

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 37

Harry stood on the deck of his mighty warship as it pushed its way into Blackwater Bay. He watched as the Red Keep inched closer and closer. The wind shifted slightly, and Harry wrinkled his nose in disgust.

"If it smells this bad from here, what will it smell like in the city proper?" came the sultry voice of his "advisor". Melisandre pressed her big breasts against his back and hugged him around the waist. Harry chuckled.

"Very unpleasant," he responded, putting it lightly. He reached down and slipped his hands through the slits in her dress. The smooth skin of her thighs was pleasing to the touch. With both of them being so busy, they had little time to spend together. Even now, they weren't taking a trip to spend some quality time together. Melisandre had her own little minions scuttling around the city attempting to convert the masses to her specific brand of religion. Harry didn't mind. One religion wasn't much different from another, he thought. He had no time for any of them. While he would be exploring the city, she would be meeting with her acolytes. He would normally send one or more of his drones with her to keep her safe, but Melisandre was more than capable of handling herself. Even so ...

"Be careful in the city. The temperament of the people right now is as rotten as the stench," he honestly told her. He could feel her smiling against his back. She shuddered sexily as his fingertips danced over her soft, smooth skin. One of her hands moved from his belly, down to his trouser-covered crotch. She cupped his bulge and used her thumb to massage it. This time it was his body that shuddered in pleasure.

"There is no need to worry about me, My Lord," she promised. "Besides, I don't intend to go very deep into the city. I am meeting my people just beyond Fishmonger's Square."

"Still, be mindful of dangers. Do you have gold on you ... just in case?" he asked her. She gently spun him around and took a step back. She posed sexily in her skin-tight dress. His eyes devoured her wonderful curves.

"Where exactly would I keep it?" she smirked. Harry smiled and grabbed her by the hips. He pulled her close to him and used his finger to pull aside the small amount of material that was covering her breasts. He leaned down and kissed the exposed valley between her lovely tits.

"I can think of a few," he smirked back, his hands groping her shapely ass. He suddenly heard a feminine voice clearing her throat. He looked over Melisandre's shoulder and saw Cersei standing there, looking none too pleased.

"Yes, Cersei?" he asked while Melisandre started nipping at his neck.

"Would you mind holding back your perverse nature for a while? We are nearly at the harbor, and my son's safety is more important than a quick piece of ass," she glared at him. Harry sighed.

"This may very well be the last time we see each other ... So please, refrain from being a cunt any longer. I'd prefer my last memory of you to be a pleasant one," he told her, breaking free of Melisandre's wandering hands. Cersei huffed and continued to glare at him. However, she stopped glaring when he grabbed her ass and kissed her deeply. Cersei squealed in shock before closing her eyes and deepening the kiss. As much as she didn't want to admit it, she would miss his lips ... and other parts of his body. He gave her ass one last squeeze before letting her go. She fixed her hair and turned her back on him, going back into the cabin.

"I, for one, will NOT miss her," Melisandre said to him. Harry smiled at her while the ship sailed up the Blackwater Rush and eventually docked in the harbor. The lovely redhead gave him a quick kiss before she walked down the gangplank, drawing the eyes of every man in the vicinity. He watched as she pushed her way through the crowd of adoring seamen and dock workers. When one man reached out to grab her tit, she grabbed his thumb and bent it until the bone snapped. Harry heard the man's scream all the way up on the ship. He laughed as she kept on walking, her wide hips swaying back and forth.

"Come along, Cersei ... Tommen," Harry commanded, and they quickly joined his side. The least I can do before leaving is to escort you to the castle. Remember that it has been taken over by the people of the city, and there are no gold or white cloaks to help you. I've contacted Grandfather and have paid some of my spies to smuggle in a small force of his men. They should have already cleared the castle and are waiting for your return."

Cersei looked stone-faced, and Tommen looked as though he wanted nothing more than to go back to Seven Swords. He escorted them off of his ship and sat them in the back of a horse-drawn cart. He tossed a thin sheet over them to keep them hidden. Harry drove the cart with his hood up to hide his face from the crowds of people. Thankfully, the journey down River Row wasn't long, and soon after the journey began, Harry stopped the cart and pulled the sheet off of Cersei and her son. They were at one of the smaller, secondary gates that were usually used to bring fresh fish and other imported goods into the castle. The Lannister men were waiting for them. "Your Grace," the leader bowed as Cersei got off of the cart. She immediately stood up straighter with a look on her face that reminded him of Narcissa Malfoy at the Quidditch World Cup Finals all those years ago. It was a look that Harry knew well. She thought that it made her look regal, but in reality, it looked as though she smelled something foul, which she probably did.

Harry didn't want to burst her bubble and remind her that it was her son who was going to rule. 'Oh, well,' he thought. She wasn't his problem anymore. "King's Landing is even more dangerous than it was when you were last here, Cersei. Be careful and take care," he told her. Cersei gave him a short, silent nod. Harry returned the nod and left them with the Lannister

men. "I'll write to Grandfather and let him know that you arrived safely. I suggest you do the same. Be better than Joffrey, Tommen, and you might just stand a chance," Harry called out, not waiting for a reply. He turned the corner into an alley and placed a Glamour Charm over his face to make him look like someone else.

As soon as he was out of her sight, Cersei's stomach began to churn as reality slapped her square in the face. She had gotten used to him solving all of her problems. She had forgotten what King's Landing was really like. She already felt sick to her stomach from breathing in the fumes of half a million people that were no better than wallowing pigs. Seven Swords was beautiful, and often she felt as though it had been created with her in mind. The streets were clean and safe. She could shop in the King's Garden while the salty ocean breeze tickled her nose. The merchants practically fell over themselves to be in her good graces and provided her with nothing but the best quality goods. Of course, it was Harold's gold that she had been spending at those exquisitely overpriced shops. Now that she was on her own, her access to his unlimited fortune had been abruptly cut off. As the wind slightly shifted, she was hit full in the face by the smell of rancid shit. She gagged and nearly vomited. Beside her, Tommen also gagged and covered his nose. King's Landing would take a lot of work and gold to come even close to the city that she had just left. Cersei very much hoped that she hadn't made the worst mistake of her life.

The Dread Lord of Essos

The last he heard was that his father was taken by the Faith. The obvious place to start looking was the Great Sept. Not wanting to walk the long distance, Harry Disillusioned himself and Faded to the nearest Square. Removing the Disillusionment, Harry began this trek up the Street of Sisters toward the large, domed building. As he got closer, he could see that the once grand building had taken a lot of damage. Much of the outer walls were charred and blackened. The large, oaken doors that had once sat so prominently at the front of the Sept were now gone, the hinges twisted and broken. Harry was immediately on guard. In King's Landing, there was hardly a place that wasn't overcrowded with people. The ruins of the Sept were prime real estate. By now, it should have been overrun with squatters. The only places that the poor stayed away from were the ones that were too dangerous. The burnt-out ruins were too quiet. Harry moved forward into the dirt and grime-covered marble plaza that had once been sparkling white. There were still no sounds. He could not even hear a single rat running around. When he arrived at the steps that led to the main entrance, he heard movement inside the building, and he came to a stop.

With his advanced senses, Harry could hear multiple footsteps that were walking in unison. In fact, they were perfectly in unison. No human could be so precise with their steps. He waited until the first white-robed Septon stepped out of the building, followed by another, and another. Septons and Septas were now pouring out of the building. One would turn to the left and stand at attention, then the next would turn to the right and do the same. The next to come out would turn left and join his brethren's side furthest away from the doorway. The next would do the same, only on the right. After over a hundred came out, they were all circling him until he was

closed in. Looking at them, Harry could see that their eyes were clouded over, and their pupils and irises were nowhere to be seen. All of them stood as still as statues with only their robes slightly fluttering in the crisp, autumn breeze. It was more than a little creepy. "Where's my father?" Harry asked in a no-nonsense kind of voice.

Suddenly, the Septons that were blocking the doorway moved aside. Harry heard the metallic clanking of someone walking in armor. With every step, it became louder. Then from the darkness, his father stepped out into the light. It was a disturbing sight to behold. His face was pale and gray with blue veins etched across his sallow skin. His hair, while still blonde, was lighter than it had been. It was as if it had been stripped of most of its color. His eyes were like those around him, murky and lifeless. On his body sat thick, golden armor that shined brilliantly, even though it was overcast and very little sun broke through the light gray clouds. The armor, though it looked finely crafted, was mostly without adornments. Only the seven-pointed star was etched onto the middle of the chest plate. The armor appeared to be much too heavy for a normal man, though his father wore it as though it was nothing more than boiled leather. In his hand was a longsword that was not wrought out of steel, but a metal that Harry could not identify.

His father stared through him without any sign of recognition. There was no anger or malice on his face. It was blank and unmoving. Harry let the Glamour fade away ... still no sign of recognition. "The Seven Who Are One?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

His father gave a slow, even nod.

"And which face is this?" he asked. "The Warrior?" he guessed. Again, his father gave a slow, even nod. "Well then ... Would you mind fucking off?" Harry asked, getting annoyed. His father shook his head once. Instead, he lifted his sword and held it at the ready.

"Have you come to kill me?" Harry asked, feeling a bit excited. It wasn't often that he got to test his skills. His father nodded without a word. "Challenge accepted," Harry called out gleefully.

He concentrated for only a moment, and suddenly, he was standing there wearing his black, battle armor with Fiendfyre in his hand. He held up his dark sword, and the blade burst into flames. Then without warning, his father began running at him. Harry swung the sword down hard, slamming the blade into the marble floor. A burst of fire erupted outward in a perfect circle. The shockwave knocked his father back. The Septons and Septas were not so lucky. The flames engulfed them, setting their white robes alight. Now, instead of standing there unmoving, they were running around waving their arms and shrieking out an ungodly sound. It sounded like the shriek of a hawk mixed with a baby's cry. Some dropped down and rolled on the ground, desperately attempting to snuff out the enchanted flames.

His possessed father brought his sword up at the last second and blocked the flaming attack. Still, he was knocked back so hard that he tripped over the steps and landed on his back with a loud, metallic clank. He was back on his feet within a second. It was the first time that an

emotion crossed his sallow face. His brow lowered, and the corner of his lips turned down slightly. A low growling sound left his lips as his hand tightened around the handle of his sword. Wanting to see if this god was as powerful as it was claimed to be, Harry threw out his hand and fired off several bolts of lightning. The Warrior swung his sword and batted each of the bolts away as though they were merely some insects sent to annoy him. Then, faster than a blink of an eye, he threw his sword at Harry. Harry turned his body to the side, letting the sword fly past him. It was so close that Harry could feel the air as it passed by. Feeling the tingle of magic, Harry spun and brought his sword up in just enough time to deflect the returning blade. A bright spark and a loud clang were produced as his blade ricocheted off of Harry's. Harry watched as the sword accidentally became lodged inside the chest of one of the burning men. He dropped to his knees, his hands grasping the blade that was protruding from his chest. It then was magically pulled from him, returning to the Warrior's outstretched hand. The Septon shuddered but remained alive even as blood began to soak the front and back of his smoldering robe.

"Not bad," Harry said to himself. Deciding to take it up a notch, he disappeared and then reappeared behind the Warrior. He slashed his sword in a way that wouldn't have killed him, but Harry needn't bother with that. The Warrior's sword quickly met his. His golden armored hand lashed out, striking Harry in the chest and sending him stumbling back a few feet. The Warrior brought his sword down in an overhead slash. Harry's came up to meet it, and they collided with the sound of thunder cracking. Smoking and sizzling acolytes that were barely getting to their feet were sent tumbling head over heels a dozen meters in every direction. Again and again, his sword came down, striking Harry's in a series of brutal blows. Harry could feel the vibrations of his sword deep in his bones as he blocked every strike. Finally, Harry let one go unblocked. He spun around, barely avoiding the blade which hit the ground where he just was. The blade sunk deep into the marble, and before the Warrior could even pull it out, Harry was already spinning and struck him in the back with a vicious blow. It sounded like a gong had been struck as the Warrior rocketed off in the direction of the Sept, hitting the marble steps and sending chunks of rock and dust up in the air. His body skipped off of the ruined steps and didn't stop until it slammed into the Sept's outer wall. Even that didn't stop the Warrior. Unscathed, it stood up and held his hand out. His sword flew back to him, its handle slapping into his palm.

Harry was instantly on him, swinging his sword and chipping away at his defenses. The Warrior was ducking and dodging his strikes, and those he couldn't were being blocked with his sword. Harry was having the time of his life as he rained down blows upon this Medieval God. As he really started giving it his all, Harry could see that the Warrior just couldn't compete. Harry swung hard and knocked the sword from his hand. Harry raised his sword for another downward strike when one of the Septas jumped on his back. She was screeching and thrashing, and her hands covered his face and began raking at his eyes. Harry growled angrily as he reached back. He grabbed her by the scruff of her robes and flung her off of him. Her body hit the stone wall with a splatter of blood and the crunch of broken bones. Suddenly, he was struck in the chest with what felt like a sledgehammer. Harry crashed through the stone wall of the Sept and hit the floor rolling. On instinct, Harry rolled to his feet and blocked an incoming strike. He then swung his fist forward and punched the Warrior right in his armored chest. The sound of the impact was sickening, and he flew back and out of sight. When the dust began to clear, Harry

saw him standing up slower than normal. The front of his golden chest plate was dented and cracked. Harry gripped Fiendfyre tightly, and the flames licking the Dragon Steel flared into a maelstrom of fire. Harry pointed his sword at the Warrior and a beam of fire shot out of the tip of the blade. The Warrior held his sword in front of him just as the beam slammed into him. Harry could see his arms quivering and trembling as his feet skidded against the soot-covered ground. His body was being pushed back from the force of the fire. In a last-ditch effort, the Warrior tilted his blade and sent the beam of fire away from him. The fire shot off through the abandoned building, cutting through walls and pillars. Huge chunks of stone were falling from the ceiling as the roof began to cave in. Neither Harry nor the Warrior seemed to mind. As the rocks fell around them, they swung and blocked and punched and kicked.

Harry backhanded the Warrior across the face, sending him stumbling to the side. Unfortunately for him, the roof decided that it was the perfect time to cave in right above him. Huge chunks of stone fell down on him, creating a cloud of dust. Harry coughed and waved his hand, blowing the dust away from him. His father's host was pushing a massive slab of stone off of his lower half and looked up just as Harry brought his flaming sword down. The tip slipped right into the crack in his golden armor. The Warrior screamed in agony as Harry channeled his cosmic powers through his blade. He thrashed and desperately clawed at the blade sticking in his chest. Harry's green eyes flared as he started absorbing the power of the Seven. Before he could get more than a taste, the Warrior retreated, leaving his father's body. The armor and sword vanished in a puff of black smoke that smelled strongly of brimstone. Harry vanished the debris that was covering his father before using his magic to heal him of his wounds.

Within minutes, his father groaned and opened his eyes. "Where am I?" he asked, confused. The last thing he remembered was being attacked by the Faith.

"In what remains of the Great Sept," Harry answered as a large stone dropped down close to where he was standing.

"What am I doing here?" he groaned again, rubbing his throbbing head.

"Causing me problems ... as usual," Harry joked and grabbed his hand, pulling him to his feet. His father stumbled over the rubble but quickly balanced himself.

"We Lannister men have a knack for that sort of thing," he joked.

"Aye," Harry chuckled. "Now let's get you to the Red Keep. Cersei and Tommen are there, and I'm sure they could use your help right about now," he told his father.

"They are here?" he asked in a confused voice. Harry nodded.

"Come along and I'll fill you in on the way," Harry said as more of the ceiling began falling around them. "Perhaps we should hurry."

"I was just thinking the same thing," Jaime replied as both men ran out of the Great Sept as the roof and walls started tumbling down.