

Clouds flew past Harry as the airship sailed through the sky at a moderate speed. He stayed near the ship's railing, enjoying the wind rushing past his face. The rushing wind reminded him of the times he'd often use his Firebolt in his home world.

His attempts to create a broom had been only partially successful. The broom he had made suffered from manoeuvrability in transit, which forced him to reduce its maximum speed for safety purposes. A broom without speed was like a bird without wings. The entire purpose of the broom became inconsequential without the element of speed in the equation. Despite his relative success with the flying carpet, a fast broom appeared to be way out of his league for the time being.

It'd seem he was not as good as a professional charms master, but he had not given up hope. He was still working on creating the charms that'd work seamlessly with the rest of the spells on the broom.

The salty scent in the air was something Harry liked to enjoy as it reminded him of the white sandy beaches of Avalon. They had left the mainland of the North behind and were fast approaching the Three Sisters. He had only been away from Avalon for a week and was already feeling nostalgic.

"Harrion."

Harry found Jon join him at the aft of the ship.

"Jon." Harry acknowledged his brother with a nod.

"Did you enjoy sailing the ship?" Harry asked once he saw Jon relax while staring at the ocean below.

"Anya is a tough teacher." Jon said diplomatically.

"Sailing the airship – it's not as exciting as you thought, right?" Harry asked with a chuckle.

"It's not, but Robb seems to enjoy it."

"Good for him. I was hoping he might because I was planning to gift him an Airship as a birthday gift."

"Really?"

"Oh yes. It'd be remiss if the future lord of Winterfell does not have the means of reaching the sky when his bannermen have it." said Harry.

"Bannermen?" Jon looked confused.

"Of course. I'm talking about myself and you." said Harry.

"I don't have the ability to touch the sky." Jon said, shaking his head.

"That can change if you're ready to embrace the inheritance of both sides of your parents."

"What do you mean?" Jon asked cautiously while Harry grinned at him.

"Didn't you find it strange that only you could wield magic like I could among the Starks? Once you found out about your true heritage, didn't you think even for a moment – maybe that's why I can use magic like Harrion."

"Anya can use magic like you, and she is not even a Stark, much less one with Targaryen blood." Jon pointed out.

"Good." Harry suddenly smiled. "Blood has nothing to do with magical ability. To be blessed with magic is fortuitous. Magic does not see a distinction between a king, a lord, a knight or a peasant."

“However, the Dragonlords of Valyria were cunning enough to ensure the dragons of their homeland were bound to their bloodline. They made certain changes in their blood so that their descendants were predisposed to bond with dragons. This is why only certain bloodlines could bind a dragon as their familiar and become dragonriders.”

“I don’t understand. What has dragons got to do with...?”

“Everything.” Harry cut in smoothly. “Come with me, Jon.”

Harry led a confused but intrigued Jon into a different chamber inside the airship, where he kept two large trunks. He opened the lid of the red trunk and stepped halfway into the expanded space before looking at Jon.

“Come in. I have a surprise for you.” said Harry.

Though amazed out of his mind, Jon followed Harry into the expanded space of the trunk.

“What is this?” Jon asked.

Harry shot his brother an endearing smile.

“You could say it’s destiny or fate, but let’s just say it’s your birthright.” Said Harry, leading Jon further into the spatial dimension inside the trunk.

The sparingly lit stairway gave away as they suddenly stepped onto a lush green hill where they were greeted by herds of sheep, pigs, cows, and buffalo grazing without a care in the world. Bright blue sky could be seen as far as their eyes could see, with a glowing globe of light floating in the sky in the likeness of the sun.

“Wow! How is this possible?” Jon looked around in awe.

“With magic, anything is possible,” said Harry with a playful gleam in his eyes. “I don’t know how often I’ve said that, but it never gets old.”

“But... there is an entire world packed inside a trunk. How? How is that possible?” Jon looked around with wide eyes as he struggled to comprehend the enormity of what he was seeing.

“Space expansion charms and weather controlling charms. You’ll learn that if you show more promise in your magical studies.”

“You mean I can also create something like this?” Jon asked incredulously.

“In time, yes. From the beginning, I told you that magic is more versatile and powerful than sword waving.” Harry said with a chuckle, seeing the gobsmacked face Jon was sporting.

Harry took out the flying carpet from his pocket and enlarged it before letting it hover a few feet from the ground.

“Climb aboard, Jon. Our destination is beyond that hill.” Harry said, nodding at the hill ahead.

Harry watched Jon tentatively step onto the carpet. He waited until Jon was comfortably seated on the carpet before placing his right palm on it and urging it to fly.

“Whoa!” Jon let out a shout before laughing his heart out as the air rushed past them.

Harry pushed the carpet to fly at maximum speed, and they speared through the sky in a jiffy, with clouds rushing past them.

“This is so much better than the airship or a horse.” Jon shouted with glee.

Harry could only chuckle as his brother hollered like a Dothraki rider as they zoomed past several flocks of sparrows and ravens. Jon’s shouting scared them away, and for a moment, Harry thought it was something in common between Jon and Snuggles.

“All right. We are nearly there.” Harry shouted over the whistling air for Jon to hear.

They passed by the huge hill that he later pointed out to Jon. On the other side of the hill was a large valley filled with rocks, pine trees and a small lake.

“Wow! That’s so beautiful.” Jon said in awe as the carpet dived towards the valley.

They skimmed just above the rocky terrain and the lake as they flew towards the line of pine trees on the shores near the lake. Jon reached out with his hand, letting it glide over the water's surface.

“From here on out, be on your guard. You remember the shield charm, don’t you?”

“What? What’s out there?” Jon asked, a little bit afraid.

Harry was tempted to tease Jon a little by making up a ghost story, but he fought down that urge.

“You’ll soon find out. Just be on your guard.” Harry patted Jon’s shoulder as he lowered the carpet near the line of pine trees.

Once they had their feet on the ground, Harry shrunk the flying carpet and stuffed it into his pocket.

“Let’s walk.” said Harry, leading Jon into the woods.

Harry remained alert while scanning his surroundings with his magic. Unlike Winter, Snuggles was a fierce predator that took great pleasure in hunting. The dragon loved to hide among woods and hunt its prey or snatch sheep and cows by diving quickly from the sky. It loved terrorising every creature inhabiting the dimension but was also intelligent enough to know that killing for sport would dry up its food source. Snuggles learned that lesson the hard way when it tried to burn and kill everything that moved in the dimension. Harry had to bind the dragon inside the pine forest under heavy wards, isolating the dragon inside a geo-fence.

Ever since that incident, Snuggles had been cautious in hunting inside the dimension and cautious in its interaction with Harry. Whenever Harry approached the fire dragon, it had always been cautious but also looked for a weakness to exploit. Somewhere along the way, Snuggles had started to consider him an enemy.

That was why Harry remained alert inside the woods. The dragon was temperamental and so unlike Winter.

‘Perhaps I should’ve taken a more hands-on approach in the dragon’s formative years.’ Harry thought.

But then again, he never planned to bond with the fire dragon. He had always planned to have the dragon either bond with Jon or grow up independently without any familiar bonds forming with anyone. He had done the same with Winter, and that had worked fabulously. Winter was friendly towards him, but at the same time, the she-dragon was never familiar like Fenris. Winter was more like a friend than anything else. She did things her way, and Harry had always respected her freedom. Not that she had ever done anything that jeopardised her freedom all these years.

Harry and Jon finally arrived at a clearing where half-burnt skeletons and bones were lying around like a graveyard from a horror story. The ground was littered with ashes, and the burnt smell pervaded their noses.

He scanned the huge pine tree beneath which Snuggles slept but found no traces of the fire dragon.

“Harry. What is all this? What could do this?” Jon asked nervously, keeping his power ring ready while his eyes darted around, looking for a threat.

“You can stop playing this game. Come out.” Harry shouted, feeling a sliver of raw magic from the fire dragon.

Despite the dragon’s strenuous efforts, it could never conceal its magic from his senses. He admitted dragons had superior eyesight and smell, but his ability to perceive magic was far greater than its ability to observe and hear from afar.

The leaves to his left moved, and from among the high branches of the pine trees emerged the fire dragon he had teasingly named Snuggles. It was a harmless name borne out of the dragon’s penchant for snuggling up to anything immovable while sleeping. Even to this day, the dragon slept soundly by snuggling close to the lone pine tree at the centre of the clearing.

The golden scales of the dragon gleamed brightly. Its eyes were blood red, which made it look more of a terrifying creature than beautiful, as its gleaming body would suggest. The fire dragon was one of its kind with its golden scales. Only one Targaryen dragon was said to have gold scales: Sunfyre, the dragon of Aegon II. It was a fierce dragon that killed more than its fair share of dragons and men. Like Sunfyre, Snuggles was also a fierce dragon primed for battle.

All its mannerisms suggested this, which was why Harry hoped the dragon would bond with Jon. He had kept the dragon free of any bonds till now, but its fierce mannerisms pointed to a wild dragon, which was disastrous. The ritual that resurrected the fire dragon had granted it some of the better qualities of the ice dragon race. The ability to speak was one such quality Snuggles earned from the ritual, and Harry rightly feared the dragon also inherited longevity. He hoped increased interaction or bonding with Jon would settle the dragon’s more dangerous tendencies.

“Is that?” Jon gasped.

“Yes. That’s a dragon.”

“How did you...?”

“I came by a dragon egg at Skane. Later, I hatched it, but that dragon won’t bond with anyone without valyrian blood. There is a small chance that you could bond with it.”

“Harrion. I don’t think I should try this.” Jon muttered with clenched teeth.

“Do not think of the blood of Valyria as a curse. Your mother’s blood long ago won over the fire in your blood. After all, you don’t look like a silver-haired idiot. You are a proper Northman. Now, go out there and tame the dragon. It’s your birthright.”

With that pep talk delivered, Harry stood back and let Jon do the rest.

Harry observed the dragon from afar. It was larger than Winter and almost twice the size of a horse. The aggressive soul and blood magic the Valyrians had crafted into the Valyrian dragons had left them predisposed to grow aggressively large in a magic-rich environment. In his studies of the

Targaryen dragons, he had noticed that the accounts of the dragons that grew up in King's Landing were noticeably weaker than their counterparts in Dragonstone. Even their flames had grown weaker once dragons started growing away from Dragonstone.

His research into the Targaryen bloodline had also revealed some crucial knowledge. The Valyrians were immensely competent in blood magic and had formed a new race of nearly perfect human breeds of men and women with their dragonlord families. By means that were frankly horrible, the Valyrians had perfected and cultivated certain traits within their bloodline using dragon blood. It was the work of the finest combination of Alchemy and Blood magic he had ever seen.

Therefore, Harry was also confident in Jon's chances to bond with Snuggles.

Harry winced and held himself from acting against the dragon when it snarled at Jon as he made his way towards the dragon. He could see the dragon eye him and then Jon with an intensity behind its eyes. Harry could see that it was working things out to some extent.

To Jon's credit, he was taking things seriously with a small protective layer of magic enveloping his left arm. Harry could feel the small stream of magic. The power ring on Jon's hand was flooding like a cocoon, enveloping Jon like a shield.

Harry moved his eyes towards the dragon as Jon once again moved towards the dragon. The dragon reared its head and spat out a globe of gold flame at Jon. Fortunately, Jon batted away the flame with his magic.

Harry could see the surprise on Snuggles' face as it realised Jon was not a hapless stranger but one that wielded magic. The dragon looked at Harry once again, realising that Harry was not a lone magic user capable of withstanding its flames.

"All right now. Smell the blood, Snuggles. Smell the dragon blood." Harry muttered to himself as Jon made several bold steps towards the dragon.

The dragon swayed its head slowly as it watched Jon's movements carefully. Now, Harry could see the dragon was sniffing out Jon and sensing the faint call of the dragonlord blood in Jon's veins. Diminished though it might be, Jon had dragon blood running through his veins. The call of that blood to a dragon was not something it could easily ignore.

To Harry's immense satisfaction, Jon reached out and touched Snuggles on its neck. A wide smile stretched on his face as the dragon slowly started to get more comfortable around Jon.

"Well... well... well. It looks like my plan worked seamlessly." Harry muttered with some satisfaction.

It was a start, and Harry hoped Jon could train better during this trip. This trip was not merely for the sake of business and adventure. The next few months were a crucial part of training for Robb and Jon.

After all, the political game of Westeros was merely a means to an end. The real struggle was always with the enemy that was beyond the Wall.

"It's all done, my lord. They are ready to be deployed." said Anya.

Harry nodded as he walked among the snitches his Valkyrie had painstakingly created with several months of labour. The runic inscriptions for tracing out the map of the waters surrounding the Three Sisters were a challenging task. But he and his Valkyrie had done the same for the Iron Islands; therefore, he didn't expect anything to go awry at this juncture.

"That's a lot of metal balls." Robb breathed, staring at the gleaming bronze surface of the snitches lying on the ship's hull.

"So, these metal balls have runestones inside them?" Jon asked.

"Yes." Harry nodded.

"What exactly does they do?" Robb asked curiously, poking one snitch with the index finger and jumping back when the snitch swatted his finger away with its wings.

"They'll flood the place with their detection magic and show us the real-life map of the area. In this case, we'll know ship movements surrounding the Three Sisters on the All-seeing table." Harry explained while a grin tugged at the corner of his mouth, watching Robb get rebuffed by the snitches while trying to pick one of them up.

"So, we can see the movements of pirate ships." said Jon thoughtfully.

"Yes. We can keep watch over the islands for any naval movements. Once we have the contact mirrors installed on all Northern ships, we can warn our ships to steer clear of pirates. Until then, the Manderlys can send escort ships to fight off the pirate ships harrying their merchant ships." said Harry.

"That's impressive. How does that work exactly?" Robb asked, and he elaborated further when Harry raised an eyebrow curiously. "I mean, even if we can see the position of a pirate ship on the map, it doesn't necessarily mean an escort ship might know the location."

"All captains know the safe lanes they use on the sea. They usually use star positions at night, and almost all Manderly ships carry a compass. The captains of the scout ships can sail after the merchant ship using their expertise in the sea."

"But wouldn't it be better if this map is made available for the scout ships?" Robb asked curiously.

That gave Harry pause as he had never thought of doing something like that. It was primarily because of paranoia because some captains tend to turn to piracy or are somehow involved with pirates. After all, not everyone was incorruptible.

However, Harry also saw the merit in Robb's idea. He could think of an elite task force specifically created to tackle piracy in the seas within the fleet. Something like that could be useful.

'Hmm. Perhaps these ships could be a different class of ships. That way, I wouldn't have to connect all ships to the map's grid. Maybe even a separate rank of officers could be created.' Harry mused.

"That's actually a splendid idea. Maybe we could try this out at Avalon, and if successful, we can request the Manderlys to adopt the same." Harry suggested making Robb happy.

"So, how are these snitches planted? Do you just throw them into the sea?" asked Jon.

Harry shook his head before applying the voice-magnifying charm on his throat.

"All snitches, deploy!"

A low buzzing sound emanated from the snitches before it became a loud buzzing as all the snitches rose in the air, beating their tiny wings. The panels on the airship's hull folded back, allowing the snitches to escape like a swarm. Once outside the airship, the snitches flew away in different directions. The bottom panels sealed themselves shut, and Harry led his brothers to the chamber where one of the All-seeing tables was kept.

Harry pressed his power ring against the table's surface, and the table lit up with a map of everything between Sea Dragon Point and the Iron Islands. The map showed different coloured dots moving slowly in the Sunset Sea.

"Wow!" Robb breathed, seeing the intricate details of the map.

"Once the snitches settle in, they'll trace out the area and all the activities involved in the region," said Harry.

Just as Harry finished saying that, a new map started to form on the table, making Jon and Robb gasp.

"Once we're finished here, we'll have the map connected to the All-seeing table in Avalon. After that, we leave for Braavos."