

The sea turned dark, with turbulent waters crashing into the shores of Pyke with thunderous crash. It was as if the sea showed its fury by thawing at the beachhead, sweeping vast tracts of land into its domain. Giant whirlpools formed around the island of Pyke, dragging the longships and boats moored along the shores deep into the sea. Dark clouds blotted out the sun while strong gales of wind howled, singing their fury to anyone with ears.

The world shook as the Drowned God manifested in a physical form in the seas, in the form of a giant red Kraken. Its tentacles stretched out for miles without end, churning the ocean with their immense power and reach. All the creatures in the sea fled as the monstrous form of the Drowned God manifested in its most potent state after thousands of years. The supposed creator of the seas and the father of the Ironborn was now physically present in the seas, and he was not happy.

Harry stared at the monstrous form of the Drowned God from the safety of his airship. He had cut down the tentacle that tried to swipe at the airship, leaving the Drowned God unhappy.

“That is one big ugly monstrous creature,” Harry muttered, observing the snarling head of the Kraken glaring at him from the sea.

He could make out several giant white pearls along the sides of its enormous head. At first, Harry thought they were horns, but on closer inspection, he found the Kraken was using those giant pearls as studs on its body. Harry raised an eyebrow when the Drowned God opened its mouth wide and let out a challenging roar. Flicking the elder wand, Harry conjured a shield covering the immediate space before him. Sharp, pointy water bullets smashed harmlessly against his shield, turning it into a fine mist. A lot of other water bullets struck the hull of his airship, but the ship remained strong despite the assault.

Harry was wholly unbothered by any elemental attacks against his airship. The entire hull was made of Ironwood, and the individual planks were further reinforced with protective runes Harry and his Valkyrie guards painstakingly carved. Since the Drowned God was so eager to attack, Harry thought it was time the creature understood there are immense disadvantages in fighting against an airborne enemy.

“Let’s see how you handle this,” Harry muttered, leaning over the railing of his ship and jabbing the Elder Wand downwards.

“Fulminis.”

A purple bolt of lightning shot out of the tip of his wand and struck the Drowned God head-on. This time, the roars coming from the beast were thanks to pain. Arcs of lightning rained down on the self-proclaimed god of seas, some striking the Drowned God directly while the others hit the seawater. Little bolts of lightning could be seen arcing through seawater to strike at the tentacles of the Drowned God, electrocuting it such that smoke could be seen coming from the creature’s mouth. Harry didn’t let up on the attack despite seeing the Drowned God suffer under the effects of his lightning spell. However, Harry saw the tentacles slowly begin to withdraw beneath the sea and after a while, the gigantic head of the Kraken also followed suit in a bid to escape from the spell.

Seeing the withdrawal was largely successful, Harry let up on the attack, stopping lightning from hitting the sea surface. For a moment, everything was silent, making the ship's inhabitants slowly approach the railings on the side.

"Did it die?" Kyla asked tentatively.

"A god does not die that easily. It's still there," said Harry, not taking his eyes away from the sea even for a moment.

Not a moment later, they saw the Drowned God emerge farther away in the sea.

"Man the scorpions." Harry shouted.

The giant tentacles of the Drowned God spread out across the sea, wrapping around two Ironborn longships adrift in the turbulent seas. Harry trained his eyes on the ships as the Drowned god began exerting the grip of its tentacles on the longships. Planks of wood snapped and splintered one by one as the tentacles began crushing the ships. He could hear the terrifying screams of men coming from the longship as the Drowned God began to raise one of the ships with its massive tentacles.

"My lord! Should we...?"

"No! We stay put. My ship cannot be touched by this puny god." Harry said firmly to Captain Celos. "Raise the shields, Captain. On my command, move towards the creature and attack."

"Aye, Lord Stark." Celos Poole nodded before ordering the men to be ready for battle.

As Captain Celos took command of the ship from the Captain's cabin, Harry could see a shimmering blue shield bubble forming around the airship. Just as the shield was fully developed, the Drowned God threw one of the longships in its grip straight at the airship. Harry could see the men and women onboard his ship become even more terrified as the Ironborn longship sailed through the air like a giant spear.

"Do not fret, my fellow Northmen. No people, kingdom, empire or even the gods themselves can ever again challenge the might of the North." Harry's voice carried to every corner of the airship and even the coastal parts of Pyke by projecting his voice.

Harry tied his arms behind his back and stared coldly at the approaching longship with confidence that put most people in his ship at ease. His faith in the ship's ability to withstand the attack was proven true when the longship carrying Ironborn pirates onboard smashed into the shield of the airship with a thunderous crash. The blue shield shimmered into existence and began turning most parts of the longship into dust, while the shield repelled the rest without much effort. Half the longship was burned away in a bright flash of fire while the shield's repelling power smacked away the other half. The remains of the longship showered into the sea, leaving planks of wood to float on the turbulent waters of the sea near Pyke. Harry suspected there were no survivors left. Even if there were survivors from the crash, they would definitely not survive the crushing tides that were slamming down on the sea.

Harry signalled for the attack, and Celos Poole moved the ship towards the Drowned God with all the scorpion bolts pointed straight at the creature.

“No longer will this monstrous demon prowl the seas like a plague. Today, the First Men are taking back the seas. For the North!”

“For the North!”

“For the North!”

“For Avalon!”

“Stark! Stark! Stark!”

The men and women onboard shouted out their agreement as they were filled with a firm resolve to kill the Drowned God. The airship moved towards the Drowned God, gaining speed with the men ready to deal harm to the creature.

“Attack!” Harry shouted once he saw the creature was readying to throw the other longship.

The men cranked the scorpions on the airship’s bow and aft to aim at the creature with exploding scorpion bolts armed in the crossbow.

One by one, the bolts were fired. A distant whistling sound permeated the air as the scorpion bolts tore through the sky at breakneck speeds. The rune-enforced metal tips of the scorpion bolts began glowing halfway towards its destination. Harry immediately noted this, knowing that the runes at the tips were sensing and absorbing ambient magical energy from its immediate surroundings. Usually, the ambient magical energy was slightly less in Westeros, but it was growing back ever since the awakening of the Old Gods and the rebirth of dragons.

Nonetheless, Harry theorised the sudden increase in magical power was because of the presence of the Drowned God.

‘Or maybe it’s because the spirit realm remained open to the world.’ Harry mused.

If his guess was correct, the Drowned God left the doors to the spirit realm wide open, possibly for an early retreat should the battle turn against its favour. But that same door only reinforced the rise of magic in the world. His assumption was further proven right when the scorpion bolts punched through the longship and the body of the Drowned God before exploding with thrice the original power.

A quarter of the longship in the Drowned God’s grip splintered away while the rest was consumed by fire, burning the tentacles of the creature. The rest of the scorpions struck the body of the beast. The pained roar the creature let out as its many tentacles were blown away to bits was quite strenuous to Harry’s ears. But that didn’t stop Harry from launching another lightning attack on the beast.

This time, Harry didn’t let up on his attack. He maintained the lightning attack and pumped more power into the spell to ensure the Drowned God became paralysed enough that it couldn’t escape like last time. More scorpion bolts were fired from his airship to maintain a constant barrage of attacks on the Drowned God. The creature tried to form a cocoon of water to shield itself, but each time it tried to make a shield, Harry would sharply increase the power of the spell. The sharp increase in power would disrupt the creature's concentration, causing its defence to falter.

Once the airship was close enough, Harry let up on his attack and charged his Valkyrie guards to keep up the attack while he took off on the flying carpet.

Adela used her ice elemental arrows to ensnare the Drowned God in several blocks of ice, restricting its movements in the sea. Anya focused on burning away any stray tentacles that tried to threaten the ship with her fire arrows. On the other hand, Kyla used her lightning arrows to keep the Drowned God under the effects of paralysis, even if it was only for a short time. The men on the airship were not idle either. They continued to use the exploding scorpion bolts on the Drowned God, dealing heavy damage every passing minute.

While the Drowned God was distracted by the constant and versatile attack from the ship, Harry quietly slipped away undetected. He found a perfect spot to deal maximum damage to the creature before launching the spell that'd doom even the greatest of gods.

"Fiendfyre."

The angry red flames spat out of the tip of the Elder Wand and were quick to take the shape of a large snake. The fiery snake quickly ensnared the Drowned God, and the creature let out an unholy scream as the hungry flames of Fiendfyre burned through its body without any inhibition. The Fiendfyre spell became more potent as it consumed the Drowned God's magical power and flesh while deep-fried the huge Kraken.

As a last-ditched effort, the Drowned God desperately tried to exert its full might on the Fiendfyre spell and subvert its control from Harry. Or maybe the Drowned God was unaware of how the spell works and was merely trying to do something to escape the flames of hell. Unfortunately for the Drowned God, trying to subvert the Fiendfyre spell with its will was all Harry needed to destroy the self-proclaimed god quickly.

Harry shifted the Fiendfyre spell on a dime into something else this world had never seen.

"Protego Diabolica."

The vengeful, hungry red flames of the Fiendfyre curse rapidly changed into black flames that took the shapes of several avian creatures that latched on to the Drowned God. If the Fiendfyre curse was devouring the magic and flesh of the Drowned God, the Protego Diabolica spell functioned on rejecting the creature's entire existence from reality itself. The Drowned God howled in pain and despair as its body and soul were being eaten away by a spell that could not be subverted by a foreign entity that easily. Sure, the spell could be contained, but unlike Fiendfyre, this spell was not really producing fire. The black fire-like substance produced by the spell was a unique energy with corrosive power enough to rewrite reality itself. If used correctly, it was one of the spells that left no residue for even the best magical sensors in his old world. For this reason, the spell had been deemed dark and banished to the dark, dusty, old pureblood libraries in the wizarding world. He had chanced upon the spell only because he was reviewing some of the old records pertaining to Dumbledore during his time in the Ministry.

The Department of Mysteries was far more involved in keeping tabs on Dumbledore's activities because of his close friendship with Grindelwald. This particular spell was a gem that Gellert Grindelwald supposedly used to kill a lot of Aurors and the Ministry-backed hit wizards. What interested Harry the most was that Protego Diabolica was the only spell that not only affected

physical objects but also dealt damage to the spirit and magical energy. No matter how far he researched, no root text was available to track the spell's origin. The property of removing something from reality altogether without leaving any residue made Harry believe the spell was created specifically to deal with hostile spirits. His thesis was proven now correct as the spell ate up the Drowned God despite its repeated attempts to douse the black flames with seawater.

While the Drowned God was struggling to quell the black flames, Harry sneaked near the head of the creature on the flying carpet. Once he was at a comfortable distance, Harry jumped from the carpet and planted his feet firmly on the Drowned God's head. He immediately followed it by sticking his boots on the red skin of the monstrous creature. Not a moment later, the Drowned God tried to shake him off, but Harry remained standing on its head.

Harry quickly conjured a bubble of energy around himself, which repelled a tentacle that tried to smack him away. The creature's desperate attempts to shake him off only amplified after it saw Harry unsheathe the sword fastened on his shoulder. The blade glowed with an eerie golden aura that screamed danger to the Drowned God.

"An old man once said, Death is nothing but the next great adventure. Enjoy your new adventure." Harry shouted before plunging Godkiller straight into its head, easily cutting through the Drowned God's enormous skull.

The flailing tentacles of the giant Kraken froze immediately. A surge of energy passed through the Drowned God's body before it began to flicker away. Harry immediately jumped onto the flying carpet while the Drowned God's body turned into motes of golden light, swiftly absorbed into Godkiller. The black flames consumed the rest of the body until nothing was left, leaving the black spells to disappear on their own. The dark clouds gathered in the sky dissipated, leaving the sky bright blue and the sun to shine down bright. The sea suddenly became a standstill without even a single tide reaching the shores of Pyke.

Harry quietly guided the carpet towards the bow of his airship, where he easily disembarked before the surprised faces of the assembled crew. By that time, Godkiller finished absorbing the leftover energy from the Drowned God and the blade was suddenly engulfed by bright golden flames. But most importantly, Harry stared at the bound form of Balon Greyjoy, who was now looking like he might faint any moment.

"Wha...what are you?" Balon muttered fearfully.

"I'm death, the destroyer of worlds." Harry said to the terrified lord of Pyke. "You can no longer hide behind your gods. As you can see, even gods must die one day."

The rest of the evening went off relatively quietly. The crew in the airship had only pretended to take him seriously when he had informed them of going against the Drowned God. But now, undeniable proof was before their eyes. Not only did they take part in the killing of a god, but they also managed to defeat the Iron Islands the following week.

The sudden appearance and the subsequent death of the Drowned God had put a cloud of fear, disbelief and despair over the Iron Islands. Word spread like wildfire about what transpired at Pyke, forcing most of the Ironborn to surrender without putting up any resistance. The good part was that the Dornish fleet had been entirely unnecessary to subjugate the Iron Islands.

Nonetheless, Harry had to allow the Dornish army to occupy Pyke and Great Wyk. Harry had to expand upon his plans by including a Northern occupation of Orkmont to ensure no mass hysteria could devolve into internal fighting. The Iron Islands were primarily composed of two groups of people. There was the Ironborn and their thrall populace. Harry had received some reports of a rise in crime against the thralls by the Ironborn following the fall of Pyke and the rumours of his victory over the Drowned God.

Of course, most Ironborn considered it propaganda, but many were convinced about the veracity of the rumours from Pyke. There were several eyewitness statements that led credence to the events of Pyke, although the story was blown way out of proportion. Some of the stories depicted Harry as a devouring giant who came down from the sky and swallowed the Drowned God whole. At the same time, other stories depicted him as the Storm God in the flesh, who had come down from the sky to take revenge on the Drowned God. Whatever the case, the Ironborn idiots were angry that they lost and their god was now dead, according to the rumours. Infighting was the next natural course of action as they were quite powerless to act against the North. Harry had to call in more men from the North and Dorne to prevent this from escalating and to ensure the Iron Islands were subjugated totally.

Despite that, Harry had to leave Saltcliffe and the Lonely Light islands alone without a single soldier stepping foot on their islands. But Harry insisted on House Saltcliffe and Sunderly of Saltcliffe Island and House Farwynd of the Lonely Light to be present on Pyke for the official surrender of the Iron Islands to House Stark. He had all the lords and captains of the Iron Islands assembled at Blackmont, where he had raised three large Weirwood trees that stretched out into the sky some 300ft high. The five-pointed star glowed eerily with a green aura as the Drowned Priests were hung upside down from the branches with their throats slit. Blood dripped down from the bodies, but not a drop could be seen on the ground as the Weirwood trees absorbed the blood like in the old tales.

“Kneel.” Harry ordered, looking at the assembled lords of the Iron Islands and their many captains.

There were some disgruntled looks thrown his way, but they complied without raising any vocal protests as they could see the body of Aeron Greyjoy hanging behind him with blood dripping from his slit throat.

“Balon Greyjoy. You started this stupid war when you sent your longships to attack my castle. Usually, anyone who dares to point a sword in my direction with hostile intent gets death's cold embrace.” Harry took a deep breath, briefly closing his eyes as he saw the image of Theon Greyjoy in his mind. “However, I'll spare your life out of concern for Theon Greyjoy, your son. Theon remains a ward of Winterfell, and that's the only reason I leave your head on your shoulders.”

“But, you'll not escape punishment for your crimes.” Harry continued more firmly as he glared at the lord of Pyke. “You're hereby sentenced to the Wall for your lifetime. You'll toil away at the Wall, fighting off Wildlings and whatnot for the rest of your life, defending the very lands that you hoped to plunder and the people you hoped to rape and murder. I believe that's a fitting form of punishment. What say you, lords of the North?”

“Aye.” Loeobald Tallhart immediately voiced his agreement.

“I agree. It's a fitting punishment.” Lady Mormont nodded, showing her support.

“Let the squid freeze his balls at the Wall. That’ll teach this lot not to mess with the North ever again.” Robett Glover barked gruffly, glaring at the silent Balon Greyjoy and the assembled Ironborn.

Comments of various sizes and tones were heard from the lords of the North, and Harry discerned the lords of the North were content with his decision. He had already explained to them that he wouldn’t be making any unilateral decision and was keeping that promise. He knew he was conferred with the title of Stark of Winterfell, which meant that he was the acting lord of Winterfell. Nonetheless, Harry didn’t want the lords of the North to feel left out. Besides, he was not arrogant enough to dismiss the opinions of his fellow lords after they had followed him to battle without complaint. Trust had to go both ways, and he had come to trust his fellow Northerners after fighting side by side in this war.

“But this war won’t reach its logical conclusion without some rewards. Leobald Tallhart, come forward.” said Harry.

Though initially surprised, the brown-haired man came forward without hesitation and took a knee.

“My lord.”

“You are hereby declared the lord of Blacktyde. I shall raise a castle for you on the island, a port to house a sizeable fleet and a temple for the Old Gods. It’ll be your sacred duty to assimilate the island into the North as an expanded territory and to keep the seas free from filthy pirates. You’ll also be the guardian knight of the new temple I construct on the island.” Harry declared, unsheathing Godkiller and tapping both shoulders of Leobald Tallhart with the flat of his blade.

“You knelt as a second son of House Tallhart with no lands to your name. Now rise as a Templar Knight, Lord of Blacktyde.”

“It’s a great honour, my lord. I’ll toil day and night to uphold your command.” the newly sanctioned Lord of Blacktyde said with bowed head.

Godkiller glowed in Harry’s hand with a golden aura before dimming down, binding the vow with magic to Harry’s surprise.

“I expect nothing less from a dutiful man like you, my lord.” Harry graciously nodded at the man before turning his eyes on the Ironborn, many of whom were ready to throw a fit hearing his proclamation.

“Lord Harlaw. Your services have pleased me. I’ll have a temple of the Old Gods built at Harlaw to save your people from the clutches of the vile demon you worshipped previously. After the work is done, I’ll name you its protector and knighted as a Templar.” Harry smoothly talked over any protests from the Ironborn.

This new declaration was met by the Ironborn with betrayal in their eyes as they glared at Lord Harlaw, which was precisely what he was hoping for. He wanted Lord Harlaw to understand there was no other way forward but to tie his house’s future with that of the North. When the time came, Harry wanted Lord Harlaw to advocate for his island to join the expanded territory of the North. Harry had no illusion that Lord Harlaw would flip overnight with this single act, but he was sure he could lead the man towards that decision in time. After all, he was hardly done with some of his tricks.

Before Harry could say anything else, Kyla came forward with a parchment. He knew his Valkyrie guards would never interrupt a meeting like this if it weren't urgent. The broken seal on the parchment could be seen, and it was from Avalon. Harry signalled for Kyla to come forward, taking the offered parchment from her hand before quickly reading its contents. Harry's eyes widened as he read the contents of the parchment written by Marwyn.

"My lord. Is everything all right?" Robett Glover asked in concern.

"King Robert the First of his name is dead." Harry said numbly, frowning at the parchment, not knowing what he should feel at the moment.

He passed the parchment to Robett Glover while contemplating what sort of changes this incident would make for the war and post-war Westeros. Harry understood the Iron Throne would pass to Stannis Baratheon with no legitimate heir carrying King Robert's blood. He didn't know whether that was a good thing or a bad thing for the North and Westeros as a whole. Despite the many faults of Robert Baratheon, the man was easy to work with, and it helped King Robert was a dear friend of his father.

He supposed Stannis might be more receptive to his cause than Robert, but he knew the second Baratheon brother was no easily tamed stag. One thing was certain: southern politics just got flipped upside down with Robert Baratheon's passing.