

Shadows in the Dark

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Shadows in the Dark

by [crookedneighbour](#)

Summary

Roose awakens to find his undressed bastard entering his bed. Things get uglier from there.

Notes

You've seen the summary and the tags. Consider yourself warned.

I have not also been [recognized as some of the top gross fanfiction in the fandom by cracked](#).... Thanks for the hits???

Roose awakens to a soft creak and the sensation of someone fiddling with his small clothes. Even half awake he knows it isn't Walda. The fingers are too thin, and Walda would be unable to contain her giggles. She's still asleep, snoring, unaware of the advances being made on her lord-husband.

When he looks down between his legs, Ramsay has already wrapped his hand around Roose's cock. The bastard looks up at him, lips parted in a smile. The boy is undressed and already erect. His inky hair seems to vanish into the blackness, but his pale skin and strange eyes (*his father's eyes*) almost gleam in the dark.

Roose gives him a disapproving glance, but says nothing for fear of waking Lady Walda. Ramsay returns his silence, licking his thick lips as he lowers his head. He should say something, but there is a morbid curiosity in him, the question of how far will Ramsay escalate it this time. Because Ramsay is always pushing, always rebelling, giving his father strange stares when he knows that he shouldn't. And when Ramsay's lips encircle his father's cock, and when his tongue laps against the tip, equally pleasurable and awful Roose knows the answer to this.

Again he says nothing. He only shoves Ramsay from the bed, and pushes him against the walls of the Dreadfort (walls that know things, wall that have *seen things about Roose and about others*). *Ramsay just looks back at him, pale eyes pleading and lustful like the bastard he is.*

And then he moans.

"Father... Please."

He does it right in Roose's ear even, hot breath against sensitive skin. Though Roose knows it's entirely feigned (it's a game, just a game), the feeling goes straight to his groin. Walda shuffles in bed and Roose stills. (If she found him like this, if she found him cock hard with his own bastard underneath him...) Ramsay wriggles suggestively, his body grinding against Roose's stiffness. He has to remind himself that it's wrong, that Ramsay doesn't know any better, can't help himself because of his bastard blood. But Roose, he should know better. He feels faint.

He's already leeching himself heavily this week and the blood leaving his head makes him dizzy. Ramsay whispers filthy things to him, invitations, desires, things that only the tainted blood could make him imagine.

"Please," repeats Ramsay, his lips buried in the crook of his father's neck. He looks up at him with both pain and desperation, and in his weakness Roose is unable to refuse him.

He forces Ramsay around, his hands now gripping his bastard's hips. He hates how well they fit in his hands, how they're the right mixture of thick meat and hard bone to fit in his long cold fingers.

"Disgusting... Like your mother..."

He whispers it in Ramsay's ear as he enters him. Ramsay tightens around his cock and a something like a laugh comes out of him. Roose thrusts slowly at first, careful to turn anything that might resemble a grunt into a long sigh.

"Disgusting?" purrs Ramsay, between panted breaths. He rocks back and forth slowly, coyly glancing over his shoulder. "You're the one fucking your own son."

Roose isn't sure if he's more angered or aroused by the insolence. Ramsay was the one who came to him, whoring himself. This wasn't his fault (it was his fault, it was always his fault). No leechings or beatings ever seemed to cure the boy (Ramsay had seemed to like them even, his eyes glazing as the blood ran down his thighs).

"Is this what you like, father?" Ramsay always made that word so lurid, so teasing. "Is this what you did to Domic, before you had me?"

Roose grabs Ramsay by the hair and presses his face into the stones as hard as he can, and starts to thrust with a cold fury. Ramsay took everything from him, his wife, his son, his future, his decency.

"If I was a girl you would have kept me. You would have fucked me for heirs the moment I bled."

Ramsay's body is flushed and sweat dripping down his face and neck. All of Roose's blood pounds as he drives at his bastard. Everything he had tried to deny, to cleanse about himself swirls inside him, both agonizing and ecstatic.

"You're the one who needs all the leechings and rules. It's yo--"

Roose's hands on his throat end the boy's tirade. Hearing the bastard choke and sputter, drives something in him over the edge, and Roose no longer cares that Walda is sleeping, no longer cares that this is wrong. Somewhere whatever it is that keeps him a person vanishes, and he is a mess of blood, urges, and void. When comes back Ramsay's mouth is bleeding and Roose's groin is sticky with sweat and seed. His body is tired.

He pushes Ramsay aside and the bastard stumbles.

He looks back at his father, and for a second all the smugness fades away.

"I'm your son. I'm all you've made m--"

"I didn't tell you to speak," Roose interrupts, voice still soft. "Leave me."

Once Ramsay is gone, Roose cleans himself. He eventually falls asleep, his mind empty except for the sound of a river.

It weeps.

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