

## **The Northern Tyrant [Game of Thrones] Chapter 54 - Introductions, Witch Wife, Schoolboy & A Newborn's Battle**

Lyanna had heard that Wylis was just a few hours from arriving at Ramsgate. She felt nervous about it, curious to see how her mother would react to her. She wasn't that close to her as many would believe.

Lyarra used to stop her from riding horses, learning archery, or sparring with Wylis. Back then, she was told it was beneath a lady. But at the same time, she remembered Lyarra opposing her betrothal to Robert Baratheon. She and Brandon were the most vocal against it.

"Don't be so bloody nervous, Lyanna. She'll be too busy chasing after her grandbabies to bother with anything else. You're about to give her another one, you silly wolf."

She eyed her oldest brother. She loved Brandon dearly. He had been more protective and fatherly to her than their actual father. "I don't fear for Magnus, nor the babe soon to come. I fear for the others. For Arthria, for Rhaenys and Aegon, for Daenerys. I... I cannot say if Mother still bears hatred for the Targaryens after what befell Father."

"Aye, that mad cunt kept me rotting in the Black Cell for a whole bloody year, but I don't hate Rhaella. Girl's pretty enough to soften a man, I'll give her that. Don't hate the little ones either. Rhaenys is a proper bubbly lass. Aegon's got a good head on his shoulders. Even Viserys is coming along well enough. Lad's got a knight's spirit, that one. Still a right titsucker for his mum though."

Lyanna chuckled. Brandon always had a way of saying the most ordinary thing in the funniest way possible. "You made a brother of Wylis from the first day, and the man did drag you out of the Red Keep besides. But Mother... I fear she'll look on him as some rogue who stole away her precious Lyanna Stark and made me another face amongst his harem."

"Bah! More like the bloody queen of the harem. Aye, I hear you, mother'll be right shaken at first. But we've a way to melt the old lady. She was always soft on us. Let's throw a wee feast, get the little ones swarming round her. She'll melt quick enough, mark me."

She agreed to that idea. The little ones were indeed adorable when they came at you like a horde of giggling, babbling, stumbling babes.

"Besides, you've greater matters to worry about, sister. Heard Wylis tamed a she-bear in Winterfell, and the beast's coming along. Sounds like you're proper fucked for a challenge."

Lyanna gave a crooked smile. "Wylis would not dare replace me, not unless he's grown weary of keeping his balls."

"Ah, I pity my brother now."

Eventually, waiting became boring, so she decided to play chess with her brother, a new pastime that her husband had introduced and taught all of them. It was certainly interesting as one had to use their mind and think ahead.

Sadly, her brother wasn't so great at it. But it helped her spend time, and she loved seeing Brandon grumble in frustration at every loss. Just so he wouldn't give up and leave, she even let him win, only to thoroughly defeat him later on.

Hours went by, and finally Chett arrived, informing her that it was time. Her nervousness peaked, and she walked out with Brandon. Listening to her brother call their mother fat, the first thing almost made her wheeze. Although the most mischievous, Brandon was still Lyarra's most cherished, alongside Benjen. She was in the middle of it all.

Before she could see her mother, she saw Wylis come over and stand before her, drowning her in his massive shadow, keeping her hidden. As usual, she saw love in his eyes, and she held herself back from jumping and kissing his face.

*Hm?*

But then she noticed the supposed she-bear on the side. She was a beauty alright, and tall, and held a sword at her hip. With a single look, she could feel a worthy challenger in her, but only time would tell.

*Oh?*

Before she could look back at Wylis, she felt his lips peck hers. It melted her outright as she knew what he was doing. He was marking her, declaring her as his lady. But she didn't dwell on that feeling as the very next moment Wylis took her hand and turned, pulling her along closer to the settee.

"It's me... It's Lyanna, mother."

She meekly muttered, her usual she-wolf side slightly tamed at the moment. She looked at her mother's aged face, more wrinkles than she once remembered, her hair more gray than black now.

"Lyanna!"

Lyanna freed her hand from Wylis and rushed forward, not wanting her mother to trip and fall in the rush. In no time, she received her and embraced her. Oh, how weak Lyarra felt, thinner than she remembered and slightly hunched. Only a few years had passed, yet it seemed she had aged a decade.

"Mother!" She squeezed Lyarra in her arms, crying. "I'm alive."

"How? What is this? What—"

Lyanna slowly pulled herself back and held her mother's hand, and moved her back to the settee. She joined this time, giving Old Nan a nod as well.

"I will explain everything, Mother."

So, Lyanna did just that. She revealed everything, however, not just the abduction part. She started from a much younger age, when she started to follow the fat Wylis around, seeing him work his body like a madman. How she saw him steal from the Stark kitchens.

How eventually she fell for him, and how that love was reciprocated, eventually leading to the tourney where Prince Rhaegar saw her for the first time. Also, where she and Wylis crossed the line.

She then revealed what had transpired afterwards. How she had escaped Winterfell to avoid the betrothal and meet Wylis because she was already pregnant. Only to be abducted by Prince Rhaegar's Kingsguards and then taken to the Tower of Joy. She revealed what the Targaryen prince wanted to do to her. Use her to sire some prophesied child of his visions.

Lyanna looked at Wylis.

"I'd have died if not for him. I had no hope left when he came for me. He killed every one of them to save me, and only weeks later, I gave him a son. Magnus is mine and Wylis's son, Mother. I'm the Lady of Ramsgate, but I hide beneath the name Ellyn. If Robert learns of it, I do not know what he'll do. And Eddard cares too much for honor, and for his friendship with the King... I... we told none. Brandon knew, though. He always knew about Wylis and me. Then he brought Benjen... I'm happy here, Mother."

Lyarra was staring at Wylis by then, and the bulky boy in Wylis's arms. Her eyes were filled with tears, sliding slowly down her cheeks. "Lyanna... Oh... my child."

Once again, Lyanna found herself pulled into her mother's embrace.

"But..." Lyarra suddenly moved and looked at Anna. "Who is she? No... I've heard the rumors. That Lord Kaiser holds many paramours."

*Here it comes.*

This was the part Lyanna was most worried about. "Aye, it's true. I may be the only Lady Kaiser, but many paramours live in this castle. They are like sisters to me. Chett, would you please bring them here?"

"At once, my lady."

Lyanna just tried not to look at her mother's face. And soon enough, everyone arrived. It really was everyone, including all the children. From baby Daenerys to the oldest Viserys.

"..."

It was a rather sizable crowd, so Lyarra Stark's gasp made sense. But clearly, her eyes were frozen on the few silver-haired faces.

"A-Are they?"

Lyanna got up and stepped beside Rhaella, taking the older woman's arm in hers. "This is Rhaella Targaryen, Mother."

"..."

"Wylis saved her from Dragonstone. If not, she would have died during childbirth, or worse. But now, she's healthy and..." Lyanna chose not to finish it; the pregnancy was visible. "This little one is Daenerys, and this boy is Viserys."

She then lifted Rhaenys in her arms.

"This is Elia Martell. Lannister brutes were about to... violate and murder her, but Wylis saved them. This girl's our dear Rhaenys, and the lad's Aegon."

"..."

"Of course, then there is my sister, Ashara. She was with me when I hid in Oldtown during the rebellion. And this gorgeous girl's Arthria..."

Not only Lyarra's, but even Old Nan's eyes were threatening to pop out by then.

"A-Are they all... Wylis' babes?" Old Nan asked.

"Save Viserys, Daenerys, Rhaenys, and Aegon; the rest are Wylis'," Lyanna said plainly, choosing not to speak of the dozens besides. "But he's taken them in all the same, so they're his and mine both."

"..."

A long. A very long moment of silence lingered. On the side, Dacey Mormont's face was worth seeing. Her jaw hung open.

"Why?" Lyarra asked.

Lyanna scratched her head. She knew why, but that was something only she knew. It was impossible to explain to others that Wylis needed to keep breeding to live and grow stronger. She personally wasn't comfortable that he only had fifty-something years left to live. She wanted that to be at least a hundred.

"Why take such a risk? You, Lady... Rhaella and Elia. The Targaryen children," Lyarra inquired further.

"It was this, or leave them for dead. I couldn't do it," Wylis said firmly. "I slew the Mad King and Prince Rhaegar. My vengeance was done. I had no cause to hate their children. But Robert is not made as I am, and he would see them all slain. This is the safest place for them."

"Can you protect them?" Lyarra asked. "What if King Robert learns of it?"

"I'll give him a chance to accept it. If he refuses, then between choosing those I love and my friendship with Robert, I would choose love. Always. Killing a King is not a hard thing to do, my lady."

"Aye, for you. I was rotting in the damned Black Cells," Brandon barked. "Mother, Lyanna's safer right here than anywhere else, same for the others. I don't know how this giant will hold Robert back if that day comes, but I do know that he's never failed to keep his word once spoken."

Lyarra seemed shaken. "But... the Targaryen... heir is right here."

"We mean no such thing," Rhaella said softly. "To be a Targaryen has brought me little but sorrow. I hold no dreams of a throne now, nor do my children. And Lord Wylis made his meaning plain when he saved us. Should any seek to threaten King Robert's crown, he would stand for the King."

"I have... this many grandchildren?" Old Nan exclaimed suddenly.

Lyanna silently let the moment go on. She didn't want to give any further explanations because, to foreign eyes, their house's situation was indeed unexplainable. She was perhaps the first noble wife who hoped for her husband to sire more bastards.

"Mother, let me show you to your bedchamber." Lyanna stepped forward. "Ask what you will. I'll answer it true."

She gave Wylis a nod and left. Behind, Brandon also followed since he had a revelation of his own. That he had married Barbrey Dustin, and she was pregnant.

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Wylis did the same and showed Old Nan her bedchamber. Her mood was different from Lyarra's, and she met each of his children like a doting grandmother. They were all his seed, after all. Old Nan even gave her blessings to Rhaella to give birth to a healthy child.

But when they were alone, she told him about her worries. That he was chewing more than he could swallow, and that Lyarra Stark may not approve of this. It surprised Wylis how accepting Old Nan was.

But then he remembered.

Old Nan herself was somewhat of a wild woman in her own glory days. Each of her children had different fathers, meaning his grandfather, granduncles, and grandaunts weren't directly related.

*I guess being a manwhore is in my blood.*

Laughing to himself, he walked back to his bedchamber after tucking Old Nan into bed. Finally, inside his comfortable bedchamber, he removed all his clothes and climbed into his bed. Lyanna wasn't there, so he decided to take a little nap.

He didn't know how late into the night it was when he felt movement close to him and opened his eyes. Like a naked angel from the sky, he eyed his wife slide onto the bed, as bare as him. He waited at first, letting her raise the quilt over herself.

But before she could lie flat, he moved, lying on his chest. He got between Lyanna's legs and nestled his face above her right thigh, against her belly. He snaked both his big arms around her waist and just hummed.

"Now this feels like home."

He mumbled, feeling her slender fingers comb through his hair, massaging his scalp. With her legs naked too, it was so warm to have his face on her.

"Look at you. My giant baby."

"I missed you, Lyanna. Winterfell was wearisome," Wylis muttered, eyes closed. But then he felt a sudden, rough tug on his hair. Lyanna's fingers clenched into a fist around his hair.

"Why? She-wolf wasn't warm enough for you?"

"..."

He frowned, but then quickly hid it. Quickly, he sat back up on his knees, threw the quilt away. Then, with a smug grin, he grabbed Lyanna's ankles and pulled, splaying her flat on the bed.

"I was tempted. Caught a wild bear out of nowhere." He said and leaned down over her, his knees spreading her legs apart, his thick erection rubbing on her slit. His elbows dug into the pillow beside her head while his face hovered an inch from hers. "But I prefer my wolf."

"Hah!" Lyanna giggled, her hands softly caressing his stubbled beard. "But she's taller than me. Stronger than me. She wields a sword."

"Just like me, isn't she?" Wylis replied and gently pecked her forehead. "But my love, I don't dream of fucking myself. What I do dream of is..."

Wylis leaned down fully over his wife and started sprinkling slow kisses across her face. He pressed his lips to her forehead, then her closed eyelids, her flushed cheeks, the tip of her nose, and finally captured her mouth in a deep, claiming kiss that made her melt under him.

He caught both of her hands in his, intertwining his calloused fingers with hers, and pinned them wide apart on the bed. With her completely at his mercy, he plundered her mouth with hunger, his tongue demanding entrance.

The kiss was sloppy and deliciously slow. He tasted her thoroughly, savoring the sweet warmth he had craved for weeks, the familiar flavor that grounded him. Lyanna was his comfort, his safe haven, the only woman who kept all his secrets.

Their tongues coiled together, each trying to dominate the other in a teasing struggle.

At the same time, Wylis started slowly humping against her, dragging the thick, heavy length of his cock up and down her drenched pussy lips without entering, coating his shaft in her wet arousal.

"Mmmmmh!" Lyanna moaned desperately into his mouth.

"I dream of hearing those sounds," Wylis muttered against her lips before breaking the kiss.

He trailed his mouth lower, sucking and biting at the sensitive skin of her neck, leaving marks that would bloom by morning. He continued downward, kissing along her collarbone, leaving glistening trails of spit across her fair skin until he latched onto one of her breasts, sucking hard on the soft mound that barely filled half his palm even as it swelled with motherhood.

Wylis flicked his tongue over her stiff pink nipple, teasing and tormenting it until the sensitive bud flushed a deeper shade of red.

"Mmmmmh!" Lyanna squirmed under him, but her arms were still caught. "As... do... !! Nights are... unbearable... without you—oh!"

Wylis shifted lower down her body without releasing her hands, his mouth worshiping every inch of her. He kissed the swell of her belly where their second babe grew, then moved even lower to press heated kisses against the freshly cleaned skin above her moist pussy, teasing her with his hot breath.

But instead of going lower as she wanted, he sat up straight between her spread thighs, finally releasing her hands. With a firm grip, he turned her body onto its side, pushed her top leg forward and raised it high, then straddled the other leg between his knees, positioning himself perfectly.

Closer and closer he moved, aiming the swollen cockhead at her drooling entrance and rubbing it slowly on her rose petals, coating himself in her juices.

"Aaaaaaaah! Gods!" Lyanna cried out as Wylis's crown pushed inside.

The pressure of his massive girth stretching her open sent her teetering dangerously on the edge already. Weeks without him had left her feeling empty, and his impossible size always filled her with a lewd thrill.

"Ooooooh! You... better not... go anywhere soon," she moaned breathlessly.

Wylis chuckled and started thrusting into her with careful, controlled strokes using only half his length, mindful not to hurt her even as his hungry cock urged him to go deeper, faster. Still, he couldn't resist playing with her, savoring every tight clench of her soaked cunt around him.

He grabbed the ankle of her raised leg, bringing her small foot closer to his face, and bit gently on her toe. The gods had blessed him with such massive hands and body that even her foot looked tiny compared to his palm.

He dug his teeth into the soft flesh of her toe with just enough pressure to make her jolt.

"Aaaaaah! Fuck! What—That bear teach you that? Huh?"

"..." Wylis paused, staring down at his wife's smirking, scrunched-up, sweat-flushed face, knowing full well he would never hear the end of her teases. "More like I had to teach her, Lyanna. The woman's got the rage but is green in bed. And she wants no babes, not now."

"Ah! A... plaything then? So the Lord Kaiser finally... becomes... a debauc—Ah!"

Wylis responded by pounding another heavy inch of his girthy cock into her, shutting her up.

"Did you say something?"

"Gods! You fucking... man! I can feel it in my... belly!" she cried out, her voice cracking as the blunt head of his cock pressed deep.

Lyanna couldn't hold on any longer; pregnancy made her cunt too sensitive. Her entire body helplessly seized up as pure bliss washed over her. Her cunt clamped around his thick shaft, fluttering wildly while a powerful gush of clear squirt sprayed around his pumping cock.

Her eyes rolled back, mouth hanging open in a silent scream of ecstasy as wave after wave of pleasure rippled through her small frame, leaving her bosom trembling and her pussy gushing like a broken fountain. It dripped down her smooth thigh and seeped into the sheets.

Wylis smiled wickedly at the feeling of her cunt squeezing and milking him so greedily, her inner walls rippling along every inch of his cock. His hips moved faster, the heavy wooden bed creaking loudly in protest under their weight.

Still pumping steadily, he released her raised leg and allowed Lyanna to fold both her knees to one side, curling her body slightly. He started thrusting harder against her pale, doughy asscheeks, pumping more than half his flesh rod into her scorching core with wet, filthy sounds that grew louder by the second.

Slick! Plap! Slick!

"Ngh! Ngh! I'll..." Lyanna whined with every thrust. "Sleep... well... tonight!"

Wylis smirked and leaned forward, one hand kneading her thigh. His back arched as his height allowed him to keep drilling into her with rough strokes. His other hand slid up her smooth back, grabbed a thick handful of her dark hair, and turned her face toward him.

"Sleep? My poor wife... There will be no sleep."

Plap! Plap!

Wylis gritted his teeth, his body moving faster, chasing that bliss. He could already taste it at the tip, his cock throbbing nonstop.

Then, he buried his flesh sword as deep as her body would allow. His cock flexed, and ropes of cum erupted inside. Endless jets of his batter flooded her womb, filling her so much that it leaked out around his churning cock with every thrust. White froth coated her swollen pussy lips, running messily down her curving, smooth skin.

He felt her second orgasm crash over her at the same moment, her cunt convulsing and massaging wildly around his pulsing shaft as if trying to suck out every drop of his butter. Every squeeze and suckle made his knees go weaker and weaker, as if it drained seeds right out of his bones.

Lyanna felt it; the sheer loving volume of his release made her belly feel even fuller, the warm, sticky excess sputtering out with every deep plunge. She couldn't help climaxing for a second time.

Finally, as the last spurts dribbled from his cock, Wylis pulled out and collapsed onto his back behind her.

He rolled Lyanna's lithe and weak body to rest on top of his massive frame, pulling her flush against his sweat-slicked chest so her head rested perfectly under his chin. He felt her pant heavily against his skin while his thick, semi-hard cock twitched and throbbed in the cool night air.

"How was... Winterfell?" she asked as she lay her ear on his chest.

"Much as I remember, though colder now. Your brother seems to despise me. Or fear me, if Catelyn spoke true."

"She said that?" Lyanna looked up at his face.

"Aye, she did. Came to me hoping the misunderstandings could be settled. Said I'd risen too high too quick, gathered too many Starks to my side, took my family back, filled my coffers with gold, and now command a growing fleet. Lyanna, if I marched on the Boltons this very hour, I'd

wager Eddard would sooner stand with them," Wylis replied, his hands roaming slowly across her bare back.

There was silence for some time.

"I can't make sense of him, Wylis. The fear in him feels unnatural. You've done nothing against any great house save the Targaryens, and only the Boltons have your open hatred. I... I'm confused."

"So am I, Lyanna. Now then, what trouble found us while I was away?"

Lyanna snuggled close beneath his chin again. "Nothing worth my attention in the city. Brandon handled everything. But I had two ravens of interest. One came from Genna. She says Tywin's openly seeking a Valyrian steel sword, and any soul willing to part with one will be rewarded with gold, lands, and ships."

"Hah!" Wylis chortled. "An indirect declaration in my favor? Accepting my earlier offer without coming to me plainly. Wise, but useless now. Ramsgate has changed since last year."

"Aye, but perhaps you ought to stop at Casterly Rock on your way to Stannis' wedding. Who can say, maybe the old lion would part with more yet." She shrugged. "The second raven came from Robert. Just him carrying on about how weak his newborn son is, and how unlike him the babe seems."

"Bah! Of course, he's unlike him." Wylis laughed, but with a hint of mockery. "The fool had but one duty. Get the damn woman with child, and he failed even that."

"What do you mean?" Lyanna asked.

"The realm's new prince is a secret bastard, Lyanna."

Woosh!

"What?!" Lyanna exclaimed and sat up on him, her hands flat on his chest. "With whom?"

"Jaime Lannister, who else?"

Lyanna dumbly stared at his face like he was the biggest fool in the realm.

"No... What? H-How... I... How could anyone bed their own brother? I could never even think of such a thing... Gods, I feel sick." Lyanna groaned.

Wylis patted her ass to calm her. "Aye, most wouldn't. But Cersei took much from the Targaryens. If they kept such customs, why should she be denied? Jaime is her twin, after all, and she's never loved anyone half so much as herself. Thus, Jaime. Blond hair, green eyes, thin as a reed. The prince fits the tale well enough."

"How can you be so sure?" Lyanna asked.

"Because I have met both Cersei and Jaime, and spoken with them long enough. I would wager my lordship, Ramsgate, and my knighthood itself that the prince is an incest-born bastard," Wylis declared and pulled her back against his chest. "And I've more than twenty children, they all take after my size, some have my eyes, some have my hair. But they all take after my size."

Wylis didn't have anything concrete. But the basic understanding of genetics was enough to convince Lyanna.

Woosh!

Lyanna again sat up, staring at his face. The grin on her lips reminded him of something. Something was cooking inside her head. Wylis knew it.

"If that's the case, Wylis. You should... You should breed her. Put a dark-haired, giant babe in her womb—"

"Shh." Wylis pressed a finger to her lips. "Come now, don't bear Robert such hatred. He's my friend. I would not cuckold the man. Once was folly enough."

"But he's already cuckolded!" Lyanna slapped his hand away. "Wylis, Robert will never know, and the Crown'll pass to some Lannister shitling! But if the babe's yours, he'll be tall, strong, clever, and look every bit the stag king. Then... one day, we kill the first prince. Your magic can see him tumble down the steps, or maybe a horse comes crashing down on him."

"..."

Wylis silently blinked, watching his wife's mouth move nonstop. The woman was... the absolute greatest thing to have ever happened to him. Her idea, it wasn't new. He'd already thought of it before. But he didn't like it because it involved cuckolding Robert again. But indeed, if the crown was going to fall on a bastard's head, then why not his bastard? Of course, Cersei wouldn't agree, but she would live believing Joffrey would take the Crown.

"Cersei does owe me gold and two favors."

"Oh? When did that happen?"

"Back at the tourney," he explained. "I had predicted back then that she would one day become the queen. She laughed at it then. Rhaegar had a wife, and no man yet smelled the rebellion on the wind. She lost the wager and owed me gold and two promises. I think she's long desired me besides, so getting her into bed is no hard feat. The trouble lies in persuading her to keep my seed."

"Spill it!" Lyanna excitedly blurted. "Force the truth on her. That Joffrey is a bastard, and you know it. Then offer her a bargain. Give her a child she can pass off as Robert's own. Once that

is done, she may bed half the realm and birth all the golden-haired bastards she pleases, and no soul will question them.”

*Jesus Christ! This woman's mind. Why didn't I think of that?*

Wylis ran that scenario in his head, and it made sense. Heck, he looked at Cersei's Lust meter in the Tyrant's Squire, and it sat at 85%. He was confident he could rise to above ninety in time. Moreover, Cersei wasn't big enough to threaten him, nor did he fear the Lannisters much. If they dared to move their army, he'd have the Vale, the North, and the Riverlands at his side.

And while he didn't know if the War of the Five Kings would happen or not, it was more than a decade ahead. By then, Wylis was certain he'd be far stronger than any Great House in Westeros.

“Lyanna, are you certain you're a wolf and not a sly little fox?”

“Heh.” Lyanna gave a soft laugh and kissed his lips. “I'm the wicked witch wife to the tyrannical sorcerer who makes the very earth tremble.”

*Tyrannical, already? Oh, Lyanna, you've no idea of the future.*

He wrapped his mighty arms around Lyanna's frame and pulled her squish against his chest, embracing the breath out of her. He was no longer in the mood for rutting; he just felt like holding her, falling asleep.

"I shall think about it."

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Thirteen-year-old Bolga stared at the large tray of food before him as he sat at the table. He was in the garrison quarters, sharing the large dining hall with more than two dozen men who ate and talked in the vilest tongue imaginable.

It was yesterday, he had met Lord Kaiser, and asked him that question on the street. Now it was the new morning, and he was about to break his fast. But the tray of food left him speechless. He looked at his side, and the massive, simple man called Small Paul was wolfing down a whole roasted chicken the size of a... he didn't know what to compare it with.

Bolga looked at his own tray. The morning meal was so lavish, and he was not special. Everyone in the hall was eating the same, and how they ate slowly meant they ate it every day.

"H-How?"

Bolga had always heard that the North was poor and desolate. This was the opposite. The bread was so soft, the boiled eggs were the size of his fist, the thick chicken stew had real vegetables, shredded pieces of chicken, and one chicken leg. The thing was that the damn chicken leg was the size of his arm from elbow to fingertip. The meat on it seemed endless.

He gulped and looked to the side. The size of the whole chicken Small Paul was eating was many times larger than the normal chickens he knew.

"Seven... Am I dreaming still?"

But it wasn't just eggs, bread, and stew. There was also a palm-sized apple pie and a large glass of milk. The milk came in two choices: piping hot or ice-cold. He loved the cold one, the same one he had drunk the previous night. There was also a small scoop of ice cream, but it was only for an afternoon snack.

He couldn't wait any longer. The drool almost fell from his mouth. He grabbed the bread, dipped it into the stew, and ate. He almost moaned; it was delicious. Salt, and there was also some sort of spice. Before long, he had a boiled egg in one hand and the chicken leg in the other.

Never in his life had he eaten food this tasty and this much. His eyes became watery, but he kept shoving food in his mouth just like Small Paul beside him.

"I... I should become a soldier here."

"No good. Paul tired always. Soldier life hard."

Bolga stared at the giant beside him. He didn't know the thing could speak. "R-Really? What do you do as a soldier?"

"Wake up, run, fight, walk, eat, run, fight, walk, gym, eat, sleep."

"..."

Bolga frowned. He hoped 'fight' meant sparring, and not actual fighting.

"What is this gym?" he asked.

"Gym is gym."

"..."

Scratching his head, Bolga focused back on the meal.

"Ehm! Why are you eating soldiers' food, boy?"

Bolga stiffened and jumped to his feet, turning around. "M-Maester... Forgive me."

"The school offers more varieties of food than many noble keeps. Maester Qyburn has granted your admission to Ramsgate Hall of Higher Education, Bolga. You are to dwell henceforth in the new building by the administrative district. Finish your meal and make your way there with your belongings."

Bolga nodded without stopping until the Maester had vanished from his view.

"Lucky. Paul only like blade."

Bolga looked back at the tray of food.

*M-More varieties? What can be better than this?*

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Over the next couple of months, Wylis spent all his time developing Ramsgate and laying out plans so his almost a year-long journey to the South wouldn't halt or slow down the development of his fief.

He had too many backlogs, too many inventions to make, to make his little industrial revolution a success in the industrial district. He had to make too many building designs and dumb them down. From large amphitheaters to one colosseum-like arena, and countless bathhouses across the city.

Since you only get to design a city once, Wylis had decided to go all out and include as many good things as he could. The labour was cheap anyway, and he didn't completely rely on the internal income of his fief.

In that duration, he also spent plenty of time with his children, teaching them to read and write, or to wield a sword, or a bow and arrow. He also got Rhaenys her pony and taught her to ride it. He spent time with his women and also his family.

He didn't know if Lady Lyarra had accepted his lifestyle, but Old Nan appeared to have adjusted to her new life. No longer a servant, just a giddy grandmother with more tales to tell than the kids could hear.

During that time, the construction on the entire housing street in the north-western part of his city was finished. It wasn't lavish, but it was clean with well-developed houses. It had a wide main road and plenty of clean side streets. There were also multiple bathhouses. Slowly, the houses got allotted to the earliest, most loyal people of Ramsgate.

In his second month, he had to take his time out and work with the growing population of wandering maesters, and write down the Ramsgate Code of Law. He did that in response to a rape and murder incident that reached his ears.

Of course, the criminal was executed publicly. But it also meant that Wylis had to get involved personally. He didn't want that as he knew the population would grow, and that he wouldn't be there forever.

So, the law code was designed.

For the crime of murder, execution was the punishment. For the crime of rape and murder, the punishment was execution. For rape, the punishment was twenty years imprisonment with rigorous labor in the construction, future mines, or other fief projects, with compensation to the victim from the culprit's possessions. For small thefts, the punishment was cleaning the roads; for slightly heavier thefts, or crimes such as causing small-scale civil unrest or physical assault resulting in minor injury, the punishment was cleaning the sewers for a limited time period ranging from a month to years.

In short, Wylis covered almost every crime he could think of, and the maesters could brainstorm. He still left some for the interpretation of the appointed bailiff. However, all executions had to be approved by either Lord Kaiser, Lady Kaiser, or the Admiral of the Navy.

At the same time, Wylis trained his falcons that had arrived in his absence. There were a total of fifteen, and more were being sought by Qyburn. They were lovely birds, and teaching them to carry letters for him was easy.

After that, he trained them to go to specific locations across Westeros by telling them to follow certain ravens he'd first send to that destination. The goal was to teach the falcons those locations.

In the future, he hoped to use his falcons to dominate the skies. In case of a war, he could completely cripple the enemy's information exchange through ravens, or even spy on them by capturing the said ravens.

However, as time went by, some matters took precedence.

One of them was Rhaella's childbirth. He took care of the woman personally and helped her bathe during the last month of her pregnancy. But because it was too embarrassing, he eventually let other women do it instead.

But there were some signs. She often complained of an ache. He checked her using the best of his abilities and instruments, but there was no way of knowing what went on inside the womb.

He could only pray for everything to go normally.

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Year 286 AC, 9th Moon,

"Aaaaaah!"

Her screams were audible outside.

Wylis allowed the midwives-in-training to be childbirth specialists to help Rhaella through her childbirth. There was also Qyburn inside, who was almost as good as him but in a more limited scope.

Those ten midwives had been training for over a year now, and soon they would teach tens more. But that didn't make it any easier for Wylis. Childbirth was always akin to the grim reaper's scythe. It was like a coin toss, and he hated relying on luck alone because he couldn't control it.

Outside the door of the sterilized, clean birthing chamber, he paced back and forth. He cherished Rhaella a lot; she was sweet, kind, and one of the most comforting people in his life. Their connection had been different, but pure ever since Red Keep.

"Calm down. Qyburn is good at his work," Lyanna said.

But Wylis did not calm down. All the women were waiting there. Viserys was also there with Daenerys in his arms. They were all seated, but he couldn't do that. In fact, he had discarded his cloak and stood only in a thin tunic, so if he had to go inside, he could put on the clean gown fast and wash his hands.

Click!

At last, the door opened.

Wylis stood in front of it, waiting for a smiling face. But instead, he saw Qyburn's frown, his hands covered in blood.

"I-It's a boy, my lord, but I cannot stop the bleeding."

"Move!" Wylis bellowed and threw his boots, storming inside and closing the door. He rushed to wash his hands with the prepared solution, then slid the surgeon's gown that the midwives had helped him put on.

"Uwaaa~"

He heard the babe's cry on the side. Chubby, massive, dark-haired, and loud. But he focused back on Rhaella, and the first thing he saw was how much blood had already been spilt.

"Damn you, there's no time left. Fetch Chett at once!" He checked Rhaella's pulse and cursed under his breath as it weakened. "Keep her awake. Slap her if that's what it takes."

He got to work quickly, cleaning her first. But the truth was, there was nothing he could do. He didn't have the equipment for deeper surgeries.

"You! Bring the babe and have him suckle her!" Wylis ordered.

He would have done it himself if he weren't dealing with other things. The goal was the release of oxytocin, which would help contract the uterus.

"Save your mother, boy!"

Wylis nodded at the sight of his son, merrily drinking milk. Rhaella was awake, so she reacted right away, teary-eyed, her hands cradling the babe. But she was too weak to hold him, so the midwife was there the entire time.

Meanwhile, Wylis performed the uterine massage. However, seeing that the bleeding wasn't stopping, he had to resort to the last option.

"Cloth!"

It was clean and sterilized. He inserted it and then applied pressure on the uterus. He just hoped this was uterine atony and not a tear in the birth canal or something else.

"My lord?"

Right then, Chett entered, cleaned, and was wearing a gown. The tall squire looked shaken, eyes full of horror.

"Lie down on the other bed, Chett. Rhaella needs your blood. Only what is needed will be taken, I swear it. I'll not have you dying for this."

"I swore to serve you till death, my lord. Take it all if you must."

*This fool.*

When Wylis looked into Chett's eyes, he saw a man who had already accepted death. The resolve in them told him everything; he came to die if needed.

He wasted no time and focused on Rhaella. He told a midwife to continue the massage while he began the blood transfusion. Then he returned to take that midwife's place. At a glance, he realised three men were working to save Rhaella.

The newborn lad suckled on her. Chett was giving his blood. And Wylis was trying to stop the bleeding. It made him somewhat emotional and scared. Ashara and Lyanna were just a month away from their childbirth.

*I have to work on medicine and surgery more.*

An hour went by. Wylis had stopped the blood transfusion long ago; he had no intention of killing Chett. Besides, there were more with O-negative blood waiting outside. Not that it was needed, as Rhaella's complexion began to get better. Her pulse became stable.

The lad sucking her had already fallen asleep after exhausting himself to save his mother. Rhaella was also sleeping. Thankfully, the bleeding had also stopped by then. All that remained was cleaning everything and injecting penicillin later to avoid infections.

Thud!

Wylis fell on his ass, tired like he'd fought a long battle. The others were the same. But while the rest closed their eyes, Wylis stared into empty space with a frown.

**[Son(Bastard) - Rhaella Targaryen  
Life Points Available - 10]**

**[Strength - 5/10  
Dexterity - 1/10  
Intelligence - 0/10  
Charisma - 8/10  
Vitality - 6/10]**

The boy had shockingly high Vitality, a number he'd never seen before. Same for Charisma, already close to ten. Targaryen blood truly held magic, it seemed. Even in Strength, the boy was gifted. However, when it came to Dexterity and Intelligence, the boy was... normal. It somewhat proved the theory that some Targaryens are born with gifts in one aspect while lacking in others.

However, that wasn't what had Wylis frowning. It was something else, something far more frightening.

Ting!

**[Rhaella Targaryen - Permanently Unreproductive]**