

GOT: Rasputin of Westeros 16 - Preaching, Black Pearl & Noble Messenger

Bronn wasn't a commander or a warrior. His idea of spreading the Faith to Essos wasn't even about faith but about gaining an extra footing outside Westeros because he was growing too powerful. If he kept at it, a few noble houses might decide to deal with him.

Besides, he reckoned gaining followers in Essos would be far easier since they believed in the occult far more than the people of Westeros.

And launching the Faith expansion right at the end of the rebellion was the best time. After all, the soldiers were already gathered in one place with all their armor. All the ships were there as well. All he needed to do was give the word, and the march would begin.

Following five months of preparation and Bronn blessing dozens more women in his castle, he set out with his two most gorgeous septas.

His first destination was Braavos, the wealthiest and most powerful of the Free Cities. It was also a melting pot where people from across the world came and resided, traded, and preached. Braavos had a temple for every faith.

But he wasn't dumb enough to march his army there. His plan wasn't even to wage wars. The first step of spreading the faith was preaching. He knew he wouldn't face any problem in Braavos.

The second step was using the preaching to build a considerable base of worshipers. As many as he could. Then move to a new city and repeat. The plan was to go through all of the Free Cities and then move further, where actual conflict was expected.

He expected to face considerable pushback in Volantis, the likely home to the faith of the Lord of Light. Heck, he expected assassination attempts, open challenges in the Free Cities, as many so-called warlocks, sorcerers, and shadowbinders would be there. He didn't know much about their magic, but he knew his was real and that was enough.

The real use of his military might would come once he'd move further East, towards Slaver's Bay and the Dothraki Sea. But that was for the future; his success in the Free Cities would decide his future actions.

So, with just a thousand men and his septas, he boarded his new flagship, Arbor Queen, the magnificent ship with all the luxuries he could hope for. And the greatest one was having a large personal quarter with a luxurious bedroom, study, and sitting.

While he journeyed to Braavos with a thousand men, using over a dozen ships, thousands more men trained near Angel's Peak, preparing for when they'd be called into the holy battle. They were all being fitted with white capes bearing Bronn's sigil.

But for now, he enjoyed the journey. His personal quarters on the ship reeked of sex, as he never wasted a single spill of his 'blessing' nectar. He always either unloaded in Unella's or Malora's cunt, ass, or in their throats. And gods, the two women were so willing for him.

Just to kill boredom, he'd have them, and they'd moan at the top of their lungs for him. Be it day or night, awake or asleep, they served him like he was the god himself.

Thankfully, they had plenty of Moon Tea stored. He didn't want to mark their wombs on that journey.

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Braavos, Purple Harbor,

Purple Harbor was only for Braavosi ships. It was the richest and cleanest harbor of the city, lining the best alehouses, inns, brothels, and playhouses. But Bronn's ship was allowed to dock. How could he not, after he healed the Sealord's rotten right foot and 'blessed' his wife with a son. The old man had come to Westeros seeking him more than a year ago.

Now, it was time to return to favor.

"Ah, Braavos, the bastard daughter of Valyria." Bronn looked at the city from his ship while the gangway was being placed. "Only city in all Essos with a proper Sept. The Mother weeps for the neglect, and this septon intends to dry her tears."

He couldn't get all the thousand men to disembark, as there was no lodging for them in the city. Bronn only took fifty with him, all of them Angelic Knights, and headed out. Instead of visiting the Sealord, he chose to visit the Sept-beyond-the-Sea.

The only followers of the Seven in Braavos were the sailors and traders from Westeros. Because of that, he didn't get any warm welcome or rows of smallfolk kneeling. At best, the crowds parted simply because of the men guarding him.

The sept wasn't too far away, located on an island somewhere south of the House of Black and White. It was more of a sightseeing trip for Bronn; however, it was his first time outside Westeros. The flavor of the people around him excited him. Some with dark skin, some with smaller eyes, some with interesting hair.

Soon enough, he arrived at the sept. It was small, too small. It was a joke that a faith as big and followed as the Faith of the Seven couldn't fund a grand Sept in Braavos. It was pathetic that the faith never tried to expand outside.

Worse, the sept only had a single old septa, as the septon was disgraced and sent away. The woman alone cleaned the sept and offered prayers every day.

“Ser Florent, take a few lads and scrub that sept till it shines like the Maiden’s smile. Then send a rider for a proper builder. I’ll not have our sept of the Seven looking like a beggar’s hovel while them foreign temples strut about like gilded whores. The Faith has gold enough, and the faithful have deeper purses still. This insult stinks of heresy. When I get back, the High Septon himself will answer to the Seven for it.”

Seeing Bronn angered, the Angelic Knights rushed around to get the work done. Meanwhile, Unella spoke with the sept's lone septa.

Westeros is piss poor, and yet none of the lords looked East to find money?

Bronn pondered deeply about the status of Westeros. Once upon a time, when dragons lived, it made sense why Westeros was so self-centered and seemingly isolated. The dragons gave Westeros fame unlike any other. But after the last dragon, why did Westeros remain so isolated? Why didn't trade flourish? Why didn't outward expansion happen?

In Bronn's eyes, all the misery of the smallfolk could've been avoided if there had been a better outlet. If Westeros believed in conquering foreign lands, it would have given plenty of jobs to smallfolk. Yet, the gracious fat lords and ladies couldn't look further than the nearest whore's cunt, forget about planning for the future.

Their loss, my fortune.

So many people, Bronn was excited. This was just one of the Free Cities. There was so much more to do. There were also those horse lords with massive hordes behind them. In sheer terms of population, he saw a great possibility. Even a fraction of Essos could make him the mightiest man in the world.

As some time went by, the sept started to appear cleaner. Every stone, every inch was cleaned. Finally, at the end, he knelt inside and prayed to the Seven. He chanted a small prayer, showing that magical light so the old septa would believe him blindly.

But she fell to her knees in shock and started crying.

Bronn was done, however. With the evening approaching, he headed towards the Sealord's palace.

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King's Landing,

They called him the fat one; he knew it, and he didn't mind. He had long abandoned his real name and now only went by High Septon. Only a few years ago, he rose to that position when the previous one died of old age.

It took him so many years to rise that high, so many nobles he had to appease for this blessing. And now, when he finally had the High Septon's crown, it felt meaningless. Nobody gave a damn about him anymore.

The smallfolk and nobles all sang only one song, Bronn the Blessed, the Seven's Angel. High Septon saw it for what it was, a cult. He saw the way Bronn did everything to make his cult different from the Faith, even taking up a new sigil and building a castle while calling it a sept. And now, the entire realm was going crazy to support the mad conquest of Essos.

"Seven save us, this is heresy. He did not speak to me, nor seek the blessing of the Faith, yet he dares call himself our champion. He crows about spreading the Faith in Essos, but for whom in the Seven hells is he doing it? This cannot continue. The King is godsdamned blind to the tricks that boy is playing."

"They are not tricks," said a Most Devout.

"Then what in the Seven hells is it? Are you claiming he is Hugor of the Hill come again? That is impossible, a legend and nothing more. And this sorcery he wields, it is foul, vile work that stands against every sacred truth of the Faith."

"Smallfolk love him," said another Most Devout. "He feeds them, cures them, and employs them. He has done more for the realm alone than what the Faith did in years."

The High Septon seethed. He could see the factions that had formed in the Faith. One supported Bronn because they truly believed in his divinity. The other side was with him because they saw the order changing.

"Aye," voiced an old septon with a long white beard. "And with the new High Septon, Seven help us, nothing is getting better. Starving folk look with hard eyes on priests too damned fat to waddle a mile. That great round belly of yours didn't sprout overnight. You stuffed yourself for years to swell like that while the poor went hungry. Years when you feasted, Bronn the Blessed fed the starving. Keep a leash on your pride, High Septon, or by the Mother's mercy, it will be the very thing that sends you crashing down."

The High Priest turned red in anger and shame. But the Most Devout was old and senior. He couldn't openly shout.

"None of you see the damned problem? The man acts without a word to us, without counsel, without blessing. He twists the Faith like it is his own bloody plaything. He gathers our holy name to himself, and soon, Seven help us, none of this will matter. High Septon or Most Devout will be titles lost to the past."

Finally, the septons in the chamber nodded in agreement. All of them felt that.

"We shall send him our word," said the old Most Devout. "When he returns to Westeros, we shall discuss this with him. We can confer him a new title, recognise him as Seven's Angel, so that he is bound to the Faith, to the Great Sept, and to our order."

Finally, the fat High Septon smiled. At last, he received some support.

"I shall write to him then."

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Braavos,

The game was simple. Bronn had divided his plan into two steps. The first one was to woo the poor and smallfolk, and then target the rich merchants. Both groups required something different.

To the rich, Bronn dangled a lure. But to the poor, he dangled dreams, hopes. After all, the merchants already had the coin; they only dreamed of more coin. But the poor had nothing more than coin; they just wanted a better life.

So, with the Sealord's permission, Bronn decided to hold a few gatherings across the city. It was free for all, but more than that, he made sure to provide free food. The merchants and the rich wouldn't bother coming. But the poor would come for some free food.

"You will stand at my side, Unella," said Bronn, hands resting at her waist, while the tall woman set his robes in order for the preaching. "Ser Florent shall tend the food station. By the Seven, a riot may rise if folk aren't guided."

"And me?" asked Malora from a nearby seat, already dressed in septa robes.

"You will keep the cauldron warm and the draughts flowing. We shall need plenty once the preaching is done. If we mean to open their hearts to the Seven, we must show them what the holy blessing truly can stir."

After that, Bronn drank a few potions that improved his concentration and made him calmer at the same time. He understood that he was in foreign lands and there could be sudden surprises.

Soon enough, guarded by the Angelic Knights, he arrived at the large arena where usually some playhouses acted out their pieces. But that day, the stage belonged to only Bronn. The arena was packed tight, not a single seat left out. Men and women of all colors and features mumbled with each other in various languages.

That's another problem.

Because of the different languages, it was going to be hard for Bronn to preach everywhere. For that, he planned on getting some books written and translated.

"By the Seven's grace, all of us are here for this preaching." Bronn started from the stage, his voice magically loud, leaving plenty confused and wondering. "Many forget the Faith of the Seven was born in Essos among the Andals who made their homes in the hills of Andolas, not too far from here. So I give this sermon to return their sacred wisdom to its birthplace."

At the start, Bronn had nothing special planned. He wanted the people to grow bored with his preaching. He still tried to tell interesting stories, however. But as the masses started to show signs of boredom and losing interest, he decided to give them a shock.

"Bring your blessing upon this land,
Heal the bodies and hearts with your hands.
O' Seven above, bless your servant,
In this land of trade, I am your light's merchant."

It was a common trick, but that was in Westeros. He raised his right hand and cast that light magic. As soon as the glow appeared, all the people watching rose to their feet. It was such a simple yet magical thing.

No candle or fire could replicate what Bronn had. No trick could produce that kind of uniform and bright light. It looked like a star in someone's hand.

And, just as expected, many in the crowd started praying. Some still prayed to whichever god they followed; However, many were interested in the Seven.

"Accept the light that seeks to warm your hearts,
From Father to Stranger, accept all the parts.
This is the moment of arrival, the reckoning,
The Seven roar through light, hear, it is deafening."

That magic spell had a second variant as well. The light could grow bigger, stronger, warmer. It was blinding, so great that even Bronn had to shut his eyes. But the reaction was instant. Every single man and woman in the crowd fell to their knees, breaking into prayers. Many prayed to the Seven.

Ah, Essos... I'm going to love this damned land.

After that preaching, Bronn left the stage. As the crowds went outside, they found Angelic Knights overseeing the food distribution. Since Bronn didn't want to waste coin on buying bowls and such, he used grains and rice and made cakes from them, adding very little salt and sugar for some taste.

It was a basic meal that could be made into balls and eaten with one's hands. It also removed the need for bowls and plates. Each worshipper received a cake one by one, fast and hassle-free.

Bronn, on the other hand, received a few sick men and women and healed them with potions or simple magic. Even in cases where he couldn't do anything, his potions helped reduce the pain.

Only a matter of time before the fat-pocketed fucks come sniffing.

He planned to continue.

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Other than what he was already doing, the best way to convert a large population was to convert the influential. Famous merchants, famous sellswords, guards of the city, the Sealord himself, the playhouse actors, and of course, the famous courtesans.

Converting all of Braavos required a multifaceted attack. And he did just that.

After holding five gatherings where he preached, the merchants and the rich finally started to show some interest. From Ser Florent, he found out the name of the city's most sought-after courtesan.

When Bronn heard more about the woman's history, he felt the need to take her and make her moan the Maiden's name day and night. Bellegere Otherys, she was called. Her other name was Black Pearl, but some said this one was more brown than black.

The story was truly fascinating.

Many years ago, the granddaughter of the Sealord roamed around as a smuggler, trader, and occasional pirate. At that time, she met with Prince Aegon Targaryen and had an affair with him that lasted ten years. The prince later went on to become Aegon IV Targaryen.

Bellegere gave birth to three children during that decade, two girls and a boy. Of them, Bellenora became a famous courtesan, taking the name of Black Pearl of Braavos, a tradition that was continued.

Now, the current Black Pearl was also named Bellegere, and she had Targaryen blood in her, albeit highly diluted. And that simple fact made Bronn excited because of all the women he could bed in Westeros, he couldn't find a Targaryen, as they were all dead. There was that princess, but he didn't have the patience or the desire to find her. He reckoned she'd already be spoiled by now, if not dead.

That night, Bronn dressed up neatly and, under the protection of his men, went to see this Black Pearl. He'd used that time to learn about the other famous courtesans of Braavos. Each had a different flavor to offer.

Different from whores, courtesans were more akin to false lovers, who were educated, refined, and provided companionship, music, poetry, dance, entertainment, and sex to wealthy, powerful,

and noble clients. They could also choose their clients and terms, and even refuse sex if they felt like it.

But it was also true that these women didn't take many new patrons. Their secret to wealth was forming long-term relationships with a few wealthy men.

Where do I fall?

Bronn pondered on the way. He had a massive castle of his own. He had substantial wealth. He could get the King to kneel to him.

Should be enough for a damned whore's cunt.

He had no plan to be forceful, however. Bellegere was well-known, and gossip from her chambers could spread all over the city. He had to ensure it was good gossip. And even more, she takes the Faith of the Seven.

"Wealthy." He eyed the mansion his men had brought him to. It had three floors and stood in a beautiful, clean street with a lot of plants and torches. "Guard the entrance."

Just as he approached the door, it opened, and the servants inside greeted him with a deep bow of their heads. He saw the signs; there was reverence in their eyes, likely regulars in his preaching.

"May the Seven's light guide us, my friends." Bronn greeted the servants, giving them the same respect he'd give a noble. That was what set him apart, what made the smallfolk love him. "I hear the famed beauty of Braavos seeks my company. By the Seven, I feel like a courtesan meeting her eager caller."

Yes, Bronn was invited that evening. He didn't know who had set up that meeting, but the woman wanted to see him.

The servants laughed at his playful remark and led him inside. The servants were all women, and the only men he noticed seemed more eunuch than Varys. They all had bald heads, sleek faces, built like warriors, holding poles in their hands.

"Your Holiness, my Lady Otherys knows many stories of you. She holds a great fondness for tales of Westeros. She wanted to see you at the preaching, but it would have caused a riot," the servant explained. "As soon as she learned you give healing to any ailed, she hoped she might invite you herself."

"Is she sick?"

"We asked the same, but she refuses to explain her troubles. Please heal her, your holiness. Lady Otherys is sweet and kind, but she refuses to see all the patrons now."

Interesting. An ailed whore, that's a bad omen. Better not put my cock in her.

Finally, after passing a few doors and corridors, he was brought to a room guarded by two of those bald eunuchs. But these two were each behemoths, almost a whole head taller than him. They guarded the twin doors with their bodies and spears in hand, making a cross so none could enter.

"Bless you both, my sons," Bronn said warmly and showered some of that bullshit light magic on them. Even their stoic faces changed to curious reverence.

The servant didn't even have to say anything. The two guards moved their spears and stepped aside, even going a step further and opening the twin doors for him. The servant didn't follow him inside.

As soon as he walked in, the doors were closed behind him.

He looked around at the opulent hall that was a mix of seating and bedding, paintings on the wall, beautiful carpets on the floor, and so much more. The hall exuded wealth, and amidst all that was Bellegere Otherys, seated alone on the large settee in the middle.

Seven fucking Maiden's succulent tits!

Calling her beautiful was an understatement. What a sight, all the candles in that hall felt brighter with her in view. She looked young, perhaps the same age as him, if not a few years younger. Her hair was dark as coal with faint curls, perfectly combed, some locks falling from her temples, golden chains decorating them. Her face was carved, with sharp cheekbones, succulent, plump lips, and big, curious eyes.

Her skin was pale brown, but he kept looking down at the gorgeous goddess. The off-the-shoulder light golden gown was thin, almost see-through, tight on her full breasts at half-mast, leaving the slope and the top of her cleavage for him to feast on.

She was seated, but he already knew her body was a work of art, curvaceous. And now, he couldn't wait to hear her voice.

Bronn waited for the woman to get up and greet him. But she didn't even flinch and just stared at him. He kept his eye locked up with hers, admiring them actually.

"You..." she spoke at last.

Ah, serene as well.

Her voice wasn't sharp or high-pitched, just a perfect smooth melody, a bit throaty and still charmingly feminine. It made sense why she was so sought after.

"Do the tales paint me fairer?" he asked back, guessing her intent. "Aye, I look plain, my lady. I suppose the Seven set me so my face sways none, though my gentle sermons yet could."

Bellegere smiled, and what a smile it was. She had perfect pearl-white teeth. Her eyes narrowed when she beamed. "Oh no, Your Holiness... I would never dream of disrespecting you, my radiant one."

Ah, my cock's swollen already.

Bronn found her voice enchanting; the way her accent added spice to it captivated him. And right then and there, he knew he wanted this one. It would be a fine collection for his order of septas.

And it'd also make him a legend amongst septons. Being the man who turned a whore into a septa. A whore as rich and famous as Bellegere.

Nodding, he eased down beside her, savoring the drift of her fine perfumes. "I heard the Black Pearl of Braavos seeks my healing. This willing servant of the Seven offers hands to guide your rest."

And a fat, juicy cock.

"I-I... I'm not ailed, Your Holiness. But I do seek your aid... but I'm not ailed. I have heard so much of you. How you broke the tyranny of those vile Ironborn. How you healed the Sealord and helped him sire an heir."

"Aye, I did." Bronn nodded, easing back. "All because of the gifts and blessings the Mother and the Maiden have bestowed me."

Bellegere pursed her lips, her hands clasping and rubbing together as if nerves danced beneath her skin. She glanced at him with hopeful warmth. "... I have done well in my craft. Yet when I walk the streets of Braavos, they laugh behind me. Brown Pearl, they call me. I never had any say in how I came into this world."

Huh? Father's saggy tits, she wants me to change her skin?

"My lady." He laid a hand on her lap. Oh, how soft and warm it was. It took everything not to squeeze. "By the Seven, trust my word. You stand among the finest women these eyes have beheld, and they have beheld plenty. Pay no mind to idle tongues."

"This cannot continue. My mother wore the name Black Pearl, and my grandmother did as well. I... I failed them, yet I refuse to let my daughter do the same... I have heard whispers of you, Your Holiness. They say you grant children, heirs shaped after the father. I want my heir, my daughter, a lovely babe with skin dark as ink."

That was it. If Bronn's cock was swollen before, now it was ready to burst. This gorgeous woman, a beauty for whom noble houses would wage all-out battles, wanted him to breed her? She didn't even have to ask.

But of course, Bronn was not a novice in that game. What she sought from him was a favor, a mercy, a blessing. And they don't come without a price.

"You wish for me to bless you with a daughter?" He asked, just to be certain.

Bellegere turned on her knees toward him and lifted his hand from her lap, holding it between her palms. Her eager eyes shone with hope. "That is what I seek, Your Holiness. I... I could try the usual way. But the fault lies in my own flesh. Even with a man I might desire, my child could still look like me. With you, I would be certain."

She was right about that. He could give her a daughter just as she wanted.

"I hear you well, Lady Otherys. Yet you should heed my troubles in turn. Were it naught but a wound or an old scar, I would mend it before the next breath. But what you ask is touched by the Maiden herself, a blessing I must set within you by my own touch. Flesh must meet flesh for such grace, and only with one sworn to the Seven. You look instead to the gods of Braavos."

Bellegere frowned, shaking her head. "I... I'll take the Faith of the Seven. I'll pray to the Maiden forever."

Hah! That easy?

Bronn nodded and thought deeply about it. "Wonderful. Then let us begin the ritual. It will span three months, and each day we must tend to it. It shall be a prayer to the Maiden to receive you kindly, and grant the heir you seek."

Bronn was almost salivating with the thought of it.

I'll feast for months. Seven cunts! You'll be my mumbling, drooling, cock-worshipping septa by the end.

Usually, Bronn followed the seven days of gradual corruption. But that was for noble women. Bellegere was no stranger to sex and nudity. Besides, Bronn wanted to shove his cock in her quickly and relish that warmth. He didn't want to accept it, but doing Unella and Malora every single day was getting boring. He'd been at it for too long.

Bellegere clapped excitedly and rose to her feet. "How shall we begin, Your Holiness?"

Bronn thought for a quick moment and smiled, hiding the wickedness. "Stand before me and disrobe, my lady, so that the Maiden may behold your form and grant your heir fairer blessing. Be gentle and slow, and call me Bronn from this moment, in private where only the Seven witness."

"I-I understand, yo—Bronn."

It appeared Bellegere wasn't used to such commands. Of course, she wasn't. She was the finest courtesan in Braavos. The men who chased her drooled for her attention, her giggles, and

her affection. She held the reins, but that wasn't the case with Bronn. For the first time, Bellegere had to; needed to obey.

She was the Black Pearl, the woman who made princes beg; yet here she stood, cheeks warming, fingers trembling as they found the golden edges of her gown. Slowly, she eased the thin fabric off her smooth shoulders, letting it slip down her arms. The sleeves caught at her elbows for a heartbeat, then fell away, baring the tempting line of her collarbones and the soft rise of her chest.

Bronn's breath snagged in his throat. *Gods be good, she's a fucking vision!*

The gown clung to the swell of her breasts a moment longer before she coaxed it lower, peeling it down inch by inch. The fabric dragged over her nipples, making them tighten into stiff, dark peaks before the silk finally surrendered. Her breasts spilled free. Heavy, perfectly round, her pale-brown skin flawless. They swayed with the motion, full enough to overflow any man's hands, soft enough to make a septon forget every vow.

She lifted her gaze to his and found Bronn staring at the tits now offered up like sacred gifts.

Oh, Seven's mercy, they were gorgeous. Perfect globes with not a whisper of sag, big enough to smother a man dead and leave him smiling. Brown areolas drawn tight, nipples jutting like ripe berries waiting to be rolled between teeth and tongue.

"O Maiden, you showed mercy, shaping this woman with the fair suppleness to cradle life," Bronn murmured with false piety. Those tits were made to be fucked and filled, made to leak milk one day while he watched.

A shy flush darkened Bellegere's cheeks. The unrivaled courtesan, shy. She hooked her thumbs under the bunched fabric at her waist and eased it lower, over the gentle curve of her smooth belly. For a man of Westeros, that chocolate-kissed skin was the rarest spice. Warm, velvety, begging for bruises shaped like fingerprints.

"Turn around, my lady. Let the Gods see your child-bearing hips," Bronn commanded, already shrugging his septon's robe over his head and kicking his trousers free. His cock was already standing at full mast.

Bellegere turned, slow and obedient, presenting the elegant line of her back and the mouth-watering swell of her ass.

"Come closer."

She took one step back.

"More."

Another, until her calves brushed the edge of the low settee and she stood framed between his spread knees.

Bronn's hands flexed in the air, fingers clawing at nothing, desperate to grab, to spread that moldable flesh.

She bent forward, graceful as a dancer, letting her heavy breasts sway under her. Her fingers pushed the gown the rest of the way down, over the flare of her hips, until the silk pooled at her feet.

Every inch of her light-brown skin was flawless. Smooth as polished amber, not a single blemish. And that ass, gods, a perfect peach split by a cleft, round and firm. Her pussy came into view between them. Bare, plump lips guarding a slick, rosy seam already glistening.

The sweet-sharp scent of her filled Bronn's lungs. His cock flexed against his belly, his mind aching to bury his face in that scorching heat.

Bronn swallowed hard. He loved nothing more than burying his face between a woman's thighs, but only when the cunt in question belonged to some highborn who'd never had a man before. Malora's, Unella's, Lynesse's; those were the flavors he loved.

Bellegere was a courtesan, and that alone kept him from dropping to his knees. He'd feast on her later, after he'd cleansed every trace of other men from that velvet cunt with his own cock first. Besides, all he wanted to do in that moment was ram his cock in that noticeably tight slit.

Finally, she stepped free of the golden puddle at her feet and turned. Bronn had his fist wrapped around his shaft by then, stroking slow and shameless, letting her see exactly what the Seven had blessed him with. Her dark eyes dropped to it and widened, lips parting on a silent puff.

"My lady..." He reached into the pocket of his discarded robe and drew out a single perfect rose. "Eat a few petals from this."

With a lazy flick of his fingers, the rose levitated from his palm, drifting through the air like a living thing. It hovered before Bellegere's breasts, then settled gently into her hands.

The last flicker of doubt in those big, curious eyes died right there. Trembling, reverent, she brought the bloom to her mouth and devoured every petal, lips stained crimson, throat working as she swallowed it down.

Bronn chuckled and held out both hands. "Take a seat, Maiden's chosen. Take the blessing you seek so eagerly."

"Mmmh... I am so grateful."

Bellegere climbed onto him. Being a head shorter, she rose onto her knees, thighs spreading wide over his, the heat of her bare cunt brushing his cockhead. One small, elegant hand wrapped around his shaft and guided him to that slick, waiting entrance.

He stifled a filthy groan in his chest. Her puffy lips parted around his crown, then swallowed him inch by agonizing inch as she sank down, hips rolling with sinful grace. Wet silk gripped him, dragged at him, milked him with every slow descent until her plush ass finally rested on his thighs and he was buried to the base.

Bronn's hands shot to her hips, fingers digging into warm skin. Already, he could picture her in Septa's robes, standing behind his chair while he preached, every lord in the hall knowing exactly who she belonged to and unable to touch. All his.

His thumb slid lower, tracing the tight, forbidden ring between her cheeks. Soon, but not tonight. Tonight, he wanted to drown in that perfect cunt. He had three months, and tonight was just the beginning.

Bellegere started to move. She rode him in slow, grinding circles that churned his cock deep, then long strokes that dragged her slick walls up his shaft and finally slammed herself back down. Each rise lifted her soft breasts, each fall sent them bouncing, nipples grazing his chest. Her cunt fluttered and squeezed in rippling waves, hot and greedy, sucking at him like it wanted to suck his soul out.

Bronn sank back against the cushions and let his gaze feast on the heavy brown swells swaying inches from his face. Without a word, Bellegere leaned forward, offering them like ripe fruit.

He latched onto one dark nipple, sucking hard, tongue lathering the stiff peak until it throbbed against his teeth. He moved to the other, greedy, already picturing them leaking sweet milk while he fucked her.

"Mmmh..." Bellegere moaned.

"Let the Gods know the taste of your tongue, my Bellegere," he muttered against her wet skin. Indeed, 'my', for she belonged to him now. Only she hadn't realized it yet.

Bellegere smiled seductively, her midnight hair cascading over both of them like a curtain. Then she leaned in, and her mouth found his, stained crimson from the rose.

Bronn groaned into the kiss. He tasted the petals still clinging to her tongue, sweet and slippery, and fucking Seven hells, it went straight to his cock. She tried to take control, her tongue curling against his, but he pressed a rough thumb against the tight star of her ass, and she jolted.

That was all he needed. He surged forward, claiming her mouth, fucking it with his tongue. Deep, relentless, claiming every corner.

"Ugh." The sound tore out of him, balls drawing up tight, ready to flood her.

But Bellegere beat him to it.

Her whole body seized, thighs clamping around his hips, cunt gripping down on his cock in violent, rolling spasms.

“Ohhhhh—!”

A sharp cry broke against his lips as she came, gushing hot and slick around him, juices flooding down his shaft and over his balls in messy pulses. Her nails raked his shoulders, hips jerking helplessly while her walls milked him in greedy waves.

“Oh, Seven! Soothe this womb for the offering!” Bronn snarled when he felt the merciless squeeze of her climax, slamming his hips up to chase that euphoria.

He hugged her down against him, arms banded around her waist, and let go. Thick ropes of seed jetted into her, squelching over and over as he pumped her full, the overflow already seeping out around his buried cock, streaking her thighs and the cushions under them.

He kept pumping. But right when Bellegere exhaled a breath of calm, he moved. In a single brutal motion, he stood. He lifted her with him, cock still lodged deep.

She gasped as he spun them, dropping her onto her back on the settee. Pillows scattered. Her legs splayed wide, and he planted his feet on the floor, never once slipping free of that drenched pussy.

"The ritual... shall continue... my Bellegere."

“Oh, yes! Gods... oh, bless me!” Her arms flew around his neck, fingers tangling in his hair, pulling him down.

Bronn drove into her like a battering ram. The settee groaned below, wood creaking with every savage thrust. This wasn't a ritual; this was raw, filthy rutting, two bodies slapping together in a slick, wet frenzy.

Her tits bounced wildly, nipples grazing his chest; her cunt made greedy, sucking sounds each time he pulled back and punched forward again.

Squelch! Srk! Plap!

Bellegere's legs locked high around his back, heels digging into his spine, urging him deeper. No man had ever taken her like this, merciless and overwhelming. She'd spent years on top, setting the pace, keeping control. Now Bronn was buried to the hilt with every thrust, battering against her womb, stretching her until she felt him in her throat.

Bronn crushed his mouth to hers, swallowing her cries, stealing her breath.

“Ungh! Ungh!” Each grunt punched out of her with the force of his hips.

She couldn't breathe, couldn't think, only felt the thick cock splitting her open, the heavy balls slapping her asscheeks, the brutal rhythm ruining every other cock for her. And still she clung tighter, legs trembling, cunt twitching again, already climbing toward another shattering edge.

Plap! Plap! Plap!

Bronn's hips kept pistoning like a machine that forgot how to stop.

Their mouths tore apart on a shared gasp. Bellegere's gaze dropped between the frantic bounce of her own breasts. She watched, dazed, as his glistening flesh sword slid out to the flared crown, dragging strings of cream, then slammed home again, burying itself to the root in one brutal stroke. The warmth blooming low in her belly told her everything, he was already blessing her.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes!" The words spilled out of her in a broken chant, mind gone, body surrendered. Her second climax struck like a storm, her cunt seized, spasmed, then gushed.

A hot, clear flood burst around his pistoning cock, squirting in messy arcs that drenched his shaft, splashed his belly, and soaked his balls. Her juices washed him clean and filthy all at once.

She throbbed wildly, thighs shaking, words reduced to a garbled, "Se-ven—Bronn—uunnnh! Bles—ssaaaah!"

Squelch! Plap! Shhhrk!

He never slowed, riding the slippery torrent, eyes locked on her ruined, blissful face. He was at a limit too, the last for the night. And more than filling her, he wanted to watch his virile seed paint her brown skin white.

"Gaaaaaah! On knees!"

He ripped free with a wet pop. Her ass was already hanging off the edge; the moment his cock left her she dropped, but his hands were there, guiding her fall. She landed kneeling, thighs trembling, breasts heaving, flushed face tilted up to him.

"Aaaah! Take... the blessing... in your mouth!"

Bellegere didn't suck. She simply opened wide. Tongue out, eyes shining with tears and awe. Offering her beautiful face, an offering no man before had received from her.

Bronn snarled, fist flying over his slick cock. Twelve frantic strokes and he erupted.

The first rope lashed across her forehead, thick and creamy. The second tinted her brows and lashes, the third painted her cheek and the bridge of her nose. More followed. Hot, heavy spurts that glazed her plump lips, dripped from her chin, splattered across those glorious tits in messy

white ribbons. Some landed on her waiting tongue; she didn't flinch, only moaned softly as the taste of him flooded her mouth.

He wasn't finished. Near the end, still spurting, he gripped the back of her head and shoved forward.

Bellegere's eyes widened in shock, surrender, then lust. His cock punched between her lips and kept going. He fucked her face in short thrusts, balls slapping her chin, pubes grinding against her nose until her throat fluttered around him and tears streamed down her wrecked face.

Slurp! Slurp!

He held her there, buried to the hilt, and let the last pulses dribble straight down her gullet while her tongue cradled his throbbing shaft.

Only when his boneless flesh was softening against her tongue did he ease back. Bellegere instinctively sealed her lips around him, sucking and cleaning every inch as he slowly pulled out. Her tongue scooped up every last bit.

Pop!

The cockhead came free with a filthy, wet sound.

"Kah... Uh..." Bellegere coughed and panted.

"Wonderful, stunningly done, my lady. The Maiden smiles upon you. You have met her trials. By the Seven, we shall resume the rite tomorrow."

Oh, he was already getting hard imagining the ritual.

Bellegere smiled on the floor, nodding.

"Let me help you." Bronn grabbed her gown and wiped his cum off her tits and face, smearing it everywhere while doing it. How magnanimous.

Finally, he wore his trousers and robes, fixed his hair, and prepared to leave.

"I shall see to tomorrow night, my lady."

Bellegere just nodded, smiling, accepting the 'blessing' the holy man offered.

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Over the following months, Bronn had the most fun of his life. Bellegere was just the beginning. As he explored every inch of the brown woman, more came his way. Of course, only Bellegere wanted a babe; the others were just curious.

Moonshadow was an Eastern beauty, with smaller eyes and a slender build; goodness, she moaned so loud. She only ever wore white and silver, and that matched her skin. He had her folded in all the unholy ways.

Then there was the Merling Queen. The woman was slightly older than Bronn, pale in skin, hair red as fire. But what stood out about her was her harem of young maidens whom she called her Mermaids. And gods, what a night that was.

He not only fucked the mind out of the Merling Queen, but also took the maidenhead of her four virgin Mermaids. He had them many more times afterward, whenever his heart pleased. Then there was the woman called the Poetess.

Bronn instantly decided to make her a Septa. She always had a book in hand, and as he fucked her, she'd sing him songs, poems, and make stories with him. She was a fine woman to look at, more than fine. But her singing captivated him. Perfect for Seven's Angel, he reckoned.

Still, he was loyal to Bellegere; he fucked her every single night, filled her womb with what she eagerly called blessings. All shame and hesitation slowly vanished. Even mentions of maiden and faith stopped. They started to fuck for the sake of fucking.

All the while, his work in Braavos continued. From a thousand to ten thousand, and then fifty thousand. He had to seek the largest grounds in Braavos from the Sealord to hold his gathering. The smallfolk numbered a lot, but merchants and the like counted just as many.

The Sept in Braavos also received offerings, and a construction of a much larger sept began.

That was two months ago.

"...O' Mother above, watch over your humble children."

Bronn finished his preaching with the chant, no longer standing but seated at a grand table, under which Bellegere had appeared through a trapdoor. She suckled him the entire duration, drained his cock, all in the presence of over fifty thousand faithful.

It gave Bronn a high he couldn't forget. The joy of having one of the most sought-after women in Braavos suck him in the presence of so many.

But the preaching was over. Bellegere quickly tied his trousers and escaped through the same trapdoor. She enjoyed Bronn's depravity just as much as he did.

"In five days, I shall hold the greatest gathering of the faith at the Sealord's palace grounds. All of you and more are invited to behold the Seven's glory," he declared and raised his shining right hand. "May the Seven's light guide us all, and may we be wise enough to follow it."

In response, almost the entire arena fell to their knees, praying.

Magic was just too good a tool to fool the masses.

Quickly after the preaching, he arrived at the massive House of Seven Blessings that he had established. He sat there as usual and healed anyone who was ailing. Of course, his companion, the offering box, was also there. A few, actually, as they filled up just too fast.

"Unella," he looked at his gorgeous Septa. The woman had let her long blonde hair free that day, instead of braiding it. Already, he planned to make her cry to the gods that night. "Bring more rejuvenation potion."

Unella passed him the sweetest smile and left to bring the items.

Right then, Ser Florent and Ser Bonifer Hasty walked in through the door, escorting a middle-aged man. At a glance, the man didn't seem ailed, standing too tall, proud, aristocratically.

"Lord Septon, this man claims to be a messenger sent by the Triarch of Volantis," Ser Hasty reported.

"Greetings, Lord Septon, Seven's Angel. I am Haliquo Ormaen, servant of triarch Doniphos Paenymion of the Elephants."

"..."

None of that made any sense to Bronn. But he entertained, getting up to prepare a drink for the guest. "Welcome to Braavos. What do the triarchs send for me?"

"I must offer a warning, Lord Septon. A great many figures seem to feel threatened by your magic, Lord Septon. None are more unsettled than the temple of the Lord of Light. The Red Priests speak of little else, and they have at last dispatched Moqorro the Black Flame to seek you."

"Black Flame?" Bronn frowned and looked at Ser Hasty, hoping he'd know something. But the knight shook his head. "Who is this man?"

"He serves as the right hand to Benerro, the High Priest. Volantis is the center of the Lord of Light's worship. Benerro commands magic no rival can match. And it is a bitter truth to admit that our ruling triarchs live in deep fear of him and his strange abilities."

"You seem tired, my friend. Here, drink this." Bronn offered a cup for him and took one for himself.

Of course, Bronn drank first. But their cups weren't the same. The man's cup held a truth potion in it.

"What else can you tell me about this Black Flame? Is he an assassin?"

"No, Lord Septon, he is a priest of great height and girth, dark as pitch and broad as two men. His voice rolls like a war drum, and flames are inked across his face. He bears a staff that spits green fire. He comes for you armed with many hidden arts. Be wary, Lord Septon."

"Why are you here?" Bronn asked.

"The triarchs hope you can bring down High Priest Benerr—"

Bronn chuckled when the man stuttered, shocked by his own honesty.

"Ser Hasty, Ser Florent, please hold his arms apart. I have a few noble questions for him."

"W-What is the meaning of this? I am the messenger of Volantis!"

Bronn stood up, grinning like an evil wizard. "And that is why you will speak the truth, and only the truth."