

## The Dread Lord of Essos

### Chapter 56

Harry stood north of the Thenn and deep within the Lands of Always Winter where no man dared to go. Even if they were brave enough to venture that far, they would quickly freeze or starve. During the days, the cold would pierce through you, and at night, if you were caught without a shelter or campfire, you couldn't hope to survive longer than an hour. This far north, nothing grew. There was no tree, bush, or blade of grass to be seen. Animals were just as scarce, and only the most foul and unspeakable things could be found there.

He could feel his drones feasting on his magic to keep themselves going. Normally, Harry would have just vanished them and found a more suitable site for them to work, but the mountains in the far north were practically overflowing with resources. Iron, lead, tin, copper, gold, and sapphires the size of golf balls were being torn from the mines. Harry was also harvesting aluminum from the rocks, though getting even a fraction of the amount of the other resources that he was getting was time-consuming. He wasn't mining the metal for him, however. Here on Planetos, aluminum was worth even more than gold, and the Iron Bank was eager to get their hands on the rare metal. As the only current supplier of it, that gave Harry major influence within the bank's walls. Most of it he sold to the bank, but he did keep some for himself ... just in case he needed it for anything. As such, Harry was using the extra energy to keep his drones mining twenty-four-seven. Unfortunately, a nearby magical disturbance had been interfering with his operation.

Standing on the edge of a steep cliff, Harry was looking down at an army of undead at least a million strong. It was easy to spot the Others, or the White Walkers as some called them. They stood gaunt and tall with thin, wispy hair the color of fresh snow. Their eyes glowed like blue moonlight and they wore reflective armor that camouflaged them against prying eyes. Their swords were made of thin crystal, and as rumor has it, they could easily piece chain mail as though it were mere silk. Some of the Others were nearly all bone, which shined like polished milkglass and were covered in pale, blue blood. And though the Others were plentiful in number, their Wights made up the majority of the army.

Wights was the name for the resurrected men and animals that the Others used as battle fodder. Necromancy was a magic that the Others were masters in. There were hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children scattered throughout the cold, white plain. Harry wondered how long it took for the Others to gather such an army. The wind was fierce and the heavy snow blew in nearly horizontally as it hid the distant reaches of his eyes. Still, Harry thought he saw something. Using his powers to focus his eyes, his vision cut through the heavy snow and fog. It was then that he saw the true size of the undead army. The million or so that he had seen only moments ago was perhaps only a tenth of the army. Stretched past the horizon was a wave of men and creatures, all of them slowly shuffling south. Far in the distance, Harry spotted what must have been several thousand dead giants, their long, muscled arms dragging roughly hewed, stone clubs behind them, leaving deep ruts in the snow. The flesh of their

shaggy, fur-covered bodies was milky white, which matched their silvery-gray fur. Not far from them was an entire herd of mammoths, some fully formed while others looked to be skin and bones. Harry couldn't count the number of creatures they had in their ranks. The majority of the beasts seemed to be wolves, which wasn't surprising. Wolves were the most abundant predators north of the wall after all. Direwolves, bears, and horses were also plentiful among the massive army.

Harry looked on in appreciation, and a smile formed on his handsome face. 'Perhaps this will be a challenge for me,' he thought as one of the closest White Walkers looked up and trained his glowing blue eyes on him. Harry could see them narrow as the corner of his lip pulled up menacingly. Though he couldn't hear it, Harry sensed that the creature was growling at him. Then it opened its mouth wide, and a terrible shriek cut the air and echoed off the mountainside. One after another, all the dead men and beasts turned their gazes to him. They now knew that they were being watched. The White Walker began running in his direction, so Harry pulled out his black blade and ignited its magical fire hotter than he ever had. With a mighty heave, he threw the flaming sword in their direction. The flaming sword spun through the air until it landed twenty rows deep into the first wave of the dead. When it hit the ground, it detonated with a concussive force that sent thousands of Wights and the Others twirling through the air, their bodies torn to pieces. At the point of impact, a tidal wave of fire exploded outward in every direction. Harry once again heard the high-pitched shrieks of the Others, but this time, it was laced with terror as their entire front line was engulfed in fire. A large, icy-blue spider scuttled off to the side, its back on fire. A moment later, it rolled over, and its long, spindly legs curled inward while it twitched. A horrible, chittering sound could be heard all the way up on the cliff as it died, its razor-sharp pincers clacking together.

It was complete chaos as the Wights stumbled around, falling over each other as they desperately tried to squash the flames. Of course, none of them were smart enough to do so. That was the problem with Inferi ... They could only follow the most basic commands, and they certainly couldn't think on the fly. The initial White Walker that challenged Harry was rolling around on the snow and was just able to snuff out the flames before burning to death. As it pushed itself to its feet, Harry held out his hand and magically called the sword back. Somewhere in the crowd of burning bodies, the sword launched itself back in his direction, piercing and slicing anything in its path. Arms, legs, torsos, and heads were severed or torn as the black sword shot through the throng. The White Walker was no different. Fiendfyre pierced his side and tore a chunk of flesh and armor from its torso. Its body spun forward ten feet and hit the snow hard. Harry watched for a moment until he saw it twitch. Turning around, Harry walked away. He had sent his message. They were moving south, and eventually, they would reach the Wall. Beyond that wall was the Dread Lord, a formidable foe who wouldn't back off. From their speed and the distance they were from the Wall, Harry calculated that it could still be several years before they became a threat. He would keep a close eye on their progress while preparing for the inevitable battle.

When the White Walker lifted its head from the snow and looked in his direction, it saw only an empty cliff face. All around him, his fellow White Walkers were screeching in anger and confusion.

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Needless to say, Catelyn and Sansa were none too pleased when they received word that Winterfell had been sacked. They were furious with the Ironborn and with Theon specifically. They were also very worried about the two young Starks in the castle.

“What are we to do, mother?” Sansa asked worriedly while Harry gently rubbed her back. The ship was docked in White Harbor, and the two Stark women were enjoying the hospitality of House Manderly. Both the Starks, Harry, and Wyman Manderly were in a private room discussing the current problems.

Lord Wyman Manderly was a man nearing sixty namedays with a belly so big that he could no longer ride a horse. Because of his weight and appearance, he was sometimes ridiculed and mocked by his own people, thinking him oaflike and foolish. Wyman Manderly was anything but. In fact, he was quite the opposite ... shrewd, cunning, and intelligent. He was also fiercely loyal to the Starks which was exactly why Catelyn had asked him to be involved in the matter at hand.

“I’ll tell you what we do, My Lady, we march over there and ...” Wyman declared in his booming voice but was cut off by the tapping on glass. A loud caw made Sansa jump. Harry walked over to the window and opened it up. A raven flew in with a note for him. He didn’t need to read it since he had gotten the scoop straight from one of his drones. He had had the raven sent from his ship. It was all just for show. He opened the letter and read it, pretending to scowl in anger.

“What is it, Harold?” Catelyn asked, moving next to him.

“I’m afraid taking back Winterfell has just gotten harder. From the information sent to me, the Boltons have taken the opportunity to march on Winterfell. They know that only a small force of Ironborn hold the castle, and Roose is eager to control it,” Harry told them.

“What madness is this?!” Wyman boomed. “I know that Roose isn’t exactly a man to be trusted, but would he really risk his family by betraying the Starks?”

“With Eddard and Robb gone and Jon Snow at the wall, he surely sees it as easy pickings. I doubt he knows that Catelyn and Sansa have returned and are speaking with you, Lord Manderly. From his perspective, it should be an easy win. The good news is that Dreadfort is almost equal distance to Winterfell as White Harbor is. If we are quick, we can catch Bolton before he even gets there,” Harry said as Sansa joined his other side. He could feel her warm fingers tickling his arm.

“There’s a problem with that,” Manderly sighed. “To pull together an army of any significant size, it will take time, and from what you tell us, time is a luxury we don’t have. You also must remember that it is winter. It could take weeks just to gather enough men to make any kind of a difference.”

“That is true. Winter will also hamper Bolton’s efforts. The trek from Dreadfort to Winterfell will be especially long and brutal for his men, and while they must walk, we have the White Knife to aid us. We can take the river up until we are east of Winterfell. From there, we can set up an ambush and take Bolton’s men by surprise. Gather your men as quickly as possible. I’ll provide all weapons, food, and other provisions. I’ll have it here within a week.”

Catelyn and Sansa perked up, and Sansa squeezed his arm just a little tighter. He could feel her warm breasts mashed against his arm. The sexy redhead really knew how to get his motor running. As a reward for his gracious selflessness, he was planning another mother-daughter threesome for that night. He very much doubted that either would deny him his fun that night.

“That is very generous ... Your Grace ...” Manderly seemed unsure of what to call him. “But even so, it will still take weeks.”

That will not be a problem, Lord Manderly. I think I have a way of slowing him down,” Harry smiled.

Just then, a mighty roar made the walls and floors tremble. Catelyn yelped in fright while Sansa hugged his arm tightly. Wyman nearly lost his balance and almost tumbled to the ground. They all went to the window and looked out just in time to see Daemon, Harry’s massive, black dragon flying by as he circled the castle. Down below, the townspeople screamed and scurried away in a panic as the dragon roared. All Harry could do was chuckle.

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While all of that was happening, another copy of Harry was visiting his favorite princesses in Meereen. It was late at night, and the weather was quite chilly for that part of the world. Normally Meereen was very hot all year long, but with winter falling, even the hottest cities would eventually become cold. Dany and Myrcella’s room was the highest room in the Great Pyramid, and thus, was even colder than the buildings at ground level. That was okay, Dany thought as Harry warmed her body.

Mycella was beside them, breathing slowly as she slept while Harry and Dany talked things over. “So how are you liking the city?” Harry quietly asked as his fingers gently trailed down her naked front. Dany shrugged her shoulders.

His finger caressed the smooth skin between her perky breasts, and he heard Dany gasp as her back slightly arched. Her breasts were pushed higher into the air, and Harry eyed her perfect, pink nipples. The tips were hard and crinkled, and they stuck out from her light-colored areolas.

He let his finger draw circles around the edge of her areola, and he could feel her body trembling with need. The pad of his finger brushed over the hard tip, and Dany practically purred. Harry leaned down and kissed her nipple, making her lovely eyes flutter.

“I won’t know unless you tell me,” he said, nipping at the crinkled tip.

“I like it well enough,” she told him, gasping as he caught the tip between his teeth. “I enjoy ruling, at least,” she added. She then moaned as he gently tugged on her aching nipple. Harry loosened his teeth and let her sensitive nipple snap back into place. He tilted his head back up and looked her in the eyes.

“But you don’t like the city itself?” he asked her while his hand explored her slim belly. Dany’s pale cheeks blushed pink.

“The people are not like us. Their customs are strange ... and I prefer to be closer to you,” she honestly told him. Her face burned red in embarrassment. “You’re not mad ... Are you?” she asked nervously. Harry smiled at her and kissed her on the lips. As soon as his lips touched hers, Dany’s arms encircled his neck, and she deepened the kiss. She moaned into his mouth when Harry’s finger tickled her little belly button. The scent of her arousal was growing stronger. Harry pulled away from her lips and kissed her slender neck. Dany tilted her head back, giving him more skin to kiss. He nipped at her sweet-smelling skin, and she squeezed his muscled arms tightly. He then laid a soft kiss under her chin and began talking again.

“Of course, I’m not mad,” he told her. By then, his hand was caressing her inner thigh. Dany closed her legs on his hand and began rubbing her thighs together. The smell of her wet pussy was strong. “Now that Cersei is back in the city, I was thinking about bringing Myrcella back, but I didn’t want to leave you alone in Meereen. I decided to talk to you first and see what you wanted.”

“I don’t want to be left here alone,” she immediately told him. Her hand dipped low and cupped his heavy sack. Daenerys had gotten good at handling him without being too rough. Myrcella still got a bit too excited on occasion.

“I can get someone else to rule temporarily until I find a permanent replacement,” he told her just as her hand moved up and wrapped around his considerable length. Slowly, she began to pump him, and before long, he was fully hard. “But I should warn you,” he moaned. “I may not have another place for you to rule for a while. I’m making a move on Westeros, but ...” He was cut off by her.

“Westeros?” she asked confused. “I didn’t think you were going to invade the Westerosi.”

“I don’t intend to invade. Westeros is destroying itself just fine without my help. I’ll need to do is wait for the right opportunities and give it a gentle nudge. When it all falls apart, I’ll be there to pick up the pieces, and the smallfolk will be begging me to rule,” he exposed the gist of his plan

to her. Dany was quiet for a moment, and Harry took the opportunity to nestle her dripping slit. The moment he touched her, his fingers became soaked in her warm juices. Up and down he stroked her soft, hairless lips. Dany's legs parted without her brain's input. Her body was trained to unquestioningly accept his pleasure. However, when he rubbed his thumb over her swollen clit, Daenerys moaned loudly and came.

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Dany was too busy thinking about Harold's words to react to the effect that he had on her young body. 'He is going after Westeros,' she thought to herself. He would achieve his goal ... Of that, she was certain. He was smart and powerful, and there was no one strong enough to stand in his way. The only question was when. Dany imagined herself sitting on the Iron Throne, ruling Westeros as his wife. 'That is where I belong. That is my destiny. That is my right by birth,' she told herself. She was suddenly pulled from her thoughts when his fingers began toying with her clit. Dany threw her head back and moaned loudly. Beside her, Myrcella began to stir.

She watched as her best friend opened her eyes and blinked a few times before rolling onto her side. Myrcella then saw what was going on between the pair and sat up. Her long, blonde hair was messy, but Harry thought she looked very sexy.

"Again?" she sleepily asked. "He already had us both three times tonight," she said, rubbing her eyes. Myrcella watched as Harry got into position, spread Dany's legs open, and thrust into her. Dany moaned deeply, and her back arched.

"Make it four," Myrcella saw him smirk. The young girl huffed over the fact that she hadn't been woken up to play. "Want to join?" he asked. Myrcella nodded and crawled over to him, and she let her hands caress his muscled belly and chest while he thrust into her friend. Looking down between her legs, Myrcella could see that Dany's clit was fully engorged. Reaching down, she placed her fingers on the little nub and started moving them in circles. Dany moaned loudly, obviously liking what she was doing. A hand suddenly cupped her ass, making Myrcella jump slightly. His hand was cupping nearly her entire cheek, and he squeezed it before his fingers dipped between her legs. Myrcella moaned as his fingers spread her damp lips.

She could hear his grunts getting louder and louder with every thrust. Harold often complimented them both on how tight they were. Both girls were very pleased that their bodies were able to bring him such pleasure, and they often giggled about it when alone. There was also a bit of a competition between them. While being fucked by him, they each squeezed him as tightly as they could, trying to get him to cum as fast as possible. Just then, both Harry and Dany moaned together, and she could tell that he was filling her with his seed. Sure enough, a moment later, he pulled out, and Myrcella saw globs of his thick, white cum leaking from her sloppy hole. Harry manhandled her body until her head was between Dany's legs. A hard smack on the ass made Myrcella squeak in pain. She knew what he wanted, so she eagerly gave in. Leaning down, she used the flat of her tongue to scoop up a glob of his cum. Myrcella dutifully swallowed the load just as her taut pussy lips were spread open by his massive cock. Her

mouth hung open as she groaned in pleasure. Harold wasted no time. He grabbed and held onto her thin waist tightly and began fucking her harder than she had been fucked all night. Mycella was continuously moaning into Dany's pussy as her own was being reshaped to fit his gargantuan size. She gripped Dany's thighs and squeezed them hard before collapsing onto her wet pussy. Her mouth was now pressed against Dany's wet slit, and it seemed that she didn't want to let the opportunity pass her by. Dany grabbed the back of her head and pulled her face in as Harry hit that special place deep inside of her. Myrcella cried out and began lapping at the wet pussy against her mouth. She was licking and slurping the wetness, breathing heavily, and then crying out as her pussy slammed shut around his thrusting cock. Not a second later, she received her own creamy load. Myrcella wasn't sure how long the three were going at it, but she wouldn't wake up the next day until late in the afternoon.