

The Northern Tyrant [Game of Thrones] Chapter 61 - Curse of the Giant, Lonely Widow & An Heir Saved

Knock! Knock!

Tywin Lannister smoothly rose from his bed, donned a presentable attire, and opened his bechamber's door. Morning light was shining through the window, but he reckoned it was still a little too early.

"Kevan?" He saw his younger brother's sour face outside, paler than usual as if stricken with fever.

"The mines... the mines have collapsed. Every one of them. The men say there was a quake. They fled as the tunnels gave way behind them. Every path leading to the gold is now buried beneath miles of dirt."

Tywin frowned at first. He had just woken up, so it took a few moments for his mind to fully digest those words. Then his face contorted into powerless fury. He turned back and quickly donned his noble surcoat and cloak, tied his sword belt, and moved out.

"Where are the miners? Send them back to start digging!"

"I already sent them, my lord. The most experienced among them said the tunnels have collapsed upon themselves, leaving walls hard as stone. Digging through them will be no different from carving rock. They say they must begin where the tunnels were dug centuries ago. It will take years to reach the gold again."

Tywin's face turned red with anger. He walked past his brother and went down to the mines directly. Unbothered by all the dirt around, he walked past miners running in and out carrying dirt and tools.

It didn't take him long to reach the collapsed part where miners were already hard at work, digging. He heard the sound of pickaxes striking the walls. It sounded no different from hitting hard rocks.

Having seen enough, he rushed back and entered his solar. Kevan followed him inside.

"How much gold is left in the vaults?"

"Not enough. We paid plenty to the Crown and the Gold Cloaks in King's Landing. All that remains is our vault in the Iron Bank, and we are not to touch it," Kevan Lannister said. "My lord, Casterly Rock's mines need to be dug again, leaving many miners with nothing to do. We can send them to other mines across the Westerlands to keep them working."

"It won't be enough to sustain us," Tywin said coldly. "We'll cut our expenses. It is time we demanded repayment from the countless houses across Westeros who owe us coin. Leave the Crown alone, for now."

Kevan nodded strongly. "What of Lord Kaiser? Until this morning, I would have agreed to bar his trade across the Westerlands. But now... I say we allow him to trade, and levy greater taxes."

Cold anger covered Tywin's face as the old lion sat in his seat, one hand tapping on the table. "Where is he now?"

"He departed early with his men. He should be nearing Tarbeck Hall by now."

Silence settled over the solar as Tywin closed his eyes, his brow drawn tight. The old lion seldom permitted his emotions to show. "He will pay for his deeds. I agree. But House Lannisters come first. Kevan, seal the mines. No miner leaves until the gold is brought forth. What happened here must remain buried. House Lannister will be seen today exactly as it was yesterday."

"Understood, my lord."

"How is Genna?" Tywin asked.

"Another son, golden-haired." Kevan smiled. "She is blessed."

Tywin didn't smile, however. "Where is Jaime?"

"He left for King's Landing as well."

"He ran away, you mean," Tywin said coldly. "And Tyrion?"

"Went with Jaime."

Tywin's fist tightened on the table, not because Tyrion left, but because the realm will now see Tyrion in King's Landing and laugh at him, Tywin Lannister. The realm will see his shame.

Clack!

Suddenly, the solar's door opened, and Gerion Lannister sauntered in lazily, a smile on his face. Without asking, the youngest of the Lannister brothers took a seat. Just the three of them were left now on the male side, as Tygett had passed away a year ago to the pox.

"Heard there's trouble in the mines?"

"Who told you that?" Kevan demanded.

"Calm yourself, brother. I went down there myself. I was nearby when the quake struck, and I felt it too," Gerion said with a careless laugh. "Really, what was the grand plan? Have Jaime betray Tyrion, tear the family apart—"

"Leave, if you have come to preach some lesson, Gerion," Tywin ordered callously.

"No, I didn't. Truth be told, I came to ask. You know, the northern folk are rather fond of magic and such. They say the giant's blessed. House Frey wronged him and lost their bridge, and a keep too. House Targaryen needs no telling. And now us... losing what makes us who we are."

"Too much reading, has it got to you?" Kevan snapped. "You think Lord Kaiser brought the quake himself to shut down our mines?"

Gerion shrugged, lounging in his seat. "Once is coincidence. Twice is alarming. Thrice is just fate. Has there ever been a man like him in Westeros? Never lost a battle, won the rebellion, bested the most renowned knights, and anyone who opposes him eventually loses."

Tywin exhaled, eyes narrow, fingers tapping on the table. The old lion was furious.

"Don't say I didn't warn you later." Gerion laughed, rising to his feet. "I'll go see my newborn nephew and spoil the little whelp."

Just as swiftly Gerion had come, the man left. The door closed, and Tywin shook his head.

"Let our men in King's Landing prove their worth. Hinder House Kaiser's trade wherever they can."

Kevan just nodded in agreement. That much they could do easily.

####

Old Oak, the Reach,

"...my lady, the secret to good health is a balanced diet. I don't touch wine or grease. Milk, good meat, and vegetables are what made me this strong. And my Maester and I have found that too much wine leads to impotence."

"Seven!" Lady Arwyn Oakheart, a tiny, delicate widow and head of House Oakheart, gasped as she sat beside the giant lord at the table. "I heard Lady Stokeworth hasn't yet borne a child."

"Aye, there's a man named Jorah Mormont of Bear Island. Married these many years, and still he has given his house no heir." Wylis nodded and emptied the large glass of milk.

Wylis and his men had rushed out of Casterly Rock a few days ago, and never set camp in a town, village, or at Crakehall. They took turns to guard, and tried to enter the Reach as soon as possible. Only after arriving at Old Oak did they calm down.

Initially, Wylis hadn't expected any welcome, but widowed Lady Arwyn Oakheart invited him and his men into her castle. Further, she held a small banquet in his honor, and as they sat at the head table, he found her unusually easy to converse with.

She had several sons; the youngest was Ser Arys Oakheart, who would soon become a Kingsguard, as far as Wylis remembered. Yet, Lady Arwyn didn't look that old. Likely another young noble bride. She seemed close to Rhaella's age to him.

Brownish-auburn hair, thin as the willow, short, reaching barely his chest, but had a warm and welcoming mature face, perfect with small pouty lips and blue eyes. She smiled with both her eyes and lips, making it look genuine.

"Hear Lord Kaiser well," Lady Arwyn eyed her sons seated in a row at her right. "If you'd not die childless, my dears, you ought to drink less wine."

The four men awkwardly smiled and nodded. The one thing they all had in common was their eager eyes. The four men looked up to Wylis, as they had received sword lessons individually from him just a few hours ago. And they wanted more.

"Aye. After all, even Maegor the Cruel died childless despite plenty of wives he took," Wylis added. "But I say, you've no need to worry. Lady Arwyn has birthed four strong lads, after all."

Lady Arwyn giggled softly. "Please, my lord, don't tease this old widow. Had my husband lived, I daresay I would have borne him an army."

Huh?

Wylis noticed the way she side-glanced at him when she said that. Eyes smiling, lips pursed, cheeks blushing.

Is that... a sign?

He chose to ignore it for now and focused on the food. Beside him, Chett was also seated, while his men were in the front at other tables. Tysha was there as well, meekly eating. Slowly, the plates were emptied, and cups ran dry.

As the candles began to flicker, the little feast began to ease into a slumber. Some men fell asleep right there, face on the table. All four of Lady Arwyn's sons were drunk.

"My lord, would you join me in my solar? I have something I wish to show you."

Wylis glanced at the short, homely widow. It was already night, and at that time, that sort of invitation sounded to him more like a 'want to come inside for some coffee?' situation. And being a Tyrant on a mission, there was only ever one answer.

"Lead the way, my lady."

He followed after the noblewoman. Behind her, his shadow eclipsed her while he pondered what her true intentions were. As far as he knew, he'd never hinted at anything during his stay. He was there for a mere night, after all.

Finally, passing through hallways, climbing a staircase, she opened a fortified door engraved with elaborate designs. As she entered, she used the pricket candlestick she was holding to light up candles inside the solar.

One by one, nearly every corner of the solar illuminated in a gentle, flickering orange hue. The place was well-maintained and beautiful; Wylis could tell. A lot of care went into it, from the ceiling-touching bookshelves to the lavish carpet, the seattee, the grand oak table, and the lady's chair. The walls were covered in tapestry since paintings weren't a thing yet. It was smaller than Wylis' own solar, but this one had more personality.

It looked less like a workplace and more like a place to relax, read a book, and just spend some alone time.

"A lovely solar, my lady," Wylis praised.

"Thank you. I have changed many things since my husband's passing. He was a good man in his way, but he never did have an eye for beauty."

"He married you. I say he had quite the good eye." He took his chance. Since he was there, he meant to try.

Lady Arwyn laughed, not so subtle this time. It was soft and throaty. She finally stopped lighting up the candles and took a seat on the seattee, gesturing to him to join. "Come now, my lord. You know well enough how it is. Lord Oakheart was fifteen years my elder when I was wed to him, and I was but fifteen myself. I was never given a choice."

"He was a fortunate man, then." He sat down beside her; the poor settee creaked under him. "Old Oak seems well kept in your care, and your sons are no spoiled brats. That alone is a great achievement in Westeros."

"It was no small task, raising them," she replied, slipping a little nearer with a playful smile. "But I confess, I'm quite proud of what they've become."

He glanced at her, her head barely reaching his shoulder whilst seated. She really was delicate and tiny, and that confused him. Lyanna chose him because she surely had a few issues with her brain, he reckoned. But Lady Arwyn seemed wise to him.

"Tell me, when might a house as humble as mine hope to enjoy this ice-cruising everyone speaks of these days? I have heard so much about it, yet never had the delight," she asked, drawing nearer until her arm brushed his.

"I had meant to sell it across Westeros, but the Ironborn have taken to preying upon my ships. I must deal with the Ironborn before trade can resume."

"Will you?" Lady Arwyn asked, quite shamelessly reaching for his covered bicep with her dainty fingers and squeezing it. It was hard as stone. "Punish the Ironborn?"

"In time, I will. And I believe the realm shall as well. They are nothing but uncivilised slavers."

"I agree..." She ran both hands along the muscle of his arm. "So dreadfully uncivilised... Quite deserving of a firm punishment. But there is something I have been meaning to ask you since you came here, my lord. A rumor, you see... one that seems to pass mostly between us widowed noblewomen."

"Rumor?" Wylis watched her.

She was already fully turned towards him as she sat on her knees. Her eyes brightly stared where she tried to squeeze his bicep, using as much strength as her tiny hands could.

"They say..." Lady Arwyn smiled and leaned closer, slowly rising onto one knee before settling his right thigh astride. "There walks a ravishing knight who makes you forget even your sweetest dreams of warmth. His touch is like a hearth fire, leaving you craving another taste of the flame. He makes you long for forbidden things, like some wicked spirit whispering temptations in your ear."

"..."

Wylis, with his thick brows high, just stared at her face. She was beautiful, but on the cuter side, and hearing those words coming from someone he thought wise a moment ago was surprising. Especially that rumor. Who spread that?

He took the initiative slowly, one broad hand settling upon her fragile waist, the other slipping around to cup her bottom. "And it bites like a spear, leaves you a tumbling mess, mumbling for more and more."

Lady Arwyn rose on both knees, reaching for his face as her soft hands squeezed on his bearded cheeks. Her pearl-white smile stretched, faint age-lines near her eyes the only sign of her being older than him.

She leaned in, her breath a step away from panting. Who knows when she had last been touched, held, and above all, fucked.

"A dangerous thrill then?" She asked, licking her pursed lips.

Wylis smiled, "For you? Dangerous and deadly."

"Enough to leave me swooning, my lord?"

Wylis squeezed both her asscheeks and pulled her light frame in, grounding her loins on his leg. "That and much, much more, my lady."

"Hmm..." Lady Arwyn's hands glided over his broad neck, then lingered upon his chest, hard as steel. "I... I confess, I want to see you. The famed Tyrant of the Trident, flesh and all."

By then, Wylis understood what this was. Lady Arwyn had been married to a man much older than her, who was most likely out of shape. Tall, every inch of himself was carved with hard work, sweat, and battles. In comparison, he was built like a creature out of a woman's fantasy. He'd never strived to be one initially, but ever since Tyrant's Squire, he tried to maintain it.

"What else?" He asked, feeling her body as well, rubbing his hands up, tracing them over her waist so thin he could almost squeeze it between his two-handed stretched hold, then up to her soft, less-than-handful breast, and finally her slender neck.

Lady Arwyn nearly moaned, her hips already rubbing against his leg, back and forth. "I... I bore my children out of duty. Yet never once have I... known what it truly means to make love. I've heard other ladies speak of it. How it feels to... to forget everything and be left a helpless, mumbling mess in the sheets. Spent, sore, weary, and smiling."

Qyburn? I think I once told him to spread rumors. When did he do it?

What she had said was indeed one of his choices to find noblewomen willing to carry his seed. Noblewomen unsatisfied with their sex life, which was a far more common issue than many knew. Some usually chose a household servant or a knight they liked to fulfil their needs in secrecy.

He didn't know why Lady Arwyn didn't have someone like that. She was a widow, beautiful, and feminine. It would have made sense.

But to Wylis, her being a widow was also a problem. He preferred married noblewomen because that way his child wouldn't be named a bastard. They would live a comfortable life. So, if he had a child with Lady Arwyn, it would be impossible to hide.

Holding her slender neck in one hand, he met her eyes. "I am exceedingly potent, my lady."

"My maester brews moon tea as well as any."

Wylis tried not to show his disappointment. He never really bedded women simply for pleasure outside of those who lived in Ramsgate Castle. He believed it would set him on the wrong path, diminish the priority he gave to siring children. But having come this far, to refuse Lady Arwyn now...

Perhaps a night so good that she may change her mind?

He studied her eager face and smiled. "By midnight, you'll be begging me for mercy. By morning, there'll be but one man in all the realm you'll ever desire."

"What more can a humble window ask for? Show me... my lord."

With obvious obsession and eagerness, Lady Arwyn's hands went to work, peeling him open one layer at a time like tending a living idol. She unfastened his cloak first, letting the heavy fabric slide from his shoulders, then worked the buckle of his belt free with careful fingers before pushing the surcoat back and starting on the buttons of his tunic, each one coming undone with almost reverent care.

At the sight of his naked chest and the hard ridges of his abs, she drew in a sharp breath. Her small fingers clawed lightly over the sculpted muscle, rubbing and mapping every rise and valley as she slipped down from the settee, sinking gracefully between his legs until she knelt in front of him.

She tugged off his boots next, then untied the laces of his breeches with growing eagerness. When the fabric refused to slide free, her source of obsession simply lifted his hips for her; she yanked the breeches and smallcloth down in one eager pull, leaving him lounging naked to the skin, fully exposed.

"G-Gods... spared plenty... time to make you... my lord."

Lady Arwyn still knelt between his spread thighs, simply staring. Her gaze traveled from his face to the broad expanse of his chest, then settled and lingered on the thick, fully erect shaft rising from his lap.

She gulped hard. The sheer size of it, the heavy girth and the flushed purple knob at its tip, felt like a quiet challenge.

She bent forward and reached out, her delicate fingers brushing the warm length. Her hands couldn't close fully around it, so she used both, stroking slowly along the shaft while still leaving more than a hand's width untouched.

"I... want it... inside me."

"Aren't you overdressed for that, my lady?"

She rose at once and started shedding her gown, pushing the broad neckline down over her shoulders and stepping free of the pooled fabric. Smallclothes followed in a quick, impatient motion until she stood bare before him, petite and fair.

Wylis's rough hands settled on her slender waist, and guided her forward until she straddled his lap. His hands traveled upward, tasting the smooth curving skin on his palms, cupping the doughy curves of her breasts, thumbs circling and rubbing over the tightening peaks. Teasing them until he felt her breath getting heavier and heavier.

The moment her cunt pressed against the underside of his cock, he felt how soaked she already was, the wet heat of her craving painting his shaft. Seeing the need burning in her eyes, he simply let her take the lead.

Lady Arwyn rose higher on her knees, one small hand braced on his shoulder for balance. She felt utterly eclipsed by the sheer mass of him; her own body seemed small against the heavy, powerful frame under her. Reaching down, she wrapped her fingers around his cock, angled the swollen tip upward, and dragged it slowly along her entrance, coating him in her sweet, leaking nectar.

"So... long... it's been."

She muttered the words under her breath and closed her eyes. She knew this wouldn't be easy, yet she was no naive maiden, nor a fresh newlywed. She wanted this experience. She wanted a night that would stay carved into her memory for years, wanted finally to quiet that quiet, hungry itch that had lived inside her since the day she was married.

"Mmmm-ah!"

Lady Arwyn gasped as she started to lower herself. The broad, throbbing cockhead pushed her tight lower lips apart, the stretch already stinging in a way that made her smooth thighs tremble. Looking down through the gap between their bodies, she saw it all. He was simply too big, too thick, the girth easily matching her own wrist.

She gritted her teeth and pressed down a little further, determined to take in more of his beastly cock.

"Aaaah!" She cried out as the blunt tip finally pushed past her heavenly gates, stretching her open. "Y... The Warrior made you... and the... Maiden... blessed you."

She cooed and leaned forward, burying her face against his hard chest while her fingers clawed at his shoulder. She felt his wide hands close around the soft curves of her ass, gripping her flesh firmly; the heat of that touch only teasing her hunger even more.

She lifted herself almost free of him, then plunged back down, forcing another thick inch inside.

"Mmmmmgh! Gods!"

"Get used to it, my lady." He whispered against her ear. "We've a long night ahead."

Lady Arwyn's eyes rolled. "Gaaah... Ah... yes....!"

Seeing how loudly she was crying out, Wylis reached for the discarded smallclothes beside them, tore a strip free, and shoved the cloth between her lips for her to bite down on.

"Hnnnnnng!"

With the cloth clenched between her teeth, Lady Arwyn went wild. She started riding him with full effort, fucking herself on the portion of his cock she had already taken. Each plunge made her soaked pussy gulp another inch deeper.

Her body started to sweat, overwhelmed by the sheer pleasure as she felt everything inside. The way his girth splayed her wet walls helpless, his veins raking every sensitive spot, the blunt head nudging on her cervix. It was everything she had dreamt it would be, a tender touch doused in wildfire, burning her inside out.

Her eyes rolled upward in pure, uncontrollable pleasure.

"Mmmmm...!"

She groaned around the cloth, body shivering hard as climax tore through her; still not even halfway down his length. Her body shivered non-stop, muscles knotting up until she seemed to freeze in utter bliss.

Wylis kneaded the soft flesh of her hips and took over the rhythm, lifting and dropping her while heat coiled low in his gut. He felt the tight grip of her cunt, the sudden flood of scorching juices drowning the top part of his flesh pole.

A few more careful inches and he felt the limit. That was as deep as he could safely invade her tonight. Any further and he risked hurting the petite woman in his arms.

"Nnnnnngh!"

Lady Arwyn was already a trembling, moaning mess against him.

Without even flexing his muscles, Wylis easily rose to his feet, holding her light, short frame in his arms so that he could keep drilling up into her languid body. In that standing hold, he fed her just a little more of his cock, feeling the squelch of her nectar dripping down his flushed, iron-hard rod.

"Uh..."

She was impossibly tight. Wylis groaned at the relentless grip that milked every throbbing ridge.

Ting!

[Name: Arwyn Oakhart

Age: 38

Occupation: Lady of the Old Oak

Current Loyalty: 17%

Status: Impregnated]

What? Already? But I haven't even released it yet.

Wylis glanced down at the sweating mess in his arms. He knew he was potent, but even then he had to finish inside Lyanna and others to sow the seed. But here, the first pearly drops that had leaked from his crown had already done the work.

She must be... impossibly fertile.

Plap! Plap!

That didn't mean he had to stop, however. He planned on giving Lady Arwyn exactly what she had demanded.

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Creak! Creak!

Lady Arwyn lay prone on the settee while Wylis covered her from behind like an oversized quilt. He rammed into her from behind, plunging his entire cock as her cunt had gotten used to his size now.

Half a dozen climaxes had come and passed her. She couldn't say anything, just squealed in pleasure. She clawed at the settee and never asked him to stop.

Slosh!

Wylis pounded hard into her, his first climax already past, his virile batter already soaked her pink walls inside and turned into a froth from all that continued fucking.

####

"Ungh... Ah..."

Hours passed, Lady Arwyn found herself bent against her grand table, her face and chest flat, her legs dangling down, unable to reach the floor. She felt impossibly sore, forgotten the number of times she'd come undone that night.

All she heard was flesh strike flesh, and creaks of the wood.

####

Lady Arwyn felt like the sun would rise any time now. Yet she relished this night. Flat on her back on the carpet on the floor, she felt the warrior of a man on top of her, her legs struggling to wrap around his hips while his girth plunged inside her.

"Mmmmm..."

Her back arched, and she came again. She smiled, giggled like a mad woman. She didn't want to close her eyes, and just stared at his face, his chest, and down where their bodies joined.

This was exactly what she had been hoping for. She had made up her mind spontaneously when Lord Kaiser had arrived at Old Oak. Until yesterday, she had only heard of the man, the tales bards spun about him.

She thought they were exaggerated. But once she saw him, she made up her mind. Out of respect for her House, she had never tried to indulge in anything that would cause rumors or dishonor. But she was, still, a woman.

Lady Arwyn pushed her hips into him to meet his thrusts. She could feel his edge, his throbs; she was impossibly sore and couldn't feel her legs, however.

"Aaaaah... Yes..."

She felt the viscous, scalding ropes of his cream blasted against her womb in heavy, pulsing jets. Like a roaring wave flooding her already-sore cunt until she felt every filthy spurt coat her walls, overflow around his buried shaft, and leak out down her thighs. The sheer volume of it stunned her. It was endless; each throb of his cock forcing more of that warm flood deeper, painting her from the inside out until her belly felt heavy.

She felt it all; the waves, the forceful spurts, the thick, sticky coat in her sensitive folds.

How lucky the Lady of Ramsgate was, she reckoned. This man, this warrior, knew exactly how to be a brute one moment and then simply stay buried, letting her feel the slow, heavy deflation of him still pulsing inside her.

She smiled up at him, eyes lingering on his mouth. Not once had they kissed. It had felt far too intimate, something a man like him would never simply give away. Yet she craved it now, craved the closeness, the final intimacy after everything else he had already taken.

"It's only midnight yet, my lady."

"What?" she exclaimed, still breathless.

It's as if he had read her mind, and every other thought had fled. She felt the powerful man lower himself fully on top of her, his cock still rammed balls-deep and slick with their mixed froth, his broad chest pressing her soft breasts flat until her entire frame disappeared under him.

His strong arms wrapped around her head, cradling her, and his lips settled over hers.

She closed her eyes.

She felt his heat, the scrape of his beard, and opened her lips for him, letting his tongue ravage her mouth in deep strokes no man had ever given her before. It was slow, thorough, tasting of everything they had just done.

This was... lovemaking.

At last, she knew.

And the night wasn't even over yet.

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The next morning, Wylis prepared to leave in the courtyard of the castle. He wore his light armor, fed Caliburn a few snacks, and checked his men, making sure they didn't do anything more foolish than he did last night.

"Lady Arwyn won't be bidding us farewell, my lord?" Chett asked.

Wylis smiled at his squire. "She would if she could. Let sweet Lady Oakheart rest. Gods know, she earned it."

Chett stared at his face with the 'I knew it' look.

"Jealous?" Wylis asked.

"I have no reason to be jealous, my lord."

"Find yourself a lady, my friend. You're a man with a noble mission." Wylis patted his squire on the shoulder, then strode toward the new carriage they'd just acquired. It was for Tysha, since she didn't know how to ride a horse.

Wylis and his men weren't alone, however. Joining them were Lady Arwyn's two youngest sons, which included Arys Oakheart.

Some time later, after preparing some common supplies, they all got ready to depart. At that point, even Lady Arwyn somehow came out, but only on the balcony overlooking the courtyard. She just waved her hand, unknown whether it was at her sons or him.

Wylis didn't wave, and just smiled. The woman had been living a lonesome life all these years, having only herself to confide in while running a fief. Being able to, he didn't mind gifting her some spark. Now, it was entirely her decision if she wanted to keep the babe or not.

"Move out!"

At his command, the four men at the front rode out on their horses in formation. Then there was him and Chett, then Lady Arwyn's two sons, the carriages, and finally the rest of his men as well as four House Oakheart guards.

They took the Ocean Road. The landscape around that road was worthy of being painted. Rolling gentle hills, endless fields of crops, pasture, flower fields, trees, and the other side of the Sunset Sea became visible at times.

Every little village they passed through was scenic and well-maintained. The people, albeit smallfolk, wore clean clothes. And seeing all that, Wylis felt like buying Painting Mastery so he could decorate Ramsgate Castle with them later.

Since there had been no rain, the Ocean Road wasn't muddy, and the journey was easy. Resting in villages at night, by the eighth day, they finally reached Highgarden. But Wylis had no desire to stop there since Lord Mace Tyrell would be at the wedding anyway. So, taking a right turn after crossing the Mander River, they took the Roseroad.

Nearing Hornhill, they took a right, leaving Roseroad and traveling on a less maintained, more bumpy road, leading them straight to Brightwater Keep. They went through a few villages here and there.

Over two months had passed since Wylis had left Ramsgate, and he was already feeling homesick. He missed Lyanna; he missed the giggles of his children, the cute voice of Raenys reciting stories to all the kids, hearing Magnus blabber imaginary stories of fighting dragons and mammoths.

I should send a falcon soon.

Five miles from Brightwater Keep, Wylis and his men decided to rest at the village instead of approaching the castle, since the sun was setting. He reckoned Robert must already be there, including most invited nobles of the Reach.

It was still two days from the wedding day, however. He'd initially planned to reach it just a day before, but the events at Casterly Rock had moved up his plans.

That evening, his men were all busy cleaning themselves and preparing their best attire for the wedding. They were told that their actions, behavior, speech, and attire represented their lord. They were taught that from day one of the training. And they took it seriously.

Wylis himself prepared his best attire, the one his wife had prepared for him. Since this was the South, and much warmer, he couldn't wear his usual noble attire. So, he had a nice, dark-blue full-sleeved tunic. Then there was his long surcoat, covered in golden embroidery, a little extra near the collar. Finally, there was his cloak, the same color, with white fur on the shoulders.

It was elegant and noble, nothing that screamed 'look I have Lannister gold' nor 'I'm piss poor'. He did trim his beard to a fine stubble, though. Then he helped Chett prepare his light armor and the attire. He really wanted his squire to catch a noble girl's eyes.

After giving a few suggestions to Chett on how to approach women, he went to rest. It was peaceful there; most of the Reach was peaceful in that era.

When the morning sun arose, his little camp bustled with activity. Men were happy, getting dressed and cleaning themselves, some shaving their beards to look proper. After their long journey, they were finally arriving at the wedding.

After breaking the fast with light food, Wylis mounted Caliburn and began the last stretch of the journey. Four men ahead of him carried long poles with House Kaiser's sigil fluttering in the wind, the same for those at the very rear. Even Caliburn had a caparison on his rear, looking all noble.

By the time the sun was at its peak, Brightwater Keep was in view. It wasn't a grand castle; while its base was spread out, it only had one large tower in the middle that stood tall, with flags at the top. It was surrounded by rolling hills, some covered with pasture. Then there was a town nearby and the endless farm. River Honeywine flowed nearby.

From a mile away, the road had been filled with travelers, mostly smallfolk and merchants. They had all moved aside after seeing his sigil, and as he neared the castle, a lone man of House Florent came on horseback to guide them.

The castle wasn't big enough for all his men, and a camp needed to be set up. So they followed the man to the castle's main entrance. Before the hill's ascent, there was a large open field where countless tents had been pitched.

Wylis didn't have to pitch one; there was already one prepared for him. As he rode through the gaps, he saw too many sigils; every knight saluted him with a bow, and nobles greeted him. When he reached the tent given to him, he noticed House Baratheon's sigil right adjacent to it.

"Where's the King?" Wylis asked.

"His Grace is at the jousting tourney, my lord."

Wylis just nodded and ordered his men to set everything up. Plant the flags, put his armor inside the tent, and set the bedding and other things. There was plenty of space around the large tent for his men to pitch their own for the stay.

After making sure there was no miscommunication, he rode away with Chett. He allowed Tysha to reside in his tent as he had made her his cupbearer now.

The tourney grounds were set on the other side of the castle, in the open fields. Wooden platforms were built on the two sides of the jousting field. On the left one, at the highest point, a separate shade structure was built where King Robert sat on a grand chair, Kingsguards around him. Lord Florent was seated on the left, Stannis on the right, while Lord Mace Tyrell and other lords had further seating arranged.

Clash!

The tourney was already ongoing as lances clashed.

As Wylis rode to the back of the stands, the smallfolk noticed him. He was too easy to be seen. The only man as tall and large as him, and the only horse that could carry him. He let two of his men take Caliburn to the side, from where he could also watch the tourney.

Wylis then waved at the smallfolk, received their greetings, and climbed the platforms. As he headed straight towards the King's seat, the guards noticed him instantly, but none of them reacted. The Kingsguard right behind Robert's seat, Ser Barristan, smiled as if seeing a long-lost friend.

"There you are!"

Of course, Robert noticed him soon enough. As if the King had regained years to his age, he shot up to his feet with a roar, putting the tourney to a halt as the marshals in the jousting field waited for the King to sit again.

Wylis laughed and finally reached the top of the platforms. He passed by the knights and nobles, giving them a simple nod. Once he reached Robert, the King pulled him in a brotherly embrace.

"Look at you! What in Seven hells are you wearing? Folks'll think you're the one getting bloody married!" Robert boomed, bursting into laughter.

Wylis shrugged and looked at Robert's frame. "You look... less fat."

Wylis really didn't expect that his words from that time would have such an effect on Robert. The man looked the same as he was during the rebellion. Trimmed beard, short hair, mighty chest and arms, and just the faintest trace of a belly. A proper strongman.

"Bah! Of course I do! I've been training and fucking for a whole year now. Every bloody day!"

Wylis glanced at the cup beside Robert's seat on the small table.

"Can't take that from me, Wylis! Had to make some damned compromises. So I trained more and fucked more!" Robert laughed, then frowned at Lord Florent. "What're you doing? Give my brother a seat."

Wylis looked at Lord Florent with pity and shook his head. "It's fine, my lord. My arse is aching enough from two months in the saddle. I'll stand and look about."

"We're sparring after this! Don't you dare fucking deny me that!" Robert demanded at once.

Wylis shrugged. "What do I get if I win?"

"Whatever the hell you want," Robert barked, then eyed Chett with a grin. "If I win, I want your squire."

"Keep dreaming, Your Grace," Wylis said with a smile, clasping Robert's hand. "Good to see you hale and hearty, my friend. Now, let us not leave the lads in the field waiting."

"Aye, let us not. Come, stand beside me and watch these green cunts joust!"

Robert didn't sit either, out of respect for Wylis. But that made all the other Lords stand up out of shame as well.

Wylis didn't bother and met with Stannis nearby, congratulating him on the wedding. As usual, the stoic man barely showed emotions. So, he stepped behind the King's chair and met Ser Barristan.

"Ser Barristan. You look... older."

The old Knight laughed and respectfully bowed his head. "Time is the one foe I cannot defeat, my lord."

"None can," Wylis said, turning back to eye the tourney field. "Any talents worth noting?"

The old knight shook his head. "It is a tourney for squires and young knights, my lord. Prince Oberyn Martell is the only man of true skill among them. Yet I fear he treats it more as sport than a joust. Watch him yourself, riding against a mere child."

Oberyn? Here?

Wylis focused on the jousting field with a frown, as he suddenly remembered something. He recognised House Martell's sigil on Oberyn's armor. But when he glanced at the opposite side, all he saw was a young boy in armor, marked with a golden rose.

His legs moved on their own; Chett followed behind him. He stepped down from the platform, passing through the seated crowd. One by one, he reached the bottom, near the fence, and watched from there.

First Tysha and now this?

The horn sounded loud then, and the jousting began. The two horses galloped closer, and then the lance struck. Oberyn Martell's lance shattered the young boy's ecranche, the small shield pinned to the left shoulder.

Wylis watched, wondering if this was it. If there was anything he was supposed to do. He was half certain that it was a hidden quest. Unlike Tysha, meddling in this situation would bring him immeasurable rewards.

The horn sounded again. Wylis watched the young boy, likely a squire, and noticed a slight limp in the left shoulder. The boy was clearly hurt from the previous strike. But he didn't move; he didn't want to be blamed for anything.

Is this it?

He noticed Oberyn Martell's lance aim and knew what was to come next. He gripped the fence's top hard, ready to jump at any moment. But he couldn't meddle too early.

CLASH!

Oberyn Martell's lance struck again, this time directly at the young boy's visor, a critical hit. It was too much, however, and the momentum threw the boy backwards, and then to the side. The boy tried to jump, but his foot got stuck in the stirrup.

"My boy!"

Wylis ignored the shout from Lord Mace Tyrell behind; his body was already jumping over the fence. His leaps were extremely fast, covering a distance in one leap that most men required three leaps.

"Neigh-ehe!"

The horse groaned and began falling as well, disbalanced by the weight of the dangling boy. It began to fall directly on top of that leg stuck in the stirrup.

The smallfolk and the nobles watched and waited for the inevitable, to hear the loud crunch of the crushed leg.

Clank!

The young boy's armor hit the ground first, the horse's body following suit. Its panicked whinnying echoed in the field.

"Aaaaah!" The boy screamed in fear.

Thud!

"You're good, boy."

Wylis arrived just in time and blocked the horse's fall with his arms. He shoved both hands under the side of the horse's belly and tried to push up and forward, lifting the beast inch by inch. It never fully collapsed on the boy.

"My lord!" Chett arrived the very next moment.

"Free the boy's leg!" Wylis ordered, holding the horse up.

Wasting no time, Chett took out a knife and cut the saddle's leather part that connected with the stirrup, and then pulled the boy away from the horse.

Finally, Wylis put more strength into lifting the horse, pushing a new underneath with the boy gone now, and helped the horse fully stand up straight. The beast didn't try to run or struggle, as Wylis' Horse Whispering skill helped.

"You're alright, girl." He patted the horse's face after getting it to stand straight. "Wasn't your fault."

Clop! Clop!

But then, somehow, Caliburn arrived, jumping over the fence, and slammed his head into the poor mare's neck, as if scolding it.

"Easy there, boy!" Wylis stopped Caliburn from scaring the poor mare. "Let her be. She's scared."

At last, he turned and walked over to the young boy, lying flat on the dirt, panting. The armor was so elaborate that it was a hassle to untie all the straps, so Wylis just grabbed the visor with his hand and tore it off the helmet, letting the boy breathe open air.

"Get up," Wylis said and offered a hand.

"I... I... T-Thank you, my lord! Thank you!" The boy, teary-eyed, took the large hand and stood up with some effort.

Wylis smiled and pulled the boy's arm high, towards the spectators. Just as he had expected, loud cheers and claps rang out. Though most of it was for him since he lifted a damn horse. But he wanted this kid to think otherwise.

"My boy!"

Finally, Lord Mace Tyrell arrived, running and stumbling, almost falling half a dozen times on the way. The man was already half-balding and out of shape.

"Willas! My Son!" The rose lord checked every inch of his son's body before turning. "You saved my son! Thank you, Lord Kaiser!"

Wylis stepped aside, patting the boy's armored back. "Can't have the heir to a Great House go limping about like a cripple now, can we?"

Ting!

About time.

A/N: Wylis' attire at the wedding.

