

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 12

Harry loved feeling Daemon glide through the air effortlessly with his massive wings splayed wide. The death he provided could be silent or as violent as a volcanic eruption. Thankfully for his enemies, they weren't flying into battle. Instead, Harry was checking out the progress being made. In the months since he had last checked, the city was nearly complete. Because of this, Harry pulled the vast majority of his drones away from the city and put them on road construction.

Harry just didn't have the time to build all of the necessary roads himself. While he would have loved making all of them with his magic and Dragonfire, that wasn't sensible. There were thousands of miles of roads needed, and he had more important things to do. Although he didn't want to make them himself, he still wanted them to be the best roads in all of Essos or Westeros. To make that happen, he had his drones create concrete which they would pour after reinforcing them with rebar produced from the iron taken from the mountains in the Far North. He had already opened a concrete-making operation in the ruins of Valyria. The desolate land had practically everything needed in abundance. As a bonus, the drones had already found a few more Valyrian Steel daggers and knives.

At the moment, they were building three main roads. One went from Seven Swords to Myr, first east, then following the Sea of Myrth all the way up to the City State. The second was by far the longest, going southeast from his city until it would inevitably reach Volantis. That one wouldn't be done for quite a while. The final road was heading south to the southern coast. At the moment, he really didn't have a reason for it, but he was sure that one would come up eventually. He planned to have perfectly flat roads all over his land, connecting every major point of interest. As he flew over the Road of Myrth, he saw that good progress was being made. The largest workforce was working on that road after all.

While it normally would have been considered extremely foolish to connect your city with an unfriendly land, in this case, Harry had already taken care of that problem. Myr had capitulated and declared the Disputed Land to be his now and for all time. Of course, they didn't do that out of the kindness of their hearts. Like Volantis, they heard from travelers and sellswords who were passing by that someone was building a grand city near Myr. This, of course, intrigued them. Why spend the time and money building a city when you can easily take someone else's? And again, like Volantis, they sent an army of sellswords to siege the city that hadn't yet been populated. Having been keeping track of the nearby cities, Harry knew almost immediately. He saw the army of hired thugs marching out of their walled city in groups of a thousand, and there were over a dozen of them. Had he been a normal person, he would probably have been utterly screwed. Instead, a smile broke out on his handsome face. Within hours, he was flying toward the marching army.

As the Magisters of Myr watched their army go forth to sack the newest walled city in the area, their pride suddenly turned to confusion. From high atop their city's wall, they saw their hired company break ranks and scatter in a panic. Suddenly, one Magister screamed in fright. The rest then saw what had caused the scream. A black beast from ancient nightmares swooped in low and opened its enormous maw. A tiny flicker of fire in the back of its throat suddenly turned into an inferno as fire rained down on the marching army. Groups of a thousand were incinerated almost instantly. One after the other, the groups of men were set alight as the dragon strafed their positions. Running was a foolish option for them. No man was fast enough to outrun the tidal wave of fire that was plowing toward them. Most just stood there while being consumed. Within only a few minutes, the field right outside their city gate was completely ablaze. The ear-splitting shriek of the giant beast made them jump, even from so far away. As it took a wide turn and began heading straight for the city, more than one Magister pissed themselves while pushing and shoving each other, trying to get off of the top of the wall. As the beast flew in low and sailed right past them, the hurricane of wind left in its wake was strong enough to send one Magister over the edge. His screams suddenly ended when his body broke against the ground below.

They trembled as they watched the black dragon slow down and land right on top of the largest villa in Myr. Its massive, clawed feet touched down on the domed roof, crushing most of it under its gargantuan weight. The beast unfurled its wings, casting a shadow on most of the city below.

Harry chuckled when he jumped off of Daemon while sporting his signature black, Valyrian Steel armor. The city guard closed in on him, wielding spears that were pointed right at him. One particularly brave guard ran forward and thrust his spear right at him. Harry just turned his body slightly, letting the spear slide between his body and arm. Grabbing the spear, Harry pulled the man forward and headbutted him hard in the face. He immediately dropped the spear and stumbled backward, holding his bloody nose and cursing in bastardized High Valyrian. His curses were short-lived, however. As quick as a flash, the man was suddenly between Daemon's front teeth. His curses turned to blood-curdling screams as he kicked his feet back and forth. That shortly ended when he slid down Daemon's throat, armor and all. All Harry could do was chuckle when the rest of the guard took multiple steps back.

"Bring your Magisters, or I'll burn the city and everyone in it," Harry told them in their language. It was a bit of a hollow threat. He obviously would burn the city, but he would free the innocent first at least. They didn't know that, however. Within moments, the Magisters were pushed forward to face him. Harry was forced to listen to their blustering apologies for a while before they agreed to never send mercenaries into his land again. Since they agreed so quickly, Harry tossed them a bone and told them that he would set up a trade route from Myr to Seven Swords. They could then export their wares through sea or land.

Off in the distance, Harry saw a large group of people moving toward his city. Flying over, he discovered that they weren't fighters, but common settlers. Word was spreading about his city. Those who were poor but were willing to work could come to his city and receive a place to live and a job. The rent was very reasonable, and the earliest settlers got the prime spots near the

Second Wall. Those with money could get a beautiful home or large manse beyond the Second Wall if they desired. Only the most wealthy and important could get a spot within the Inner Walls.

These particular travelers looked more than a bit harassed, Harry thought as he flew by, scaring the bejesus out of them. They obviously knew about his dragon. They would have been running for their lives if they hadn't. These people were likely trying to get away from the Dothraki. Dothraki raids were common in this area of Essos. Just beyond his lands, over the Velvet Hills was the Dothraki Sea. Stretching all the way to the Bone Mountains, the Dothraki Sea consisted of mainly open plains and grasslands where the horsemen could ride and reave to their heart's content. Wary travelers and clans were often targeted by them, and they would inevitably end up slaves to the horsemen. Even the great cities like Myr would offer them slaves and other gifts as a way to keep the Dothraki from attacking their walls. Harry, of course, would be offering no such thing. Once or twice, the horselords had even come into his lands, looking for unsuspecting victims to raid. What they found was him. Like always, Harry left one of two alive to report back what had occurred. Since then, the local Dothraki khalasar hadn't been seen snooping around. They weren't even coming close to the Velvet Hills anymore. Nevertheless, Harry remained vigilant.

Harry noticed that the crowds coming to his city walls were getting more frequent. There were a lot of people in this area of the world that lived very hard lives. Moving into one of the nearby free cities was taking a big risk. At any moment they could be collared and branded as a slave. Having another choice in places to live that outright banned slavery was a godsend to these people. There was also the fact that Harry's new city actually looked new and clean. Other cities were old, smelly, and grimy. His sparkling white walls were like a beacon to them.

Poor Missandei was working long hours keeping track of the gold coming and going from his kingdom. Now she was also in charge of assigning housing and keeping track of the people moving in. He gave her the power to hire anyone she saw fit in order to help her keep up with the workload. Once he had more people, he would find those suitable and give them positions of power, as they did in Westeros. He already made Missandei the Master of Coin ... or Mistress of Coin in her case. From slave to bureaucrat, Harry shook his head. She had certainly done well for herself. Harry banked hard and flew back toward the city. Missandei needed to be ready for a flood of new citizens in the coming days.

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"Illyrio!" the wealthy magister of Pentos heard over the stomping of heeled boots coming up the stairs. The door was pushed open and in came the angered face of Viserys Targaryen. Illyrio sighed internally. He knew that eventually, word would reach his greedy ears.

"Is it true?!" he ground out, a scowl etched across his gaunt and angular face.

"Is what true?" he asked, looking up from his letter. Once again, he was writing to his good friend, Varys, trying to keep him updated on the goings on in the Disputed Lands. Being so close, he could get the news much faster than his friend, the Spider could.

"Don't act the fool!" Viserys snarled ... the dragon was beginning to wake. "You know what I'm speaking of!"

"I assume you're speaking about the new King of the Disputed Lands," Illyrio said, cleaning off the tip of his peacock feather quill and closing the jar of ink.

"Exactly." Viserys sat down opposite Illyrio on the other side of the desk. "The smallfolk of Pentos have been talking about nothing else! On my trip into the city proper today, all I heard was Dread Lord this ... and Dread Lord that. They even claim he rides a dragon!"

Illyrio didn't like what was going on. All the chaos was putting his ultimate plan into jeopardy. He and Varys couldn't come up with anything long-term because things changed on an almost daily basis. They even had plans to marry Daenerys to Khal Drogo, but those plans had to be put on hold until they knew what this new Lord's ambitions were. If that wasn't bad enough, even the Dothraki were getting nervous about the Black Rider and his dragon. They say Dothraki were the dragon's favorite treats. The only bright spot was that the new Dread Lord of the Seven Swords didn't seem to care about taking over Westeros. In fact, he didn't appear to want to take over any more of Essos either. He completely ignored every city that ignored him. Only those that attacked him drew his interest. Of course, he may not have eyes for Westeros because of his family connection. He was a bastard of the Lannisters, and blood was thicker than water. All of this was giving him a headache.

"He does indeed," Illyrio told him, waiting for the inevitable explosion of rage. Just as he suspected, Viserys's face turned bright red as his hands clenched into fists. His whole body was trembling in rage.

"Impossible! Only those of Targaryen blood can ... wait ... is he kin to me?" he asked hopefully.

"Doubtful. My sources tell me that he is the bastard son of Jaime Lannister," Illyrio confessed. He could see Viserys's hands shaking.

"The Kingslayer?!" he exclaimed through grinding teeth. "The bastard son of the man who murdered my father and sent me into exile is now ruling the Disputed Land with a dragon that rightfully belongs to me, and you are only now telling me?!" he absolutely fumed.

"I was going to tell you when I have more information, but that no longer matters. Knowing the truth changes nothing, Viserys. There is nothing you or I can do about it."

Viserys was trying hard to stay calm. He couldn't let the dragon blood in his veins burn too hot. Taking a deep breath, he commanded, "Tell me everything you know of this man."

“My spies say he is very intelligent. Even as a child he figured out ways to make a fortune in gold. Now, through his many businesses, he probably has more money than all of the lords in Westeros combined. He has so much that he has built a magnificent city of his own, which he calls the Seven Swords. Already smallfolk are flocking to it like a moth to flames. It won’t be long before it is completely filled. There are even rich merchants moving there, hoping to get in early and make a name for themselves.”

“His skill with a sword?” Viserys asked, scooting closer in his chair.

“Unmatched by even the best swordsmen. They call him the Dread Lord,” Illyrio shivered at some of the stories he had heard. “He is always on the frontlines of his army of Unsullied, wearing his black, Valyrian Steel armor and wielding his flaming blade. They say he laughs heartily while cutting down every enemy in his path. Of course, that is when he’s not on the back of his dragon, setting fire to the opposing armies.”

“What one person has ... another can take,” Viserys said greedily. Illyrio just chuckled while shaking his head.

“Myr thought the same as you. Their army is but ash and bone now, and their Magisters readily bent the knee soon after. They will not be trying again so soon. Volantis has been trying and failing over the last year. It is only a matter of time before King Harold sets fire to the entire city.”

Viserys snarled at hearing Illyrio call that man a king. “So there’s nothing to be done?”

“What would you have me do?” Illyrio raised his eyebrow.

“I don’t know,” Viserys sighed. “But I must see this dragon with my own eyes ... Perhaps my blood will call to it. Yes ... Certainly more than a bastard from a traitor House,” he said with a mad gleam in his pale, lilac eyes. Illyrio’s headache got a little bit worse.

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Harry walked around the most beautiful and expensive part of his city, the King’s Garden which was located beyond the Inner Wall. They called it that because between buildings, there were large shade trees and lovely flower gardens everywhere. Many of the buildings even had ivy beginning to grow on them. It was a very beautiful place to spend one’s free time.

On the left side of the bridge entrance stood the gleaming white Temple of R’hllor, and directly to the left of the entrance was a building that had just been built. It was much more humble than any other building in this area.

“Valar morghulis,” a man said to him as he walked toward the black and white doors of the large, windowless, stone house.

“Valar dohaeris,” Harry responded, nodding his head in greeting. When a certain man came to him and asked politely if he would allow them to build a house in his city, Harry got a tingle that let him know that Death was amused. Harry rolled his eyes. Of course, she would enjoy the religion that worshiped death. In the end, he allowed the Faceless Men to operate out of his city. Melisandre wasn’t happy about it, but Harry cooled her anger. He would allow any religion, as long as the god of that religion hadn’t personally pissed him off. Obviously, any church of the Seven would never be allowed within his lands. He would personally burn down any that he found. The only exception was if he ever decided to throw a tourney. As such, it was customary to let others freely worship their own gods while the tournament was being held. Other than that, they were shit out of luck.

Turning left, he decided to take a stroll down the Garden Road. The Garden Road was a street that ran parallel with the coast, providing the most valuable real estate in the city. Next to the Red Temple, Harry had built the Black Lion Inn. It was the most glamorous inn found anywhere on the planet. Each room was better than any found in the most luxurious manse or even the Red Keep. Royals would be jealous if they were allowed to stay there. Of course, they wouldn’t be. They would be housed in his castle where the luxury was beyond even the inn. The inn wasn’t being used since they weren’t getting an influx of wealthy travelers yet, but they would come in time.

Like everywhere else in the city, Harry felt perfectly cool. In fact, most of the citizens often complimented the city for how cool it was, despite the outside temperatures being very warm. That was thanks to Harry. It was a side effect of him using so much magic throughout the city. As ambient energy was pulled from the surroundings to fuel his enchantments, it drew in the heat and left a chill in its wake. Almost every area in the city was also enchanted to produce a gentle breeze. With the walls being so tall, almost none of the natural sea breeze could get in, so Harry was just making up for that. The results were a very pleasant atmosphere while walking or working anywhere in Seven Swords.

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Harry groaned after a long day. He sank into the warm water and let it soothe his muscles. The bathtub in his Royal Suite was the finest ever built. It was made with cream-colored marble with veins of gold running throughout. It was as large as the Prefect bathtub back at Hogwarts. In other words, it was as big as a swimming pool. Like at Hogwarts, giant silver nozzles shot out hot or cold water along with pink, soapy suds that smelled incredible. The girls absolutely loved it. It was the main reason why Missandei had started joining them during their baths. While Melisandre stayed with him in his room, Missandei had her own suite further away. She just had a normal bath, which was way better than any other in this world, but now she was spoiled after using his. That’s why he wasn’t surprised when both girls walked through the door and let their silk dresses fall off their slim shoulders. Harry watched Melisandre’s big, lovely tits bounce as she climbed in. Behind her, Missandei’s smaller, but equally sexy breasts, also jiggled as she climbed up the steps and then climbed down the set which led into the shallow part of the tub.

The dusky-skinned beauty walked up to him and slipped between him and the wall of the tub. Harry sighed in contentment as he leaned back against her naked, soapy breasts. Melisandre smirked as she watched them. She had been egging Missandei on, telling her that it was her duty to worship their master, no matter how many times Harry said that it wasn't necessary. Harry moaned when her small, soft hands massaged soap into his rock-hard pecs.

Missandei wouldn't lie to herself. She was very attracted to her Lord, Harold Hill. He was tall, muscular, and extremely handsome. Every woman she talked to felt the same way, so rubbing and washing his naked body certainly wasn't a chore for her. She viewed it as a perk of her job. Her face began to heat up when she thought about her job. She loved what she was doing, despite it being hard sometimes. It was the most rewarding thing that she had ever done, and to top it off, she had her freedom and was making a lot of gold in the process. She had her Lord to thank for that. She brushed her soft lips against his broad shoulder as her hand lowered. Her slim, dainty fingers wrapped around his monstrous length. Holding him at the base, she slowly started to move her hand back and forth. Her Lord moaned under her gentle ministrations. Working his cock with long, deep strokes, she gently bit down on his shoulder while her other hand cupped his balls. Melisandre swam up and sat at his side. She smiled beautifully as her hand caressed his wet skin.

"How does her hand feel, My Lord?" Melisandre asked in her seductive voice. Harry closed his eyes and drowned himself in the sensation.

"Wonderful," he answered. "She is very skilled."

Missandei blushed heavily. She liked that she was making her Lord feel good. Her hand began to move faster and faster until the bathwater was churning above it. It wasn't long until she felt him tense. He grunted softly and released into the water. She continued to gently slide her hand up and down his shaft, pumping every last drop of seed from his balls.

"Thank you, Missandei," Harry said happily.

"I live to serve you, My Lord," she told him softly, her sweet breath tickling his ear. She trembled when her hard nipples rubbed against his hard back. After making him feel good, she grabbed a clean rag and started washing his body while Melisandre fiercely made out with him.

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Things were starting to spin out of control for his family, Tywin thought as he sat at his desk in the Rock. The useless King was dead, and his grandson had taken the throne. That, of course, was a good thing ... or at least it would have been had Joffrey had a more even disposition. Instead, the boy was a lunatic, already on par with the Mad King. Tywin didn't see him lasting long. Already he had Lord Stark beheaded which immediately threw the realm into war. Armies were marching while Joffrey sat in his secure castle feeling like nothing could hurt him. 'How little the boy knows,' Tywin shook his head. A knock on the door made him look over.

"Enter," he called out. In came a gruff-looking man who bowed his head.

"My Lord," he greeted the old man. Twin handed him a letter, sealed with wax on the back with the family's official stamp.

"This is to go to my grandson, Harold. You say you can find him?" Tywin raised his eyebrow, daring the man to lie to him.

"With ease my Lord!" the man nodded. "He rules a large seaside city with a port. The trip around Dorne will take a few weeks, but I can get it to him safely," the sailor assured him. Tywin nodded.

"This is for his eyes only ... understand?" Tywin threatened.

"Of course, My Lord!" The man caught the small sack of gold dragons that the Lord of the Rock had tossed at him.

"Leave immediately!" Tywin ordered. The man bowed and quickly made his leave.

"It's time for my grandson to come home," he stated, tapping his fingers on his desk.