

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 60

Stay and fight or run and cower; those were the two choices Ramsay Bolton faced as the Dread Lord slowly crept ever closer. His flaming, black sword was at his side, pointed to the ground. The heat from the tip of the blade melted a straight line in the snow as he walked, creating a misty haze that partially concealed his form. The Dread Lord's hand snapped up, and an arrow struck his armored forearm, the wooden shaft splintering as it did. It didn't slow him down one bit. Ramsay's mind was blank as he trembled. At some point, his body must have made the choice for him because he found himself turning to run. Just then, the black brute dove down from Ramsay's side, his fiery breath leaving a wall of white-hot flames to block his retreat. A few of his father's men who were unlucky enough to be in the dragon's way were incinerated immediately. There was nowhere to run. Trying to run through the fire was suicide. He was a fair distance away from the flames, and it was already uncomfortably hot. He spun back to face the Dread Lord, finding him only a dozen or so feet away. His walk was steady as if he was in no rush.

All Ramsay could do was step back to give himself more time to come up with some kind of plan, but those few steps made him wince in pain from his injured leg. His broken arm was even worse. Every little movement caused piercing pain to erupt from his useless appendage. How could he possibly survive a fight with this man, let alone win, he asked himself. Suddenly, there was hope. Coming up from behind the Dread Lord was one of his father's men. The screams of the surrounding wounded masked the sounds of his horse's thundering stampede. Ramsay's heart swelled as the horse angled to pass by the Dread Lord. The rider's sword was lifted to the side, ready to strike, and with one powerful swing, Ramsay's life would be saved. At the last second, the Dread Lord ducked under the swing, spun, and lopped off the horse's back leg as it rode past. Ramsay watched as the horse tumbled forward, ejecting its rider and tossing him into the air. Ramsay was forced to side-jump and avoid the airborne horseman. His screams of terror would have been glorious to hear if not for the threat that continued to make its way to him. A loud thump was heard behind him, and the man ceased his screaming. Off to the side lay the struggling horse, its three remaining legs kicking furiously as it tried to roll off of its back. Hissing in pain from his damaged leg, Ramsay gripped the hilt of his sword as tightly as he could. There was nothing left to do. He had to fight.

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Bolton's boy was a coward; Harry could see that, but at least he finally accepted his fate and chose to fight like a man rather than die a fleeing craven. The dark-haired boy trembled with fear as Harry loomed. His leg was busted, and his arm hung limp at his side. Showing pity for the boy, Harry decided to give him a fighting chance. The flames covering his black blade extinguished, and he slid it back into its sheath. Initially, the boy's eyes went wide, thinking Harry might be willing to spare him. He was proven wrong as Harry lunged forward and spartan-kicked him in the chest. "OOF!" Harry heard from the boy's lips as he fell backward, hitting the snowy

ground and rolling to a stop several feet away. He pushed himself to his knees with his one good arm. His sword was lying on the ground near him. Ramsay looked behind him, obviously hoping to flee, but his vision was met with a towering wall of fire. Instead, he crawled pathetically to his sword and used it as a cane to push himself to his feet. The Dread Lord was waiting for him.

Ramsay used every ounce of training he had received to attack his aggressor. An overhead swing was blocked by his armored forearm. The impact of metal against metal sent a shockwave through his body, further hurting his arm. He gritted his teeth and attacked again. He swiped down diagonally, hoping to hit his neck, but that too was blocked by an elbow. Ramsay wailed in rage and began swinging wildly. The pain from his arm was terrible, but his adrenaline saw him through. The Dread Lord sidestepped, ducked, or blocked every single swing of his blade. Ramsay was rewarded with a backhand to the face. The meaty smack of a fist against his cheek had his ears ringing. Stumbling to the side, he blinked the stars from his dazed eyes. As he did, he heard the amused laugh of the man who had just killed his father.

"I expected more from a worthless bastard like you," Ramsay heard him say. His blood boiled, and his pain was forgotten. He had been called a bastard by his father more times than he'd care to count. Each time, he was forced to swallow his rage and accept the insults. 'No more,' his mind cried out. Ramsay screamed wildly and charged the dark figure. His sword came down with all the strength he had. His sword made contact with an ear-rattling clang. The vibrations of the blade pained his hand. For a second, he felt relief at delivering such a devastating blow, but that relief was short-lived. When he looked up, he saw his blade being firmly gripped in the Dread Lord's armored hand. Lights flashed behind his eyes as his opponent's other fist struck him in the face. In a daze, Ramsay let go of his sword's handle and staggered back. Then, his body felt weightless, as though he was being lifted toward the heavens. At the zenith of his ascension, his body stopped rising and was violently forced down. The sensation of falling made his stomach leap into his throat, but that horrible feeling was quickly replaced with another.

Harry slammed Ramsay's back into his bent knee, and the cracking sound was like a broom handle being snapped in half as Ramsay's body folded backward. His body was bent so far backward that the back of his head and the backs of his boots could nearly touch. He shoved the boy's ruined body off of his knee and stood back up. As Ramsay's adrenaline wore off, the howls of agony began. Ramsay's eyes were almost bugging out of his skull, and his mouth was wide open and shrieking. A thin stream of blood escaped the corner of his mouth as his top half spasmed uncontrollably. His one good hand was quivering while his fingers were twisted into claws. His legs were curled uselessly, and they forever would be. Harry knew of the boy's reputation, and he knew of the activities he enjoyed. He took a moment to wonder how many female peasants had suffered through his games. That no longer mattered, Harry thought as he looked down at the boy whose body had been wrecked and ravaged by him. Forcing him to live as a crippled bastard was a better punishment than death, Harry reckoned. Of course, that was assuming he would survive the rest of the battle and somehow make it to safety. In all likelihood, one of Manderly's men would stick a sword through his throat and end his suffering, but that

was beyond Harry's concern. He walked around the boy and through the wall of fire. The battle wasn't over yet.

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The merriment was palpable in the camp as night began to fall. Manderly's men were eager to celebrate their victory and even more eager to celebrate their own survival. Harry supplied them with the best wines and liquors that his kingdom could produce. Thick, choice cuts of meat were sizzling over open fires, filling the camp with a mouthwatering aroma. Cheers and laughs filled the air while Lord Manderly proudly declared himself a true warrior, with an overflowing cup in one hand and a massive, roasted turkey leg in the other. How true that was, Harry didn't know. He wasn't exactly keeping an eye on the overweight Lord during the battle. If he had to guess, Harry would say that he was full of shit. Manderly likely stayed in the back, surrounded by his best soldiers. All of that didn't matter, though. Harry was content to let the man have his moment. For his part, Harry was quite happy in his luxurious tent. The fire in the small stove was crackling merrily and producing more than enough heat to keep the tent comfortable. He had a large bed with a very comfortable mattress that he had conjured. No one on the planet could make a mattress better than the ones he could conjure. Sitting at his desk, Harry was going over some paperwork regarding the Iron Bank when he heard an exorbitant amount of excited hooting and hollering from outside. He couldn't help but chuckle. She was right on time. A few seconds later, the flap of his tent opened, and Melisandre walked in looking as stunning as ever.

"My Lord," she smiled sexily and bowed her head.

"Melisandre," Harry smiled back and bowed his head in respect. "I trust your journey was comfortable."

"It was, My Lord. The storms at sea were rough, but it is nothing I can't handle," she assured him.

Harry had missed her womanly curves, so he decided to bring her down. Melisandre was, of course, ecstatic to be back in the presence of her Lord. If it were up to her, she would never leave his side. Getting up and walking over to her, Harry helped to remove her black, full-length fur coat. Melisandre was a woman of fire and didn't care much for the cold. Under the thick coat, she wore a red dress as she always did. However, the dress she was wearing wasn't nearly as provocative as the ones she usually wore. It hugged her body wonderfully but didn't have the dual slits that arousingly exposed her thighs. The dress had long sleeves that fully covered her arms, and Harry could tell that the material was several times thicker. The neckline still plunged deeply, giving him an excellent view of her cleavage. He folded and placed her coat on top of his, and when he turned back around, Melisandre's arms slipped around his waist. She looked up at him with adoring eyes. Harry rewarded her adoration with a soft kiss, but a simple kiss wasn't enough for a woman with her passion. She pressed against him harder and quickly deepened the kiss. Her mouth opened, inviting him in. Not one to pass on such an opportunity, Harry grabbed her ass and lifted her up. Melisandre happily squealed into his mouth as his

strong hands dug into her fleshy ass. He carried her over to the bed and sat down, sitting her in his lap.

Melisandre wasn't done with him, though. She squirmed in his lap, grinding her shapely bottom against his crotch while peppering his neck and jaw with kisses. Harry placed his hand on her leg and ran it up and down the length of her thigh.

"Tell me ... How's everything going back home?" he asked her. His drones informed him of the big stuff, but he had been letting Melisandre handle the day-to-day tasks. Melisandre moaned as she licked his neck. Reluctantly, she removed her lips from his skin, though she outright refused to stop squirming. By that point, she could feel that he was fully hard.

"The city is operating smoothly," she informed him. "There was an incident a couple of days past when a man from Norvos attempted to purchase his wares with fake gold coins," she told him as his hand crept up her belly and over her covered breast. Melisandre thrust her chest forward, pressing her breast into his hand.

"And what became of this man?" Harry asked in a sing-song voice as he brushed his fingers over the area where he knew her nipple to be. He knew her body better than anyone. As he played with the area, he could feel her nipple harder under the material of her dress.

"His hands were removed, and he was exiled from the city. All of his belongings were confiscated in lieu of a fine," she smiled and nuzzled his cheek with her small nose. Harry kissed the top of her head and breathed in her scent.

"Did he own anything good?" Harry wondered as he moved his hand further up. His fingers danced across the soft skin of her chest. The tops of her breasts were particularly soft and smooth.

"No," she moaned against his cheek. "A few real coins from his homeland, a bag of clothing, and an old, tattered map," she recalled.

"Was the map anything special?" he asked as his fingers dipped into her cleavage. Melisandre shook her head.

"I don't think so. It's old but shows our general area," she told him in a breathy voice. By that point, Melisandre couldn't take it anymore. She stood up from his lap and peeled the top of her dress down. Harry watched eagerly as her large, perky breasts popped free. Her nipples were, indeed, very hard. The little pink tips were stiff and crinkled. She pulled her arms free, causing her breasts to jiggle wondrously, and then pushed the tight dress down her belly. It took a bit of effort to push the dress over her wide hips, but once she did, her smooth, hairless mound came into view. Her taut lips could be seen pressed tightly together between her shapely thighs. The upper parts of her inner thighs were glistening in the candlelight, telling him that she was already wet and ready to go. Harry stood up as Melisandre stepped out of her dress and sat on

the bed to remove her boots. He was much quicker with undressing. His shirt went flying, and he was out of his trousers in a flash. Melisandre looked at him as she dropped one of her boots, but she didn't look at his face. Instead, her attention was fully on his cock, which was standing proud and stiff. She quickly tossed her other boot aside and got on all fours.

Harry watched as her knees spread apart, accentuating her wide hips and fleshy ass. From his top-down view, her ass looked just like a drawn heart. Her cheeks were slightly spread, and he could see just a glimpse of her puckered hole. Her body was gorgeous, Harry thought. Her porcelain skin was as smooth as silk and had a healthy sheen to it. Not a single hair could be spotted anywhere on her lovely body. Melisandre was staring up at him with desperation when her hand reached out and gripped his length. Slowly, she began tugging on him with long, deep strokes while her other hand caressed his thigh. A curtain of long, red hair cascaded down her pale back. "May I pleasure you, Master?" she practically begged of him.

"You may," he responded, running his fingers through the hair on the side of her head. Her eyes fluttered shut, and Melisandre shuddered.

"Thank you, My Lord," she purred and kissed the tip of his cock. Her tongue then began to lap at his head as she cleaned it of the pre-cum that was already leaking out of the tip. Harry gathered her thick hair into a ponytail and held it in one hand while she started worshipping his cock. Kisses were laid all along his length, drawing a gasp from his lips. Her hand cupped his heavy sack, and she massaged it in a way that she knew he enjoyed. Dragging her tongue from the base up to the underside of the tip, Melisandre popped the head into her mouth and sank down on him in a single go. Harry moaned as his shaft slid into her mouth and down her throat. He could feel her throat muscles tensing around him, making it feel even tighter. She wasted no time and began bobbing her head like a woman possessed. Her plump lips were wrapped tightly around his girth, and her face was smacking against his lower belly. Harry took charge by pulling on her bundled hair and tilting her head back. With wide, glistening eyes, Melisandre grunted and gurgled as Harry thrust forward and fucked her throat. There wasn't an ounce of resistance from her. The Red Priestess's body was his to do with as he pleased, and he often took every liberty possible. This night would be no different.

Gagging sounds filled the room as Harry's swinging balls slapped against her chin. Feminine hands roughly gripped his muscled thighs as he pushed his hips forward, thrusting as deeply as possible. Pulling out of her mouth, he heard her inhale deeply. Her face was pink and flushed, but still, she looked ready for more. He tapped the head of his cock against her lips, and dutifully, she opened her mouth wide. Harry chuckled and brushed his fingertips across her warm cheek. Melisandre was the perfect servant. "Turn around," he ordered, and she was quick to react.

Her body spun until she was facing away from him. Submissively, she pressed her face into the bed and lifted her wide ass into the air. Her knees were wide apart, giving him the perfect view of everything she had to offer. Her pink slit was shiny with wetness, and when Harry ran his fingertip down its length, the pad of his finger came back coated with her juices. He placed his

wet finger against her upper hole and massaged the wetness into it. Melisandre let out a gasp of delight as her hole puckered and her thick cheeks clenched. Harry moved his hand back down and pressed his thumb against her slit. Using his magic, he made his thumb vibrate ultrasonically while wiggling it from side to side. Melisandre's reaction was instant. A loud squeal of pleasure rang in his ears, and her body bucked. Fat beads of arousal began leaking from her slit and rolling down the insides of her thighs. Instead of instinctively moving away from the intense pleasure, she drove her ass backward and mashed her pussy harder against his thumb. Within seconds, she was moaning like a whore from a pillow house while grinding her womanhood against his vibrating digit. Harry ran his thumb over her clit and watched her body quiver. Her pussy was so slick that he was having a hard time keeping his thumb on her little, swollen nub, so instead, she slipped it inside of her. Instantly, her pussy hugged his thumb, and he could feel her walls gripping and squeezing it.

The scent of her wet pussy had his cock straining. Melisandre, out of her mind with pleasure, was throwing her ass back and fucking herself on his thumb. Little squirts of pussy juice ejected from her throbbing cunt, wetting his forearm. Harry pulled his thumb from her, making her whine with displeasure. Her tune quickly changed when he spread her cheeks open and licked her from clit to asshole.

"Oh! ... Master!" she squealed, reaching back and grabbing the hair on the back of his head. She pulled his head into her, stuffing his face between her pillowy cheeks. Harry's tongue was sticking out of his mouth, licking every inch of her that he could reach. In response, Melisandre ground her ass all over his face, smearing her juices everywhere. Harry playfully nipped at the soft skin of her cheek, causing her to squeak and pull away. Harry gave her thick cheeks a hard slap before getting into position.

He rubbed the head of his cock along her soaking wet slit, covering it in her juices. Easily finding her entrance, Harry sank in, absolutely loving the way her walls fluttered around his length. "Fuck me hard," she gasped as he bottomed out.

"We haven't been parted for that long, my dear," Harry reminded her with some amusement. With his hand resting on her ass, he rubbed her winking asshole with the pad of his thumb. This action made her pussy squeeze him even harder.

"Any time apart from you is too long," she countered with a moan as her hands gripped the blanket. Her ass wiggled, which was her silent way of telling him to start moving. Harry gladly obliged her.

Pulling back, he was met with a loud suction sound as her body refused to let him go. Harry moaned deeply at the way her silky walls gripped him. Thrusting forward, the sound of suction turned into a wet squelch and was followed by her moan, which was muffled by the blanket. It amazed him at how pliable the skin of her pussy lips was. When he pulled back, her lips stretched away from her body, desperately clinging to his shaft. It only took a few hard thrusts until his cock was streaked with her white cream. As he began jackhammering into her from

behind, her cream bunched up into a goopy pile around the rim of her opening. Harry scooped it up with the head of his cock and stuffed it back into her, making her tunnel even slicker.

The smell of wet pussy hung heavy in the small tent, and Melisandre's squeals of delight escaped the thin fabric walls, letting anyone nearby know exactly what was happening to her. His hands gripped her thin waist tightly as his hips slammed into her ass, making her cheeks ripple from the force. Swinging like a wrecking ball, his heavy balls battered and beat her throbbing clit, making her back arch and toes curl. Juices were dripping from her twat, leaving a massive wet patch on the part of his blanket that was directly under her stuffed pussy. Sliding his hands under her smooth belly, he cupped her big breasts and pinched her hard nipples. Melisandre threw her head back and moaned loudly. He rolled the little nubs between his fingers and pulled on them. Harry could feel she was getting close. Her body was trembling, and her pussy had already begun to milk his cock.

"Where do you want it, my love?" Harry asked teasingly. Melisandre purred with satisfaction every time he called her that particular term of affection. He felt her pussy clutch him tighter than it had since they began their little session.

"Inside of me ... Please, Master," she begged while her pussy sucked him off. Harry slid one hand from her breast and moved it down her belly. Once between her legs, he pinched her clit and hit her with his godly power. The effects were instant. Her body bucked and flopped wildly as her piercing screams cracked through the night air. Her pussy spasmed uncontrollably, trying to suck the cum straight from his balls. Harry rewarded her body's reaction by groaning loudly while releasing his seed into her. A mixture of her juices and his cum leaked from her gaping twat as he pulled out. Melisandre rolled onto her side and curled into a fetal position, her body still bucking and spasming as her orgasm continued to ravage her. Looking down, he could see that his cock was still hard.

'Maybe I should give her a minute,' he thought as her eyes rolled into the back of her head and her back bowed. Seeing her perfectly perky breasts thrust into the air didn't help his resolve to give her time to recover. Instead, he sat down next to her and ran his hand up and down her smooth, toned thigh. Thankfully, it didn't take her long to recover. Only a few minutes later, she had him pinned on the bed while she rode him like a steed into battle. Outside the tent, he could hear men cheering his performance while they staggered around, drunk and merry in celebration of a battle well-fought.