

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 13

In the City of the Seven Swords, right in the middle of the Business District was the Plaza of the Dawn. This was the main place where anyone could set up a stall and sell their wares. Those with less money didn't have to rent an expensive shop front, they could just cart their stuff into the Plaza and sell it to anyone willing to buy. At the center of the Plaza was a large, beautiful fountain that was fed by his enchantments. The water was crystal clear and smelled of a very light and airy perfume. In the middle of the fountain, towering over them was a massive statue of the Lion of Night.

The Lion of Night was an ancient god of Yi Ti. They say that when the Amethyst Empress was betrayed by her own brother, and he declared himself the Bloodstone Emperor, the Maiden-Made-Of-Light turned her back on the world, ushering in the Lion of Night who would wreak havoc and punish the wicked. It was only natural that Harry would take it as his family sigil. He loved causing chaos and punishing evil-doers.

The statue of the lion was made of a solid piece of Dragonglass, which was called obsidian in his world. Harry molded it personally and set it on a massive pedestal of white marble. Being so early in the morning, traders were just beginning to set up their carts and stalls as the sun crested over the top of his shining, white city walls. It was still quiet enough that Harry could sit at the edge of the fountain and read his letter while listening to the soft and pleasant bubbling of the water.

Early that morning, Harry received a letter from a merchant vessel that had docked in his harbor. The man claimed that it was from his grandfather, Lord Tywin Lannister. Taking the letter from him, he turned it over and saw the Lannister coat of arms imprinted on the wax seal. Opening the letter, he saw that it was indeed written by his grandfather. Harry had read enough of his letters while growing up that he knew his handwriting from a quick glance. Harry thanked the man and handed him a thick stack of his city's minted coins. The man's eyes grew greedy, and Harry was sure that he ran off to spend some time in one of the dozens of cheap whorehouses that had sprung up in the Housing District. Harry wouldn't tell people what they could do in their own houses, but he did keep an eye on the situation. All he cared about was the beauty and cleanliness of his city. Seven Swords was his city. It was a passion project for him. It was a piece of him that he hoped would live on long after he left this world. As such, he wouldn't allow anyone to sully its beauty or reputation. If those whorehouses ended up becoming dirty and disgusting, he would have them shut down in a heartbeat.

"Anything of interest, My Lord," Melisandre asked, sitting down next to him. She was always up at this time, watching the sunrise before going into the Red Temple to get ready for the day. She had taken her job as the Red Priestess very seriously. Already she had other priests under her watchful eyes, preaching to the crowds after welcoming the sun. The only part of her religion that he wouldn't allow was slavery. It was normal for Red Temples to buy slaves and train them

to be Red Priests. They could do whatever they wanted in other temples, but in his city, slavery of any form was strictly banned.

"Aye," Harry answered her. He loved the way the light of the rising sun gleamed off of her red hair and made it seem as though it was made of actual fire. "My grandfather has written to ask me to come back for a visit. It has been a long time since I've stepped foot in Westeros," he told her.

"There is much strife in that land," she wisely told him. Harry nodded.

"Most of it caused by my family, no doubt," Harry chuckled. He had been keeping an eye on what was happening back home. Things weren't going well for ... well, anyone to be honest.

"Will you go back?" she asked. Harry nodded again.

"For a few months. I have other business there besides seeing my family. You and Missandei will rule Seven Swords in my absence," he proclaimed. Melisandre looked at him with such passion that he had to lean down and claim her sweet lips. "Don't worry though. I'll use my considerable power to come back every few days and take care of your needs," he promised, toying with her thigh. His fingers brushing over the spider silk of her dress tickled her leg and made her giggle.

"If that pleases you ... My Lord," she said, giving him a sultry smile. She was lucky he didn't fuck her right there on the edge of the fountain. She probably would have loved it if he did.

"It will please me indeed," he told her, standing up. He took her hand and helped her to her feet. "Now you go tend to your flock while I go get ready for my journey." She smiled and nodded before walking off. He noticed that almost every man in their vicinity was checking out her shapely ass as she walked. Her dress was incredibly thin and practically hugged her womanly curves. Since she never wore underwear, everyone always had a great view of her coming and going. He wouldn't be surprised if most of her male followers only joined her Temple so that they could stare at her ass and tits. He couldn't blame them if they did. He walked over to the nearby stable and took his horse back through the King's Garden and over the bridge. While he could just Fade and be there instantly, Harry sometimes preferred to be seen as he made his way around the city. It gave the citizens a sense of pride, as though he were one of them.

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Sweat rolled down his cheek as his hammer struck true once again. A loud clank of metal on metal made his ears ring while sparks burst from the point of impact and flew out in every direction. Harry wrinkled his nose at the smell. Glowing red Valyrian Steel had a distinctive scent. It was hard to explain. The best he could say was that it smelled like a dragon's magic. Obviously, that was a byproduct of its creation.

Deep in the lowest recess of Summerstone, what the citizens call his castle, Harry stood in his magical workshop. This was where he created his most powerful magical objects. He stored what few native magical items that he could find there as well. In a side room, he set up an area for magical smithing that he was now using.

Missandei had started to come around and blossom into the person she was meant to be. She would never be a ruler, her Naathi mentality would see to that. But she was finally learning that she could at least be free and not have to worry about offending him every time she spoke her opinion. On one such occasion, she had said, and he agreed, that while his normal battle gear was very menacing, it would intimidate not only his enemies but everyone else as well. Because of this, he decided to take the remnants of the Valyrian Steel from the other armor set that he hadn't used and added the various knives and daggers that his drones had unearthed, and create a ceremonial set of armor that he would use to "wow" his adoring fans. This set wasn't meant for intimidation, but for showing off his wealth and splendor. It was meant to make other Lords and Kings jealous. That meant it had to be eye-catching and beautiful.

Harry had never been particularly creative when it came to these types of things. He never had a reason to be. Sure, he could create his own magic and enchantments better than anyone else, but designing something to be beautiful was more than a little beyond his scope. The good news was that he didn't need to be artistically creative. As with his other armor, he could just steal the designs from those more talented than him and no one would know the difference. Immediately, his thoughts went to those nights he spent with Death. Some of her favorite movies were the Lord of the Rings and Hobbit series. She loved cuddling up with him on the couch and watching them one after the other. As he thought this, he felt a purring sensation run down his spine. Death was giving him a not-so-subtle hint. He had a feeling that once he returned to her, they would be doing the same again. Putting that aside, he remembered things from the movies. The elves wore armor that would work wonderfully for what he needed.

For one thing, he didn't have enough steel for a large, bulky set of armor. Not that he wanted one anyway. He had just enough for a chest plate with pauldrons, vambraces, and greaves. That, however, would be enough since the point was to make the armor light and beautiful. He also remembered that the different armors and weapons in the movies were designed spectacularly. 'Whoever designed them should get a pat on the back,' Harry thought to himself. Harry especially loved the design of Thranduil's armor. It fit everything that he was going for. The only thing that he would change was the color of the cape. Instead of the original silvery gray, Harry would magically weave his spider silk into a pure white cape. He definitely wouldn't be wearing any headband like the elves in the movie. That was a bit too girly for him. He wouldn't even be wearing a helmet since he wasn't planning on using the armor for battle, and if he did, he would just do without. He didn't have enough Valyrian Steel left for a helmet, either way. All he had left was the second sword that he had found. He wasn't sure what he would do with that just yet.

Harry weaved his magic into the metal as it burned bright. His hand glowed as powerful runes etched themselves on the inside of the armor pieces. He wasn't adding much to the armor, only

temperature control and enchantments to make it more comfortable to wear. As the magic infused into the metal, Harry took his hammer and pounded on it again, sending sparks everywhere. This was the way the Goblins used to make their weapons. They'd soak the metal in their magic and then fold the metal upon itself, strengthening the blades. Harry didn't need to strengthen his metal. It was already strong enough. All he was doing was making sure that the enchantments would last for thousands of years. Hopefully, his weapons and armor would be passed down his family line in the distant future.

Harry had quite a few things to do before leaving on his trip. Thankfully, he didn't need to leave right away. His grandfather would likely still be on a ship if he left around the time of him sending the letter. If so, he would be sailing around Dorne before arriving at King's Landing. Harry estimated that he still had another week before he had to leave. His ship was much faster than his grandfather's, and his kingdom was closer to King's Landing as well. Why Tywin wanted him to meet up in the capital was beyond him. Harry could have easily gone all the way to Casterly Rock. In the end, it didn't matter much to him. At least he had time to settle things here.

All signs pointed to the end of the long summer. Those who were wise predicted a very long and harsh winter. Many would starve, but not Harry. Right now, his drones were expanding his farms on Sothoryos so that when the time came, he would be the world's leading provider of food. If the yield began going down, Harry would go over there and use his magic to keep them warm and growing. Already he was stocking up so that everyone in his city would have full bellies throughout the winter. Normally, fresh fruit and vegetables would be practically non-existent during the harsh winters of this planet. This time, however, things were going to change ... and Harry planned to use it to his advantage.

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"Stand up straight!" Tywin hissed at his idiot grandson. Beside him, King Joffrey clenched his teeth in annoyance. 'How dare the old fool speak to me this way!' he thought scathingly. Of course, he would never say that out loud. His grandfather was not the type of man to easily accept backtalk. "You are the King. Try to look the part at least."

Joffrey flushed with embarrassment. He didn't even know why he had to be here. So his Uncle Jamie's bastard was coming for a visit. He didn't give two shits. He had better things to worry about. He was the King after all. To his right stood his grandfather, and on his left was his betrothed, Sansa Stark. On her left was his mother, then his brother and sister. On his grandfather's right stood the Imp, his Uncle Tyrion.

He had heard that the bastard had gone across the sea and won a few battles. Apparently, he fancied himself a ruler now. Joffrey had a laugh when he heard it. As if a bastard could rise in such a fashion. 'He is nothing compared to me,' Joffrey had thought. After hearing that wonderful joke, he had put it out of his mind. Now his grandfather was forcing him to stand there and honor his Uncle's mistake with his presence. The whole ordeal had already put him in a foul mood.

He wouldn't admit it, but the ship that had just arrived was beyond any that they had in the Royal Fleet. That twinge of jealousy only made his mood worse. When the gangplank was lowered, and his cousin began walking down, his face turned bright red in anger. He wasn't some misshapen twit as he pictured in his mind. Instead, a man of six and a half feet walked down confidently. His face was handsome ... very handsome. His hair was around shoulder-length, and instead of Lannister blonde, it was as black as night. What did give away that he was of Lannister blood was his eyes. As green as emeralds they were. Joffrey, however, had eyes for what he was wearing. Beautifully crafted armor that shined silver like a mirror hung from his chest, arms, and legs. On his back flowed a long cape of the purest white. Joffrey also caught sight of the ripples in the metal, as did his grandfather. 'Valyrian Steel!' Joffrey thought. He was already thinking of ways that he would have his cousin killed. A King deserved armor like that, not some bastard pretending to be a King, he thought to himself.

Joffrey remembered what his grandfather had told him in private.

"Harold is not the type of man to be intimidated, and he will not take kindly to being challenged. I warn you, Joffrey, he did not get to where he is by turning the other cheek when insulted. The reports I have been receiving ... They are troubling if true. Choose your words carefully around him."

"Grandfather! It's good to see you again," said Harold in his deep but pleasant voice. Joffrey snarled.

"I AM THE KING HERE, BASTARD! NOT MY GRANDFATHER. YOU WILL SHOW ME THE RESPECT I DESERVE!" he yelled out. Beside him, Tywin inwardly cringed. Tyrion inwardly cheered. Instead of yelling back, Tywin heard his eldest grandson laugh.

"Indeed you are, Joffrey. You are well known ... even beyond the Narrow Sea," Harry smiled, walking up to the smaller boy. "They call you the Pauper King, the boy who can't pay his bills," Harry chuckled. Joffrey's face turned blood red as he watched the bastard making fun of him. Pulling out a dagger hidden in his cuff, he screamed and thrust it into Harold's belly. Or he would have if Harold didn't catch his wrist before the blade even touched him. Before he could even make another move, his arm was twisted until the bone snapped. Joffrey screamed as he was slammed to the ground. His voice was suddenly cut off by an armored foot pressing down on his throat. With his good arm, he hit and clawed at Harold's leg, but it was no use. He couldn't even gasp as his vision began to go blurry.

"So this is the mighty King you raised?" he raised an eyebrow at Cersei as her pathetic son tried to free himself.

"Release him or I'll have your head!" she snarled, pushing him hard on the chest. Instead of him moving, she only pushed herself backward. Harry laughed and removed his foot from the boy's neck. Joffrey inhaled a ragged breath as color came back to his face. He tried to get to his feet,

but the coughing fit he was going through prevented it. Eventually, she stood up, swaying like a drunkard.

"I will kill you for that!" he snarled. "I will march my army into your land and burn everything you hold." he choked out pitifully as he was holding his broken arm close to his chest while Cersei mothered him. 'Such a noble and powerful leader,' Harry thought to himself sarcastically. Harry had to admit that he could get on people's nerves at times, but he had never seen someone hold such hatred for him. It truly was a sight to behold, and it amused him greatly. Harry whistled so loudly that it made everyone jump and cover their ears. Just then, the children screamed and stumbled backward as Daemon flew down through the clouds and landed on the very top of the Red Keep. He opened his maw and roared loud enough to echo throughout the entire city. Despite being monstrous in size, Daemon was surprisingly light. Even so, he wouldn't be surprised if there was a little damage to the roof of the castle.

"I will be waiting for that day, Joffrey. But know this ... Today I spared you because you're a stupid, little boy who thinks he's a man. However, the next time you raise arms against me, I'll kill you ... kin or not. I'll burn King's Landing to the ground if need be."

Harry could see that they were scared. Joffrey and Cersei in particular. He hoped he got his point across. With the unpleasantness out of the way, he turned to his uncle.

"Tyrion! It's been a long time," he said, hugging the dwarf. Tyrion was smiling widely, clearly enjoying the show.

"Indeed it has, nephew," he responded. "You've grown."

"You haven't," Harry joked. They laughed together when a little giggle joined in. Harry saw his cousin Myrcella giggling at his joke from behind her mother. She was young. Perhaps eleven or twelve. She wasn't much older than he was when he first went to Hogwarts. Harry smiled at her. She blushed deeply and hid her face against Cersei's back. It didn't stop her from peeking out from time to time.

"Where's my father?" Harry asked, looking around. Tywin cleared his throat.

"He was recently captured by Robb Stark's army in the Riverlands. From what I know, he is alive and as well as can be expected," his grandfather told him. Harry's eye twitched. While he didn't hold any true love for any of the Lannisters, he did hold a certain amount of fondness for a few. His father, while absent most of the time, treated him well and with respect. Harry saw him more as a brother type rather than a father. His being captured was an annoyance that he would have to deal with.

"That is ... disappointing," he responded with a no-nonsense attitude. "Let's go inside. We need to talk," he told Tywin. Harry whistled again, and Daemon jumped off the tower and began flying circles around the city.

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As the door shut behind them, they sat at a table across from each other. Harry poured them some wine while his grandfather began.

"It seems that you've done well for yourself during your absence," he drawled.

"I have. Far better than I could have dreamed ... But that is not what's important right now. My father ... What's being done to secure his release?" Harry asked, passing the cup of wine to Tywin.

"There is little to be done," the old man told him. "I'm attempting to trade the Stark girl for my son, but Joffrey makes things difficult," he admitted. Harry nodded. The little fucker would.

"Where is father being kept?"

"They keep him with them at all times. They are still likely in the Riverlands."

Harry sighed. He'd go first thing in the morning. It was already getting dark, so there was no point in going now. He was sure that he could make Joffrey see reason.

"I will make the exchange myself. Now if you will excuse me," Harry said, standing up. "I wish to freshen up before dinner." Harry bid his grandfather a temporary farewell and made his way back to his room. What he didn't expect was for a certain blonde aunt to be waiting for him.