

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 7

The stifling heat and humidity of Sothoryos were wretched in Harry's humble opinion. Had he not been an Immortal, he would have never returned to that disease-ridden cesspit.

Melisandre, while needing his magical protection from the diseases of that land, was more than happy to deal with the tropical heat. As a follower of the Red God, flames were her affinity. She could handle the heat better than anyone he had ever met, even though she did occasionally sweat. Seeing beads of her perspiration drip down into her cleavage was something that Harry thoroughly enjoyed.

While she could handle the heat, she didn't particularly enjoy flying around beside her lord. She squeezed his arm tightly as she held on for dear life. Already one dragon-like creature had sprung up from the jungle canopy and tried to eat her. It was only because of her lord's quick reaction that she wasn't missing an arm ... or worse. In her opinion, the less time they spent in this place, the better.

Several hours had passed as endless trees passed beneath them. To them, their world had become a blur of different shades of green as they sped above the rainforests of that horrid land. It wasn't until another hour later that Harry stopped above a patch of forest that wasn't as dense as the area around it. "What is it, My Lord?" Melisandre asked as she clenched his muscled arm to her bountiful bosom.

"This is the place," Harry told her with confidence. Melisandre looked down, even though she wasn't the biggest fan of heights. Squinting her eyes to try and block some of the sun's glare, she could just make out the sight of vine-covered stone peeking out from between the trees.

"A ruin?" she asked him. He nodded as they began to slowly lower.

"Keep vigilant. We're deep in the Green Hell, and practically every living creature found here is a danger to man," he told her. She hugged his arm tighter as their feet finally touched the ground. Once they were safely on the ground, Harry looked around and took stock of the situation. The place that they were in must have been a civilization of decent size at some point. The ruin that he was next to was likely the main temple that they used for religious purposes. Extending his senses, he could feel the many different dilapidated buildings that were little more than rubble now. Even in the area surrounding them, there were once villages that had long since crumbled.

Melisandre shuddered at the feeling of being watched. She scanned the surrounding forest and saw nothing but shadows and spider webs. "There are many spiders in this area, My Lord," she explained the obvious. She didn't particularly like spiders.

As if Harry could sense that, he chuckled and said, "If spiders bother you, then don't look up."

Unable to stop herself, she looked up and gasped. In the lower canopy, there was nothing but massive funnel webs on most trees. She thought that she saw a very large and spindly black leg with yellow spots slink back into its web. Her stomach turned at the thought and inched closer to her lord. "You should burn them!" she shivered.

Harry rolled his eyes. "I have need of them. Their silk will be very valuable to me. Once we're done here, I'll add more drones to this area to harvest as much silk as possible. In the meantime, I thought that you would like to see this place." Harry took her hand and led her to the fallen ruins of the once-mighty temple. He let go of her hand and placed them on a semi-rotted tree trunk that had fallen over sometime in the last year. With a mighty push, Melisandre witnessed firsthand the sheer physical strength of her lord. She blushed deeply as the several thousand-pound tree trunk rolled off a large stone slab that was almost completely buried in the ground. With a loud rumble, the tree continued to roll until it hit the side of a pile of broken stones. Bugs flitted around wildly, and birds squawked angrily from being disturbed by the loud noise. Melisandre squealed and waved her hand in front of her face as a swarm of flesh-eating flies buzzed around her.

"Don't bother ... They won't land on you," Harry explained as he knelt down and wiped away the dirt and rotting leaves from the stone slab. Sure enough, as soon as she stopped waving at them, they grew bored and flew away to attack some other unsuspecting victim. Melisandre reminded herself to try and dress accordingly in the future. A tight, red dress wasn't exactly appropriate attire for skulking around a jungle. Doing her best to kneel down next to him, she looked at the carved markings in the stone.

"What is it?" she asked.

"This was once a temple that was built by some of the first worshippers of R'hllor," he said as he wiped away as much crud as he could. He heard his partner gasp before he waved his hand and magically cleaned the stone. After that, he lashed out with his powers and grabbed hold of the massive stone. Melisandre watched in wonder as the multi-ton stone rumbled before it slowly began to rise from the ground. It wasn't until it was waist height that it stopped. Immediately, she knew that he wasn't lying. She didn't even need the Lord of Light's guidance to know that. She instantly recognized several symbols that were clumsily carved into the stone. To this day, the followers of the Red God still used them in their rituals.

"Is this a ritual altar?" she asked in shock as she reverently caressed the ancient stone with her delicate, pale fingers.

"I believe so, though I'm not sure what they used it for," he said as he studied the carvings. "But if I had to take a guess, I would say that blood is needed to activate its powers."

A distant thunk was heard before her lord's hand was suddenly in front of her face. She swallowed loudly when she saw a primitive arrow vibrating in his palm. The stone tip was only

inches from her face. A grotesque squeal echoed through the forest as a humanoid figure appeared from the trees and levitated over to them. As Harry's hand closed around its throat, he slammed its back onto the altar's surface. Melisandre took a step back as the disgusting creature thrashed around. It wasn't large at only around five feet tall with very thin and long limbs. Its skin was deathly pale, likely from living its whole life under the shade of the jungle canopy. Its eyes were a milky pink color, and its fingernails were long and yellowed. It was almost completely naked, and judging from what she saw flopping around, she'd wager that this one was a male. His face was ugly and twisted up with a nose that resembled the snout of a bat. Only a few wisps of brown hair covered his mostly bald head. The most striking feature, however, was the sharp, jagged teeth, not unlike the teeth of a shark. From what she knew about beasts, he likely used these teeth to tear meat from bone.

"One of the cannibals that live in the area," he explained before swinging his free hand down and driving the arrow right into its chest. His eyes bugged out as he let out a pained squeal. Eventually, the thrashing stopped as blood that was darker than normal spread out over the surface of the altar. When the blood pooled into the carvings, Melisandre felt the air become charged. Her skin tingled as the surrounding area began to heat up. Suddenly, out of nowhere, the body on the altar burst into flames. The crackling of meat and fat that were sizzling on the fire slightly nauseated her while Harry placed the red and gold dragon egg in the middle of the flames. He then reached out and placed both hands on the altar. She watched as he closed his eyes and concentrated.

Now she felt his magic mixing with the power of R'hllor. Melisandre breathed in and out wildly as their combined power flowed throughout her body. She had never felt anything like it. While she was busy rubbing her thighs together, Harry was closely watching as the egg began to heat up. He most likely could have hatched the egg with his own powers, but the dragons of this world were different than any that he had ever come across. They needed specific types of magic to hatch and properly form. Harry felt that it would be better if they received that magic from the world to which they belonged. That's why he sought out the oldest of R'hllor's temples. The blood and fire magics that had been performed on that very altar would be perfect for his dragon. So as R'hllor infused the egg with his power, Harry pushed his own even more powerful magic into the egg as well. Very soon, the egg was vibrating so much that he was surprised that it was staying together. The seams between the petrified scales began to glow a fiery orange before a pillar of fire erupted from the spot and ascended to the heavens. As it burned intensely, Harry took the opportunity to pull his Valyrian steel sword from its scabbard. He wasted no time in thrusting it forward into the middle of the flames.

Sweat ran down Harry's forehead while the inferno burned. Thankfully, after a few minutes, it began to die down. Harry pulled the sword from the dying flame and held the red hot metal up to his face. Melisandre watched as he whispered words of power that she would never be able to understand. Suddenly, the glowing red of the sword moved away from the edges of the blade and formed similar runes to that of R'hllor's altar. They burnt white-hot before disappearing. Melisandre looked up at him in awe. Somehow, she had fallen to the floor and was now crawling

over to him like the worshiper that she was. As he held the sword and concentrated, she saw different letters appear burning brightly against the side of the blade. He studied them closely.

“W-What does it say, My Lord?” she asked as she clawed at him while trying to get to her feet. The power of her lords was too much for her body to handle at the moment.

“Fiendfyre,” he told her. “It was blessed by R’hllor.”

To prove that point, he left her side and walked over to a young, but still very thick tree. He swung the sword and as the black blade hit the tree, embers exploded from the point of contact. Melisandre squeaked in surprise as embers and ash washed over her form. She saw a smoking cut on the tree’s trunk before it started falling over. Within seconds, the massive tree was crashing to the jungle floor, sending up dirt and dried leaves. Her eyes never left him as the blade suddenly burst into flames. She could sense the foul creatures of the jungle flee before his power. She crawled over to him as fast as possible and began rubbing her face against his covered crotch. Azor Ahai deserved nothing less from her.

“Please! Let me pleasure you,” she begged as she tried desperately to undo his pants. Harry merely chuckled and pulled her to her feet.

“Later. I still have something to do,” he told her and walked back to the altar. By that time, the flames were nearly dead. When the last bit of flame flickered out, the large, scaled egg stopped shaking. A thin crack appeared on its shell before splitting apart. A cloud of steam billowed up as the pieces fell apart. When that had cleared, Harry saw a small dragon as dark as gunpowder. He smiled at the small creature as it snorted out some leftover fluid and shook its head. Harry held out his hand near the little creature and watched as it scuttled up his arm and rested on his shoulder. Melisandre was suddenly by his side rubbing his horned head with the pad of her finger. Harry wrapped his arm around her slender waist and pulled her to him. Before she knew it, she was back on his comfortable and luxurious ship.

The Dread Lord of Essos

The last few weeks had been eye-opening for Harry to say the least. His dragon, Daemon, which he named after the bastard of King Aegon IV, had grown very rapidly. Already his body was the size of a sheep, and his wings spread out fifteen feet in both directions. If he kept growing like this, he would end up the size of a castle. Even so, Harry made sure to feed him daily.

By this time, Daemon was already learning to hunt for himself. Several times already he had tried to eat one of Harry’s worker drones. Harry just chuckled as he watched. Since they weren’t made of meat, they probably tasted terrible. Not only that, but the second that they were damaged, they disappeared. As Daemon spat out a nasty piece of drone, Harry hoped that he would learn to not eat humans. He could always weave a compulsion into his mind, but Harry

hoped that he wouldn't have to do that. At the moment, he was standing on the deck of his ship watching Daemon flying in the distance.

"He's getting big," he heard Melisandre's sweet voice from behind. Her arms reached around him. One slid over his belly while the other squeezed his crotch. Harry rolled his eyes. The woman was always horny.

"Aye. Flying makes him strong. That's why I've been staying here for the last few weeks," he told her. He wanted to get back to his exploration of the world, but the well-being of his dragon was more important. Furthermore, Harry had taken the time to give a hand to his drones. Within the last few weeks, dozens of ships were created, loaded with lumber, and sent off to be sold to whoever would buy it. Since Harry was mentally connected to each drone, he could do the negotiating through their bodies. If that wasn't good enough, his silk business was really starting to come together.

Harry made sure to replenish the drones in the jungles weekly since so many were destroyed during that time. Not wanting the spiders to be harmed, he made sure that they only drove the spiders away long enough to steal their silk webs. It was an incredibly dangerous job for the drones, but they didn't mind. Each web taken would provide enough silk for a dozen dresses, and there were literally millions of giant spotted spiders in those god-forsaken jungles. Soon, business would be booming.

He was already experimenting with different ways to weave the threads. Spider silk was much stronger than normal silk, so less could be used. That would make dresses less heavy and much cooler during the long summers. His silk was also much shinier than normal. Melisandre had already requested several dresses to be made in her preferred style. Harry was thinking about making them a little sluttier than normal. Once he had a surplus, he would start shipping it out as well. He already designed specially charmed crates to keep the silk material clean and dry during their long voyages. The drones could easily replicate the charms using his magic.

Not long after they had gotten there, he saw that the drones were burning any wood that was unsellable. Not wanting to waste something of value, he immediately set up open-walled factories to turn that unusable wood into charcoal which was shipped along with the lumber. With his fast ships, the first shipment had already made it to Braavos where it had sold out very fast. He already ordered more to be sent. The account that he had made with the Iron Bank was already overflowing with gold, and he had barely started!

His Black Wood was a big hit with the people. No one sold planks and beams in the sizes that he did. Shipwrights, builders, and carpenters were buying it as fast as it could be produced. When he started selling crops, he'd have more money than his grandfather! Harry chuckled to himself as he watched Daemon corkscrew toward the treetops before pulling up at the last second. Now that he had everything settled there in Sothoryos, he wanted to get back to business. He whistled loudly, and Melisandre quickly stepped away. The reason was easy to see. Daemon made a beeline for him and landed heavily on the deck of the ship. The dragon

waddled his way up to him and began cawing affectionately. Harry rubbed his spiny head. He used that time to push his thoughts into the dragon. Harry told him that he was going out for business, but that he would see him several times a day. That was the good thing about having his powers, he could be anywhere that he wanted, whenever he wanted. Daemon chirped loudly and ran to the edge of the ship before jumping off and taking flight. Harry was glad that Daemon liked living in this area. He was free to fly around and explore to his heart's content. In the distance, Harry saw a spurt of flames erupt from the dragon's mouth as it flew away from him. Shaking his head, he turned to Melisandre.

"Ready to continue with our voyage?" he asked. She smiled and kissed him deeply. She continued to kiss him for several more minutes before she finally let him go.

"Of course, My Lord," she purred sexily at him. As his drones began to sail away from the Dark Continent, Melisandre pulled him by the hand into his room and showed him just how dedicated she truly was.