

AN- Thanks to one of my supporters for suggesting the ship's name.

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 8

Early in the morning, Harry woke up and looked down on the redhead that was snuggled up to his chest. She was breathing steadily, and he felt her warm breath brushing against his bare chest. She was still worn out from their physical activities from the previous night. Realizing that it was the perfect time to do his chores, Harry disappeared after leaving behind a body double that she continued to sleep against.

He yawned as he appeared back in Westeros. Due to the time difference, the sun had already been up for over seven hours. Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, he went about going from place to place and restocking the materials needed for his various businesses to continue being profitable. Most of his efforts went into the multiplication of scrap metals for his many blacksmithing shops. Once done, he went and spent a bit of time with his growing dragon. It was important to make sure that he spent plenty of time with the beast while it was still young. After letting the dragon fly back over the jungle so that it could continue hunting the giant spiders, Harry returned back to bed. It wasn't long before Melisandre stirred.

Not one to just stay in bed, she sat up, and Harry watched as the silk sheets slid off of her nude body. The cream-colored silk slid over her soft and delicate shoulders and cascaded down her voluptuous breasts. As they were bared to him, he made no secret that he was staring at them. Melisandre never tried to hide them. Thanks to him, she had a new, young body free from the aches and pains of old age. She proudly displayed them as she rubbed her eyes and stood up. Harry knew exactly what she was doing. It was almost impossible for her to sleep past sunrise. It was as if her fire god called to her the moment the sun's rays broke the horizon. She had confessed to him that every other Priest and Priestess that she knew acted the same. Once the sun was up, their bodies were filled with the power of R'hllor, making further sleep difficult. She walked to the cabin's door completely nude and stepped out onto the deck of the ship. Not paying his drones any mind, she bathed her body in the Light of her god.

Harry didn't need R'hllor's power, but he was captivated by the way her breasts jiggled when she walked. He appeared behind her and placed his hands on her wide hips. Melisandre smiled sexily as he nipped at her bare shoulder while his hands moved up her slim sides until they were brushing the underside of her large, perky breasts. She closed her eyes and leaned back against his bare chest. Already she was rubbing her pert bottom against his rapidly hardening cock.

"You wouldn't happen to know where I can find an army, would you?" he smiled as he cupped her lovely tits. He heard her gasp as his fingers brushed over her hard and crinkled nipples.

"You can always buy slaves, My Lord," she answered him as she rubbed against him harder.

"I would prefer to not buy human beings," he told her in return as one hand lowered down her smooth belly. His finger toyed with her belly button before his hand lowered even further. When his fingers brushed over her mound, Melisandre was fully into it. A moan left her lips as she began pushing back against him.

"Then don't pay! Just take them," she shuddered as she bent over and presented her ass to him. She clenched the railing of the ship tightly as she eagerly awaited his response. When she felt his length stretch her utterly and completely, she cried out as her body trembled from the pleasure of her orgasm along with the warmth of her god's embrace.

The Dread Lord of Essos

Located in the south of Slaver's Bay, at the mouth of the Worm River was Astapor. Also known as the Red City, it was one of the three great city-states of Slaver's Bay.

"This place is a shit-hole," Harry coughed as red dust continued to sting his skin. Finally having enough, he placed spells over him and Melisandre who thanked him as she removed the dust-covered cloth from in front of her mouth. The wind had begun to pick up as they neared their port. It hadn't calmed as they left their ship, the *Prima Nocta*, and Harry was starting to think that one of those two-bit gods was trying to stop him from doing business. It didn't really matter though, as he wasn't here to buy or even steal slaves. He was still a few years away from his first move, but it was always a good idea to gather as much information as he could. What he had gathered so far was that the city was old and crumbling.

"Yes. The dust is most unpleasant," she sneezed and sniffled as she rubbed her nose.

The city had gotten its name from the red bricks that every building in the city was made. Unfortunately, practically every building was in some state of disrepair. Because of this, the brick dust would kick up every time the wind blew in from the gulf. Looking up to the heavens, Harry glared fiercely. It was only a few seconds later that the wind began to calm. As soon as it did, people slipped out of their covers and started doing business again. Melisandre claimed his arm as he walked on. "What do you know of these fighters you spoke of?"

"The Unsullied," she answered as they walked past a young boy getting whipped for spilling some of his master's drink. "They are slaves that were trained from a very young age to be fearless warriors. Their trainers castrate them for whatever reason. I'm sorry, but I don't know much more," she told him as they walked on.

"They are good warriors?" he asked, raising an eyebrow. She nodded in return.

"They are said to be the best, though I haven't seen them in action."

“Interesting,” he said to himself as he stopped to watch a street fight. He had heard about the famous fighting pits of Astapor, but it seemed that knife fights weren’t limited to them.

“AAARGH!” one man yelled as he took a wicked slash across the chest. The small crowd oooh’ed as his chest opened up and began leaking blood. Harry could see his face turn pale as he stumbled. The darker-skinned man saw this and struck. He dodged one last desperate swing of the blade and buried his knife into the man’s belly. He grunted in agony as he doubled over and fell to the ground. A small pool of blood began to grow larger as the crowd cheered and booed while they exchanged money from the bets that were won and lost. The crowd suddenly quieted down as a horse rider trotted by, his nose up in the air and the snooty expression evident. The scent of his perfume was overwhelming.

“He is one of the Good Masters,” Melisandre explained.

“He has strange hair,” Harry said as he watched the man travel in the direction of a large pyramid in the distance. The man’s hair was styled into that of a bird’s wings.

“It is a strange land,” she added. Harry wholeheartedly agreed.

“Come on. Let’s go,” he told her. “And mind the elephant shit,” he said, indicating the large piles of manure that adorned the red brick streets. Harry had no idea why they allowed people to ride elephants around the city. The couple made their way down toward the center of the city. As they got closer, the noise level increased dramatically. They nearly had to push their way into the Plaza of Pride as there were so many visitors that day. Shoulder to shoulder, they finally made their way in, and the first thing that Harry noticed was the very large bronze statue of an Astapori Harpy set on top of a fountain and located in the middle of the crowded bazaar. Taking a closer look, he could see that it was at least twenty feet tall and that the base was made from the same brick as everything else. The head and body were that of a beautiful woman with foul, yellow water pouring from her breasts. On her back were leathery wings that were spread out. She possessed the legs of an eagle and the tail of a scorpion. Grasped firmly in its talons were the manacles used in the slave trade. He could hear the gushing of the foul-looking water that smelled distinctly of sulfur.

As they pushed their way further in, stalls gave way to open areas where slaves were being displayed for sale. It wasn’t until they reached the area closest to the harpy statue that Harry got his first look at the Unsullied. At least a thousand were lined up in groups of a hundred. They stood completely still while holding a spear and shield. They wore dark, leather armor and on their heads, they wore spiked helms. They certainly were a menacing-looking bunch, Harry thought. No one could deny that they were very disciplined.

“When we’re ready to take the next step, we’ll come back and “acquire” them,” Harry told her. She pressed in closer to him so as to not get lost in the hustle and bustle of the busy market.

“So what do we do now?” she asked him as he led them away from the eye-watering stench of the fountain. Bed Slaves smiled at him as they walked by, trying to tempt him to pay for their services.

“Continue growing my businesses. Simply stealing the Unsullied and getting them to fight for me will be fine at first, but eventually, I’m going to need a much larger army. I doubt that they will want to fight for free, no matter how good of a leader I am. For that, I need gold,” he explained. Melisandre reached down and gripped Harry’s hand with hers when she felt some foul man grab a handful of her ass as they walked through the crowd while trying to get to the exit. With whispered words and a flick of her finger, the man’s trousers caught fire. She smirked evilly as she heard the surprised and pained yell of her assailant. Frightened yelps of the onlookers quickly followed that while the man rolled on the ground attempting to snuff out the flames. Harry just chuckled merrily at his punishment.

“You wish to grow your lumber company?” she asked him for clarification. Harry confirmed this with a nod.

“Not only that, but I’ll need to branch out. I think farming the land should come next. It will take time for the newly planted crops to grow, no matter how good the conditions are on Sothoryos.”

Finally sick of fighting the rush, Harry Confunded everyone around him and vanished back to his ship along with his companion.

296 AC

At eighteen namedays old, Harry was now bigger than most men. As if by magic, he had grown even more handsome in the last few years. There wasn’t a female head that didn’t turn in his direction as he passed by.

“Sign here please, Lord Harold,” the banker said as he pointed to a specific space on the contract. It was only fitting since it was his company that produced the contracts that the Iron Bank used. Harry dipped the quill in ink and signed his name. As the man checked the contract over one more time to make sure that everything was on the up and up, Harry’s gaze traveled throughout the luxurious room. Being one of the Iron Bank’s largest account holders, they afforded him perks that others simply did not get. To prove his point, a busty and sweet-smelling maiden walked over to him and refilled his glass of wine. Harry thanked her as he leaned back on the thick-cushioned chair that he was sitting on.

Harry had just cut a deal with the Iron Bank to continuously import thousands of tons of Auroch beef which they would turn around and sell to merchants who would sell it to the people of Braavos. Of course, Harry would sell it to the bank at a reduced wholesale price, and the money would be placed directly into his account. Already the city was buying wood and charcoal by the shipload. They would buy it as fast as he could bring it

During the time that he was setting up his farms along the coast of Sothoryos, he came across a different species of Auroch that was slightly different from the ones in Westeros. The only major difference was that the Sothoryosi version had shorter horns and thinner, shorter hair. Another difference was the taste. His cattle tasted better than the others. The meat was more tender and held the juices better. Once he started selling it, people much preferred the meat from his cattle. Now he had thousands of acres of land dedicated to their breeding, raising, and slaughtering. He tried to not let any bit of it go to waste. The leather, innards, horns, hooves, and even bones were all sold. However, only the meat and leather made large amounts of coin.

In truth, only a small portion of his wealth was going into his account with the Iron Bank. Some of his wealth remained safely in Westeros where it was still being managed by his dwarf uncle, Tyrion. Most of his fortune was hidden in a vastly expanded secret compartment in the hold of his ship. Once he had a castle of his own, he'd move it into a dedicated treasure vault. Until then, he'd watch over it himself. Thanking the man, he left the office and the bank and went back to the fancy room that he was renting.

Harry sat down on the bed when a figure entered the room. As he looked over, he saw who was widely considered the most beautiful woman in Braavos. The Black Pearl of Braavos, or Bellegere Otherys to those that knew her, was a courtesan of great nobility. She had come from a line of famous courtesans, the most famous of which was her own mother who was also known as the Black Pearl. Some would say that she deserved to be called the Brown Pearl thanks to her perfect, light brown skin. Her hair was as dark as his, and her eyes were a deep brown. Her wide hips gave way to a slender waist which gave way to full, lovely breasts. She had only reached her late teens and already she was the toast of the town. Rich and powerful men traveled from all over the world hoping to gain favor from the newest of her lineage. Songs were written and gifts were abundant from her many admirers. A simple smile from her could elevate a fishmonger into a man of respect and admiration ... That was the power of the Courtesans of Braavos.

The bed shook as she dropped down behind him. Harry felt her hands begin to remove his shirt. As the shirt fell off of his well-muscled shoulders, it was quickly replaced by a pair of soft, luscious lips. Harry smirked to himself as Bellegere peppered his body with kisses while her hands stripped him of his shirt before moving onto his trousers. While every man and even some women tried desperately to get her to even look at them, she was practically begging him to return to bed with her. He hadn't even needed to ply her with money or gifts. His incredible beauty captivated her just as hers did so many others. Harry would never turn down an opportunity with the most famous Courtesan in Braavos. He suddenly grabbed her and flipped her onto her back. Now that she was underneath him, his eyes lowered to her large and perfectly shaped breasts that were heaving with every strained breath. They were hidden underneath an expensive and very short robe made of see-through lace. He could see her light brown nipples crinkled and hard underneath the fabric. Not wanting to tear such a well-made garment, he slowly opened it up, exposing her breasts to him. He allowed his fingers to graze her gorgeous, honey-kissed skin. They traveled from her navel, up the middle of her slim and

toned belly, and over the underside of her breast. When his fingertips brushed her hard nipple, her back arched and she gasped in pleasure.

Harry could see her silently begging him with her eyes. Her long, full lashes fluttered as her body trembled in excitement. Her soft, pink lips parted as he lowered his mouth and placed gentle kisses all over her breast. Her back bowed as she tried to press her nipple to his mouth. Harry chuckled at her insistence.

"In due time, my dear. There's so much more of you to taste," he teased her as his lips made their way up the middle of her chest and over her throat. He could feel the heat of her skin as her body trembled under his experienced touch. She was absolutely desperate for his affection. Threading her manicured fingers through his shoulder-length hair, she pulled his lips up to hers and passionately kissed him. Her body was practically molded to his as she sucked on his tongue and nibbled on his lower lip. Somehow, she had wormed her way out of her opened robe and removed his pants. She now had him pinned underneath her while she mounted him and settled on his lap. Harry closed his eyes and moaned from the sensation of her plump and hairless lips sandwiching his cock between them as she pressed down. The burning heat of her pussy felt wonderful, and the abundance of arousal that was leaking from her silken slit made her movements even more pleasurable.

Harry had no doubt that if Melisandre was there, she too would be enjoying the young and tight body that Bellegere had to offer. Harry had left her in Asshai to conduct some business at the Red Temple. He planned to go back for her in the next day or so. In the meantime, he didn't think that she would begrudge him the opportunity to receive such pleasure from the Black Pearl of Braavos.

Bellegere looked like sensuality personified as she slid her hands up her body and into her hair. As she lifted her hair up, her breasts lifted up as well. With her body on full display, she ground her hips in a circular pattern before lifting up and dropping down on his cock. Both of them moaned in delight.

Their raucous lovemaking had woken several up in the wealthy neighborhood, earning them loud reprimands that carried through the open doors of his balcony. They laughed merrily as she cuddled up to him. When it was time for him to leave the next day, he escorted her as far as the Moon Pool before she pulled him into a deep and passionate kiss. Unembarrassed, she made him promise to come back soon to visit her. As she walked away with her wide hips swinging, everyone looked from her to him with wide and shocked eyes. Harry gave them a cheeky wave and left as they started to chatter about just who he was.

Finding a safe place to Apparate from, Harry left Braavos to go check in on his other money-making ventures. As soon as he reappeared, a cold shiver ran through his body. The chill was bone-deep as he set foot in a valley that was in the northernmost part of the Frostfangs, beyond where the Milkwater began. Even the Thenn didn't venture this far north. The Lands of Always Winter was only a stone's throw away, and he could feel it. The thousand

or so drones that he had working in this area were pulling more magic from him than the others. They had to in order to keep from freezing in the absurdly frigid wind that continuously battered them from the deep north. He also noticed that they moved and worked slower than the drones in Sothoryos and even the ones in the Frozen Shore. The cold in this area felt unnatural. It felt as if it sucked the magic from everything around it. It was unnerving to him. He could only imagine what normal people must feel. It was probably why the Thenn didn't come near this area. On one occasion, Harry stood on the highest peak and used his enhanced vision to peer deep into the Land of Always Winter. He could have sworn that he saw a decomposing figure riding a spider that was bigger than the ones in the Green hell.

Checking on the progress, he was happy to see that everything was going as planned. Harry had used his senses to find the mountain with the richest deposits of gold and gemstones. Now that his drones were using tools and magic to cut deep into the mountain, they were steadily pulling out ores that were then refined into bars. Once a week, Harry would return, pack up the valuables, and take the bars of gold, silver, copper, and iron back to Sothoryos where his drones could work more efficiently. The gold, silver, and copper were stamped into his own personal coinage which he would use once he created his own kingdom. The copper coins were stamped with Melisandre's nude figure. The silver coins were stamped with the image of Daemon, his trusty dragon, and the gold coins were stamped with the image of the Lion of Night, his House's banner.

All of those coins were safely stored in his ship along with the rest of his secret wealth. He wouldn't release them into the world until the time was right. Seeing that everything was on the up and up, Harry disappeared and continued with his errands.