

The Northern Tyrant [Game of Thrones] Chapter 62 - The Royal Brawl, Lannisters Out, Tyrell Request, Robert's Folly & A Challenge

Ting!

[Hidden Quest Completed - A Life Debt

Description - The North is home, predictable and comfortable. But the South is foreign, where they know only the Tyrant's name.

Goal - Win House Tyrell's favor.

Reward - House Tyrell Friendship & New Squire.]

Normal reward... a squire? Huh?

A little confused, he put off thinking about it and focused on the balding Lord Mace Tyrell, who was busy patting his son everywhere, checking if anything was broken. Willas Tyrell looked embarrassed, however, telling his father that he was fine.

"Hah! You saved his arse, Wylis. Gods, you're fast!" Robert Baratheon descended into the jousting field just then. "Lad would've broken his bloody leg without you, I'd wager."

"The horse was moments from crushing his leg," Stannis added.

Seeing the crowd gather, Wylis waved a hand. "What's done is done. Let us not spoil the celebration. Your Grace, care for some iced ale? I hear the ice carts from King's Landing arrived on time."

"That they did, Wylis! I can't go without bloody ice anymore. I've been spoiled." Robert roared with laughter, turning back toward the seats. "Come, you saved this from becoming a damned mess."

That he really did. He could imagine Stannis' wedding being deemed unlucky if he hadn't stopped Willas from breaking his leg. But beyond that, Wylis reckoned he had changed the fate of House Tyrell with this simple act.

Only time will tell.

Soon, he sat down beside Robert as Stannis left the tourney to do Gods' know what. Wylis broke his promise and didn't drink ale, however. He settled on some iced juice instead. He knew he'd be drinking on the wedding day, so he was saving it for that time.

In the end, the winner of the jousting tourney ended up being Prince Oberyn Martell. Not many were happy with the result since he was the only experienced, older man amongst mostly squires and new knights.

People usually love watching an underdog win, like when he had won at Harrenhal, so Oberynd winning didn't stir the crowd at all, and the tourney ended with casual chatter. The smallfolk returned to their work and nobles retreated to their tents or rooms.

Wylis followed Robert inside the castle. As he'd promised, Robert was due a friendly spar.

#####

Ramsgate, the North

Before Wylis left, Lyanna often felt that Wylis didn't spare enough time with her, the children, and other women. She often wondered why he didn't try to do it.

Now, she knew why firsthand.

The sheer amount of decisions she had to make every day, and the reports she had to read, made her realise just how much work Wylis did. And this was merely a small part of it, as she could only work from within the castle. The requests and reports she received were mostly about coin spent and coin requested. The growing city's security, food, the fleet, and trade were Brandon's work. Managing the garrison was Benjen's duty. Punishing crimes was Dacey's, and handling the school was Wenda's.

Further, she personally had help. Princess Elia was good with numbers, and ever since the Dornish beauty had come to her with the truth about her desire to be more 'intimate' with Lord Kaiser, she decided to get to know her better.

"I can't believe Wylis did all this alone," Lyanna muttered, slouching on the settee in the ground-floor solar. "I'm tired every day, and he does twice as much as I did, yet somehow still has the strength to... He's no human."

She didn't finish her words since her brothers were there as well, including the other ladies and all the children. She understood why Wylis loved inviting them all into the solar. After a long day of work, hearing their laughs and children being children helped drain exhaustion.

"You're forgetting, Lyanna," Brandon blurted. "Wylis rises early as well, trains himself, then puts the men through their paces, squires included. Even Benjen and I have a go at him sometimes!"

Lyanna sank deeper into the soft seat, feeling Magnus climb over to peer at little Ragnar as she nursed him. "Aye, he's got the blood of the Giants in him. No doubt of that. Old Nan, who was it? Tell me, did you cross the Wall?"

Of course, Old Nan and Lyarra Stark lived in that castle, and often joined the solar as it was always a merry place to be with all the little ones.

Old Nan said nothing, however, merrily ignoring that question.

"But Father is really a giant. He's so tall," Rhaenys blurted, lounging on the soft carpet on her belly as she read a children's book. Little Aegon was beside her, trying to read as well.

"Dada big! Very big!" Daenerys blurted right then, stopping midway as she was playing with a handmade doll. At two years, she had started to speak words.

Lyanna adored all of them with her eyes. Remembering that moment years ago when Wylis had confessed to her about his strange abilities and the need to sire children, she felt she had come a long way. Initially, she felt hurt. It was hard to come to terms with the fact that the man you love will sleep around.

But then she lived with Ashara for a year, and that changed something. As time went by, she noticed the lengths Wylis went to ensure she felt comfortable and most loved. Wylis constantly reminded her that she was Lady Kaiser, Lady of Ramsgate.

It still sometimes made her heart waver. The women in that solar were gorgeous. Rhaella's unmatched Valarian features, Ashara's famed dark hair and lilac eyes, Elia's Dornish skin. And then her, just a pale northern woman.

Yet, she felt loved, and Wylis never missed the opportunity to remind her of her beauty. The man was almost obsessed with his own wife.

And because of all that, she couldn't bring herself not to love all these lovable fluffballs. Each child in that room, each born of Wylis' seed, she felt like a mother for them as well.

"Of course." She said to Daenerys. "Dada's the strongest man alive, too. You saw him beat Brandon black and blue, didn't you?"

Brandon's face fell on the side. "I was drunk."

"See that, Magnus? Never be like him." Lyanna ruffled her firstborn's hair, the boy a giant already. "Never lie, and never be ashamed to lose. Take the lesson from it, and rise stronger."

Little Magnus nodded strongly. "Dacey teach me to roll. Can I show you, Ma?"

"Show me."

Lyanna, sadly, regretted that. She often forgot whose blood ran in Magnus' veins, and how much energy that blood carried. Magnus was unstoppable once he began rolling, and crashed over poor Rhaenys, Daenerys' doll, Alric and Alden's house of wooden blocks, Simon and Byron's pillow tower, and stopped only after hitting Brandon's leg.

"..."

She shook her head and sighed. She glanced down at her second son, now finished nursing. The signs were already there; the boy was going to be just as big and energetic.

Gods save me... And I want an army of them.

But then she looked at the babe in Rhaella's arms and knew right away that she'd have someone to share this misery with. Baby Aslan, the secret Targaryen prince, was already showing signs of being absurdly strong, while also being ethereally beautiful.

A magical seed, indeed. I should ask him again if he's bred the Queen yet.

####

Brightwater Keep,

A few hours after the tourney outside, Wylis and Robert gathered at the castle's secondary courtyard. It was smaller than the bigger, main one by the entrance to the castle, but it was enough for a spar.

It was impossible to keep the spectators away. Knights, Lords, and noble ladies alike gathered around at the edge of the courtyard to watch the King of the Seven Kingdoms spar with the recognized strongest warrior in Westeros.

Wylis had changed into simpler attire: a worn-out tunic, a thick surcoat. They were going to use training weapons, but struck hard enough, they still hurt. Then, he went to the side and took the longest training sword available. It had a blunt edge, and its tip wasn't sharp either.

Meanwhile, Robert grabbed a warhammer without a pointy end. It was just a hammer, and it was lighter than a regular warhammer, so it didn't hit very hard.

"You know, my sword won't hurt you at all. But your hammer will strike me as any hammer." Wylis pointed out the unfairness.

"There's no such thing as a training warhammer, Wylis! Just don't let me hit you with it, that's all!" Robert blurted, tightening his grip on the hammer. The King wore simpler clothes as well. "I'm a changed man now, so you'd best be careful."

Wylis just smiled. The sort that mocked the other side.

"I'll wipe that off your face." Robert bellowed and rushed in with the hammer.

Wylis didn't raise his sword, and instead waited. When Robert swung the hammer towards his shoulder, he stepped aside and back one step, dodging the attack by inches. Robert followed with a straight thrust at his chest, but Wylis again backed away just in time.

He's faster now.

He dodged the King's attacks, but he also noticed the speed at which Robert was now moving. It was far better than their last spar back in Ramsgate. Moreover, Robert showed more mobility now.

Woosh!

Again, Wylis tilted his head backwards, avoiding the hammer from hitting his head. He tired Robert out, testing stamina. This spar was nothing but a test for Wylis, to see where Robert needed to improve more.

"Aye, you've changed," Wylis called, raising his sword at last. "So have I."

Clash!

Robert swung the warhammer.

Wylis swung the sword right back at it. The blade's edge clashed with the hammerhead. Sparks flew, and Wylis' blade chipped away a big chunk. But that wasn't all; Wylis' strike threw Robert's arms back.

"Bah! There's the Wylis I know!"

Robert boomed and excitedly rushed for another attack. The warhammer swung low to Wylis' thigh.

Wylis jumped high up and swiped his blade at Robert's shoulder. And to his welcome surprise, Robert was fast enough to block it with the warhammer. However, Robert's strength hadn't increased by that much.

"Agh!" Robert groaned as Wylis' blunt blade struck the King's shoulder.

Clash!

Wylis swung once more, an overhead strike. Robert blocked it using the warhammer's handle. But the strength wasn't enough.

Wylis used both hands on his hilt and kept pressing down, forcing Robert down onto his knees.

"Wraaaaaaah!" Robert roared, and just as he sank to both knees, he used the strength of both legs to push forward into Wylis, digging the toes of his boots into the dirt.

Color me impressed. He pushed back.

Wylis wasn't using his absolute strength since this wasn't a life-or-death situation. But still, he was shocked by Robert's raw strength. The King was clearly exerting all he had; the roar and grunts were growing louder.

Robert pushed him back and tried to smash his knee into Wylis' stomach.

Wylis jumped backwards to save his balls.

Clash!

Robert was on him instantly, launching a whirl of warhammer strikes. Left high, right high, overhead.

Clash!

Wylis blocked each one of them by striking back with his sword. His blade chipped away faster, however.

Crack!

In the end, Wylis' sword broke apart in the middle, cracking into two pieces. Robert didn't stop, however, and threw his warhammer away. The King jumped with raised arms, ready to wrestle.

Wylis smirked. He was dangerous with a blade, but he was deadly with just his arms. Being an armor-wearing knight was all about who wrestled better and stabbed into the gaps. And Wylis knew wrestling and jujutsu as a sport.

He wasn't panting. But Robert was, while circling Wylis.

The crowd of spectators wasn't cheering or cursing, however. They didn't want to anger the King nor the Northern Lord. But the spar was entertaining, considering the number of women that had gathered there.

"You need to build your strength and stamina. You're quicker, I'll give you that." Wylis glanced toward Ser Barristan. "Change the King's diet. No more red meat. White meat only. Make him run five extra miles each day, with weighted sacks on his back."

"Huh, I'll just fuck more!" Robert grumbled.

Wylis smirked and cracked his neck before stepping forward. "Then I'm afraid you'll never beat me, Your Grace."

"We'll see about that, Wy—"

Wylis eased into Robert's space. He avoided Robert's attempt at grappling him, and sidestepped, throwing a gentle punch at Robert's liver. Instantly, the King gasped and began to fall.

Wylis wedged his shoulder, stopping that fall, and threw an arm between Robert's legs. But right as he did that, somehow Robert recovered and tried to put Wylis in a headlock.

Thud!

Wylis reacted fast and kicked Robert's feet, throwing him onto the ground. Robert did the same and pulled Wylis by his ankles. Once the Northern giant was down, Robert tried to climb on him and straddled his chest to punch his face.

Wylis grinned as he allowed all that to happen. Then, as soon as Robert was on top of him, he used his core strength and lifted a leg up just in time as Robert threw a punch.

Wylis caught that punching arm, and his one leg locked around Robert's neck, throwing the King flat on the ground. Wylis's leg pressed on Robert's neck while he pulled an arm lock. He put pressure slowly, not wanting to hurt the King that much.

"Wraaaaah! You...!"

Robert struggled to free himself, kicking and moving around. But Wylis was a massive man. The only thing Robert did was cover them in more dirt, staining both their clothes completely.

With each passing moment, Wylis put more pressure.

"If you had a blade, you might have won by putting it through my leg," Wylis said. "But you have none. So this ends when your arm breaks, or you yield."

"Keep dreaming, you fat bloody ox!" Robert bellowed and tried to haul himself to his feet.

Thud!

But Wylis pressed his leg down harder on Robert's neck, slamming him down. He pulled on the arm more, to the point where it was meant to truly hurt.

"Aaarh! Fuck!" Robert cursed, and then did something.

Wylis watched. He shook his head, silently telling Robert not to do it.

"You know I don't need a fucking blade to tear your flesh off your leg, Wylis. If this were a true battle, I'd never be down here." Robert declared, and bared his teeth near Wylis' calf.

Wylis nodded and shrugged, continuing to pull on that arm. "Aye, you'd already be knocked out with your face in the dirt and ass to the sky."

"You asked for this, Wylis!"

"Gaaaah! Fuck!" Wylis cursed as he felt Robert bite. He pulled that arm harder, nearing the breaking point.

"Aaaaaaaah! Seven hells!" Robert groaned at the same time, biting harder.

"..."

The spectators stood there dumbfounded, watching as the epic duel descended into a match of who could get the other one to curse louder. The two men were covered in the courtyard's muddy dirt, flat on their backs.

"I'll break the damn arm, Robert!"

"I'll cripple you, Wylis!"

Fuck, he really might.

Wylis felt the teeth on his calves. If it weren't for Robert, he'd have broken the arm right away, before those teeth could even touch him. But this was the King. He didn't want to break it, nor did he want Robert to lose too badly.

"I'll count. We both let go at three," Wylis suggested.

"Fuck it, works for me!"

Wylis kept the hold tight. "One... Two... Three!"

Woosh!

Wylis let go of Robert's arm. Right as Robert tried to pull it away, Wylis also moved his leg to safety. He immediately got onto his feet, prepared just in case Robert attacked. But it seemed the King had the same idea.

For a few moments, they both stood stiffly in a fighting stance, ready to wrestle each other.

"I need a bath," Wylis muttered.

"I need a fucking drink."

Robert smiled.

Wylis chuckled and relaxed. He stepped forward, arm raised, and clasped it with Robert. "Leave a cup for me."

"You better be quick then."

Wylis nodded and looked down at himself. With a sigh, he removed his muddy surcoat. But then, aware that plenty of noble women were watching, he also removed his tunic while cursing how dirty it was.

"Gods! Look at you, built like the bloody Warrior himself!" Robert exclaimed, with no small bit of envy in his voice.

Wylis flexed his arms at Robert. "Put down the wine, and perhaps you'll grow just as me."

"That's like asking me to give up fucking. What the bloody hell would I have left to live for?" Robert barked, turning with a great laugh. "Meet me in my chamber. We'll drink, just the two of us, and talk of old times."

Wylis laughed as the King left. When it was just him, he threw his discarded surcoat and tunic at Chett and walked to the edge of the courtyard. But he picked that direction purposefully, as he noticed an unusually attractive woman standing there.

He didn't really know her personally. She was tall, attractive in a feminine, elegant way, like a high noblewoman. Her hair was long and silvery, made into a single thick braid with jeweled rings. Her brows were thin, her lips were pouty, high cheekbones, and dark blue eyes. But at the same time, her expressions seemed too stiff and uninterested, as if she didn't like standing there.

Yet, her eyes were on him.

He knew by instinct when a woman's gaze was just looking at him, and when it was 'looking' at him. And this one was the latter. But since Willas Tyrell and Mace Tyrell stood beside her, he guessed her identity.

Bare-chested, Wylis walked straight to them, towering over all three Tyrells. The woman was as tall as Mace, and both of them almost reached his chest.

"My lord." Mace Tyrell spoke, a hint of nervousness in the rose lord's eyes for no reason. "My son wanted to speak with you about something. Oh, and this is my wife, Alerie Hightower."

"My lady."

Wylis nodded, and turned to look at the woman directly. He peered into her eyes with no shame. She looked much younger than her husband, and no doubt, he could guess that was the reason behind her vapid expressions. A boring marriage. A dull life.

But in that moment, he saw a tiny flicker in her dark, ocean-blue eyes. It was a momentary glance, but he didn't fail to send a message, as he measured her from her face to her feet with just the movement of his eyes. She was doing the same.

Her pale face, thick silver braid, full breasts, curvy birthing hips. She reminded him of Rhaella but without the homely and sweet air to her that made him love her. Alerie was far more bland and ordinary, while Rhaella's Targaryen blood gave her a more mystical charm.

"My lord," Alerie Hightower replied with a momentary delay.

Wylis turned back to Mace Tyrell. "I'd be glad to sit and have a word, my lord. But I assure you, I look far better when I'm not covered in dirt."

"Of course, of course, we can wait." Mace laughed. "Let us meet before tonight's feast, Lord Kaiser."

"Let's do that." Wylis agreed, though Alerie's lingering gaze didn't go unnoticed by him. Her eyes were on his chest the entire time. It was soaked in sweat and stained with dirt that had gotten in.

Unsure, he smiled and walked past them. There was a river nearby outside the castle, and he reckoned Caliburn could use a scrub as well.

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After a healthy second wrestling match with Caliburn in the river, and scrubbing the big boy extra rough, Wylis returned to the Blackwater Keep castle, looking fresh in a new, ordinary set of tunic, doublet, cloak, and trousers. He allowed Chett to rest as well, since he planned to sit with Robert for a while.

In one of the main hallways of the castle, Wylis stopped in front of the door that a Kingsguard was guarding.

"Ser Moore." Wylis regarded the man.

"My lord, His Grace is waiting for you."

The Kingsguard respectfully stepped aside and pushed the door open for him. Most of the Kingsguards were well acquainted with Wylis, either directly or through tales. He'd killed most of their predecessors, though three of them secretly.

"There you are!" Robert got noisy as soon as Wylis took a step inside, finding the King seated on a chair by a large window. The table before him had a jar and cups. "Sit here, damn it! I got matters to discuss. Heard you just had a second son, Gods you're a lucky bastard. I'll probably put a whelp in Cersei after returning as well, hah!"

Wylis dragged the chair and sat beside Robert, so he was looking directly out the window. The sky was blue that day, and the castle sat high, so the rolling hills and fields were lovely. It wasn't a view he got to see in Ramsgate.

Only to be fooled again.

"Aye, named him Ragnar." Wylis poured himself a cup. "A healthy lad as usual. What of your boy?"

"Not even a year old, the scrawny little shit. But... Gods, make it make sense to me, Wylis. The whelp's got golden hair and green eyes, just like his mother. Not a damned speck of Baratheon in him."

Wylis stared at his friend's face for some time. He couldn't believe he was having this conversation, and that Robert was having doubts. "You think she's been unfaithful behind your back?"

Robert nodded with a groan. "The seed is strong, Wylis."

Wylis nodded, though he remained unconvinced. He had children with Genna, and they came out blonde. He had a son with Rhaella, and that one had dark hair. However, even then, they had elements matching him. His sons with Genna had blue eyes. His son with Rhaella had violet eyes.

Robert's doubts had grounds.

"Golden hair and green eyes do invite doubt, Robert. Didn't a Baratheon marry a Lannister in days past? Gowen Baratheon and Tya Lannister, I believe?" Wylis asked. "Heard they had a great big son with a full head of black hair. Died young, sadly."

Robert's fists clenched hard on the table, and he downed another cup. "That, Wylis! Hah! The seed's mighty strong, it is."

"I say, wait. Children are known to lose color in their eyes as they grow. Perhaps there is blue beneath that green yet. Have another child with her. If the next comes the same, then you have cause for worry. Though you have Lannister trouble already."

"What Lannister trouble?"

Wylis let out a long sigh and explained his situation to Robert, from his arrival at Casterly Rock to the point of his leaving.

"You did well." Robert declared. "Saw right through that old lion's lies and had the bastard by the balls! Saved a poor girl from being dishonored too. Ha! No wonder the Gods favor you!"

"That aside, I'm certain Tywin will have the City Watch in King's Landing do all they can to hinder my trade, my ice, and the rest. Harass my men and my shops. All of it under your very nose. I say it's time you replaced Lannister men with Baratheon men," Wylis suggested boldly.

"I want that more than anything, Wylis. But the Lannisters fund the crown. I let them play their games in return for keeping the city running. The men paid and armed. The crown has plenty of debts to settle first," Robert argued.

"Aye, that's true. But before I left Casterly Rock, there was a quake. I had to use my means to learn the truth, but I've heard the Lannister mines beneath the Rock collapsed. It may take years to reach them again. Within days, you'll hear House Lannister demanding repayment of every coin they've loaned to other noble houses. They won't touch the Crown yet, but do nothing, and you'll lose your only chance to break their stranglehold."

Robert stared at his face for a while as if to see if he was serious about this.

"Wylis... the crown needs the gold to—"

"I'll fund the crown," Wylis declared. "I've a river of gold and more besides. I'll fund the City Watch, manage the city, and make it a greater seat of trade than any damned Free City, so the Crown can stand on its own legs. All I demand is freedom from the Lannisters. And when war comes, as it soon will, you and I can grow rich indeed if we play our hands wisely and plunder the enemy."

Robert poured himself a cup to the point of spilling. Then, the King turned the cup round and round, deep in thought. A few moments later, he emptied it.

"First, you tell me. What in the bloody hell's going on between you and Ned?"

Wylis frowned as that came out of nowhere. "What do you mean?"

"I had a raven from Ned a while ago. Told me to be careful of you."

Wylis sighed, rubbing the bridge of his nose. "That fool. After all we fought through together in the rebellion. I don't know, Robert. Lord Stark seems to think I've some grand plan to seize the North. He fears I'm weakening House Stark by taking Brandon, Benjen, and their mother away. He even believes my deal with Lord Hornwood was part of it. Gods, Robert, Lady Stark herself came to warn me of his unreasonable fears."

Robert huffed, shaking his head. "That's Ned for you, the bloody overthinker. But Wylis, if you weren't like a brother to me, I'd fear you too, damn it. Your name, fame, and what I saw you do in the rebellion... I wouldn't want you as my enemy, hah!"

"Robert, a little distrust is healthy. Too much of it, though, and a man starts chasing madness. I'll tell you plainly, I've no desire to conquer the North. What would I do with all that barren land? If conquest is what I seek, I'll go beyond the Wall or across the damned Narrow Sea. Not in my own backyard."

"Bahaha! Aye, no bloody worth in those cold, barren lands. I'll send word to Ned to ca—"

"Don't. He'll only think I have some hold over you. Leave it be. When the war comes, the three of us will stand together in battle. I suspect we'll settle our differences on the battlefield. Until then, I'll simply have to bear Lord Stark's doubts."

Wylis put on his saddest voice.

"So, what say you, Robert? The Lannisters?"

"Fuck the Lannisters! I'll have loyal Baratheon men ready soon. Send some of yours as well, if you've got any to spare. I'll let you and Jon man the City Watch, and you can turn the damn

shithole into a less smelly shithole. Might help put some reins on that bitch of my wife.” Robert grumbled, openly berating his wife. “With no men left for her to mindlessly order about.”

“Still not enough,” Wylis added, deciding to go all the way. “Changing the City Watch will not solve it. Don’t ask how I know. My men sell ice, and they hear things. Grand Maester Pycelle works directly for Lord Tywin Lannister. He was also the one who poisoned me in Harrenhal.”

Creak!

Robert was on his feet. “He did that?!”

“Aye, he did. I heard him say it myself when I was escaping King’s Landing during the Mad King’s reign. I was in a tunnel beneath the dungeons, where Pycelle was trying poison on a prisoner, hoping to see if another might survive it as I had.”

This time Robert drank directly from the jar. “What else?”

“Your Master of Whispers brings mute children from Essos, then sends them crawling through tunnels and spaces too tight for grown men, all across the Red Keep and the city. They cannot speak, so they write. They can read letters, ledgers, and the like.”

Thud!

Robert fell into the chair with a drunken thud. “He calls ’em Little Birds. Makes sense now. Gods, how in Seven hells do you know all this?”

Wylis chose to lie this time. “I... grew rather close to Queen Rhaella while guarding her. She told me plenty of things.”

“Did you...?”

“Aye, that’s what I meant when I said close,” Wylis smiled, seeing Robert smirk as well. “But the Mad King beat her bloody, clawed her, bit her, abused her. The songs bards sing of the Mad King tell of but half the demon he truly was.”

King Robert sighed at that. “Bastard treated his own blood like shit too... poor woman. Targaryen whore, nonetheless. Good riddance.”

Wylis promptly ignored that.

“Well, you could kill Pycelle on some invented charge. The man is hardly clean. As for Varys, I doubt his death would help. He is, annoyingly, rather good at his work. Just make certain you speak of no secrets when hidden passages and tunnels are near.”

Robert nodded strongly to that. “You know what? After Jon, I’ll name you my new Hand! I need someone ruthless and wise like yo—”

Wylis recoiled, leaping from his seat. "Clean your own shit, Your Grace. I've a city of my own to run and grow. Ah, nearly forgot. I'll need City Charters for Ramsgate and Stoney Sept."

"Why in Seven hells're you asking me that? Tell Jon to give the damn thing."

"You're the King, my friend. Your fat fingers still need to put the Crown's seal on it."

Robert huffed and slumped into his seat. "Jon's got the seal, so you needn't ask my leave. Build that city. I liked what I saw last time. Surprise me, aye? Now bugger off. I'll drink myself to sleep. There ain't a pretty whore in the whole damn place worth chasing."

Wylis shook his head. He'd tried to change Robert, and he'd succeeded in some ways, but in others, he'd completely failed.

I suppose I'll have to handle Cersei myself after all.

"See you at the feast, Robert."

Robert just waved without looking, busy staring out the window.

####

As the evening feast arrived, Wylis found himself with the Tyrells once again. Before arriving at the feast hall, he was invited to a separate room where Mace Tyrell, Alerie Hightower, and young Willas were seated.

For some reason, Willas seemed nervous. Meanwhile, Mace was excited. Alerie was just... Alerie. The woman barely ever showed expressions.

"At last, a chance to sit and talk." Wylis took a seat while servants filled their cups. "Any injuries, Willas?"

"No, my lord. I'm healthy." Willas chirped. The boy was just thirteen.

"He fares well, Lord Kaiser. A fine boy, though falling from his horse was an unfortunate business. There is still so much for him to learn and master. He adores horses, you see, but it seems they do not adore being controlled by him." Mace Tyrell rambled on merrily. "And his swordsmanship could use a good deal more work."

No, don't take it there. There is no vacancy.

"That's why I came up with a brilliant idea, Lord Kaiser. I, and House Tyrell would be greatly honored if Willas could squire under you, the savior of King's Landing, and the Tyrant of the Trident himself."

Fuck! So that's what the reward meant.

This marked the first time Tyrant's Squire had given him such a reward. He couldn't tell why this was a reward, however. He'd rejected other nobles already, and he didn't want anyone since he had Chett and Dacey.

Maybe because Chett is close to being knighted?

"I already have two squires, Chett and Lady Dacey Mormont." Wylis was in no haste to become a glorified nursemaid. "And I doubt I have more resources than House Tyrell."

"And yet you ruled the battlefield! Ashford, I remember it well. You changed the tides alone and felled Lord Tarly. I have never seen the like, and I doubt the realm has either, Lord Kaiser." Mace said, with honest admiration in his voice. "I want Willas to become a warrior lord worthy of Highgarden. The boy could learn much from a man such as you. He is sharp, my Willas."

Wylis sighed, looking at the young boy seated between the couple. "What do you want, Willas? To be a warrior? And for what? There are no wars on the horizon. The realm is stable. Robert is no Jaehaerys, but he's better than most kings we've had. We have peace and harmony."

Willas Tyrell awkwardly looked at his mother, who gave him a nod to speak.

"My Lord," Willas spoke. "I don't like training with swords, or jousting, or making horses hurt. But I'm the heir to Highgarden. If I'm not good at these things, I can't lead by example. You followed King Robert because he's a strong man. If I'm not strong, why would strong people follow me?"

That was solid reasoning; Wylis had to give it to the little boy.

"Hm, I suppose you're right. But strength alone won't win you every battle. You need to be quick here as well." Wylis tapped on his temples. "Are you quick? If you say you are, then tell me, why did House Tyrell choose to support the Targaryens?"

Mace became stiff. Meanwhile, for the first time, he noticed curiosity on Alerie's face as the woman looked at her eldest son.

"I... think it's because the Targaryens made House Tyrell Lords of Highgarden. They ruled for three hundred years, so they look stable, and... the battle of Ashford made us think the rebellion was weak."

"Who taught you all that? You're right, the Targaryens brought stability to the realm. But that ended when those fools slew their own dragons with their squabbling. Still, I'll give House Tyrell its due. You sent your strength to Storm's End rather than join the war, and so the Reach kept its men. In the end, House Tyrell lost nothing."

Mace Tyrell sat proudly, chin high at that. But the man said nothing. No matter how big of an oaf he was, Mace knew when to keep quiet.

“Willas is clever, I’ll grant him that.” Wylis continued. “But give me some time to think on it. Taking another squire means giving him a fair share of my days. If I’m to teach him well, I’ll need to plan for it.”

Finally, Wylis got up from the seat and nodded towards the silver-haired woman.

“I mean to join the feast now. Before the wedding revels end, you shall have my answer.”

“Thank you, my lord. Please consider it well.” Mace blurted.

Wylis just left. It was starting to feel more like a PTA meeting to him. Where wealthy parents were trying to hire the best tutor to teach their child.

He quickly arrived in the feast hall and joined Robert’s side. The king demanded that he sit beside him to fight boredom. As Robert didn’t need to pull his words with him. Nor did he pull anything.

There were bards. There were jesters. There were mummer groups to entertain them. It was a joyful feast on that warm night. The Reach’s weather was truly something.

#####

The wedding day arrived. Wylis donned his best attire and arrived at the castle’s great hall, where the Septon read the vows. Since he wasn’t related to the family at all, he chose to stand in the back of the hall; his height allowed him to still watch everything.

“Let’s make for Starfall after this and bring Ashara home. Her raven says she and Arthria are growing bored.” Wylis told Chett beside him.

“Let’s do that, my lord.”

Weddings were boring to Wylis. It excited young women, but for him it brought nothing. He could hear Robert being loud at the front, however. Telling Stannis to speak strong.

“Eh, Lord Kaiser?”

But right then, amusement walked right up to him. A tall, athletic man with dark hair and a goatee greeted him. He noticed a ring on the man’s finger with green gems, making it look like a green apple.

Wylis turned to the man. “And you must be...”

“Ser Jon Fossoway of New Barrel, at your service, my lord. It is a great honor to meet a knight of such renown. Though now that I see you in person, I wonder if Ser Raymun Fossoway, founder of my house, felt much as I do.”

Wylis amusedly indulged the man. “What do you mean by that, Ser Jon?”

“Ah, it’s only history. Ser Raymun was knighted during the Trial of the Seven. He fought for Ser Duncan the Tall. They say Ser Duncan was a giant of a man as well, and that every giant in Westeros bears his blood. We still have the shield Ser Duncan bore in the trial, though there’s precious little of it left.”

Wylis frowned slightly and rubbed his beard.

Old Nan slept with Ser Duncan?

Thinking about it, he could understand why some would think that. However, he had no doubt there was magic in Old Nan’s blood. The woman was so old and still moving around; the same for his grandfather, Old Nan’s son.

I’ll ask her plainly next time.

Ting!

Wylis’s eyes and ears became alert promptly.

[New Side Quest - The Tyrant’s Root!]

Description - A Tyrant needs no blood to prove his worth. But to ignore a mighty ancestor is to ignore a mountain of gold right beneath your feet.

Goal - Trace your bloodline and prove it to the realm.

Reward - Bloodline Anti-Defect Ability

What’s that?

Wylis summoned the Tyrant’s Squire screen right then and there and used subtle movements to check the shop. He scrolled for a while and eventually found the ability.

[Bloodline Anti-Defect - 50 Years]

Description - A Tyrant’s duty is to sow as many seeds as he can. But some day, the seeds grow and forget their root. Avoid genetic defects in your offspring and their offspring.]

I need this!

Wylis straightened his back. “That’s an interesting thought. I’d like to trace my bloodline, if it can be done. Ser Duncan the Tall must have left something behind in his time. Perhaps I’ll find it in King’s Landing.”

Ser Jon Fossoway nodded. “He wore the white cloak for a time. If you’re looking for something, that is the only place it could be.”

Right then, loud claps started in the hall. Wylis focused back on the wedding and began clapping as the vows finished. There was no sign of joy on Stannis, nor did Selyse Florent look very excited.

The bride and groom then walked out of the hall. Slowly, the hall emptied as everyone left for the wedding feast set in the gardens behind the castle. It was the only way to accommodate that many people at the same time.

In time, the grand table was set where the King sat with Stannis and his wife beside him. Lord Alester Florent sat on the other side. Wylis stayed away from there and chose one of the common tables serving the nobles.

Wine freely flowed, and the food was delicious, albeit too greasy for his taste, so he didn't eat too much. The best drink was an iced lemonade served using his gifted ice. Due to limited quantity, the servants poured it, and only two cups were allowed per guest. There was no limit at the king's table, however.

Singers came and sang countless songs. Some even sang a song about him, from his days in the rebellion, and his undisputed battle record. Then came pyromancers, pipers, sword swallows, and jugglers. Old Town was nearby, so entertainment wasn't a challenge.

Finally, a ceremonial pie was brought. Watching all that, Wylis felt a strange nostalgia, as he remembered a similar wedding that would never happen due to his existence. Soon the cake was cut and given to the guests.

While that happened, noble lords and knights went to the grand table to offer gifts to the newlyweds. Wylis waited initially, watching with intrigue who gave what. Some gave books, some gave expensive fabrics, some offered ornamental blades.

When he noticed there wasn't anyone left, he got up. He ignored Robert, already drunk and still drinking more. He took out two small boxes from his surcoat's pockets. They were both made of wood, small and just right for rings. They were covered by red silk cloth so they looked expensive.

"I made these rings with my own hands, and with this new fondness I've taken for goldsmithing. It was quite an experience." Wylis opened the boxes and set them upon the table, one ring before Selyse and the other before Stannis.

"Seven!" Selyse reacted first, taking the ring. "It's... the most beautiful ring I have ever seen. You made this, my lord?"

"Of course. Ask at Garth's Gold Ship in Lannisport. That's where I bought the gold. The hind for the lady and the stag for the lord."

Surprisingly, Stannis showed emotion this time, smiling as he took the ring. The man turned it between his fingers and then wore it on his right index finger.

"It's... very unique," Stannis muttered.

"I will cherish this, my lord," Selyse added warmly. "Thank you for this gift."

“May the Gods keep you both hale and happy, and bless you with a large litter.”

With that, he returned to his seat, ignoring Robert asking him to join him for a drink. He was mostly done now; his journey to attend the wedding was over. Now it was time to take Ashara and travel through King’s Landing on the way home.

“Any lady caught your eye?” He sat beside Chett. “You’ve not taken a single one to bed yet.”

Chett just shook his head and sighed.

“Keep your hopes up, my friend. We’ll be dancing soon enough, so make certain you ask someone. There are noblewomen aplenty. Just be sure you know which ones have husbands before you choose.”

He put an arm over his squire’s shoulder and began pointing at a few women.

“What of her? Not much in the chest, but broad in the hips. Made for bearing children. And her? Looks a touch old, but still has a pretty face...”

“...”

Chett sat in silence the entire time, nodding here and there.

The sun began to set, and around that time, as the servants lit countless torches, candles, and small bonfires around, the minstrels arrived and began playing music. Some lute, some vielle, some gittern. They were basic, but combined they made a merry sound, enough to dance to.

Though seeing them, Wylis did think of building the whole range of modern musical instruments he knew and set them in the school. From guitars to violins to drums and pianos. Life was bland in those times, and music was something everyone enjoyed.

“Go, find yourself a lady. She need not be noble, so long as she suits you. Just see that she wants you, not your coin.”

Wylis patted Chett on the back and set the big squire away.

The first pair to dance were Stannis and his new wife. One by one, more joined, including Lord Alester Florent. Mace Tyrell also appeared with Alerie Hightower. Wylis really yearned for his wife in that moment.

But then, he saw Delena Florent appear. She was Selyse’s cousin and bedmaid. She received a lot of attention, looking young and pretty. But soon enough, Robert’s gaze fell on her, and the king stirred to dance as well.

Wylis rose at the same time. However, instead of leaving, he approached a nearby table where Lady Alerie Hightower sat with Willas. She had finished dancing with Mace and was drinking some water.

Wylis leaned forward and offered his hand. "Might I be fortunate enough to claim a dance, my lady?"

For a moment, Alerie Hightower stared at him, her expression unreadable. But she was a sight to behold that night, dressed in a green gown, her wide neckline revealing her pale skin. Her face was smooth, and her braided silver hair ornate with gold pins and rings.

"It would be my pleasure, my lord."

Wylis smiled and took her hand. He walked backwards and arrived near the edge of the dance floor. There was no rhythm anymore; everyone danced however they liked. He wasted no time and held her one hand on the side, put the other on her mature, curving waist, high enough to keep it appropriate.

She put a hand on his shoulder, and they began to move their feet.

"I'd not known Highgarden hid so fair a white rose as you." Wylis complimented, keeping his distance and his voice low. "You should smile more, my lady. It makes your beauty bloom."

Alerie did actually smile, subtle and true. It was truly something, Wylis felt. Getting to see the side of women that other men rarely saw always stirred him. He squeezed his fingers a little on her waist, making it more real and present.

"And you should be sparing with your compliments, my lord," Alerie said, her voice soft and slightly throaty. "Even the happiest of women might find themselves melting under such words."

"Are you melting?" he asked back.

Alerie Hightower smiled wider as her fingers softly stroked the top of his shoulder. "What do you think?"

"You're a hard woman to read, I'm afraid."

"An acquired skill."

"I wonder what it would take to make you unacquire it."

"I often wonder the same, my lord." She replied, her eyes lingering upon his. Her hand slipped from his shoulder to his chest, resting there more comfortably. Her brows rose as she pressed her palm lightly against him. "As if made of steel."

Honestly, Wylis enjoyed this. Most women acted either too hard to get or too aroused with him. Alerie was the perfect balance of being subtle.

"I wasn't always like this. At ten-and-four, I was fat as a cow. One morning I saw myself in the water and decided I'd rather not be. Years of stealing bread and meat from Winterfell's kitchens, years of hard training, and now I find myself admired by a southern beauty."

“So I’m admiring now?”

Wylis smirked. “I’d call it devouring with gaze, rather.”

“Hah!” Alerie laughed softly, warmth in her mature voice, a sound rarely heard from her lips. “I might say the same.”

“I’m an oathbound knight, my lady. Truth is all I know to speak. Though I’ll confess, I’ve been eager for a whiff of a white rose since I came here.”

A short silence fell between them. Wylis heard an audible gulp from her as he saw her eyes stay fixed on his.

“You are an interesting man, my lord.”

“Would you care to hear a few stories, then?”

“Do not tempt a poor old lady, my lord. I am a mother of four, you know.”

She wasn’t even thirty, he knew that. He leaned in a little, his large hand tightening at her waist.

“Will you not bear more children, my lady?”

“I suppose only time will tell.” She replied without truly understanding what he had actually meant.

However, it seemed to settle a moment later as her thin silver brows shot high. As if she’d heard a big scandal.

“So the rumors were true,” Alerie muttered.

Huh? Again? How far have they spread?

“I...” Alerie sighed, no longer feeling his chest beneath her hand. She glanced toward Mace, blissfully unaware as he drank. Then her eyes found her son. “I may have a few complaints about my days. But I dearly love my children.”

“As do I.” He replied, stepping away. “Now, I must see that our dear king does not do something unworthy of the occasion.”

“How long will you remain here?”

“I ride on the day after tomorrow, my lady.” Wylis gave her a small bow, then turned and walked away.

Wylis had noticed Robert getting touchy with Delena Florent from the corner of his eye, and he knew it was only a matter of time.

Instead of going towards Robert, he went inside the castle. He went to the door of the bedchamber prepared for the newlyweds and waited there.

He wanted stability in the realm.

For that, he wanted relations between Robert and Stannis to remain stable. At least for a few more years. So, he couldn't allow Robert to use the wedding bed of the newlyweds to deflower Delena.

He waited there. Hoping to save the two brothers from going sour on each other.

"Hah! Need me a bloody room! Yer... in my good hands now... girl!"

Wylis could hear Robert's nearing voice as he waited. Having seen Delena Florent, he reckoned he could guess why Robert decided to bed her in a drunken arousal. The woman was eighteen, a maiden, slender and short, with long dark brown hair and large ears but... a face that distantly resembled Lyanna's.

That didn't please Wylis at all.

"There you are, Wylisss!" Robert arrived, holding petite Delena in a princess carry. The girl was giggling in the young King's arms. Robert was still only twenty-four, just a year older than Wylis. They were all in their prime.

Wylis just nodded and pointed at the decoration on the room's door. "Your room is at the end of the hall, Robert. This one belongs to the newlyweds."

"Bahhh! I nearly smashed the bloody weddin' bed!" Robert bellowed, laughing drunkenly, reeking of wine. "Where's my damned room, eh?"

Wylis sighed and put a hand on Robert's arm, guiding him and making sure the man didn't enter the wrong place. Ser Barristan was right behind them, however. He wondered why the old knight didn't stop the King from reaching for Stannis' bedchamber.

Soon, Wylis opened the door to the King's bedchamber. However, Robert didn't enter. For a moment, Robert looked at Delena's flustered face in his arms, then smugly laughed towards Wylis.

"Wylisss! Join me! Let's break this lil' fox in togetherrr, hahaha! She'll take my fat cock just fine, and she can take 'nother giant stuffin' her too. Ain't that right, ya dirty little fox?" Robert slurred thickly, laughing hard and staring at Delena's face.

Delena blushed hard. Her eyes looked between Wylis and Robert.

Wylis was speechless, however. But at the same time, without even realising, a quick calculation ran through his head. Lyanna's schemes had changed him. He knew what was going to happen, and he reckoned if he played his cards right, the child would still be publicly Robert's.

Delena's head softly, meekly nodded.

Jaw tight, Wylis eyed her with a warning look. "Are you sure, Lady Florent?"

"Bahhh! Whassa waitin' for, woman? Realm's finest warrior offerin' his fat cock straight to yer cunny! Ye better beg him t' slam it in raw without askin', hahaha!" Robert howled and walked inside the room.

Wylis followed right in and closed the door behind. At least there would be no disturbances since this wasn't Stannis' bedchamber. And with Ser Barristan outside, the secret was kept. Besides, there was no way to tell between Wylis' and Robert's seed.

Robert threw Delena's light frame on the great canopied bed, and then began to disrobe. However, just after removing his tunic, the King frowned and walked to the side to a set of chairs and a table.

"I'm fucking thirsty! Wylis, loosen her up while I feed myself!"

"..."

Man has no class at all.

With a sigh, Wylis kicked off his boots, shrugged the heavy cloak from his shoulders, and tugged the knots of his trousers loose. He left the rest of his clothes on. He didn't bother undressing fully as he didn't want to remain there for long. He just made his lower half nude, and moved toward the canopied bed.

"My lady, are you truly certain?" He asked one last time. Getting fucked by a King was different, and getting fucked by a mere lord was different. A King's bastard still held value. Lord's did not.

But Delena seemed certain. She just stared at his face like she'd never seen a man before and gave a small, certain nod.

"Then please remove your gown."

Wylis reached for the hem himself, pushing the fabric up as she sat forward and lifted her hips. He dragged the gown over her head in one firm pull. Her long dark-brown hair tumbled free around her shoulders. Even like this, she was beautiful, there was no denying it.

Naked, she was more beautiful. Fair, milky skin stretched smoothly over a slender frame. Her belly lay flat and soft, her breasts small but full enough to fill a hand, her hips wide enough for birthing, a gentle, sturdy curve to her frame.

She wore nothing above, so he simply caught the thin smallcloth below and tore it off with little effort.

Wylis climbed onto the bed on his knees and shifted close to her head. He spread his thighs wide until the half-hard length settled across her face, the pulsing veins resting against her flushed cheek.

"My lady, prepare me while I prepare you."

Wylis stared down at her blushing face, her eyes wide and glassy, drunk in arousal. Her lips parted, uncertain, clearly unused to any of this.

The blunt head of his cock slipped past her thin lips, only the tip, and began to swell thicker inside the wet warmth of her mouth.

"Suckle it and use your tongue," Wylis told her quietly.

"Haaaah!" Robert's drunken laugh rolled from behind. "Green as a maiden! Teach her well, Wylis. Teach her to suckle a king's cock and then ride it!"

Wylis paid no mind. His free hand started to crawl over her smooth skin, climbing the length of her neck. Massive palms settled on her doughy breasts, kneading the soft flesh. His thumbs brushed the tight cherry-brown peaks of her nipples, then one of his hands drifted lower, feeling every small shiver that ran through her.

It passed over the flat plane of her belly and settled between her legs. Two thick fingers found her entrance and started to rub those sensitive lower lips. She was drenched already.

"Take as much as you can."

He guided her, rolling his hips in short pushes so she could feel the growing girth of his cock. He knew she could only manage the swollen head and two thick inches before her mouth was full, lips stretched tight around the shaft, his blunt tip pressing against her throat.

His free hand spread wide across her scalp, to hold her face in place.

Creak!

The slow rocking of his hips made the bedframe groan. He fed his cock at an easy pace, careful and going easy on her, fucking her mouth with restraint.

"Ummm..." Delena's soft moan vibrated around his cockhead. Her belly quivered; the muscles of her thighs drew tight.

Wylis worked her soaked pussy lips faster, sometimes flicking and nudging that sensitive little bean, as Delena spread her legs on her own, wanting more and more. They trembled, then clenched hard, and with almost startling ease she came around his fingers.

Her climax was quiet, almost delicate. A sharp little gasp, a flutter of her lashes, the sudden clench of her virgin walls around his fingers as a fresh rush of nectar coated them. Her slender body arched a little, hips lifting once before settling again, breath coming in soft, broken pants.

"I think you're ready."

Wylis shifted quickly between her thighs. He was a behemoth above her, his shadow swallowing her petite body whole, yet she showed no fear. Her hands rose, longingly tracing the hard line of his jaw, the rough stubble of his beard. He knew she was already craving this moment.

He spread her legs wider with his knees and spat a glob of spit straight onto her already-drenched cunt. Then he gripped the heavy base of his shaft and dragged the swollen tip up and down her flushed petals.

He rubbed the fat knob slowly, coating himself, nudging the tight pink slit until it started to yield. This was her first time; he knew it, and he was painfully aware of his own size. Looking down, his blunt crown alone dwarfed her puffy lips, splaying them just from the pressure. And still she was meant to take every thick inch of it.

"It'll sting... and burn... and you may scream, curse, and scratch all you like," he told her, gently pressing in. "I'll go slow, until you grow used to it."

In a way, he felt she was lucky he was her first. Drunk Robert wouldn't have been gentle or slow at all. To that man, a cunt was a cunt, something to fuck and fill, and nothing else.

He kept his arms locked straight beside her shoulders at first, staring down between their bodies at the sight of his thick cockhead splitting her virgin pussy lips open for the very first time. The pink folds stretched tight around his invading girth.

A noblewoman's maidenhead mattered. But that night, with Robert already claiming the right to take it, Wylis didn't let the thought slow him down.

"Oooo—mmmm!" Delena reacted, her breath hastened. Her fingers clenched tight around the collar of his doublet. She squeezed her eyes shut and pursed her lips hard against the sudden stretch.

Wylis focused only on the feeling, just the tip and an inch buried inside her. He could tell that precious 'wall' had given way already. When he eased back a bit, he saw the proof. A faint smear coating his shaft. But he didn't wait; he fed her another beastly inch.

He started to fuck her with only the blunt head and a little more, working the tight, clenching channel open in slow, shallow strokes, gently stretching her walls to welcome him.

"It's... burning!" Delena wriggled underneath him.

"Tends to happen," Wylis replied, and decided she needed more warmth. He dropped to his elbows, flattening his broad chest against her breasts, and turned his face into the curve of her neck to kiss the soft skin there. His size forced him to arch his back sharply just to reach her.

"Aaaaaah! Oh... Mother! Oh... Seven!"

"Hahhha! There she goes!" Robert howled. "The Seven are invoked, damn 'em! Maiden no more. Fucked raw an' gapin' loose by the realm's two largest men, hahaha!"

Wylis had to give it to Robert. The man sure knew how to ruin the mood by saying the most filthy things possible.

"Unnngh! F-Faster... I can take... Faster... my... I-ooooord!" she moaned.

Wylis lifted his mouth from her neck and straightened his spine. His elbows locked tight beside her ears, his chin resting just above her scalp so that his massive frame swallowed her whole. He prepared to give her more of his flesh sword.

"Brace for it, my lady."

He clenched hard, flexing his cock inside her. He was only halfway buried, but the heat of her was otherworldly, virgin slick mixed with his own precum until everything was slippery and scorching. With her head pinned and her body trapped under him, he drove forward in one long, powerful thrust.

"Aaaaaaaaah~!" she cried out melodiously.

Wylis fed nearly every thick inch into her stretched flower until her swollen cunt almost kissed the base of his shaft. She was already sore; he could feel it, but he ignored Robert's distant laughter and started to pump into her.

He settled into a smooth, relentless rhythm, neither gentle nor brutal. She was slender, yet taller than Lyanna had been, and her body could take him. He knew it.

Plap! Plap!

Delena tried to wrap her smooth legs around his hips, but he was simply too broad. Her thighs were forced wide open, feet kicking vainly in the air as he drilled into her again and again.

With each plunging thrust, Wylis buried his entire length inside her freshly stretched cunt, pumping deep and carving her tight cunt to fit his brutal size. Her walls squeezed and fluttered around every ridge, clenching hard as climax after climax ripped through her noble frame.

Delena's moans rose into cries, then melted back into delicious moans again. Her eyes rolled white, tongue lolling shamelessly. Pleasure shoved every coherent thought out of her mind.

Ting!

[Name: Delena Florent
Age: 18
Occupation: Noblewoman
Current Loyalty: 10%
Status: Impregnated]

She's as fertile as I'm virile.

Wylis wasn't shocked that his seed had already done the work before he'd even spilled. Lately it had grown almost effortless to sire children. Perhaps it was his natural gift, or it could be Tyrant's Squire. He didn't know.

Plap! Plap!

That didn't mean he had to stop, however. He wanted Delena to remember this night, because once Robert took his turn, the man would care nothing for her pleasure.

"Ngh! Ngh!" Delena grunted with every heavy impact, her body forced deeper into the bedding under Wylis's relentless pounding, the wood creaking. Her slim arms locked tight around his neck, clinging as if he were the only solid thing keeping her sane.

She was pried open, stretched sore and slippery, loose around his girth. Oh, she knew the Maiden would never forgive her now. No other man in the realm would give her this pleasure again, fill her this way. She was damned to a life of boredom.

"Ohhhhhh! Faster!"

She wanted every brutal inch, every wet slap, every burning stretch, everything this giant of a knight could give her in that moment.

Slosh! Slosh!

"Ahhhh! Yesssss—!"

Her climax struck again like a breaking dam, filthy and utterly shameless. A wail tore from her throat as her pussy convulsed around his pistoning cock, spasming hard. Clear, hot fluid erupted in pulsing jets, squirting past the thick shaft that still speared her open. Her whole body went rigid, toes curling, mouth still locked open in a silent scream while wave after wave of nectar poured out of her ruined little cunt.

Her hips tried to jerk up, but the Northern giant's crushing weight pinned her flat to the bedding, utterly helpless to even move a little. She could only squirt and squirt, each fresh flood of sloshing water drenching his cock and the sheets below.

Gods, she felt so opened up. She could no longer feel her legs at all, only that deep, delicious ache where he kept carving her wider.

Creak! Squelch! Creak! Sprtt!

It was music to her ears. She felt the massive man above her, so warm, so heavy; pounding straight through the soreness. The wet, filthy squelches echoed through the chamber. She was already lost, barely conscious, floating on pure bliss.

Then, she felt his cock twitch inside.

A beat later, that thick, long meat rod pulled free of her clenching walls with a wet suck. Right then, his warm lips brushed her ear, followed by a whisper.

"If you crave this ever again, you may visit Ramsgate, my lady."

With that, Wylis pulled out completely, just as he was teetering over the edge. He moved fast, knees spreading wide as he straddled her shoulders until the weight of his cock and full sack settled directly on top of her flushed face.

He rose on his knees and slammed his cockhead on her mouth.

"Open it, my lady. This is where we part ways."

Delena stared up at him with lust-drunk eyes and a thoroughly satisfied smile. She stretched her jaw as wide as it would go, ready and willing.

Wylis shoved his wet cockhead past her open lips and stroked the shaft hard and fast. A dozen brutal squeezes were all it took before pure pleasure crashed through him.

His cock pulsed violently. Thick ropes of hot batter blasted straight across her tongue and flooded the back of her throat in heavy, relentless spurts.

He saw her cheeks balloon, eyes going wide as the sheer volume overwhelmed her. He felt her gulp desperately around the spurting tip, but more and more seed kept pumping out. Cream leaked from the corners of her stretched mouth in thick white pearls, dripping down her chin and pooling in the hollow of her throat.

Still he came, pumping another heavy pulse into the already overflowing mess. His body shuddered as he felt her throat work frantically to keep up while she moaned and sputtered around him, making the tugging sucks grow tighter around his cockhead as she swallowed.

For a long moment, Wylis simply kept the sensitive crown nestled between her lips, feeling her soft tongue swirl and lap at the oversensitive tip while the last weak spurts dribbled out.

Then, with a squelching pop, he pulled out. He shifted beside her and gently caressed her head. "Thank you for the fine evening, my lady."

Delena, still panting and lost in the sensations, only giggled softly and gave a dazed little nod, lips glossy and chin glistening with his cream.

Wylis climbed off the bed and tugged his trousers back on.

"At last!" Robert barked, slamming his wine cup down. The King could barely stand; he staggered hard against the table, nearly toppling it.

Wylis moved faster, yanking his trousers into place and stomping into his boots just as Robert started fumbling with the ties of his own breeches.

"Enjoy your time, Your Grace." Wylis bid a quick farewell and stepped out of the bedchamber. He made sure to open the door as slightly as possible, only wide enough to pass through before shutting it firmly behind him so no one in the hall could glimpse inside.

"Is everything alright, my lord?" Ser Barristan asked quietly.

Wylis nodded. "Robert being Robert. Drank the entire damn jar dry. Have a servant fill it with water after some time. And... I fear Lord Alester shall hear of it come morning."

"It is inevitable," Ser Barristan replied.

Wylis just nodded and walked away. That night, he really wanted a strong drink. Too bad, it was hard to get too drunk. The moment it became poisonous to his body, it would stop having an effect—a downside of having total poison immunity.

Unable to find Chett, he arrived at the castle's great hall, where tables had been set. Men gathered there to play, talk, drink, and brawl.

Wylis found an empty table and sat down there. With a wave of his hand, a servant soon brought him a jar and cup as well.

"There you are, the mighty kingslayer!"

Just as he'd poured himself a cup, he heard a heavily accented voice. He already knew who it was. And it didn't take long to hear the man slide into the seat beside him.

"The savior of King's Landing. Half a million peasants saved, and yet he could not save one woman."

Wylis still emptied the cup, not responding since he could tell the man was drunk out of his mind.

"What does it feel like, I wonder? To drink, to sleep, knowing you helped murder my sister... her babes?"

He could smell the breath as the man was growing so close.

"You are no better than the Lannisters a—"

“What is it you want, Prince Oberyn?” Wylis looked the man over at last. “If you mean to bark, choose another wall.”

“Fight me! I challenge you to a duel!”

Ting!

[New Side Quest - A Snake's Challenge!

Description - A knight can refuse a challenge, but a Tyrant cannot, for the challenge means defiance.

Goal - Humiliate and humble Prince Oberyn Martell

Reward - Ordinary Heat Resistance]