

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 9

297 AC

Harry stood atop the tallest mast of his ship and whistled. His whistle wasn't that of a human. It was so loud that it echoed across the treetops of the vast jungles of Sothoryos. Down below, Melisandre jumped and covered her ears as she winced. She really hated when he whistled that loudly.

Harry watched for a moment before a massive beast broke through the jungle canopy and twisted high into the air. At its pinnacle, Daemon spread his wings and began flapping as he soared over to him. Harry marveled at his size. By that time, his body was already larger than his ship, and he wasn't even close to being done growing. His scales glinted against the sunlight, showing off how menacing the color truly was. He was a dark black with hints of dark gray here and there. His wingspan stretched multiple times his body length. On his long tail was a bevy of spikes that were as long as he was tall. It reminded him of the Horntail that he once faced. He had a feeling that Death had a hand in that. She liked to add a bit of flavor to his vacation experience. Reminding him of his home world seemed to be a favorite of hers ... not that he minded, of course. As Daemon got closer, he gave out an ear-splitting roar that made the boat rock slightly. When he was just about to fly over, Harry jumped high into the air and landed on his back.

Securing himself, he whistled again. This time, however, he kept the decibels to an appropriate level. This was his way of telling Daemon that he was on. During his time growing up, Harry made sure that the dragon understood his verbal commands. He could now give it commands just like he did with his drones. Melisandre had tried multiple times, but Daemon refused to listen to her. His dragon could be quite stubborn at times. Daemon flew higher into the air where the wind was cooler. Harry looked down and saw the treetops far below them. They were whizzing by as Daemon put on the speed. The sound of his large wings flapping in the wind always relaxed Harry for some odd reason. Once they were over the desired area, which was about an hour's flight away from the coast, Harry patted his beast. "Give 'em a scare," Harry told him.

Immediately, Daemon nosedived and headed straight down. Harry squinted his eyes slightly as the wind whipped against his face. The canopy was getting closer and closer. Just before they slammed into the jungle, Daemon pulled up and skimmed the topmost tree branches. Harry chuckled merrily. It seemed that his dragon had inherited Harry's love of the Wronski Feint ... Probably another trick of Death's. Flying low, Daemon roared as loud as he could. Instantly, a dozen smaller beasts broke through the canopy and began flying away as fast as possible.

These beasts appeared to be dragons, though not nearly the size of Daemon. They were in fact, Wyverns. Wyverns were smaller, dragon-like creatures that couldn't blow fire. Most of the time,

they didn't need fire to protect themselves. In Sothoryos, they were the apex predators. While being smaller, they were much more aggressive than normal dragons. Harry had learned about them when he was a child, back at Casterly Rock. Septon Barth had written a book called *Dragons, Wyrms, and Wyverns: Their Unnatural History*. In his book, he theorized that Valyrian Bloodmages created dragons by mutating Wyverns with their blood magic. Harry knew that to be bullshit though. Dragons predated the Valyrian Empire and were once found deep in the Shadowlands. Though he would concede that dragons were magical creatures.

As the wyverns scattered, Harry kept his eyes on them. Not seeing one that he liked, he flew on and tried again. It took three more tries before he found one to his liking. "That one!" Harry called out. "The green one!"

Without any more prompting, Daemon took off after it. It wasn't long before he caught up. There was no chance that the smaller wyvern could ever hope to outrun a dragon of this size. The wyvern tried its best to dodge, but it was no use. Daemon clamped down on its head and neck, killing it instantly. Nodding in satisfaction, they flew home.

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Hearing the loud flapping of wings, Melisandre put down her book and left their cabin on the ship. She stepped out just in time to cry out in disgust as a dead wyvern hit the deck with a wet, bloody plop. She retched at the horrible stench. Suddenly, Harry landed on the deck as well. He had no trouble landing on his feet. He laughed at her gagging.

"It's about to smell even worse. You may want to go back inside," he warned. Melisandre didn't need to be told twice. She nodded while covering her nose and bolted for the safety of the cabin. Once the door shut behind her, Harry used his magic to skin the wyvern within seconds. Not needing any more of it, he vanished the carcass along with all of the fluids that had been leaking out. With another thought, he cleaned the deck and tanned the skin. Taking a few sniffs, he nodded satisfactorily. "You can come out now!" he called out as his dragon flew back toward the jungle. Melisandre peeked her head out and gave a test sniff. Finding the offending odor gone, she came out and joined him. She studied the skin as Harry laid it flat on the deck of the ship.

"It's in good shape," she commented. "Really good." She was a bit surprised to see how much of it there was. It took up most of the free space on the large deck.

"It took a while to find a wyvern without injuries. They're so aggressive that it's common for them to fight over food and territory. Their skin tends to get a bit scarred," Harry told her. He used his magic to fix any small problem that he could find. When he was done, he nodded happily. "If I'm going to rule a land, I need to look like a ruler."

That was something that she completely agreed with. Now that his dragon was monstrous in size, he felt that it was time to put his plans into motion. First, he wanted to complete his armor

set. While he couldn't actually die, his body could still take damage and feel pain. It was also possible that his body could get so damaged that he would have to cut his vacation short and return to Death for a new body. That would be embarrassing, so he preferred to avoid that. Wyvern scales were incredibly hard and would do a very good job of protecting his back from arrows if made into a cape. Harry had thought about using his spider silk since it was so light but had decided against it. The extra weight wouldn't affect him much at all. Wyvern skin would add protection, plus it would look cooler, in his opinion. It would also play into his whole "Dragonlord" angle.

The armor that he was using was the set that he had found while exploring the ruins of Valyria. However, that was a full set, and Harry wanted to go light on the armor. There was sure to be some Valyrian Steel left over, but he wasn't sure what to do with it just yet. Wanting armor that wasn't too bulky and kept the appearance of him being an incredibly menacing and dark figure, Harry based his set on the Nightingale armor from a video game that he used to play in his free time. The only change that he made was that his cloak would be black on the outside, but a deep blood-red on the inside to give him a splash of color. Also, the emblem on his chest was changed from a bird with spread wings to his emblem, the Lion of Night.

Harry already had the armor set up on a stand. He studied it for a moment while concentrating. As he did, his new armor took shape. The extra steel bled away and formed into a large bar on the deck of the ship while the rest slithered around, liquid-like, and reformed into his vision. The face mask formed in Harry's hand. Harry held it up and studied it closer. Like most Valyrian Steel, it was very dark and bordered on being black. There were ripples in the metal that were a bit lighter in color. He didn't bother changing it since he already liked the color. It nearly matched the color of Daemon.

Melisandre watched in amazement as he reshaped the metal as if it were nothing. Again, he closed his eyes, and she watched as the large sheet of green wyvern skin floated into the air and changed color. The scaled side turned pitch black while the underside turned a dark red. The skin suddenly ripped into pieces and reformed on her lord's body. It created a skin-tight suit that hugged his form wonderfully. She was already thinking about tempting him into the bed for a few hours, now she was plotting to get him there. Sadly for her, his magic wasn't done yet. The armor attached to his body, and the rest of the wyvern skin formed a dark cloak that covered his head and back. Once everything was on, it shrunk slightly to fit him like a glove.

"So what do you think?" he asked. His voice was slightly muffled from the metal mask. She thought about it for a second.

"As lovely as your eyes are, My Lord, I think it would be more menacing if we couldn't see them while wearing your hood," she told him. As soon as the words left her lips, his eyes disappeared into a black void. Everything underneath the hood and mask was covered by the darkest of shadows. "Perfect!" she cried out, happy to help her lord and lover. She walked up and sensually ran her finger down his steel chest. The armor was cold to the touch and made her shiver slightly. She thought that he might be using his magic to keep himself cool.

“Perhaps you’d like to come inside and take it off for now? I, of course, would be happy to help you, My Lord,” Melisandre purred sexily at him. Obviously, she couldn’t see his reaction underneath his hood. When he lifted her up bridal style and nearly kicked in the door to their cabin, she had gotten her answer.

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Kraznys mo Nakloz licked his lips excitedly. He received news from the Harbor Master that one hundred large ships had sailed in. That wasn’t what excited him. What did, however, was that those ships were empty, and the owner hoped to fill them with his meat, the Unsullied.

This wasn’t a man that came here to talk. No one brought a hundred ships just to talk. This one was a man of action, and that was what had him tingling with excitement. He could already feel his coffers swelling with gold. He would have way more than enough money to double the amount of new Unsullied that could be trained. Ordering his slaves around, he quickly made himself presentable.

While he was doing that, Harry was making his way through the red streets of Astapor to the Plaza of Pride where slaves were usually bought and sold. The people of Astapor didn’t bother hiding their curiosity. Harry was in full armor with his Valyrian Steel sword at his side. To counteract his dark visage, he was sitting astride a pure white horse with silver hooves and mane. Harry created the horse in the likeness of a unicorn from his original world. The only thing he left out was the single horn. He would vanish the horse once they were back on the boat. The only reason he was using it now was that he needed to make a grand arrival. The Good Masters needed to know that he had money to spend. Him walking wouldn’t exactly paint a good picture. The other reason why people were staring and whispering was because he had two hundred of his drones walking behind him in two lines. Between each pair was a large, wooden chest that they were carrying.

Harry had spent some time enchanting his armor to the best of his ability, considering he didn’t have access to his Higher Powers. The first thing he did was to add a Cushioning Charm to the whole thing for added comfort. The next was to add temperature regulating magic to it all. He did the same for Melisandre’s clothing. He then lightened the weight and enchanted the hood and face mask to not block his vision. He could now see as if they didn’t exist. Because of that, he easily saw the thief sneaking up from behind while holding a knife. Harry smacked his horse with his reins, causing it to kick. Harry heard a hollow thunk followed by laughter from the crowd. He didn’t need to look to know that the thief had been kicked in the head and knocked unconscious. To top it off, his drones continued to walk and trod on his downed body as if it wasn’t even there. The laughter from the crowd grew.

When he came to the Plaza of Pride, he was met by a very fat man with tits bigger than Melisandre’s. His beard was oiled and colored red and black, and he was holding a whip in his hand.

“Greetings, My Lord!” he called out happily. The man was already sweating profusely. Harry wasn’t surprised. Astapor was in a very hot region of Essos, and the cool sea breeze was usually blocked by the city walls. “Kraznys mo Nakloz at your service,” he stated pompously while nodding.

A slave girl who stood near him translated for him. Harry had no problem understanding High Valyrian just fine, but he didn’t bother telling them that. Harry eyed the girl. She was quite beautiful with the dusky brown complexion of the Naathi people. She was wearing a dress of cream and yellow that showed off her belly and her entire cleavage before attaching to the slave collar around her neck. When she spoke, she did so clearly with a sweet voice. He also noticed that she was young. Perhaps twenty namedays old. He put that out of his mind for now and nodded in return.

“Harold Hill,” he gave his name. “Thank you for meeting me,” Harry said politely. Nakloz raised an eyebrow at the name when his slave translated it.

He, of course, had heard of Harold Hill. He was the Lannister bastard that was making a fortune selling lumber, food, silk, leather, charcoal, and several other things in quantities that boggled the mind. His fleet of ships alone was worth a king’s ransom. Every businessman from there to Braavos was telling his tales. His black ships stood out against the others, and he often saw them unloading goods on Astapor’s docks. In fact, their numbers had grown until at least six out of ten ships visiting his city belonged to the Westerosi bastard. Seeing the man before him, he could see that he was indeed correct. ‘He must be swimming in gold,’ Nakloz thought with more than a little jealousy. Not only did he possess a Valyrian Steel sword, but his armor was made from the same rare and expensive metal! The only thought that made him feel better was the fact that he definitely had the money to pay for his slaves.

“I wish to purchase Unsullied,” Harry told him. “Your entire stock.”

When he was told, he tried to hide his excitement. Clearing his throat, he said, “I have a little over ten thousand. You can pay?”

Harry snapped his fingers and two of the drones set a chest down at his feet. They opened it up. Nakloz licked his lips greedily as the gold coins glinted against the afternoon sun. The chest was overflowing with gold coins. “I have one hundred chests, all filled with gold,” Harry replied, just as pompously as the man before him. Harry could see the man’s hand trembling. What he was offering was roughly fifty percent more than they normally sold for. Just then, all of his drones placed their chests down and opened them. Each glistened with gold. A few citizens couldn’t help themselves and tried to snatch some of the coins but were severely whipped by the city guards.

“I happy sell you my meat!” he declared boisterously as he did his best to speak in Harry’s tongue.

“Wonderful!” Harry said happily. “But I want her as well,” he told the man, indicating to the lovely, young woman. The girl looked at Harry in a strange way before clearing her throat and translating. The man only had to think for a second before he replied.

“The Good Master says that I belong to you now,” she dipped her head in obedience.

It took another hour for them to go through the chests to make sure that they weren’t being robbed before he was allowed to take possession of the Unsullied. Draining the city of them, they marched down the street and into his ships where food and water were waiting for them. During their trek, Harry had a hard time refraining from laughing. He could just imagine the man’s anger when his gold suddenly disappeared in a few days. It would teach him not to accept Leprechaun Gold as payment in the future ... if he even had a future that is. Losing his entire stock of slaves would be crippling for his business model. Harry didn’t give two shits about that. The man was a wretched excuse for a human being.

During the journey back to the ship, the girl stayed near him the entire time. Once the Unsullied were fully aboard, they made their way to the Prima Nocta. Harry escorted her into his cabin where Melisandre was waiting.

“And who is this?” Melisandre asked as she greeted him. Harry removed his armor and placed it on the armor stand. The girl was looking down the entire time.

“My name is Missandei, My Lady,” she dutifully answered.

“I am Melisandre, The Red Priestess of R’hllor.”

“You can call me Harold,” Harry told her as he put his sword away.

“You will refer to him as My Lord,” Melisandre quickly set her straight. Harry rolled his eyes.

“I’m not her Lord, and I plan to let her go once we reach civilization,” he declared, making her eyes widen. “You’re free now, Missandei,” Harry told her.

“F-Free?”

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After the bombshell news was dropped on her, Lord Harold showed her to the room that she would be sleeping in. Melisandre sat down on the most comfortable bed that she had ever touched and thought deeply about her life.

She and her brothers had been taken by slavers from the Basilisk Isles when she was very young. In fact, she was so young that she barely had any memories of her time on the Isle of

Butterflies. She could vaguely remember how her parents looked. She also remembered when one of her brothers had taught her how to climb trees. Beyond that, there wasn't much else.

"You're from Naath, right?" he had asked her. She couldn't help but blush deeply. Missandei didn't know what came over her. Perhaps it was because a handsome and powerful man like him knew details about her that others didn't. Either way, she shyly nodded. He told her that he passed by Naath regularly and that he would return her to the island if that was what she wanted. He also said that he would drop her off in Braavos, Westeros, or wherever else she desired. Needless to say, she had some thinking to do.

When he stated that she was free, she believed him. He looked as if he didn't have a care in the world despite the fact that he was clearly about to wage war. His confidence scared her, to be honest. Whatever her reasons were, she believed him when he said that he would let her go. The problem was deciding what to do.

She didn't remember life in Naath and even thinking about returning to a culture that she wasn't a part of scared her greatly. She knew no one in Braavos, Westeros, or any other city. What would she do? Become a whore most likely. That was the likely outcome. When becoming a slave in Astapor, she was lucky that the Masters discovered how smart she was, or else she would definitely have been made into a bed-slave. She had had it much easier than other slaves, that was for sure. The thought of suddenly becoming a free woman was frightening to her. She would have to rely on herself. Suddenly hit with a wave of tiredness, she kicked off her shoes and curled up on the bed. Finding it hard to sleep, she stayed up late thinking about her options.

Meanwhile, in Harry's cabin ...

Harry grunted as Melisandre pushed her head down until her face was touching his lower belly. Her hand was massaging his sack as he filled her throat with his cum. Once he was drained, she pulled off of him, sucking in a deep breath. She walked over to the sink and washed her face and rinsed her mouth before coming back to bed. Harry watched as her lovely breasts bounced around as she walked. It was a pastime that he would never grow tired of.

"In the morning, I'll drop you off in Asshai so you can speak with the Priests and make plans," Harry said as she climbed onto the bed and wiggled under the covers. She wrapped an arm around his muscled belly and rested her head on his chest. The pleasing scent of her hair filled his nose as she snuggled in. She loved the shampoos that he made her. Harry often created his own toiletries. The stuff in this universe was dreadful, and now that she had gotten a taste of the finer things in life, she was loathed to do without. "You still plan to create a Red Temple when I conquer the Disputed Lands, right?"

Melisandre nodded. "Yes. I'll make the plans with insights from my brethren at the Temple. Once you're done waging war, please come and collect me, My Lord," she reminded him. Secretly she

was scared that he might leave her there. Her fears were alleviated when he leaned down and kissed the top of her head. She had never blushed so hard in her life.

"Of course, I'll come to get you," he promised, gently dragging his fingertips over her nude back. He felt her shiver from his touch. He pulled the blankets up further, covering her back. "Are you sure that you don't want to watch the battles take place?"

She shook her head. She had no interest in war. Her only concerns in life were Her Lord and R'hllor. "I'm sure that you'll do a spectacular job without me there to watch over you. Please avoid injuries though, My Lord," she begged. Harry chuckled.

"I'll do my best," he told her.

The following morning, Harry Faded with Melisandre and dropped her off in Asshai. Harry decided that at some point, he would come back to the dark and mysterious area to explore it further. At the moment, he just didn't have the time. Harry went back to the ship and spent some time going over his business records. His life wasn't all fun and games after all. At times, he even thought about calling off his plans to rule. The paperwork alone would be a nightmare. He sighed as he pulled the next one out. It was a report regarding these strange green plantains with yellow spots that he discovered in the jungles of Sothoryos. The people of Meereen loved them. They were fried, boiled, baked into breads, and pretty much eaten in every way that you could imagine. As such, they were selling quite well there but hadn't taken off anywhere else yet. Harry put his report down when he heard a soft knock on his door. On the other side of the door was the sweet face of Missandei. Again, she had her head tilted downward in a show of subservience.

"Good morning, Missandei. Please, come in," he greeted her and ushered her into his room. She walked in slowly with unsure steps.

"Good morning, My Lord," she replied in her soft voice. Harry led her to his desk and pulled up a chair for her. When she sat down, he moved his chair so that it was facing her.

"What can I do for you?"

With her heart hammering in her chest, she said, "I do not wish to return to Naath."

Harry raised an eyebrow at that. "Do you wish to go somewhere else?"

Missandei shook her head. "Then what do you wish to do with your life?" Harry asked. She opened and closed her mouth a few times, likely very nervous and unsure of herself.

"I wish to stay and work for you," she told him shakily. "If you will have me!" she quickly added, not wanting to offend him. Before he could answer, she continued.

"I speak many languages and know about many different cultures! I can read and write and do mathematics and ..."

Harry suddenly stopped her.

"Mathematics you say?" he rubbed his chin. She quickly nodded her head.

Harry smirked. Perhaps ruling wouldn't be so bad after all.