

The Northern Tyrant [Game of Thrones] Chapter 51 - 'Slavery' Bond, Winterfell, Beast Taming & The Star Beyond The Sea

To others, Rhaenys' little revelation was just childish talk. But Wylis took it very seriously. If Rhaenys was talking to trees, then it was likely the Weirwood tree. And that meant the one behind it was Brynden Rivers, the bastard son of King Aegon IV.

He pondered simply chopping down the tree, or damaging its roots underground, and letting it die a fast death. But he decided against that. Brynden Rivers wasn't his enemy, not yet. And the man was locked in a tree beyond the wall. Moreover, the man wanted the same thing as him, the end of these damn ice-zombies.

But dealing with the Others was something for the future. For now, all he wanted was to grow. And Brynden Rivers trying to influence Rhaenys' mind in any way was unacceptable to him. He wanted to speak to the bastard and warn him against it.

Yet, he didn't try. There was a high chance Brynden knew about his Earthbending abilities. One wrong step could bring him more trouble. If Brynden decided to give vision to every nearby greenseer about his Earthbending, that would be annoying.

So, for the time being, he postponed the matter.

His Earthbending could be a great weapon against the Others. He only hoped Brynden understood that.

At the castle, he spoke with Barbrey and Brandon in private after the feast. He asked for her thoughts and what she would do with what she had learned. The answer was one, the only one allowed. She agreed to take it to her grave if needed.

That was enough. From there, he talked trade with Barrowtown. It was one of the more prominent towns in the North with a population larger than Ramsgate. He offered a trade exchange, but he knew he would be the bigger exporter no matter what.

What he did want from her was something unrelated to House Dustin. Instead, he hoped to use Barbrey as an intermediary between him and House Ryswell. He wanted the best mares for Caliburn to breed and create a breed of strong horses the likes of which people had never seen before.

He had bought a few already, the best ones he could from Ryswell. But they weren't the absolute best House Ryswell had to offer.

By the time night rolled in, trade was settled, work was done, and Brandon was free to take his wife to the bedding. Wylis, however, went to find Qyburn instead.

Recently, a group of maesters had arrived from across Westeros. They were mostly wandering maesters not assigned to a specific lord. They sought knowledge, and he agreed to provide.

"Qyburn, keep this in mind. Their oaths belong to the Citadel. Trust is wasted on them, yet win them if you can with science. Still, I won't have knowledge given freely. Let each sign a lawful pledge of fifteen years to serve the Lord of Ramsgate with paid work, or face monetary penalties," Wylis warned the Maester, who was silently working on the grandfather clock and adjusting it to be more accurate.

"A splendid plan, my lord. By binding them by law to Ramsgate's service, their knowledge will serve the good here in our hands, not stolen off and locked within the worthless Citadel." Qyburn perked up.

Wylis doubted it was because they were going to share knowledge. But rather, Qyburn would soon have minions to order around and unload some of his duties.

"Aye, that's the idea. Until the work is done, use the inns outside. The first school is being built in the administrative quarter, with large classrooms and dorms. You are the headmaster of Ramsgate Hall of Higher Education. Trouble not with food or lodging; that is not your job, but manage what they get to learn and don't."

Instantly, Qyburn's eyes shot towards the large book cabinet nearby.

It was the treasure Wylis had slowly handed over. He had to write them; each book was written in a progressive way, and each volume introduced tougher concepts to learn. Since Qyburn was so fascinated by everything, there were already books on Biology, Physics, Chemistry, and some Mathematics. But Wylis had more in his personal library, waiting to be printed, so the new Maester school he was planning could function.

"See to it, Qyburn. I expect results when next we meet in a few days... And the falcons I requested, what of them?"

"They're on the way, my lord. Took no small effort to round them up, especially in the numbers you demand."

Wylis nodded in satisfaction. Qyburn was very competent.

"Good. Feed them well should they arrive before I'm back. And get some food in you. Those dark rings make you look like a Panda." Wylis patted the maester's shoulder. "You're of no use to me in the grave."

"W-What is a Panda, my lord?"

"A bamboo-eating bear from Yi Ti, covered in black and white fur. Wit is not its strength."

Qyburn didn't even ask how he knew it. The devotion and trust had reached a level where if Wylis revealed he was god incarnate, Qyburn would kneel and ask what sacrifice the noble god desires.

"Wondrous world out there, my lord. One day, perhaps, I would like to travel to the far east."

"I feel the same, my friend." Wylis nodded, imagining the lands east of Qarth. "Focus on the clock now. I have... husband duties to see to."

And it wasn't just aimed at Lyanna. Officially, he was husband only to Lyanna. But he never saw it differently for the others.

But first, he gathered the kids and read them a storybook he'd written. He gave Viserys a little sparring session to remind him how shitty he still was with the blade.

Then finally, he dueled the women one by one. But it was more about striking the sheath... again and again.

####

Dreadfort,

"Nage has not returned," Roose Bolton said, standing with his arms crossed in the dungeon.

"I... don't know... m'lord. I returned once I... gave them the boat—aaaaah!"

Roose didn't flinch as the man's skin was pulled off from the chest, revealing the muscles intact. Blood was everywhere.

"Nage wasn't a mere guard. He was trained for this. Who did you tell of my plan? Did the men with Nage say anything to you?"

"Nothing, m'lord! No—aaaah!"

Getting no answers, Roose turned annoyedly, walking with his captain. "Walton, Lord Kaiser is planning something. I mean to know what it is. Things are moving quickly; he bought land from Hornwood and found gold in mere days. Now he reaches Winterfell. Find out what happened to Nage."

"I will, my lord." Steelshanks Walton bowed and left.

Roose entered his solar and took a seat. His elbows landed on the table, and his palms rubbed his face as he let out a tired breath.

"You fool. Bernard was never meant for you."

Roose coldly eased into his chair, the sigil of House Bolton before his eyes on the wall.

"But House Bolton does not surrender to a lowly name that found its fame yesterday."

####

Winterfell,

It was a multi-day journey from Ramsgate to Winterfell.

Wylis had picked twenty men to come with him as his guards, and three carriages, two of which were stagecoaches with a roof and windows. Since he had decided to bring Magnus along, he needed a place where the boy could sleep during their travels.

During nights, they rested in small villages or in the open, setting up tents. Caliburn was with him, and the big boy had grown accustomed to standing guard outside his tent at night, using his animal senses to sense any nearby danger.

On one occasion, Caliburn had warned of a bear nearby. Wylis had to wake up and slay the beast. It was a lot of meat to waste, so Wylis allowed the men to cook it. However, as he was aware of the dangers of trichinosis, he oversaw the cooking, ensuring it was thoroughly roasted over high heat for a very long time.

He didn't eat it, however. But Benjen did, the man even enjoyed it.

Over the days, he got to spend time with his son as well. Reaching three years of age, Magnus had started his sword training with practice, wooden swords. It had started ever since that sword incident.

"That's my boy!"

Wylis played, or trained him. While he sat on the grass cross-legged with a wooden sword, he let Magnus attack him from any side. All he did was clash a few times and personally guide Magnus' arms to move in certain ways with those clashes. He aimed to do that so many times that Mangus would instinctively get used to that motion.

"Haaaa! I'll beat you, Dad!"

Wylis, instead of blocking this time, swatted the sword from Mangus' hand, sending it flying. Mangus, without the sword, landed right into his lap. After that, Wylis just attacked with non-stop tickles.

"Baaaahaha... Stop... dad!"

He didn't stop. He tickled the boy breathless, rolling on the ground, kicking his little legs.

"Hah! I can't breathe..."

Finally, once he saw the boy turning red, he stopped. "That, my son, is the 'tickle them to death' trick. You would be surprised how often loose tongues follow."

Panting, Mangus remained on his lap, lazily catching his breath. "It... It works?"

"Of course, it does. Want me to try it on you? I bet you'll tell me where you hide all your secret candies."

"No! Not on me!"

Wylis just laughed and got up, lifting his son under his side like a sack. "Let's move then. They're done resting."

Going up adjacent to the White Knife river, Wylis crossed a ford and made his way straight towards Castle Cerwyn. Since it was nearing sunset, he stayed at Cerwyn for the night. The next morning, they continued early.

Just half a day's ride later, Winterfell was finally in view. He allowed his men to take formation. Two men rode ahead of him on either side, holding poles with a fluttering flag of House Kaiser. The rest were behind him, maintaining formation. They were trained for it.

Watching the castle grow bigger, he couldn't help but feel nostalgic. So much had changed since the last time he was there. He'd never returned to Winterfell after leaving for the Tourney at Harrenhal.

Winning the tourney, Lyanna, knighthood, rebellion, lordship. So much had changed. Years had passed. He felt proud of what he had achieved; the sigil of House Kaiser made him proud.

Yet Winterfell remained the place where he'd grown from a worthless fat stableboy to a warrior. It was here he carved his body into what it is today.

Where I fell for Lyanna.

"What's your mom's name?" Wylis asked his son, who rode on his horse with him. He only allowed his kids to call him dad and mothers, mom. He felt it was a more intimate way of bonding and made it mean more.

"Ellyn." Magnus chirped back.

"Good. Try to befriend Robb, but be proud. Suffer no insult and trust no smooth tongue. If any speak ill of me, your mother, or Ramsgate, you will tell me. And enjoy your time. Your dad grew up here."

"Have fun! Understood!" Magnus chirped with resolve.

Right then, his entourage rode through the Winter Town and crossed the gates of the sprawling Winterfell castle. There was no grand welcome; he didn't expect one. He allowed his guards to move sideways while he rode straight to the main keep's entrance with Benjen.

He's got common sense, at least.

There, he noticed Eddard standing, Catelyn right beside him with a babe in arms and a toddler on the side.

"Easy, boy." He brought Caliburn to a stop and got off, walking the last few steps to reach Eddard. From the get-go, he could feel he wasn't welcome. No clasp of hands, no hugs.

"My lord." Wylis gave a nod to Eddard and looked up at the castle's frame. "Been a long time. Same as ever. Winterfell stands tall no matter what."

Eddard nodded back. "Aye, as it has through all its years. Welcome back, my lord. You may have gone from here, but this is yet your home. You'll have bread and salt, and a roof over your head for as long as you've need of it."

Stiff as ever. How does Robert tolerate him?

"This lad's my boy." Wylis nudged Magnus to speak.

"Greetings... mm... I'm Magnus Kaiser, I'm three years old, and I like—"

"That's enough." Wylis awkwardly smoothed Magnus' hair and moved to greet Catelyn. "Lady Stark, seems the Mother blesses you with not just beauty of self but also children."

One thing he liked about himself was his height. No matter who, they had to look up at him to speak. But while men usually disliked that, he usually found women blushing. And undeniably, he noticed a faint blush on Catelyn's face as she eyed him. She was tall as a woman, but still only reached up to his chest.

Fine as ever.

What he did notice was her beauty. As he had attended the wedding, he remembered the difference. Back then, she had a slender, hourglass frame, while her breasts were full. Now, she had a more curvier frame, tall, and breasts... seemed bigger. Facially, she looked the same, youthful, with long red hair.

"Lord Kaiser, you honor me with such gentle words. Yet I must return it in kind, for the Warrior's favor shines on you. You stand mightier than in my memory."

He just smiled, not flirting back since Eddard was right there, hugging Benjen. Instead, he eyed Robb Stark, the little boy standing beside Catelyn's leg, clutching the hem of her gown, almost hiding.

In comparison, Magnus was influenced by Wylis and barely feared anything.

"I'm Magnus." Magnus stepped forward, greeted Catelyn with a light bow, and then walked over to Robb. "What's your name?"

"Robb."

"Let's be friends, Robb."

Not that direct, boy. That's not how you make frie—

"Alright." Robb chirped back.

Ah, it worked?

At that point, he stopped trying to interfere. Seeing Catelyn's smile, it seemed she didn't mind it either. He allowed Magnus to drag Robb to the side and talk nonstop. However, the height difference was noticeable. Both were almost the same age, and yet Magnus stood a full head taller.

"You have a lovely son," Catelyn said.

Wylis hummed with a nod. "Wait until he does something. Age doesn't tame them. It only makes them harder to rein in."

"These young years of innocence ought to be cherished. When they are grown, they won't seek it as they do now," Catelyn added.

Wylis doubted that, however. He knew his own future trajectory, and with the extra Life Points Magnus would get, they were both destined to walk through many battlefields together.

At last, he turned to Eddard again, with no wish to linger in Winterfell. "Lord Stark, I'll join you in the castle soon enough. I would see my kin first. Do you know where my father may be?"

"Last I remember, he was tending to the horses."

Still managing the stables?

"Then I'll go see him. Magnus, come here." He left with a slight nod, letting Magnus keep pace by running on his little legs. "You're to meet your grandfather."

"Grandpa? What is he like?"

"Tall as a tower. In my younger days, he ruled with a hard hand and a stick to match. That was long ago. When I grew past him in height and in sense besides, his hand softened. Fear not, grandfathers are gentler with their grandchildren. He will dote on you."

"He'll give me candy?"

Wylis shot him a look. "Boy, if you twist their love to serve your schemes, I'll see you kept from sweets for good. And I'll take your hidden hoard as well. You truly think I don't know where you hide it?"

Magnus gulped and giggled innocently. "I... was just... hehe... I would never do that, Dad."

He was dressed in a simple attire, but a lord's simple attire was still luxury for a smallfolk. His fingers had rings, one of which was Valyrian steel. His cloak was pure white fur at the collar, thick and big over his shoulders, held together by a golden chain clashing on his chest. His belt buckle was gold-plated, his pants and tunic were cleaner than the cleanest smallfolk attire. His boots were heavy leather.

The guards and servants of Winterfell cleared his way as he walked towards the stables. The closer he got, the more guilty he started to feel for leaving them there for so long. He remembered the time they all contributed to get him better robes for the tourney at Harrenhal so he would look good.

A great debt was left unpaid. He had to make it right this time.

Finally, taking a turn, he arrived at a more smelly part of Winterfell with the ground riddled with marks of horse hooves. It was muddy and wet there. So, he lifted Mangus under his arm like a sack and kept walking to the main stables.

"I spent most of my years here, before I earned my knighthood," Wylis said, passing their family story to his son bit by bit.

"It's stinky."

"Aye, it is." Wylis pushed the stable's door and walked inside, putting Mangus on the dry ground at last.

He continued to walk further in, noticing how some of the horses immediately turned their head towards him. They likely recognised him, he reckoned. He did care for them well, after all. They were his only friends to talk to besides Lyanna.

Patting their faces, he walked further in and finally saw the back of a very large man, crouched and pouring horse feed in a bucket. He didn't speak for a while, a little awkward. While he'd spent years calling this man father, he wasn't the original Hodor.

Still my old man... Taught me to ride.

"They replaced me with you?" Wylis voiced.

Immediately, the large man stopped and rose to full height. He was tall, very tall, and wide. Wylis didn't know the exact numbers, but he reckoned his father was the same height as Robert, while he was an inch over seven feet.

However, his father had a belly, not the big, fat type, but the one that wrestlers had. Combined with rough, light brown hair and a thick beard, the man was like a bear in the wild.

"So you do remember the way then, eh?"

Wylis noticed a few extra age lines. But for the past part, he saw no extreme changes. His father still had light brown hair, a thick beard, and no dark circles under the eyes.

"Never forgot. I was busy wearing a lord's burdens. A city doesn't build itself, nor can it be abandoned at the start," Wylis explained, but he stopped talking when his father came closer.

"A lord, eh?" his father gently patted his shoulders, dusting his cloak's fur.

A sudden silence fell between them. Wylis stared into his father's blue eyes while he did the same. He had changed so much, he felt. Old Nan was his great-grandmother. His grandfather and his granduncles were supposed to die in Robert's Rebellion. But that never came to pass, as his lone presence on the battlefield did enough.

And his father was supposed to die in the coming Greyjoy's Rebellion. Again, that would never happen as he would never allow him to enter a battle. Likewise, his grandaunts had no reason to leave.

He honestly felt nervous. He didn't know what his father was thinking.

"Look at you... My boy."

Woosh!

And suddenly, he found his father's arms wrapped around him, pulled into a hug like he was still a young boy.

"My son's a noble lord! A knight... A goddamn war hero through and through."

Wylis wrapped his arms as well, hugging his father back. "Aye, much has come to pass. Forgive me, I should have come sooner. Your hands aren't for stable work now. You're Wylis Kaiser's father, and your worth weighs in gold."

"Bah! Gold, is it? Me? Haven't lost the bloody humor, I see."

Wylis stepped back from the embrace and gestured to Mangus. "This is your grandson, Magnus Kaiser. You've likely heard the whispers. There are others as well, and a granddaughter. A sweet child, that one."

"Aye, I heard them rumors," his father said and knelt, pulling Mangus closer and holding his hands. "I'm Garteh, lad. Your grandpa."

"I'm Magnus, your grandson," Magnus chirped proudly.

"Hah! Aye, that you are. Get over here, I'll take you to your great-grandpa and the old nan. Oldest one rotting in this whole castle. Looks half-dead, but don't trust it... She's still sharp, mean as ever..."

Wylis watched as his father lifted Magnus in his arms and started walking away, completely ignoring him. He waited for them to notice, but that didn't happen. His father completely walked out of the stable, leaving him.

"Wylis!"

Wylis perked up, seeing his father lean back in the stable from the door.

"Feed them horses, will you? They're hungry as pigs, and I must take this one to Old Nan."

"..."

Without even waiting for his reply, his father vanished through the door.

Left alone, he looked at the horses. Similarly, all of the horses looked back. Each one of them.

"Home sweet home, I suppose."

"Neighehehe!"

"Ehe!"

"Hrrrrf!"

The horses replied. Or laughed. Wylis couldn't tell. They weren't Caliburn.

####

A few hours passed, and Wylis arrived at the Great Hall. He had met his family, but not all of them. His granduncles had gone out to hunt, and they usually stayed out for days during those hunts. At the castle, only his father, mother, grandfather, Old Nan, and grandaunts were present.

They were surprisingly not angry at him, or even annoyed. They embraced him like he was still a child and asked about his well-being. And the well-being of his fief. Old Nan did pull his ear, though. She used to do that a lot back in the day, whenever he used to get caught stealing from the kitchens.

He arrived at the Great Hall with only Magnus, however. His family had refused his invitation. He could tell why. Their inferiority complex was a product of generations, and they felt it was wrong to sit with Lord Stark at the table.

"Lord Kaiser, it's an honor to meet you again."

There were two new faces at the table. Dressed in heavy furs and leather armor, they seemed as if ready for a battle at any time. He recognised the man easily enough; they had seen each other a few times during the rebellion. Especially at the Trident.

"Ah, Lord Mormont." Wylis clasped hands with the man in his thirties. He silently kept wondering how he was going to win over Lynesse Hightower, who was barely eighteen.

Finally, Wylis' eyes moved to the woman. She was a sight to behold, dressed like a shieldmaiden, her face pale, eyes dark, and raven hair tied in a single braid behind her head. She was gorgeous in his eyes; all women who knew how to strike a sword were.

"This is my cousin-sister, Dacey Mormont." Jorah gestured, "Don't mind her ways. She was raised to be a bear."

Wylis nodded, eyeing the woman, six feet tall, he estimated. She was lanky, slender all over, with long limbs; it was impossible to tell the shape of her hips in that heavy coat she was wearing. But her eyes were fierce as he realised she was checking him out all the same.

"I have heard much of you, my lord." Dacey gave a slight bow of the head. "I understand now why you are called the northern giant. I've never beheld a man so large."

Wylis gave a low chuckle, tapping her sidearm. "And I've not seen a woman of your height carry steel at her hip. Tell me, do you wield it well?"

"I can fend against my brother here," she pointed at Jorah.

Wylis glanced at the man. He'd seen how Jorah fights during the rebellion, and if she was that good, then she was truly one-of-a-kind. "She can?"

Jorah smiled wryly. "I would not boast, my lord, but I never tried to defeat her with all I had."

"You!" Dacey frowned. "Lord Kaiser, might we share a friendly bout after supper? I would have you judge my skill."

Wylis sighed. He could understand why Dacey just said that. As a woman, it wasn't common to wield a sword outside Bear Island, even harder to prove oneself. He reckoned she held that feeling in her heart, wanting to prove herself to whoever she could. Lyanna was just like that back in the day.

Before saying anything, he looked at Eddard already in his center seat at the table. "Do you mind, Lord Stark?"

"If such is Lady Dacey's wish, I have no reason against it," Eddard replied.

"Very well, then. I shall test your skills after supper. Do try to impress me," Wylis said and finally took a seat beside his son.

Benjen sat on his other side, as if silently declaring with whom he lived now.

The supper was uneventful. He didn't ask Benjen about Lady Lyarra's decision. He talked about Bear Island with Jorah, asking about the timber they sell, one of their major exports. And in doing so, he learned about the reason behind their visit to Winterfell.

"The wildlings have grown bolder with their raids," Jorah said. "We fight and turn back those we can, but some slip through to the mainland. We're hoping for support."

What's with her?

He tried to ignore, but it was hard not to feel Dacey's piercing gaze on him the entire supper. It was as if she were trying to read his mind with some magic.

"My duty is to ready the North for winter, so I've little to give. That is the purpose of summer here. Still, I'll spare you some men, if it serves," Eddard Stark offered.

Were wildling raids a common thing?

Wylis wondered if this had anything to do with the Others. It was still too early, after all. Still, he wanted to maintain good relations with the northern houses. Once he'd have his resource map, it would come in handy.

"I've no men to spare, but I can give coin to better arm you. It is the least I can do as one of the North," Wylis offered.

Jorah revealed a bigger smile when the coin was mentioned. That made him wonder if the bastard's heart was already dark before meeting Lynesse. After all, instead of choosing a woman more suitable for childbirth, he picked a thin, pretty one.

"That will greatly help, my lords." Jorah bowed his head.

After that, the supper went on. Wylis made sure Magnus ate all his vegetables and protein. He was strict when it came to diet, as that was what made a true warrior. He grew past seven feet due to the same reason.

Tap!

Finally, he finished his meal and put the cup of water down. He looked at Dacey and gave a nod, getting up without saying a word. Everyone had finished eating by then.

"Come with me," Benjen said, leading on. "The yard's wide enough, and there are torches to give us light."

Wylis followed behind. As he walked, his father also appeared and grabbed Magnus in his arms. By the time they arrived at the outside yard, the whole Stark family, most of his family, and a few guards had gathered.

"Training swords?" Wylis asked her. "I'd have you strike true. If you're worried you might spill my guts, you won't."

Dacey just nodded and took the training, blunt swords Benjen offered them. He personally didn't like them since none of them fit his size. The main sword on his back was as tall as Dacey herself.

He stepped into the middle of the muddy yard and faced the woman. He didn't bother removing his cloak, but Dacey had. She had removed her cloak and also the armor so she could be as light as possible.

Before long, they began circling each other. He waited since he had nothing to prove. He waited for her to strike first.

"Haaaa!" Dacey leapt forward with a quick downward strike.

Woosh!

Wylis didn't block, just sidestepped and avoided the strike itself. He let her realise that just because he was big didn't mean he was slow. If anything, he was faster.

Pa!

He smacked the flat side of his sword on her thigh. "You'd have lost that leg if this were a true battle."

"Hah!" Dacey swung sideways.

Clank!

Wylis swatted the incoming strike with his own blade. The clash was loud, and he smashed her sword away so hard that her arm got thrown wide by the momentum.

"Quick feet and clever turns won't save you from a stronger foe," he said, noting the restless twitch in her hands. "You fight as a man does. There is no fault in that. But the Gods shaped men and women differently. Meet a man in brute force, and you grant him the edge."

Dacey gritted her teeth and lunged at him, striking a faint, and sidestepped just in time to swing at his right knee.

Clank!

Wylis slammed his blade into the ground and stopped her swing. He countered at the same time and kicked her chest, throwing her backwards into the mud. He was barely giving his half at that point.

But he wanted to teach her something. He rushed forward, feet so fast that he saw confusion in Dacey's eyes. He kept swinging his sword like a trickster, never holding it in one place. There was nothing she could read to block or counter, even as she jumped to her feet.

"True battles are unpredictable, my lady," Wylis muttered and stabbed straight at her face. She ducked quickly, but his foot was waiting there. He didn't hit hard, just tapped her chin so she knew what could have been.

Dacey again fell backwards. That was the effect of being hit on the chin. It disoriented most people. He didn't jump on her and gave her time.

"Lord Mormont, will you join us? Dacey ought to learn how we fare in honest battles."

Jorah didn't waste time. The man nodded, took a training sword, and stepped in.

Wylis didn't go easy this time. He walked straight at Jorah and swung harshly, clashing the blade. He used his superior strength, making sure Jorah felt his palms go numb.

Clank!

Clank!

He exchanged blows. Jorah's greater strength made his swings and turns faster. Dacey had the same rhythm and style, but she lacked speed and strength.

Yet, Wylis was dominating entirely. He ducked sideways, away from Jorah's downward slash. That left the Bear Islander open, so he used a single hand grip and slammed the sword into Jorah's belly so hard it rang. And just then, he felt a presence behind him and sent a backward horsekick without looking.

Bam!

Jorah fell in front of him, clutching his stomach.

When Wylis looked behind, Dacey was the same. His kick had landed flat on her belly while she tried to attack him from behind. It wasn't honorable, but he didn't mind. In a real battle, you win however you can because losing meant death.

With both his opponents down, Wylis walked aside and handed the training sword back to Benjen, who was gawking at his face. Most of them were, but Eddard wasn't. Eddard had seen him at close quarters in the rebellion.

This little spar wasn't even close to that time.

"Wait!" Dacey shouted.

Wylis stopped and looked back. As a knight, he reckoned it was wrong to leave a woman on the ground like that. He walked over and gave her a hand, which she took.

"My lord, take me as your pupil. I would learn at your side. You spoke true. I can't surpass my brother in strength. I've tried, but I never can."

Wylis brushed her shoulder clean. "Aye, I know. Eat more meat, more protein, and put some strength on those bones. And focus on being quicker, not stronger."

"Teach me!" Dacey held his arm. "I've heard of you for so long, and every word was true. If you would train me, I know I can be the best of myself."

Wylis gave it a thought. She was tall and strong. She had the skill, but she needed guidance. However, he also knew that he was too busy to have another pupil. Chett alone was enough.

"I can't do that, my hands are full as it is. Now, I shall go and rest." Wylis turned and walked up to his son.

"I'll sleep with Old Nan, Dad."

Wylis halted his arms that were moving to take Magnus. "Are you sure?"

"Old Nan has lots of stories!"

"That she has." Wylis caressed his son's head one last time and bid him good night.

He nodded towards Eddard and headed to his bedchamber. Since he knew the castle like the back of his mind, he already knew where the room was.

####

With Magnus sleeping with Old Nan, the feast eaten, and challengers defeated, he retired to his bedchamber in the main keep of Winterfell.

At least it's warm.

He marveled at the engineering behind the castle. With Earthbending, he valued it even more. The castle was warm with the natural hot springs and hot water flowing through the walls in pipes.

Clank!

He removed his sword and rested it against the door's side. Then he removed his fur-cape and hung it neatly on the wall. Finally, he untied the rope hidden under his waist belt. The rope was tied in multiple turns around his waist, and with it were four pouches of gold tied near his hip. Hidden from all eyes with his cape on.

Each of them brimmed with gold coins. Keeping them on himself was the most secure place he'd come up with. No chance of it being lost or secretly snatched.

Grrrr!

He threw the rope on the dresser against the wall and walked to the side. He pressed his flat palm on the stone and used Earthbending, ripping the block out with ease. He made his own secret little safe and hid the gold in it.

Hope the Winter Town folks remember me.

The Gold had a reason. He'd brought it to sway the people of Winter Town and attract some of them to his growing city. The plan was to throw a small feast for the townsfolk, masking it under the name of their friendly giant returning.

He didn't care to think if Eddard would allow it. What he did know better than Eddard was that while Winter Town was small, it was still overpopulated. There was poverty in the town, not enough roofs to house all, and certainly not enough to feed them all.

If anything, he was doing a favor. But in the cold, harsh North, no lord would see it that way. To most lords, the more hands around the better, even if those hands mostly sat idle and starving.

Finally, he removed his heavy leather boots and prepared to slip under the quilt to sleep.

Knock! Knock!

But right when he prepared to remove his tunic, he heard knocks on the door.

He walked over to it with noiseless steps and pressed a flat palm on the stone frame of the door. He closed his eyes and sensed the vibrations through Earthbending, making out the features on the other side.

A woman?

He sighed, instantly knowing who she was based on her height. Still, he opened the door. "Lady Dacey, I said I'm not—"

Woosh!

Dacey brushed past his shoulder and walked straight into his bedchamber.

Wylis closed the doors to keep rumors at bay and turned to look at the lanky woman. Dark hair, a slim face, a defined jaw, thin lips, and serious eyes. But she was no longer in her sparring attire. Her hair was untied and draping her back and shoulders, her clothes were an ordinary dark green full-sleeved tunic, loose breeches, and boots.

Even casually, she was wearing an attire more suited for men wielding swords.

"My lord, I have not yielded, nor shall I. I won't find rest until you tell me how you foresaw my strike. Jorah held your full attention. How was it you still sensed me?"

Wylis sighed, brushing his hair and pouring himself a cup of water. But as he walked past her, he smelled perfume. Of all women, he didn't expect Dacey to use that as well. It wasn't an inexpensive thing, after all.

"My lady, you are mistaken to think he ever held my attention. You are mistaken if you think I was taking that seriously. I have faced five men at once, and more besides. In time, you learn to read the air itself. Grow eyes on the back of your head, eyes that don't see but feel."

"Then... that is all the more reason," Dacey said, stepping close, her gaze fixed on him. "You must teach me. I have held a blade since I could walk. I have done what was required of me, I danced and wore fine gowns, yet my heart has never strayed from sword and morningstar. Please, my lord."

Wylis shook his head. "There's no shortage of men who can swing steel proper. You'd do well to find another. I've no need of a second squire. I have Chett."

"But you are the Tyrant of the Trident," Dacey said, stepping nearer, her tall frame bringing her face level with his neck. Her chest mere inches away. "No warrior in all Westeros is held above you. And I don't want to be your squire. I cannot be a knight regardless."

Wylis looked down and noticed very faint freckles on her cheeks; there were very few. He never understood why men didn't find her pretty. Sure, she was lanky, quite thin, and that height didn't help. Her chest was rather flat, but as a woman, she was interesting. And her face was pretty.

"Who said that? Anyone can be a knight. I've simply not found a woman fierce enough to claim it yet. One who can meet men blade for blade. Wenda nearly did, though she was already a legend among thieves," Wylis replied earnestly.

"I can be a knight? How?"

"Not as you stand now. You're still rough, too slow, and lacking strength. My squire had iron in him before he first took up a blade. You've learned the motions, but they serve you little."

Dacey stepped closer till her chest pressed firmly against his. "That is why I ask you to teach me, my lord. I can be the fierce one. You have not known a true woman yet. I am one. I've heard of them, Ros and Anna. Pretty little things. I'm not like them, my lord."

A true frown crossed Wylis's face. "I don't look kindly on those who slight the women I hold dear. Not even in jest."

Dacey's jaw visibly tightened. "I... I didn't mean that."

"You ought to be in your chamber, my lady. It is late." Wylis suggested pressing his hands on her shoulders and pushing her away. "You're but eight and ten, you've a long life ahead."

"My lord, we aren't so far apart in years. Yet you bested three Kingsguards at once. I am ready, I'll be anything you want. I know about your... preferences. I will meet them without fear. Please, allow me to follow you. I wish to grow stronger and become the first woman knight of Westeros."

"What?" Wylis held her gaze, unblinking. "Are we talking about the same thing here?"

Dacey nodded. "Aye, about wielding swords."

"Of what kind?" Wylis asked back with a narrow gaze of suspicion.

Pat!

Dacey suddenly reached down with her right hand and cupped his manhood. Her voice dropped low, more sultry. "I can be fierce, or one of your pretty little things if you want, my lord."

Wylis didn't waste a second to respond. His one arm curled her slim waist, pulled her plush in. His other hand cupped her chin. He stepped forward, pushing Dacey back all the way until she smacked against the dresser.

"Is that a challenge, Dacey Mormont?"

"Ever tamed a bear, my lord?" Dacey asked back, smirking. "Let's see if you can tame this one."

Wylis leaned down slowly, his massive frame towering over her tall but slender one, his face descending as though he meant to claim her mouth in a fierce kiss. A faint, predatory smile curved his lips when Dacey instinctively tilted her head upward, willingly meeting him halfway, her breath quickening with anticipation.

At the last moment, he stopped, leaving only a sliver of space between their lips, their warm breaths mingling.

While she waited, his right hand reached behind her and snatched the coiled rope from the dresser behind her back.

"Let's begin with a leash, then."

He caught her arms one by one and pulled them firmly behind her back. The rough rope bit into her wrists as he bound them tight together. He then looped the other end around her neck, cinching it just enough to force her elbows high and her spine straight.

The position arched her chest forward and locked her hands against the middle of her back, leaving her front completely open. The rope pressed into her skin with every small shift.

Dacey did not attempt to struggle. If anything, the restraint seemed to excite her. She licked her soft lips slowly, that knowing, teasing smile playing across her lips as her dark eyes burned up at him.

"Now, since the bear's all tied, time we check the flesh."

"Flesh?" Dacey asked back, standing in place, arms tight.

"This."

Wylis stepped closer. His right hand rose to clasp her throat gently over the tight rope, squeezing with just enough pressure to make her pulse jump, before sliding downward. His calloused fingers traced her sharp collarbone and then cupped one of her small, firm breasts, kneading the soft mound.

He squeezed and explored, his large hand more than enough to cover the trembling hill entirely. There was no smallcloth under her tunic; his rough palm found her tight nipple already hardened into a sensitive peak. All the while, he kept his gaze locked on hers, drinking in every flicker of arousal that crossed her face.

His left hand came up, spread on one side of her face, and his thumb pressed into her mouth. She bit him gently with her pearly whites, and he let her.

"Curves." He muttered as his hand moved over her waist and reached for her hips.

His hand continued, gliding over her narrow waist and the subtle flare of her hips. He reached behind to give her tight ass a firm squeeze before sliding back to the front and pressing boldly between her legs, his broad palm cupping the heat of her hidden core through the thin fabric.

"Since when do bears start wearing clothes?" He asked, pressing his forehead against hers, their noses brushing as his hungry stare matched her own. "Mind if I return you to nature?"

"Hmm..." Dacey answered by rolling her hips forward, deliberately grinding herself against the thick, hardening bulge of his cock.

She rose onto her toes, extended her tongue, and dragged a slow, wet lick across his cheek before whispering in his ear. "Since when did the hunter start asking before... skinning?"

Wylis kept his expression calm, but internally, he was taken aback by this side of Dacey. He had expected a fierce, wild one, a strong woman, but this was... different. This sort of roleplay, he didn't expect it. He reckoned she was one of those dominating ones, but the truth was the opposite.

This playful surrender from such a strong woman was far more intoxicating than he had anticipated.

Scrrrr!

With a sudden, powerful yank, he tore her tunic apart from the collar straight down. Since the rope kept her arms pinned behind her, he shredded the rest of the garment off her arms in rough pulls, exposing her bare skin to the warm air.

Her skin glowed under the warm candlelight, every lean line of her toned body on full display. Slim, wiry muscle shifted under soft skin as Wylis ran both large hands over her, palms greedily scraping across her small breasts, squeezing them.

"Ummm..."

Wylis ignored her soft, needy moan and focused on her cherry-red nipples, flicking and rolling the stiff peaks between his digits. His palms kneaded the doughy flesh before sliding lower, marveling at her narrow waist and the faint ridges of hard-earned abs on her flat belly.

He dragged one palm down over those abs and slipped straight under the waistband of her breeches and smallcloth.

His fingers found smooth, bald skin and the scorching heat of her pussy. His middle finger curled, slipping between her warm petals and rubbed firmly over her soaked entrance, coating itself in her leaking nectar.

"Oh..." Dacey finally writhed, hips twitching helplessly at the touch.

Wylis pushed her back until her bound body pressed flat against the dresser. He kept rubbing her soaked pussy inside her breeches with slow, possessive strokes while finally claiming her mouth in a hot, wet kiss.

With her hands tied, she could only take what he gave, and he gave a lot. Their lips crushed together, open and messy, as her eager tongue slithered out to tangle with his. Struggling to dominate, their dance battled in a messy, squelching clash.

As they devoured each other's mouths, his finger dipped inside her tight, throbbing cunt, stroking deep. He felt her long legs tremble and weaken.

Wylis was aching hard now, the hour was late, and he saw no reason to hold back any longer. She wanted this, and he wanted it too.

"Turn."

He broke the kiss, pulled his glistening fingers free, and spun her around roughly until her cheek pressed flush against the dresser door. Grabbing the waistband of her breeches with both

hands, he tore them apart with a savage rip and shoved the ruined fabric down her long legs. He watched as Dacey kicked her boots off herself, eager and impatient.

In moments, Dacey Mormont stood completely naked, bound and breathing hard.

Wylis shoved his own breeches down and kicked them aside, his girthy cock springing free while he kept his tunic on. Maybe he just wanted a quick one, or maybe he was impatient himself; either way, his cock was already urging him forward like a rabid beast.

He seized the loose rope between her bound wrists and neck like a handle and guided her to the center of the room. There, he pushed her torso forward, using the rope to help her balance as she bent at the waist. From behind, he could see her smooth, naked body, lanky and narrow-hipped, but the height and tight lines of her body were perfect.

With his other hand, he gripped his massive cock, bent his knees, and pushed forward.

Ugh! Tight!

Wylis felt it as the warm, slick heat of her cunt enveloped his swollen crown. Even with her juices coating him, she was impossibly tight in this standing position, her thighs pressed close together. He looked up at her bound arms and the dark hair spilling down her back as he nudged his swollen head between her petals, prying her open, stretching her slowly.

"Oh! Big! That's big!" Dacey's back arched, a real sting flashing through her entire body. "Tearing me... open."

"Ain't so easy being... pretty little thing, is it?" Wylis growled, gripping the rope tighter with one hand and her narrow hip with the other. He mercilessly snapped his hips forward.

"Aaaaah! Gods!"

He buried his flesh sword halfway inside her and started thrusting back and forth in slow, heavy strokes. The feeling of her clenching petals scraping around his cock and bumpy veins was otherworldly. Wet and filthy as her cunt gradually loosened around his thick girth, taking him deeper with every thrust.

"Mmmm... Ungh... You... are... Oh! A man... like—" Halfway, Dacey's words turned into broken nonsense. Her tongue lolled out shamelessly, drool slipping from her lips and dripping onto the stone floor as her dark hair tossed wildly with every thrust.

Plap! Plap!

Wylis soon fucked her with his brutal length. He pulled back until only the fat crown stretched her entrance, then rammed forward to the hilt, his heavy pelvis slapping hard against the soft, doughy flesh of her pert ass.

He reveled in the view of her smooth back arching, every lean muscle flexing under her pale skin as he railed her.

"Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" Each sharp, nasal cry punched out of her throat in time with his powerful plunges.

Then suddenly, the rhythm changed.

Dacey suddenly started throwing her hips back to meet him, slamming her ass against his crotch and taking him deeper than before. Her narrow hips rolled and swayed with desperate hunger, her pert asscheeks even rippling from just how hard they collided.

Plap! Plap!

She kept backing onto him, ruthlessly fucking herself on his thick cock as if she was possessed by lust itself. She was impossibly tight, and she only grew tighter as her climax built.

He felt her cunt clamped down around his girthy shaft, pulsing and squeezing so hard it bordered on painful, like punching into walls that were closing in. An aching, delicious pressure he had rarely felt before.

Slosh!

Dacey fucked herself roughly onto his cock, driving back with frantic greed even as her juices squirted, splashing messy sprays around his pistoning shaft. Even as she felt her insides shifting, she kept inching back in small steps.

"You... weren't a maiden... I hope."

"Hah! Don't worry, my... ah-lord! I'm not that... virtuous."

Wylis chuckled and shifted them without pulling out. He moved back to the edge of the bed, sat down, and spread his thick legs, lowering Dacey's hips onto his cock while at it.

Still, Dacey was trying to control it, pumping her ass up and down his rigid length.

She wriggled her hips frantically. And he was truly close to a release.

"Let's end this now."

"Ooooooh! I like... a strong man," she cooed.

Wylis spread her legs wide with his own knees, reached down from behind her with his powerful arms, then scooped her knees over his thick forearms. In one smooth motion, he lifted her completely onto his lap, her back against his broad chest. His feet planted firmly on the floor as he held her suspended in the air, impaled on his cock.

Dacey's long legs folded high, knees pushed nearly to her shoulders by his powerful grip. Her athletic body was folded and exposed, turned into the perfect instrument of pleasure.

She looked down in awe. Her entire body was lifted as if she weighed nothing. How strong was he? No man had ever handled her like this. Lifting her so easily, especially with his cock buried so deep inside her. The realization sent a fresh wave of heat flooding through her pussy.

Her arms remained cruelly restricted behind her, pressed tight against his muscled chest by the ropes, while the rope around her neck kept her spine arched.

She pushed her face forward despite the rope biting into her throat, desperate to see. There it was, his beastly cock vanishing into her stretched pussy. She hadn't truly seen it until now.

"Gods! You... are big."

She gawked. It was monstrously thick, nearly the width of her wrist, and so long she could feel it pressing high into her belly. As he lowered her further, she watched, stunned as her flushed petals spread sinfully around his girth, splayed to their limit and threatening to tear.

"Aaaaaaagh..." She cooed with pleasure.

"Mmmm... You... Darcey... sure are... a woman."

"Yes! Yes!"

Slosh!

She surrendered completely. Usually, she was the one who took charge, riding her partners and staying in control. But those men had always been lesser than her. But Lord Wylis was at the top of knighthood, warriorhood, and... certainly cockhood.

A man like him, she didn't mind giving in. For the first time, she wanted to be fucked and utterly ruined.

She felt her long legs flailing uselessly at her sides as he bounced her on his massive cock. His hips snapped up with force, driving into her again and again while his hot mouth found her ear, tongue rolling over the sensitive shell in ticklish, wet strokes.

"Aaaaaah~"

She finally shattered. Her eyes rolled back, a sensation so new and overwhelming it broke her entirely. Her body locked up, the pressure so overwhelming she trembled and shivered in his arms.

She came with violent intensity, watching in helpless bliss as a clear fountain of nectar sprayed out of her pussy. It splattered across the stone floor in messy arcs, pulsating and sputtering with his unrelenting thrusts.

Plap! Spurt! Plap!

Before she could catch her breath, he was pumping womb-deep. His cockhead battered against the entrance to her cervix. His powerful arms tightened under her knees while his hands reached up to claw at her small breasts, squeezing the soft flesh and pinching her stiff nipples mercilessly.

"Oooooooh... You... make a fine... beast tamer... it seems... my looooohrd!"

Dacey came again, harder this time. Her mind went blank, then numb. She drooled shamelessly, mumbling nonsense as her body convulsed around his flesh rod.

Wylis didn't know what she wanted in the long term, but at that moment, it didn't matter. He couldn't stop.

Her cunt was squeezing him impossibly tight, as if her sculpted body itself begged to be bred. To sire the finest children in the realm. Giants the size of himself.

"Gah!"

He leaned forward, ground deep, and slammed home one final time, burying every thick inch balls-deep inside her.

His cock flexed, swelled, then erupted. Thick, heavy ropes of hot batter blasted straight into her womb in powerful, pulsing jets. He unloaded, flooding her with everything he had, spurt after heavy, creamy spurt until every nook and cranny was painted white. The sheer volume engulfed his shaft too, drowning them both in his viscous butter.

He flooded her without regrets.

"Ah! Sooo... much!" Dacey seemed to snap back to reality at the sensation of his thick seed filling her.

Leaning forward in that folded position, she stared down in awe, watching his heavy balls twitch as more cream leaked out around his buried cock and spilled messily onto the floor.

Ting!

[Name: Dacey Mormont

Age: 18

Occupation: Noblewoman, Warrior, Pupil

Current Loyalty: 71%

Status: Impregnated]

That was fast.

Wylis stayed buried deep inside her for a long time, panting against her neck. Only when his cock finally softened did he let it slip free. A thick gush of his cum followed, glopping onto the stone floor.

"Welcome... to Ramsgate's garrison, Dacey."

Woosh!

Dacey suddenly jumped off his lap with surprising energy, still bound, spun around, and straddled him face-to-face. She shoved her lips against his in a deep, hungry, tongue-tying kiss.

"You won't regret this," she cooed against his mouth.

Wylis chuckled and dug his fingers hard into her tight ass, kneading the flesh.

"Oh, I know that."

She grinned and kissed him again, slow and filthy, before finally rolling off him and collapsing onto the bed, chest heaving.

"Let me free them." Wylis moved behind her, untied the rope with careful fingers, and lay down beside her.

He pulled her slender, sweat-slicked body into his arms.

As her weight settled against his chest, Wylis stared up at the ceiling. He hadn't come to Winterfell for this, yet he felt strangely lucky to be here at the right moment.

Just in time to catch this fire before it vanished back to the Bear Island.

Lyanna's got some competition for wildness, it seems.

#####

Ting!

He was asleep, in his bed with Dacey still in his arms. He didn't know how much time had passed, but he could tell that he was in a dream. But unlike in a lucid dream, he didn't feel in control of it.

"Find her."

There were whispers reaching his ears from each direction. It was masculine, yet not human. In his vision was just darkness for as far as he could see. However, he could feel things. He could feel the warm weight of Dacey's body against his.

But he couldn't open his eyes.

"East! East! East!"

The echoing whisper grew louder and louder.

Ting!

And then there was the chime of the Tyrant's Squire.

"Find her! Find her you must! East!"

Find who?

Wooosh!

With a sudden hiss, the darkness around him shifted. It was still dark, but he noticed walls. He recognized it, the walls of Winterfell itself. He felt them move. No! He was moving, sliding, but his feet weren't stepping forward.

From the corridors, through the courtyard, and towards the...

No! Not you, fucker!

Wylis suddenly realised something and angrily growled.

Stay away from my daughter!

"Find her!"

Don't give me this bullshit. I don't care about you!

"East!"

No matter what he tried to say, his words just came out as thoughts. And before long, he was in the Godswood of Winterfell, standing before an ancient weirwood tree which looked paler than usual.

"Find her!"

Who? Find who?

He asked back, and yet his body didn't stop. Closer and closer to the damn tree until he felt his face fall flat on the trunk. But somehow that didn't stop him, and he... felt engulfed by the tree itself, entering pitch black darkness, and at the end of it was a face as pale as the moon with a red birthmark on the right cheek, eyes closed. It was just the face, no body attached to it.

Damn you! Don't ever talk to Rhaenys!

"Find her! Find the Star!"

What star?

"Across the Sea! Find the Star!"

"Find her!"

"East!"

"She is the Star of the Sea!"

"Find her... Find her... Find..."

Ugh... Fuck!

Wylis clutched his head as the voices grew numerous and louder. They gave him a headache.

Ting!

But then rang the chime of the Tyrant's Squire.

"Aaargh! Who... What?"

Wylis heard that whispering voice sound panicked and in pain all of a sudden. But then everything turned dark again, and his eyes shot open. The ceiling of the bedchamber came into view, and Dacey's scent reached his nose.

Before his eyes hovered Tyrant Squire's words.

[Mental Attack Overridden!]

[Tyrant's Mind Stabilized]

Ting!

[Shop List Updated!]

Ting!

[New Main Quest - Starcatcher

Description - A mysterious name has reached your ears. Investigate and find out the truth of this Star of the Sea.

Goal - Some stars are worth keeping, and some are better left scorched to dust. The choice is yours.

Reward - Magic Attack Immunity]

Another Main Quest? Things are getting messier the closer I get to the era I know.

