

The Northern Tyrant [Game of Thrones] Chapter 52 - Shop Update, The Feast, Hanging Dinner, Eddard's Fears & Squire's Intentions

A/N: Sorry for the delay, guys. In case some of you missed my message in the chat, I was busy due to a family medical emergency.

Wylis didn't get out of bed even after that nightmare faded away. He remained calm, against Dacey's warm embrace. But his eyes were open, staring at the prompt for the new quest. Yet another Main Quest that seemed harder to complete.

He already had an idea of who he was supposed to find in the East. Shiera Seastar was called the Star of the Sea during her era. But the real question was how she was still alive. If she were still alive, she would at least be a hundred years old.

Women like Melisandre exist.

Magic was mysterious in this world. Wylis remembered from somewhere that Melisandre was at least four hundred years old, having seen events such as the Doom of Valyria. If that could be real, then Shiera Seastar being alive wasn't so impossible.

But the real question was why. Bloodraven wanted him to find her; he even got the Quest for it. But the Quest left it to him to decide whether to keep her or kill her.

Is he still longing for her?

Bloodraven's obsession with his half-sister was a topic of many stories in Westeros. Now, one was a tree, and the other was likely still as beautiful as in her youth with magic.

I suppose I have a real reason to go East now. Maybe after the Greyjoys Rebellion.

He moved from the quest screen to the shop screen as the prompt said the shop had been updated. The proof of it was instantaneously recognisable. He noticed new abilities and knowledge in the long list, and all the new additions had something to do with magic.

Jesus! These are absurd and insane at the same time.

[Elemental Control - 150 Years

Divination - 100 Years

Skinchanging - 80 Years
Raising The Dead - 200 Years
Necromancy - 150 Years
Glamoring - 50 Years
Bloodmagic - 150 Years
Alchemy - 50 Years
Valyrian Magic - 200 Years
Warging - 50 Years
Dragonbinding - 50 Years
Magic Sight - 90 Years
Ice Magic - 150 Years
Magic Attack Immunity - 200 Years
Mind Control - 180 Years
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Self Revival - 300 Years
Magic of Creation - 400 Years
Magic of Natural Law - 700 Years
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Wylis stopped reading the list at that point. It went way beyond that, and the price of those abilities reached astronomical levels. He'd need to build an actual breeding farm with at least a thousand women to get all that.

But still, those worth fifty years were somewhat attainable if he decided to go mad during his visit to Stoney Sept. Besides, the main focus was the Magic Attack Immunity worth two hundred years. And he could get it for free if he finished the Starcatcher Main Quest.

That makes it... four Main Quest left.

The oldest remaining Main Quest was called Dragon Breeder. The goal was hatching dragons, and he would gain the Dragon Whisper ability and Fire Immunity. It was a sweet deal, and with Rhaella pregnant, he could imagine finishing it.

Then it was the goldmining quest, the Ironborn ship sinking quest, and finally the new Starcatcher quest. Besides all those, he had ten remaining side quests, excluding the three chain quests.

Gazing at them all, his eyes fell on the second-oldest unfinished side quest. The one he'd gotten during the Rebellion. It was called God of Kiss, and he was to kiss Catelyn Stark for one whole minute. It would earn him Catelyn Stark's loyalty.

My work is mostly done. Once the Granduncles return from the hunt, I should return home. But until then...

He stared at the God of Kiss quest details.

I should test the waters with Catelyn. Or perhaps lay the groundwork.

Truth be told, he wasn't very excited about this one. Sure, Catelyn was a gorgeous woman, but she had a husband, and he reckoned they truly loved one another since Eddard didn't bring a bastard home this time. It made no sense for Catelyn to be seduced by him, or him to do it. He didn't want to be the villain in Ned's life.

It was just that leaving a quest unfinished irked him subconsciously. Especially when it was so simple. But it sure wasn't the easiest.

"Ummm..."

Just then, he felt Dacey move in his arms with a moaning hum, her messy hair sprinkling all over the side of his face. He turned his head and saw her eyes slowly opening, her lips curved in a big smile.

Her one arm was draped over his chest, and her leg was folded over his belly as she hugged him. She'd slept that way the whole night. They were naked as the day they were born under the quilt.

"Felt like I was...." Dacey nestled her face closer to his and pecked his cheek. "Like I was sleeping with a large bear."

"Must feel like home then." Wylis quipped with a chuckle.

"Umm..." Dacey shifted her leg under the quilt, and her hand slid from his chest to grip his half-hard cock. She gave it a firm squeeze. "I reckon I do, seeing as I've found myself a fine, warm Bear Island to sit on."

Wylis laughed and slid an arm under her head, pulling her closer while she continued to toy with his shaft, bringing it to its full length. It was a new experience for him. The last tall woman he'd been with was Chataya, but this was different. Dacey was just eighteen, very energetic, curious, and had a strong frame.

"Are you certain, Dacey?" He asked, feeling her breath near his jaw while her hand gently kept rubbing him. "If you choose to be my squire, I won't go easy on you. The training will be rough."

"Mmm... you need not be gentle, my lord."

Wylis gave her a side eye. "I meant battle training."

"Of course, that as well."

Wylis let out a low sigh and turned to face her properly. "Dacey, I'm not half so noble as folk make me out to be. Aye, my lands grow, and I've strength enough, but I've bastards scattered about and more than one woman warming my bed in my castle. I'm no gallant knight from the songs."

"I've heard the rumors," Dacey said, no longer stroking him. Her hand returned to his chest as she shifted and fully straddled him, letting her elbows braced against his chest as she bent low above his face. "If anything, it makes me all the more certain to follow you."

Wylis stared at her face, confused. "Aye, I've some charm left in me, I'll grant that. And we're not worlds apart in age. But surely you're not so smitten you've gone blind to all my failings. You're young and beautiful, Dacey. You deserve better than me."

He truly meant that. Dacey was a decent woman, a kind soul, and ambitious. She would never be the Lady of Ramsgate if she followed him. He wanted to give her the chance to decide her fate, in case she wanted that title. And he could already feel she wasn't interested in having children.

Dacey leaned further down, her hands gently scrubbed his stubble beard. Her dark eyes stared into his, her thin lips pursed. "Waste, my lord? I would be wasting my life were I to remain on Bear Island. Aye, I might wield my blade for now, but soon enough I would be married to some half-known knight or lord and made to give him babes. My days shrunk to nothing but a broodmare's lot. Yet if I follow you..."

She leaned further down and started dropping kisses all over his face, starting with his forehead.

"My lord, if I follow you, I shall have no worries left. You would sate every hungry need of my body as well as feed my warrior's heart. At your side, I would stand in every battle and swing my blade with joy. With you, my life would burn bright and full instead of fading as some forgotten lady in a lonely northern hall."

Wylis was slightly speechless at those words.

Dacey was a wild woman, strong, sexually curious. But at the same time, she was so elegant in her speech and manners. Indeed, he knew what she said was right. If she remained in Bear Island, not now but eventually, her fate would be to wed and give heirs. But with him, she would never have to worry about such.

Yet, he knew the true reason he even engaged in so many affairs. He needed babes, as many as possible.

"You don't want children?" he asked.

"I do. Of course I do. I'm still a woman, am I not? But the children will come when I will it, on my own terms," Dacey murmured and finally kissed him deeply. At the same time, she raised her hips, reached down with one arm, and lined up his cock. She slowly settled on him, taking him inside.

Fuck!

Wylis cursed silently. She was impossibly tight, and feeling her passionate kiss, he knew she felt the sting as well. Yet, she took him, moving her hips in slow waves on her own. Before long, she took him all the way inside and relaxed, staring at his face.

"I'm no fool, my lord. There is selfishness in this for me as well. I would leave my house behind to live beside you. To serve as your squire, to share your bed. And I want it dearly... and if one day I should want children, I would want them with you still, for I cannot imagine myself ever marrying a man."

"With me? The realm will call you sullied."

"What care have I for the realm? I would sooner see how strong our children might be. I said it true, my lord, I'm a selfish woman. All I offer is this body of mine, and in return I ask for so very much."

Wylis snaked his arms and gripped her hips, smoothly moving her on his cock. "And I'm a greedy man. Once I have you, no other man shall. So I ask you once more. Are you certain you would spend your life beside some petty lord in this cold, rotting North? To be my blade in battle, my companion in bed, and the mother of children the realm will call bastards?"

"Would you treat them as bastards?"

Wylis grounded her down hard on his cock, and pressed one hand on the back of her head, pulling her face closer to his own. "I treat all my children and women the same... mine!"

"Then is there any better man for me to follow?" she asked back.

"No."

Wylis replied firmly and kissed her passionately, like a declaration that he fully accepted her.

He broke the kiss then and let her sit straight on his cock. A glance down and he saw the obscene stretch of her cunt as she took him to the hilt. His hands reached up and rubbed over her small breasts.

"I give you my word, Dacey. You will be the first female knight in the realm. Not out of pity, nor for some lord's amusement, but because you'll carve your name across the battlefield. War is coming in the years ahead. I will train you for it. You'll ride with me, earn your glory, and when the time comes, Robert himself shall knight you, just as he will Chett."

It was a declaration from Wylis, a rather simple one. In truth, even he could make them knights. And it would work in Chett's case. But in Dacey's case, getting royal approval was necessary as the first female knight of the realm.

Dacey smiled so brightly, so gorgeously. "And I'll follow you into battle even if it means death, my lord."

"Call me Wylis when we are alone." Wylis brushed a hand along her soft, comely face. "Will you tell Jorah of your choice? And of our intimacy?"

"I will. I have no reason to hide, and I'm certain the entire castle heard us last night."

Wylis gave a low chuckle. "Aye, there's no mistaking that. Lord Stark won't take kindly to it. I despoiled the daughter of House Mormont in his castle."

"Oh? Despoiled?" Dacey murmured, a low, curious laugh rising in her throat as she rolled her hips. "Perhaps we should wake the castle up with another quick spar."

Wylis couldn't stop staring at his cock all the way inside. Usually, it required a great deal of effort with other women. But Dacey seemed to be relishing it even if it stung a little. "We've work outside."

Dacey grunted and leaned down on his chest, her tits to his skin, her mouth reaching his ear where she whispered.

"Are you sure, my lord? Won't you like to spill in me once again before I take the tea?"

Of course, he already knew she was going to take Moon Tea. But the way she said it in his ears now. Gods, he knew he'd found a rival for Lyanna.

"Aye... I would like that. And let's stock some more tea... a lot of tea."

Dacely let out a loud giggle, and beyond that, it was only moans. Loud, unrelenting, passionate moans. As both of them fully understood each other's desires and needs now, they both held nothing back. She fucked herself on him mindlessly, and he plowed her ruthlessly as he knew she could take it.

She got so loud that perhaps even the Winter Town heard the cries.

As for the residents of the castle, Wylis was sure he'd see it on their faces soon.

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It was indeed written on their faces.

When Wylis arrived at the supper hall to break his fast and shove some high-quality protein in his mouth, he noticed the gaze of Lord and Lady Stark. While Eddard's face was unreadable, like he was constipated, Catelyn's was curious.

But none of them asked him any questions. Even Benjen didn't ask questions, but the fucker did have a suppressed smile on his face.

Six boiled eggs, half a chicken, half a pitcher of milk, and some gravy stew later, he prepared to go on with his day. It was time to plan a feast in the Winter Town and lure the smallfolk his way.

"I will be in the town today. My father will help Old Nan pack her belongings. I'll ride out once my granduncles return from the hunt." Wylis informed Eddard. "What decision has Lady Lyarra made?"

"She will stay."

"She'll go."

Wylis looked between Eddard and Benjen. Eddard said she would stay, and Benjen was the opposite. "Which one is it?"

"Mother has agreed to go with us," Benjen firmly stated.

"She will go nowhere," Eddard added. "She belongs in Winterfell. Home of the Starks. Ramsgate is... Lord Kaiser's."

Wylis straightened his back to look more imposing at the table. "She belongs where her heart would have her. If Lady Lyarra wishes to go, keeping her here against her will is little better than a prison."

"She is old and frail! She belongs here." Eddard snapped, this being the rare occasion the man raised his voice.

"All the more reason to let her see the world, if that is her wish. Were I in her place, I would not spend my last days shut away in a castle this large. You are a lord with duties enough, I'm certain. How often are you with Lady Lyarra as it is? At Ramsgate, she would have Benjen and Brandon near. Gods know, the two spend half their days idling with nothing to do."

"I train the men," Benjen interjected.

"Not every day," Wylis replied as he rose to leave. "I hope this matter is settled before I depart. Good day to you, my lord, my lady."

He heard Benjen talk back to Eddard loudly, but he didn't meddle. He'd said enough, and in the end, it was House Stark's internal matter. But he did know that Lady Lyarra would be overjoyed in Ramsgate. Seeing Lyanna would cheer her. Though the rest of the women may give her a heart attack. Especially Rhaella.

Ugh... Headaches everywhere.

He couldn't find Dacey in the castle as she'd gone to speak with Jorah. He didn't look for her and headed to the Winter Town with four of his guards.

The town was just as he remembered. He was somewhat envious of the place because during autumn and winter, the town's population would usually swell to fifteen thousand. Of course, during spring and summer, the town was mostly empty as most smallfolk returned to their own lands.

Since summer had begun, the town wasn't as populated anymore. But he liked that as it saved him the money on the feast. All he wanted was to spread the word, and the people currently in the town were enough for that.

"Ah! Is that?!"

Wylis smiled and waved at those who remembered him. He was rather famous in the town during his time in Winterfell. He often helped the people, sometimes fixing their homes, roofs, and house pillars. He even helped the local blacksmith at times and helped with farming. He never had any ulterior motives back then; he was just bored and had nobody to talk to.

Besides, he used manual labour as a means of exercise. At the stables, he would only care for the horses, and that didn't burn as many calories. But farming, fixing roofs did that.

Out of all the people of Ramsgate, he was close to a select few. There was an old grandma with a daughter who had lost her husband to an infected wound. Since the women had no good means of earning, he helped them maintain their little house.

Eventually, he gave those women the idea to become seamstresses and sew patterns on clothes for children. Birds, dogs, cats, cute symbols. It was nothing special, but what they sold earned them enough that the grandma was able to afford the dowry to remarry her widowed daughter.

Wylis was a special guest at that wedding, he remembered fondly. He was nothing special back then, just a giant of a stableboy. However, the people of Ramsgate treated him well. But again, he helped in return for food, anything with protein and good nutrients.

This is nostalgic.

He passed by a house whose roof he had fixed. He passed by the brothel where he had met Ros and awakened the Tyrant's Squire. So much had changed in his life, yet the town had remained the same.

Eventually, he met the town bailiff, a man appointed by Lord Stark, and also the guards who patrolled. He informed them that he wanted to hold a feast that night for all two thousand eight hundred people in the town.

The bailiff was skeptical since Ramsgate wasn't known to be rich. But Wylis simply jangled a pouch of gold coins in his hand. "Where can I buy that much meat and wine?"

"Uh... in the castle, m'lord? Lord Stark'll have to agree to sell it. It'll be a lot of meat, m'lord," the bailiff said.

Wylis frowned and looked back towards Winterfell. He didn't like dealing with Eddard, but what could he do? He just hoped the northern lord was interested in earning some gold.

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Later that night,

Surprisingly, Lord Stark was more than interested in selling the meat and wine. And it made complete sense. Summer had begun, and it was time to trade, hunt, and prepare for the next winter. It also meant earning some coin.

Wylis got to pick the meat of his choice and some standard wine. He didn't splurge, but he bought enough meat and bread that none would end up with a watered-down stew. From thick, meaty gravy to roasted animals whole. He had them all.

But he didn't have the cooks, so he gathered the people of Winter Town, picked those who knew how to cook in large quantities, and gave them the job of preparing the feast. Some of his soldiers kept an eye out to ensure no food was stolen.

By the time the sun set, the town's rather large but muddy square was decorated for the feast. Wylis had subtly used his Earthbending while walking around to make the town's square harder and drier.

Torches and lanterns were then hung all around. Long wooden tables were set up with a large bonfire in the middle. Wylis hired a few minstrels to play some songs as well. They were ready to do it for free after learning that it was Lord Kaiser asking. His fame in the North was on a completely different level. People respected him, feared him, and were in awe.

Finally, with the first song of the minstrels, the feast began. A separate table was kept on one side for him and other nobles and knights if they wished to join. But at the moment, it was just him and his men.

"Oh! Lord Wylis."

Wylis greeted those who came over to him. He recognised many and even embraced a few. He indirectly dropped hints whenever possible, telling them how thankful he was for their kindness, and how he would welcome them in Ramsgate anytime.

Already, his soldiers were walking around the town sticking posters of his invitation. The same he'd sent South. It may anger Eddard, but he didn't care.

"Wylis."

"Dad!"

Just then, Wylis heard Magnus' voice and turned around. Sure enough, his family had arrived, and it was everyone. Old Nan, his father Garteh, his mother Maisie, his grandfather Jarak, all his granduncles and grandaunts, and of course Old Nan. Magnus was in his father's arms with a wooden toy in his hand.

"And here I thought you had forgotten." Wylis walked over and took Magnus into his arms. "What stories did Old Nan fill your head with?"

"Old Nan said you were very fat, Dad."

"I sure was, son. I was fat and ugly and... Gods know what your mother saw in me. Let's go, you all. Let's feast." Wylis invited them, getting to eat with them for the first time. He handed Magnus back to his father and went to meet with his granduncles.

His granduncles and grandaunts weren't as tall as him, his father, and his grandfather. They were still tall for smallfolk, with all of his granduncles reaching six feet and above, and his grandaunts reaching close to six feet, but none reaching it. None of them had children for some reason.

"Wylis! Come here!"

Wylis hugged both of his granduncles. "How did the hunt go?"

"Caught meself five boars," said Jorge, the youngest of Old Nan's sons.

"And I killed a damned bear," the middle of the three brothers, Bannen, declared proudly.

"Fucker near snuck up on me. Had me sword close, or I'd be dead meat."

"You weren't out hunting together?" Wylis asked.

"No need. We were seeing who could bring back the most meat," Jorge replied.

Monsters, each one of them. Seems it's in Old Nan's blood.

Wylis spoke with them to gauge their attitude towards him. Surprisingly, they didn't seem to give a damn about his noble status. But they did show pride in being his granduncles. His aunts were almost the same, but he failed to feel as comfortable with them as they asked him about his castle and trade.

"Wylis, come here."

Just as he led them to the seats, he heard Old Nan call for him from the side. She hadn't sat down and was standing a distance away from the table all alone. He walked straight over, noticing how frail she looked now, her head balding.

"Old Nan? What happened?" He asked, leaning slightly since he towered over her hunched form. But then she suddenly grabbed his arm.

"Me boy. I heard you took Lady Dacey Mormont to bed? How could you, Wylis? In Lord Stark's castle no less. It's foul, that is—"

Wylis's face scrunched, slightly annoyed at Old Nan's judgmental eyes. "Old Nan, I love you, but don't judge me this way. What two willing people do together is their own affair. Dacey came to me, not the other way. And I'm a lord, Old Nan, not some servant cowering under Lord Stark. I'll take to my bed whoever pleases me in this castle. You've lived your whole life bowing and serving thanklessly, but I've no wish for such a life."

"My boy, this is wron—"

Wylis shook his head, again interrupting her. "I am Lord Wylis Kaiser, not some horseshit-shoveling fool anymore. A man who never takes what he wants spends his days begging for scraps. I learned that bitter truth waiting on Lord Rickard to take me into his service. He never did. So I carved my own road in the tourney grounds. No man gifted me my knighthood, my lands, or my title. I won them with blood on my hands and steel in my grip. You are the blood of Lord Kaiser now, and you serve no one."

"Wylis—"

"He's right, Ma."

Before Old Nan could speak again, Jarak walked over. He was Wylis' grandfather and Old Nan's oldest son. The man was a beast in body, standing six foot eight.

"Wylis..." Jarak rested one hand heavy on Wylis's shoulder and the other on Old Nan's. "Ma, Wylis speaks true. We've given House Stark everything for generations now. We owe them nothing. Stop being so scared of them. If anything, remember me father and how proud he'd be of Wylis if he were still alive."

Wylis frowned at that. "Your father? My great-grandfather? Who was it?"

"No, no, it matters not. Not for you to know." Old Nan shook her head. "Aye, lord you are, Wylis. Forgive your Old Nan. I speak too much."

Wylis quickly held her old hand. He didn't want her to treat him like she treated Lord Stark. "Forget the life here. Look ahead, Old Nan. I've twenty children already, and there'll be more besides. Most are in Ramsgate. You may as well get used to it and learn to enjoy their noise."

"T-Twenty...?" Old Nan stuttered.

"My boy." Jarak nodded in proud approval.

"T... Twenty? T..."

Jarak held Old Nan by the shoulder and took her away. The old woman was shocked by the number of little ones she'd soon be meeting.

Wylis chuckled and watched his entire family take a seat at the table. He was scared of how they would react. He was still not sure if he would reveal everything to them or allow them inside his castle.

"My lord?"

He looked to his side, and there stood Dacey, fitted in her light leather armor, her hair tied in a braid, her sword at her hip. If anything, the sight aroused him more.

Woosh!

All of a sudden, Wylis watched Magnus jump out of his father's lap and run over to him and stare up at Dacey intently, as if inspecting her. Wylis ended up just lifting him in his arms.

"Ooooh! New mum?" Magnus asked.

Wylis noticed a blush on Dacey's face.

"No, she's not. Better call her elder sister. This is Lady Dacey Mormont, boy. She's a warrior, and she'll hand you your own arse if you give her cause. Be courteous, and she may yet teach you a thing or two," Wylis said as he introduced them.

For some reason, he noticed Dacey was silent for a very long time, her eyes focused on Magnus.

Tap!

Wylis raised Magnus closer and let him pat Dacey on the face softly.

"Ah... yes, my lord..." Dacey stirred awake, her cheeks warming deeper. "I must confess... if all your children are so fair to look, I may find myself caring little for tea."

"Aye, they all do look lovely and beautiful," Wylis confessed. This was charm-maxing at work. "Let us go. I'm starving."

"Me too."

Wylis gave her a side eye. The way she said that was... questionable.

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Winterfell,

Later that night, Dacey nearly dragged him to his bedchamber with no shame at all. Since she had already informed Jorah about her decision and intimacy, she no longer cared if someone saw her with him.

And the thing about being young and particularly strong was how many curious positions they could try. And hence their current situation.

"Ah... Don't drop me!" Dacey yelled.

Wylis chuckled and feigned it, letting her drop a foot. He was naked, as she was, and he was holding her upside down against his chest so her face dangled right at his cock's level and her cunt hovered right in front of his mouth.

"Oh! You... In that case!"

Wylis groaned deep in his chest as Dacey suddenly engulfed the fat head of his cock with her mouth, her teeth grazing the sensitive flesh in a wicked tease. The thrilling edge of danger sent a sharp jolt straight to his balls, making them tighten with a mix of fear and lust. She was playing with fire, and the feisty bear clearly loved the taste of it.

"Gods! Easy there! There's only Lady Wylis Kaiser without that."

"Pfft!" Dacey snorted with laughter around his thick shaft, the vibration traveling deliciously down his length.

It was a truly strange pose for them. Blood rushed to Dacey's head, making her face flush hot and her vision blur, yet the dizzy thrill only heightened every sensation. The power required to hold a woman like her completely upside down, naked and spread, made her cunt throb with fresh juices. Only a man of Wylis's size and inhuman strength could manhandle her like this, turning her into his personal upside-down plaything.

"Don't stop... until I... finish," Dacey declared breathlessly, then drove her face forward onto his girth. Her lips stretched harshly around his great girth, forced obscenely wide as she forced more of his thick, veined cock into her mouth.

Meanwhile, Wylis hugged her tighter against his broad chest, her strong legs splayed wide apart. Her pretty, tight cunt glistened right in front of his eyes, blushing and drooling. He buried his face between her thighs and devoured her, dragging his broad tongue through her soaked petals.

The room was dark except for the flickering light of a few scattered candles. Their clothes lay scattered across the stone floor. The air filled with the wet noise of Dacey's sloppy slurps on his massive cock and the loud sloshing of Wylis's tongue as he feasted on her pussy.

"Mmmmmmph!"

Dacey moaned loudly around his shaft as Wylis drove his thick tongue deep inside, fucking her with it in long, hungry strokes. Her plush hands gripped his muscular ass, fingers digging in as

she used the leverage to pull herself deeper onto his cock, choking herself on his length with shameless greed.

Wylis bucked his hips, feeding her another thick inch until she had taken him nearly halfway.

Gluk! Gluk!

The filthy sounds echoed in the chamber. Wylis felt hypnotized by the lewd rhythm and the mind-melting heat of her throat. He was dangerously close already, but he wouldn't relent. He rubbed his entire mouth against her soaked pussy, suckling and licking every fold, devouring her completely. His lips, tongue, and even the rough scrape of his stubble worked to drown her feminine nectar with his spit.

Thud! Thud!

Wylis started walking slowly around the room. With every stride, he snapped his hips forward, brutally fucking Dacey's mouth while never removing his tongue from her cunt. It was pure, overwhelming strength.

"Ungh!"

Dacey gurgled around his massive cock, choking hard as spit and precum poured from the corners of her stretched lips. The viscous mess ran down her flushed face and into her hair. Heavy strands of clear froth slid over her forehead and dripped onto the stone floor with lewd little splats.

Wylis growled, getting closer and closer to the edge of oblivion. He squeezed her frame tighter against his chest, crushing her as he devoured her cunt with hunger. His eyes were shut, jaw working furiously while his tongue speared deep inside, licking and sucking every drop of her slick.

"Mmmmmmm!"

Dacey's muffled scream vibrated through his shaft.

Wylis could feel her strong belly and thighs start to quiver against his face. Then, he felt her climax crashing over her and kept eating her through it, tongue-fucking her fluttering pussy without mercy.

He could taste her, gushing like a broken fountain of youth all over his face and head in powerful bursts. The clear fluid soaked his hair, ran down his neck and chest, and splattered onto the floor while he continued licking and slurping through her violent orgasm.

Dacey was a trembling, squirting mess. She was mindlessly gurgling and choking on his cock, throat convulsing around him.

Wylis felt his own peak roaring up. He strode to the nearest wall and slammed her back against the cold stone, utterly pinning her. There was nowhere for her head to pull back as he locked her in place and started fucking her face like it was a cunt.

Gluk! Gluk! Gluk!

Her fingers clawed desperately at his muscular ass, urging him deeper even as she drowned.

"There!" Wylis warned.

Thick, heavy ropes of white erupted straight down Dacey's throat. She tried desperately to swallow, but upside down, the angle worked against her. Burst after burst of creamy batter flooded her mouth and immediately spilled, exploding out around his pistoning cock.

Thick white cream coated her entire face in messy layers, painting her cheeks, gluing her eyes shut, flooding her nostrils, and turning her dark hair into a sticky wreck. Long strands dripped heavily from her chin and forehead, splattering onto the floor beneath them as he kept pumping.

Wylis kept thrusting through the last spurts of his release until his cock finally started to soften. Only then did he pull out of her ruined face.

With effortless strength, he flipped her right-side up and set her unsteadily on her feet.

"Gods!" He cursed, staring at the masterpiece he had made. "You look like... a mess."

He grabbed her shoulders and walked her over to the dresser, turning her to face the mirror.

Dacey stared at her reflection. Her entire face was plastered in pearly layers of his seeds. It clung to her lashes in heavy clumps, dripped slowly from her nose and chin, and coated her hair. Her eyes could barely open, her lips swollen, her face shining like a well-used whore.

"We... I never imagined... something so depraved..." Dacey murmured. "I would do... but... I found it... arousing."

Wylis met her eyes in the mirror and had to agree. "As do I, Dacey. But we need a bath now. Care to join me at the spring in Godswood?"

Dacey turned and grinned wickedly. "Should I walk out like this?"

This woman!

He grabbed her tunic from the floor and threw it at her face.

"You should be more adventurous, my lord... I mean, Wylis."

Wylis just shook his head, hoping that Lyanna and Dacey would become friends, not rivals. Or else he'd have a hell to live in.

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Wylis had a different reason for going to the spring to take a bath. While they did end up doing the deed in the spring, they also talked plenty about the realm, the future, the Bear Islands, the Wall, and what was beyond.

He didn't share any secret knowledge with her. But he tried to hint to her that his ambitions weren't only fixed on Westeros. In fact, he wasn't much interested in Westeros. Robert was the King, and he was fine with that.

After the bath, he led her back to the castle.

She chose to rest in her own bedchamber that night, and he excused himself, saying he wanted to see Caliburn. He did see the big four-legged boy, but that wasn't the end goal.

Having lived in Winterfell for so long, he knew every passage in the castle. Using his Earthbending, he crossed a wall from outside the main keep. The place he entered was a storage room.

It was dark, so he walked barefoot and used Earthbending to sense his surroundings. He avoided bumping into anything and finally felt a cavity under the ground. Once again, he made a hole for himself through Earthbending and jumped down.

It was an underground cellar used by the guards. It was rarely ever opened, and nearly everything in there was rotting. He wondered if Eddard even knew about it. The castle was so massive that it was impossible to track everything.

Wall, after all, at times climbing up the floor and other times going down, he traveled through the castle and eventually arrived at the Great Keep's innermost area. Feeling the ceiling with his hands, he estimated his location and made a hole again, finally entering a dark room made to be a bedchamber, but it was empty.

From there, he walked over to a nearby wall and delicately made a tiny hole for his eyes. Instantly, he noticed light, and when he peered, it was just what he was looking for. It was Catelyn and Eddard's bedchamber. Both of them lay naked in the bed, under the fur-draped quilt.

But they weren't asleep as he heard them talk.

Ting!

Hm? What now?

[Name: Dacey Mormont

Age: 18

Occupation: Noblewoman, Warrior, Pupil

Current Loyalty: 71%

Status: Pregnancy Terminated]

Ah, that? Tea seems to take its sweet time.

Wylis ignored the prompt and focused inside. There was nothing to watch, so he put his ear to the hole and listened carefully.

"Ned, let her go. You will hurt her by forcing her to stay."

"You don't understand, Cat. He's... he's a vile man. Dishonorable, debauched womanizer. You saw what he did with Lady Dacey. There's no shame to him and... I would not have Mother sent to such a place."

"Then what of the King?" Catelyn's voice asked. "I have heard that Lord Kaiser at least cares for the women he fouls. But the King breeds and leaves behind, like a stallion loosed to wander."

"He's the King, Cat!"

Wylis frowned, listening to this absolute buffoon of Eddard Stark. It seemed the lack of Jon Snow had made the man dumber and rigid in his world views. Honor was absolute, and the King can do no wrong for he's the King.

That can't be it. Why does he care so much who I fuck and breed?

“Cat... Benjen told me. Brandon and Barbrey wed in secret at Ramsgate. Lady Barbrey carries a child. I sought Lord Arryn’s counsel on the matter, but he seems to place his trust in Lord Kaiser. I... I cannot make sense of this man, Cat, and that troubles me. He holds the gold now; possibly, he’s the richest house in the North after the Manderlys. I...”

"Fear him?" Catelyn's voice broke the sudden silence.

Seriously? When have I ever threatened your sorry castle? Where does this fear come from? The rebellion? Wait, could it be...

Wylis quickly brought up the Tyrant's Squire and looked at all the quest rewards as well as title rewards. The title called 'The Northern Sword' made him respected, feared, and awed in the North. 'Tyrant of the Trident' title made his fame spread realm-wide, and gave him greater status amongst nobles, while lesser landless knights respected and feared him.

'Kingslayer' title made the realm's nobles fear him as they were even beneath a king. And finally, having Lyanna's hundred percent loyalty made it so that 'All Starks were now genetically fearful and fond of Tyrant's blood'.

I caused this fear.

The seed of doubt had already been sown during the rebellion. Eddard never liked him being friends with Robert. Over time, as Wylis grew stronger and gained the titles and quest rewards, Eddard's doubts turned into fear, and now, the man was genetically fearful of him because that was the only damn state the man knew.

In comparison, Brandon was genetically fond of him since the beginning. Benjen was somewhere in the middle.

How do I change that?

“Aye, I suppose. Cat, I’ll not see another House Bolton rise in the North. Lord Kaiser grows too swift, too strong, and far too wealthy. I scarce know how House Stark should answer him, should he ever turn against us.”

You fool! Lyanna would cut my balls if I attacked Winterfell.

"Why do you think he'll revolt?" Catelyn asked.

Wylis pressed his ears harder against the wall.

“Because the strong crush the weak, Cat. That’s the way of the world. The Mad King burned my Father because he could, because he had the power and the gold. House Lannister destroyed House Reyne for the same reason. They were rich, strong, and able. House Kaiser will keep growing, and I fear the day he grows beyond the Manderleys, he’ll turn his eyes on the rest of the North. He’s an opportunist. That’s all I ever saw in him during the rebellion. A squire made lord in three years... and now this fortune.”

You rambling fool. What would I gain in the North? Manderleys are already the strongest in the North, but they give no damn.

Wylis sighed and rubbed his face, annoyed by this nonsensical fear born out of his own titles and achievements.

Eventually, he heard even Catelyn stop asking questions as every answer was the same. Lord Eddard Stark of Winterfell feared Lord Wylis Kaiser. And that fear was overriding all critical, common-sensical thinking.

Wylis sat there against the wall, waiting to hear anything. But soon the lights dimmed, and no more words were spoken.

Yet he remained, staring into the darkness of the room.

I must do something in the coming rebellion to offset the fear. Else the fool will run to the Boltons the moment I march, simply for dread of seeing my lands grow.

No matter what, he knew he didn't have the strength to fight and win against both the Boltons and the Starks combined.

He also waited for Tyrant's Squire to chime. To give him another quest. But that didn't happen. There was only silence. He tried to make sense of it and came to the realisation that this situation was already the result of Tyrant's Squire.

Why would Tyrant's Squire give him a quest to change the outcome of its own will? It wanted Starks to fear him, and they did now.

This is the natural order of things.

But as he sat there longer, his mind started to wander about the end goal of the Tyrant's Squire.

Wait! Does it actually want me to take over the North?

Seated, he went through the leftover quests to look for a pattern. Kiss Catelyn Stark and earn her loyalty. Claim all the gold in the river without sharing it and get a resource map of the entire North. Take his family away from Winterfell.

There was indeed a pattern. Pattern of greed, hegemony, earning loyalty, and securing his own turf. The way of the Tyrant, nothing else.

One last time, he looked through the hole at Eddard Stark and Catelyn. Then he filled the hole back and returned to his own bedchamber. But halfway, he changed his mind and instead went to Caliburn.

He chuckled. Once upon a time, when he had no friends, before Lyanna, he used to talk to the horses in the stable. And now, again in Winterfell, he went to a horse to talk with.

Only this time, the horse was very special and intelligent.

How do I take the North without waging an all-out war?