under her veil until he heard a loud crunch. "Mmm ... Delicious," she moaned.

"I'll take your word for it," Harry said with a sour look. Both women cackled at his response. Harry left them to continue peddling their goods in peace.

'Asshai, huh? Sounds interesting,' he thought. His drones traveled there often in his trading ships. They sold food, spices, leather, silk, firewood, and many other things to the people of Shadowlands. He quickly decided to head east for the first part of his upcoming journey.