

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 46

The watchmen of White Harbor were having a terrible time doing their jobs. Winter had finally arrived and with that came snow, wind, ice, and that horrible, hazy fog that seemed to lay across the water's surface in a never-ending sheet. Though they were covered head to toe in animal skins and furs, the bitter cold still crept between the seams and chilled their shivering bodies.

As watchmen, their jobs were considered important, so they received more food from their Lord than most. Every bit of that food was eaten. None was wasted, for they knew that soon, food would be scarce. That wasn't the worst of it for them. Though they couldn't guess when, at some point, the harbor would freeze over, making their jobs unnecessary. When that day came, their handouts would end as well. They were not looking forward to that day. Sadly, there was nothing they could do but wait.

A storm had blown down from Beyond the Wall, and even that massive slab of ice couldn't stop the snow and howling winds from reaching them. The size of the waves grew by the hour, the average eventually reaching six feet tall. Their visibility was poor, and soon, it would be nonexistent. The sea fog had grown so thick and soupy that they could practically taste it. The only good thing was that they didn't need to keep their attention set on the water. No one in their right mind would attempt to dock at a time like that. They doubted anyone could see the bonfires burning through the thick fog. They were lit to mark the boundaries between water and land, but the wind was so fierce that the flames were practically laying as flat as a wheat patty. Some had blown out altogether. Even with nothing to do, they were still forced to stand there and brave the weather. Ice clung to their beards and eyebrows as they stood close to the burning torches. Very little warmth reached them from the small torches. What warmth that was produced was quickly whisked away by the winter winds.

Each of the men was old enough to have survived at least two winters, so they knew what to expect. Years of bone-rattling cold, hunger, death ... It was why Northerners were considered the strongest of the Seven Kingdoms. The weak were quick to die when the food and warmth ran dry, and only the most hardy of men and women survived. Enduring such hard times was hell, and it would surely be hell again now that winter was once again upon them.

It wasn't out of the ordinary for the watchmen to close their eyes for a bit of a rest. Strong, spiced ales were provided to keep them warm. It certainly did a good job at that. The strong alcohol burned their throats as they drank deeply from their warmed cups. The only problem was that too much would make any man drowsy, so they closed their eyes. Not to sleep, of course. That would be a dereliction of duty. No, they just wanted to rest and warm their peepers for a bit, to make sure they remained sharp and keen. So, as the watchmen leaned upon each other, snoring lazily, they gasped and cried out when a loud horn boomed through the thick mist. Now wide awake, they looked around confused as to what was happening. Again, a loud horn cut through the fog and made them jump.

“It’s coming from the sea!” one of the watchmen yelled over the wind. They paid closer attention and sure enough, a second horn began to blare, only this one was further out. Then a third boomed even further out.

“Shit!” the head watchman cried out. “Blow the horn or Lord Manderly will have our heads!”

The newest member of the group nearly tripped over his feet as he ran to the large horn that was mounted on a steel swivel. He pressed his lips to it and blew as hard as he could. A deep, bass-filled rumble blew from the wide end. The sound easily cut through the wind and echoed across the harbor. Only a few seconds later, they heard another horn answer them from New Castle. Nervously, they waited.

It had been weeks since any trade ship had docked at their harbor. They had rightly thought that the bad weather made it impossible for trade ships to come to port. Perhaps it wasn’t a trade ship. The North was still at war after all. Again they waited for what seemed like forever. No one made a peep, and only the snapping wind made any noise. Finally, a massive, black bow cut through the fog. The unfriendly waves broke across it, smashing apart, and sending hundreds of fat droplets of seawater spraying in every direction. The giant ship didn’t pitch and roll as a normal ship would, they noticed. It sailed straight and even as though the harsh waves and mighty swells were nothing more than a minor nuisance. More of the ship appeared until finally the wide, cream-colored sails could be seen. In the middle of the main sail was the black Lion of Night, indicating that this was a trade ship belonging to the King of the White City, as the men in White Harbor called him. Its horn blew, making everyone in the harbor jerk and cover their ears. One after another, dozens of horns blew behind it, letting the watchmen know that there were many more ships coming in to dock. All tiredness forgotten, they immediately got to work.

The Dread Lord of Essos

Lord Manderly had been informed that trade ships had arrived. During winter, that in of itself was strange. It was widely understood that during winter time, it was every kingdom for itself. Not only that, but they were at war. The Crown wouldn’t be sending supplies to them, and the Reach damn sure wouldn’t. The Iron Islands had nothing to offer, and the Riverlands barely had enough to feed their own people. The Westerlands were likewise at war with them, and the Vale had its own problems at the moment. Dorne, of course, was so far away from the North that they were rarely in contact with one another. Besides, Dorne was a desert and barely grew anything beyond a few fruits and spices. However, when he heard that the ships were from the Seven Swords, that changed everything.

It was known to all the Northern Lords that Catelyn and Sansa Stark had gone to Essos in an attempt to broker a trade agreement. Lord Manderly hadn’t heard much about it since, but now he was hopeful that their visit had paid dividends.

Almost as soon as he had gone down to the harbor, he was presented with a letter from Catelyn Stark letting him know that all was well and that she had indeed come to an agreement with her host. Instructions on the distribution of supplies were given in which he was expected to follow. Each Lord was to get his fair share, and the Manderlys would get a bit extra as payment for shipping the goods down the White Knife and into Winterfell. As he read the letter, it was stated that many more ships would be landing all over the North to supply the Dreadfort, Moat Cailin, Barrowtown, Bear Island, Castle Black, and every other castle, keep, and fort.

Lord Manderly hadn't seen shipmen work in such unity before. 'It's like they share a single mind,' he had thought. Little did he know that he was nearly right on the money. He marveled at just how fast the massive trade ship was unloaded. It helped that the ships had their own sets of cranes to help unload. It took six men to operate each of them, but once they were going, they could unload massive pallets, each loaded with dozens of crates full of the most wonderful things imaginable.

As a hefty man that enjoys the occasional succulent feast, he was very happy to inspect the cargo only to find prime cuts of beef, pork, and mutton. Other crates held racks of Auroch ribs, and Wyman could already imagine them dripping with a honey glaze as they slowly roasted over a spit. Even as a Lord of the North, his supply of meat wouldn't last forever. In fact, some of it was already beginning to spoil, and while he liked fish as much as the next man, he didn't want to eat it every day. He wanted some variety in his diet. He closed his eyes as a pallet of bacon was sent to the castle. He could hear it crackling as the cook brought it to the perfect amount of crispiness. Of course, there were also pallets of fresh fruits and vegetables which he normally didn't touch. However, when added to a hearty beef stew, even a man like Wyman could learn to love them. The strawberries, lemons, apples, plums, and blackberries would make for some delicious cakes, pies, and tarts, he happily thought to himself.

Beyond the food, thousands of sacks of long-burning charcoal were unloaded, some being sent to the castle while some were set aside to be shipped downriver. He was surprised to find that ten ships were solely dedicated to shipping cloth material. Tens of thousands of rolls of cotton material were lowered by crane. An equal amount of wool was brought down for the smallfolk to make warm clothes out of. Leathers and furs of all kinds were crated up and ready to be used to make clothes, armor, blankets, and anything else that they needed.

For several days, ships docked, unloaded, and sailed away only to be replaced by another ship ready to unload. Wyman Manderly hadn't seen so many supplies in all his life. Hell, the North now had more than they did in the peak of summer. He shuddered to think of what it all cost, especially since he was told that many more shipments would arrive throughout winter. No doubt White Harbor would need to contribute to the payment. He would have to wait for word from Robb Stark. In the meantime, he dutifully had all of Winterfell's portion loaded up on boats and sent further inland. They would follow the White Knife and take the left bank until they reached the Wolfswood. They would then break right and follow the river to Winterfell's doorstep.

As the ships continued to flood the North with their Essosi wares, Wyman got to work. He immediately began issuing loans to his smallfolk that were able to make clothing and other items out of the fabrics, leathers, and furs that they had just procured. The smallfolk would then sell their clothes to other smallfolk and hopefully pay back the initial loan with interest. He did the same with the medicines that were delivered. He issued them to the healers among the peasants with the expectation that they would make timely payments to their Lord. Within a few days, White Harbor was bustling with new activity. Now that they no longer had to fear starvation, every smallfolk in town was trying to figure out a way to earn a few coppers for themselves from the mountain of supplies that continuously showed up at the port. They all had Catelyn Stark to thank for this. Lord Manderly just wished he knew how Lady Stark was able to convince the young King to ally with them. 'Surely, she must be a master negotiator,' he thought to himself as he bit down on roasted ribs and scooped plum pudding into his mouth.

The Dread Lord of Essos

"Please, my King ... I'll do anything! Just keep fucking me!" Catelyn cried out. Her face was pressed harder into the pillow as she squealed in delight. Behind her, the young King was brutalizing her backside, and making her cheeks clap wildly as he furiously fucked her. Her tits were being dragged up and down across his silk sheets while her ass was high in the air. Harry had a fistful of her auburn hair and was mashing her face into the pillow as he repeatedly plundered the deepest parts of her insides. He moaned as she tightened. Catelyn loved being taken roughly. All he had to do was put his palm across her ass with enough force to create a loud crack, and the little whore would tighten around him before cumming. There was practically no friction at all. She was so wet that his cock was easily able to glide in and out of her silky folds.

Beside them, Sansa was flat on her back staring at the ceiling in a complete daze. Her deep blue eyes were glazed over, and her long, auburn hair was fanned out behind her. Her chest was bare exposing beautiful tits with lovebites all over them. Her long, smooth legs were spread wide open while cum leaked from between them. She could neither see nor hear what was going on beside her. She was trapped in her own, little world after suffering through several mind-blowing orgasms.

Several hours later, Harry exited his room, leaving the women in his bed to rest. He arched his back and sighed contently when it popped loudly. Twisting his upper half to stretch out his muscles, he groaned before going back to work. He disappeared and less than a second later, he reappeared on the coast of Sothoryos. Stretched out before him appeared to be a massive city at first glance. The only thing missing was the tall buildings that one would expect to see. However, Harry had no need for them. His drones didn't sleep or eat, and they didn't require rest or bathroom breaks. They just worked, fueling themselves from his magic. That was a good thing too, otherwise, he would never be able to sate the appetites of all the kingdoms and cities that were practically begging for food.

The North, while vast in size, was very low in population. They were also quite poor when compared to the other Westerosi kingdoms. Needless to say, if Harry was only seeking gold and silver as payment, they would not have been able to afford his constant shipment of supplies. The entire kingdom would have been bankrupted in less than a year's time. Thankfully, the North had other ways to pay for his goods. Their economy mostly relied on timber, wool, and hides, none of which Harry needed or wanted. What they did have was land and untapped resources. Just north of Winterfell, along the Kingsroad was a mountain range that wasn't rich in gold or jewels, but marble. Pure, white marble that was similar in quality to the stones pulled from Italy in his original world. Sure, the marble was buried a ways down, but that was nothing that his drones couldn't handle. A quarry could be made, and the marble could be shipped down the Last River and into the Shivering Sea. Marble was something that Harry hadn't been able to mine in great quantities, and the mountains of the North were loaded with it. Robb Stark, of course, knew nothing about this. As such, he readily agreed to hand over mining rights to the mountains along with the rights to cultivate the massive swath of land situated between the Long Lake, the Last River, and the Lonely Hills. He wasn't sure what he wanted to do with that land just yet, but Harry would think of something.

To make things a bit more even, Harry had agreed to open some businesses in the North to help with the unemployment problems, especially during the winter. It was no skin off his nose. There would be plenty of jobs for them to do.

Harry looked left and then right. As far as the eye could see, the jungle had been cut back to make room for even more farm plots. His shipbuilders continued to pump out ships at an hourly pace. It would take hundreds constantly coming and going just to fulfill his contract to the North. That said nothing about everyone else that needed food. Braavos had been a major trading partner since the beginning. The Iron Bank had dozens of contracts with him to provide different foods, spices, wines, woods, and even wild animals that they had hoped to breed for whatever reason. Harry didn't bother asking. He certainly wouldn't turn his back on them now that even more potential trading partners had made themselves known.

He had recently come into contact with Lorath. Lorath was an island off the coast of northern Essos, just east of Braavos and north of the Hills of Norvos. The people there were quite odd and referred to themselves as "a man" or "a woman". In the end, their weird speech patterns mattered little to him. What did matter was that they could pay in whale oil and walrus tusks. The ivory, Harry would keep for himself and use to adorn his city. The oil would eventually be sold for a profit. As the northern oceans froze, it would become harder and harder to harvest whale oil. If Harry held onto his supply until the dead of winter, his stock would become much more valuable. It was why he was buying up every barrel that he could.

The Three Sisters, the Fingers, and Gulltown were each attempting to come to an agreement with him. They, along with the Eyrie had put off stocking up until it was nearly too late. From what he heard, the Vale wasn't in the best shape leadership-wise. That along with the war had everyone out of sorts. Harry was happy to do business with them. After all, the more desperate they were, the better his return. Those further south weren't as desperate just yet. Highgarden

would probably manage just fine without him, unless, of course, winter lasted for an unprecedented amount of time. Oldtown might manage, though not nearly as well as Highgarden. The Tyrells would always take care of themselves first. Proof of that was back in his city. He had the wife and daughter of the Lord of the Reach at his beck and call. They wanted the best for themselves, and as such, they threw their lot in with him. Mace was out on some fool's errand trying to capture the throne for himself. Harry was beginning to think that the idiot would bring his kingdom to utter ruin. Perhaps Harry would be there to pick up the pieces.

What Harry was truly waiting on was Dorne. He was surprised that he hadn't heard anything from them just yet. It shouldn't have been a surprise to him. The Dornish didn't much care for outsiders and preferred to keep to themselves whenever possible. They were a self-sufficient lot that tried to import as little as possible. Still, during winter, there would be much less food being grown and many more hungry bellies. If they were smart, they would try to get on his good side early. No doubt they had many beautiful women that he could foster, Harry thought greedily. As payment, Dorne had plenty of land that he could use. Their lands were mostly comprised of arid deserts, but Harry's magic would surely work wonders on them. He would just have to wait and see.

Dany was doing well as she learned how to rule. Harry was pumping money and resources into Meereen, and it was beginning to flourish. He noticed that the other slave-cities nearby hadn't raised a peep. They were probably scared shitless that he would take them next. Fortunately for them, he had other things to occupy his time. That didn't mean that they were safe. Far from it. Their time would eventually come, and it would be easier now that he had a base of operations in that area of the world. Seeing that everything was running smoothly in Sothoryos, Harry made a quick trip to Meereen to see Dany.

Since she was still young, Harry didn't weigh her down with burdens and responsibilities. He made sure that Dany and Myrcella attended their lessons with him and their other teachers, and occasionally he had the girls sit upon the thrones and cast judgment upon various criminals. Other than that, he allowed them to be young women. As such, he wasn't surprised to find them splashing around in their private swimming pool. Only his "female drones" were allowed to enter that area of the pyramid. Harry, however, went wherever he wanted, whenever he wanted. As he walked in, Dany turned to him and smiled. Myrcella smiled as well. She was very happy to see her cousin. Harry was quite happy to see them, especially since they were both nude. Their bottom halves were underwater, but their naked tits were on full display. Dany stood proud with her back straight, not hiding herself at all. Myrcella was a bit shyer. At first, she had her arm across her chest, hiding her small but perky breasts, but after seeing Dany, she slowly lowered her arm, exposing her hard, light pink nipples. Harry could see her cheeks turning pink with embarrassment. However, Dany was more than happy to show off in front of him. She bounced up and down, causing her tits to shake and jiggle. "Do you want to join us, Your Grace?" she chirped.

Harry answered her by removing his clothes and walking down the stone steps into the pool. Myrcella kept her eyes glued to his cock which was semi-rigid. As he settled onto the stone

bench built into the side of the pool, Dany joined his side. Sitting right up against him, she smiled and grabbed his arm. She held it tightly against her chest, trapped between her breasts. His hand touched her thigh, and she felt him gently caress it. "Myrcella! Come on. Harold's not going to bite," Dany called out. Myrcella had been standing there staring at them with pink cheeks. She snapped out of her daze and looked at him.

"I wouldn't be so sure," he teased, giving her clit a pinch. Dany squealed and bucked before bursting into a giggle fit.

"Come on," he repeated Dany's words, indicating that she should take his other side. Myrcella blushed even harder and sat next to him.

Harry inwardly chuckled as he thought about making a move on his young cousin. She was old enough now and well past puberty. Her body had blossomed, and she was nearly as lovely as her mother. In a few years, once her body was done growing, she may even pass Cersei in looks. He put his arm around her and let his fingers caress her sides. He heard her gasp. On his other side, Dany had no problems forcing his hand between her legs. Myrcella, however, wasn't as confident. His hand moved down her side and over her hip. He gave her nude body a squeeze, causing her to rub her thighs together. Dany was placing kisses along his broad shoulder as his fingers toyed with her hard clit.

"There's something in my room that we'd like to show you," Dany breathily told him as she reached in and grabbed his throbbing cock. "Isn't there, Myrcella?" she asked her friend. Myrcella squeaked as Harry squeezed her inner thigh. His hand was nearly touching her quivering pussy. Harry looked at his cousin. Myrcella's cheeks were bright pink, but she silently nodded nonetheless. Harry moved his hand, "accidentally" brushing the side against her little pussy. Myrcella let out a moan.

"Then lead the way, my dear," Harry smiled. Dany smiled back, standing up with his cock still in hand. She led him to her room, using his cock as a leash. Myrcella followed behind, staring at his tight ass the entire way. Once she had crossed the threshold, the door shut behind them.