

## **The Northern Tyrant [Game of Thrones] Chapter 58 - A Woman, Twins Lost, City Charter & Stallion of Riverlands**

After spending the night at White Harbour, feasting with Lord Manderly, and meeting his secret bastard, Wylis resumed his journey the very next morning. Ten men, Chett, and Wylis, rode all the way to Kingsroad, and then journeyed south through Moat Cailin.

It was a fine ruined castle. Seated at the edge of the great swamp, it was well-defended. But what intrigued Wylis most was some part of the Neck area where he reckoned rice could be grown easily. House Reed, perhaps, would one day aid him in that.

Moreover, the Neck region of the North was resource-rich, being the most biologically dense and chemically erratic. It was a wasteland to most, but the real wealth was known to him. Bog Iron Ore, Deep Peat blocks, and more.

On the way, they came across a few troubled folks as well, such as a carriage carrying goods that kept getting stuck in a muddy section of the road. Wylis and his men lifted its wheels off the mud a few times to help.

Eventually, they parted ways as the carriage turned to cross the ford over Green Fork River. Since the bridge at the Twins was now rubble, the free fords were the easiest way to cross. However, Wylis' own destination was the Twins.

It took them slightly over twelve days to reach Kingsroad, adjacent to the Green Fork River. With trees on both sides of the road, and it being House Frey's fief, the men were on edge, expecting an attack anytime now.

Wylis was relaxed, however, as he sat by the warm bonfire in the middle of their small camp. They had halted for the night as the horses needed rest, and they were also hungry. And there being a river, they decided to catch some fish and cook it over the fire.

Traveling with a lord had benefits. Wylis had brought small bottles of spices with him to season his food on the way. It wasn't as extravagant as what he ate back home, but it saved him from the blandness of Westerosi cuisine.

"M'lord, is it true?" one of the soldiers asked, a man Wylis knew by name. "They say you slew a thousand men in the rebellion."

"None o' that foolish talk, Seamas. Don't be botherin' the lord with it."

Wylis looked at the short man called Seamas, a quick fellow. The one whose grandmother had spoken that prophecy. "A thousand? I can't say. I lost count after three hundred. Keeping tally is no easy thing when steel is at your throat. It wasn't one battle, but the whole year-long rebellion."

"Gods! You're the god of war, m'lord!" Seamas gasped. "I would die a happy man if I could do half of that for you, m'lord."

Wylis didn't say much about that. As someone well-versed in knights and battles, not just the physical aspect but also numbers, he knew how his own numbers were unrealistic. He could do it because of his physical strength boost, Earthbending, and his overall size. For a common garrison soldier, even five combat kills were good, and for an absolute elite knight, fifty lifetime kills was a good number.

The truth was, he was in a world of fantasy where the only human with fantastical powers was him, while the rest were still humans.

*Maybe I arrived too late. If I were in the era of dragons, it might've been a far more dangerous challenge.*

He personally couldn't imagine those proud Targaryens with dragons easily accepting a man like him appearing out of nowhere and earning name, victories, coin, and influence. They would have either tried to kill him or make him their servant. They would have never allowed a stableboy to marry into their dragon blood, so that was out of the question: death or servitude, only one of those.

*Glad I came in this era then.*

He smiled, thinking of Rhaella, his son with her, and the other kids with Targaryen blood who now called him father.

"And what of your search for a wife, Jonos?" Wylis asked, steering the talk elsewhere. "Still no luck?"

"Ah! M'lord, must you rub salt in the wound? Being a dead whore's son in a village small as Ramsgate is no tale folk forget easy," Jono replied, lowering his eyes awkwardly.

"Why do you think I brought you with me? Ramsgate is small, but the world is vast. We'll pass through Riverrun, Stoney Sept, Lannisport, Oldtown, Sunspear, and even King's Landing. If you can't find a wife now, then it was never your fate. But seek a woman you can love, not a pretty face, and don't let some alley harlot lead you astray."

Wylis looked over the rest of them. "The same holds for all of you. Call me a hypocrite if it pleases you. I share my bed with many women and have bastards besides. Yet I have the wealth and power to care for them all. Unless you can say the same, keep to one woman and make a good life with your wife."

"I will never marry, my lord," Chett blurted. "I'm wed to my duty and nothing else. I'll serve House Kaiser with my sword, and by that sword I'll die."

Wylis frowned, though he couldn't help but appreciate Chett's loyalty. "Before long you'll be a knight with a keep, Chett. I'll make certain you marry and father children, willing or not. Have you no wish to see your sons ride beside mine in battle?"

"..."

Chett still looked displeased, as if the very idea of getting married scared him more than fighting to death.

"My lord... I'll not lie. Women are... hard creatures for me to fathom," Chett replied, awkwardly using a stick to cook his fish over the fire. He was a learned man now, using better words to express himself.

Wylis focused on his squire. Knowing the man had lived through a painful relationship in the past, with his lover violated by the previous steward and then killed. He suspected there was some trauma left.

"And why is that?"

"They... speak in riddles when plain words would settle things quicker. They spread gossip that stirs needless trouble. They act all shy and put off by the very thing they want. They're hypocrites."

*Jesus! When did all this happen?*

Wylis stared at Chett's face for a while. He didn't know what caused him to develop such views about women. Some of them were true, but the shy and riddles part especially, but it didn't warrant repulsiveness.

"Chett, think back to the days before we met. Before I became Lord of Ramsgate. When you labored as a lumberjack," Wylis said, trying to guide his squire's mind, and perhaps the ten men around him who had nodded to Chett's words.

Wylis didn't consider himself a feminist. As he knew vile ones like Cersei and cunning ones like Olenna existed. However, he'd met all sorts of women, and most often, fear was what drove them to do good or bad.

"I... remember it, my lord."

"They called you the village fool back then, a half-wit. But it turned out to be a ruse you used, so the steward would never mark you as a threat. Was it not?" he said, his eyes never leaving his squire.

"Ah! I remember." Jonos exclaimed. "Us lads used to mock you for it. But you'd always wear that fool's smile—Ah, forgive me."

"No, you are right." Wylis defended Jonos. "Now answer me, all of you. What sort of world do we live in? Forget me. Say some hedge knight from a nameless house walks into your home and declares he'll take your wife, sister, daughter, or mother to his bed. What can you do? You may carry your grievance to your liege lord, if he cares to hear it. But as a common man, can you truly protect the women of your family?"

Some of the men there cursed with a grunt; some tightened their fists. It was a story not hard to imagine for them since some of them had lived under the tyranny of Brenard, the previous steward of Ramsgate.

"I... would sooner die with steel in hand than let that come to pass, m'lord," said one man.

"Aye, as would I."

He looked at Chett for an answer.

"I will kill that man, knight or not," Chett replied.

Wylis nodded. "A fine answer. But you speak so now because you are my men. You have confidence, and you know how to handle a sword. Think back to the man you were before you came to me, when you cowered, hid, and struggled to find even a crust of bread."

Now, none of them spoke. They knew the answer. They would be no match for a knight.

"Lads, learn the truth of this realm. There is an order to the world. Kings stand at the top, then lords, then knights, then the rest. The gap between a knight and a smallfolk is like the Narrow Sea. Between a lord and a smallfolk is like the Sunset Sea, unpassable. Yet there is another order that sits above it all. Men above, women below. If a smallfolk man means little to a noble, a smallfolk woman means less. So tell me, how is a common woman meant to keep herself safe?

"There was once a custom called the First Night. It gave lords and kings leave to claim a smallfolk bride on her wedding night. Many married in secret to escape it. Queen Alysanne Targaryen put an end to the law, yet some still keep the custom.

"Lord Bolton does. Last I heard, he raped a miller's wife. The Umbers do as well, though they swear otherwise. To such men, women are playthings. When I served as guard to Queen Rhaella Targaryen, I saw her bloodied, bruised, and bitten by the Mad King. Even a queen was not spared such cruelty."

"That was our King?" Seamas blurted. "Good riddance you slew him, m'lord."

"I offered to kill him well before. I placed my sword at the queen's service. If I was to guard her, then the King was no exception. She turned me away. A soul kept in misery too long begins to mistake it for life itself. So tell me, lads, if even a queen can't find safety, what chance does a

common woman have? She must cheat, charm, lie, and hide. The Gods made them frail. Not all can carry a blade like Dacey."

"Aye, she beat me to a pulp," a man muttered, though he sounded happy.

"And that is why." Wylis patted his squire's shoulder. "Do not begrudge them for being as they are. They learned it to survive a world that shows them little kindness. Instead, protect them. Be a man they need not fear, but one they may look up to and freely unburden their hearts before."

Chett silently looked at him.

Wylis smiled then and swept his gaze across the men. "Even so, that is no leave to be fools. There are vile harlots about who'll strip you of your coin and your life alike. They lie, they cheat, they sell themselves for the sheer joy of it. The thrill is their vice. Best be wary of such women."

"Hah!" A guard laughed. "Jorran, m'lord's talking 'bout your lass now."

"Piss off!" Jorran snapped.

"M'lord, wise him up. Fool thinks she loves him. Gives her half his monthly coin so she can tend her sick mum. Last I heard, she had no mum."

"Aye. Saw her with a sailor's hands all over her tits in the tavern afore I left Ramsgate."

"I saw her with a ship captain too. Followed him into the ship's quarters."

"..."

Wylis eyed the man, Jorran, one of the earliest men to join him. "Lad, if all that's true, you've snared yourself a golddigger."

"Hah! Fine word for that sort o' woman, m'lord. Gold-digger. Fits her true!"

Jordan rubbed the back of his head, sheepish. "I... know who she is. I just... she keeps my bed warm whenever I need her, so I don't mind."

*Man's lost to a cunt.*

Wylis let out a weary sigh. There was nothing to be done. He just glanced at his squire. "If you ever find yourself a girl, just don't be like him."

"I would never, my lord," Chett blurted, his thick brows creased.

"Good. Now fill your belly and take your rest. We leave for Riverrun on the morrow."

The men grabbed their fish on the sticks, now piping hot. Wylis shared some spice with them, and that was it. They didn't have any special rations with them, as they had brought nothing.

They did carry some dry biscuits, however, but they were for emergencies. Often, they would just hunt something and eat. But that night, fish was enough.

Soon, the men set up a thin rope around with empty scraps that would clink when disturbed. Then spikes were placed. An attack was expected, but it was already too late, and nothing had happened. They truly needed rest.

So, they all went to sleep.

But when the morning came, and the men got up to catch some fish and start wrapping the camp, they realised something. Lord's Squire Chett was tending to the horses. Nearby, against a tree, a pile of dead bodies made a small hill. More than ten. They still had chainmail on them, and swords.

The most noticeable thing was that Lord Kaiser's horse was missing.

"Where did m'lord go? Who're these bastards?" the man asked Chett.

"He slew them whilst you slept. Fret not, Lord Kaiser is safe. He rode ahead for Fairmarket. He'll loose a raven from there. We're to break our fast, then follow after him."

The ten men frowned, a bit confused. They couldn't understand why Lord Kaiser would leave them when they were supposed to protect him.

But seeing that pile of bodies, they felt disappointed with themselves. They should have been the ones to fight them.

"We'll make haste."

####

Wylis, in fact, did not head for Fairmarket. He did kill those men who attacked the camp, but he did it before they could attack. He'd found them through Earthbending, and he'd killed them using the same. They died screaming in horror, in total darkness.

The chainmail they wore, their helmets, and their swords, although unmarked, told him all that was needed to be told. Someone had funded them, armed them in the hopes of taking down the strongest known knight in the realm.

As soon as he'd killed those men, he had departed with Caliburn. Before long, he arrived at the banks of Green Fork River, not very far from the Twins.

However, he decided not to cross the river this time.

The Twins had two keeps. One on the western bank, and one on the eastern. The eastern one was closest to the Kingsroad, and kept House Frey connected with the rest of the realm. For that reason, Wylis had picked the eastern one to destroy.

Without it, House Frey would be forced to reside in the western keep. It would become overcrowded with Walder's big family and diminish House Frey's standing, control over the region, influence, and above all, open it to attacks from Ironborn through the Cape of Eagles.

"Easy there, boy. Keep to the trees and wait here for me. I'll bring that keep down and return soon." He got down from Caliburn's back. He didn't hitch him anywhere since Caliburn was intelligent enough.

*[Nervous.]*

Feeling Caliburn's thoughts, he wrapped his arms around the great head and gave it a few gentle pats. "Come now, we've weathered worse than this, my friend. I'm not riding into battle, and you know well enough what gifts I bear."

After making sure Caliburn wouldn't decide to follow him out of worry, he vanished into the darkness, walking towards the faint torch in the distance. His attire was simple, without any armor or steel that could shine under moonlight. It was mostly dark grey or dark brown. Even his face, he decided to cover with mud as it was a bit too pale.

Eventually, he reached the treeline, beyond which the area was made clear of any trees so the keep's guards could look at the surrounding lands. And already, Wylis noticed guards' presence on the keep's curtain walls.

*There's also a moat.*

Since tunneling underneath would take time, he decided to lie flat on his belly and just crawl forward, using a thin layer of earth to cover his back at all times. No matter what, the guards were too high up, and the moonlight wasn't bright enough.

Eventually, he arrived at the moat, connected to the river itself. While he knew there were no crocodiles in there, he still didn't want to swim that night. So instead he used Earthbending. His proficiency had reached a point where he no longer had to focus on it profusely. He just willed, and a thick earth pillar shot from one bank of the moat to the other.

*Easy.*

He walked across the moat and reached the base of the castle. But knowing guards patrolled that area, he quickly destroyed that horizontal pillar and then dug down, tunneling underneath the castle.

He didn't just want to fell the castle. No, he wanted it completely destroyed. But he didn't want to kill Walder Frey, who was inside that very castle. Nor did he want to leave any ruins which could be rebuilt quickly later or reused.

Earth tunneling was an ability he'd recently mastered. Unlike normal tunneling, he didn't need to make a path for himself anymore. He could just pull the earth past him, as if swimming through

the ground. The only reason he didn't use it often was due to the high focus needed. The last thing he wanted was to get buried alive.

The thing about the keep was that because of the moat dug around it, the keep sat on an island. And Wylis, with his Civil Engineering mastery, knew how to fuck the entire foundation of the castle. All he needed was to dig a few channels for the river water to flow. Weaken the base. And then, with a slight tremor, completely collapse the foundation.

But that wasn't enough. Even if the base collapsed, there was a possibility that the castle wouldn't fall completely. So, once he dug the channels and reduced the foundation to thin pillars, he went out again.

This time, he climbed the castle itself using Earthbending to pull out small bricks that he could hold and step on. Strategically, he destroyed corners, support beams, and all the necessary supports from multiple directions. He wanted every single floor to collapse.

After spending nearly four hours doing it, he left.

The sun was starting to rise in the distance, so he quickly moved past the moat and entered the treeline. But stayed at the edge, ready to watch his hard work come to fruition.

*Don't die early, Walder.*

Wylis moved to a certain direction, from which side he'd left the foundation strong, but the top half of the keel itself weak. Then, he removed his boots and dug his toes into the dirt itself. He closed his eyes and tried to feel things. The depth of the ground. The rocks, the bugs, the roots down there. He felt he could see things if he could concentrate more.

Finally, he took a deep breath and then...

Thud!

He pulled his right foot out, bent the knee high, and then slammed it down on the ground with as much Earthbending as he could muster. He cratered the ground right where he stood, but he knew a wave went forward. It made just the faintest disturbance on the surface; the real wave was underneath.

Wylis waited. Soon the wave hit the moat, then disturbed the foundation. You felt earthquakes more the higher you went. The same was for buildings themselves. The disturbance at the base wasn't a lot, but the top half of the castle shook.

At first, a few stones chipped away and fell. But then, it never stopped. Like dominoes, more and more stones began falling, continuously getting faster. Wylis hoped this would be enough to alarm the keep's residents. Enough to make them leave it.

Wylis walked to a different place in the tree line. From there, one single foot slam would collapse the foundation. But he waited, watching the eastern gates of the keep that led to the road, as the bridge side was useless.

Multiple burning torches started to appear there. Then those torches increased and formed a line on the road, getting longer and longer. It was clear that the castle was being abandoned.

By the time those torches stopped coming out of the castle, a blue hue covered the sky, bright enough to see, but still needing torches. He waited, giving time for everyone to escape.

He counted to five hundred, and then prepared himself.

Thud!

He repeated the move, slammed his right foot, and sent a wave. This time, the result was slower. He intended for the lower half of the keep to fall towards the river and the upper half to fall towards the eastern road, ensuring nothing would remain.

At first, it looked as if the keep was sinking, but then it started to tilt westward.

*Too bad, cameras don't exist.*

He marveled at his own capabilities. Earthbending was too frightening in a world like this. He had alone ruined a castle and a powerful noble House.

Time seemed to move slowly, or perhaps it was the size of the keep. It kept on leaning westward and eventually, it broke apart. The top half completely separated and fell eastwards. When it landed on the ground, the shockwave sent the lower half breaking apart into the river.

A gigantic cloud of smoke covered everything, a wave of it hitting Wylis as well. The leaves on the trees rustled. Birds cried and flew everywhere. He waited and watched as the dust settled. Not a single pillar of the keep was left standing. It was just rubble.

*How will you govern your lands now, Walder Frey?*

Ting!

### **[Side Quest Completed - The Lost Twin**

**Description - The spine is lost, yet the pride stands firm. A Tyrant does not tolerate insolence twice.**

**Goal - Fell one of the Twins' keep.**

**Reward - 5X Earthbending boost in House Frey's fief.]**

He could feel it. His connection with the ground below had peaked beyond what he thought was possible. Raising that same castle he'd felled with just Earthbending felt possible, and with ease. But he didn't have time to spare to test it.

At last, he returned to Caliburn. Unsurprisingly, he met the big boy halfway, as the horse was worried about him after that noise, and had come looking. Wylis didn't scold him that time; he'd expected at much.

He just washed his face, mounted the back, and rode away. From a ford, he crossed the Green Fork River, then the Blue Fork, then the Red Fork through a bridge and eventually hit the River Road.

Halfway, he rejoined Chett and the men.

None of them knew what their lord had just done. But soon, they would hear about the fate of the Twins, and they would connect the dots.

####

Because the destination was Stoney Sept, the stay at Riverrun was very short, lasting a single night. Wylis met with Lord Hoster Tully, finding the man walking unsteadily with a stick now. The man's entire focus was now on teaching his teenage son, Edmure, how to rule.

"Riverrun is doomed, my lord."

"I know, Chett," he said, watching the boy of ten-and-six clumsily strike the practice sword against the target. "Even Magnus swings better."

"He will ask you. I know it, my lord."

"And I will refuse. You and Dacey are different. I saw your gifts. This boy... I can't make a wise man from a fool. Just look at his footwork. Jaime Lannister was fifteen when he earned his knighthood and joined the Kingsguard. This lad is older."

Later that night, during the small feast, things happened just as Chett had said. However, instead of calling Edmure lacking, he blamed his age. Sixteen was indeed too old to become a squire, especially for someone as skilled as Edmure.

"If Brynden had not sworn himself to the Kingsguard, he'd have shaped my lad into a proper swordsman," Lord Hoster grumbled over his cup of wine. "I ought to be with the boy more, but the Riverlands never give me peace. House Frey sends raven after raven with threats one day and pleas the next. They've little left but a solitary keep."

"My lord, why trouble yourself over the Lord of the Crossing when there is no crossing left? Let them wither," Wylis said with a shrug. "You know the folly that brought them here. The Gods are only passing judgment. If anything, this is your chance to tighten your hold on the Riverlands. Just as the Lannisters rule the Westerlands, the Starks the North, and the Martells Dorne. When folk speak of the Riverlands, Tully should come next in the same breath."

Wylis played the role of the devil whispering. There wasn't anything Hoster could do against House Frey right now. He couldn't march to the Twins as there was no justification. What Wylis wanted was nothing. No action, no help.

Hoster Tully gave a weary chuckle that soon swelled into hearty laughter. "You... my lord, you are young, strong, and full of ambition. Had the gods seen fit to make you my son... But I am an old man now. I cannot be the one to stir chaos across the Riverlands. Still, aye, let the Freys wither."

"One day, if the Freys find themselves hungry for coin, send them to me. I would gladly buy lands fit for farming. The North has precious little of that."

"Not gold, though, is it?" Hoster Tully said with a knowing smirk. "A river of gold. I'd say the gods hold you dear indeed."

"Perhaps, but I'm not one to keep all the Gods' blessings for myself," Wylis replied. He drew his chair closer to the old man and lowered his voice. "I'm bound for Stoney Sept. I've heard the town has prospered with my great ice houses, and the slaughterhouses will soon follow. I mean to see it made a city. When I meet Robert, I'll ask for a King's City Charter for Stoney Sept and Ramsgate alike. If fortune holds, the Riverlands may finally have its first city."

That was how cities and towns were made in Westeros. The City Charter was required from the King, and while it doesn't change a lot for the people of the city, it changed plenty when it came to tax structure. As a city usually is run by a lord, it holds greater say in where the money goes, as it requires coin to run itself.

Ramsgate would run under him. But Stoney Sept was a different thing. He didn't care who ran it; what he wanted was the benefit of less taxes.

"Would he grant it? Duskendale asked for the same once. It ended with the place razed to the ground."

"That was different. House Darklyn was led by a fool. He defied the Mad King from the King's own doorstep and even took him hostage. What we seek is far simpler. And the time is right. Robert and Jon Arryn are likely to see sense in it."

Old Hoster Tully calmly nodded.

"I wish you good fortune, Lord Kaiser. To live long enough to see a city rise in the Riverlands... that would be a dream come true."

Wylis just nodded, since he couldn't promise anything. Ramsgate came first to him.

####

Stoney Sept, Riverlands

Wylis and his men rode into Stoney Sept unannounced, yet the moment he reached the town square, the smallfolk gathered. It hadn't been that long since Robert's Rebellion and the memories were still fresh.

"What's this now?"

To Wylis' surprise, a statue of him was erected in the middle of the square. It was of him on Caliburn's back, armored, aiming his massive sword towards the sky. Because of the armor, there was no way to tell it was him unless one read the words on the base.

"Lord Wylis Kaiser, Savior of Stoney Sept," Chett muttered.

"M'lord has returned!"

"Lord Kaiser!"

The smallfolk gathered around him in great numbers, which kept rising. The population looked higher as well, and he noticed plenty of ice mover carriages during his ride into the city. He didn't know much about the economy of the town itself, but it was clearly not struggling.

"M'lord!"

And it was mostly women screaming for him.

"Make way for me to the mansion," Wylis ordered his men, who quickly moved the horses ahead of him and shouted respectfully at the people. Soon, a path started to form through the large crowd.

It still took him an hour to leave that place and arrive at the mansion occupied by one Ser Wilbert, the one who held authority over running the town. He had been in contact with Ramsgate, as the trade monopoly over the town belonged to Wylis.

"Stoney Sept is yours, my lord."

Ser Welbert knelt when Wylis got off his horse. He wasn't sworn to him, yet he knelt in submission. Wylis gave the same respect and held him up by the shoulders, clasping hands.

*Did he commission the statue?*

"Good to see you hale and well, Ser Welbert. I trust Stoney Sept has been treating you kindly," Wylis said as he stepped into the mansion.

"Aye, my lord, it has. With your blessing, trade grows, and so do the taxes. As your raven commanded, I made the city's cleanliness my first concern. Our ice houses now keep fish and fruit fresh, and merchants travel here from King's Landing to Lannisport, and every place between. With the slaughterhouse, I can see a proper keep raised here for you."

Wylis nodded, soon entering a solar, and took the head seat. "Every growing city needs a keep of its own."

"A city, my lord?" Ser Welbert caught on.

"If the Gods favor us, it shall be soon enough. Now, bring me the populace ledger, and the financial ledger as well. I have little time to spare. I must reach Brightwater Keep before Lord Stannis' wedding."

"Of course, my lord."

While the knight went to bring him the ledgers from the hidden safe, he ordered Chett to go into the town and rent a carriage, and then fill it with supplies like rations, dried meat, and other goods.

"Here, my lord."

Soon, he opened the ledgers and started reading.

*Oh! That's better than expected.*

The population of Stoney Sept was on its own close to reaching ten thousand. This was a number he'd reached in Ramsgate after spending so much coin and hardship. His ships toiled to sail people to Ramsgate for free.

And the finances looked solid as well. There was no wasteful spending; if anything, Ser Wilbert seemed to be trying to save whatever coin could be reasonably saved. A few thousand gold dragons currently sat in the locked treasury of the town.

"The Blackwater Rush serves well enough for sending goods to King's Landing, yet Lannisport still proves a troublesome journey. Let us set coin aside, little by little, for a road to Pinkmaiden, where the bridge spans the Red Fork. Once it is done, the River Road will be ours to reach with ease." Wylis planned; the map of Westeros was already in his head.

Still, it pained him that he couldn't reach Old Town. The Ironborn were a pain to deal with, and he didn't want to lose more ships.

"And see the city's defenses strengthened. Increase the City Watch a little at a time, and train the men yourself. If any break the law, punish them without mercy. I shall send you the law code I set down in Ramsgate. Before long, Stoney Sept will serve as the trade hub for my wares from Ramsgate, not only ice. They will be stored here, displayed, and sold to traders from across Westeros."

Ser Wilbert didn't just nod; the man wrote it all down on a page.

"That will be all for today. I'll look about the town later before I pass my final judgment. But from what I have seen, you're doing fine work. Should this town one day become a city, I'll petition Lord Tully to grant you a lordship. You will have my support."

"You do me a great honor, my lord," Ser Wilbert exclaimed. "I will not disappoint you."

Wylis just nodded. He didn't want more work that day. More than twenty days of traveling had started to wear him out now.

"Then I shall leave the town in your capable hands. As for me, I mean to find some rest today."

With that, Wylis left the solar and followed a servant to his assigned bedchamber. Four of his guards always followed behind him.

That night, he yearned for Lyanna in bed.

####

Wylis truly hadn't planned it when he decided to take a bath in the river right outside Stoney Sept. It was one of the three tributaries that made up Blackwater Rush.

It was a usual morning, and he had finished training himself and his men. To wipe the grime, he'd gone to swim in the river. But for that to end up with all those women giggling at him... that wasn't planned.

He scratched his beard as he stood in the river, the water reaching his waist. The group of ten women, some mature and some young, were at the banks, washing clothes. They knew who he was; his height and body screamed his identity.

*Well, they're loyal, at least.*

Things were still the same as during Robert's Rebellion. The women of Stoney Sept were dementedly attracted to him, the Tyrant. Nothing had changed in that status; if anything, more women were now in that group as the population swelled.

*Fuck this.*

Giving up, he decided to just walk out. He headed towards the women, with every footstep more of his body came out. He wore absolutely nothing on his body. And by the time he was merely a few feet from them, his lower half was proudly visible.

The women yelped, giggled, or blushed. Their eyes followed the swing of his dangling cock as he walked past them and reached for his pants drying on a boulder.

Once he wore his tunic, he looked at the women and winked. "Apologies, my ladies. I will see you in the city."

####

Plap! Plap! Plap!

How did it come to this? He did not know. But that night, in his walled mansion in the city, in his large bedchamber, he wasn't alone. A thick scent of sex filled every inch of air, and soft feminine bodies lay everywhere.

Women aged twenty to forty, widows with or without children, single mothers, women unable to have children, or those stuck in a sad marriage. Some with deliciously squeezable chubby bodies, fat tits, broad hips, and others with slender frames. Some short, and others taller. All ten from the river were also there.

Plap! Plap!

"Aaaaaah! Aaaaah... M'lord! Yer... heavy!"

Wylis pounded down into the thirty-something widow, her husband long lost to the rebellion. He dominated the center of the bed, her plump legs hooked over his shoulders as he folded her knees tight against her jiggling tits. The position left her completely helpless under him, her plump body bent nearly in half while his thick cock speared mercilessly into her soaked pussy.

"Ugh! You... wanted this!"

Wylis pumped with powerful, steady strokes, his legs straight and planted like pillars, fingers sunk deep into the soft, freckled flesh of the red-headed widow. She wasn't the prettiest face in the room, but her body was pure sin. Thick thighs, wide hips, and a greedy pussy that clutched at every inch of his cock.

He never kissed them, any of them. This wasn't romance; this was raw fucking.

"Ungh! Yes, yes, yes! Give me... yer seed... Pump it all in me... lowly cunt!" she wailed.

He somehow loved the way they talked dirty. There was a rough rawness to these women that highborn ladies rarely matched. The harder he fucked them, the more they craved it, no matter how deep or how savagely he plowed their willing holes.

As he continued hammering into the mature widow, Wylis glanced at the beauties sprawled on either side of him across the grand bed.

A forty-year-old single mother. A twenty-five-year-old bastard-born woman who could never find a husband. The unhappy eighteen-year-old wife of a local merchant. And a bored mother of two who sold fruits in the market. All of them naked, glistening, and thoroughly fucked.

Each of them lay in varying positions. One face-down with knees folded and ass high in the air, another flat on her back with legs still parted wide, another prone with her face buried in a pillow,

and yet another curled against her, half-dozing. Thick, creamy white seed slowly leaked from every well-fucked cunt, dripping lazily onto the sheets.

Creak! Creak! Creak!

"Aaaaaah! I'm... coming... undone... m'lord! Oh! Gods! Bless me, Maiden!" the widow screamed.

Wylis met her trembling clenches with pounding thrusts, his own edge coming dangerously close. Still, he held back, wanting each one of them to actually enjoy it.

He drilled into her relentlessly until her body locked up, her plump pussy gushing hard around his thick shaft. Clear squirt sprayed across her own heaving tits and belly as she drowned in cloud nine.

Then finally, he buried himself to the hilt. His beastly cock coated in bubbling cream. He folded the thick woman completely in half with his weight as his heavy balls drew tight. His flesh sword throbbed violently, then erupted, gushing pump after pump of potent seeds straight into her womb.

He made sure to empty every last drop.

Ting!

At last, he heard the fifth notification of the night.

As he pulled out of the dazed widow, her eyes rolled back, body twitching; he looked behind him at the fifteen or so more women still waiting, all naked and blushing in heat. Some rubbed their own soaked cunts, others lazily fingered each other, eyes hungry for their turn.

They were all moaning softly, watching him with greedy lust. As he rose from the bed, their eyes followed the heavy swing of his still-hard, cum-slick cock like it was the only thing that mattered.

*It's going to be a long, long night.*

Before he knew it, hours had passed.

"Ungh! Ungh! M'lord... it's... ripping me-ehehe... open!"

He was indeed doing exactly that.

Wylis stood tall in the middle of the carpet, holding the light, slender nineteen-year-old in his powerful arms. His thick forearms hooked under her knees as he bounced her dripping pussy up and down on his monstrous shaft, gravity helping him spear deeper with every thrust.

She was a beauty, dirty-blond hair plastered to her soft skin, the daughter of a trader. The girl had been married to the son of another merchant in town, but the boy was a whoring bastard who preferred the same gender and had never once touched her.

"Oh, oh! That's it... I never... felt... so good! Breed me, m'lord! Give me a big... big babe!"

Squelch! Squelch!

The lithe girl's legs flailed at his sides, her succulent tits bouncing wildly with every powerful drop onto his cock. Her tongue lolled out, eyes glassy with blissful pleasure as her sweaty hair tossed about. She had already climaxed twice, squirting hard both times.

"Ugh!"

But it wasn't easy for Wylis either.

While three women lay sprawled around him on the carpet, their cunts still oozing his thick breeding batter, two eager forty-year-olds pressed in for more. Despite their pussies being bruised and swollen from earlier poundings, they knelt greedily. One in front and one behind.

The one in front licked his balls clean, savoring the filthy mix of his cockjuice and the slender girl's nectar. The one behind tried the same, her hungry tongue slithering everywhere she could, lapping at his sack and the base of his shaft as he continued fucking the moaning girl impaled on his cock.

Wylis wasn't used to this. The multiple women bagging for his seed at once, like starving women at a feast.

Plap! Plap!

He threw the girl higher in his arms. Her tight lower lips stretched thin around his hammering rod, clutching tight.

The entire chamber reeked of filthy sex. He was certain the room would need weeks of scrubbing before the scent of sweat, cum, and womanly nectar finally faded.

"Oh! Gods!"

She came again, harder this third time. Her soaked walls fluttered and clenched around his massive cock, milking him with desperate pulses.

Wylis, already dangerously sensitive, felt the building pleasure crash over him. He lodged his cock deep, her soft asscheeks flush against his powerful thighs, burying every thick inch. He erupted inside, the load more watery now yet still potent as it flooded her womb.

Ting!

*Nine more to go... fuck!*

More time passed in a blur of moans and slick, sweaty flesh.

He found himself bending an unfortunate woman over the sturdy table. Even six months after her miscarriage, her body had never stopped lactating. The sight of her leaking breasts reminded her painfully of the babe she had lost.

He had agreed to give her one. Even though he didn't particularly love the taste, he couldn't stop himself from quenching his thirst. Milk was far more energizing than wine.

The woman lay flat on her back across the table, her doughy thighs spread wide.

Wylis leaned over her, both of his large hands gripping her swollen breasts, squeezing them tightly around the base. He brought her fat nipples together and latched on, sucking hard while he fucked her with deep, rolling thrusts.

"Umm..." Wylis drank greedily as he fucked her straight into another climax.

It wasn't her first on that table, and it wouldn't be the last. Another woman lay sprawled on her belly near the edge, freshly pumped full of his warm cream, while several more slept peacefully on the floor, bodies glistening and leaking.

"Yes, yes, yes! Bless me... Oh... Savior... of Stoney Sept! I'm blessed by the Gods!" she screamed. She came harder than before, her maternal milk spraying weakly against his chest as her cunt convulsed around him.

Wylis, pushed to his limit, erupted with her. He stopped suckling her nipples, kissing and licking sticky trails of milk across her pale bosom while his flesh pole pulsed and pumped his batter into her womb.

Ting!

More hours slipped by.

Wylis truly couldn't keep pounding anymore. He collapsed back onto the settee, back straight, powerful legs sprawled wide, and finally let the women have their way. He held a cup of cool water in one hand, drinking steadily to rehydrate.

The last one rode him with ravenous hunger. A beautiful twenty-five-year-old town whore who had long hoped to start a family but decided she would rather be bred by the famed Knight than struggle to find a husband. She was stunning; black hair cascading down her back, skin pale as fresh snow, and a deliciously curvy body topped with full, heavy tits and light, pink nipples.

His wide palm groped and clawed at her plump ass while she bounced on him, digits digging into supple flesh.

He stared down between their bodies, watching his cock, now angry red and coated in a filthy mix of batter and juices. Appearing and disappearing into her warm, greedy cunt.

*Lyanna would be proud.*

"Mmmm..."

That moan hadn't come from him, nor from the whore riding his cock. On his left, one of the women he had already bred pressed her face to his abs, obsessively licking the ridges of his muscles. Behind him, another had her arms wrapped around his broad shoulders, her hot tongue dragging along his neck and ear.

"Ooooooh! A babe... at last! I'll... be a mother!" The whore screamed. She tossed her long dark hair back, blushing furiously, eyes rolling back in ecstasy.

Wylis felt her cunt squeeze his shaft like a fist as she squirted hard, soaking his cock and the settee in a watery flood.

But he still wanted to finish. He drained the last of his water, tossed the cup aside, and gripped the whore firmly by her soft ass, ready to take control.

Slosh! Slosh!

Wylis moved the whore with unrelenting strength, her body already limp and trembling from her climax. He snapped his hips upward to meet her flesh, driving his thick cock deep while another woman's hot tongue swirled teasingly in his ear. And he finally let go.

Watery spurts erupted inside her cave of wonders, mixing with the fresh gush of her nectar in an overflowing flood that spilled down his balls.

Ting!

*That... was... twenty... Oh... I can't feel my cock!*

"I need rest, ladies. I truly do," Wylis rasped, exhausted.

Gently, he lifted the beautiful black-haired whore off his lap and let his massive body fall sideways onto the settee, pulling her down with him so she lay draped over his chest like a living quilt.

She sighed happily and snuggled closer, clearly loving the closeness. Meanwhile, the woman who had been licking his abs crawled between his spread legs and pressed her flushed face lovingly against his spent, cum-smeared cock, nuzzling it like a prize.

At that point, he couldn't care less.

His eyes were too heavy.

His body was sore.

And twenty wombs were bred that night.

####

Wylis woke up later at noon the next day, naked, lying on the carpet, reeking. He was alone now, and still felt sore to the bone, and dehydrated. But instead of sunlight from the windows, what greeted him was a blue hovering screen.

**[New Title Received!]**

**Ting!**

**[Tyrant's Title - The Stallion of Riverlands]**

**Description - A Tyrant sires many, but never leaves them behind. You have dared to walk that path, now reap the reward in kind.**

**Effect - 100% Virility in Riverlands]**

"..."

He stared at the screen speechlessly for a while. It was hard to understand what that 100% truly meant.

*Does that mean... even a single drop will do?*