

The Northern Tyrant [Game of Thrones] Chapter 56 - Strengthening Bloodline, Master Blacksmith, Gold Rush & A Temple Desecrated

New Castle, White Harbor

Childbirth was never easy. Especially birthing children for large men, the likes of whom ruled House Manderly. She knew because she had already given birth to two daughters. However, this one was particularly painful because the father of this babe was among the largest in Westeros. Large in multiple ways, Leona knew that by now.

She did not regret it, but she did feel anxious and fearful at first. What had occurred during her and her husband's visit to Ramsgate was... a sin. A sin that was the most pleasurable in ways she never knew her body could feel.

But she didn't dream of Lord Kaiser or being underneath him ever again, no matter how delightful it was. Not now, since what she hoped for had been accomplished. A babe, a boy so beautiful, big, and dark brown-haired, with blue eyes. The features matched hers and her husband's, and there was no doubt about fatherhood.

She knew this was wrong. But she had only birthed daughters until now, and with Wylis Manderly having grown immensely fat, not even able to ride a horse, the possibility of another child was dim. The man carried barely any sexual appetite, more keen on food than fucking, no matter what she did.

This was her only chance.

The father is 'Wylis,' at least. If only a different Wylis.

"Ooooh! Mother! He's strong!"

Leona chuckled, watching her eldest daughter, five years old, play with the babe. The boy was indeed strong; his grip on her fingers left marks.

"Of course, sweetling. Your brother'll grow to be a strong, mighty warrior," Leona said, smoothing a hand over her daughter's head. "Morgan Manderly shall rule this city one day."

"I want to play with him every day," Wynafryd muttered.

"And you will. But let him rest now." Leona gathered the babe into her arms to nurse him. "Go on, see to your sister."

However, as she began feeding, she looked down and noticed something. All of a sudden, she felt his toothless bite on her teat grow stronger, his face seemed to grow more beautiful, and his complexion turned warmer and healthier.

I... Perhaps I need to sleep.

####

Donal Noye was a blacksmith.

Once upon a time, he was the smith and armorer for House Baratheon of Storm's End. With his own hands, he had made the warhammer that King Robert Baratheon now used. He also made Lord Stannis Baratheon's first sword.

But during Robert's Rebellion, in the siege of Storm's End, his left arm had been injured by an axe, and it festered, leading him to lose that arm. Yet, he still worked, if only with one arm. But all he'd done was train the replacement of himself at Storm's End.

Now, with nothing holding him back, he had decided to join the Night's Watch, where his skills might be needed more. Still, he first wanted to do some traveling, see a few towns and cities.

With all his coin and belongings, he joined a group of merchants headed North on the Kingsroad. His first stay was in King's Landing, where he wanted to see the Street of Steel and all the forges on it. Especially the famed Tobho Mott.

But more than that, he got to taste something more. Storm's End wasn't a heavily populated castle, nor was the town around it that big. Hence, the trade of ice had never reached there. However, King's Landing felt like a new world to him.

Every inn that hoped to stay in trade offered ice-cold drinks; then there was that fuzzy-flavored water, and the ice cream as well. However, he noted the real heavy use of ice was elsewhere. Ice helped keep fruits, vegetables, and meat fresh for a longer time, and apart from large ice houses that belonged to House Kaiser in the city, most large establishments had their own small ice storage, where ice was replenished every day.

Ingenious.

He already knew Lord Kaiser was making money hand over fist. However, what intrigued him more was the boxes that ice arrived in. They were made of thin sheets of metal, but they seemed hollow, like the metal was molded to make an inch-thick container. What was inside the thick walls, he didn't know.

Inventive.

Roaming, tasting ice cream, chilled drinks, and some new cuisines that a few eateries run by House Kaiser in the city sold, he finally reached the top of the Street of Steel, which ended on a hill. Tobho Mott's shop was at the top of that hill.

Despite his modest attire, the blacksmith invited him in after he revealed himself as a blacksmith. He never boasted about building the King's warhammer, nor did he do it now. He was simply interested in studying the art of a master blacksmith from Essos.

"...I could not. King's Landing is where I want to be. But I know Lord Kaiser is in need of a master blacksmith."

"What use is a man with one arm?"

"You never know. A few from King's Landing have left, none masters, but ambitious ones. Lord Kaiser spread the word across that he seeks men, women, and even children to populate his new city."

"City?" Donal asked.

"So they say."

Donal didn't know a lot about the North, nor House Kaiser. Lord Kaiser was a renowned figure, as famed as the King or the Lannisters for their gold. A Northern giant who never lost a battle, who killed the Mad King and saved King's Landing. He could feel it in King's Landing itself; the Northern Lord was respected by smallfolk.

And then, he arrived at the harbor on the shore of the Blackwater Rush. There was a lot of chatter, smells, and ships. But he noticed many that flew the sigil of House Kaiser. The ships were noticeable because of their sailors, however. Each sailor was dressed in similar clothing. A sleeveless dirt-grey tunic, dark brown trousers, and a dark brown belt with utility pouches and a sheathed dagger.

They looked relatively cleaner than all the others. And eventually, he got to see one of the ship captains, who was dressed differently. Clean, dirt-grey, full-sleeved tunic, light brown trousers, belt, and a light brown surcoat. The man carried a sword and a strange hat on his head with a stiff visor and a rounded crown, with House Kaiser's sigil in the center above the visor.

It certainly caught my eye.

As he walked closer, he noticed the man's light brown surcoat's sleeves had bright yellow rings around the bottom edge, two on each arm. More, on the man's right shoulder, a bright yellow patch sat.

Clean face as well.

Donal ended up stopping in front of that same Captain. He feared no one at that point in his life. "Good day. Are you the captain of this ship?"

"Aye, I am. Captain Roland, at your service. Pretty thing, ain't she? *Gentle Tide* she be called. If you mean to sail for Ramsgate too, I'll have to ask you a few questions. We set sail in two nights."

Donal retreated his steps, taken aback by the man's warm smile and overly excited personality. "I have no such plan. But curious, why are your men dressed this way?"

"Ah, curiosity's welcome aboard. Our lord sees no difference between a soldier and a sailor, so he had us clad in the same sort of uniform, ranks plain for all to see. Heard these're only the first lot. The final uniforms'll come later."

"And the thing on your shoulder?" Donal asked.

"Called an epaulette. Hard bloody word, that. Took me long enough to say it right. Shows my rank. I'm a captain, and soon I'll be wearing two of these. Served my lord since his first ship took to sea. Jory! Come here!"

At the Captain's shout, a man looked down from the ship.

"See him? That's my lieutenant; he's got the thing on his left shoulder. Sharp mind our lord's got, made it easy t'know who we can call shite and who we've got t'bow our arses to."

"..."

Captain Roland sure had a personality, Donal thought. And he saw the use of such a system in the navy. However, he reckoned it'd serve well in the Redwyne fleet, or the royal fleet, but how many ships did Ramsgate even have?

"What do you do, my friend? Fancy a scoop of ice?"

Donal frowned. "You have it on the ship?"

"Always."

He watched the man just wave a hand, and soon enough, a sailor brought two wooden cups with ice cream. He simply couldn't reject it; the thing was an addiction. And thankfully, the captain took him to the side to some wooden crates that he could use as a table.

"I'm a blacksmith."

Quickly, Donal felt the Captain's gaze on his missing arm.

"Lost it in the Rebellion at the siege of Storm's End." He made it clear, naming the battle so he couldn't be mistaken for a Targaryen sympathiser. He had no love for them.

"Ah, a Stormlander, eh? Aye, the Rebellion took plenty from us all. Lost my brother at the Battle of the Bells. My lord pulled me from death's grasp, else I'd be with the gods now. So, what's my one-armed friend doing in King's Landing?"

"Headed for the Night's Watch. Could make use of myself there."

"Not Ramsgate? My lord could use a master smith. It's the knowing that matters, not strong arms. Come, I'll show you inside my ship, how we carry ice. My lord's blessed by the gods, I tell you."

Donal hesitated a little. He'd never said he was a master blacksmith, so he wondered if the man had recognised him. But the chances were slim; he'd been out of work for years now. And he felt things were moving too fast; he answered the man far too easily. It felt like a trap.

"I would like that."

He ended up following him.

And that was how he ended up sailing the very same ship and seeing the walls of Ramsgate in the distance while the ship approached the harbor. He saw endless walls, a castle rising high, and sprawling docks that were still being worked. But the most shocking was the number of ships.

This... This is truly a city.

His initial excuse to himself was that traveling through that ship would help him reach the North quicker, and then reach the Wall. But as the harbor grew close, he couldn't hide his awe. The ships were being loaded and unloaded using strange hoists with wheels attached. There were others on the dock itself that used a long arm to move goods right from the ship onto the docks, and vice versa.

And somehow, the place was still cleaner than any harbor he had seen.

Moments later, he found himself disembarking the ship in a line. In front of him were smallfolk who hoped to live in Ramsgate. Soon, it was his turn to face the two men seated at a table, each writing in a thick ledger.

"Name?"

"Donal Noye."

"Age?"

"Five and Forty."

He saw it, the men writing everything in a table on the pages. One man was dressed in light armor like a soldier; the other was dressed like a bailiff.

"Master blacksmith."

As soon as he said that, the two men looked up at his face, as if doubting him. He noticed them staring at his missing arm. He usually ignored it, but he felt the need to speak about his achievements to them now. This city, its brazen desire to be grand, made him ambitious for an unknown reason.

"I was the smith and armorer for House Baratheon of Storm's End. Served them since Lord Steffon Baratheon. Made the very warhammer that King Robert takes into battle."

The two men stood up at his declaration and turned to speak with a man who seemed to be in a Maester's attire. Moments later, they looked back at him and spoke at the same time.

"Lord Kaiser will see you at the castle... Master Blacksmith."

"..."

The Lord himself?

####

Ramsgate Castle,

With preparations for his long journey to the south nearing the end, Wylis found himself with more free time than expected. He abused himself in the training field whenever he could. He trained with his men and trained them as well. He focused more on Chett and Dacey as they were his squires.

The metalworks sub-district in the Industrial district of the city was nearing completion. Enormous warehouses had been built, and blast furnaces and Bessemer converters were being erected all across. The waterwheels were being connected with gears and belts made of tightly woven cloth. A true steel boom was about to arrive.

The new port was still being worked on, with docks being constructed and added. The city's town hall had finished laying the foundation, same for the largest amphitheater in the city, and the colosseum-style arena right in the middle part of the city. A few large mansions were planned around it, as it would be the most expensive and luxurious part of the city.

But that didn't mean the rest of it was going to be substandard.

Wylis had already finished plotting the sewers, future city-wide plumbing, and, of course, all plans involved ensuring the city maintained greenery. The already finished housing sub-district had turned out clean and beautiful.

The rest of the construction, however, was going to happen without him there for nearly a year. He had developed detailed plans, designs, and drafts for everything. And while Benjen Stark was no engineer, he was a learned man, and Wylis had given him the duty of overseeing all the construction teams and the Maesters guiding them.

As for inventions, he had done what he wanted to. The cotton gin, spinning wheel, and power loom were slowly going to be manned and worked on to produce cloth. Clocks were going to be built in numbers. The printing press was already up and running, employing fifty-six printing machines to copy books to build a grand library for the city.

Medicines, Antitoxins, Penicillin, and blood group listing were also being worked on by the thirty wandering Maesters who now lived in Ramsgate Hall of Higher Education to learn under

Qyburn. The Ramsgate Code of Law was being implemented, and five bailiffs were being trained by Brandon and Wenda.

And due to his recent reward of Factory Worker Management Skill from the An Empire Was Born side quest, he made sure to place the right workers in the right places in every factory or workshop currently operating. From carriage making to clocks.

Now the only thing he was waiting for was to finish Mine, Mine! Only Mine! Main Quest. Because it was about extracting gold, he needed to be in Ramsgate to keep an eye on the Fief Map and catch any thieves. He feared that failing could lead to quest failure.

Already, a little over five thousand men and women worked on extracting gold from the river.

A few more miles.

He finished marking the map of the river in his solar and sat back, summoning the Tyrant's Squire. There were Life Points to assign to the newborn and those who had their birthdays.

The first one was Magnus, his first trueborn son. The boy had turned four and had 2 Life Points sitting. So, Wylis wasted no time and added one to Vitality and one to Dexterity. Vitality was a must as he feared for their health. And since the boy was at a learning age, he boosted both Intelligence and Dexterity, which now sat at 5.

**[Strength - 4/15
Dexterity - 4+1/15
Intelligence - 5/15
Charisma - 8/15
Vitality - 7+1/15]**

Looking at the number, he nodded and moved on to the next, his second trueborn from Lyanna. Yet another boy.

**[Son(Trueborn) - Lyanna Stark's
Life Points Available - 10]**

**[Strength - 3/15
Dexterity - 1/15
Intelligence - 2/15
Charisma - 3/15
Vitality - 4/15]**

At a glance, the boy was born gifted. Most of his children were. But it wasn't as shocking as his son with Rhaella. Magnus himself, when he was born, had ordinary stats, with only Strength and Vitality reaching 1.

Now, all his children born had better stats from birth. Wylis reckoned it was due to his rising strength, fame, status, and being closer to what the Tyrant's Squire wanted.

**[Strength - 3/15
Dexterity - 1+2/15
Intelligence - 2+2/15
Charisma - 3+2/15
Vitality - 4+4/15]**

Strength meant little to a babe just days old. So, he put most points in Vitality, and then the rest.

Finally, he gave points to his son with Ashara. The boy wasn't as ethereally beautiful as Arthria. But, eventually, all his children were supposed to be that.

**[Son(Bastard) - Ashara Dayne
Life Points Available - 10]**

**[Strength - 2/10
Dexterity - 0/10
Intelligence - 2/10
Charisma - 3/10
Vitality - 2/10]**

The boy wasn't anything unique. But considering that '10' represented the peak of a human in that category, the fact that his children would reach that peak in each, was monstrous.

**[Strength - 2/10
Dexterity - 0+1/10
Intelligence - 2+1/10
Charisma - 3+2/10
Vitality - 2+6/10]**

Once again, Vitality mattered most, and then Charisma. After that, he assigned points to his other children. He assigned Simon, his son with Wenda, a point in Vitality. Then Byron, his second son with Wenda, the same. Both boys were born with Vitality in the negatives, so most of those initial 10 Life Points had gone into saving them.

Then came his son with Genna, Leonel Lannister. He didn't wait and allotted it to Vitality again. The boy was already decently strong, with Intelligence reaching 7 already. So what mattered was health.

Wait, she's due to birth the second one, isn't she?

Then came his twins with Anna, the sweet, smallfolk woman who Lyanna adored for some reason. Alric and Alden were both strong already, so he gave it to their Vitality. Moreover, Anna was pregnant, and he felt a bit saddened that he wouldn't be there for her.

But he had made medicines and tools for it, however. For the worst-case scenarios.

Finally, it was time for Lady Clara Roote of Harroway's Town. He assigned 2 points to Vitality there, as he hadn't assigned the previous year's either. Then there was his son with Lysa, Robin. Once again, there were 2 points, one from the previous year. He added both in Vitality. He did the same for his son with Ros, and for his son with Lady Diana Mooton of Maidenpool.

Ah, missed this one.

His gaze fell on Lady Leona Woolfield, wife of Wylis Manderly. The woman had just given birth, and all 10 points were left unallocated. So, he quickly worked on it.

**[Strength - 3/10
Dexterity - 1/10
Intelligence - 1/10
Charisma - 3/10
Vitality - 5/10]**

Vitality is already five? Gods, Manderly's got giants' blood too, I guess.

Not just that, others were also better than most. But he liked this; it meant Lady Woolfield would feel less regretful of what happened, and more blessed that it did happen.

**[Strength - 3+1/10
Dexterity - 1+1/10
Intelligence - 1+1/10
Charisma - 3+3/10
Vitality - 5+4/10]**

Wyman must be throwing a grand feast in celebration. The lad's strong in every way imaginable.

Finally, he allotted a point to Vitality for all the children he had during the orgy in Stoney Sept.

[Remaining Lifespan - 57+8 Years]

Bountiful harvest, I suppose. Eight years earned. But not enough.

Ting!

Right as he finished, he heard a notification. And this time, his heart beat in excitement.

[Quest Updated - A Tyrant's Lair]

[New Chain Quest (1/5) - A Tyrant's Lair

Description - A Tyrant's throne is heavy, and the more hands there are to carry it, the higher the throne shall rise. Raise Tyrant's Fief's population to 25,000.

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

"At last!" He exclaimed aloud alone and quickly opened the Fief Map. As usual, all the people were marked; the residents of his fief were all green, visitors were grey, and allies were blue. He noticed a few red ones as well and quickly wrote them down.

But what excited him most was when he touched a random smallfolk in green, and a pop-up appeared.

**[Name - Keat
Gender - Male
Age - 26
Status - Smallfolk
Allegiance - House Kaiser
Occupation - Gold Extraction
Talent - Carpenter major, wood sculpting minor.]**

The point was that most people don't even know they have a talent for something. It was rare for a man to be talented and realise that he's talented in that particular thing.

Again, he randomly tapped on another green one.

**[Name - Alsa
Gender - Female
Age - 37
Status - Smallfolk
Allegiance - House Kaiser
Occupation - Gold Extraction
Talent - Dessert Making major, General Cooking minor.]**

Oh? I can use a talented cook in the castle.

Then, he tried to do the same with those in grey who were visitors, blue who were allies, and red. However, there was no talent category in their details.

Only works for residents of my fief then? Maybe the next level will unlock it?

Fully satisfied, he relaxed in his chair. But as he was closing the map, he saw a green dot coming towards his solar. He reckoned it was either Chett or one of the women, but they were alone.

Hm, it's Chett. The man has major talent in combat, as expected, and surprisingly, minor talent in writing.

But then he clicked the second green dot and realised there were levels to this entire thing.

[Name - Donal Noye

Gender - Male

Age - 45

Status - Smallfolk

Allegiance - House Kaiser, House Baratheon

Occupation - Traveler

Talent - Blacksmithing extreme, Swordmanship major, Masonry minor.]

"..."

Knock! Knock!

Right then, a knock came on the door. He was on the ground floor solar.

Donal Noye and House Baratheon. Hm, the one who made the hammer?

"Enter," he responded, remaining in his seat.

As the door creaked open, Chett entered first and saluted with a bow of the head.

"My lord, a man claiming to be a blacksmith of House Baratheon has arrived. Says he forged the King's warhammer."

"Is he one-armed?" Wylis asked.

"Aye, my lord."

"Then the man's likely telling the truth. Send him in, and tell a maid to fetch us something to drink," Wylis ordered. He saw no need to mention ice. In Ramsgate, it was always served so.

Soon, the door opened again, and a large man walked in, dressed humbly, with a big gut and chest flat, a big nose, and a stubble beard. As expected, his right arm was missing from the elbow, where the tunic was pinned, folded up against his shoulder.

"It is an honor to meet you, my lord."

At least he knows how to behave.

"Likewise. For the man who forged Robert's warhammer, I can always find a moment. Come nearer and sit. Refreshments should be here shortly. But satisfy my curiosity, what is the smith and armorer of Storm's End doing so far North? Don't tell me my humble Ramsgate drew you all this way." Wylis kept a friendly demeanor with the man, who was likely used to meeting nobles by now.

"I'd have called such a thing folly, had I not seen this ambitious city rising with mine own eyes, my lord. Ramsgate struck me like a hammer upon an anvil. Truth be told, I'd first meant to take the Black. But Captain Roland's a damned convincing man."

"Hah, that he is. One of the few captains who knows stern from arse. He's due for elevation soon," Wylis replied, gesturing to the maids as they entered. "But why the Night's Watch? It is not the noble calling it once was. These days it's filled with murderers, rapists, and every sort of wretch."

Donal shifted his half limb gently. "To make use of me, my lord. One arm may not suffice to forge for a lord again, but for those cravens at the Wall, I'd say one arm's plenty."

An extreme talent sent to the Wall? As if I'd let you.

Quickly, Wylis grabbed a few sheets of paper and started drawing on them while speaking. "Who says a man needs two arms to forge? Ramsgate has entered a new age of smithing. New furnaces, new methods of my own making. Planning something for your missing arm is no great challenge. You've only lost it from the elbow. With straps, we can make a leather sleeve with a socket at the end.

"Then we make different arms, each with a hand suited to its task. One to grip, one to press, one to turn. An arm for every need. A simple spring mechanism, and you need only snap it into place. Easy enough with sheet metal and pipes, and light besides."

Wylis quickly drew the straps Donal could wear on his chest, and the arm sleeve with a metal socket at its lower end where the arm was missing. There, different types of forearms could be snapped into place for use.

"Take a look." He slid the parchments across the table. "A gift such as yours ought not be left idle. Ramsgate needs master blacksmiths for what I have in mind."

Donal stared at the parchments at first, sprawled in front of him on the table. A few times he frowned, then at times he seemed surprised, as if understanding the meaning.

"My lord, to make a sheet of metal this thin—"

"I have built trip hammers driven by waterwheels. We've metal sheets enough already, so spare yourself the worry. Come, I'd like to show you the street I've set aside for the smiths."

Wylis planned to awe this man the same way he had recruited Qyburn. By overwhelming him with knowledge and new techniques. All that mattered was that Ramsgate needed a master blacksmith.

He didn't wait and got up, moving to the door. He knew Donal was likely hesitant, perhaps even depressed since losing an arm, ending his career as a blacksmith. It was the same as a knight losing his sword hand.

But soon enough, he heard footsteps behind him.

Welcome to Ramsgate, my friend.

Wylis already knew he had him now.

####

He was indeed right.

Once Donal saw the trip hammers, the drill press, the bellows, the blast furnace, and other things, it wasn't a matter of choice but desire. And Wylis didn't even have to ask; the man begged to be allowed to work there.

Still, Wylis designated him as his personal blacksmith, giving him the title he'd lost in Storm's End. At the same time, he allotted a fixed monthly salary and a decent residence in the housing sub-district yet to be named.

Finally, with a master blacksmith recruited, he returned to his ground-floor solar to work on some plans he'd pushed back. Now, in his absence, Donal could make them according to the blueprints.

An assembly line for building sewing machines and power looms will revolutionize Ramsgate.

All alone, even as the sun set, he remained in his solar, working. Now and then, one of the ladies would enter and sit in the lounge area to read a book from his personal library. Or children would enter to play or ask him questions. He never got angry at them for that; he felt no disturbance by their presence.

But soon, only candles and torches by the walls illuminated his large solar. He had ignored his supper that night, too engrossed in drawing blueprints.

Carriages need parts that can be standardised into an assembly line as well.

Slowly, midnight approached.

Knock! Knock!

"Enter!" Wylis responded without much thought. From a side glance, he found Dacey and Wenda entering, both dressed in their sleeveless, ankle-length simple sleeping gowns. He wasn't surprised by them striking a friendship. Both women were well-versed with swords, having fought their fair share of fights. Wenda more than Dacey, in fact, being an ex-bandit with some infamy.

"My lord." Dacey gave the usual bow as his squire.

"Wylis." Wenda warmly took his name.

This is unusual. They're usually bickering.

Wylis finally put the quill down and looked at them. The difference between their frames was stark; Wenda was slightly over five feet, curvy with wide hips and supple breasts, her light-brown hair tied in a loose single braid falling over her right shoulder. In comparison, Dacey was six feet tall, lean, her raven hair untied, her arms crossed.

"Need something?" He asked.

"That Dacey made a claim, and I aim to shove it back in her face," Wenda scoffed toward the taller woman, smirking. "She reckons she can take you deeper than me. This green girl? Hah."

A faint frown curved on his face. He stared at Dacey.

"I beg to differ," Dacey replied, her firm arms lifting her small breasts. "I'm tall, ain't I? Hence, I've a taller throat."

With his chair creaking, he relaxed back. Wenda stood proud despite being a head shorter than Dacey. However, he noticed the way they glanced at each other with side-eyes every now and then.

Ah, I see. These two scheming minxes.

"You two just want a shag, don't you?"

"Yes!" Wenda exclaimed.

Dacey embarrassedly looked away. "I... would not refuse. But the wager was true, my lord."

Wylis got up from his chair, and walked around his table, moving towards the lounge area by the fireplace with multiple settees. As he walked, he loosened his surcoat and threw it aside. Then, he removed his belt and finally sat down in the middle of the settee.

"Well?" He looked at the two. "What are you waiting for? Lyanna's rule is for bedchambers, not my solar."

Thud!

Dacey rushed over. However, Wenda shoved a foot in front of her, nearly tripping her.

"Watch and learn, Dacey," Wenda smirked and rushed to Wylis' side.

On the way, Wenda loosened the tie of the sleeping gown around her neck and let it slip off her curvy, short frame. Pale, dotted with freckles on her chest here and there, all naked, her tits large with a hint of sag from two childbirths, she climbed the settee on his right, crouching on her knees there. Her hands worked to untie his breeches.

Wylis didn't let her work too hard. Truth be told, he was in need as well, having spent too much time working those days. And Lyanna often slept in her mother's bedchamber to keep her company.

He pushed his own trousers down, kicked his boots, and completely removed them. But instead of stopping, he also removed his tunic and got all naked.

"Mmm, I can never stop worshipping this body of yours," Wenda hummed with a hot exhale, gripping his cock tight in her left hand and stroking it hard to full length. At the same time, she leaned in and kissed his chest and abs, her lips leaving slick trails.

Seeing things getting serious, he glanced at Dacey, who stood on the side, doing nothing. "Dacey, will you lock the door? I can't handle answering the questions if the little ones come running."

Dacey said nothing, walked over to the doors, and locked them. Then, she returned to Wylis, but stood in front of him, just watching.

Slick!

Right then, Wylis felt Wenda's mouth land on his cockhead, and she was on it from the beginning. Taking the knob in and slobbering all over it, all the while her hand stroked it around the base.

Wylis stared up at Dacey. "What are you waiting for?"

Suddenly, Wenda pulled her head up and smirked. "Green, I said it."

"Well, I'm no bandit whore who knows all the ways of sucking cocks," Dacey countered.

"Calm down! Both of you." Wylis pressed a hand on Wenda's head and shoved her mouth back down on his thick length, stretching her lips tight. "Dacey, take the gown off."

"Aye, my lord." Dacey grinned, excited to finally get some attention. She loosened the ties around her neck and pushed them off her tall frame; her strong, curvy hips showed her strength, her thighs thick with power. Her breasts, while small, were perfect. Her body was pale as northern snow, but with a hint of the tan of a warrior.

However, right as Dacey began to kneel between his legs, he raised his free hand.

"No, let Wenda use the mouth. You... I want to taste you, my squire," Wylis said and waved his finger. "Turn around, step closer, and lean forward."

Wylis was no stranger to threesomes. But this time, the pairing was exciting. Dacey and Wenda were both physically active women with fierce personalities.

"Deeper, Wenda." Wylis pressed Wenda's face further, shoving half of his cock in until she gagged. "Didn't you say it's a wager?"

"Hehe." Dacey giggled as she turned around on her feet, her long, strong legs a sight to behold. Then, she backed herself between Wylis' legs all the way until her firm hips were before his face. Then, finally, she bent from her waist.

Gorgeous as always!

Dacey leaned forward like opening a treasure chest, and Wylis stared hungrily at the crevice in front of him. Her flared, strong hips were worthy of a warrior woman, sculpted from years of training and riding. But his eyes locked onto her winking puckered hole, the same dusky rose as her tight, drooling slit, glistening with invitation.

Probably the only woman in the realm who can take me here.

He muttered something low, then shoved his face between her firm asscheeks, laying his flat, spit-soaked tongue first against that inviting puckered hole he knew he would take one day. The musky, clean taste made him lick even hungrier.

Long licks followed as he shifted his jaw lower, finally lapping at her cunt. He tasted her lower lips squeezed tight at the tip of his tongue, hiding a slick pink that waited for him. He dragged his flat, boneless flesh along her folds, savoring the way her thighs trembled.

Gluk! Gluk!

At the same time, he felt on the edge. His thick fingers clawed into Wenda's light brown hair, taking full control as he fucked her face onto his shaft. Her mouth stretched around his girth, lips pulled taut, and cheeks hollowing with every thrust, struggling to accommodate his girth.

Wylis barely registered her choking sounds, too lost in the taste of Dacey's juices. His eyes stayed glued to the way her asscheeks flexed and quivered against his face as he ate her up.

"Dacey... Spread them."

At his command, Dacey reached behind with both hands and stretched her pale asscheeks wider, revealing herself completely. She held the lewd position with surprising strength, her body steady despite the awkward lean.

"Aaaaaah! My lord!" Dacey moaned as fresh slick trickled down her inner thighs.

Wylis shoved his thick tongue straight into her while his middle finger pressed against her puckered hole, sinking in slowly. He was utterly busy multitasking; fucking Wenda's sloppy, choking mouth while eating and fingering Dacey like he was starving.

Ugh! Too close.

Gluk! Gngh! Unnngh!

Wylis decided he had to move to the main event, or else he would spend the entire night buried in their bodies right there on the solar floor.

Gripping Wenda's messy hair tightly, he pulled her face off his cock. Her eyes were watery, lips sinfully swollen and glistening with thick strings of spit.

For Dacey, he gave one final, long lick from her sensitive bean all the way up to her twitching back door, savoring her, before pulling his face away.

"That's it?" Dacey exclaimed, not even hiding her disappointment.

Wylis got up, gently pushing Dacey aside. He shoved the wide, low table away from the carpet to create open space on the floor. Then he quickly lay down flat on his back, sprawling his massive, muscular frame out.

"That was just the beginning," Wylis said, looking straight at Dacey. "My squire, start riding. Wenda, you know what I want."

"With pleasure, my lord," Dacey chirped, excitement flashing across her face.

Wenda grinned wickedly and stood from the settee. "I know all too well, Wylis."

Dacey waited, heart pounding, and watched as Wenda stepped over to Wylis' head, parted her feet, and sank down. The shorter woman spread her knees wide and lowered her dripping cunt flat against the Lord of Ramsgate's mouth, grinding slowly with a throaty moan. The sight was filthy and... exciting. She had never done this with a man more than herself.

But now it was her turn.

Dacey straddled Wylis' hips and squatted down first, reaching between her knees to take hold of his flexing cock. She gulped hard; the sheer size of it always made her mouth go dry. How could any man be so big? The veined length pulsed in her grip, slick with Wenda's spit.

No, how could any woman take it in?

Yet she knew she could. She had taken his cock a few times before. She stroked his flesh slowly, her fingers almost able to circle its girth. She felt it rigid but throbbing under her palm, like an iron rod was hidden under his muscles.

"Mmmmmh!"

Slowly, Dacey sank down, letting the glistening cockhead part her tight petals. She pursed her lips and squeezed her eyes shut at the stinging stretch, that burn of being forced open by his girth. But she craved the deep, mindless pleasure that always followed, the way her body would surrender around every thick inch.

"Aaaaah," Wenda moaned suddenly, grinding her dripping cunt down harder onto Wylis' mouth. "How is... your squire... doing?"

Dacey yelped as Wylis suddenly snapped his powerful hips up, driving more than half of that unholy length into her in one brutal thrust. The sudden invasion punched the air from her lungs and made her glare up at Wenda through watering eyes.

"You! Cow!" Dacey hissed.

"I'd rather be a cow than a plank," Wenda shot back with a wicked laugh.

Dacey's face fell; she was indeed conscious about her breasts. They were small, too small compared to Wenda's swaying tits. But that sting vanished when Wylis' rough hands came up and cupped her mounds, his thick fingers twisting her stiff nipples until sparks of pleasure shot straight to her core.

"Seems my lord likes them." Dacey grinned triumphantly and rose on her thighs before dropping down again with a wet plap.

A few motions later, she finally settled onto her knees, feeling his blunt cockhead press hard against her cervix as nearly all of his beastly length disappeared inside her clutching heat.

"Oooohh... My lord... Such—"

Pa!

When she moaned, both of Wylis' hands reached behind her, groping her firm ass with strength and pounding her down onto him.

"Aaaaah! Oh, Gods!" Dacey cried out, head thrown back, watery eyes absently staring at the ceiling, her body shuddering with every impact.

She felt so close already, her own weight combined with Wylis' relentless upward bucks battering against her womb. She hadn't taken many lovers. Gods, Lord Wylis was the first proper shag she'd ever had; the others had been mere curiosities compared to this.

"I'm... going to!"

Her mind went numb as her eyes locked onto Wenda, who was grinding through her own climax on Wylis' face and savoring Dacey's agonized pleasure. The sight thrilled her to her core, and she spilled, her cunt gripping and gushing around his thick shaft.

Jolts after jolt rocked through her, and right then she felt Wylis' massive cock throb and swell inside her, stretching her even further as it pulsed. She knew her lord was going to burst too.

"Oooooooh! Yes, in me! Let me... feel it! My lord!"

Wylis drilled up into her with savage force, all while his tongue plunged deep into Wenda's flooding cunt, devouring her without mercy. His grip on Dacey's ass tightened until his fingers sank into her flesh, and with one powerful shove, he bottomed out, burying every inch inside the tall Mormont warrior as his fountain started to gush.

Thick, hot batter erupted from his cock in jets, flooding Dacey's womb and painting her insides white. He felt her walls flutter and suckle him as she rode out the last waves of her climax, her body still bouncing on him and churning his load into a creamy mess.

His white lava leaked out around his buried shaft with every downward pull, frothing at her stretched petals in sinful white rings that coated his base and balls. The wet, squelching sounds of her cunt around his pulsing length echoed as he kept pumping rope after rope deep inside until it overflowed and splattered.

But then the tall woman rolled off to his side and lay flat beside him, panting and spent. Seeing her flushed, cum-stuffed body lying there, Wylis smirked. He still had one eager cunt left to stuff full.

"Wenda, hands and knees, on top of her."

"Oh! So the precious squire gets to watch and learn now?" Wenda giggled, her face flushed from her own climax.

She shifted off his face and slid onto Dacey's flat body, straddling the taller woman's face with her knees and getting on her hands and knees directly on top of her. Presenting her dripping, well-eaten pussy up toward Wylis, hovering right above Dacey's face.

Wylis quickly moved, shifting on his knees to get behind Wenda's ass. From his angle, looking down, he had the perfect view of Dacey's flushed face right below those perfect, fair twin cheeks, her eyes wide and drunk with thrill.

This was all new to Dacey; he knew it. The Mormont woman had never been this close to another woman getting properly fucked, let alone while trapped under them in such a filthy pile.

"Enjoy the spectacle, my squire," Wylis muttered as he grabbed his half-hard flesh pole at the base and guided the cum-smear to Wenda's drooling cunt.

Because he was only half-hard, he didn't go easy. Besides, Wenda had taken him so many times her cunt was practically molded for him now.

Slick!

He pushed in the first thick inch, then slowly the rest until his swaying balls rested against Dacey's lips below. Wenda's greedy walls stretched and swallowed every veiny inch with wet, welcoming ease.

"Ooooooooooh! I needed this!" Wenda moaned loudly, her hands planted flat on Dacey's thighs for balance while she kept her torso low, pushing her ass back to take him deeper.

Meanwhile, Dacey lay trapped under them, staring hypnotized at the way Wylis's massive cock splayed Wenda's rosy cunt so wide. It was so much, she could see it. Wenda was shorter than her, yet that cock disappeared inside her like it belonged there.

Yet all Dacey heard was pleasure-filled moans. She licked her lips as Wylis pulled back slowly, watching in awe at how Wenda's puffy pussy lips clung and stretched outward along the thick, beastly shaft, leaving no gap at all around his girth.

Plap!

And then, it started.

Wylis gripped Wenda's flared hips with strength and started fucking her without any pacing or mercy. His cock swelled rapidly back to full, brutal hardness, driving to the hilt with every thrust so that his swollen crown battered against the gates of her womb. He knew Wenda was used to it, her body yielding perfectly to the savage rhythm.

"Mmmmmh! Ah, ah, ah... Gods!" Wenda cried out in desperate, rhythmic moans as her heavy tits swayed wildly.

Wylis felt himself growing dangerously close again, the way Wenda's slick, throbbing insides milked him so hot and tight, urged him to go faster.

Dacey was utterly hypnotized by her lord's heavy balls slapping violently just an inch from her face. She couldn't take it anymore and pushed her tongue out, licking eagerly at the sweat-slicked sack with shameless hunger.

"Uh! Fuck!" Wylis cursed, the sudden wet heat of Dacey's mouth on his balls sent overwhelming pleasure shooting up his spine. He didn't stop thrusting, instead lowering himself slightly so his heavy balls rested more easily against her busy tongue.

Oh! That's... too much!

It backfired beautifully as a shudder ripped through him. Dacey sucked one of his balls right into her warm mouth, rolling it greedily with her tongue while he kept pounding deep into Wenda's delicious cunt.

"Aaaaaaah!"

And right then, Wenda climaxed, gushing hard on his cock, her cunt kneading and leaking messily, hot juices dripping down onto Dacey's face and neck in clear rivulets.

"Guh! Take it!"

Wylis also erupted and still kept pumping hard into Wenda's fluttering heat for a few more savage pumps, then pulled out at the last moment. His cock twitched as he aimed it downward and burst, spilling ropes of hot cream across Dacey's lovely, upturned face. His pearly streaks painted her pale cheeks, swollen lips, and chin.

"Shocked?" He chuckled, catching his breath as he looked down at her cum-streaked expression.

"Inspired," Dacey said, eyes gleaming with filthy delight as she licked a streak of his batter from the corner of her mouth. "I learned a lot, my lord."

"As you should, my squire," Wylis replied with a satisfied smirk. He moved back slowly, pulling away from the two spent women to admire his work.

Wenda rolled off to the side and lay flat on her back beside Dacey, panting heavily, one hand resting flat on her belly as if trying to feel the warmth he had left inside.

Dacey reached between her legs with lazy fingers, touching the white mess leaking from her cunt, swirling it around her swollen folds with a contented sigh.

Oh, no, no, no.

Wylis knew what he was seeing. "Absolutely not. You two must drink the moon tea. I do not mind you two bearing me children, but it must happen when I can guarantee to be there for the childbirth. The last thing I want is to lose you both."

"I had no such plans to begin with, my lord." Dacey quickly replied, sitting up. "I merely... enjoyed the experience."

"Huh, lies." Wenda barked. "I know a broodmare when I see one."

"Better a noble broodmare than a bandit whore."

"..."

Wylis chuckled at their bickering and walked away to pour himself a glass of water. As he drank, his eyes landed on the calendar he had made, and the day marked on it.

I should hasten the gold extraction.

####

Wylis personally went to the gold extraction site the next day.

In truth, it was impossible to extract all the gold from the river to the point of being certain. Gold in the river was in dust form, and it was unknown how deep in the riverbed it went.

Until now, what he did was order the five thousand or so laborers to focus on a portion of the river that he'd evaluated the previous night. He would check how deep the gold went, and at what point it became nonsensical to keep extracting. In fact, he had also extracted a few rare, larger chunks himself using Earthbending.

He couldn't bend gold or water, but he could feel what was stuck in the earth itself. That helped make things faster. Segment by segment, in the duration of that entire year, the people of Ramsgate had extracted gold for him. By now, some of them had become masters, a niche profession he was sure to employ after receiving the resource map. It was impossible that other Northern rivers didn't have gold.

Almost done.

He spent all his days outside the castle. Either at the extraction site or in the industrial district, teaching Donal a few things. Or he walked around the city to check all the construction. And now, being able to know the talents of the people, he placed them in jobs that suited them the most. Even sent some bright ones to the school.

I'm not poor at all at this point.

Wylis thought as he wrote down the day's gold extraction quantity in a ledger. As the sun set, the gold was taken by the guards and escorted to the castle. Wylis rode alongside that escorted carriage.

He left the smallfolk behind, as they would wash themselves in the river and go to the large kitchen set to feed them all. It was an expense Wylis paid from his own pocket, since he was indeed exploiting them a bit to finish the extraction as fast as possible.

Besides, in his hidden vault sealed with Earthbending, half a million gold dragons worth of gold sat as an emergency reserve. He wanted to maintain it in case of a sudden war, an economic burden like a famine, or a natural disaster. Food security was the biggest issue for the entire North.

Still, it felt great to finally have a population of ten thousand in his fief. The next level required twenty-five thousand, but he was in no rush for that. What mattered now was to grow as much as possible.

After eating a late supper alone in the castle, he entered his ground-floor solar to write some ravens to inform some people of his visit soon.

"My lady."

As he entered the solar, he found Elia seated alone by the fireplace, reading a book about economies of scale that he'd written. He'd seen her read books related to economics over the past few months.

"My lord."

Not bothered by her, he just gave a nod and took his seat at the table. He was used to Elia being around by now, even though there was nothing between them. It wasn't that he didn't find her attractive; he just didn't want her to think that to live in his castle, one has to either fight for him or spread legs.

Something feels different.

As Wylis wrote the ravens, he felt Elia glance at him often. She likely believed she was being subtle, but his senses were sharp. It seemed she had something to say, but was hesitant.

Almost an hour passed before she finally closed the book and stood up. As she walked towards the door, he could see her intent to approach his table. But for some reason, she changed her mind and turned ninety degrees towards the door and left.

When the door closed, he finally looked up.

"What's turning in your thoughts, Elia Martell? Don't tell me you've a mind to ride to Dorne with me."

He could only guess, so he returned to writing ravens. For the next whole hour, he just wrote. When he felt some strain on his eyes, he finally put the quill away and went to his bedchamber. He was feeling good that night; gold extraction was nearing completion, and the city was growing well.

Creak!

He entered the dimly lit bechamber, the scent of Lyanna in the air. He locked the door behind him and began removing his clothes until he was just in his breeches. Finally, as he reached the foot of the bed, he looked at Lyanna.

Man, I love my wife.

The closer the day of his departure got, the more he felt inexplicably aroused and attached to Lyanna. The last time he'd left her for that long, Rhaegar had happened. There was some hidden anxiety, and more sense of home.

Lyanna was home for him.

"Wife?"

He voiced, and finally removed his breeches, his shaft standing like a flagpole.

Lyanna stirred, her eyes opening, and a warm, loving smile curving on her lips. She shifted to sit against the pillows behind, the quilt high against her shoulders. Then, her eyes lowered to his throbbing erection.

Woosh!

"Husband?"

Lyanna suddenly threw the quilt away, her body completely bare as her knees folded, spread wide, and her rosy cunt tempted Wylis.

"Always a step ahead of me, aren't you?"

Wylis jumped on the bed, on top of her like an oversized quilt, drowning her in his shadow. But more than wild fucking, he kissed her like a love-starved beast.

Wish I could take you along, my love.

He couldn't help but feel that deep desire. Keeping her hidden had started to feel suffocating.

I will find a way. Soon...

And slowly, he was inside her, his lips still latched onto hers while her nails scratched his back.

I promise, Lyanna.

####

4 Days Later,

Gold extraction was nearing completion. The last part of the last section of the river was currently being worked on. Only time would tell if it was enough to finish the Tyrant's Squire's quest.

He was there at the extraction site before.

But in the middle of the day, he had received word about something happening in the Ramsgate Hall of Higher Education, where all the wandering Maesters lived and studied, along with the talented individuals Wylis had personally sent.

So, with Chett in his armor and four other armed soldiers, he arrived at the buildings constructed in the administration district of the city. The most guarded and beautifully planned.

"Wait outside. Chett, only you come," Wylis ordered as he entered the building.

At first, he saw nothing unusual. Now and then, a Maester would walk by, greeting him with a respectful bow. But he kept going, aiming to reach the library of the school, where his written books were available in numbers.

Huh?

Right then, he saw the first sign of the problem. A Maester was walking, the chain links around his neck making noise. What stood out, however, was the boy behind that Maester, carrying seven thick books.

Worse, Wylis recognised that boy.

"Hold there." Wylis strode toward the maester, looming over the man, only to pass him by. "Bolga, what are you about, toiling for a Maester? Did the man press you into it?"

Bolga was the boy who had asked him about gravity in the middle of the road. He knew the boy was bright back then, and he wanted him to focus on just studying.

Bastards brought Citadel's rot here.

"My lord!" Bolga exclaimed, never looking up at him.

Wylis didn't like that. Back then, the boy had looked directly at his face when asking a question. The current Bolga was nothing like that knowledge-hungry boy.

Angry, Wylis knelt to be at the boy's level. He grabbed the books and placed them on the ground. "Answer me, boy. Why are you following that Maester?"

"M-My lord... I'm teaching Bolga."

Wylis looked back at the stuttering Maester, face pale, brown-bearded. "Chett, if he speaks again, break his teeth."

"Understood, my lord."

Again, Wylis focused on Bolga, pressing a hand on the boy's shoulder. Shocking, the lad looked thinner than he remembered, with dark circles under the eyes, and a lifeless gaze. "Boy, you live beneath my roof, read the books I penned with these hands, and eat food bought with my coin. You're as good as a son to me, so speak plain. Why are you following him? I bade you study, didn't I?"

"M-My lord..." Bolga stammered, his eyes watery.

Wylis frowned at that. Bolga was thirteen, he remembered, and from Flea Bottom. For him to cry meant...

Woosh!

Suddenly, Bolga leapt into Wylis' arms, hugging him, and bawled like a little child. Weeping, eyes wet and leaving a patch on Wylis' shoulder.

"I want to... go home, my lord."

In silence, Wylis glared at the Maester with nothing but fury while he patted the boy. Bolga seemed utterly broken.

"Aye, I will take you home myself. But tell me, what did he do to you?" He asked.

"He... he beat me every day. Don't let me sleep. I never wanted t'be his acolyte, but he said I'd be cast out of the school if I didn't learn fast. Said he'd help me. I didn't want t'still... he told the kitchen folk not t'feed me. Had to ask him for food, and... he never let me. Made me write for him, carry all his things, clean his chamber pot, and sleep on the floor of his room and..."

At that point, Bolga's words turned unintelligible as he just cried nonstop.

Wylis was sure this was just the surface of abuse. It must have been a great torture on Bolga's young mind. And gifted children like him were often sensitive to their surroundings. He knew that because his own children were gifted.

"Chett, break his legs."

"Wh—No! My lord! He lies! I only taught him! Bolga, don't I—"

Chett was already onto him, likely furious as well. Chett threw the Maester onto the floor, pressed one giant foot on his chest to keep him down, and grabbed the right leg first, raising it high. He snapped the Maester's leg from the knee.

Crack!

Then the other knee.

"Aaaaaaaaargh!"

The Maester cried, his two legs twisted in opposite directions from the knees.

Wylis stood up then, took Bolga's one hand in his.

"Chett, throw him in the dungeon. Send for that blind bastard Qyburn, and gather every Maester in the school and every one wandering the city besides. And arrest the kitchen servants. Chamber pots? I built privies for the lot of them, yet they still piss in pots. Fetch Dacey as well. I mean to learn who else has made slaves of my students."

"Aye, my lord."

Wylis was furious. The temple of knowledge he had built had been corrupted before it even turned a year old.

"Let us go, Bolga." Wylis took the boy with him to his personal solar in the school's building. Inside, he offered the boy some water, and when more guards arrived, sent one to bring food.

Starving him! A boy from Flea Bottom. Fucking maesters!

However, before the food even arrived, Bolga fell asleep on the settee in the solar. He knew what it was, a result of long-term exhaustion. The boy felt safe with him.

Gently, Wylis put a quilt on Bolga and returned to sit at his table, waiting for Qyburn to arrive.

Qyburn won't do. I need someone with a moral compass to run it.

But what if he had been late? That thought angered Wylis more. If he hadn't learnt of this now, by the time he'd have returned, Bolga might have died, or worse, killed himself. The Maester wasn't just forcing Bolga to do things, but actively torturing him with beatings and starvation.

Ting!

[Main Quest Completed - Mine! Mine! Only Mine!

Description - Man didn't make it, but man did discover. For ages, wars have been fought, and kingdoms have risen and fallen. Nothing raises greed as gold does. But the Tyrant does not share.

Goal - Claim all the gold in the river.

Reward - Goldsmithing & North's Resource Map]

It's done?!

Wylis straightened his back. Main Quest ended without a battle; that was a first for him.

Maybe I avoided it by gifting the sword to Lord Hornwood.

However, what took him by surprise was the sudden influx of information in his head. With a snap, just like with the buried treasure locations, he now knew the location of every natural resource in the entire North. And the most shocking was the size of that North. It wasn't limited to just the Wall.

Jesus! It's a treasure trove beyond the wall! Copper, tin, gold, platinum, gems, coal! Fuck!

But the rest of the North was no less of a treasure either. The Karstarks were sitting on massive high-grade iron ore deposits, and also copper pyrites and granite stone. The lands of House Bolton also held iron ore in the hills east of Dreadfort. There were also silver and lead-bearing galena deposits. There was so much that just digesting all that information and making a map would take a whole day.

Ting!

[New Main Quest - The Northern Tyrant

Description - As the body requires food, an empire requires resources. Self-reliance is the key to a tyrant's mighty rule.

Goal - Lay claim to the entire North beyond the wall.

Reward - Global Sea Route Map, New Title, Cold Immunity]