

Harry kept a keen eye as he slowly moved the Valyrian steel knife along the hard edges of the dragon bone in his hand. He had cut out several pieces of dragon bone from the remains he found in Skane. He had planned to make some dragonbone bows out of the bones in his possession, but that plan had been put on the back burner for years. It was mostly because he had been distracted with the affairs of Avalon and other issues in the North.

Even now, he couldn't see much use in making a dragon bone bow. But he wanted to test whether dragonbone would function as a better magical foci. It was a last-ditch effort to see whether he could create a wand fit for Jon or Elsera. Even with a valyrian steel knife, it was pretty difficult to file away the unneeded portion of the bone. The dark material was filled with iron, making it as strong as steel yet lighter and more flexible. However, it wasn't easy to make anything using dragonbone. It was a hard, unyielding material to work with. Even with valyrian steel, the dragonbone part sitting in the palm of his hand gave Harry a lot of trouble.

'Maybe I should invite a master craftsman skilled and experienced in working with dragonbone to Avalon.' Harry mused.

He continued to grind the dragonbone piece for a few more minutes until he was finally satisfied with its current dimensions. The dragonbone piece was now as long as his little finger with half an inch in thickness. Harry took out his supply box, where he kept all the specimens he collected for making wands. He found the wood section all clearly marked for easy access.

His eyes ran over maple, pine, weirwood, oak, elm and many others until finally his eyes struck on yew.

"Yew wand with dragon bone core." Harry muttered to himself as he frowned in thought.

He picked the wood from his supply box and held the core close to the wood. Harry prodded the wood and the bone fragment with his magic to see whether he could feel any resonance. There was a faint pulse of energy coming from the two objects, but he couldn't discern what it meant. He was no skilled wandmaker and mostly went at this with trial and error. Still, he made a quick note in his diary about the pulse of magic he felt. He hoped future wandcrafters might find his notes helpful to develop the craft.

He chose yew for this particular wand because Elsera's power also had a strange congruity with the properties of yew. Yew wood generally bonded with wizards influenced deeply by the powers of life and death. It also had the ability to streamline the chaotic and powerful magic of wizards.

In his observation, Elsera's magical abilities of manipulating her blood were fascinating. It was also something he never encountered. He had read of blood mages, but they were fanciful accounts based on rumours and wild imaginations. There were no first-

hand accounts about such wizards or witches. But Harry trifled with small-scale blood magics to some extent. But he was never born with a proclivity to such magics.

Elsera was not like him in that aspect, and Harry knew this in his bones. She was born a blood mage, so she had the innate power to manipulate her blood to do her bidding. He hoped the yew wood would accept the bone of a willful dragon that fought till the end to protect its offspring.

‘It’s a shame I can’t get my hands on dragon heartstrings. That’d have been the ideal core for this wand.’ Harry mused.

He suspended the dragon bone fragment with his magic and dipped it in the green-coloured potion he had made using the sap from the Heart Tree of Avalon. The dragon bone surrounded by the green paste was carefully placed inside the incision he made on the yew wood. Harry sealed the wood close and carefully placed it on a stone tablet. Placing his hand on the stone tablet, he flared his magical power, and the runes carved on its surface flared to life. The runic script on the stone tablet began to appear on the wand’s outer periphery in miniature script.

‘Rune transference. My greatest discovery.’ Harry thought with some pride.

It was a new method of enchantment that he developed recently. It was an unintentional discovery, as he intended to create a template for creating a spellforge that could automatically transmute regular steel into valyrian steel. While he failed in that aspect, he developed rune transference. With this new method, he could instantly transfer a runic script into an object, thus avoiding manual carving.

Right now, the wand was enforced with the aspects of character, power and spirit.

By enforcing these aspects into the new wands, he hoped the wands would gain better communication channels with a wizard’s magic. It should theoretically help with the bonding process.

“What’s that funny light?” Jon asked as he emerged from the trunk.

Harry looked up from his work to see only his brother's head could be seen from the enhanced space inside the trunk.

“Fed Snuggles, did you?” Harry asked with an annoyed look for interrupting the moment.

“Stop calling him that. His name is Sundancer.” said Jon, climbing out of the trunk.

“Sundancer. What a silly name.” Harry said with a snort.

“Oh, and Snuggles is such a terrifying name. I could feel the awe and majesty of a dragon with that name.” Jon mocked.

“Don’t you have something better to do other than annoying me? Or do you prefer your hair colour to become orange for the rest of the journey?” Harry threatened.

“What’s that you’re doing?” Jon asked with a sigh, changing the subject.

‘Coward. It’s so easy to threaten him by threatening to blemish his curly hair.’ Harry thought amusedly.

“I’m making a wand.”

“Oh. Let me try then.” Jon reached out with his right arm, but Harry swatted it away.

“This one is for Elsera.”

“Weren’t you that one who said the wand chooses the wizard?” Jon asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Fine.” Harry huffed. “Give it a try.”

Jon picked up the wand and gave it a swish. He was blown off his feet the moment he finished the motion with the wand and smacked his head first against the wooden wall of the room.

Harry roared with laughter, seeing his brother on the floor moaning in pain.

“Perfect. This will do.” Harry said, picking the wand from the floor while chuckling at his brother’s plight.

A few minutes later, Elsera sat before Harry while Jon was nursing a small bump on the back of his head.

“The last wand I had crafted for you was responsive. But I believe this one would find better synergy with your magical power.” Harry said happily as he looked between Elsera and the Yew wand.

“Give it a try. Go on.” Harry nodded giddily, looking eagerly at the witch.

Elsera shot a worried look at Jon, who was holding a cube of ice against the side of his head.

“Don’t mind him.” Harry patted her shoulder in encouragement. “Now, give it a wave.”

Elsera looked reluctant, but she squared her shoulders and took the wand into her hand. Sparks of colourful lights showered from the wand’s tip while a gentle whirlpool of wind formed around Elsera. The effect died down after a moment, and Harry jumped on his feet, clapping in celebration.

“Congratulations, Elsera. This wand has chosen you as its mistress.”

“Wow!” Elsera breathed out in excitement.

“12 inches long, made of yew and dragon bone as its core. With this wand as your companion, you’ll find that no spell would elude you and your raw magic bending easily to your will.” Harry explained.

“Do you think I can make a castle like you did?” Elsera asked with a strange gleam in her green eyes.

“Maybe you should focus on charms and transfiguration for now.” Harry said with a chuckle, seeing her enthusiasm.

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Harry found that the airship had come to a halt in the sky. He noticed that when he looked out of the window and found the same hill he had seen later.

“Hey, Jon. I think the ship stopped.” Harry said as he looked through the glass window.

“Maybe we reached the Velvet Hills.” said Jon.

“This soon? We were only over the Braavosi coastlands half an hour ago.” Harry disagreed.

Braavos occupied the western parts of Andalos after they won the area from Pentos. The western coastal area of Andalos was flatlands that gave Andals access to the Narrow Sea. It was the place where Theon Stark destroyed the last remnants of the Andal invasion forces. It was said the western coastlands of Andalos were filled with skulls of men, women and children and their burning villages after Theon Stark retaliated against Andal invaders. But most of those lands were now under the control of Braavos, adopting much of Braavosi culture.

The old Andal culture now only existed on the Velvet Hills near the Rhoyme River. It was his hope that was the case because, according to maester Luwin, most of Andal culture in the region had eroded. The political instability brought forth by the rapid migration of Andals, consecutive wars between free cities, and regular raids by Dothraki hordes had reduced the region to rubble. Andalos was now filled with scattered villages, nomads and slavers.

Still, Harry wanted to visit the place for its historical significance. But he also had an ulterior motive. He wanted to check whether Andalos held any significance to the Seven. The Old Gods had the weirwood trees as their abode in the mortal realm. Similarly, Harry wanted to know whether the Seven had left something tying them to the mortal plane. He hadn’t found anything matching a divine aura in the sept of White

Harbour. The fact that the Seven had so far not retaliated against the followers of the Old Gods for the destruction of the Great Sept of Baelor was quite curious.

Therefore, Harry suspected septs were not tethering the Seven to the mortal plane. At least, not all the septs. He had never visited the Starry Sept to test the theory.

When Harry finally got curious enough about their abrupt halt, he got up from his workstation and opened the door. But a guard was standing outside, about to knock on the door.

“Milord. The captain is asking for you.”

“What happened?” Harry asked curiously.

“There has been a situation milord. It’s better if you see it.”

“What’s going on?” Jon asked.

“Let’s find out.”

When Harry arrived at the command bridge with Jon in tow, they found Anya, Robb and Alyn pouring over a map.

“What seems to be the problem? Why have we stopped?” Harry asked.

“We’re lost, Harrion.” said Robb.

“Lost? How can we be lost?”

“We followed the marked villages on this map to chart our course. But we've encountered several villages not marked on the map in the last hour.” Anya reported.

“Either the map is wrong, or we made a mistake.” Robb added.

Harry looked at the map they had taken from Braavos. A chain of villages marked on the map traced their path towards the Velvet Hills, which also put them on a straight line to Ghoyan Drohe.

“Where are we right now on the map?” Harry asked, looking at Anya.

“We’re not sure, my lord.” Anya looked at him apologetically.

“Take a guess. How far off are we from our set course?” Harry asked.

“We counted thirteen villages on the map along the way. After that, we’ve deviated from the path. So I can only position our ship on the thirteenth village. I can’t say whether the ship went off course to the south or east.”

Harry shook his head at the useless answer before looking at the map.

“Have you made a chart for these settlements you encountered?”

“Yes, my lord.” Anya immediately placed another map where she placed markers for the course she traced when she realised the ship had gone off course.

“Take the ship back to the last settlement. We’ll ask for directions.” Harry ordered.

“The villagers might get spooked by our arrival, my lord. They might not be as well informed as the rest of the Free Cities of Essos about the airship.” Anya cautioned.

“Then we’ll remain inconspicuous. The ship can stay hidden, and we’ll pose as travellers.”

It took them a few minutes to find the last settlement. But posing as travellers was relatively easy, thanks to the prevalence of the common tongue. Harry chose to stay in the airship while Robb and Jon engaged the people in the village. While his brothers were securing the information they needed to continue their journey, Harry was looking at the maps sprawled over the table. His initial plan had been to first go to Pentos and then follow the valyrian road east straight to Ghoyan Drohe. The lost Rhoynar city was a ruin, but there were small scattered settlements. Most importantly, Ghoyan Drohe was on the banks of a tributary of the Rhoyme River. He had planned to travel downstream of the river to arrive at the Velvet Hills and look for any signs of the Seven and their tether to the mortal plane.

‘Perhaps I should work on including a map of Essos into the airship for future reference.’ Harry mused.

“My lord. My lord.” A guard barged into the bridge with a panicked look.

“What?” Harry looked up from the maps.

“Our lookouts spotted an army coming for the village from the east.” the guard reported in a rush.

Harry immediately stepped outside the command bridge, and the guard led him straight to the spotter on the ship's port side.

“There, my lord.”

The spotter pointed in a direction, and Harry followed the line of sight with his own telescope. Sure enough, he could see a large group of armed men riding horses coming their way.

“It’s not an army. It’s a Dothraki khalassar.” Harry muttered.

“To arms, all of you! And man the ballistas! Archers in position.”

While the men aboard the ship rushed to take up their posts, Harry sent Anya into the village to retrieve his brothers as fast as possible. Harry remained vigilant on the ship, observing the movement of the khalassar. However, his hope of avoiding a direct

conflict with the Dothraki became slim when Anya didn't return with his brothers from the village.

"Lord Harrion. They're drawing closer." Josera warned, holding a crossbow close to his body.

"My lord, there is movement in the village. Lord Robb and Jon are standing guard at the village entrance with the men while the women and children run westward." A lookout posted on observing the village reported.

"Those fucking idiots. They want to play knight and defend the village from the Dothraki." Harry muttered furiously.

"All right men, Listen to me. We'll spare not one Dothraki rider. I'll position the ship over the village's entrance. If you see the khalassar trying to go around our ship, you use the fire ballista to turn them into ash. Am I clear?"

"Yes, my lord." A chorus of agreement came from the men aboard the ship.

Harry manoeuvred the ship close to the village at a suitable height and waited patiently for the Dothraki khalassar to step inside the range of their bows and siege weapons. He let the invisibility spell and raised a protective shield over the airship.

"Attack!"

The twang of bowstrings collectively releasing reached Harry's ears. He watched the arrows sail through the air and rained down death on the charging Dothraki warriors.

"Archers, nock. Loose!"

Another batch of arrows sailed into the battlefield, claiming the lives of screaming Dothraki warriors.

'Good thing they're not wearing any armour.' Harry thought, watching the Dothraki warriors falling dead in droves under the assault of his archers.

The fire-enchanted bolts were released from the ballistas. Several explosions of fire shook the battlefield, consuming the enemy horses and huge pockets of their army. Crossbow bolts were also reaping lives as the crossbowmen pelted the Dothraki from the port side. The few strays that managed to escape the range of archers on the port side of his ship fell prey to the crossbowmen stationed at the starboard side. The lucky few who managed to escape fell to the sword of the defenders of the village. The screams of Dothraki men filled the air as their dead mounted on the battlefield.

Despite the culling the Dothraki were facing and their inability to hurt the ship, they charged head-on to their deaths.

"They're killing themselves without any care." Josera said with a wince.

Harry was about to jump in and use his magic, but a dark aura suddenly encompassed the battlefield. A coppery tint of blood lingered in the air before long shadows consumed the blood-soaked ground. The horses of the Dothraki warriors stopped charging into the battle and began to shake away their riders violently.

“Don’t stop releasing your arrows.” Harry ordered when his men stopped their attack to stare at the strange events unfolding on the battlefield.

“Is that...?” Josera stuttered with wide eyes.

“Yes. That’s your sister’s magic.” Harry said, watching the events unfolding below with excitement.

The shadows bubbled forth, and several figures emerged made in blood-red and coal-black garb out of the shadows. These strange figures picked the fallen weapons of the Dothraki warriors and began killing the unhorsed warriors without a second thought. Harry stared at the dispassionate killing unfolding on the battlefield without a shred of regret or concern. As far as he was concerned, a dead Dothraki was a boon for this world.

“Kill them all. Show no mercy.” Harry ordered to his men despite many of the Dothraki warriors now trying to flee the field in terror of the magic unleashed by Elsera.

It took them a while, but the screams and wails of the Dothraki khalassar fell silent. However, the smell of blood and death hung heavily over the village. Harry had lowered the airship once the enemy had been thoroughly destroyed. Only a few injured survivors were left among the broken Dothraki khalassar.

“No survivors. Kill every last one of them.” Harry ordered the men.

“No! Stop! That’s not how we should wage war.” Robb objected.

“War? Is it the principle of war to attack a defenceless village, rape the women, take the children as slaves and leave the men dead for the crows?” Harry asked harshly without mincing words while glaring at his twin.

“No.” Robb murmured.

“Then we’ll not treat these barbarians worthy of such honour. They deserve nothing but the cold embrace of death.”

“Our father taught us justice and vengeance are different things. We can take them as prisoners and let them serve at the Wall.” Robb suggested.

“But Robb. We’re not in the Seven Kingdoms. Our laws can’t judge these men, nor have they broken any laws as I doubt there is any law here...” Jon trailed off with an uneasy shrug of his shoulders.



“In a society where there are no laws to enforce justice, vengeance becomes justice.” said Harry with an air of finality before turning to the men. “Kill them all. Spare none. Have their supplies and any surviving horses delivered to the villagers.”

The men nodded and went to work while Harry faced the grateful, fearful and awed looks from the villagers.