

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 49

Down in the deepest bowels of Summerstone, Melisandre entered the private chamber that her Lord, King Harold had provided to her. The chamber wasn't much to see. It was a large, stone room that was square in shape. The torches on the beautiful white walls were out, leaving the room nearly pitch black. In her dainty hand was a silver candle holder with a half-spent, white candle that was burning. The single, small flame did its best to light up the room, which it did surprisingly well considering the gleaming, white walls were quite good at reflecting light. Melisandre placed the lit candle on a small table near the door. The flame flickered from the movement, causing the shadows to almost dance along the walls.

The beautiful Red Priestess slipped the dress straps off of her shoulders and let her red, silk dress slide down her voluptuous body and pool at her feet. Stepping out of the pile of silk, she walked barefoot to the opposite end of the chamber where a pile of fresh hay had been placed by servants at her command. She stepped onto the hay and found the sensation unpleasant against the soles of her sensitive feet. However, the discomfort was easily forgotten. She had not come here for pleasure. Melisandre lowered herself down until she was flat on her back. She closed her eyes and whispered a hallowed prayer to R'hllor, The Lord of Light. As she spoke her last word, the flickering light of the candle grew stronger until a small inferno blazed on the silver candle holder. Shadows danced and spun around the room as Melisandre brought her knees in and spread her legs apart. Her fingers grasped handfuls of hay, and she crushed the long, golden strands in her straining grip. Her back arched, and Melisandre screamed in agony.

Suddenly, all the shadows in the stone chamber disappeared. Not even the Priestess of R'hllor had her own. Melisandre choked out a pathetic cry as she felt her insides burn. The pain grew dull, and she breathed heavily hoping that it was coming to an end. She screamed again as the pain flared uncontrollably. Her back arched again, thrusting her tits high into the air. Her body spasmed wildly, causing her breasts to shake and bounce. Beads of sweat glistened on her sweet body, contorted in misery and unrelenting torture. Every instinct in her body was begging her to scream stop, to put an end to her suffering, but the love for her Lord was far beyond her own physical distress. Tears rolled down her cheeks when the scratching sensation began. It felt as though a thousand cockroaches were scratching at the walls of her womb, begging to be freed. Then, another wave of pain began. Her eyes clenched shut, and she grunted. The muscles in her stomach cramped as she pushed with all her might. Something dark and foul began dragging its greasy body down her inner tunnel. The sensation wasn't pleasant, like when her Lord stretched her insides with his perfect cock. No, this was far from that.

A muffled hissing sound could be heard in the quiet room, and Melisandre could feel the vibrations of it in her body. She clenched her teeth shut tightly and squealed as her insides felt as though they were being scoured. Opening her mouth, she screamed again when her lips were spread open by small, thorned fingers. Her opening was torn and ripped as the shadow

child forced its way out, wiggling and screeching like a goat being slaughtered. Its scaled body sliced her soft, delicate skin apart just before it finally slipped out and rolled down the pile of hay and onto the cold, stone ground. A skid mark of blackened blood left a trail from her between her legs all the way to the flailing creature that was flopping around on the ground. By then, Melisandre had pulled herself together. With a sweaty face, she called out, "Be still and follow my command!"

Though in serious pain and completely exhausted, her voice carried with authority. The flailing creature rolled onto its belly and pushed itself up with its long, spindly arms. Its shadowy nails dug grooves into the white, stone floor. The smell of brimstone and blood hung heavy in the air. The dark creature looked at its mistress, and Melisandre saw that light could not touch it. Its features remained shrouded by shadows even as the candle burned bright.

"The three heirs of Tyrell, the cripple, the Gallant, and the Knight of Flowers ... Kill them all ... Kill them quick and remain unseen. Go!" Melisandre shouted. The foul creature chattered its razor teeth excitedly before it dove for the door. As it hit the ground right in front of the door, its body turned into a greasy, black smoke, and it silently melded into the slim crack of darkness between the white, stone floor and the bottom of the wooden door. The moment the creature disappeared, the shadows returned to the room. Melisandre shakily stood up and hissed in pain as she slowly made her way to the burning candle. Lifting the candle up, she once again called out a prayer to her God and threw the candle into the blood-soaked pile of hay. As if soaked in whale oil, the pile burst into flames, filling the room with a near-blinding light. Melisandre did not look away from the light. She held her arms aloft and bathed in it. Stepping forward, she jumped into the inferno and remained until the flames died down. When there were only ashes and embers, she uncurled herself and stood up. Melisandre smiled when she felt that her injuries had been healed. She shook her head from side to side, causing ashes to spill out from her hair. Perhaps a bath was in order, she happily thought while pulling her dress back on.

The Dread Lord of Essos

"I'm terribly sorry for your loss," Harry said as he consoled the two women. Margaery was genuinely saddened by the death of her father. She had always been the apple of his eye. Alerie was sniffing on the outside while she lightly dabbed at the corner of her eye with a silk handkerchief that Harry provided to her. On the inside, however, she was as happy as she had been in a very long time. She knew that eventually, she would be forced to return to the Reach where she would remain with her husband. With him gone, her eldest son, Willas, would become Lord of the Reach. No doubt Mace's overbearing mother, Olenna would be quite pleased to have her return to Essos with King Harold. The two women had never gotten along very well, and Alerie would be very pleased to return to the White City if only to be rid of the old bitch.

"How did it happen?" Margaery sniffled, also wiping her eyes.

“He heroically died in battle,” he lied. Harry knew that a man like Mace would never die heroically. Still, he lied for Margaery’s sake.

“And my sons?” Alerie asked.

“Willas is preparing to take over his Lordship of the Reach. Garlan and Loras are returning from the battlefield with your husband’s body. Both of you are expected to return immediately,” Harry told them. Margaery nodded while still wiping her eyes.

“But how are we ...?” Alerie began asking before Harry cut her off.

“I will escort you both to Highgarden. At dawn, we’ll board my ship and set sail. I wish to pay my respects as he is put to rest,” Harry said, lowering his head slightly while laying it on thick. Margaery threw him a watery smile of appreciation. “If you need anything, don’t hesitate to ask. The servants will help you pack your things.”

After a bit more consolation, Harry was back in his office making plans. A knock on the door made him look up. “Enter,” he called out. The door opened revealing Melisandre’s smiling face.

“My Lord,” she said, dipping her head in respect. “It is done ... or rather, it will be done,” she told him. At Harry’s look, she explained further. “Mace Tyrell’s three sons. They will soon be dead.”

“Oh? How exactly?” Harry asked, wondering what the woman had done.

“By something I learned long ago, from the Shadowbinders of Asshai. A beast of shadow. A servant of light,” she said, smiling as she walked around him and wrapped her arms around his neck. Soon she was laying soft kisses along his jaw and nipping on his earlobes.

“And you are sure it will succeed?” Harry asked her, not bothered by her use of blatantly dark magic. Harry had studied the art of shadowbinding and had an idea of what she was talking about.

“The shadows will not unbind until it has accomplished its task,” she answered, and Harry nodded. Not a moment later, Melisandre was straddling his lap and serving her Lord in a different way.

The Dread Lord of Essos

It wasn’t long past the point where everyone had turned in for the night. Harry had just gotten into bed when his door slowly crept open. A long sliver of light formed through the cracked door. The sliver grew larger as the door opened further, and in walked Margaery. Harry had a feeling that one of the Tyrell women would join him that night. It was only a matter of who. Now that he had his answer, Harry sat up as she sat down on the edge of his bed. “Are you alright,

Margaery?" Harry asked, pretending to be concerned. While he knew that she was sad, he also knew that she was a strong girl who would be fine.

"I'm sorry if I woke you," she said softly in her sweet voice. "But I didn't want to be alone tonight," she confessed. It was just another way to tug on his heartstrings, Harry suspected. Margaery was very good at emotional manipulation. There was no doubt in his mind that she would use the death of her father to further her ambitions, especially when it came to someone as rich and powerful as him. Harry, of course, didn't mind at all. This was a very harsh and unforgiving world. You either did whatever was necessary to come out on top, or you would end up like the rest, living as sheep. Margaery was definitely not a sheep.

"Yes, I imagine you wouldn't," Harry said, placing his hand on top of hers which was resting on her lap. Margaery quickly placed her other hand on top of his, creating a kind of hand sandwich. "Would you like to talk or ...?"

She answered him by leaning in and kissing him softly. Her soft kiss quickly turned into something much more passionate. Margaery then broke the kiss and rested her forehead against his, breathing heavily. She then tilted her head up slightly and looked him directly in the eyes. Harry caught a quick peek of her mind. As he suspected, she was using the opportunity to try and gain more affection from him. She was hoping that he would become more protective of her and sympathetic to her plight. It was something that her grandmother had taught her. Even so, she genuinely liked him and enjoyed being with him. Margaery loved their time alone together, especially when they spent that time in bed. She was very annoyed and jealous that her mother was always trying to climb into his bed. That night, she slipped a sleeping draught into her mother's tea so that she could have him all to herself. Harry found the whole thing very amusing. Margaery was the definition of a "go-getter".

"Take me to bed," she responded firmly, leaving no question as to what she wanted from him. Harry didn't bother pretending to be a gentleman who didn't want to take advantage of the situation. Instead, he grabbed her by the waist and flipped her slim body over him so that she was now lying on his other side. She continued to look into his eyes as he opened the sash of her silk robe. As he pulled the two sides apart, he saw that she was completely nude underneath. A moment later, the robe was tossed aside, leaving the pair naked in bed. Harry brushed his fingers down her chest and over her nipples. Margaery gasped lightly, and her nipples grew rock-hard. His fingers traveled further down and over her belly. She bit her lower lip when he toyed with the rim of her belly button. Her fingers threaded through his hair when he leaned in and laid kisses all over her perky breasts.

In desperate need of pleasure, she pushed his head down, letting him know where she wanted his lips. Harry happily followed her lead. He kissed down her slim belly and over her smooth mound. The scent of her wet womanhood had his cock straining. As he kissed her thighs, her legs parted, giving him access to her body.

Margaery gripped his hair tightly as he nipped at the soft skin of her inner thighs. His breath against her quivering pussy had her blood boiling. As he sucked hard on her delicate skin, she almost forgot about the terrible news she had received only a few hours before.

The death of her father was a major blow to her family as a whole. Losing the Lord of one of the Seven Kingdoms was never a good thing, but to do so while a major war was being fought could spell disaster for the Tyrells. That wasn't even considering the fact that winter was settling over Westeros. There were a lot of unknowns waiting for them back home, and she was nervous to discover them. She was positive that certain Lords, some of them ruling lesser Houses in the Reach, were already plotting to kill her brothers and forcefully take her as a bride. Other Lords were no doubt planning to outright kill the entire Tyrell bloodline. It was much easier to take control if none of the ruling family were alive to fight back after all. She wondered if assassins were already on their way to slip a dagger into her side or perhaps slip some poison into her drink. The thought had her stomach twisting.

Because of all the uncertainty, she went back to what her grandmother had taught her. Quickly find the best solution and use your feminine wiles to accomplish it, she would say. So Margaery did what she had been taught. The answer to most, if not all of her problems was Harold himself. He was magnificently wealthy and powerful. He controlled the vast majority of food being produced, and as such, he could make or break a Kingdom on a whim. If Margaery had him on her side, no one in their right mind would attempt to make a play on her, and by extension, her family. She let out a moan as his lips moved closer to the junction between her legs. Lifting her legs up, she placed her feet on his back and gently moved them up and down his smooth skin. She could feel the hard, flexing muscles in his back as he began sucking on one of her lips.

Since her arrival to his city, she had gone out of her way to seduce him. She was hopeful that all her efforts would pay off. Still, it hadn't exactly been a chore, much to her delight. Margaery considered herself extremely lucky that Harold was incredibly handsome and an excellent lover. She was very eager to keep working him to put herself and her family in a better position, both politically and financially. At that moment, however, she just wanted to forget about her problems and let him coax orgasm after orgasm from her tight, young body.

The Dread Lord of Essos

"Of course, Father ... for the family," Cersei smiled at her father, Tywin Lannister as he told her the good news. He was to begin negotiations for her hand in marriage. Who he would be negotiating with was unknown. Cersei understood that to mean that he would sell her off to the highest bidder. All she could do was smile and agree. Her father grunted and waved her away. Cersei stood up and quickly left his office without another word. As soon as the door closed behind her, her soft smile turned into a foul look of disgust, as though the shifting wind carried the rotting scent of carrion to her. "Move aside!" she barked at a young servant who was

carrying a basket of cleaning supplies. He yelped in fright and jumped to the side, letting her pass by.

Any who saw the look on her face as she walked down the cold halls back to her room instinctively stayed away. They knew that trouble was afoot. As the door slammed behind her, Cersei walked up to her bed and snatched one of her pillows. She pressed her mouth against the side and furiously screamed in anger. The muffled scream went unheard by anyone else in the Red Keep. Once she had gotten over her initial rage, Cersei flung the pillow across the room. She took a deep breath and began to pace back and forth across her spacious room. She had been expecting this, no doubt. She had, however, hoped that her father would act as a decent man would. She hoped that he would remember that she was in fact his daughter and that he would possibly even treat her with the smallest amount of love and respect. Now she knew that she was asking a bit too much from him. Cersei snarled in fury just thinking about the old man. All her life she had tried to win his affection to no avail. He only cared for Jaime, that much had always been obvious. Now, she no longer cared what he thought of her. He would do what was best for him, and she would do what was best for her. And what was best for her?

"I'm coming home, nephew," she told herself as she stood in front of her vanity, looking at her reflection in the mirror. That was what Seven Swords was to her ... home. It was a mistake for her to return to Westeros. She saw that now. There was nothing she could do for Tommen. Her only hope was that her father was able to see him through these tough times. Maybe when she returned to Essos, she could convince her nephew to offer her son even more aid. That was a very real possibility.

She was very grateful that she had taken steps to counteract her father's plans weeks ago. Looking around the room, she shook her head. There was nothing there for her. She couldn't take much of anything with her. She had a small chest packed and stored away, ready to be taken at a moment's notice. This was the perfect opportunity to strike. She had heard about Mace Tyrell's death, and she noticed that her father was more preoccupied than normal. Stark's army had grown bold with the sudden attack on the Tyrell camp. He was likely worried about the growing threat. He was also likely looking for anything that he could exploit. While he wasn't paying attention, Cersei would slip right through his bony fingers. Cersei smiled to herself and stood up. She walked to her door and opened it up. Looking from right to left, she spotted a servant down the hall. "You, boy! Come here!" she called out. The boy looked like a deer caught in a headlight. "Now!" Cersei lashed out, clearly annoyed at the boy's behavior. The boy trembled but ran to her all the same.

"Y-Yes, Mi'lady?" he asked, bowing his head.

"You know of the servant Erron?" she asked him. The boy nodded quickly.

"Yes, Mi'lady. I do," he shakily answered.

"Go fetch him. Tell him to see me at once," she said in a no-nonsense kind of voice. The boy nodded and ran off in the opposite direction. Cersei waited in her room. A quarter-hour later, there was a knock on her door. Cersei opened it revealing a young man no older than twenty namedays. "Tonight. You know what to do," she told him.

The young man nodded silently and walked away. Cersei closed the door and prepared her nerves for that night's journey. Hours passed until just before the midnight hour, there was another knock on her door. Cersei nearly dashed to the door. When she opened it, the same young man was staring back at her.

"It's time, Mi'lady," he told her. Cersei closed the door behind her and followed the young man who led the way with a burning candle in hand. Their journey down into the dungeons of the Red Keep was silent. They walked beyond the dungeon cells that were currently occupied. Cersei covered her nose as the smell of stale piss and shit filled her nostrils. Men filled many of the cells, laying flat on the stone floor while snoring or uncomfortably rolling from side to side. Cersei paid them no mind. They were nothing but peasant rabble-rousers. Her father would have them executed or possibly work them until they dropped dead of exhaustion. She walked faster, hoping to get far away from the horrid smell as fast as possible. Only a couple of minutes later, they were far enough away that she could no longer smell them. Oh, how she longed for the crisp, salty breeze of the White City. Soon, she told herself. "This way, please," she heard him say. Cersei sped up her pace until she was nearly touching his back. He led her to the far corner behind a stack of empty barrels.

She heard the sound of metallic jingling and watched as he pulled out a large, metal ring with several large keys attached. It was then that she noticed that they were standing in front of a wooden door. He stuck the key into the keyhole and turned it with a bit of force. She heard a click before he pulled the door open. The area behind the doorway was completely without light. They only had the single candle to light their way. Cersei didn't know what was in this room. There were old, musty-smelling boxes that probably hadn't been touched in years. They dodged between them until they reached the back wall. "Allear! Cristof!" he called out quietly. Suddenly, Cersei saw two shadowy figures emerge from behind the stacked crates. Her heart began beating faster.

The two men quickly joined them, and Cersei watched as they jammed what looked to be two metal poles with hooked ends into the wall. Then, the two men began pulling. They grunted harshly, and Cersei could see their muscles straining in their strong forearms. The wall suddenly gave way and pulled outward. Erron pushed the wall to the side revealing a tunnel with her chest sitting on the floor. Erron walked around the chest and knelt down. When he stood back up, he had a proper torch which produced way more light. "Come! I have arranged a ship with King Harold's traders. They wait for your arrival," he told her. That was all she needed to know. Cersei joined him, and behind her, the two other men closed the secret passage behind them all before lifting up her chest. "Put this on so that you are not recognized, Mi'lady," he said, handing her a gray cloak. She put it on and pulled up the hood. All four made the long trek through the tunnel until they reached the end. Erron dunked the burning torch into a bucket of water,

causing the light to go out with a hiss. Before her eyes could get used to the dark, another door was opened and moonlight flooded in.

“Hurry, Mi’lady!” he called out. She slipped out of the passage as did the other two. Her heart burst with joy when she realized that she was outside of the city walls. She looked around and found that she was just east of the harbor. She could smell the unpleasant scent of the Blackwater Rush. The two other men joined them, still carrying her chest between them. When the passage was sealed behind them, they all made their way to the waiting ship. Their payment was a passage to the White City where they would hopefully be able to live a better life.

The Dread Lord of Essos

He couldn’t believe his eyes. Cersei Lannister had come out of a secret passage that was hidden in a recess between two large rocks. He had been camping right near the entrance the whole fucking time, and he never knew. He ducked down lower and hid. Three other men were with her. There was no doubt as to who it was. The moon was full, and he could clearly see her beautiful face. Her long, golden tresses spilled out of the dark cloak that she was wearing. Having been born in Lannisport, he was well aware of what the Lannisters looked like. The Lannisters of Casterly Rock made a spectacle of themselves every time they visited the port city. This was definitely her.

He still remembered when his family was run out of town by some fucking cousins of the Lannisters. They wanted his family’s meager plot of land to build another fucking tavern, like the city didn’t already have enough. When his father protested, he was arrested and dragged away. That was the last time he had ever seen his father. He, his mother, and his brother quickly left the city, lest they end up in the same dungeon cell. Eventually, they made their way to the North where he grew up and eventually became a guard. When war broke out, he was called to defend the North, which he happily did. Anything to get away from the frigid cold. He was placed in the Red Keep’s harbor to act as a spy since he was one of the few who could read and write. Every day he reported about the comings and goings of the harbor, who he saw, and what they were doing. He never expected to see Cersei Lannister sneaking out of the castle.

He wanted nothing more than to run up and slip a knife into her belly, but he thought better of it. Instead, he watched and followed quietly. They climbed over the large rocks until they quietly slipped into the late-night hustle and bustle of the harbor. He was hot on their heels. He followed, pushing his way through the thin crowds until he watched all four of them walk up the gangplank of one of the black ships. He knew these ships well. They came and went by the hundreds every week. They all supposedly belonged to the so-called Bastard King of Essos or whatever ridiculous name they called him. He was a Lannister as well, and that was all he needed to know. Once Cersei was safely on the ship, the gangplank was pulled up. An hour later, the ship was gone. He chuckled merrily. Though he couldn’t get his revenge on a Lannister in person, he could still get it in another way. He was certain the Starks would be very happy to have their own secret passage into the castle.