

The Northern Tyrant [Game of Thrones] Chapter 49 - Lion's Greed, Anna's Boredom, Little Inventions, Bedroom Therapy & F**k Citadel

Casterly Rock, Westerlands,

Genna had a smirk on her face. Kevan had a frown. Gerion was holding back a laugh. Tywin seemed cold and unaffected, but they all knew the truth. There was a furious current underneath the untouched surface.

"Should've taken his offer," Genna daringly continued, "Now he's flush with gold, and he handed a Valyrian steel blade to some house half the realm's never heard of, and the rest couldn't care less."

Oh, she enjoyed seeing Tywin's fist curl on the table. She and Kevan knew best how desperate Tywin was to get a hold of a Valyrian steel sword. It was an obsession, the final capstone for Tywin Lannister to prove himself the greatest Lannister Lord to ever live after the first King of the Rock. But all lesser houses Tywin had approached for the sword had rebuffed him.

And now, he learned that the man he considered nothing but an upstart had gifted such a blade to a worthless house. For gold, she and her brothers were sure. They were certain Wylis Kaiser knew of the gold in the river and made the trade.

But that hurt Tywin's pride more. Gold was what they had the most of. He would have paid that entire river's worth of gold for that sword, and lands in the Westerlands to boast. Yet, all that possibility now lay in dirt.

"He has acquired more, has he not?" Kevan Lannister asked. "I'm told he salvaged treasure from some ancient wreck off the Braavosi coast. If that is true, we may consider commissioning another blade."

"Why would he consent to that?" Tywin coldly retorted. "He possesses gold, lands, and Valyrian steel. What reason would he have to surrender it? He is a man of war. More likely, he would forge a blade for himself and armor to match."

Genna enjoyed this humbling tone from her elder brother. Her beloved Lord Kaiser had humbled the great Tywin Lannister while sitting thousands of miles away.

"He only wanted fifty ships before," Gerion said, leaning against a nearby wall. "Now I reckon even a hundred won't please him. Just him and eleven men in the mines, wasn't it? Hah, we should've let him."

Everyone stared at Gerion. Genna shook her head gently, advising him to stop there. Tywin was already in a bad mood.

"In that case, Gerion, perhaps I should put an end to your plans of sailing to Essos and meeting your doom. You would do better to remain here, win Lord Kaiser's favor, and earn a sword from him. That has better odds than reaching Valyria and coming back alive," Tywin said coldly.

Gerion frowned. "I'm using my own coin for this."

"The ship is my property."

"You can't do this to me! I'm this close to setting sail for Valyria. I will bring back Brightroar!"

"And never return?" Genna coldly added, stern as Tywin. "Gerion, I love you. You are my brother. But I will not pretend blindness. We buried Tygett not so many moons ago, and our pride grows thinner. I will not see you vanish as well. Our lord brother spoke the truth. Lord Kaiser values his friends as he would blood.

"Earn his favor, and he may grant you the blade. And I wouldn't be surprised if he turns his sails for Essos one day."

All heads turned towards her. Genna noticed the inquisitive gazes.

"What? Do all of you truly believe a man like Lord Kaiser would sit idle forever? From the moment he drew his blade in that tourney, he has gathered feats, victories, and a name for himself. And since I see no war brewing in Westeros, a man of his sort has but few choices left to seek his thrill."

"That would be reckless," said Kevan.

"He has yet to prove himself that. He has won every time," Genna added, eyeing her brothers. "That was the reason. Living in Ramsgate, I saw no brute, my dear lord brother. I saw a man with vision and the will to see it through. You saw his ice trade. We have all tasted the result of it. We know what he's doing in Stoney Sept with that great slaughterhouse and those ice wagons rolling across the land. These are only the first steps of his grand vision."

Tywin Lannister leaned forward over his table, elbows pressed on top. "I agree. I misjudged it. I should've trusted your word on Lord Kaiser."

Genna's eyes widened. Tywin rarely acknowledged he was wrong. But it seemed the old lion didn't mind now since they were all siblings in that chamber.

"Yet I cannot bring myself to trust that man. Every spy we send to Ramsgate disappears. Not only ours, but those from every house with coin enough. The realm remains blind and deaf to whatever happens within those walls. But I won't dismiss his capabilities. He has proven them with his ice trade. He saw value where the whole North saw only waste."

Right then, Tywin's gaze turned to Gerion.

"You are unmarried, Gerion. You are to visit Ramsgate and get closer to Lord Kaiser."

"How?" Gerion asked with a frown. "Beg him? Bow to him? Be his whore?"

"If you do that, I would sooner deliver you to Valyria myself. The name of House Lannister must not be tainted. No, I want you to seek him out as a superior swordsman. Go there as his student. Remember, you are not going there as a spy. Your intentions are true. It is to bring House Kaiser and House Lannister closer."

Tywin finished speaking and rose to his feet.

"Now, Cersei has given this realm a prince. King Robert is on his way to King's Landing, and I intend to reach it first. Genna, you will remain here and carry your pregnancy to term. When you are well, you'll go to the Red Keep and keep Cersei company."

Genna frowned. She didn't want another chain around her neck after escaping one.

"Why? She has Jaime there."

"Because I trust you will keep her from doing something foolish."

At that, Genna couldn't help but nod. Cersei was indeed very impulsive. And since Tywin declared his trust in her, refusing would mean betraying it.

In the end, she nodded, swallowing her desire to run back to Ramsgate.

####

Castle Darry, Riverlands,

Robert was on his way back from his northern visit. After spending days with Wylis and weeks with Ned, he felt ready to return to the pit of vipers that was King's Landing. But he was a changed man now.

He had clashed steel with Ned every single day in Winterfell for hours. He could already see the signs of his strength returning, his muscles swelling, and his vigor rising. Fucking a few whores at the same time didn't tire him out anymore.

He had followed Wylis' diet as well, but still drank plenty of wine. Life was no good without it, especially without ice now. Gods, he loved ice and all that came with it. Chilled ale in the heat of the Riverlands in that summer was the greatest delicacy.

And Robert was looking forward to the war that Wylis had hinted at.

"Bah! Who in the Seven hells told you to take the side of those dragon whoresons?" Robert boomed drunkenly in the hall, staring at Raymun Darry seated beside him.

"If you hadn't, you would still have your damn lands, your gold, and your standing. And your fool father wouldn't be hiding his ugly cunt face from me."

It was insulting. But House Darry was in no position to refute the King. House Darry was proud and high under Aerys II's favor. Stood by Targaryens during the rebellion. And then lost everything once the rebellion ended. To the point that the three oldest sons of Lord Darry had died in the Battle of the Trident by Lord Kaiser's blade, sliced into bits.

Now, as Robert used Castle Darry to rest, he held no words back. He reminded them of their folly at every step, as the memory of the rebellion was still fresh; only three years had passed.

"Seven hells, where's my fucking wine? Bring more!"

Robert boomed drunkenly and lifted his cup.

"It's a celebration today! My brother Wylis has struck bloody gold in his lands. Gods bless him, the lucky fucker. He deserves every last speck. To Wylis!"

Where many were jealous, there were a select few like Robert who were genuinely happy about the discovery of gold in the North.

That didn't count the Northern lords, however.

#####

Ramsgate,

Anna was bored.

She was once nothing, one of the smallfolk living in the Stoney Sept. And now, she lived in a castle like a noble lady. She had fine gowns, jewelry, and all the comforts one could ask for. Yet, she felt bored.

Other than spending time with her twin sons, she didn't speak with others much, too scared of making a fool out of herself because of how little she knew of the world. Queen Rhaella and Princess Elia were one thing, but even Wenda and Ros had plenty to talk about the realm.

But she did not. She was born in Stoney Sept and lived her entire life there, until arriving at Ramsgate. She didn't know about noble houses or had gossip to share. So, she often felt inferior and out of place.

As the overseer of the maids and one tasked with deciding the dishes to be made for each day, she felt content in that work. But still, she often found herself dragged to sit with the rest of the ladies in the solar or somewhere else.

She rarely spoke even there. But she was glad Lady Lyanna was always so mindful of her. The true Lady of Ramsgate was always kind to her, embracing her every time they would meet, and urging her to speak her mind and ideas. Lady Lyanna even taught her a few things about using a dagger for protection.

Truly, she didn't know how her life would have been without Lady Lyanna.

Yet, she hoped for a different kind of attention. Alric and Alden were reaching two years of age, and she felt ready for more children.

She hoped to gain Lord Wylis's affection again, but she always failed to muster enough courage to speak. So, her days went by longing, hoping he would visit her chambers for 'that' specific purpose.

The last time they had shared a bed was a week ago, and back then, she had failed to ask him to give her another child.

She felt she didn't deserve it; that it wasn't her place to seek something like that from a man of his standing.

For Anna, life went on.

#####

Wylis had too many things to do.

Ever since he had started extracting gold from the river, his responsibilities had only increased. It was not because he had to be there, but because of how absolute the quest guidelines were. Every time some smallfolk got greedy and tried to pocket some of the extracted gold, Wylis received a notification.

One look at the Fief's map, and he could see the new red markers. They were the smallfolk who pocketed the gold. So, he'd then have to send Chett or some other men to reclaim it, as it could lead to quest failure.

It was still the beginning, so the smallfolk didn't know that Wylis could sniff them out. He hoped that after a few of them got caught and then publicly punished with lashes and fines, the others would stop doing it.

Still, his attention was divided. Most of his time was spent either in the dungeons, working on new things, or in the industrial district, teaching the blacksmiths. Not just the physical aspects, but also the measuring. He had already developed all the tools needed to establish a simple metric system for measurements, so he taught that as well.

"No mystery in it. Ten millimeters form a centimeter, a hundred form a meter, and a thousand form a kilometer. Use this tape and mark it well. Weight follows the same order..."

He explained the basics to the father and son blacksmiths and five more lads from the town who wanted to become blacksmiths and start their journey.

"No more guesswork and hoping it holds. Things must be precise and kept the same. That way, we can turn them out by the thousands. If I want a carriage built, I can have one blacksmith

make the wheels, and another make the suspension. If they each have tools to measure things evenly, they can both do their work, and the result would be the carriage. This stands true for more complicated things as well."

It wasn't easy. They understood numbers, but they couldn't be considered truly learned. So, Wylis knew he needed to establish a schooling system. For now, he hoped to bring in experts from outside soon.

"Learn well, and work safely. We have only begun yet."

The plan Wylis had plotted was completely drawn. Its draft was sitting in his solar. From the industrial district to shopping streets, a large arena for fights and events, large and small bath houses across the city that would use the spring below, small and large amphitheatres, schools of different sizes, mansions and smaller homes, an entire City Council building complex, and so much more.

It was all drawn. He planned to build the most important buildings using Earthbending, work on the foundation, and let the smallfolk do the rest. But he didn't have Master Masons yet who could read his blueprints and oversee the construction.

What he had was just one man, Old Harwin, who was once a fisherman, then worked to clear trees, and by now had learned to be a somewhat competent construction overseer. But Wylis needed experts for mass construction. Especially for larger structures like the arena, which was pretty much a colosseum but a bit smaller.

After explaining things outside, he retreated to his dungeon and continued working on multiple things. They were small, but their net effect on society was supposed to be significant. For example, he created Hand Crank Winches. They would help with moving heavy things.

He created tooth-cleaning tools, such as a twig brush. He also made toothpaste using salt, baking soda, and mint.

After that, in the list was a heavier Iron plow for farming, so it could dig deeper. But that was already done outside in the blacksmith's shop. He instead worked on safety matches. Little thing, but with great usability. Qyburn was most intrigued by it and learned how to make them himself.

At that time, Wylis's intention wasn't to mass-produce them. He was just building things left and right and recording them. Every step, procedure required, and refining it for the future when he would actually start mass producing things.

After those few things, he focused on the more theoretical side of things.

Running a fief wasn't easy, and running one that he knew would grow rich and populous was even harder. So, he developed record-keeping systems, double-entry bookkeeping, inventory

systems, and standard contracts for certain things, such as opening a shop in the future city. All that knowledge was then handed over to Elia, who was rather interested in such subjects.

Finally, the next item on the list was the most complex but useful, a clock. He didn't bother trying to make it small. Since it was his first try, he went for a large grandfather clock and a simple wooden casing for it.

It wasn't an easy thing to make, considering the components required and how small they were. He had to make them with his hands, using steel. But it wasn't impossible at that point for him. He designed the gear train, taking him more than a day to accurately settle on the sizes.

Then came the escapement, which controlled the release of energy from the mainspring, which allowed the gear train to move in small and regular steps instead of spinning freely. After that came the pendulum, and finally the weights.

It was wrong.

He tested the clock, and it was off. So, he recalibrated from the smallest part, checked everything. Once he was sure it worked, he added the dial and hands and built the wooden case.

He had already used the sun to mark days into hours. He considered that Westeros and that planet itself followed the same cycle as Earth. Still, he used the pole star to calibrate, observing how stars rotate around it.

After that, he built a timekeeper, an hourglass, and started it at noon. He measured the flow duration and marked intervals. Finally, when he finished the grandfather clock, he started it at noon as well, and compared it to the sun during the day, the hourglass, and the stars during the night.

He finally adjusted the pendulum length until one swing was as close to one second as possible. But still, he needed days of continuous calibration to make it as accurate as possible. It was a fucking headache, so he put Qyburn on it. Making small adjustments was an easy job.

He was sure that in a week or two, he would have an accurate clock which he'd use to make more.

I should train a handful to craft pocket watches. Costly work, but I can pass them off as rare luxuries. They'll pay tenfold the cost, no a hundred.

Rubbing his hands, he looked at the clock and frowned. It was close to midnight, past supper time. It was great to know the exact time, however.

"Qyburn, repeat the calibration for two weeks."

"Understood, my lord!" Qyburn nearly saluted, he would have if his face wasn't frozen on the clock. The ex-maester was fascinated by it. A miraculous device to measure the great law of nature, time itself.

Wylis left the man to work and headed to the kitchens alone. He didn't bother the servants cleaning it and just grabbed whatever was there to eat, drank a cup of milk, and headed to his bedchamber.

"Archmaester Marwyn should depart for Essos in two days."

Even on his way, with tired eyes, he kept thinking about work and the next day's plans. He had plenty of ships now, and with Ironborn fucking up his Western shore's business, he had a few ships lying unused. They were perfect for Archmaester Marwyn to take across the sea.

Knock! Knock!

He gently knocked twice on the door to his own bedchamber out of habit and opened the door. He hoped to find Lyanna already asleep in the bed, sprawling like the queen she was, taking up space for two on that large bed.

"Finally! I was getting tired of waiting."

Wylis rushed to slam the door shut behind him because of how sinful the view before him was. Lyanna wasn't asleep at all. Multiple candles were burning around the room, illuminating everything.

And the most shocking thing, she wasn't alone. Lyanna was seated with her back against the headboard. She was still dressed in a blue silk robe she wore before sleeping, easy to open with a tug on the ties on her belly.

However, with her legs spread wide, between them was lying none other than Anna, naked to the last cloth, skin pale and glossy. The woman, slightly shorter than even Lyanna, lithe and sweet, had a blush cover her entire face, her own hands hiding her eyes.

But that wasn't the sinful part. Anna was lying with her back against Lyanna's belly, and her legs were spread wide, held at the knees and stretched apart by the hands of none other than Lyanna. Her sweet, dripping, tight, rosy petals were open to the air and the gaze of Wylis.

What's this?

Wylis was confused. Was this a test? It was Lyanna's own rule that he wasn't allowed to bed multiple women while in a bedchamber. And there, that rule was clearly broken.

"What's going on here?" he asked.

"Our sweet Anna was too shy to just come out and ask you to take her to bed and breed her proper. So as Lady of Ramsgate, I figured it was my duty to make sure the poor girl got exactly what she wanted." Lyanna declared, a wide grin on her face, her eyes winking at him.

Wylis gulped and stared at Anna, still hiding her face with her little palms. Her dainty legs were wide, her ample breasts ripe, her flat belly panting, and her cunt...

"You want that? Anna?" Wylis asked back.

"Hmm... Aye, m'lord."

Wylis's brow twitched when he saw Lyanna mischievously spread Anna's slender legs further. The fair yield of her thighs opened up, stretching open the pussy lips a little, giving a peek of the sweet pink of her.

Wylis eyed his wife, seeking her permission because this was their bedchamber, their bed. Something she ruled, where only her words mattered at night.

"Don't keep her waiting, my love," Lyanna commanded proudly. "Look at it! Her lips need some attention."

Wylis nodded and started removing his top clothing one by one, shifting his focus to the blushing woman. "I wasn't aware you were holding back, Anna."

"Hmm," Anna let out an embarrassed hum. She wanted this, but it wasn't really something she could say out loud.

"We were together some days ago. You should have told me," Wylis added.

"Oh, she's too shy," Lyanna chimed in. "Next time, don't ask. Just breed her."

"Mmmm... Don't say that." Anna wriggled in her captor's hold, shaking her hips.

"Have the strength to talk now?" Lyanna looked down at Anna's face, a naughty little smile curling on her lips. "Well, I'd rather hear moans. Quick, Wylis, tear those pants off if you need. She can't wait."

"..."

Wylis wondered what the hell was going on in his wife's mind. It was kind of hot, but highly questionable. Though he wasn't one to refuse, especially with two beauties right in front of him. Hells, their almost-similar size could nearly make them twins. Lithe and delicate in all the right places, soft and fluffy at the most delicious spots.

He quickly took off his pants, kicking off his boots. His cock already standing in salute, he then climbed onto the bed on all fours. He crawled from the footside, head low, observing Anna's smooth, pale legs.

He couldn't help sliding his hand up that polished skin; it felt like porcelain now after so much time spent with the pampered noble ladies in his castle.

"Oh!"

He heard Anna moan as soon as his breath landed on her moist core. He finally planted his flat tongue on her shivering core and started to curl it in between her petals. He could feel her thighs tremble under his palms, curling her toes with every swish of his boneless flesh.

Anna still averted her eyes from him. Her hips shook, swaying between reluctant and needing more.

Wylis's tongue probed, swishing in and out as more and more of his spit mixed with her juices. His hand slid higher up her thighs, finding her pulsing core with the tip, and slowly entering.

He kept fucking her pussy with his tongue until he saw her hands leave her face, trying to grab on to something, anything.

"Aaaaaaah! M'lord!" Anna cried out, her slender digits clawing through his hair. She needed to ground herself before she lost her soul.

Wylis frowned a bit. Anna still wasn't used to calling him by his name.

He kept at it, perhaps besides his beastly need, he wanted her to know how far he would go to bring her pleasure. She was so much more, and worth every bit of it.

His tongue scooped up every bit of wetness that came out of her. His finger spread her wider, touched her deeper, caressing every part until her body started writhing.

He knew she was already melting in his palms, so he stopped and slowly moved his massive frame higher. He kissed her throbbing little clit once more, sliding his tongue up her belly, biting and teasing her flesh as he moved higher and higher.

He licked Anna's sizable cherry-tipped breasts, tasting her shivering delight on his lips. He suckled them each with indulgence, sucking at her doughy softness, then kissed her slender neck.

Wylis's large frame cast a shadow on both women as he got up even further. By the time he was face-to-face with Anna, his beast of a cock was slanting on her tight, wet slit. He grounded his blunt knob there, spreading her juices on his crown.

He pressed his forehead against Anna's, pushing her further into Lyanna's chest. He stared into her eyes, "Call me Wylis."

He captured her lips at last, claiming them with a firm kiss. He felt Lyanna's gaze burn into him from above. He tried to ignore it, focusing instead on the way Anna's mouth yielded, though her tongue remained shy, not yet daring to dance.

He drew his hips back slightly, aligning his thick cockhead at her pussy, and he pushed forward gently, sinking just the swollen head inside. The initial breach made her inner walls flutter around him.

"Aaaaah! I don't deserve this!" Anna screamed suddenly, her body tensing as if the pleasure overwhelmed her fragile sense of worth.

Wylis lifted his face just a fraction, his cock still teasingly dipped only an inch within her, the partial stretch leaving her quivering. He frowned in concern, glancing up at Lyanna, who met his eyes with a casual shrug.

He turned his attention back to Anna in the wild tangle of her auburn hair, now damp with sweat and clinging to her temple. Her eyes brimmed with tears, tracing paths down her cheeks.

"Why do you think that?"

"I'm... You... M'lord, you're a noble, you are a knight and... I'm a lowborn. I know nothing and..." Her words tumbled out in a breathless rush.

Instead of pulling back, he eased another inch deeper, the girth of his cock splaying her wide open in a way no other man ever had, her tight pussy yielding with a delicious resistance that made his pulse race. He leaned down, bracing his strong arms on either side of Lyanna's hips, his body hovering over both women.

He understood then. Anna's battle with self-doubt, her search for belonging among the castle's many women. She considered herself below them all, her lowborn past making her feel perpetually lesser.

"I'm untaught, I..." Her words lowered to a whisper.

Wylis silenced her protests with another deep kiss, swallowing her words. He licked along her cheek, lapping away the tears with gentle strokes. Then, he fed another inch of his length into her, savoring the way her pussy throbbed and clenched in response, milking him instinctively.

"What do you feel in you, Anna?" he asked.

"Y-You... M'lord!"

"No, that's my... desire for you. My want for you. My..."

"Gods!" Lyanna snarled with affectionate impatience. "Just say it, dammit! It's love!"

Wylis glanced up at his wife's face, her expression a knowing smirk that sent another rush of scorching heat through him. He saw Lyanna wink at him. She was just too good for him, accepting, even this.

"Aye, my love, Anna," Wylis murmured, shifting his focus back. "Alric and Alden will be knights one day. With a castle and lands of their own. And... if you don't mind this stableboy putting another babe in you, I would love to have many more."

Anna's tears flowed after that; a soft smile spread. She finally looped her arms around Wylis's broad neck, pulling him down to grind her lips against his. "Mmm!"

With that unspoken permission, Wylis thrust forward with intent, burying his cock deeper as he began to fuck her in steady, powerful strokes.

After a few back-and-forth glides, spreading her nectar on his relentless cock, he finally buried his flesh sword inside her. Then he shifted, settling back onto his knees for leverage, his gaze dropping downward.

Lyanna still had a firm hold on Anna's spread legs, her dainty fingers sinking into that succulent flesh.

Anna's tight cunt clung to him as he pulled back slowly. Staring down, he watched mesmerized as her pussy lips glided around his withdrawing length. Her swollen petals parted wide to show the glistening pink, her clit pert and exposed.

"Gods!" Lyanna gasped at the sight of his cock in Anna. "That's...!"

"Beautiful," Wylis finished for her. His hips rolled in a slow rhythm that made Anna's body jolt with each invasion.

"I know, but... It looks like this? That stretch is... impossible." Lyanna licked her lips unconsciously. "It... Anna, how aren't we dead already?"

"Hah... Ah!" Anna giggled between moans.

Wylis, his senses reeling from the raw intensity Lyanna pointed out so sinfully clear. He thrust forward with a bit more greed, leaning down to taste more of Anna's helpless, needy heat.

He hooked her knees over his elbows, folding her legs upward until her thighs pressed against her chest, then drove every inch of his throbbing length back into her cunt, the motion pinning her flat against Lyanna's cushioning curves.

"Aaaaah!" Anna moaned.

He rolled his hips hard, burying himself to the root until Anna was nearly crushed between his unyielding bulk and Lyanna's warmth. His face rested above Anna's scalp.

Lyanna's hands, now freed, flew to his face, clutching him with desperate hunger as she kissed his lips, slobbering messily.

He savored it all, the slick slide of Lyanna's tongue, the tang of Anna's nectar coating his tongue.

Plap! Plap!

His hips snapped forward relentlessly, fucking Anna deeper into the mattress and Lyanna's fluffy lap, each one drawing sharper cries from the woman pinned between them.

"Ungh! Ooooooh! Mother above!" Anna cried out as her climax tore through her, her tight walls convulsing wildly around Wylis's pistoning cock.

She milked his shaft with clamping muscles, her cunt squeezed and released in desperate pulses. Juices squelched from her overstuffed pussy, soaking his shaft with scorching slick. Her body struggled to arc in ecstatic shudders between them. Her nails dug into his back, leaving red trails of her bliss.

Wylis teetered on the edge, Anna's clenching cunt and the thrill of the moment pushing him dangerously close. He pounded into her with short, brutal strokes while his lips remained locked on Lyanna's, anchoring him just a bit more.

He felt Lyanna's nails rake across his nape, clawing with her own greedy want, the sharp sting only fueling his frenzy as Anna's body writhed.

His broad frame eclipsed the two women entirely, his muscles flexing with each powerful drill.

Slosh! Slosh!

The lewd, wet sounds of his cock churning through her soaked folds filled the air.

Anna's pussy slurping greedily around him, her body trapped and helplessly in ecstasy. Her legs splayed wide, her core stretched to its limits, every thrust sending shockwaves radiating through her limbs.

"Gaah! Anna!" Wylis shattered at last, his roar muffled against Lyanna's mouth as his cock swelled.

It flexed inside Anna's spasming pussy, the first thick rope of his batter erupting from his tip with force. He pumped erratically, each spurt a heavy, viscous jet that stuffed her womb in messy surges, the excess frothed around his girth to ooze out in creamy rivulets, coating her thighs and his balls. Hot, fertile cream claiming her from the inside out.

He broke the kiss with Lyanna, head dipping downward to capture Anna's in a tender, devouring press as he continued to fill her, his tongue echoing pulses of his emptying cock.

Anna melted into the kiss, her heart swelling with an overwhelming sense of belonging. His warmth seeped into her core, making her feel utterly full. Not just in her aching pussy, but in her soul, wrapped in the love of this man and his fierce wife.

Ting!

[Name: Anna

Age: 25

Occupation: Paramour, Kitchen Overseer

Current Loyalty: 100%

Status: Impregnated]

Anna felt the first trickles of his cream seeping from her well-used pussy, warm and slick against her skin.

Wylis stayed buried deep, his cock still rigid and twitching. He panted heavily, finally breaking the kiss to draw in ragged breaths before easing back onto his knees. His gaze dropped to the glorious ruin between Anna's legs. Anna's body flushed crimson, glistening with sweat, globs of his juice leaking.

But when he pulled out slowly, his erection still stood proud, glistening with their combined slick.

"Oh! I have an idea." Lyanna chirped suddenly. "Wylis, stand up on the bed."

Wylis knew precisely what she craved, a knowing smile tugging at his lips as he obeyed without hesitation, rising to his full height like a king, towering over them.

Lyanna gently urged Anna upright onto her knees, the two women settling side by side, their faces level with his throbbing shaft.

Lyanna moved first, her slender fingers wrapping around his base, pulling back the foreskin to expose the sensitive head still smeared with cum and Anna's essence. She leaned in, her mouth engulfing the dripping tip in a slurping gobble. Her tongue swirling to lap up the salty mix as her hands pumped and twisted along his length.

She coated her lips in the filthy gloss until they gleamed before she pulled back with a satisfied pop.

"Go wild, Anna. This thing's more than enough for two mouths."

Anna hesitated for a heartbeat, her cheeks flushing deeper as she glanced up at Wylis's towering form, his cock jutting out like a weapon. But Lyanna's commanding gaze pushed her forward.

She joined Lyanna along one throbbing side of his shaft, their tongues slithering out in unison to trace wet paths from the base upward. The heat of their breaths mingled, hot on his length, tongues flicking and pressing flat against the veined underside.

"That's it, suckle those balls, he likes it," Lyanna urged, dipping low to draw one of Wylis's family jewels into her mouth with a slurp. Her cheeks hollowed as she rolled it gently with her tongue, the salty skin taut against her lips.

Anna followed suit, more delicate, but no less fervent. She took the other ball between her lips, sucking softly at first, then harder, the dual suction pulling a low groan from Wylis. His cock was more than their stretched mouths could fully take, impossible to swallow to the root, no matter how they strained.

Lyanna released his ball with a wet pop and straightened, her hand joining Anna's in a firm grip around his slick length, their fingers stroking him in tandem. Up and down in a messy rhythm, palms gliding over the spit-soaked skin, twisting at the crown to coax out more.

"Deeper, Anna. Feel how he swells for us," Lyanna said breathlessly, her free hand guiding Anna's head closer while her own tongue flicked out to tease the small slit at the tip of his cock.

Wylis felt the filthy heat of their mouths and hands, messy, squelching around him. His cock ached with the dirtiest kind of bliss. It was fucking hot; he couldn't help placing his hands on each of their heads. His fingers threaded through their damp hair.

"Coming!"

"Coming!" Wylis warned them as he grabbed his cock from their hands, stroking the massive rod with urgent fistfuls.

It seemed to be Lyanna's plan as she pulled Anna down beside her, pressing her face right next to the woman's. Lyanna opened her mouth wide, tongue extended like an offering, her eyes locked on Wylis with hunger.

Wylis breathed in the view. It pushed him over the edge as he stroked furiously, his balls tightening before he sprayed their faces. Ropes of thick white cream erupting like a rain of hot seed, splattering across their cheeks, foreheads, and lips in messy bursts that clung and dripped beautifully.

Lyanna had her tongue out, catching some of the salty load that landed there, swallowing with a throaty hum as it slid down her throat.

"Oh! Lady Lyanna," Anna moaned and suddenly did something against her nature. She turned and licked some of his spill off of Lyanna's forehead.

Wylis watched, wondering if this was a sign of Anna's budding confidence or just a horny outburst. The sight stirred his spent cock with fresh interest.

Lyanna giggled the entire time and finally fell back on the bed, sprawled out of breath. "Gods... What a night."

Wylis climbed down the bed as well and cleaned himself. He pulled on his breeches and tunic swiftly, then snatched one of Lyanna's other nightgowns and draped it over Anna's bare shoulders.

He then lifted Anna in a princess carry, her slight weight nothing to his strength, cradling her against his broad chest.

"I will take you to bed, Anna. I'm sure you can't walk."

"I can't," Anna dreamily replied, her one hand caressing his beard the whole time.

As Wylis walked toward the door, he looked back and made a kissing gesture to Lyanna.

What a woman she was. She sent him a flying kiss back and opened her robes to reveal her nude body, breasts heaving and thighs parted just enough.

A clear signal that his duty wasn't over yet.

#####

After spending a few moments cuddling with Anna until she was asleep, Wylis returned to his bedchamber. He slid into the bed after disrobing and pulled Lyanna into his arms, plucking a kiss or two from her lips first.

"What made you do all that?" he asked.

"She wasn't right in the head, Wylis. I saw the way she became quieter and slowly stopped joining us. Like she didn't belong. Kept measuring herself against us, making it worse for herself every time. Gods, it was hard to watch. Just couldn't think of another way to make her feel better."

Wylis nodded, having realized that already. "Aye, I know the feeling. Like you stand where you don't belong. I felt the same at the tourney of Harrenhal."

"Really?" Lyanna shifted suddenly and threw away her silk gown, going naked. She straddled his cock. "Didn't stop you from plowing Lord Stark's daughter."

Wylis grinned and rubbed his rough hands over her soft breasts. "That was different. I'd been plowing you since Winterfell."

Lyanna giggled and leaned down and bit his neck. "For keeping me waiting back then."

"Well, I wasn't certain back then. I was nothing, and you were so much more."

"No, you were everything for me."

Lyanna kissed his lips, then moved down to his chest. Her soft, wet lips dragged kisses all the way over his rock-like abs before she finally pecked his cock.

He watched her work it up, make it hard, and coat it with her spit. Before long, she straddled him and eased herself down slowly, letting his length stretch her open like a maiden. She moaned, cooed, all smiles.

Wylis adored silently. Lyanna had noticed Anna's depression and worked to change that. He knew how much she did to manage his weird sexual situation. In some ways, Lyanna oversaw the women who lived in the castle, kept an eye on their emotional state. But again, by keeping that control, she enforced her place as Lady Kaiser.

"I love you, Lyanna."

"Oh! I'm honored to hear those... mmmh... This damn fat cock!"

He laughed at her reaction and pulled her against his chest, dug his heels into the bed, and fucked up into her with hip thrusts.

A wife like Lyanna. He reckoned, no wonder Rhaegar went crazy; it was hard to catch a girl like her.

####

Wylis arrived at the still under-construction new docks of Ramsgate early that morning. Many ships were anchored there, preparing to set sail or going through simple maintenance. Food was being constantly unloaded nearby as the growing town depended on it.

With him was Qyburn, dressed in heavy robes, a hood on his head like the sunlight was his bane.

They were sought by Archmaester Marwyn, and since Wylis didn't allow people in his castle, he came out to meet. But the old man was nowhere to be seen, so Wylis decided to give his new Birdmaster Skill a try.

"Come here, boy!" Wylis called to a nearby pelican.

"My lord, they don't underst—"

Qyburn shut his mouth as the pelican flew and landed right near Wylis's feet.

Wylis crouched and patted the bird's head. "Sit."

Tap!

The bird landed its ass flat on the wood.

"Roll."

The bird rolled.

"Jump."

Tap!

The bird jumped.

Wylis laughed and ordered it to open its mouth wide, and the bird did. So, he decided to try something else.

"Go, catch a fish and bring it to me."

Woosh!

Instantly, the bird flew away. He ignored Qyburn's agape jaw and got up as he noticed Archmaester Marwyn arriving. The man still didn't look like a maester with that big staff in his hand, and his choice of fur-collared robes.

"My lord, what a fine morning. The ships are in great shape, near as I can tell. They will make the journey back, I'm certain."

Wylis shook hands with the old maester. "Let us hope they return. I've used enough for every ship that sails."

"Qyburn, you look alive." Marwyn greeted. "I sought both of you because I received a raven not long ago from Citadel. It's addressed to both Qyburn and you, my lord. If I may?"

"Go ahead." Wylis permitted, curious what the message was.

Marwyn fished out the parchment from his satchel and read it in a low voice. "Honored Lord Wylis Kaiser of Ramsgate. We have learned of what Maester Medrick conspired to do, and we assure you it was his own decision alone. The Citadel had no part in it whatsoever. We hope you'll not hold a grudge against our Order, for one man's act should not define the many. We pray for your understanding."

Wylis felt like burning that parchment. It sounded more like the corporate speech he used to use in his past life.

"Qyburn," Marwyn continued. "The Order has taken notice of the many great achievements you've wrought with Lord Kaiser's aid. Your past deeds once earned you excommunication, yet we recognise your accomplishments and hereby grant you the position of Maester of Ramsgate."

"Such disgrace!" Qyburn snapped suddenly. "They do not ask, they impose it on me. They threw me when they saw fit, and now they bind me back. I refuse this lunacy. I need no chain or collar of a maester."

Wylis agreed with that sentiment. There was nothing to gain from the maesters. He knew more than most of them combined. And Qyburn was growing quickly under his teaching.

"Consider it," Marwyn said. "If you agree, you can help Lord Kaiser more with the Citadel's chain of informers. The maesters talk, they always do. You risk nothing, but there's much to be had."

"Lord Kaiser will have to pay Citadel a fee," Qyburn added.

"Huh? I am to pay for it?" Wylis frowned. "I asked for none of this. They offer an apology, then demand coin in the same raven?"

To that, even Marwyn awkwardly smiled. "Aye, shameless lot, no doubt. Still, it serves you well, m'lord. I know Qyburn is loyal to you, so I see no great harm in it. Every Northern lord keeps a maester. If you want better eyes around you, this is how it's done."

Wylis gave it a thought. True, all nearby nobles had proper maesters. Only he had an ex-maester, a part-time mad scientist who loved dissecting bodies.

"Very well, we will give it thought," Wylis said, ending it there. "Off to inspect the fleet, are you?"

"Aye, I've come to do that."

"Good. I will send a few men with you. They are to find skilled smiths and craftsmen for me, and any ship that may be bought. They will not hinder your work, Archmaester. See that you bring me all I asked for," Wylis ordered. A lot of coin was bet on this naval excursion.

"I'll do naught but that, my lord. I'm keen to see what you make of all those things. Now, if it pleases you, I'll be off to inspect the fleet."

Wylis watched Marwyn walk away. All he could do now was hope.

"Qyburn, I ride for Winterfell in two days. Send a raven to Lord Stark. Tell him I'm visiting to see my kin." He ordered and looked towards the sea, a big smile curving on his lips. "Well now. Look who returns."

"Grah! Grah! Grah!"

Right then, the same pelican returned, landing near Wylis's feet and opening its mouth. Two fat fish spilled out, still alive and writhing.

"Good boy." He patted the pelican's head and grabbed a fish. "Eat."

The Pelican ate this time. It was easy ordering the bird like it was a trained dog. But this was more, the bird had fought against its nature to eat the fish and instead brought it for him.

"Alright, go now. Back to your friends."

At his command, the bird flew away.

"My lord! Are you god?!" Qyburn barked out of nowhere.

"What gave it away?"

"..."

"Gods, don't make that tearful face. I was jesting, Qyburn." Wylis slung an arm about the maester's shoulders and drew him on. "Now, tell me. Where might a man come by some Falcons? A great many of them. Dozens?"

"For what purpose, my lord?"

"Fuck Citadel, that's why."