

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 5

The rocks gave way beneath his feet, and Harry nearly plummeted into the depths below. His quick reflexes saved him a world of hurt as his hand lashed out and grabbed a deeply embedded rock. Hanging over the edge, Harry looked down into the chasm. Far below him swirled a pit of molten rock, bubbling and churning. The intense heat wafted up from below, singeing his already tender skin. Harry exhaled deeply and pulled himself back up. The area of land that he was traversing was incredibly dangerous. Already he had nearly been seriously injured more than a dozen times, but Harry was undeterred. He was following his senses, and his senses were telling him to go this way. The ground was uneven and twisted with porous volcanic rock. He was close to finding something, otherwise, he would just fly around and skip all of the theatrics. Harry walked past the remains of a burnt stump. The tree that used to grow there must have been enormous, at least as big as the Black Trees of the Green Hell. He came to a spot and kneeled down. Running his hands through the dirt and ash, he didn't feel anything. He focused on his senses even more. Whatever it was, it was buried deep.

Harry concentrated intensely and slowly lifted his hands. The ground began to tremble as a menacing rumbling sound could be heard emanating from deep within the earth. Loose rocks on the ground around him rattled and knocked together making loud clacking sounds that echoed throughout the eerily quiet desolation of the Valyrian Doom. Cracking sounds began getting louder as bedrock broke apart and boulders were split in two. Harry took a step back as a huge vent of steam burst through the tear in the earth, intent on roasting him alive. Now that he knew that most, if not all of the so-called gods on this planet were against him, he was being a little more paranoid than normal. He didn't know if the steam that nearly burned him was natural, or if it was a clumsy attempt to harm him by one of the deities of this existence. He didn't truly care all that much. After all, it wasn't like he could die, but he did still feel pain. Neither he nor anyone else enjoyed feeling such things. He would just have to keep his eyes peeled.

The sound of rock and earth being wrenched apart was grating on his ears. It was truly a horrific sound, but it needed to be done. As the minutes passed, the crevice deepened and widened until he spotted what he was after. A petrified Dragon egg was buried under ash and rock that were ripped from the earth during the initial eruption of the Fourteen Fires. He knew that this egg once belonged to one of the old Dragon Lords of Old Valyria. Harry used his magic and summoned the egg to him. As it hit him in the chest, he cradled it and let the earth close up. Holding it up to the light of the day, Harry could see that it was once a very deep red that was speckled in gold. He smiled at being reminded of his days in Gryffindor. Placing his hand on it, he concentrated deeply. He could feel the life and magic running through the egg. It was still alive! It just needed to be coaxed into hatching. Powerful magic would likely do the trick. The only question was, should he?

Dragons were gone from the world now, and many people would say that we were better off without them. Perhaps that was true. Dragons could be a terrible weapon to face. Not to

mention that they were dangerous enough when they were simply left to exist. A full-grown Dragon could eat a dozen men in a week if let free. On the flip side, they were a magical species, and Harry was a wizard, or at least he used to be one. If anyone deserved a Dragon, it was him. He already knew that he would have no trouble training one, but that wasn't really the problem. The problem was that he was traveling and exploring the world. He didn't have time to hatch and mother a Dragon for years waiting for it to grow. Harry didn't even have a home of his own yet. Having a Dragon wasn't very feasible at the moment. Maybe later, but not now. Sighing, he placed the massive egg into his bag where it would be safe. Harry jumped up into the air and sped off. He had gotten what he wanted from the place. Valyria didn't hold anything more for him. It was a damn shame all the books and scrolls on ancient Valyrian culture and magic were gone. It would have been fun to read. He rose into the air higher and higher, trying to get away from the heat and smell of the wasteland. He flew rapidly toward the coast to get back to his ship. Once he was nearly there, Harry spotted something. It was a flash of light glaring off something shiny below. Squinting his eyes, Harry could see something sticking up partially out of the ground. It was too buried to see what it was though. Dropping down, he decided to see what it was that captured his attention.

Seeing the ripples on a silvery-gray metal, Harry instantly recognized it as Valyrian steel. He grabbed the piece and pulled it from the ground. It was a vambrace, and when he dug around, he found more. Using his senses, he was able to find the entire set. He found a full set of Valyrian steel armor! Harry whistled in appreciation. He could sell it and have enough gold to buy half of Essos. Obviously, he wasn't going to sell it. Unfortunately, the armor wouldn't fit him as it was. Fortunately, Harry possessed godly powers and could change its shape, color, and even add enchantments to it. He wiped his hand across the chest plate and found an old House symbol etched into the steel. He recognized it from the books that he could find on the Houses of Valyria. This armor once belonged to someone from House Belaerys, an old family of Dragon Lords. Looking around once more, he found what he was looking for ... the sword that matched the armor. It was buried a little further away. He was on the outskirts of what was the likely fishing city that he had first come across when landing here. There was a shattered tower nearby. Harry guessed that a branch of the family lived here in what had to be the remains of the largest tower in the area. He wished that he knew more of the family that once owned his new armor. Putting it from his mind, Harry flew back up and zipped off to his ship.

As they set sail, Harry lounged in his cabin trying to cool off his overheated body. He didn't learn much from studying the area. He knew that there was magic involved, but that was it. The Doom happened so long ago that nearly all traces were now gone. Maybe the Valyrians became too greedy with their use of magic. Maybe someone was trying out a new spell or ritual and screwed things up severely. Maybe the Fire Mages could no longer contain the power of the Fourteen Fires, or it could have been one of these angry deities lashing out at humanity. In the end, it wasn't very important. The Valyrians were gone, and the land was in ruin and completely uninhabitable. There was no use harping on about it. Harry flopped down on his bed and waved his hand. Instantly, the room filled with a pleasant cool breeze. He closed his eyes for a little nap.

The Dread Lord of Essos

The pale, seemingly beautiful woman walked down the poorly cobbled road looking for a suitable inn to stay at. The days passed by, never dulling her excitement as her ship braved the open ocean. The trip from Asshai to the port city of Turrani wasn't as bad as she expected. The winds provided a stiff breeze that made the trip shorter than normal, and the seas were fairly calm. As she looked around, she came to the conclusion that Leng was a strange island Kingdom. All the inhabitants were strange in appearance, but some even more so. From what she knew, the people from the more northern part of the island were descendants of the Yi Ti while the people of the southern parts were the native inhabitants of the island, called the Lengii. The Lengii were surely a sight to behold, with some reaching the incredible height of eight feet. The land itself was strange to Melisandre. The island was thick with rainforests and jungles. In those jungles stalked the deadly Tiger, a beast responsible for many a traveler's death. Monkeys of all sizes wailed and chattered and swung from tree to tree. It was even said that there were hump-backed gorillas that lived within the jungle that were nearly as smart as a man. Melisandre never put much stock into rumors though, besides, it wasn't like she was going into the jungle.

An hour later, she had found a place to rest until her ship departed the following day. As the sun began to set, it was time for her afternoon prayer to her God. Pulling a small metal bowl from her travel bag, she placed it on the ground and knelt in front of it. In it she placed small pieces of kindling from her bag and lit it on fire. She chanted her prayer to the Red God R'hllor, thanking him for the light and warmth of the day and praying for its quick return. As the beautiful redhead was about to extinguish the flames, they shimmered and swirled and grew in intensity. Excitedly, Melisandre looked into the flame, hoping to see visions from R'hllor. She was not disappointed. The Red God showed her the man that she was to find. He had been searching the remains of the Valyrian Peninsula, but was no longer there. Looking deeper into the flames, she saw that he was now on a ship, traveling to his next destination. The flames flickered, and she saw where he was heading to ... Yi Ti. In particular, Yin, the capital city of the Golden Empire. Her heart swelled, and she was overcome with gratitude toward her god. Thanking him profusely, the flames finally extinguished themselves, and Melisandre was once again left in the dark. Lighting several candles, she sat upon her bed and thought for a moment. Melisandre now knew that it was destiny. As she sat there, her ship was loading cargo meant for Yin. It was not surprising as Yin was the next great port city on her western route, but still. She knew what she was meant for. She was to serve this man, and through him, R'hllor.

As she would need to get up bright and early to bathe in the glorious light of R'hllor, she needed to get plenty of rest for her journey. Sighing, she removed her choker. As soon as the large, enchanted ruby left her throat, the glamor that she wore faded away. In place of the young beautiful woman sat an old woman that appeared to be on the verge of death. The aches and pains of the day hit her as she stretched her hunched and bowed spine. Loud pops and cracks filled the small room as her body betrayed her. Her once deep, red hair was now stringy and white, having lost all of its color hundreds of years ago. Her sensually smooth skin was now wrinkled and pockmarked with age spots. Her feminine curves were replaced with mere skin

and bones. Sadly, she slowly climbed into bed and with a thought, she put out the flickering flames of the candles and thanked the Red God for allowing her another day.

The Dread Lord of Essos

Harry had decided to visit Yi Ti next. There were other places along the way that he wanted to visit, but those could wait. From his research, he concluded that Yi Ti was very similar to ancient China from his old world. Even the people of Yi Ti looked Asian. The capital city of Yin was said to be one of the largest trade hubs on all of Planetos, and as soon as his lumber company was ready to go, he was sure that he would be doing plenty of trading with them.

Even though his ship was fast, Yi Ti was still a considerable distance away. It took nearly a week to finally arrive. First, he traveled east past Old Ghis and the island of Ghaen and through the Ghiscari Strait. Further east he sailed, never seeing more than a gentle wave in the water. Harry smirked, it would be a while before that Drowned cunt would fuck with him again. His ship entered the Jade Gates and sailed between Qarth and the giant island of Great Moraq and along the southern coast of Qal. In time, he would visit every single one of them, but he had other things on his mind. Even though he wished to travel, and he certainly would continue doing that, he still wanted to find a place to settle. He wanted to take that land as his own and let his drones build it out while he went on his adventures. He would make a decision soon. Until then, he sailed in a slightly southeast direction into the Jade Sea. After what felt like forever, he spotted the port of Yin in the far distance. Mentally giving his drones directions, they aimed directly for the city.

As they entered the harbor, Harry's ship earned quite a few appreciative glances. In fact, many were pointing and excitedly talking with one another. He could understand why. His ship was unlike any that they had ever seen. They pulled up to an empty pier and dropped anchor. After negotiating with the dockmaster, Harry paid a hefty fee to keep his ship there for the next week. His drones would be staying below deck, so Harry didn't need to worry about anyone stealing the ship. Flinging his satchel strap over his shoulder, Harry smiled and happily skipped off into the city. Looking around, Harry was amazed at the sheer size of it all. Lannisport was a large city, but it had nothing on this place. He was only a hundred or so meters away from the docks and there was row after row of stalls selling everything that anyone could want. He inhaled deeply. Being a port city, a lot of the premade food that was sold was seafood. Harry's skilled nose could smell a bevy of different fish, scallops, stuffed crabs, and many other seafaring creatures. Along the side of the street, a massive sea turtle was strung up by its hind legs with chains. The thing must have weighed hundreds of pounds. Two men were struggling to remove the shell of the dead turtle.

Other than seafood, Harry could predominately smell spices. There were spices of every kind being sold in quantities ranging from small bags to sacks that must have weighed fifty pounds. Just as he suspected, the people here did resemble the Chinese. It was a bit strange though. Harry noticed that the more wealthy someone was, the lighter their skin tone was. Maybe it was like from Harry's world, and some people just found lighter skin more attractive. If that were the

case, then it wasn't surprising that the wealthy were lighter in color. Rich men could usually have their pick among beautiful women that wanted nothing more than to marry a rich man. Perhaps it wasn't that, though. Maybe the wealthy could afford to eat some type of food that was considered a delicacy and had the effect of lightening the skin. He just shrugged his shoulders. It didn't much matter to him the reason why. Harry didn't care about skin color. If he found a girl attractive, he would try to fuck her. He was an equal opportunity pervert. He would definitely be trying his luck with some of the locals. He still had a bit of a soft spot for Cho Chang. You never really get over your first crush.

Over the next couple of days, Harry simply explored the city to see what it had to offer. Yin had a little bit of everything. Harry happily frequented the brothels and left with a big smile on his face. He spent more gold than he probably should have buying only the most elegant and fancy furniture to decorate his cabin on his ship. As he talked to the locals, he quickly found out that the peasant class, while nice and friendly, was a little untrusting of foreigners. Harry didn't think that he would be getting any useful information from them. If he wanted to know the secrets of this land, he would have to find out another way.

It was nearing the end of his visit when he spotted something out of the ordinary. A beautiful woman with pale skin and burgundy colored hair wearing a very form-fitting dress of red silks was walking toward him. Raising an eyebrow, he waited for her to come up to him. She stopped in front of him and placed her bag on the floor. "My Lord," she said reverently, bowing her head in his presence. "I am here to serve," she told him, keeping her head down.

That certainly wasn't what he was expecting. He decided to get to the bottom of it. "What's your name?" Harry asked.

"I am the Red Priestess Melisandre, My Lord," she replied respectfully, looking at him with pure devotion. It freaked him out a bit.

"Red Priestess?" Harry asked, confused. "You worship at the Temple of the Lord of Light ... R'hllor, I think?"

"Yes, My Lord. The Lord of Light has led me to you. His message was clear ... I am to serve you in every way possible. Why you are important, I do not know. I trust R'hllor to lead me on the right path," she said, looking him straight in the eyes. Harry quickly entered her mind. She was completely devoted to this Red God, that was clear. He saw the visions that he had given her. It seemed that the Red God was one of these deities that were on his side. He had nothing to fear from the woman as long as he didn't go against R'hllor. Even if he did go against him, he still had nothing to fear. She was very powerful for a mortal of this world, but could not compete with him. Going through her mind, he saw that she was very smart and knowledgeable, and had the guts to get her hands dirty when needed. There were certainly things that he saw that he didn't like, but he would give her a chance. He nodded and left her mind.

“Follow me,” he told her, lifting her bag for her and leading her back to his room. She followed without question and didn’t say a word. When they entered his room, Harry locked the door behind them. He tossed her bag on the ground and offered her a seat which she gratefully accepted. Having her along would certainly help, he thought. Using his powers to study her, he could see that she was old, very old. Perhaps old enough to have been alive during the Doom. Her life was being extended by the Red God. R’hllor couldn’t make her young, however. Harry could peer through her glamor and see what she really looked like. Her knowledge of this world along with her experience would be helpful, not to mention that he would have someone around to help stave off the boredom. Drones were great for work, but they couldn’t carry on a conversation. It basically would be talking to himself. He had been gone from his childhood home for only a short time, and he was already missing his friends. It would be nice to have someone to talk to. Besides, what could she do to him? Making up his mind, he spoke to her.

“Melisandre,” he told her. “I can see you for what you are. I can see your power, and I can see your true appearance,” she heard him say, looking deep into her soul. Melisandre blushed at having him see her for what she was ... a near broken-down old lady. “I can even feel the love that you have for your God.” Melisandre didn’t say anything in response. Apparently, this man already knew everything. She simply waited and hoped that he would allow her to serve him.

“Do you promise to serve me faithfully?” Harry asked her, holding his hand out. With her body trembling, she reached out and took his hand.

“I swear to serve you faithfully, My Lord,” she shakily replied. When those words left her mouth, a bolt of pure power traveled up her arm and into her heart. Her head lurched back, and she screamed in both pleasure and pain. Truth be told, it was more pain than pleasure. The pleasure came from her old bones cracking and straightening and releasing hundreds of years of built-up tension. As her body shifted and melded, the pain became more intense. Flames and fire never bothered her, but now it felt as though she was melting from the inside. Her horrified screams reverberated off the stone walls as every inch of her body knew what true suffering was. Tears rolled down her pale cheeks as she mentally begged for the pain to stop. Her mouth was open, but she didn’t know if words were actually coming out. In truth, her screams were silent. Her body was being broken down then rebuilt into perfection. Her poor body thrashed on his bed as sweat rolled down her face. She didn’t know how long it lasted, only that it eventually ended, and she collapsed. With a few heavy breaths, she fell unconscious. Harry stood above her and smirked.

He didn’t need to make it that painful, but he felt that she needed to pay for some of her past crimes. Now that she knew what true pain was, she wouldn’t be so quick to dish it out. Nevertheless, she was now as young and beautiful as she appeared with her glamor on. Making sure, Harry removed the metal choker with a massive ruby in the center. Studying it found that it was pretty good at holding enchantments. He set it on the bedside table nearest to her. He looked her over. Without the magical choker, she was still young and lovely. Nodding in satisfaction, he arranged her to a more comfortable position so that she could properly rest. The

kind of suffering that he had made her feel took a lot out of her. She would likely sleep for the rest of the day and night.

The Dread Lord of Essos

Melisandre opened her eyes and yawned, stretching in the process. For the first time in many years, she felt completely rested. As she stretched, she realized that her body no longer ached. It was then that she remembered what had happened. She winced remembering the excruciating pain that she felt. Getting up out of bed, she stumbled around for a moment. It was the middle of the night, and it was dark in the room. From the moonlight peering in through the window, she saw a candle sitting on a table. Using her magic, she easily lit the candle and sighed as it gave off only the smallest bit of light. It was enough, however. Even with the weakest of lights, R'hllor could still lead the way. Her eyes fell on the bed that she had just woken on. The man that she swore her services to was deeply asleep, his bare chest rising and falling. She feasted on his appearance. He was a very good-looking man, she thought. He had a beautiful face, strong muscles, and was quite tall. As she wondered what he had done to her, she spotted her choker sitting on the side table by her side of the bed. Walking over, she bent over and picked it up. Her eyes widened comically. Holding the choker, then looking down at herself, her heart began to beat wildly. Tears formed in her unsettling, red eyes. She was young. R'hllor's chosen one had gifted her something that even the Red God couldn't. Her hands snaked around her dress covered body, feeling for any imperfection. She felt none.

A wave of devotion and fondness fell over her as she stared at her new Lord. The sight of him made her body tingle with need. She gasped when her newly remade body felt arousal for the first time. She shivered as her body was overly sensitive. She walked over to him and gently pulled down the sheet. Her eyes devoured his naked body as it was revealed. Her dainty hand glided up his thick, muscular thigh until she cupped his soft cock. Holding the thick, warm phallus in her palm, she gently ran the pad of her thumb up and down the soft member. She watched as it slowly grew in her hand, and once hard she gave it an experimental pump. Her red eyes rose to his face when she heard him quietly moan. She smiled and continued to stroke his length. She felt herself moisten between her creamy, pale thighs as she worked him with her hands. Soon she was holding the largest cock that she had ever seen. Wanting to thank her Lord properly, she stepped back and lowered her dress.

Harry was jostled awake by a weight on his lap. Coming to, in the dim light he saw Melisandre straddling him without any clothes on. He was about to say something when she began to move. His words were replaced with a deep, guttural moan as she ground her smooth, hairless lips against his straining cock. She placed her soft hands on his rock-hard pecs and leaned forward. "Allow me to serve you properly, My Lord," her pleasant breath washed over him. Harry nodded his head and placed his hands on her smooth thighs. He watched as Melisandre lifted her arms and ran her slim fingers through her silky, red hair causing her bare breasts to rise slightly. His eyes drifted to her chest. Her breasts were large, pale, and wonderfully shaped. They were near perfect and capped with small, sexy nipples that were sticking out, already hardened. Harry breathed heavily as she rolled her wide, inviting hips. His hands snaked from

her hips to her slim waist. Melisandre had an incredible hourglass figure to go with her lovely, heart-shaped face. His hands rose until they gripped her swaying breasts. He gently caressed and squeezed her pert tits, his thumbs brushing over her hardened nubs.

Melisandre's eyes rolled into the back of her head when his fingers grazed her hard nipples. The sensations that her new body was feeling were intense. Leaning down, she kissed his beautiful face then slid her tongue into his mouth, pouring all her wants and needs into her kiss. Reaching behind her, she grabbed his long, thick cock and placed the head inside of her slit. She broke the kiss and sat up straight. They both gasped in pleasure when she took him all the way in. She bit her lower lip sexily as she began rocking her wide hips, her hands fondling his muscled chest. His hands were returning the favor, squeezing and groping her perfect, jiggling tits. He pulled her back down and kissed her deeply as she rolled her hips and used her pussy muscles to massage his invading dick.

"You're so fucking tight," he groaned into her plump lips. Sweat dripped down her face as she breathed heavily on him. He caught a whiff of her scent. Even sweaty, she still smelled amazing. That was a rarity in this world where deodorant hadn't been invented yet.

"You made me that way, My Lord," she shuddered as her nipples brushed against his chest. Faster her hips bounced, taking him all the way to the base before lifting up until only his head remained inside of her. Harry could feel her clenching as she creamed all over his cock. He knew the lewd sounds of their fucking could be heard by others in the inn, but he didn't care. All he cared about was claiming her as his. Her cute little squeaks and squeals intensified as her pussy clamped down on him.

"Seven Hells!" he groaned, squeezing her wide, plump hips as her pussy milked him of his cum. He arched his back and pushed deep inside of her, filling her with his seed. Her body spasmed making her large, sweaty breasts do incredible things. Once he had filled her, she collapsed on top of him. He wrapped his arms around her and kissed her deeply. They were both breathing heavily, and both were sweating profusely. With a thought, they were both clean and the warm, humid air of the room was replaced with cool, crisp air. Almost immediately, she began to shiver so Harry magicked a blanket over them. Harry laid there for a moment, thinking about things. He would be leaving the following day, and now he had a partner to travel with, and hopefully, someone to bounce ideas off of. Harry would be the first to say that even with his Godly powers and wisdom, he was prone to making mistakes. Melisandre snuggled further into him as they closed their eyes and fell back asleep.