

## The Dread Lord of Essos

### Chapter 23

Daemon flapped his mighty wings as he circled the city of Volantis. Upon his back was the undisputed King of Volantis, the savior of the now free people of the city. Far below, Harry could see his drones rebuilding the destroyed walls, though the Black Wall would have to be fixed by himself. Too much magic was needed to reseal the break.

Since its sacking, Harry had done his best to keep order within the city, but that was a bit difficult since his army of Unsullied was already stretched thin. To help quell the tempers of the former slaves, he allowed them to decide the fates of their captured masters. Most were put to the sword, but a few were spared due to their fair treatment of their slaves. Those who were spared were allowed to stay or leave, but either way, slavery was no longer tolerated within the walls of Volantis. Any slaves being brought in were confiscated, and the slavers were dealt with accordingly. No doubt word would spread to the cities in Slaver's Bay. The best case scenario for them was that they would no longer ship their slaves to his city. However, Harry knew that the ruling class of those cities would not take the sudden hit to their finances lying down. How they would react was anyone's guess. Harry half hoped that their responses would be violent. It would give him a reason to continue eastward to the foot of the Painted Mountains.

As with King's Landing, Harry brought in plenty of food to keep things going while the city was rebuilt. During his attack, he tried his best not to do too much damage, but with a dragon of Daemon's size, that was a tall order. While Volantis was undergoing a transformation, Harry spent his time going back and forth between the two cities.

Daenerys daintily ate a bite of lobster before lightly dabbing her lips with her napkin. Harry watched on as he also consumed his dinner. The young Targaryen was being quite proper, which made Harry smile.

"I take it that your lessons have been going well?" Harry asked. Cersei would give a lesson to both her and Myrcella twice a week. Harry had his drones keeping an eye on them during their lessons to make sure that Cersei wasn't being too snooty with Daenerys. So far, Cersei had been pleasantly aloof.

Dany's cheeks turned pink before nodding. "Yes, they are going well. Some of it I already knew, but I'm still learning a lot. Myrcella is very nice," she added.

That was one thing he didn't expect. It seemed that the two princesses had formed a bit of a friendship. Harry, of course, didn't mind. Myrcella was a very kindhearted and sweet girl and would be a good influence on Dany. He just needed to make sure Cersei was kept in line. Harry made sure to have dinner alone with Dany every so often. He liked hearing her opinions without having anyone around to influence her. He even had to tell Melisandre to stop trying to turn her into a follower of R'hllor. If Dany decided to one day, it would be fine. Harry wanted it to be her

choice though. At the moment, she was still young and felt alone in the world. Because of this, she was highly influenceable. The only one who should be influencing her was him ... at least according to Harry. Of course, Melisandre wasn't happy about his decision, but her dedication to him remained rock steady. After dinner, he walked her back to her room before going to Cersei's. He knocked on her door and waited. It wasn't long before her "handmaiden" opened the door and let him in. Harry found her sitting at her vanity, getting ready for bed. Cersei put down her brush and stood up.

He eyed her body up and down. She wasn't wearing a stitch of clothing. He knew, of course, that she slept in the nude, so it wasn't surprising to him in the least. He also wasn't shocked at how easily she flaunted her nudity to him. While she may have had many hesitations when she first decided to agree to his terms and join him at Seven Swords, by then she was like a fish in water. There was hardly a day that went by that she wasn't out shopping or parading herself around the most luxurious areas of the city. She absolutely lapped up the attention that she was getting. Just as Harry suspected, having her in the city was a boon to him. There were many very wealthy patrons that decided to move some or even all of their businesses to his city. No doubt many were hoping to meet the former Queen of Westeros. Her son was still the King after all. If they could get on her good side, she could open up a whole other continent for them to monetize. Of course, Cersei lived for such things. She happily made herself available by eating at the fanciest outdoor cafes in King's Garden. As she did, word would inevitably spread, causing the local wealthy merchants to come running. Harry wasn't sure if it was the doors that she could potentially open for them or her great beauty, but there was hardly a moment when she wasn't eating alone. Harry hadn't ever seen her so pleased.

Having many wealthy merchants in his city certainly was a good thing. The money always trickled down, so having them around benefitted the smallfolk. Due to this, Harry usually allowed Cersei to do whatever she desired, so long as she wasn't abusing others. Even so, he would never be able to cure her of her acid tongue. She was born a snob and would die a snob. Nothing he could do, short of a lobotomy, would change that.

The real benefit to him was more tangible. Cersei actually enjoyed living here, and he would wager that she didn't want to leave ... and why would she? Who would want to go back to living in King's Landing? The capital of Westeros was a festering pile of shit that even now was on the brink of collapse. It was only through Harry's generosity that widespread riots hadn't broken out yet. Harry had been keeping an eye on things over there, and they were not good. Joffrey was running the place into the ground, and the people were growing angry again. Cersei wouldn't be safe in her own castle let alone walking the streets of the city. Not that she would, since the streets piled knee-deep in human and animal shit. Even the worst districts of his city were far beyond anything that could be offered in Westeros. Cersei could walk through the streets without fear of attack while breathing in the cool, fresh air that his Runes provided. She had access to endless amounts of gold that she happily spent on anything that would catch her fancy, and he never rebuked her for her overspending.

Harry didn't give a shit about gold. He was beyond mortal money. He could have anything he wanted in this world or the next. His drones alone were bringing in more gold every week than Cersei could spend in a thousand lifetimes. All Harry wanted was adventure, respect, and of course, a bevy of beautiful women to warm his bed.

In his city, other than himself, she was the talk of the town. Folks, wealthy and poor, fawned over her. Dressmakers asked her opinions and used her to promote the newest fashions. Harry did in fact notice that many of the upper-class women were dressing similarly to Cersei now. From the smirks that she often wore, he guessed that she was loving every second of it. Cersei was a woman that craved power and respect. In his city, she was getting that. Back in Westeros, she was yesterday's news and would likely end up being used as a bargaining chip by her father or her son. No, Harry thought. She would never give this up unless something better came along. That was assuming that he continued to allow her to stay.

Of course, Cersei could always find a way to get whatever she wanted. Even as a young lady, whether through her sexuality or through violence, what she wanted, she would get. She knew that Harry wanted her to teach the girls proper etiquette and prepare them for life as a Lady of his house. So that was exactly what she did. Cersei hadn't done anything major that would make him turn her away. She could be a bit mouthy sometimes. Nothing would change that, but all in all, she had kept her nose clean. The other way she was attempting to stay on his good side was by using her lovely body to her advantage. Harry wasn't going to complain about that.

She walked up to him as his female drone left the room. Cersei smiled sexily as she slowly wrapped her arms around the back of his neck. Harry placed his hands on her sides and let them slide down, exploring the curve of her waist before squeezing her hips. "Have you come to join me in bed?" she asked sensually.

"No ... but I'm sure I can be persuaded," Harry cheekily responded as Cersei dropped to her knees. He threaded his fingers through her long, blonde hair as she worked his trousers down his hips.

"Then what did you come here for?" she asked, grunting as she pulled his pants down. She squeaked when his cock sprang out and nearly hit her in the face.

"The Tyrells will be arriving within the next few days. I want you to be on your best behavior," he told her. Cersei looked up at him and sniffed as if they weren't worth her time. "I'm warning you, Cersei," Harry raised an eyebrow. "They can make things difficult for Joffrey. While I couldn't care less, I'm sure that you do. So be cordial or be absent. I don't care which."

"I will attempt to hold my tongue as long as they remain respectful," Cersei said in an annoyed voice. Harry smiled. He loved making the woman annoyed. The sex was always so much better when she was worked up. To prove his point, he pulled her head in, and Cersei practically devoured his cock before he dragged her to bed and fucked her brains out.

## The Dread Lord of Essos

“Mother ... Margaery ... We’re nearly there,” Mace Tyrell smiled happily as he stuck his head into their cabin on the Tyrell family ship. Olenna and Margaery got up and joined Mace and his wife Lady Alerie on the deck. They too were quite relieved. While the journey hadn’t been overly long, they did run into a fierce storm that not only delayed their arrival but nearly capsized their ship. If that wasn’t bad enough, most on the boat suffered from seasickness because of the horrible event. Margaery had had enough of traveling by sea and desperately wished to have her feet on solid ground once again. It was a sentiment shared by many on the ship. Seeing the white castle rising high into the air made her smile widely. Not because of the grandeur, but because she was so close to being on land again.

When she finally was able to look upon the castle and take it all in, her heart fluttered. “It’s so beautiful!” she cried out. Situated on its own private island, the white castle looked as though it had pierced the sky with its tall, sharp edges. In fact, every building that she could see on the island was built in the same style ... sharp and dangerous looking. Still, there was a definite beauty to it all. She loved the way the orange light of the early morning reflected off of the smooth, white stone. With every minute that passed, they crept ever closer and revealed more of the details. She could see intricate designs carved all over the white stone.

“It’s made from a single stone! There are no seams!” Mace cried out, the jealousy clear in his voice. Mace was a man that loved to have the best. The most beautiful wife and daughter, the most talented sons, he wanted it all. He prided himself on the fact that Highgarden was the most beautiful castle in all of the Seven Kingdoms. He often used that fact to poke at the Lords of the other Great Houses ... even though his mother had warned him against it ... repeatedly. The thought of someone having an even more beautiful castle rankled him. He watched in annoyance as his wife and daughter gasped and pointed at the many waterfalls that dotted not only the island but poured from the towers of the castle itself.

At the end of his private dock, Harry waited wearing clothes of the finest quality. By his side was Melisandre who was looking as devilishly sexy as always. The sunlight was just turning from the reddish-orange of early morning to the clearer yellow of mid-morning. As autumn was beginning to settle in, a cool ocean breeze blew over them. He smirked as the cold air made Melisandre’s nipples hard. When he told her that she needn’t cut her sermon short to be there, she waved him off. That morning she would let one of her underlings lead service in her Red Temple. Harry guessed that she wanted to be there to help throw Mace Tyrell off of his game. Finding the thought of it funny, he agreed to let her be by his side.

“Their ship isn’t as big as yours,” she suddenly said as the Tyrell’s ship docked behind his own. Harry chuckled at her.

“No ship is as big as mine, my dear. And the moment someone builds one bigger, I’ll build another that dwarfs theirs,” he smiled at her. She smiled back, looking dazzling in the morning sun. Melisandre always looked her best in the morning light. The sun’s rays made her hair and

dress appear to burn with dancing flames as she walked. They didn't need to wait long before the gangplank was set and the Lord of Highgarden and the Warden of the South came strutting down it with his family in tow.

Mace wasn't tall, nor was he short. He was once a handsome man with a strong build who had long since turned fat. His hair was curly and brown, and his beard was cut into a triangle. Both his hair and beard were peppered with white and gray hairs. All in all, he looked older than he really was. Even so, he had a jovial-looking face that promised a happy disposition. By his side was his lovely wife, Alerie Hightower.

Alerie was a tall and lovely woman who walked with a dignified grace that Harry had seen few truly pull off. She and her daughter resembled each other greatly. She was dressed in fine silks of green that were expertly embroidered with golden threads. Her long, silvery blonde hair draped over her shoulder in a thick fishtail braid. Had Harry been living back on Earth, he would have guessed that the woman had Veela blood in her veins. Her body matched that of a Veela's as well, being tall and thin with smallish-sized breasts and gentle curves. Harry knew that she was younger than her husband, Mace. Harry guessed that she was close to Cersei in age. Behind her were her daughter and mother-in-law, Lady Olenna.

Olenna was just as he suspected. The Queen of Thorns was a woman well past her prime who still possessed a cunning look in her eyes. It was well known that she was the true brains in Highgarden. She often brought her son to heel concerning anything that she thought was best for the family. Olenna was the one that Harry would have to keep his eyes on. To her right was her granddaughter, Lady Margaery.

Margaery was a very lovely girl, in Harry's opinion. She had a slender body but still possessed soft, womanly curves that easily drew his attention. Her pretty face was accentuated by her big, brown eyes that looked so much like her mother's. Her smile was shy and sweet. That along with her rosy cheeks and pert lips had many young nobles aching for her hand. Soft curls of long, thick, brown hair cascaded down her lithe body. Upon seeing it, all he could think about was running his fingers through it as he took her body over and over. Her skin was that of most noble women, fair and flawless. Harry had heard rumors of her personality. It was said that she was a sweet and generous girl with a sharp wit that matched that of her grandmother. Like Alerie and Olenna, she wore a beautiful dress of green silk trimmed in gold. Around her graceful neck, she wore a thin, golden chain with a small, jewel-encrusted pendant in the shape of a flower. It rested right above the dip in her cleavage. Of course, Harry's eyes followed the path.

Olenna smirked as she watched the young man's eyes skip over everyone and focus on her granddaughter. As suspected, Margaery had chosen the perfect dress for the occasion. It was a proper dress for meeting someone of his caliber, but the dip in her neckline showed just enough of what was hidden underneath. Everything was going according to her plan ... so far at least. As her oaf of a son walked up with his arm outstretched, it took Harold's attention away from Margaery.

“Harold! It’s a pleasure to meet you!” Mace said happily, going to shake his hand. Melisandre was having none of it.

“He is King Harold, Lord of the Dreadlands, Ruler of Volantis, and the reborn warrior, Azor Ahai!” she quickly corrected him. Harry had to hold in his laugh. Melisandre was always quick to put someone in their place if they belittled him in any way. Unfortunately for Mace, he didn’t do it on purpose, but that didn’t spare him her wrath. By then, Mace was sputtering out an apology, especially when Daemon flew by. His family looked up in wonder, though he could see the fear in their eyes. ‘Good,’ Harry thought. They needed to know and respect how dangerous he was.

“Oh ... Um ... Of course, I ... Forgive me ...,” he blustered. Melisandre smiled sweetly and walked up to him, her wide, inviting hips swaying sexily as she did.

Mace’s mouth opened, and he practically drooled on his boots. The redheaded woman walking up to him was by far the most beautiful girl that he had ever seen. Her dress hid everything while baring most. He continued to sputter as his eyes remained glued to the deep valley between her buxom bosom. He gasped, and his body trembled in delight as she wrapped herself around his arm. He could feel her very warm breasts hugging his arm as she pulled it tight against her body. “Of course, you’re forgiven, My Lord. Now, please allow me to escort you to the castle,” she said sensually.

Mace swelled up in manly pride. Forgetting that his wife was angrily staring at him, he said, “Of course, My Darling. I shall escort you anywhere you desire!” He never looked back as Melisandre’s eyes twinkled while walking him to a private carriage. As the carriage took off, he heard Mace loudly regaling her with false tales of his heroics during Robert’s Rebellion. Harry had to hold in a snort as the carriage moved on. The portly lord didn’t know what he was in for. Melisandre would take everything from him and give nothing in return. While Mace would be dreaming of her smooth, porcelain skin, Harry would be in her bed making her scream his name. Trying to smooth things over, he walked up to Alerie and took her hand.

“Lady Alerie,” he said, kissing the back of her hand. Her cheeks flushed pink as he used his finger to secretly tickle her palm. Hitting her with some of his magic, he felt her shudder. “It’s a pleasure to meet you. You’re just as beautiful as rumors have said.”

“Well ... I ... Oh dear!” she squeaked in embarrassment. Harry chuckled and kissed Olenna’s hand as well.

“Lady Olenna. I hope the trip wasn’t too bad,” he told her.

“It was dreadful,” she told him bluntly. Harry laughed.

“Then let me take you to Summerstone. There you will find every accommodation imaginable,” he said, escorting her and Alerie to the second carriage.

“Why is the castle called Summerstone, Your Grace?” came Margaery’s soft and sweet voice. Harry smiled and faced her.

“It was the name given to it by the smallfolk. When the summer sun hits the white stone, it blazes with light. They say it is so bright that it is like a second sun in the sky,” he told her, offering his arm. Like Melisandre, she wrapped her arms around it and hugged it tightly to her bosom. She smiled up at him with her eyes shining. He smiled back and escorted her to the carriage where they both got in and rode down the long, wide peer to the castle.