

The Northern Tyrant [Game of Thrones] Chapter 46 - The Tyrant's Limit, A Green Gift, Textile Revolution & Quest Anxiety

Bam!

Wylis smacked the iron rod on Nage's head.

"Why did he send you? And who is this 'we' you keep naming? Tell me. Who's taken Roose's hand?"

Still, Nage remained silent. But Wylis didn't waste time on the others, as they had just learned about their mission now. The only one with answers was Nage.

"Fine. If it's the hard road you're set on, I'll walk it." Wylis rose, stepping back a pace, his hand cutting through the air toward them. "You wanted to know how those walls were raised? This is how."

Grrrrr~!

The earth started shaking. Wylis used a single hand, keeping it flat, and then raised it higher. Right then, a massive boulder arose from the river behind. He pulled it closer and then held it right above the six heads poking out of the hard ground.

"For years, many wondered how the Tyrant of the Trident fought, how he was so strong. Some say, I'm blessed. But I say, I'm more than blessed." Wylis lowered the boulder just enough for it to touch their hair. "Now, answers!"

Still, Wylis gave them time to adjust to the shock. What he'd shown them was more magical and unbelievable than dragons. Because dragons existed once, magic like his didn't.

"Y-You are... Gods!" Nage stuttered.

"Are you the Old God?"

"..."

Wylis looked at Lew. The man was too much of a fool.

"Nage, tell me what I want to know, or have this boulder fall on your heads. And be sure, I'll make it slow."

"N-no! Lord Bolton's joined the Freys by the hand, he has. They mean to see you dead, say it's you who brought the bridge down. And the Flints of Widow's Watch, they've sworn the same. L-Lady Flint bears no love for House Kaiser so close by... Claims what's hers was taken, aye, the Broken Branch river most of all."

Wylis genuinely frowned at that revelation. House Bolton and House Frey were expected to, as he knew they eventually joined hands in a different future. But House Flint made no sense to him.

Yes, they were his direct neighbor to his east, but he had never ventured into their lands or claimed what was theirs.

Besides, the whole region was, in a way, House Manderly's playground. Wyman Manderly truly held influence over all the houses east of the mouth of the White Knife, and that included Flint of Widow's Watch. Only his house was somewhat independent because he was sworn directly to the King.

Lady Lyessa Flint... What the fuck is your problem?

"What were you tasked with before coming here?" He asked further.

"Came to hear what goes on inside your walls. Learn your weaknesses, your guards, how many men you've got, what trade you keep... and if I could..." Nage swallowed hard and cut himself off, lips pressing tight as fear crept in suddenly.

"Speak!" Wylis pressed the boulder further down, putting some weight on their head.

"K-Kill... your... lad."

SQUELCH!

The boulder dropped and crushed the men with a loud crash.

There was no other way this could end. The moment those three words were spoken, Magnus' smiling face flashed in his mind, and the idea of someone daring to take away that smile from him was enough to erase all restraints.

"A-Aaaah! My lord! Forg—"

Wylis hadn't killed Nage, however. The man was directly connected to Roose Bolton and had plenty of use. His political mastery did its magic, and he quickly came up with a grand plan that would take years, but it would end many problems for him.

"I don't know where it all went wrong. Roose and I bled side by side in the rebellion, and now he schemes against my children. I won't stomach it. What do you say, House Kaiser could use a bit of growth, couldn't it? The lands east of the Broken Branch, up to Last River. Dreadfort and Widow's Watch both. Chett will need a strong seat one day, after all."

"P-Please don't kill me, my lord."

"I won't. You still have much use." Wylis pulled the man out of the dirt and then pushed him down on the belly.

Snap!

Snap!

Two arms and two legs were cracked and broken at the joints.

"Aaaaargh!"

Wylis nonchalantly turned him again and used a knife to cut the man's tongue out.

"You'll live. You'll eat. And when that day comes, you'll open Dreadfort for me. My tolerance and kindness have been mistaken for weakness. That was your mistake. If you want the man I can be, well done. You've got him."

Finally, Wylis hauled Nage up and threw him on Caliburn's back. Then he made sure to sink the five dead bodies further down into the ground so no future river flooding would unearth them.

"Let's head back, boy. We've got work to do."

#####

Once back in his castle, Wylis summoned both Lyanna and Brandon to his solar, while Nage was sent to the dungeons where he'd be kept locked and fed, alive but never free.

He explained to them where he'd found the intruders, what he did to them, and what their plan was. As expected, the first one to seek a chair was Lyanna.

Brandon was next, more furious than shocked. "I knew the Boltons were scum, but going after kids? That's fucking beyond anything. Guess whatever Walder Frey offered Roose was worth it. I'll go to Winterfell and..."

"Do no such thing." Wylis coldly ordered. "Eddard's no use when steel must speak. He'll want talks, a table, and calm words with Roose. That time's gone, Brandon. I'll kill Roose. I'll see the Boltons wiped out. The Flints as well. And don't forget, the more we prosper, the more they'll try to cut us down. They believe we've stolen their dues."

"That is true!" Lyanna erupted. "He didn't just want to kill Magnus; he sent men to do it! They must die, Wylis. All of them."

"Agreed," Brandon blurted. "Gods, I'd love nothing more than to bash Roose's fucking head into the ground. But my dear sister, Wylis has at best a hundred men, all green. Roose has thousands at his call, close to four thousand if I remember what father taught me. We can't win this battle by directly engaging the cunt. And he'll have the fucking Freys with him."

"It's not impossible." Wylis interrupted before they fought each other. "If it were simply sneaking into their castle and killing Roose, I could do it right now."

He gave Lyanna a look. She knew about his Earthbending, and she understood what he meant, hence her nod.

"But that will only delay this headache to whoever takes the lordship next. I want those houses wiped out, root and branch. Ramsgate will grow and take every inch the Boltons and Flints ever held.

"Give me three years, and it's done. After that, I'll need you and Brandon beside me. Eddard already looks at me like I'm some snake, and once he sees what I've taken, he'll meddle. He'll press me to yield it all, hand it back to some forgotten whelp of Bolton or Flint while moaning about honor. I won't bend to that."

Wylis stared at them intently. This was it, his decision. If he was supposed to be a Tyrant, he was going to be one now.

"I'll go to war to keep what I've won. If that means crossing swords with the Starks of Winterfell, so be it. Leave the planning against the Boltons to me. You two should go and figure out how you'll keep Eddard from doing something reckless. The Crown will stand with me, that much I guarantee."

That was the least the Crown could do after what he was planning for the Greyjoy Rebellion. Not only bringing Robert back into form and action, but also changing the political landscape of Westeros forever.

"That's all well and good, but we still don't have enough bloody men to arm," Brandon stated, shrugging.

Wylis nodded and grabbed a sheet of paper from his table. "Read this, you two."

He watched the brother and sister stand close and read the paper. It was what he'd written just now. An open call to the entire Seven Kingdoms. An invitation to all the hungry, the poor, the homeless, and the orphans. As long as they weren't criminals, they would be given shelter, food, and guaranteed work in labour, and others, depending on their skills.

There was simply no other way, and Wylis knew that. Nobody wanted to take the risk of leaving their current homes and coming to his town. However, those who had nothing left to lose would flock.

I'll drown in work.

Sadly, the only way to ensure none of those arriving were criminals was to interview them personally and use his Eye of the Judge skill on them. Thankfully, he had the Fief Map to easily find out all the spies and hostiles who'd try to enter. Moreover, a strict identification system was going to be established to keep track of the population.

Hope I can hit that first tier of the Tyrant's Lair quest.

The reward for that quest was the Talent Hunter ability, which would allow him to find talents amongst his population. Though it was unknown what the tiers meant and how each tier would upgrade that ability.

Ten thousand folks. That won't be easy.

"Do we even have the coin for this?" Brandon asked.

Wylis shrugged. "We'll have it soon."

Lyanna smirked, realizing what he meant. The gold in the river was going to be put to good use, after all. While it won't last them forever like the Lannister mines, it would be enough to support the sudden influx of people.

"Go on. Move. Get to work," Wylis ordered. "I've duties of my own. Brandon, get the men training. Find the ones worth shaping into lieutenants, captains, and commanders. I told you what I want this army to be. See it done."

As Wylis knew how big his grand army was going to become one day, he had decided to start plotting for it right away. Keeping distinct ranks, at least the basic ones right now, would help in the long term.

"Lyanna, go to Qyburn, get this invitation to the homeless and orphans printed by the thousands. Then send men around the seven kingdoms to spread them. Brandon, hand them to the sailors as well; they'll spread them wherever they'll stop."

No bickering and questioning, the two Starks left his solar together, murmuring amongst themselves. Wylis didn't bother asking and headed out himself. Just because he caught someone or a new headache arose, he couldn't afford to delay the development of his city any longer.

He had to get the entire industrial district in shape and eventually start filling it. That was the only way he'd be able to employ a giant population after the construction boom.

Besides, he had another area to work on.

The entire massive walled private garden adjacent to the castle's northern side needed to be worked on. Trees, pathways, a resting pavilion, and a private training field of grass for himself and his children.

Lyanna will love it.

The privacy would allow the women to roam around, even ride horses, and feel less like birds in a cage.

####

Maidenpool, Riverlands,

Seven knows what overcame Diana that night. She was still not sure why she willingly went to bed with Lord Kaiser. More than that, she willingly avoided drinking the moon tea. Perhaps it was out of her desire for another child, and with her lord husband recently dead, it was then or never.

There was guilt, however. A lot of it.

But once Diana saw her newborn son's face, all that guilt vanished and changed into absolute adoration, love, and maternal instincts.

She had sons. One died in the rebellion, and the other was old enough and already the new Lord of Maidenpool. But he was still rather soft and timid. If not for Lord Kaiser's intervention, she believed House Mooton would have lost everything and faded into obscurity.

Now, just as Lord Kaiser had promised, his ships had started anchoring at Maidenpool's port, using the many large storehouses that had been constructed. The destroyed part of the town had mostly been rebuilt, and it was all done on loans taken from Lord Kaiser.

Taking all of that into account, she couldn't help but feel warm.

While what she had done was immoral, it also felt right. She wasn't old yet, and she had needs, and now she had the most beautiful babe in the realm. Big blue eyes, dark hair, and a toothy smile. The size of the babe was noticeable, much larger than any babe she'd seen.

Aye, it was Lord Kaiser's seed, alright. Remembering the night she delivered the babe, she couldn't help but chuckle.

"You nearly killed me coming out." Diana lovingly talked to him, her son she'd named Wylis. In honor of the man who saved Maidenpool and... she hoped doing this would counter any possible doubts. She hoped to play against common sense by naming the child after the secret father.

But then, one night, she noticed something.

"Hm?"

While little Wylis was already beautiful, she noticed how much more beautiful he'd gotten suddenly. And a strange intelligence had appeared in those blue eyes that didn't match a babe so young.

"Wylis?" She held the boy in her arms, frowning. "How..."

She blinked dumbly, wondering if she was imagining things. Her son was still getting more beautiful, like an ethereal glow was forming on his face. Perfect nose, lips, ears.

Seven! What magic is this?!

It took her hours to come to terms with what happened. And in the end, all she could imagine for an answer was...

The rumors must be true. Lord Kaiser has... magic in his blood... blood of the giants.

#####

Ramsgate,

[Strength - 3/10

Dexterity - 3/10

Intelligence - 1+2/10

Charisma - 2+5/10

Vitality - 2+3/10]

Wylis didn't think much before feeding the initial ten life points to his newborn son with Lady Mooton. Truth be told, he hoped she'd brag about it and get other highborn women to carry his child. That was why he gave so many points to Charisma, skyrocketing it to seven already, and ten was the upper limit, which only a handful of people in the world meet.

At least she'll have no regrets about sleeping with me now.

Finally, he sat up on his bed, stretching his thick arms. It was yet another morning, and a week had passed since the intruder incident. He'd spent all his time creating the canals, and then tunneling the massive sewer system. By now, four canals were already prepared, and only the final connection to the river needed to be made.

But that wasn't why he was excited that morning.

"Wake up, Lyanna." He eyed his gorgeous wife and poked her cheek.

"Go away."

She was angry at him. After all, he had been declining all sexual intimacy for the past five days. But he had a reason for that, as he wanted the surprise to be worth it. He wanted Lyanna to feel special again, loved and cherished as his one and only true wife.

"Are you sure? I was hoping to finally reveal the surprise I was working on and... you know what comes after."

"Let's go." Lyanna was up on her ass instantly, ready to jump off the bed.

"Hah!" Wylis laughed and pulled her roughly into his arms, kissing her lips with a possessive hold. Sometimes he forgets that they were both still in their early twenties, hence full of energy.

Lyanna straddled his lap right away and mauled his lips with kisses and soft bites. She soon started to ground herself on the thick log growing in his pants. And Wylis dug his fingers into her asscheeks.

They were both dressed in thin, cotton sleepwear, so they felt it all.

"Not now." Wylis had to begrudgingly stop. Truth be told, it was hell trying to hold back. Lyanna was everything he ever wanted, and even in bed, she was the she-wolf, always nudging him to go hard, rough, and surrender to the most basic, primitive, sexual needs.

"Mmmh..." Lyanna rumbled low in her throat as she slid off his lap. "This surprise better be the most fantastical rutting of my life, Wylis, or I'll never let you forget it. Touching myself just isn't the same."

"You touched yourself?" Wylis eyed her with a raised brow. "Hm... I'd love to watch you do that someday."

"Depends on your performance today, my love," she cheekily replied and walked away to get dressed in casual clothes. The usual morning routine was going and taking a bath in their private hot spring. It saved time as getting servants to fill a tub was too much work.

Wylis walked right after her, going for a bath himself. Though nothing happened in the spring because Ros and Ashara were there as well. Now, the rule said he could have them all at the same time if it was outside the bedchamber, but he was holding onto the whipped cream for later.

Afterwards came the sumptuous breakfast.

The big Ramsgate chickens had grown even bigger, and they tasted great. And having taught the cooks many new dishes, it was always something new for breakfast. The daily menu was Anna's job, however. She also took into account the children who would eat.

Brandon and Benjen also joined soon after. Brandon was excited, having received word from Barbrey that she'd soon be visiting. Benjen was just Benjen, having eased into the new life and already becoming the favorite uncle to the kids, as he always played with them.

As Wylis ate, he discussed the matters. The constructions going on, and the need for more hands.

"Ashara, you'll come with me to Lord Hornwood's halls. Bring Arthria too. The girl should see a bit of the world beyond these walls," Wylis said, looking at the violet-eyed beauty.

"I will... serve yo—"

"Huh?" Wylis cut in. "Serve? No. You're going as my woman. You're mine, and I'll not have the Gods or their laws say otherwise."

Wylis panned his gaze across the table.

"I keep some of you from sight for your safety, not from shame. Gods know I'd sooner stand on my walls and shout of the fair women who chose to share my home. You're no servants here, not one of you. You're my women, each and all."

But then he noticed some of them were looking at Lyanna.

"Worried about Lyanna?" he asked.

Taking his cue, Lyanna cleared her throat and spoke. "Are we truly having this talk? Ashara, you carry another child. Ros, you have only just given birth. Your Grace is with babe as well. Wenda has already blessed us with two little ones, and I love all the little ones as my own.

"I know what Wylis fears. I am rather short and slight, and he worries that childbirth might one day take me from him. I fear it too. That's why I'm so happy you're all here with me, to help me share this big brute of a man."

"..."

Wylis stared at his wife. He didn't know she was aware of his deeper fears. That was exactly why he had delayed impregnating her again. He was working on more medical tools and procedures to ensure her safety.

And naturally, due to the nature of his relationship with the women, Wylis knew he needed to affirm his desire and feelings towards them from time to time, so they wouldn't feel neglected or like a burden. And clearly, Lyanna understood that as well.

"Ugh... I don't know if I should envy this fucker or curse him." Brandon grumbled from his seat. "You were lucky you found my sister."

Wylis nodded. "Aye, I feel the same, my friend. Now, back to work, all of you. Lady Elia, bring me the population record. Ashara, help me write a few ravens. Benjen, Lyanna, see the men drilled in blade and bow. Brandon, have a look at the ships as well."

Urgently, all those who had eaten got up and went to work.

Rhaella remained in place; her duty was watching over the children, something she loved doing. Besides, she carried one herself. Wenda was also there to protect, but she would at times teach the men how to swing the blade.

Wylis kept himself busy the entire day. He wrote ravens, taught a few things to Qyburn, inspected the printing press, the penicillin farm, and the chemical lab. Afterwards, he inspected all the ongoing constructions in the administrative district, then the tree felling in the industrial district. Finally, he checked the ships, picking those he planned to send to Essos with Archmaester Ebrose.

Finally, as the sun began to set, he found Lyanna in the stables, brushing Caliburn's mane, even braiding it.

"Seems the big boy is getting babied." Wylis walked inside, eyeing the big horse. He could feel how happy Caliburn was, loving the brushes.

"He deserves it," Lyanna said. "He's been with you through so many battles and adventures. He's family, and I feel he can understand what I'm saying most of the time."

"He can."

"What?!"

Lyanna turned towards him.

"He understands what we feel and what we mean, not the exact words. If I tell him to go, fetch help, or carry something, he knows. In turn, I can sense when he needs something through his emotions. We share a... strong bond."

"That's incredible," Lyanna muttered and patted Caliburn on the snout. "He's always been an odd one."

"Aye, that he is. Now come along, you two. Caliburn, you're with us. I'll need someone to guard the place. Besides, it's as much a surprise for you, finally a place you can roam around and laze freely."

[Fascinated.]

Instead of walking, Wylis climbed onto Caliburn's back. Although there was no saddle, the big horse knew how to move without shaking too much. Then, he pulled Lyanna up as well, in front of him, holding her sideways.

"Walk into the main keep, Cali."

"Neighehe!"

"Where are we going?"

"To a place you'll probably be spending most of your time from today," Wylis said, steering Caliburn to take a turn once inside the guarded main keep.

Soon, they crossed a new, high, double door which led them to a lowering slope.

The slope led them into a rather wide tunnel. The torches illuminated it well enough. And moments later, they arrived at the tunnel's edge. Since the castle sat on a high mesa, they ended up reaching the tunnel's end, which was an opening inside that mesa's edge, overlooking the moat.

"So that's what you were working on?"

Wylis said nothing and kept moving. A drawbridge was there, taking them over the deep, watery moat. The metal gate beyond it was open, revealing hints of greenery.

"I hated that you and others couldn't go out to take a walk. Forced to stay within the castle, with only the little garden and the spring for comfort. It wasn't enough. I wanted to give you a small forest of our own, with flowers, a quiet pavilion to sit and eat, and a grassy training field where our children could play, ride, and learn the sword and bow."

Wylis let the scenery do the magic. He slowed Caliburn, who himself seemed interested in this new region unlocked for him to wander.

Already, Wylis had lit up all the oil lamps on the metal posts along the way. And as the sun set, the view was mesmerizing in the dim light. He squeezed his arms harder around her slim waist and hugged her.

The area was nearly half the size of the entire new administrative district. The best part about this walled forest was that it was completely private, only accessible from within the main keep where Wylis and the women lived. Not even guards were allowed in there. Even if the guards were to patrol the boundary walls of that forest, they wouldn't see anything happening inside due to the trees.

It was private and beautiful. The oil lamps illuminated the wide path. Each side had countless trees, and the road's edges were lined with flowers. Lyanna hadn't spoken since the beginning, even as they arrived at the resting pavilion.

It was a raised structure made of stones with a four-sided, slanted, tiled roof. It had no walls or doors, just an airy place to sit and relax. Four of its sides had oil lamps, making sure one could be there even at night, as they were.

But instead of stopping, he led the horse further, and then took a left to arrive in front of another hot spring, walled from one side by large boulders. Still, Lyanna said nothing, so Wylis turned back and took her further into the forest eastward, finally arriving at the large clearing.

It was the trailing field, large enough to ride your horse in circles. Oval in shape, it was surrounded by green hedges, and the ground was grassy. Six oil lamps kept the entire field decently illuminated; the rest was the moon's job.

Other than those three locations, the entire area was covered in multiple varieties of trees. He chose not to build too many things there as the trees were preferred for the fresh air.

"Wylis..."

Finally, he heard Lyanna speak. Her voice came out gentler than usual.

"Must have been hard to make all this."

Wylis hummed with a nod, looking around as Caliburn stood still in the middle of the training field. "I wouldn't say hard. But it sure took time. Had to uproot and drag a few hundred trees myself. I just called it regular training and did it. Had to build the pavilion with my hands, though. My powers lack finer details. Spring was easy—"

Before he could continue, he felt Lyanna stir a lot and suddenly leaned forward, escaping his hold. She turned her entire body around whilst they were still on Caliburn's back. How she did that was something even poor Caliburn was shocked by, staring back with a side eye. The woman was really athletic.

"Wylis." Lyanna was face to face with Wylis now, her hands reached up to his face, her thumb rubbing over his lips while her eyes were... moist?

"What happened?" Wylis asked with a frown. "Did I miss something?"

"No, you missed nothing, and that's the problem. How do you do this?"

"Uh? Do what?" He asked back, a little confused. "Earthb—"

"Read my mind," Lyanna whispered, leaning in closer, using his hands on her bottom to lift herself higher so her lips could brush his. "Every time I start doubting whether I still live in your heart, you do something that shows me how foolish I'm being. Gods, let this woman feel angry for once."

Huh?

Wylis just squeezed her bottom harder and pulled her in against his chest. "I'm not sure how to say it plain, but I love you... a lot. More than I can reckon. If anyone tried to take you from me, I'd raise a hundred rebellions without a second thought. Or... I'd happily give up all this, my gifts and everything, if you're content in living like this, just nobles of Ramsgate—"

"Shh... What kind of woman would I be if I held my husband back from growing? You told me the truth before you ever asked me to marry you. You gave me every chance to walk away, and I still chose this life with you. So never say something so foolish again.

"I'm simply... I'm a woman, Wylis, and you're all I have. You're closer to me than any of my blood. I fear that one day... You'll meet some woman out there and just... forget me."

Wylis hummed and tried to think. Was there any such woman out there? Definitely not. Lyanna was the peak of his luck beside the Tyrant's Squire, and his god-gifted, strong body.

"And then you do something like this, and I feel awful for thinking those things. I feel so guilty for doubting you, and I hate myself a little for it."

Wylis finally pulled her in and kissed her lips. He didn't want to hear more of her self-deprecating thoughts.

The chirping of the insects around. The night was finally upon them.

Wylis shut his eyes as her lips claimed his, sinking into the smooth, intoxicating warmth of Lyanna's mouth. How dare she doubt herself like that? How dare she think for even a heartbeat that she wasn't everything to him?

He felt her tongue eagerly slip out to wet his lips before sliding boldly between them. Both of her small hands dove roughly into his thick hair, fingers twisting and tugging as she rubbed her face against his with a needy little hum.

Caliburn shifted beneath them with an impatient snort, but neither cared.

She somehow tasted like wild berries, sweet and tart, and utterly his. All the pent-up hunger he'd buried those past few days exploded inside his chest. His cock surged under his breeches, pressing insistently against her inner thigh.

Wylis groaned into her mouth and sank his large hand deep into the waves of her hair, holding the back of her head. He kissed her harder, deeper, his tongue lathing hungrily against hers.

Their shared breaths came rough and ragged, the only sounds breaking the air as they devoured each other. Every slick slide of tongue and every needy whimper she fed him only made his shaft throb harder.

"We should head to the pavilion. Poor Caliburn's gonna have a backache at this rate." He broke the kiss finally.

[Relaxing. Content.]

He chuckled at that quick response from the lovable horse below. Still, he wanted to let Caliburn roam around and have fun.

"Take us back to the pavilion, Cali."

As Caliburn moved, Lyanna started kissing him again. He could feel her heartbeat against his chest; it was thumping fast and loud. So he gave her just what she wanted.

Wylis's right hand slipped under her coat, into the waistband of her training trousers. His fingers glided over warm, smooth skin until he gripped the perfect handful of her cloud-like ass cheeks. They yielded under his rough palms like warm butter, the kind of curves that made a man forget the realm.

He groped greedily, kneading her flesh before sliding one thick finger down the middle crack, dipping lower until the tip of his finger brushed the scorching heat of her pussy. Aye, this was his

wife, drenched at the mere thought of lying with her husband. What more could any man ask for?

"Ooooooh!" Lyanna arched her back at the sudden teasing.

He didn't push his finger inside yet, just rubbed the thick digit slowly up and down her needy lower lips, coating it in her slippery nectar while she ground down desperately against his hand, chasing more friction.

"We're here."

Wylis broke the kiss once more. Before jumping down from Caliburn's back, he pulled Lyanna fully onto his lap so her slender legs wrapped tight around his thick waist. Holding her securely against him, he landed heavily on the ground, boots thumping into soft grass.

"Boy, go around, enjoy. Take a bath in the spring if you want."

Immediately, Caliburn trotted away with a sassy snort, leaving them alone.

Wylis carried his light wife effortlessly in his powerful arms as he strode into the lantern-lit pavilion. He had prepared everything earlier: an ice-box with chilled drinks nearby and a thick pile of soft bedding laid out invitingly in the center of the floor.

"So, would you like to drink first or—"

"Ugh!" Lyanna nearly clawed at his hair, clearly impatient. "Drink me!"

"Alright, then." Wylis took her words literally, a grin flashing across his face.

He walked straight to the edge of the bedding and knelt, gently laying Lyanna down on her back on the soft furs. He grabbed her boots and tossed them aside carelessly, then seized the waist of her trousers and yanked them off in one swift pull, exposing her slender legs.

The rest Lyanna did herself in frantic need, shoving her coat away and ripping her tunic up and over her head, until she lay completely naked on the bedding in all her pale, Stark glory.

She slid back further on the bedding, head resting on the pillow, then smirked and slowly spread her fluffy thighs apart. Her pink flower bloomed open for him, slick folds glistening with arousal, radiating wet heat.

Wylis stared dumbly for a second, still on his knees, drinking in the sight. His eyes devouring every inch; first her dripping pussy, then her toned belly he planned to swell, her pink-tipped breasts, and finally her flushed, mischievous face.

Wylis stripped his own clothes with haste. His breeches were thrown aside, his cloak landing haphazardly on the support beams, until he was fully naked. He dropped down onto his belly

between her legs, large hands sinking into the plush flesh of her thighs and spreading them even wider as he buried his face flat against her soaked pussy.

"Ummmmm! Oh, Wylis!"

Wylis ate her like a starving man. No patience, only hunger. His broad tongue dragged from the bottom of her dripping core all the way up to her swollen nub, lapping up her sweet nectar. He sealed his lips around her sensitive pearl and sucked greedily, tongue slithering and swirling in relentless circles while her soft thighs quivered violently around his head.

One of his palms hooked under her knee, pushing her leg higher until her ankle dangled helplessly in the air, opening her completely to his hungry mouth. He groaned deeply into her cunt as he devoured her, his own heavy cock aching under him, trapped against the bedding as he feasted without mercy.

"Aaaaaaaaah! Harder!" Lyanna cried out, her fingers twisting in his hair, yanking his face harder against her slobbering pussy.

Wylis ground his mouth greedily, eating her whole. His broad tongue split her folds open with long, ruthless strokes while his coarse beard scraped and tickled the sensitive skin of her inner thighs and swollen lips.

"Umm..." Wylis hummed into her leaking core as he devoured without pause. Somehow, she tasted fucking divine to him, maybe because he loved her with every inch of his soul. Or maybe she simply had the most perfect, addictive cunt.

"Oh! I'm coming! Love... I'm... aaaaaah!" Lyanna's hips danced wildly against his face.

Wylis kept her legs locked in place, pressing up under her thighs until her knees folded wide beside her breasts. He pounded his face into her drenched pussy, rubbing his lips and chin all over her, flicking and lashing her swollen clit with the flat of his tongue. He loved it all, her taste, her scent, and the warmth.

"Y-Yessssss! Oh, Gods!"

Lyanna's entire body seized in his grip. Her hips jerked up, and a hot gush of her release flooded his mouth, soaking his beard.

Wylis stayed right there, fucking her straight through it with his relentless tongue, lapping and sucking without mercy. No matter how messy it was or how filthy his face grew with her juices, he kept gulping.

He kept at it even after the worst of her climax had passed, working her through the soreness. His tongue and lips brushed over her sensitive petals, making her twitch and whimper from the overwhelming stimulation.

"S-Stop... Let me now!"

"No, I want to be inside you," Wylis growled, finally lifting his glistening face from between her thighs to look up at her face, framed between her breasts. "Can't wait anymore."

"Heh, lie down." Lyanna giggled breathlessly and dragged herself back on her elbows before sitting up.

She pushed firmly at his broad shoulders, forcing the massive man onto his back on the bedding, then quickly straddled his hips with athletic grace.

But instead of sinking onto him right away, she rocked her hips teasingly, keeping his fat cock slanted as she rubbed her soaking wet pussy lips along the thick underside of his shaft, gliding up and down the veined length in slow, titillating strokes.

She was completely seated on top of his massive frame, perched like a queen on her throne. Her legs had to spread wide just to straddle him; her knees didn't even touch the bedding beside his hips.

Then she leaned forward, and being so much shorter, she had to lift her hips higher as well, until only the blunt, swollen cockhead kissed teasingly against her dripping entrance.

She lay flat on his chest, her handful breasts pressing against his sculpted muscle, and then... she licked his entire face possessively.

"Made you dirty, didn't I? Let me clean first."

It was her own nectar coating his beard and cheeks, and Lyanna licked every drop with her warm tongue, giggling and moaning softly the entire time like a naughty little she-wolf.

"Oh?" Lyanna felt his thick cock twitch under her and realized just how sensitive he already was.

"Can't let it waste." Quickly, she sat up straight again, knees forced apart as she struggled to balance on his huge body. She used her heels for leverage to raise her hips, then reached down and grabbed his cock.

Her slender fingers strained around his girth, the sheer size of him both thrilling and terrifying in the best way. She stared down at the angry red cockhead, veins pulsing with raw need.

"You..." She lined the swollen cockhead with her entrance and slowly began to ease herself down. "Rip me... apart... each time and... I fucking love it!"

Lyanna was on cloud nine, floating in pure bliss. Was she a little too obsessed with fucking her husband? Perhaps, and she felt no shame in it whatsoever. She loved him and loved every brutal, magnificent inch of his body.

"Oh!" She looked down to see how much she had taken, and a sharp gasp escaped her as she felt the tight, throbbing stretch deep in her belly.

It felt like he was rearranging her insides with his girth. Even with only half his length buried inside her, a clear bulge was already visible on her toned stomach, rising obscenely with every shallow breath.

Then she lifted her gaze to his face; his brows creased in strain, teeth gritted. Oh, that face made everything worth it, seeing her big, strong lover so hopelessly on the verge of losing himself.

"Not so soon, my love. At least let me take you—Ooooooh! Not like that!"

Before she could say it, Wylis's large hands seized her waist in a bruising grip, and he thrust his hips up into her with savage force, slamming his entire cock inside her in one brutal stroke.

The intrusion was sudden and burning, his impossible thickness lodging deep inside her all at once. It stung, it was too much, and yet it felt perfect. She was hopelessly stuck on his cock, her moist walls forced to adjust around the invading girth as her womb screamed in shock and welcome.

"Oooooh!"

She couldn't speak or even breathe properly. Her mind felt as numb as her cunt, completely overwhelmed by the stretch. She stared down at him with glassy eyes, lips parted wide, her shorter body trembling atop his massive frame.

She felt his cock throb violently inside her, swelling even thicker, ready to spill. "Yes! Pour it all in me! Yes!"

And so she felt it.

Lyanna's eyes widened as the first powerful throb pulsed through his girth, stretching her walls even further. Then came the heavy, rhythmic pumps. Thick, hot cream erupted straight against her cervix in watery spurts. So much of it, flooding her deepest places, filling every tiny space his cock hadn't already bruised. She could actually feel the pressure building inside her belly as rope after rope painted her womb.

She stared down in awe as he started to leak out of her, the creamy batter escaping because he left so little room inside her tight cunt. She knew she was quite shorter than her man, but... to her personally, it made everything far more delicious.

"Mmmmm! There's so much... I'm definitely... going to... be pregnant." Lyanna cooed, eyes nearly rolling.

"Aye... You're pregnant."

"Can't be sure. Let's continue," Lyanna murmured, still rocking her hips lazily even as her stuffed cunt was dripping.

"The seed has taken home, Lyanna. Believe me," Wylis repeated. How could he not? He got the notification already.

[Name: Lyanna Stark

Age: 21

Occupation: Daughter of Lord Stark, Wife, Best Friend

Current Loyalty: 100%

Status: Impregnated]

Before Lyanna could feel disappointed, Wylis moved.

He pushed her gently off his lap and made her lie down beside him, her back toward him. He turned sideways as well, propping himself on one elbow, and threw his free hand under her top leg, spreading that one thigh open.

"Don't mean we must stop, my love," Wylis whispered against her ear.

Thanks to his towering stature, he could see everything perfectly in this position. Her flushed skin, her dripping pussy still clenching greedily. He pushed his elbow further against the pillow and slid that arm fully under her head, then cradled her head securely between his thick biceps and palm, holding her close

"Put it in, Lyanna."

"Wylis." Lyanna stared up at his face as he leaned down to peck her forehead. With a little giggle, she reached down, gulped at his relentless erection, and guided the still-hard cock back to her cum-slick entrance. "Don't... be gentle."

"..."

That was Lyanna for you.

Wylis rolled his hips forward and slid his cock all the way back into her in one long, smooth thrust, groaning low at the tight, silky sensation that instantly enveloped him. Her pussy walls were still fluttering wildly around his rod, milking him with greedy little spasms that made his balls draw up tight.

He couldn't go slow; not an inch of him wanted to. His hips pulled back and rammed back in, pounding into her with greed. Over and over as her cunt squelched and spurted, more of his cream came out every time he rammed in deep.

His hand gripped her thigh harder as her body jolted up, sliding against his sweating chest. Her ass bloomed with a harsh flush as his hips slapped against her ruthlessly.

Plap! Squelch! Plap!

"Aaaaaah! Yes!"

Lyanna felt so warm and protected. Feeling his large, muscular body pressed against her back made her feel safe and small, and with his cock buried so deep inside her, she felt thoroughly fucked, exactly what she had been craving for days.

Plap! Plap!

Moments later, he released another load inside her, flooding her already-full womb with fresh ropes of hot seed while her cunt clenched and fluttered around him in helpless ecstasy.

####

"Ooooooh!"

This was Lyanna's favorite position, having her husband on top of her, slamming into her while his thick arms kept her legs splayed open.

It stretched her joints dangerously wide, the burn in her hips sharp and sinful, yet she couldn't get enough of the way his tall, broad frame covered her completely, like an oversized quilt of pure muscle.

Plap! Plap! Plap!

She loved staring up at his straining face as he rammed into her balls-deep with every brutal thrust.

She had already bitten her lip bloody a few times and came at least twice more in this position alone, her body shaking under him, but every aching stretch and deep plunge was worth it.

####

She didn't know how much time had passed. Perhaps three hours had gone by. It was night already, the dark kind. Yet, even after half a dozen different positions and more than a dozen of her climaxes, and three of his, they were still doing it.

Lyanna was already sore at this point, every thrust bringing only a faint burning sensation deep inside her well-used cunt. She was too tired to move on her own anymore, her limbs loose and heavy, yet she loved every second of it.

This was the strangest walk in the garden imaginable. Wylis had lifted her into his arms, broad hands gripping her ass and thighs as he carried her in front of him. She hugged his thick neck tightly, her cheek pressed flat against his collarbone. She couldn't even cross her legs properly behind his waist, leaving her completely at his mercy.

He lifted her high and then slammed her down onto his flesh pole, impaling her from tip to hilt with every powerful step. She came again and again, moaning, crying out, her body convulsing helplessly around him as he walked.

During that whole time, Wylis kept strolling casually along the grassy path through the private forest, still stuffing her dripping pussy full of his cock with every step.

"W-What if... Cali... sees us?" She gasped between moans, clinging tighter.

"Uh! He's into mares... Lyanna."

"Hmm... Well..." She giggled and sank her teeth into his collarbone. "I got my-ah! Stallion... too—Oh!"

Plap! Plap!

"This is the last one," Wylis warned, gripping her against his chest. He bent his knees slightly and used his hands to bounce her hips faster along his shaft, shoving his cock even deeper with each thrust.

Slosh! Plap! Plap!

Globs of their mixed cream spilled onto the grass below with every wet impact.

"Ah! Ah! Ooooooh! You're... breaking me! Don't stop!" Lyanna sank her nails into his back.

Then, finally, he slammed in to the hilt and ground her pussy hard against his base, holding her there as they both soared over the edge.

"Gah!"

They came at the same time, perfectly in sync. Lyanna's walls clamped down around him while Wylis's cock pulsed and erupted deep inside her, flooding her already overflowing cunt with another load of his baby batter. Their sticky juices spilled out around his buried shaft in hot, creamy rivulets, dripping down his balls and her thighs onto the grass below.

In that moment, their mouths crashed together in a fierce kiss, moaning and gasping into each other's lips, tongues tangling desperately as wave after wave of shared ecstasy rolled through them.

"Let's go and eat supper with the rest now. I'll do you more in bed later."

"More?" Lyanna jolted, eyes widening. "You brute!"

Wylis smirked, walking back toward the pavilion with his cock still lodged inside her, keeping her impaled and leaking. "No, just obsessed with this tight little cunt."

"Umm... Then..." She hummed softly against his neck. "Let me taste it first."

"As you wish, my lady."

Quickly, the two got dressed. But Wylis had to help her because Lyanna could barely stand. Her legs wobbled even at the slightest hint of a step.

"Damned be jealousy." Lyanna cursed as they walked very slowly back towards the castle. "Thank the Gods it's not my task alone to take you each night. I'd be dead otherwise."

Wylis laughed, keeping her close, letting her hold his arm for balance. "You asked me to be rough."

"Well, can't find fault in a woman just enjoying herself. It's the aftermath... uh, the soreness."

"I'll give you a tongue massage before sleep then."

"No, I know you'll end up sliding that fat log in me again. But... I won't mind it in the morning."

"Is that so?" Wylis shifted suddenly and scooped her up in his arms like a princess. "Let me help you save some energy for it."

"Oh, how thoughtful of you, my prince charming." Lyanna dramatically sent him a flying kiss. "By the way, what do you think about Lady Hornwood?"

"..."

He gawked at his wife's face. The audacity of this woman.

"She's a Manderly, too. I say, fuck her and breed her too. She'll help influence Lord Hornwood once she's taken that monstrosity in her cunt."

"..."

Wylis lacked words to describe what he felt for his woman. In her own words, she doubted herself at times, and then in times like these, she suggested he bed more women. Lyanna Stark was a walking contradiction that he dearly loved.

"Lyanna, by any chance, do you hate the Manderlys?"

"Hate? Not one bit. But I know your ambitions well enough. One day, the Manderlys will see you as a threat to their White Harbor. So before they do, why don't you just breed all the Manderly women and conquer their minds the way you conquered mine—"

"I'm not a witch, Lyanna."

"Says the man who puts witches to shame."

"..."

"It's not witchcraft."

"Seems just that to me, my love."

"Getting cheeky now, are you?"

"Always have been."

"I guess I'll be a bit harsher tonight. You just earned some punishment."

"Oh, threatening me with a good time? Don't tempt me, Lord Wylis Kaiser."

He stared at his wife in his arms, grinning like a fool. And then, he lifted her higher and pecked her lips.

Gods, how much he loved this woman.

####

Dungeons, Ramsgate,

It wasn't the dungeon where the prisoners were kept. No, it was the dungeon where inventions happened. The large, long corridors with many rooms where Qyburn worked, where the printing press made copies, and where Wylis usually made first iterations of his discoveries.

That day, Wylis worked with a lot of wood and iron to create three machines that would one day turn Ramsgate into a textile powerhouse and give jobs to thousands of women. The first thing he built was a water-powered mechanical cotton gin. But it could also be powered by hand, by turning a crank handle.

However, since Wylis had plenty of engineering knowledge, he chose to make some improvements over the basic design of a cotton gin. The basic gin pulled too hard and broke fibers. Shorter fibers meant weaker threads. So, he made the teeth finer and smoother. The next part was keeping the machine at an even speed. For that, he planned to install a flywheel, but not on the machine, instead on the mechanism that would connect to the water wheel.

Finally, he added two rollers that would pull the cotton in at a steady rate, creating a feeding system.

Next in the pipeline was turning the fibers smooth. For that, he made a hand-cranked carding machine. He made two cylindrical rollers with fine wire teeth, one big and one small. Making those teeth was a journey in itself, but his blacksmithing abilities were useful. Sadly, he couldn't mass-produce them yet.

After that, it was as easy as turning the hand crank. He fed the cotton in, the teeth grabbed and pulled fibers apart, and aligned them in one direction. It created a soft sheet of fibers after that. He then pulled that sheet out and then ran it four or five more times through the machine, and eventually, started pulling the fibers from one end of the roller, creating a loose, continuous rope which would then go for spinning.

This one was a lengthy process that Wylis hoped to solve later. For now, he moved onto the spinning wheel. It was a simple wooden machine with a foot paddle. One could work with it by just placing a chair beside it.

Wylis added a high-ratio drive wheel so it would spindle faster. He added a flyer system with adjustable tension to keep it uniform. Then he added a drafting zone, which would stretch the fibers to a decided length before being twisted.

It took Wylis many tests to calibrate the machine to the perfect twist per inch.

Twisting too little would make the yarn weak, too much would make it wiry. He had to find the perfect balance to make it strong. Besides, he decided to conduct this spinning in a humid place, like some regions of his dungeon. That would add to the thread quality. But it would take training to make people learn how to make even threads.

In the end came the biggest and most important machine that would be used in the industrial district. A full-sized water-powered power loom. The sheer number of components it had made him insane. And he needed to make multiple of them. But for now, he planned to get Chett to turn the crank handle to test the machine.

Wylis also knew of the process called mercerization. By treating the yarn with cold, concentrated caustic soda, he could improve fiber strength and gloss. But that was a long process, and he would need to work on it a lot before trying it on an industrial scale. For now, just increasing the output of cotton to cloth was enough to earn him shiploads of gold.

For now, he was happy just applying some starch to it. And that was enough. Once he built the first power loom, he showed it to Qyburn, Chett, and the women. He had baggy eyes by then, even the kids had started to notice.

But since he had documented all the steps and diagrams, he hoped to find talented carpenters and blacksmiths to make many of these. But first, he'd need to get them recorded in the Royal Registry for Invention and Discovery Rights.

"It feels so much better." Rhaella felt the sheet of fabric Wylis had made for testing.

It was simple, white in color, but it was the first cloth made in Ramsgate, and he was damn proud of it. And if a woman like Rhaella, who knew all about luxury, felt it was better, then it was damn better.

"Aye, I'd jump into the sea if that wasn't the case after this much work," Wylis complained, tiredly sitting on the chair beside the spinning wheel, still making yarn. He'd gotten used to it by that point.

"Bah! You look good doing this, Wylis," Brandon barked. "Drop the sword swinging, make clothes."

Wylis noticed a hint of mockery. Brandon saw this work beneath a knight. "It'll earn Ramsgate coin from across the world."

"I knew a tailor in Winter Town," Brandon added. "Even he loved to play with swords. Used to get loud at night. Father once sent me to investi—"

Wylis got up, shaking his head. "I only meant to show you what's kept me from supper these past nights. Truth is, we haven't the hands to work these machines and make cloth in any great number. So we wait, and keep ourselves ready."

"It will succeed," Elia murmured, feeling the fine weave between her fingers as Rhaella presented the cloth. "This is the sort of craftsmanship nobles pay a fistful of gold for. Yet you've made the process orderly, almost graceful. With steady hands at each machine, the cloth can be made again and again without loss of quality. My lord, it won't just be the realm that will desire Ramsgate's fabrics. The wider world will hunger for them. And this time, not just nobles or merchant princes, but even those of modest means."

Jesus! She understood the division of labour fast. And the concept of scalability.

Wylis was surprised and intrigued by Elia's quick thinking. He quickly made up his mind to write some books about basic business concepts and hand them to her. That was one thing he'd learned to master in his past life, after all. Inheriting a multi-billion-dollar company meant his job was all about managing things.

"That is right," Ashara added. She, along with Elia and Rhaella, was one of only three who had seen the peak of nobility, the royal court. "My lord, if you need hands to man these machines, I'm willing to help."

"No." Wylis refused right away. He knew how harsh raw cotton was to the hands. And the last thing he wanted was for these noble women to suffer. "That will only help briefly. I'll wait to find a permanent solution. Still, if you fancy making something for our children, I won't protest. They're little yet, won't give you much trouble."

That suggestion made all of the women excited.

"We'd love to," Wenda exclaimed.

"I'll make one for each!" Lyanna was a step ahead. "Wylis, teach us!"

"..."

"Look at me, woman. Feed me a little something first and sing me a lullaby to put me to sleep. I haven't seen my own bed in two whole nights."

"Of course, my love," Lyanna chirped and rushed to stand at his side and grab his arm to drag him. Ashara did the same on the other side, grabbing his arm.

"We'll feed you with our own hands, Wylis," Ashara said.

"Of course." Ros nodded.

Wylis eyed the women with suspicion, letting them pull him along. "Tell me, why do I feel like a pig being fattened and the blade's not far behind?"

"Not at all, my lord husband," Lyanna said with a playful grin. "We'll fill your belly, then you'll lie that handsome head on my lap for a nap. And when you're done snoring, you'll show us how to work these machines."

"How long do you mean to let me sleep?" He stared at his wife's face. "Ah, but your loss, I still haven't made the sewing machine which would turn out a full set of children's clothes in a day. But I suppose I must teach you these machines fir—"

"Sleep! Sleep as much as you want!" Lyanna declared. "I'll be right there beside you the whole time. And don't worry, Ashara, Ros, Wenda, Rhaella, and even Anna will be keeping you company."

Wylis gulped. "That... I'm afraid it will do more to keep me awake than help me sleep."

A few snorting laughs echoed behind him.

Bickering with them and joking, he soon arrived at the small supper hall. Since it was past supper time, his gorgeous wife and his paramours brought him food themselves, set him a plate, and even fed him.

Though he didn't like Brandon seated across from him, stuffing his face with another serving of supper.

"Benjen left?" He asked, eyeing the wild wolf with a serious glint in his eyes.

"Aye. Left with Chett and five lads. Should be feasting with Lord Hornwood by now."

"Good. Very good."

Wylis just nodded and smiled, accepting another spoonful of delicious meat stew. But he could swear it tasted better because Rhaella was feeding him. What a beautiful sight to behold, her smile so kind and true.

Yet, his mind was in turmoil with too many things to do. The Boltons, the Freys, and the Flints were already aiming for him. He just hoped this Hornwood deal would go through.

This damn quest. I can't fail this one.

Ting!

Wylis' jaw tightened at the notification. Not a quest, but just an update to an ongoing Main Quest 'Art of Naval War'.

[..Goal - Stop the Ironborn from sinking your ships (3/10)]

Another ship was lost to the Ironborn.

While he had given the orders to leave the Sunset Sea completely, it wasn't easy to simply move all the ships away. Some ships were busy near Bear Island harvesting ice. They received word late, and hence, another casualty. At least that was what he believed for now. The raven would take days to reach him.

Damn Ironborn. I'll show you your fucking drowned god soon enough.



Ramsgate Private Forest

