

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 4

Harry moaned as his servant girl bobbed her head on his lap. It turned out that her name was Belova, and that she did indeed work as a whore when business was slow. It made no difference to him. She was a good servant, but then again, maybe that was because of the loyalty charms that he had placed on her. Harry threaded his fingers through her dark hair as her tongue did wonderful things to him. Slurping sounds filled the room as she gave him as much pleasure as possible. She took him down her throat as deep as she could, her hand massaging his balls as they began to churn. The girl was good with her mouth, and Harry had used it extensively over the last week. Suddenly, a loud knock on the door rang out and distracted him. Annoyed, Harry called out.

“Yes?”

“Your time is nearly up, sir,” called out the servant boy. He had to be out of the room shortly.

“I’ll be down momentarily!” Harry told him and sighed when he heard footsteps lead away from the door. He looked down and smiled at the girl. She didn’t stop during the entire time. Belova was thanking him for the generous tip that he had given her. He was sure that the fifty gold dragons were more than she had ever had. Hopefully, she would use it to better her life. Harry grunted and let go, releasing his seed down her throat. She greedily drank it down, sucking him until he was completely dry. Once finished, she continued to suck him until he was clean. Soon after, she stood up and smiled proudly. Harry chuckled and told her that she did a wonderful job, which she did. They said their goodbyes and parted the room with Harry carrying nothing but his satchel. Everything that he bought was safely stored inside. Going down the stairs, Harry handed the room key to the owner of the inn and thanked him for such a pleasant stay. He left the inn and once outside, he stretched. Harry inhaled deeply. He would miss the smell of the local cooking mixed with the smell of the sea. It was a strange aroma that he had gotten used to over the last week. Nevertheless, he had work to do.

During his week-long stay, his worker drones were busy stripping the coast of trees, cutting them down, cutting them into planks, and building his own ship. The first ship was going to be the biggest and best and would be just for him. After that, they would build more for trading purposes. Going down an alley and getting out of sight, Harry disappeared and reappeared on the same beach as before. Immediately, the stifling heat and humidity hit him like a ton of bricks. It was incredibly unpleasant. Looking around, he was quite surprised and pleased with the progress. While it was true that he could see through their eyes, he didn’t do it often. At least a hundred acres had been stripped, leaving a large area of nothing but very large stumps. Eventually, they would have to remove those to use the area for farming. Right now, gathering lumber was more important.

Using the magic that he provided, they had already set up a large dock and makeshift shipyard. Harry wanted his boat first before they did anything else. Once he had his, then they could make more permanent structures. His ship was being built at an incredible pace. The thick ribs were visible, made of the black wood from the surrounding area. He decided to just call the wood, Black Wood after the color. He didn't see any point in trying to get creative with the naming of it. Since he was here, he may as well help, he thought as he rolled up his sleeves.

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After doubling the number of worker drones, he had his ship after another week. There was no way in hell that he was taking a journey on another ship in this world. One was enough for him. Now he didn't have to. His Galley was perfect in his opinion. It wasn't overly long, at around one hundred feet in length, but looked wicked and intimidating. The Black color gave it an ominous appearance. The body of the ship was much the same as any other Galley, only sleeker and more stylish. The thing that set it apart was the sails. Harry had three sails on his ship, the middle being the largest, the front being middle-sized, and the back sail being the smallest. All three had the look of swept-back dragon wings. The fabric was a nice cream color with the largest sail brandishing his new House symbol, the head of a Black Lion that looked demonic. Once the ship was completed, Harry started with the enchantments. He went a bit overboard, but he wanted his ship to be the best that it could be. The first thing he did was add strengthening charms to it. It could still be damaged, but it would take quite a hit to do it. The second enchantment was to make the hull frictionless. That would dramatically enhance the speed. Harry didn't want to spend months on a ship, no matter how nice. He added other things here and there, and by the time that he was done, his ship could easily outrun any ship on this planet. He calculated that a trip from Lannisport to Yi-Ti would take no more than a week. Harry added a permanent crew of worker drones to his ship so he wouldn't have to do the work himself. His cabin was extremely large with several rooms, and once it was furnished, it would be fit for royalty. He conjured a few pieces of furniture until he found a place that sold quality merchandise.

The ship was launched, and Harry stood on the deck ready to take the maiden voyage. He looked on at his workers, hustling and bustling to build permanent shipyards. He saw stacks and stacks of long, thick planks of black lumber waiting to be used or sold. He could already see his bank accounts expanding in the near future. Right now he didn't need or care about money, however. His exploration of this new world was about to truly begin. Mentally commanding his drones, they turned the ship, and they set sail.

Harry stood on the deck and inhaled the scent of the salty sea breeze. He was happy to be at sea but thankful that he wouldn't have to bunk on a hired ship. This was his ship, and he could go anywhere that he desired. The first place that he wanted to visit was Valyria, or at least the shattered remains of it. He wanted to investigate what caused the destruction of the old kingdom. From what little that he could gather, around four hundred years ago, the Valyrian Peninsula was hit by massive volcanic eruptions from the Fourteen Fires. The Fourteen Fires were fourteen volcanoes that resided around the city of Old Valyria. When they cataclysmically

exploded, massive earthquakes rocked the area, tearing the Peninsula apart and creating what was now known as the Smoking Sea. It was said to be incredibly dangerous to go anywhere near it, let alone sail through the area. Sailors avoided the area at all costs. Harry paid such warnings no mind. He would sail north up the coast of eastern Sothoryos, in between Naath and Basilisk Point, then due north until he reached what remained of the once-great Empire.

Harry was glad that he decided to add enchantments to the ship. He was going to make great time. Some enchantments were also added so that they could still move when the wind was minimal. At the moment though, they had a nice strong tailwind that pushed them forward at increasingly fast speeds. As he stood on deck, the salty spray pelted him in the face, cooling his body that was warmed from the tropical temperature. Even though the ship was fast, it would still take a day or so to get there, so Harry went into his cabin and laid down on his conjured bed. He made sure that one of his enchantments helped with the swaying. He wouldn't get seasick, but it was still annoying when trying to sleep. Harry closed his eyes and tested out the enchantment. Before he knew it, he was out cold.

He didn't know how long that it was since he had fallen asleep, but he woke to loud thunder and the sound of rain slamming against the wooden ceiling of his cabin. Placing an invisible shield over his body to protect himself from getting wet, Harry opened his cabin door and was met with an incredible sight. The ship was slowly rising, climbing to the top of one of the biggest waves that he had ever seen. His drones were scampering about, trimming sails and whatnot. A crash of water hit the bow and exploded into a thousand droplets as they peaked, then they began their descent. His new boat creaked under the intense strain, but Harry knew that it would easily hold together. Their descent was so steep that they were nearly facing straight down. In the distance, he could see the tiniest speck of orange light. Flames from the Fourteen Fires were still burning. Harry mentally commanded his drones to hold onto something as they hit the sea, and a wall of water slammed into them. A body flew by as Harry was slammed back into the door. He shook off the blow and looked forward. They had to be careful the closer they got to the coastline. Jagged rocks jutted out of the sea all around the coast of Valyria. Many ships were sunk because of them.

Harry looked up. The sky was as dark as he had ever seen it. There wasn't a star in the sky, only ominous, black clouds. Occasionally, the darkness was split by the crack of lightning, as a long, jagged bolt streaked downward and slammed into the churning sea. He breathed out and saw that his breath fogged up. Harry shook his head at the unnaturalness of it. Another rogue wave hit the side of the ship, pushing it nearly onto its side. Harry even had to use his magic to hold on so as to not go overboard. More of his drones flew by, and one even hit the railing as he corkscrewed into the boiling sea. The magic of the ship was strong though, and soon it righted itself. With a loud groan, the ship evened out, and Harry sighed in relief. His relief was premature though, as the groaning continued well past when it should have stopped. Squinting his eyes in confusion, he carefully walked to the railing, slipping and sliding along the way, and looked over. His eyes widened at the sight of a massive whirlpool forming right by his boat! Just as he took a step back, a massive head and neck burst forth, hitting the side of the ship and sent Harry tumbling back. He slid and rolled down the slick planks of the deck until he slammed

into the railing on the other side. Stars burst behind his eyes as his head smacked into the rock-hard wood of the railing. His rapid healing had him seeing straight only seconds after, and Harry stood up as the ship stopped rocking. That's when he got his first real look at the beast.

Staring at him was a massive Sea Serpent, its maw wide open in a ferocious roar. Harry whistled to himself. The thing had to be at least a few thousand feet long. The head and neck protruding from the water was at least a few hundred feet in length alone and as thick as the boat was wide! The shield sized scales were beautifully colored in greenish blues and blacks with specks of gold. The face was incredible to witness. Much like a triceratops, the skull was protected with a large, bone faceplate. Unlike the triceratops whose plate was rounded, this creature's plate was pointed and jagged, giving it a demonic look. Its open mouth was wide enough to swallow the ship whole and was filled with needle-sharp, pointed teeth. The eyes burned bright white with unnatural power. He reached out with his senses and discovered something.

"Death, my love?" He heard a giggle in his head.

"Yes, Harry dear?"

"Are all the gods in this primitive world going to attack me?" he asked with exasperation.

"It's certainly possible," she giggled in response. Harry huffed.

"How come? I didn't do anything to them," he asked.

"The local deities tend to not like us, Higher-Ups. They get very jealous of our power and don't like us mucking around in their business. The world that you're on has more deities than the average, so you should definitely have a good time with that," she laughed out. She could see the annoyance on his face through her mirror.

"You could have warned me, you know," he said, annoyed.

"I knew that you'd figure it out eventually," she smiled. "Just have fun and give them a good kick in the ass for me," she responded, blowing him a kiss before cutting off their connection. Their entire short conversation took less than a nanosecond. Harry shook his head and chuckled. 'At least this will give me a little bit of a challenge and keep things interesting,' he thought, summoning his enchanted sword from his bag.

Harry knew that this beast was a personification of the Drowned God. Killing the beast wouldn't kill the god, but it would definitely hurt. Why the Drowned God was attacking him, he didn't know, nor did he care. He was going to show the fucker what it was like to fuck with a real god. Just then, the Great Serpent let out a furious bellow that shook the ship and rattled his bones. It lunged for him and his ship, but Harry was having none of it. Throwing out his hand, he cast a protective shield in front of the ship. The beast collided with the shield, throwing off sparks of

light from the magical discharge. It reared back in pain, growling menacingly, its eyes never leaving him. Harry took a running leap and jumped through his shield and landed on the top of its enormous head. It roared in anger, thrashing about trying to dislodge the Sorcerer, but Harry held on. The wet scales of its head were quite slippery, and when it reared up, Harry lost his footing and began sliding down away from its open maw. He jammed his sword into the boney plate but was only able to dislodge some scales. His sword left a long, deep gouge as he slipped off the edge of its gigantic faceplate. At the last second, Harry reached out and grabbed one of the massive spikes sticking out of its spine. As the monster's head dipped, Harry was able to stand at the base of its skull. He lifted his sword, and with a powerful downward thrust, he slammed his sword into the beast. The sound of metallic grinding hurt his ears as the sword twisted and shattered from the impact. Adding to the pain in his ears, the beast wailed a terrible cry that could be heard for a thousand miles. Looking at the sword, he could see that it was useless now. It had shattered near the guard. He tossed it away in disgust. That was when he noticed the area that he had struck. One massive scale had split and pulled free, exposing sickly, white meat that excreted slime. The stench of it hit his nose, and he pulled back in disgust. The smell of it was horrible.

With a thought, Harry summoned an older sword of his. It was a sword from his youth, so it was smaller than the other. It carried the same enchantments on it, making it stronger and ever-sharp. He could hear the beast crying in fright, but he paid it no mind. He slammed the blade into the greasy, white meat earning a pained screech from the Great Serpent. Harry's heart was pounding in excitement. He hadn't been so thrilled in years! Raising his hand, the clouds above him coalesced into a single point, and Harry used the Drowned God's own power against him. The largest thunderbolt he had ever witnessed tore down through the atmosphere, giving off the strong scent of ozone, and struck the hilt of the sunken sword. Sparks of sheared and molten metal exploded from the point of contact as the beast reared, its maw open in a constant scream of pain. Harry jumped off and levitated next to the monster. He raised his hand again ready to strike the beast once more, but the beast was done. Quickly it ducked its head and sank back into the endless depths, waiting until the next time that it was called by its master. And just like that, the rain stopped.

Harry looked up and shielded his eyes from the sudden beam of light that pierced the retreating clouds. Warmth flooded him once again, and Harry had a large grin on his face. He hoped that he had more of that to look forward to. Sighing, he appeared back on the deck of his ship and took stock of the situation. Most of his drones had gone overboard. Shaking his head in annoyance, he made sure that those vanished and new ones reformed on his deck. With a mental command, they went back to work. Harry levitated himself once again to have a better vantage point. He peered at the land beyond. It was still far, but close enough for his amazing eyesight to see. The journey would still take a few hours. Harry dropped back to the deck and went back into his cabin. He hopped onto his bed and pulled out a book on Old Valyria. He reread all of the parts of what was known about the culture of the ancient Empire.

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“Anchors aweigh!” Harry yelled out and smiled when the anchor was indeed dropped. He clearly didn’t need to give verbal commands, but what was the point of having a ship if you couldn’t use sailing talk? The ship was still a few hundred feet off the rocky coast of what was once Valyria. Any further beyond and the water was too shallow for his ship. That was no problem for him, and he levitated and flew until he was standing on the shore. Instantly, the smell of rotten eggs hit him. Looking around he could see that steam was leaking from every crack and crevice in the volcanic rock. Using his powers, Harry concluded that most of the gas leaking was Sulfur Dioxide which was bad enough, but there was also another hidden danger. Copious amounts of Hydrogen Sulfide were leaking as well. That was the true danger of this ruin. Small amounts of Hydrogen Sulfide gas was enough to kill, sometimes instantly. Thick colorless clouds of it covered the landscape, and some even boiled up from below the Smoking Sea. It was of no surprise that practically every sailor unlucky or stupid enough to come here had met their maker. Thankfully, Harry didn’t need to worry about dying a sudden and horrible death.

He rose into the air hundreds of feet and gazed upon the desolation. As far as the eye could see, there was nothing. There were no people, no animals, not even any plants. It was all rock and ruin. He flew over to the first crumbled ruin that he saw. What town or city this once was, he didn’t know. Obviously, it was a coastal city from Valyria, but that was it. He could find no map that dated back that far. From what he could tell, it wasn’t very large, likely a fishing town or something similar. Even so, the towers that once resided here must have been an incredible sight. Their ruins were spectacular enough on their own. Harry poked around but found nothing. Time had taken away anything that survived the Doom. Though, that may not be exactly true. He was still very close to the coast. It is possible that some brave explorer traversed these very ruins and took any treasures that once were hidden. Enough fresh air wafted in from the sea that a person could survive long enough to strip the place bare. Harry had a feeling that any treasures would be found much further inland. Still, he made sure. He spent the next few hours flying around and searching the shattered ruins of the once great town. Once done, all he had to show for it was a single silver Valyrian coin. Holding it up to the light, it was difficult to see what was on it. The coin was tarnished with age, but it appeared to have the face of a woman on the front and a dragon on the back. He put it in his sack and flew off in a Northern direction.

As the landscape passed beneath him, he saw nothing but bare rock for miles and miles. It was a bit later that he began seeing weeds, then shrubs, then even a few trees. Dropping down, he examined the area. Here there was less gas escaping than other places, so the air wasn’t as toxic. He continued his journey further inland. After another half hour of flying, he came across the ruins of a once massive city. Judging by the smell and the shimmer of heat rising from the ground, this place would be deadly to any living being that decided to visit. Sure enough, in some places, there were pools of lava bubbling and churning. Thick, black crusts were ripped in half only for the bright orange glow of molten stone to shine through. Harry landed on a circular pillar that was at least six times wider than he was tall. What he stood on must have been an enormous tower. It possibly belonged to a wealthy dragonlord hundreds of years in the past. Harry looked around for anything of interest. He already knew that finding books or maps were going to be damn near impossible. The paper would have rotted long ago, but in a place like this, it was too hot for paper to survive. If Harry hadn’t been using magic, it was possible that his

clothing would have combusted already. Finding anything else here was going to be difficult as well. Most items would be hidden under the crumbled remains of the ancient towers, or buried deep beneath dozens of feet of ash and rock. Harry extended his senses, searching for anything that was of interest to him. He received quite a few pings. Most were gold, likely coins buried deep in the ground. He didn't care about those. He could earn his own gold. He did get one interesting ping close by. Harry flew to the broken tower next to the one that he was on. He stood at a certain spot and slammed his fist into the seamless stone. The stone split and Harry used his incredible strength to push the two parts aside. Underneath the splintered stone, half-buried in volcanic ash was a sword of magnificent quality.

Harry reached out and brushed the volcanic ash off of the blade. He was so enamored with the way the light bounced off of the rippled surface, that he wasn't watching what he was doing.

"Ow!" he cried out, looking at his finger. He had barely brushed the edge of the blade, and his finger was sliced down to the bone. Concentrating, his wound quickly closed. Harry picked up the blade. It was gorgeous. The sword was forged from a single piece of Valyrian Steel with its blade, guard, handle, and pommel all being connected. The sword was black ... a deep black that rippled red when glinting in the light of the sun. As he gave it an experimental swing, it felt like it already belonged to him. Harry had a feeling that Death may have had a hand in it, especially since it was a bastard sword. He could feel her smirk through their connection. Rolling his eyes, Harry placed the sword in his bag. He would need to craft a sheath for it unless he wanted to accidentally cut off some body parts. Taking flight, Harry continued to explore.