

Bernard stared at the brick walls in the watch tower morosely. It had been weeks since he had seen his wife and daughter. Ever since the war began, he was forced to serve in the Lannister army. But, unlike his friends, he was charged to stand guard atop the walls of Lannisport.

He was pretty thankful as he considered it a safe post. After all, many of his friends had ridden out with the Lannister army under Ser Kevan to attack the Reach. He didn't know what happened to them. There were rumours that Ser Kevan and the entire Lannister army he led were defeated. Some rumours claimed Ser Kevan transformed into a giant lion and roared, shaking the foundation stones of Highgarden itself. Some other rumours claimed Ser Kevan attacked King's Landing and was now ruling as the king. Some smallfolk say Ser Kevan was struck down by Stannis Baratheon, who was riding a flying horse. Even more fanciful claims say a great storm swept the Lannister armies away.

Bernard didn't know what to believe, and frankly, he didn't care. He just wanted the war to end and be with his wife and daughter. It was a sentiment shared by almost everyone. No one wanted to fight this war. But, the chances of getting out of the war alive were getting slim as days passed by. The Dornish and Reach armies were camped outside the walls of Lannisport. The only thing that kept him alive so far was luck and the recent inactivity from the enemy side. The Reachmen had, for some reason, stopped trying to breach the city walls. His colleagues in the garrison said the Reachmen and the accursed Dornishmen were going to abandon the siege and sail back home.

Bernard hoped it was true. He prayed to the Seven day and night for the enemy to take their ships and sail away from the city. He was dearly missing his pig farm, his wife's cooking, his daughter's smile and even his daughter's pet cat. All able-bodied men were conscripted to serve in the Lannister army to defend the city from falling into enemy hands. He could not escape the service even if he wanted to. It was not as if he could hide away in his barn. Thankfully, he was given the duty of a lookout most of the time since the Reachmen had stopped their attacks. It made his days rather dull, but at least he was alive. It was also a relief to see the Reachmen and Dornishmen stop bombarding the city with fiery stones. But they remain camped on the harbour despite many sorties led against their camps by some of the bravest knights of Lannisport.

He had the feeling that the enemy camped outside the walls of the city was merely waiting for the right time to strike rather than losing their appetite for war. If that was the case, Bernard feared his days were numbered, and his luck was running short.

Letting out a long breath, Bernard carved one more line on the wall with a piece of sharpened stone, marking the total number of days since he took up his post on the wall. After doing so, he climbed up the stairs inside the tower to the turret. After climbing to the top, Bernard opened the hatch that led to the turret and hauled himself over. The sun slowly rose in the east, a placid red ball among the clouds. Looking to the west, where the enemy was supposed to camp, Bernard found a lot of fog. But he froze upon seeing a strange sight.

At first, Bernard thought he was imagining things. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Unfortunately, he saw the same sight keying into the fact that he was not going mad.

Bernard opened his mouth to scream or make any sound that would attract the garrison's attention, but no sound came from his throat. He felt his palms sweat as he stared with wide eyes at three large floating contraptions that looked like a ship staying afloat among the clouds.

“Wha...? I...? Who...?” Bernard stuttered, the disbelief pervading his mind turning into fear with every waking moment.

“E...everyone! Wake up! Ring the bells!” Bernard screamed at the top of his lungs, staring with wide eyes at the behemoths floating in the sky.

Bernard rushed down the stairs, climbing down from the turret and blew the horn as loud as possible. It didn't take long for the other lookouts in the towers along the wall to take notice of the floating ships. Bells began ringing in the city as the flying ships set a frenzy among the garrison.

“What in the name of the Seven are those things?” Bernard muttered, staring at the flying contraptions with dread, fearing for his life and that of his family.

The garrison manning the walls were not the only ones scared witless seeing the flying ships. That became abundantly clear when Harry saw the terrified faces of men among the Dornish and the Reach camp.

‘They look like they’re about to shit themselves.’ Harry thought amusedly, staring down at the men on the ground as he floated down slowly on a flying carpet with two bodyguards standing by his side.

He supposed he understood why the spirits get carried away by the god complex after interacting with human tribes. Even Harry was feeling an unhealthy amount of superiority as he stared down at the soldiers on the ground. It was also possible that a significant number of men among the Dornish and the Reach army were already seeing him as a godlike figure. Even if he was not afforded a godly status, a demigod or demonic status was most likely within the realm of possibility, depending on the people's perspective. And Harry was adamant about creating a perspective in people's minds about him that'd make them think twice before making an enemy out of him.

“Prince Oberyne. I heard you were in need of assistance.” said Harry once the carpet hovered a few inches away from the ground.

“You see, a measly wall stands in our way.” said Oberyne, taking his eyes off the flying ships to grin at Harry. “You’ve been busy.”

“Everyone needs a hobby.” Harry grinned, shrugging his shoulders as he stepped away from the hovering carpet.

His guards followed suit, and the carpet folded upon itself and was safely tucked away into a bag by one of his bodyguards.

“You have strange hobbies, student of mine. Come, we have much to discuss, you and I.” Oberyne invited Harry into his tent.

“Lead the way.” said Harry.

The ships remained hovering in the sky, making the Dornishmen and Reachmen eye them warily for the rest of the day. It was not as if there was anything better to do for most of them as they had stopped attacking the city walls.

Meanwhile, Harry stared amusedly at Oberyne, who was pacing irritably inside the tent. His bodyguards were standing guard outside Oberyne’s tent.

“So, why exactly did you seek me out? From the looks of the army gathered here, it’s not an impossible task to breach the walls of the city.” Harry asked curiously.

“Trust me, you’ll be thinking even breathing is impossible if you spend enough time with the Reachmen.” said Oberyne, pouring himself a chalice full of wine before offering it to Harry.

“Fair enough,” said Harry, accepting the wine, but he refrained from consuming the red fluid.

“So, you need my help to bring down the walls of the city. I can do that, but for a price.”

“My offer for aid in your invasion against the Ironborn not enough?” Oberyne asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Oh, that’s an attractive prospect, but I’m more interested in Dorne’s ports and shipping lanes into Essos and the Summer Isles.” said Harry, ignoring whatever troubles the Dornish were facing with the Reachmen.

It was not as if Harry cared one whit what went on between the two of the southernmost kingdoms enough for Prince Oberyne to seek his aid. But he cared deeply about expanding his trade fleet and naval presence of the North in the Sunset Sea and the Summer Sea. If he was to maintain his influence over the Iron Islands after this war, he wanted guaranteed port rights to expand trade.

“What exactly do you have in mind?” Oberyne asked.

Harry furnished a leaf of parchment from his pocket, passing it to Oberyne’s hands.

“This...” Oberyne’s eyes widened as he read the contents of the parchment. “...will require my brother’s consent.”

“I know. The terms are negotiable, but I’d like to see this agreement signed.” said Harry.

“Dornish support for gaining control over Blacktyde, Harlaw and Fair Isle. Isn’t that a bit... too much to ask? You are, despite your incredible great feats, a child. I doubt King Robert would agree to give you control over three islands in the Sunset Sea, and Fair Isle remains under the control of the Dornish army.” Oberyne said, staring at Harry with a pointed look.

“You let me worry about King Robert. The islands are non-negotiable.”

“Even the Fair Isle?” Oberyne asked incredulously.

“Yes.” Harry said with a straight face.

Harry was not going to say that he merely wanted control over the two islands of the Iron Islands. Gaining Fair Isle would be difficult, but he could let the demand drop to gain some lucrative port rights. He had no doubt that an intelligent man like Oberyne Martell would understand what he was after. Besides, it was not like he had the manpower to keep his hold over Fair Isle. Even if he managed to wrestle control of Blacktyde and Harlaw as he imagines, he could only keep up the hold over the islands with judicious use of Confoundus charm and Imperious curse. Adding Fair Isle into the mix would undoubtedly bring unnecessary strain into his everyday life.

As it was, his plans surrounding Blacktyde and Harlaw were focused on extracting the manpower resources from these islands to increase settlements in Sea Dragon Point and expanding his naval workforce. The access of ports and securing safe sea lanes around these two islands were his secondary objectives. As such, Harry was not hoping to hold on to these islands for more than five years. If he could pull it off without magic, then he’d be delighted. But he would not be surprised if the Ironborn managed to resist his attempts to change their culture in their home islands.

After all, Harry was going into this new social engineering of the Ironborn with an open mind.

‘Failure is very much under consideration in what was going to be a long exigent path that lay ahead.’ Harry thought with a frown.

If he failed to purge the Ironborn culture from Blacktyde and Harlaw, then there was only one way ahead.

‘Total destruction.’ Harry thought grimly. ‘The Ironborn will never again wage war on the people of this world.’

“So... Do we have a deal, Prince Oberyne?” Harry asked, offering his hand, which the Prince of Dorne took after a brief moment of hesitation.

“These terms are acceptable.”

They shook hands, and a pact was made on the fallen harbour of Lannisport.

A few hours later, Harry stood before the Dornish army facing the giant stone wall protecting Lannisport.

“I was meaning to ask this earlier. Where did you find these two?” Oberyne asked, looking curiously at the two foreign-looking guards flanking Harry.

“Why are you interested in them?” Harry asked, raising his eyebrow ever so slightly.

“Because they’re Essosi. I don’t remember seeing Essosi guards in your service when I visited Avalon or Winterfell.” said Oberyne.

“Hmm. Daro and Crayat recently came into my service. They hail from the city of Qarth.”

“I see. There must be an interesting tale behind how a Stark of Winterfell got entangled with the warlocks of the east.” Oberynd whispered.

Harry shrugged and merely raised the Elder Wand, pointing it straight at the wall. He was not bothered by Oberynd’s keen deduction skills. It was to be expected, after all. Prince Oberynd was a well-travelled man.

“Brace yourselves.” Harry warned the Dornishmen as he pooled his power for what was about to happen.

Breaching the city walls was instead a leisurely affair in Harry’s mind. But the purpose of all the grandstanding was not necessary. He could just wave his hand and transfigure all the stones in the wall into harmless pebbles. He could’ve shrunk the wall or even made it disappear altogether. But none of those spells would be flashy. The reason Harry came here was to show off his power. In his mind, there was nothing more powerful and flamboyant than the power of the sky.

“Fulmen.”

A bright blue light shone out of the tip of Harry’s wand. A long powerful arc of lightning blasted out of the tip of his wand with a deafening roar. The ground shook, the skies trembled, the tides gnawed at the land, and then all was quiet s if nature was taking stock of what happened.

Harry brought back his wand arm to his side, pointing the Deathstick downward. He studied the sizeable gaping hole he had created on the wall of Lannisport. The stones were blown out into the city because of the spell. He could already hear the screams coming from the city as its people no doubt realised they were no longer protected from the army camped outside.

“Prince Oberynd. Your enemies await you. I hope House Martell shows restraint where needed.” said Harry, turning away from the sight of the destroyed wall to stare at the wide black eyes of Oberynd Martell.

When Prince Oberynd wordlessly nodded, Harry knew it was time for him to leave.

“I’ll leave you to it then. Come, Daro, Crayat. My work here is done.” said Harry, climbing abroad his flying carpet before the watchful eyes of the three armies fighting a bloody war over Lannisport.

As the carpet took to the skies taking Harry and his guards, he could see all eyes following him. Arrows and bolts were let loose from the battlements of the wall, but they never reached Harry. All of them fell short as he was out of their range, and even if they could reach him, he had a magical shield around him just in case.

“This world now knows magic’s might.” Harry whispered, but only the winds heard him.

Unlike previous days Robert was sober today. He had not touched an ounce of wine, but then again, he never had to. There was no greater feeling other than getting his blood pumping in his veins as he fought a bloody battle in the field. He'd not have that feeling suppressed by drinking wine.

Robert let out a cackle as he smashed Godsgrief on the helmet of a Crakehall soldier. The man fell with his head smashed in and his neck twisted at an odd angle. Someone tried to smack him with a shield, but Robert smacked it away with Godsgrief and stabbed the sharp tip of his hammer into the neck of the enemy. Robert wrenched his hammer back and watched as a young boy not older than ten and seven fell to his knees, struggling to stem the lifeblood flowing from his neck. Taking pity on the boy, Robert smashed his hammer on the boy's head with great force. The boy lay prone on the ground, drenched in his own blood, never to rise again.

Robert didn't have time to spare more thought on the boy and moved on to his next opponent. Ironically, his next opponent was an old man with a long white beard and grey eyes. The old man swung his sword straight for his head. Robert expertly ducked and swept the man off his feet with his hammer. The old man fell on his back with a loud groan. Robert made sure the old man never made another sound when he crushed the man's face with Godsgrief. The blood that spilt out from the broken skull of the old man entered his right eye, leaving Robert temporarily blind. Therefore, he was late to react when someone tried to tackle him.

Falling on the floor, Robert punched the man with his left arm. While the punch connected to the jaw, leaving the man reeling from the blow, Robert did not come unscathed. He could feel a sharp stinging pain on his waist. His right hand immediately sought out the source of pain and found a dagger punching through a weak spot in his armour.

Yelling out in pain, Robert wrenched the dagger out to see fresh blood spill out from the wound.

Seeing his blood, Robert was just about ready to smash the enemy's face into a bloody pulp. But he didn't get the chance as Ser Barristan cleaved through his assailant's neck, leaving the head to tumble down into the ground from the man's shoulders.

"Your grace, Are you all right?" Ser Barristan asked, helping Robert to his feet.

"My ego is bruised, Ser." Robert laughed, hiding the wound as he knew the Lord Commander would escort him out of the battle if the knight saw the wound.

"We're almost there, your grace. The ram will break the door and break the gates." Ser Barristan said, batting away a spear and cutting open the throat of the poor sod who tried to battle Barristan the Bold.

“Well, it's taking them too long. Let's give them a hand. Follow me.” Robert shouted as he smacked away a Crakehall soldier by smashing in the ribs with his hammer.

“To me! To me!” cried Robert, as he paved his way through the enemy soldiers with Ser Barristan by his side.

Halfway through, he was joined by Ser Mandon Moore and Ser Arys Oakheart in cutting a bloody swathe through the enemy. When they finally reached the gate, Robert could see the men handling the ram were struggling to break the gates of Crakehall. Arrows were claiming the lives of men handling the ram, and to make matters worse, Robert even saw pots of hot water being dropped on his men. Stones were being dropped on the men, who were unfortunate enough to try to take refuge from the arrows by staying too close to the walls.

“We'll have to break the gate before they take another sortie.” Robert muttered, looking at his hammer and then at the gates.

He supposed it was time to see whether Harrion Stark's claim that Godsgrief could shatter the bones of a dragon was true or not.

“Shields!” Robert roared as he went straight for the metal-plated gate.

The men around him, including his Kingsguard knights, protected him with their shields. With all his strength, Robert swung his hammer and struck a mighty blow on the gate with Godsgrief. The gate shook and groaned while the metal plate dented inwards.

“It's breaking. The gates are breaking!”

The men shouted happily. Robert paid it no heed as he struck the gate again with might force, and this time a portion of the gate broke off its hinge. He delivered two more blows, and the entire gate broke away from its hinges and fell over to the other side, crushing enemy soldiers underneath.

“To victory!” Robert screamed, raising his hammer in the air.

“Robert! Robert! Robert!”

The men chanted, and Robert knew he had missed this so dearly. He forgot all about the pain on his side as he happily engaged in battle with the castle garrison, with men roaring his name to the heavens. He had never felt more alive than on the battlefield. And Tywin Lannister was making it enjoyable for him every step of the way.

‘If this keeps up, I might have to reward the Old Lion for entertaining me.’ Robert thought, smashing his hammer into the chest of an unlucky fellow as he gained a foothold in the castle.

When the battle finally ended, Robert was drenched in blood from head to toe. The problem was that he had no idea whether it was his blood or the blood of his enemies. He liked to think it was just the blood of his enemies, but when the rush of battle left him, his body keenly felt the strain and the pain. Godsgrief slipped from his hand. He could hear the sound

of the magical weapon clattering on the ground. At that moment, the last iota of strength in his body left him.

Robert fell by the steps of the main keep under the watchful eyes of his Kingsguard knights.

“Your grace!”

Robert could see Ser Barristan and Ser Arys rush to his side and help him lie down on the floor away from the steps.

“Call the Maester. Now!” Ser Barristan roared at the men.

“We won a great victory today. A feast must be arranged...” Robert muttered, his eyes spinning without focus.

“Your grace! Help is coming your grace.” Ser Barristan said in alarm.

“I’m quite fine...” his words slurred towards the end as dark spots entered his vision.

Robert felt the world spin, and darkness claimed him.