

## **The Northern Tyrant [Game of Thrones] Chapter 55 - Cures, The Great Dragon, Succession Troubles & The Curse**

Despite the strength to lift entire horses. Despite the ability to slay a hundred men. Despite the ability to shape the very earth to his will. Wylis felt very weak. He didn't know if he could ever fall sick, even the worst of poisons had failed.

What he did know was that everyone around him wasn't him. Perhaps his children wouldn't fall sick, with him increasing their vitality. But what about the women? What about his friends? What about poisons? They would kill even Magnus.

After what happened to Rhaella that night, Wylis felt the fragility of the world in a way he'd never experienced personally. And knowing Ashara and Lyanna were merely a month from giving birth, he felt tense all the time.

In the days to come, he shut himself in the dungeon laboratories to work on all the medicines and vaccines he could realistically create. Further, he decided to write down all he knew about medicine and biology. He no longer cared about hoarding it. The more eyes that read it, the more experiments and results there would be. It was simply a matter of greater numbers.

Tetanus was one of the threats that always loomed. Wylis understood that in a society such as Westeros, where knowledge of sanitization and germs didn't exist, not just battlefields but even daily life was risky.

And considering how fatal it was, he chose to work on it right away. It would not only save men in his army, but also his family and Ramsgate's people.

But it wasn't an easy undertaking. The difficulty was far greater than penicillin and blood group finding. To make Tetanus Antitoxin, he had to do experiments, and horses were involved. Not Caliburn, of course, nor the breed related to Caliburn.

It was a gradual process, taking weeks. And eventually, harvesting the serum and testing it was also time-consuming. But the real issue was its scalability since it was so hard to produce. It could be made in his self-made, sterilized lab, but even then, it was only enough for a handful of people.

Still, it was better than nothing, and over time, he believed it could be evolved into long-term active immunization. In a similar way, he worked on Typhoid. And combining his planned city's hygiene standards, it would reduce the risk to begin with.

For medicines, he worked on Aspirin by extracting salicylic acid from willow bark. It was good for pain, fever, inflammation, and even some heart issues. It wasn't the hardest of medicines to make, and it was in the realm of science he had already discovered and taught Qyburn. All it needed was a basic distillation setup.

Nitroglycerin was also an option for heart issues. But Wylis decided to keep it private and never write it anywhere. It was an extremely explosive compound.

Little things mattered, and that was what Wylis focused on. Yet, he knew it wasn't enough, so he added more focus on surgical tools, methods, and types of surgeries. He wrote them down instead of experimenting personally. Qyburn was especially delighted with them.

*What else?*

Baggy eyes, he sat in the laboratory, thinking about what to build.

*Neonatal tools for emergencies.*

Quickly, he got to work again. Westeros needed a medical revolution, but that was going to take a long time. So, Wylis had made up his mind to force it on Ramsgate first.

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Rhaella hadn't left her bedchamber in half a moon now. She had grown tired of resting constantly, but it was an order from the Lord of the castle himself. The Maester said her body was still weak and required nurturing and rest to be ready to breathe outside air again.

She merely smiled and agreed. Seeing Wylis woeful made her miserable as well. The son she had given birth to was unusually active and full of vigor, and his beauty... She remembered Rhaegar when he was born; the women in the court had sung praises of his beauty. But now, holding the newborn.

*How many hearts will you break?*

She thought and smiled. The boy was ethereally beautiful, something akin to Arthria, but a little more. Looking at him made her feel as if it were magic. Those lilac eyes, dark hair, and his size itself stood out.

*The seed is quite strong.*

Having seen most of Lord Kaiser's children and having acted as a caregiver of those children in the castle at times, she couldn't help but feel awe at Lord Kaiser's ability to sire strong and beautiful children each time. Be it with a noblewoman or smallfolk like Ros or Anna, the children came out large, beautiful, and wise.

It filled her heart with joy. As strange as life had become for her, she felt content and happier now than ever. She wasn't the wife of the man whose child she gave birth to, yet that did not lessen her love for him. Wylis Kaiser was like a dream that came true, only a little too late.

But it was there now, and she was content.

Yet, there was sadness. The midwives and the Maester had warned her that her next childbirth could be her last. Hearing that after having promised many left her with a suffocating sensation in her chest.

"Give me your other arm, dear."

Rhaella shook herself from her thoughts and warmly smiled. The last person she expected to be this kind to her was Old Nan. Yet, there she was, being cared for by her. It embarrassed her a little, wondering what Old Nan thought about her. Perhaps an evil queen who stole her great-grandson.

"You ought to smile more, Your Grace. I see now why that big ox went chasin' after you. Your smile's kind and warm. Why, even an old woman like me can feel it."

Rhaella softly chuckled. "You are too kind, la—Old Nan."

She let Old Nan use a clean, wet cloth to wipe her arms. This was the usual routine before the night's sleep. Old Nan would even knead her limbs, saying that not doing it would delay her healing.

From her diet to her sleep, everything was as per Wylis' firm orders. What she ate, what she wore, how much she walked, and how much she slept. It was all written down and reported to him.

In a way, it was heartwarming. However, she wished to see him now. She wanted to tell him not to take the matter so harshly. The maids had informed her about Lord Kaiser locking himself in the dungeon to make medicines.

She wanted him to rest. She had been through so many miscarriages, stillbirths, and had lost children as young as months and as old as a year old. She wanted him to know how happy this healthy birth made her.

"Old Nan, I... have a request." She looked at the incredibly old woman. "I wish to see Wylis, yet he has not returned from the dungeons these past seven days. I... hope you might bring him out. I worry he is not caring for himself."

By then, Old Nan was tying her long, ashen-blond hair into a single, loose braid so she could sleep comfortably.

"Aye, I've heard it all. Lyanna told me the same, and I fear Wylis will suffer if he don't listen to her quicker. I'll fetch the lad by his ear tonight, don't you worry none, Your Grace. He'll be here before you close your eyes."

*Oh?*

Rhaella's brows hiked, a pinch of worry in her eyes.

*Forgive me, Wylis. I couldn't ask anyone else.*

#####

Wylis arrived in front of Rhaella's bedchamber door while rubbing one side of his face. Thankfully, it wasn't Old Nan who'd come to nag him, and the likelihood of him listening to her was low.

No, it was Lyanna who had run out of patience. She had threatened to barge into the lab and contaminate it if he didn't come out. And once he did, she jumped on him like an angry kitten and smacked her wolfish paws on his cheek.

Thankfully, they were alone. It wasn't good for him to be seen getting cursed and yelled at by a woman who barely reached his shoulder. But again, she was his wife, and the one woman he shared the deepest connection with.

In his defense, he was just working. Of course, he was dejected, but not because Rhaella couldn't have more kids. But by the fact that she almost died, and that he didn't have all the means to save them in the worst case.

Eventually, he calmed the she-wolf down. But instead of dragging him to the bedchamber, she sent him to Rhaella. He'd tried being there for her, and he was there with Rhaella during those initial nights. But until now, they hadn't talked about her reproductive health.

Knock! Knock!

He pushed open the door and entered, finding the large, quite lavish bedchamber lit by a few candles here and there. It was more akin to a small studio apartment to Wylis than a simple bedchamber. It just didn't have a bathroom and kitchen. The rest of the room was divided between a sitting area, a sleeping area, and a corner with a table and chairs akin to a solar. It was for writing letters.

"Rhaella?" He whispered her name and walked over to the bed. Beside the bed was a cradle in which the newborn was asleep. Daenerys wasn't there; at almost two years old, she was old enough to sleep with other kids, but still too young and likely to disturb Rhaella's recovery.

"My Lord? I hope Old Nan was not too harsh."

"She's too old to be harsh, Rhaella. Lyanna is the one worth worrying over." Wylis smiled as he circled the bed, shed his boots, and climbed beneath the covers. He shifted closer, slipping an arm behind her head to draw her against him. "Are you well?"

She snuggled into his arms, turning and throwing her arm over his chest, her head over his shoulder.

"I have been well these past few days, my lord. It is you who troubles my thoughts. You must not bear what happened as a burden. You saved my life, and I still live. Is that not what matters most?"

"And I am the reason it was in danger to begin with," he replied, tilting his head to look at her face. "Knowing well your history with childbirth, I still placed you in such danger—"

Rhaella pressed a finger to his lips. "Hush now. I love Viserys and Daenerys dearly, and I always shall. Yet I bore them from duty, not from love. With you... I longed for a babe made only from love. Never have I felt so cherished, so full of joy, whilst carrying a child. You have no right to steal that joy from me now, my love."

Wylis, speechless for a moment, just stared at her ivory face. The truth in her words was better reflected by her lilac eyes, big and watery and emotional. And seeing that, it only made him more alarmed. The idea of losing her, Lyanna, and the kids to some random disease or injury

that could've been treated in his past world. It suffocated him, because he had the knowledge, but he was one man with limited energy.

"I'm not angry, nor am I frustrated, Rhaella. I'm afraid. I know how to cure most diseases and tend most wounds, but each remedy requires a host of other inventions and countless things before it can exist. It is the helplessness of knowing I can't do it all that troubles me. Call me greedy if you wish, but the thought of losing you, all of you, and this life we have is what keeps sleep from me every night."

"Are you the Gods?" She asked.

Wylis frowned slightly. "No."

"Then how can you blame yourself for death? You do what lies within your power, and the rest is left to fate. You are Lord Wylis Kaiser, the strongest and wisest man I have ever had the blessing to know. Fear never living up to all that you might yet become. Heal what you can, prevail where you can, but do not expect to mend all things. I love you, as does Lyanna, and I'm sure even Elia feels it in her heart. We see these days because you saved us, and if I were to die now, I would die smiling."

Wylis let out a big exhale and squeezed her against his chest. The feelings he had for Rhaella could be described as a strange tickle in his chest. It was a funny feeling, one that made his heart beat faster.

He cherished her and wanted nothing but a smile on her face. The change between the time he saw her in Red Keep and now was like night and day. She felt bright, and looked even brighter.

"You are too kind, Rhaella. Too kind for this world."

"And look where it brought me?" Rhaella replied, and she pulled his other arm on her as well, hugging him. "Right where I always dreamt of. In the arms of a man I dearly love."

Wylis chuckled and leaned his face down, pecking her forehead. "Aye, in the shackles of a giant brute."

"Women dream and light candles for such fine shackles, my lord."

How could one not love a woman like her? Wylis couldn't tell. He just pulled her in tighter, and pecked her lips this time. Then he shifted down, lying flat in the bed. He had made up his mind; if he were going to get any sleep that night, it would be in her arms.

"You have no idea how happy you make me, Rhaella." He whispered, staring at her face as she lay turned towards him.

"I feel the same, Wylis," she said, her slender fingers brushing gently through the roughness of his stubble. "But there is still one very important matter we must speak of."

"Which is?"

"Naming our son. I've been waiting for you. I wished to find a name that is truly unique, but I could not. Perhaps I simply lack imagination. He has your warrior's blood and my Tar—"

Wylis caught her hesitation and gave her waist a quick squeeze beneath the quilt. "Targaryen. You may say it, Rhaella. There is no shame in it. Viserys and Daenerys are like my own children, and I have never minded that they do not bear the name Kaiser. But aye, our son is another matter. Dark-haired, violet-eyed, and built near the size of a giant."

"Looks of an angel," Rhaella added. "Do you have any name fitting for him?"

Wylis hummed, thinking for a long moment. He hadn't given it a thought before, expecting Rhaella to name him herself, as did most other women. He reckoned she would give him some Targaryen name.

"Our son..." He muttered loudly, constantly staring into the purple sea that was Rhaella's eyes. "He's meant for great things. He's my blood, so I know he will be wise and strong beyond any. He has your blood, hence he will be beautiful. And considering he's destined to ride a dragon again—"

"What?"

Wylis smirked, aware she would never believe him. "Dragons? Aye, I will bring back dragons to this world. I have a notion of how to."

"Impossible. There are no dragons left in the world."

"And have you seen the entire world? I shall go to the homeland of dragons in the far east if I must and tame one myself. But that is into the future; let us think of a name. My son must be wise beyond any to not only control a dragon, but be aware of how to utilise one. Perhaps he will rebuild the Valyrian Empire."

"..."

By then, Rhaella was entirely speechless, lips slightly apart, big eyes blinking cutely.

Wylis chuckled and kissed her forehead, announcing the name. "Aslan Kaiser, that will be his name."

"Aslan?" Rhaella murmured. "What does it mean?"

"It means Lion, though the meaning matters less than the one who bears it. Aslan, the Great Lion, is a godlike lion from a tale I know. He stands for justice and divine kindness, yet remains gentle, loving, and self-sacrificing. Fierce when he must be, and wise besides. I believe he must become such a man if he one day hopes to tame a dragon. And who knows? In time, he may earn the name Aslan, the Great Dragon."

"You would give him your name?" She asked.

Wylis frowned, as if offended. "Name? My beautiful Queen, I would give him my name, the blade, the coin, and the learning to become whatever he wishes. All my children shall bear my name. They may be called bastards now, but once Ramsgate is firm in its footing, I shall have Robert legitimize them."

Rhaella pursed her lips. "You mustn't. My ancest—"

"Aegon IV was a fat fool. He failed to set forth a clear line of succession. I have done so, and it is my will that Magnus inherit Ramsgate. But that doesn't mean my other children shall go without. In time, I'll hold enough lands and castles to grant each of them a seat to rule. Some in Westeros, and others across the Narrow Sea."

For a very long time, Rhaella was speechless. It was a lot to digest. Not only the suggestion of dragons, but also conquering lands in Essos. Yet, in her heart, she couldn't help but feel a thrill. Wylis was known for doing the impossible.

Yet, she said nothing and turned, her back against his chest. She pulled his arm over her and hugged it, all the while looking at the cradle by her bedside.

"Aslan," Rhaella muttered. "I hope to give you many more."

"No." Wylis embraced her tighter. "One is enough. For the rest of my days, all I want is you. Strong, healthy, wise, and mine."

"I am yours," she whispered back.

He smiled and pressed his chin into her hair, just breathing and silently calming in her warm presence. At the same time, he stared at the cradle, the Tyrant's Squire screen in front of him.

**[Aslan(Bastard) - Rhaella Targaryen**

**Life Points Available - 10]**

There were ten points available, and he allotted them.

**[Strength - 5+1/10**

**Dexterity - 1+1/10**

**Intelligence - 0+2/10**

**Charisma - 8+2/10**

**Vitality - 6+4/10]**

Wylis decided to put two into Charisma and max it out. He reckoned that since it was so close, it made sense. Then, he maxed out Vitality for one simple reason. Because Rhaella couldn't have more children, he knew it would break her if something happened to Aslan. Finally, he gave some to Intelligence, Dexterity, and Strength. Already, the boy was in a completely different class.

In fact, the boy was even above Magnus in Strength, Charisma, and Vitality.

*Truly a blessed one.*

Finally, he closed his eyes and let himself fall asleep.

####

A week later, Ramsgate,

Ting!

**[Side Quest Completed - An Empire Was Born**

**Description - Every journey begins with the first step. You have taken the first step to seize the world's wealth.**

**Goal - Establish ten factories.**

**Reward - Factory Worker Management Skill: Know who to place where.]**

Wylis relaxed back in the large chair of his top-floor solar in the tower. It was airy with the windows open, and plenty of sunlight fell inside.

He was in a trance, staring at the screen. The Side Quest had been completed, and the reward was exciting. Since it was never established how big the factories had to be, Wylis believed it just meant ten buildings in the industrial district, where each produced a different thing. And since the metalworks sub-district was nearing its completion, he had set up a small building each for horseshoe, nails, weights, and such.

And now, the quest was complete.

*This feels... amazing.*

It was somehow connected with the Fief's Map, and it allowed him to find the best workers for each role in his owned trades. Sadly, it only worked on folks already working for him in those factories. He could easily tell who should be a blacksmith, who should be keeping the ledgers, and so on.

*If I get the reward for this.*

Quickly, he opened the Fief's Map and looked at the details about Ramsgate. Since months had passed since his return from Winterfell, much had changed.

**[Land - 40,280 acres.**  
**People - 9,986**  
**Garrison - 503 Men**  
**GDP - ??? Golden Dragons**  
**Industries Main - Timber, Fish, Ice, Gold, Food**  
**Cities - 0**  
**Town - 1**  
**Villages - 13**  
**Ships - 40**  
**Fleets - 0**  
**Horses - 899**  
**Cows - 2,043**  
**Sheep - 13,767**  
**Goats - 5,009**  
**Super Chicken - 1,081]**

Ignoring the increase in livestock, he noticed the addition to Industries. Food and Gold had appeared on it, meaning it was now significant. His Garrison as well, increased from over a hundred to over five hundred now.

But the most significant increase was in the population. It now sat at 9,986, just fourteen away from reaching ten thousand, which would trigger a quest reward. One that he had been desperately needing. Reaching this population wasn't easy to begin with, but it appeared his plan of inviting the poor and orphans from across Westeros had worked. Moreover, some had come from the Winter Town.

With great hope, he looked at the quest in question.

### **[New Chain Quest (0/5) - A Tyrant's Lair**

**Description - A Tyrant's throne is heavy, and the more hands there are to carry it, the higher the throne shall rise. Raise Tyrant's Fief's population to 10,000.**

**Reward - Talent Hunter: There could be hidden ship captains, blacksmiths, economists, and healers amongst the poor by fate. Find them with ease.]**

It was a reward worthy of salivating. He imagined being able to instantly know the talent of each resident of Ramsgate. Being able to place the right people in the right places was something that could make or break a city.

*But this is only the first level. What's the reward for the next level? Maybe it will allow me to know the talent of everyone in the entire North. By the third, half of Westeros... or even the whole realm. That would be fantastic.*

The great thing about Ramsgate was that there was a job for everyone. He was working on so many things that talent was needed in every field. He had plenty of jobs for ten thousand people. Half of them were currently working to extract gold from the river, however.

Normally, nobles wouldn't show such haste to extract gold. They would do it slowly and use it wisely. However, extracting gold from the river meant nothing to Wylis but a simple quest goal. The real goldmine for him was the reward. The resource map of the entire North.

Still, he wasn't one to hate gold. His coffers were brimming, and he had built a special, enclosed dungeon room in his castle that could only be accessed with Earthbending or a special route of digging. Inside, he'd kept half a million Gold Dragons worth of gold ingots. It wasn't meant to be touched outside of emergencies like sudden wars, famines, and others. It was his own secret gold reserve.

Getting too excited, he took a deep breath and glanced at the large grandfather clock in the corner. It was late in the morning, and he was waiting for Barbrey and Brandon to arrive.

Knock! Knock!

Right then, the door opened, and Brandon walked in, as jolly as ever, but now with a bigger grin on his face. The man had every reason to be happy now.

"Gods, it's a fine bright day, Wylis! What do you say we have another go at dueling? This time in full fucking armor!"

Wylis scoffed. "You can't best me, Brandon. And though you're my brother, I will never promise Arthria's hand to your lad."

That was the thing between them. Ever since Lady Barbrey had birthed a strong, dark-haired boy, Brandon had been trying to fix the babe with Arthria. Wylis was against it, as he was against all betrothals. He didn't believe in that nonsense and wanted his children to choose their own partner.

"That's enough, Brandon. We aren't here to discuss that," Barbrey interrupted, walking in her usual, heavy, robbed attire. But now she held a babe in her arms. The name was Rickard, and Wylis didn't like it. It was too ordinary and... he didn't like Lord Rickard either.

"Aye, fine then. Gods, I've no wish to linger and hear you two yammer about trade. I'll sort the carriage and round up the men," Brandon grumbled and left just as fast as he'd arrived.

Wylis shrugged and gestured for Barbrey to take a seat. Since the chair was designed by him, it had wooden wheels under it. Without much effort, he dragged his chair to the fireplace nearby and grabbed the kettle hanging inside.

Finally, he grabbed two upside-down cups made of actual glass from the right cabinet of his table and placed them on the table. He filled them both, pouring warm, sweet cinnamon-flavored milk. It was his favorite drink, and whenever he worked in the solar, he prepared a kettle of it for himself.

"I will never understand how a man with your martial fame prefers milk over wine," Barbrey commented, gently swaying the babe in her arms.

Wylis let out a loud laugh. By now, he thought of the woman as a sister. "Too much wine makes men impotent, Barbrey. Why do you suppose so many southern nobles find it difficult to sire children?"

Barbrey hummed, frowned, and then hummed again. "That... is quite an observation. I cannot decline it since I know a few such nobles in the South."

Wylis jerked his head in the 'told you' manner and pushed one glass to her. "So, what can I do for you? Just for the fine Ryswell mares you let me have, I owe you. Caliburn is already at work."

"Much as I might enjoy talk of my parental house, I came to discuss Barrowton. My marriage to Brandon will cause immense political trouble. My son is trueborn, born after our wedding, and he carries the Stark name."

Wylis nodded, sipping. In fact, he had already thought of this years ago when he nudged Brandon to go and reunite with his old lover. The impact of their son's existence was going to strengthen House Stark beyond any Lord of Winterfell had achieved in the past since the Winter Kings.

Barbrey went on. "Rickon has a rightful claim to Barrowtown as my son, whatever name his father bore. When he takes the seat, I'll see that he takes the Dustin name as well. Yet I fear the rest of House Dustin will not accept it so readily. William's uncles will be enraged. They will believe their ancestral home has been handed to House Stark. They will see it as a bloodless usurpation. And I fear they would be right."

Ting!

*Huh?*

#### **[New Side Quest - The Godfather**

**Description - Being a godfather is no different from being a father. Blood matters less when there is brotherhood at play. And the Tyrant always honors.**

**Goal - Secure your godson's noble seat.**

**Reward - New Title]**

True, he was indeed Rickon's godfather. Brandon had asked him to be that. But now that little thing had forced him to get involved in a succession rights struggle.

Wylis stayed silent for a while and finished his glass of milk before speaking.

"I think you are looking at this matter the wrong way, Barbrey. It's not House Dustin that should trouble you most. It's House Stark of Winterfell. Rickard will likely inherit Barrowton from you. It is lawful enough, and if you see that he bears the Dustin name, there will be little cause for protest. But you forget what Brandon is.

"Brandon is the eldest Stark, and he never swore the vows of the Night's Watch nor donned a white cloak that would strip him of his birthright. In truth, Ned is little more than a regent. And if my judgment is sound, Eddard already regards me with suspicion."

"After seeing what you are making of Ramsgate, I would fear you as well, Wylis," Barbrey added.

"No, Eddard's distrust borders on hatred. He would take your son for one more of my schemes. In his mind, I would be using Brandon to steal Winterfell from him. And Catelyn Stark would see Rickard as a threat to Robb's claim all the same. You would do well to settle the matter before it can fester. Have Brandon swear before the Lord and Lady of Winterfell, and yield his rights, and those of his heirs, to Winterfell in open court. If that doesn't suffice, have Robert set his royal seal to it. Few disputes survive long when a King has put his name to them."

Barbrey's brows creased. "Must I grovel before Catelyn?"

"I know you have little love for her. And no, you need do nothing. This matter rests with Brandon, not you. Unless, of course, you mean to lay claim to Winterfell yourself. Though I can tell you this, Brandon would never allow it. He gave Winterfell to Eddard of his own choosing."

Barbrey eventually nodded. "I have no such greed, Wylis. All I care about is Barrowtown."

"As you should. The smallfolk of Barrowtown ought to be won over if your claim is to stand firm. Replace the castle's wooden walls with stone, and see the road from Barrowtown to Kingsroad made broader," he suggested.

"I don't have a river of gold like you, Wylis."

"Consider it my gift to little Rickard. If you haven't noticed, I am a man of considerable means. And if it draws House Dustin and House Kaiser closer, what more could I ask for? And should the succession come to battle, I will ride for Rickard. You have my word," he declared and got up, closing the open cabinets.

Barbrey also stood up.

"Those words mean much to me, Wylis," Barbrey said. "I didn't believe Brandon when he first came to me and asked that I seek trade with Ramsgate."

"Ramsgate was indeed in a pitiful state. But I have grand plans for it yet. Come now, I mean to see Ashara and Lyanna. They are soon to bless me with babes. Gods be good, I hope for girls."

Ting!

However, before he even reached the door, a notification appeared.

**[Trueborns & Bastards Triggered!]**

**[Son(Bastard) - Leona Woolfield**

**Life Points Available - 10]**

**[Strength - 3/10**

**Dexterity - 1/10**

**Intelligence - 1/10**

**Charisma - 3/10**

**Vitality - 5/10]**

*Oh? Was she due?*

Leona Woolfield was the wife of Wylis Manderly, the eldest son and heir of Wyman Manderly of White Harbor. And now, since Wylis Manderly only had two daughters before, the arrival of this son meant.

*My lad's going to rule White Harbor one day.*

But of course, he or Lady Woolfield would never reveal that secret.

####

A week later, Ramsgate,

"Paul hungry."

Dacey frowned and stared up at the giant beside her. "You ate merely an hour ago."

"Paul always hungry."

Dacey sighed and continued walking, doing her duty as Lord Kaiser's squire. Since she was the newest squire, it meant she took on Chett's duties. Now, Chett spent most of his time studying, training himself, and training other men. Meanwhile, she took on the role of Captain of the City Watch.

And since Ramsgate could actually be called a small city now, it really was a significant role. But thankfully, only one subdistrict for housing was finished, so she didn't have too much ground to

cover. Still, it was a lot, and there were smaller streets after every few houses. There were bathhouses where some men would try to leer inside the women's side. There was also a large school for smallfolk under construction. And of course, the almost finished metalworks part of the industrial district.

She was supposed to make three rounds every day, speak with each patrol group, and write down any anomalies in crimes or corruption on the patrol groups' part.

Eventually, she arrived at a small road that cut through the housing area, connecting the small road with larger main roads on each end. On that small street was the bathhouse and also the bookshop. It was the first one, and was run by the first native of the town.

Seeing the sheer quality of books and how many there were, she always felt awe. And knowing how Lord Kaiser invented the tool to make all of them, it filled her with pride that she was his squire.

Not many books interested her, however. And they were still expensive. Yet, she had purchased the storybook called Potter's Adventures. She often read it to Lord Kaiser's children, even.

"Let us return, Paul. Lady Ashara and... Lady Ellyn went into labor this morning. I can't wait to see the babes," Dacey said, putting away the books and turning to head back.

Climbing her horse, she rode through the under-construction parts of the city. The most exciting one was the construction of a large arena with giant pillars. She had seen the designs in Lord Kaiser's solar, and she couldn't wait to see it complete.

Eventually, through the Lord's Street, she passed by the under-construction town hall, where the future bailiffs would reside and work. Through the large gate structure, she entered the administrative district, which looked more organised even during construction.

Finally, she passed the castle gates and hitched her horse. She was one of the few allowed freely inside the castle, and as Lord Kaiser's squire, she could even barge into the solar. Which she did.

"My lord! May I see the little ones?" She loudly asked as soon as she entered the ground floor's solar.

Her eyes shone when she saw Lord Kaiser seated on the large settee. But something felt off. The man was reclined, with his head dipped back like he had lost all strength.

"Dacey! I'm cursed!"

Dacey frowned and walked over to her lord. "Are... Lady Lyanna and Lady Ashara alright?"

"Ah, they are fine. The pair of them went into labor at once, stubborn as you please. I was with them both and helped deliver the children. Two sweet, healthy babes."

"Then why are you cursed?" Dacey asked with a frown.

"It's boys! Two more lads once again! I'm cursed with lads, Dacey. I wanted daughters, cute and sweet like Arthria, Rhaenys, and Daenerys!"

"..."

Bam!

"Dad!"

All of a sudden, the solar's door was kicked open, and four-year-old Magnus ran inside with a bow in his hand.

"I did it! I hit the target! Ask Chett! Dad!"

Woosh!

And just like that, Magnus Kaiser was airborne, having jumped in a long dive straight towards his father. Dacey watched it unfold as Magnus landed square on Lord Kaiser's belly and knocked the air out of him. Looking at Magnus' size, she pitied her lord.

"See this, Dacey? I just got two more of these now. I'm cursed."

"..."

Dacey slowly backed away towards the door, watching as Lord Kaiser dangled Magnus upside-down by the ankles, and the boy laughed instead of being scared.

"Good luck, my lord."

That was all she could say before leaving.

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*A/N: Next chapter will begin the Journey to the South arc, where Wylis travels through Stoney Sept, Casterly Rock, Highgarden, and attends Stannis' wedding. I have planned a few conflicts in this one.*



*This map shows the North-western housing area that's been built fully as of now. Had to hide other stuff cuz the map is in a very advanced stage, and it would have spoiled things.*