

The Northern Tyrant [Game of Thrones] Chapter 44 - Sisterly Exchange, Real Treasure, Gloomy Gold & The Quest Rush

Winterfell,

"This is treasonous!" Catelyn exclaimed, but then quickly softened her voice to a whisper. "Lysa, what you have d—"

"Oh, Cat... you've no idea how sweetly he beds me. Whether he has me shoved against the wall or flat beneath him on the sheets... Gods, the weight of his body covering mine, those strong arms pinning me open... And his cock... Mmm, it's the only true joy I've ever known."

Catelyn felt her throat go dry. She had brought her sister to her bedchamber and had closed the door, but it still felt wrong to hear about. It was so scandalous, just knowing about it. But Lysa was her sister; she knew the expressions on her face were true.

I didn't expect this from Lord Kaiser.

"That may be. But Lysa, your husband is Lord Arryn."

"And?"

Catelyn clamped her lips at the sign of Lysa's annoyance. It was as if her sister hated her husband.

"You were the lucky one, marrying Lord Stark. So young and strong. I'm sure you tumbled together night after night, and look what it got you. A son and a daughter already, and more babes surely on the way. But don't you dare speak to me of honor. Our father sold me off to a shriveled old man long past his best years. A hollow husk who can't even get... Never mind. You wouldn't understand. You never will."

"No! I do. I do, Lysa." Catelyn quickly caught her sister's hand, seated beside her on the bed's edge. She knew her sister had been dealt a terrible hand. Lysa was younger than even her, yet forced to marry a man many times her age. Imagining herself in Lysa's place, Catelyn couldn't imagine being happy, and perhaps she... too.

Lord Kaiser was a man of might and charm combined, after all.

"But..." Catelyn whispered and shifted closer to her sister's side. "What if Lord Arryn finds out? It'll be your doom and Lord Kaiser's."

"He knows."

"..."

What?!

"Lord Arryn? Catelyn asked.

Lysa nodded. "You paint me as some black-hearted villain, Cat. You think I never tried with Jon? We tried again and again. He already knew how it was, which is why he dared whisper that I should lie with another and... give him an heir.

"I was hurt at first, ashamed, and felt caged. But when he said Lord Kaiser... that was the only name that ever stirred me. It was Jon's own scheme. Only when they had spoken together did I lie with him. And my sister, if there is any true heaven to be found in this cruel world, I swear it lies beneath him, splayed out, gripped hard, kissed fiercely, and loved."

No! I must not... think of such things.

Catelyn found it hard not to imagine things. She had seen Lord Kaiser and felt him from so close, after all. That memory was still vivid, her gown ripped from the chest, her breasts bare while he carried her in his strong arms. His heated gaze on her nude skin and...

"Why tell me this?" Catelyn asked.

"Because Jon is old. He will not live long enough to see the children stand tall and proud. And if ever anything should happen to me, I want someone to know who their true father is. Even if it must remain a secret forever, as it ought. And I know you'll honor my trust."

Lysa's hand moved gently over her swollen belly. "The seed is strong, Cat. Robin is... already walking and talking; you have seen him yourself. You should visit Ramsgate sometime. Lord Kaiser's children are all remarkable. Young Magnus, that one, I swear he'll outgrow his father."

Catelyn just imagined Lord Kaiser's son, with the same face but even mightier, and immediately thought of something more. She had a daughter and...

No, these matters are best left to Ned.

She ended up sighing and stared at her sister's face. At that point, she couldn't blame her. If Jon Arryn was unable to sire, the man shouldn't have married. And if Lord Kaiser came to save House Arryn's legacy, despite different blood... ludicrous, but understandable.

She couldn't faithfully say that Lord Kaiser wasn't charming either. Seven hells, she herself accepted the fact that her Lord husband was less charming than... Brandon and Lord Kaiser.

Recently, Brandon had visited and... She'd seen him, ignored him. But when he ignored her so... firmly... it almost irritated her. It ached that she thought such things.

"How long do you plan to keep this, Lysa?"

"As long as Jon lives. You know it as well as I do, Cat. Once Jon is gone, the Gods will never bless me with motherhood again."

Catelyn nodded, understanding the reason. For Lysa to carry more of Lord Kaiser's children, Lord Arryn had to remain alive.

Finally, Catelyn decided to stop doubting her sister. Lysa was handed the less fortunate fate, and if she was somehow twisting it to her benefit, she had no reason to meddle.

However, it was natural to be more... curious.

"Lysa... How..." Catelyn gulped without realising. "How big is he?"

"..."

A big, blushing smile formed on Lysa's face.

"Oh, Cat... he's so much, so very much. I feel every inch sliding in, and still there's more. When I was leaner I'd watch the shape of him press up under my skin... Gods be good, when he buries himself completely I feel it bloom inside my womb, stretch me whole, all the way through, and truly I never stay awake long enough to reach the end because the pleasure becomes so... so gloriously tormenting."

"..."

Catelyn realised her own cheeks were burning. It suddenly started feeling too hot in that bedchamber. A silent, warm sigh left her lips soon enough.

It was not wise to ask such details.

"Come, Lysa. Let us return to the courtyard. See our boys get along."

"Oh, Cat, I'm telling you, I'm truly blessed. But I can never possibly take him whole in my mouth."

"You take it in your mouth?" Catelyn exclaimed.

"Hmm?" Lysa blinked slowly. "You don't? Oh, Gods, I pity poor Lord Stark now... Come along, sister, let's go watch the children play."

"..."

Catelyn frowned, felt as if she had been mocked.

"Lysa, wait! What do you mean by put..."

Never in her life had Catelyn thought she'd ask her younger sister for intimate advice. But clearly, the times had changed.

####

Off the coast of the Braavosian Coastlands,

"You better not die on me, you big ox! You hear me? You still owe me my bloody grand fleet!"

Wylis heard Brandon barking from the ship's deck while he lowered himself into the sea with the bell. The bell he'd made had a pulley system that could be controlled by him, which meant he didn't need to rely on those above. Still, there were emergency ropes attached to the bell that the sailors above could pull. There was also a pipe made of animal intestines that pumped in air for him.

A lot of preparation and money had gone into making all that. It was time to earn all that back and more.

Thankfully, the sea wasn't dark and dirty. It was blue, with the sun illuminating a great distance. His diving goggles held on, allowing him to see everything clearly.

Already, they had measured the depth using a thin rope and a heavy rock. Since the site of the wreckage was near the coast, the bottom wasn't that deep. Still, the depth there was close to 300 feet, and that meant trouble because the diving bell was only good for the first hundred feet, as at further depth the pipes made of intestines would fail due to atmospheric pressure.

But Wylis had already bought all the needed skill mastery for this. He knew he could at least free-dive to the wreckage with the help of fins. But it was a slow process as he had to go down slowly to avoid nitrogen narcosis.

Isn't there some divine skill to breathe under the water?

Sadly, knowing how expensive mystical abilities were, he was sure he wouldn't be able to buy it even if it was true.

Here I go!

Once the bell reached its limit, Wylis pushed himself down and started his dive. Swimming felt absurdly easy due to his super-human body and strength, and diving mastery allowed him to hold his breath for a long time, and Night Vision allowed him to see everything. But he could see the limit. The simple diving bell won't do, he knew it. He needed to make something better, something with deep-sea exploration capabilities.

There it is.

For now, he focused on the ship wreckage below. It was a decently sized three-masted carrack from the looks of it. It was broken into three pieces, and most of it was covered in marine life and silt.

There was no way to know whose ship this was. Any flags that may have existed were likely gone by now. He wasted no time and entered the back half of the broken ship. Since this was supposed to lead him to treasure, he found just that.

There were multiple chests, corroded, lying around. He got closer to the first one and noticed an engraved sigil. It was faint, but he was damn sure what it was. A seahorse, the sigil of House Velaryon.

God knows how old this wreckage is.

But it was a treasure for sure.

He quickly surveyed the other boxes, other parts of the ship, and then swam back up into the bell to breathe again. He repeated that whole process a few times, surveying not just the shop but everything around it, ensuring he wasn't leaving anything behind.

There were, sadly, a few wooden crates that had become too weak. They had broken apart, and their contents, silver ingots, spilled around. Of course, it was also covered in dirt and whatnot. He chose not to gather them for now and returned to the bell.

Finally, he grabbed one of the other loose ropes that had come down with the bell. He tied it to one of the metal chests and then gave a few tugs in a fixed pattern. Moments later, the rope started getting pulled up. After a while, another rope appeared near him, connected to a heavy rock.

He released the rock and tied another chest. Soon, multiple ropes landed around him, each connected to a heavy rock. One by one, with many trips to the bell and then wreckage, he sent everything up.

Finally, he gathered the scattered silver ingots into a fishing net and sent them all up. For one last time, he returned inside the wreckage and searched. He knocked on some parts to find any hidden compartments.

The reason was simple. The treasure locations he had in his mind were like real-time updating maps. For example, the location of dragon eggs marked as treasure in Maidenpool had vanished from his mind.

And now, even after sending up all he saw, the marker for treasure was still there. For the treasure ship sunk and also forgotten, Valyrian steel and dragon eggs.

What will it be? Eggs or steel?

If the treasure ship once belonged to House Velaryon, then the possibility was high for both of them.

Tap! Tap!

He knocked on every wall and every surface he could find. He mostly focused on what was once the captain's cabin, however.

Oh?

Eventually, close to giving up, he ended up randomly knocking on the underside of a table in the captain's cabin. On second look, the table was strange. It had an unnaturally thick top. So, when he kept tapping the underside, he eventually felt something hollow.

The wood was old and rotting. He punched at it a few times and tore away the entire wooden covering and accessed the small, flat, hidden compartment, and from it fell a...

Crown?

It was a circlet, Valyrian steel for sure. What stood out was the set of big, square-cut rubies all around it. That stood out a lot. It was far too recognizable for Wylis.

It's the fucking... Conqueror's crown. Wait, is this a Dornish ship?

As someone who already had the crown of the Kings of Winter, Garth the Gardner's crown, and the crown of the King of the Rock, this was a fine addition to the collection. But unlike those others, this one had a lot more significance because another Aegon lived in his castle.

With the crown in his hand, the treasure marker finally vanished from his mind. He knew nothing else was there. So as he swam back into the bell, he thought about it. He absolutely adored and cherished Rhaella, but he wasn't sure if telling her about the crown was the right decision. He didn't want her to grow any ill-ambitions, even subconsciously.

He looked at the crown. It was something that could raise aspirations. Something that could make someone delusional enough to believe it was God's will. He personally had no great desire for the throne, but not everyone was like him.

More sense to keep it hidden for now. Let's see how Robert holds the realm and if...

Cersei was already with a child, likely a bastard from incest. That meant Robert's line wasn't secure yet, and he knew Cersei would never allow that to happen. She was just as vile and deranged as she was beautiful.

Hope for the best.

Finally, he signaled the men above to start pulling the bell. He was too tired to do any more of the heavy work. He just held onto the insides of the bell and floated up and up until he surfaced. He grabbed the rope ladder and climbed onto the deck while the men worked on pulling the bell.

"Gods be damned! You mad fucking man! Look what you've found!"

Wylis caught his breath first, adjusting to the change in atmospheric pressure. He'd made sure to rise very slowly with the diving bell. But still, he felt uneasy.

"Where is it?"

"Follow me."

He followed Brandon to the ship's cargo. A few men with spears were guarding the place, and for a very good reason. The metal chests lay all open, and a single man was counting everything.

Wylis saw gold ingots in one of the chests. The fact that the gold still looked golden and shiny meant it was pure. The other chests were either similar or had slightly corroded gold, likely not very pure. There was also a lot of jewelry, trinkets, chains, earrings, necklaces, bracelets, anklets, and whatnot. Gold, silver, rubies, and some diamonds as well.

But Wylis already expected all that. This was a treasure ship, after all. What he really longed to see was some Valyrian steel.

"You greedy cunt, I know what you're looking for. Come, I put it all in the cabin."

Once again, Wylis followed Brandon and arrived in his decently sized cabin. It had a single cuboid chest sitting on the floor. It was longer than broad. Fully expecting a sword, he opened it.

Ah! Now this is a treasure!

Ting!

It seemed even Tyrant's Squire acknowledged it.

[Hidden Quest Completed - Scavenger Of The Sea

Description - Where there's a will, there's a way. A Tyrant always finds the way, land or sea.

Goal - Find and salvage treasure sunken in the sea.

Reward - The Weatherman Skill: Be a better judge of the weather a day in advance.]

Sweet sweet reward!

Wylis felt all his fatigue instantly go away and looked back inside the chest. It was a great haul. First was a gorgeous Valyrian steel bastard sword, its hilt still held golden color, same for the fancy reinsguard. Looking at it, he failed to see it as anything but a ceremonial sword, as the reinsguard looked too fragile and intricately detailed. The blade, however, had a light green hue and patterns.

Then there were three smaller daggers. There were chain links made of Valyrian steel, then some finger rings, and ingots. It was a massive discovery.

"Did you clean them?" Wylis asked.

"Had to do it. This treasure's worth more than all the rest we dragged out put together."

Wylis nodded, and knowing about gold in the river, he reckoned the value of this sword was even greater. Not that he planned to give away this exact sword. No, he planned to use the scraps to forge a new one. This pre-made one clearly held some history and was more valuable as it is.

"I agree. With all this, I can spend well on my main sword and still have enough besides." He picked up the bastard sword, checking its patterns. "Have the men set the sails for Ramsgate. The treasure hunt is done for now. If we want the rest of it, I'll need to make something finer than that bell."

Wylis knew the locations of all sunken treasure ships. While most of them were near some coasts, some were also in the middle of the seas, likely deeper than a thousand feet. He had no plans of diving that far, no matter how confident he was.

"Come, I'm thirsty and hungry. We'll sort the salvaged treasure after we've eaten. Might soon buy a few more ships for your grand fleet."

"Now we're talking!" Brandon roared with a wild grin, snatching the smallest ring from the chest and holding it up like a prize. "Let me keep this one, eh? Ice is back home, but this wee bastard'll serve well enough."

"Go ahead," Wylis said, shutting the chest and lifting it for his own cabin. "Call it my wedding gift. What say you if I melt it down and have two plain rings made to match?"

Noticing the silence, he turned to look at Brandon. He'd never seen that man look so happy, like a puppy, just staring at the ring.

"I'd like that, Wylis."

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Ramsgate,

It took days for Wylis to return home. On the way, he got to use his newfound ability to predict the weather. But it was less about prediction and more about noticing the subtle natural hints. He couldn't just sit in his room and know everything. He had to stand on the deck and feel the wind, the humidity, the temperature.

Because of that, they avoided a storm, anchoring near Runestone to wait it out. After a night, the sky was clear, and no future storm was expected. A few days later, without any accidents, the three ships reached the port of Ramsgate.

"Welcome back, my lord. I have prepared the carts to move the goods."

Wylis gave Chett a firm pat on the shoulder. "Bring me a full account of the town later. First, see that every chest from the ship is carried safely to the vaults at Ramsgate."

After that, Wylis climbed into a stagecoach, bringing the Valyrian steel goods with him in a cleaner wooden crate. As for the crown, he had it on himself, hidden in his coat. Not even Brandon knew about it.

Once they arrived at the castle's outer courtyard, he handed the wooden crate to Brandon. "Take it to my upper solar. I'll go see Caliburn."

"You really love that horse, don't you?"

"Of course. He's my boy."

Wylis walked over to the secured stables, guarded by men. Inside, he saw the big boy Caliburn standing near a big pile of carrots and apples. Even as the horse stood, all the big muscles flexed around his limbs.

"Boy!" Wylis tried to communicate and went over to pat the face. "How are you?"

[Happy!]

Wylis frowned. Of course, he didn't expect Caliburn to start talking like a human, but he wasn't expecting this either. Though he wasn't sure what this even was.

"Happy? Well, I'm happy to see you as well. You can understand me, can't you?"

[Amusement.]

Wylis was sure now. Caliburn couldn't speak. The horse was still a horse, albeit decently smarter. Instead of direct word-to-word communication, he could feel Caliburn's response in the form of emotions. He just knew what it was.

"I hear you've been busy tending to a few mares. Trying to best my tally, are you? You'll have a long road ahead. I've sired more than twenty already."

[Shock!]

"Hah!" Wylis laughed, gently caressing Caliburn's head. "Don't be shocked. I'm only starting. Don't even think of matching me."

[Determination. Arousal.]

"..."

"Alright, you horny beast!" Wylis stepped aside and gave Caliburn a firm smack on the back. "Eat your fill. I'll take you riding on the morrow."

"Neighehehe!"

"Now that's just plain braying. Means nothing."

[Funny.]

Chuckling, Wylis left the horse and entered the castle.

"Father!"

"Papa!"

"Dad!"

As soon as he stepped inside, multiple nouns got thrown at him, and then a lot of little arms wrapped around his legs, some daring ones climbed him. Magnus, the strong lad he was, jumped right to his chest like a sticky spider. Aegon hugged his left leg, the twins his other. Rhaenys attacked from behind, climbing until she had her arms wrapped around his neck. He picked up Arthria and Simon.

I should make them something once I gain goldsmithing.

Finally, he saw the women and gods; they were fucking gorgeous. Lyanna, in her usual training attire, a tight gown that was loose around the hips and legs, and then a fur coat above. He kissed her and then focused on the others. Rhaella, in a sleeveless, deep-necked white gown, revealed her lush curves, breasts full, and noticeably pregnant belly. He gave her a kiss as well.

Wenda was holding baby Byron in her arms, and he gave both of them kisses, though a teasing ass-squeeze for Wenda as well. For Ashara, he just squeezed her in his arms; the slender, tall Dornish woman melted as he kissed her neck, and she nearly moaned. Anna, short and always on edge, found herself lifted from the ground when Wylis hugged her.

Once he was done greeting them, he looked around. "Where's Ros?"

"With Maester Qyburn. She's soon to give birth," Lyanna revealed. "You arrived on time."

"Birth? I should be there!" Wylis barked and stormed into the finely tiled and maintained dungeons of the castle, into the vast labyrinth, and into the area designated for Qyburn's studying.

He quickly changed his clothes into a clean, sterilized gown and walked inside the sealed chamber specifically prepared for pregnant women and childbirth. He saw Ros already on the birthing bed.

"Ros." He walked over to her, and, minding the germs, only pecked her cheeks. The bush on her face was of both fear, love, and excitement. He'd seen it on every woman about to give birth. It was a life-changing event, after all. Entering motherhood.

"My lord, welcome back." Qyburn arrived just then and bowed his head deeply. "If it pleases you, allow me to see to it this time. Lady Ros is strong and well-formed for childbirth. I have been instructing the midwives in more advanced complications. Your babe and the mother will be delivered healthy."

Wylis stared at Qyburn for a long time and then looked at Ros.

It was true that he won't always be there for them; he couldn't guarantee it. It was wise to allow Qyburn and the trainee midwives to get better at it. The goal was to spread the teachings around the realm.

"Very well. I will wait outside during the childbirth. Should there be any trouble, I will come in. Ros is my woman, not your little experiment."

"Of course, my lord."

Wylis spent some more time talking to Ros after that and then left. He was still dirty from travel and needed to clean. He also needed to read the report from Chett regarding the town's many projects.

However, first came the bath. And since it was already reaching sunset, it was the best time to soak in the hot springs while staring at the sky. He grabbed a few big towels and headed out. After discarding all his clothes and wiping himself, he jumped in.

"Ah... home sweet home." He sank into the water and leaned back against the stone, stretching out until only his head stayed above the surface. "This is my best investment."

Moments later, his eyes shut. The journey was tiring, and diving was always risky. He seriously wanted to plan something safer and build it.

"Ehm... May I scrub your back?"

He opened his eyes and recognised that sweet voice instantly. Ashara, the usually calm and silent woman. He didn't even look behind and sat up straight, easily bringing most of his upper body out of the water.

"Would love nothing more, Ashara."

In mere moments, he heard Ashara sit behind him above the pool's edge, her feet dangling in the water. Then she used a scrubbing stone on his back. Her slender, long fingers also gave his shoulders a massage, and his scalp a few moan-worthy caresses.

He kept his eyes shut the entire time, loving every moment.

"Now my turn." But he was hard, and Ashara was right there. He grabbed her hand over his shoulder and pulled her gently. Sure enough, she was as naked as he, and what a woman she

was. Tall, slender, with toned hips that flared, fair body, and those violet eyes and dark hair combination.

Splash!

He pulled Ashara down in front of himself, her back against his chest as her nude hips flattened against his cock between his spread legs. His hands shamelessly went under her arms and groped her fuller breasts. His lips latched onto her long neck.

"Umh... I knew this would happen."

Wylis let out a giggle; his erection flexed against the heat of her body. "And yet you came."

"That was precisely why I came."

He kissed her even harder, and then turned her face by the chin to the left, upward.

Wylis' lips locked with hers in a slow, claiming kiss. Her mouth was plush, lips so full they begged to be bitten, and he did. Gentle nips at first, sucking the lower lip between his teeth until she whimpered. Their tongues met, curling and stroking, stealing each other's breath.

"Mmmh... Wylis... I... Need..."

The words trembled against his tongue.

Wylis didn't wait for her to finish. His hands slid from her waist, releasing her just enough so she could spin in the water. He let her move, straddling his thighs beneath the surface, knees bracketing his hips, her violet eyes dark and glassy with need as she settled over him.

Ashara's mouth found his again the instant she faced him, and one slender hand dipped below the water. Cool fingers wrapped around his throbbing cock, guiding the swollen head to nestle against her entrance.

She sank down slowly, the way she always did, savoring every thick inch. Her tight petals yielded with a delicious, sucking resistance.

Her palms cupped his jaw, thumbs brushing the stubble along his cheeks while she kissed him deeper. Her hips rolled in lustful, torturous circles. The heat of her pussy surrounded him inch by burning inch, stretching, clinging greedily.

Wylis gripped the globes of her ass under the water, fingers digging into doughy flesh. He lifted her just enough, barely an inch. Then let gravity feed her back down, sinking two more girthy inches into that perfect, squeezing cunt. The slow drag along his shaft was exquisite. Every ridge of him scraped against her rippling inner walls, coaxing fresh pulses of bliss.

"Mmmh... As usual... too big."

He groaned into her mouth and pushed her down further. Half his length was buried now, splaying her open until he could feel her thighs tremble. She was still impossibly tight, even after bearing his child. The sight of her was even more gorgeous, truly a blessing of motherhood.

He broke the kiss, trailing his mouth down the smooth column of her throat. Teeth grazed her collarbone, soft enough to make her gasp and arch, hard enough to mark. His hands clamped on her hips, and finally, he drove her down in one relentless motion, sheathing himself balls-deep. Her cunt swallowed him whole in a single, greedy clench.

"Aaaaaaah!" Ashara's back bowed, her wonderful breasts jolted.

Wylis held her there, impaled and trembling. His mouth latched onto her stiff nipple, rolling it between his lips and tongue. He caught the other one between his digits, pinching and tugging in time with the slow pulses of her walls around his cock. He could feel she was scorching inside, rippling in rhythmic waves that milked him without moving.

Then, he moved back to suckle on the smooth skin of her neck while one thick arm banded across her back. The other hand slid down, cupping the underside of her ass where it met his thigh.

He started to move her body, rolling lifts and drops that dragged every veined inch of his cock through her clenching heat. He could already feel her tight cunt suck, flutter, and squeeze like it never wanted to let him go.

Splash! Splash!

The water sloshed softly with each motion, steam curling around them.

Ashara closed her eyes tight, arms locked around his thick biceps, nails biting into his flesh. The stretch was merciless.

Her swollen lower lips stretched taut around his girth, moist walls burning with that familiar sting as he bottomed out over and over. She could feel him so deep, the blunt head kissing her cervix with every punishing thrust, nudging her womb. Her belly fluttered with pressure, a blissful ache that made her toes curl under the water.

"Mmmmmh!"

Wylis moved her light body easily. His hands clamped on her hips, lifting her high until only his fat crown remained nestled inside.

Then, he let gravity glide her back down in water, sliding down his flesh pole, feeling every wet scrape and bump, wonderfully impaling her to the base. His shaft throbbed violently inside her clutching heat; he could feel the frantic spasms of her cunt as she teetered on the edge.

She was close, so close he could taste it.

Their kisses turned sloppy, tongues sliding, spit stringing between lips. Hot water sloshed around their bodies, sticking her dark hair to her shoulders and his chest.

Ashara's body suddenly stiffened in utter ecstasy.

"Aaaahh! Wylis!" Her muffled cry slid between their mouths as her climax ripped through her.

Her tongue dragged desperately along his, while her whole body jerked forward, smushed breasts flattening against his chest. Her hips jolted wildly, grinding down one final time until she was seated flush, and she shattered.

A hot, gushing flood coated his cock, spilling in thick pulses. Her cunt clamped down in violent grips, milking him with squeezes until her nectar leaked out and mingled with the pool water. She whimpered against his lips, body trembling so hard he had to hold her upright.

Splash!

Wylis didn't let her come down. He hooked his thick arms under her knees, folding her long legs up until her calves draped over his elbows. Her arms flew around his neck, clinging as he took complete control, lifting and dropping her entire frame. He fucked her like a man possessed, using her body as his sheath, letting her ass slap the water with every descent.

Her insides felt like heaven. The heat of the springs was nothing next to the furnace of her cunt; every squeeze, every flutter, every greedy contraction as he stretched her open again and again.

"Ghk! I'm...!"

He slammed her down one last time, burying himself completely, balls mashed tight against her ass, and erupted. Thick ropes jetted deep inside her, so much it felt like he might flood her womb twice over. Each throb was bliss; he could feel the hot spurts painting her insides, feel her walls greedily quivering and sucking around him like it wanted to drink every drop.

Ting!

There it is.

[Name: Ashara Dayne

Age: 24

Occupation: Ex-Betrothed, Paramour, Friend

Current Loyalty: 93%

Status: Impregnated]

He knew she felt it, every heavy spurt, every twitch of his cock, and how much of it. This time it wasn't for no reason.

"Ashara..." He whispered against her lips. "Don't drink the moon tea."

Ashara's eyes went wide suddenly, and then her lips formed a big smile, her pearly white teeth visible. She kissed him furiously. "You read my mind."

He chuckled and eased her legs down from his elbows. She stayed impaled on him, thighs locked around his hips, his cock still thick and half-hard inside her pussy. One massive hand cradled the back of her head while the other swept wet strands of hair from her flushed face, thumb brushing along her cheekbone.

"Ashara, do you ever find yourself longing for your home?"

With a frown, Ashara stared at his face. "I..."

"Be honest now."

"I do sometimes. Not because I wish to go there but... I worry. My eldest brother is sick, that's all I know."

Wylis squeezed the firm curves of her ass under the water, grinding her slowly down onto his softening length until she shivered. "Near the year's end, I ride for Brightwater Keep. By then, the child will be born. If you're well, you may come. I'll send you to Starfall early and fetch you when I return home."

"You would do that?"

Wylis frowned. "What kind of question is that?"

He rolled his hips upward in a slow grind, dragging the thick length still buried inside her along every sensitive inch of her walls. His cock, only half-soft from their last release, swelled rapidly.

"Ashara, you are my woman. Your happiness is all that matters."

"In that case, my happiness demands we... continue."

Wylis grinned from ear to ear.

"As my lady demands."

Splash!

####

That night, Ros gave birth. Everything went safely, and Wylis didn't even have to enter the room. Qyburn led the trained midwives well.

Once again, it was a boy. But this one had red hair, while having his eyes and face.

Ting!

[Trueborns & Bastards Triggered!]

[Son(Bastard) - Ros

Life Points Available - 10]

[Strength - 1/10

Dexterity - 1/10

Intelligence - 1/10

Charisma - 3/10

Vitality - 4/10]

Clearly, the boy was born with a very healthy body, already hitting four in vitality. Charisma was also high, but Intelligence, Dexterity, and Strength were low. Still, he loved the boy and the mother simply because they were his.

He held the wrapped baby in his arms and allotted the ten life points.

[Strength - 1+2/10

Dexterity - 1+2/10

Intelligence - 1+2/10

Charisma - 3+3/10

Vitality - 4+1/10]

It was balanced. Charisma was something he always preferred because beautiful babies meant the women who saw them thought of the father who created the babe. That usually increased his chances of siring more babes. As for Vitality, it was the go-to, at least when they were kids.

"Thought of a name for him yet?" Wylis asked.

Ros nodded emotionally, looking tired. "Lucian."

Wylis smiled and looked at the boy. "Heard that, Lucian? Your mum's quite good at naming."

He remained with Ros for a while after that, watching her feed the babe for the first time. He joked about feeling jealous of the boy. And Ros, being Ros, smirked and told him she had two of them for a reason. At that point, he embarrassingly shut his mouth and let the midwives do their work.

Once Ros and the babe were asleep, he left the underground room and headed upstairs. But midway, he found Lyanna. The way she stood told him everything, brows creased, her arms folded, her weight leaning on one leg.

"What did I do?" he asked.

"You let Ashara have a babe but not me?"

"..."

Chuckling, he caught his wife despite her wild struggling and swept her up like a princess. "Patience, my she-wolf. I have a surprise laid for you. Four days more. Then, I'll bed you until you beg me to stop, and I still won't."

"Really?" She asked back, not believing him. "What surprise?"

He lifted her some more, leaned down, and kissed her lips. "It's a surprise."

"Fine," she grumbled. "Then let's go and practice for that eventual night."

For that, Wylis didn't need a second invitation. If his wife demanded sex, then it was his duty to make her sore and limp the next morning.

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The next morning, other than chuckling at Lyanna cursing him for making her sore, he surveyed the entire town and its constructions. The walls were standing tall and proud, and they were wide enough for the soldiers to use as their running track for exercise.

The new docks were coming out well. The plans for new buildings in the inner wall had reached the construction stage as the people of Ramsgate worked to dig the foundation. Other than that, Wylis visited the blacksmith and began working on forging a new Valyrian sword using his pre-owned blacksmith mastery.

Valyrian steel was impossible to make, but not impossible to work on. It could be melted and made into new blades rather easily, just like any other metal. Of course, he didn't plan on giving a longsword or a greatsword. But not a shortsword as well. A simple, elegant bastard sword was enough.

The entire day, he hammered at the new sword, taking the help of the blacksmith boy, Martyn. Wylis taught him how to work on the steel as well. After all, this wasn't the last batch of Valyrian steel he was going to find.

Once night came, Wylis ate with his ever-growing family, made love to Wenda, and then left the castle with Chett, ordering Brandon and Benjen to stay alert.

Going up North, he steered Caliburn alongside the Broken Branch river, this time crossing the tributary that was in his land, and following the shores of the main river.

Before long, they had entered House Hornwood's lands.

"My lord, what would become of us if we're discovered?" Chett asked quietly as he followed Wylis under the moonlight.

"Nothing. No lord in the North has the courage to raise a hand against me. They may grumble and feel slighted, aye, and some might even clasp hands with the Boltons. That would be the

worst of it. Even so, I have a few plans in mind for Lord Hornwood," Wylis said, eyeing the river intently, going as deep as possible into the Hornwood fief.

"The river is long and wide, my lord. How do we take the gold out of such a large place?"

Wylis eyed his squire, finding him rather inquisitive that night. "Leave that to me. I'll make a few contraptions to do that. We first need to make sure this river's worth taking. Then we'll go make Lord Hornwood an offer he can't refuse?"

"The sword you're making, my lord? It's coming out beautiful."

"Want it?"

"I... I should first master the one I have."

"Wise words, Chett. Had you pressed your luck and begged for one, I'd have kicked your ass right here and now. A Valyrian blade is no good to a man who cannot wield it. It is not a toy."

"Understood, my lord."

"Neighehe!"

[Desire!]

All of a sudden, Wylis heard Caliburn's thoughts from under him. He looked at the boy's head. "You want one? What? A sword?"

Tap! Tap!

Caliburn strongly slammed his hooves on the dirt.

"Horseshoes? You want them made of Valyrian steel?"

[Yearning!]

"..."

"Haha!" Wylis laughed and patted Caliburn's neck. "You're more demanding than my wife. But alright, I'll make them for you."

[Happiness!]

He didn't notice Chett gawking at the little exchange. But true for Wylis, Valyrian steel didn't hold that much worth to him. Besides, Caliburn rarely ever asked for anything. Well, other than apples. He loved apples. And carrots.

Eventually, Wylis noticed some torches shining far ahead in the distance. He chose to stop right there and check the river.

"That's enough, Caliburn. Chett, take out the tools I've brought."

Wylis quickly grabbed a big bucket and walked straight into the river. The flow was fast and rough, enough to carry away any man or beast and drown them. But Wylis used Earthbending to hold his feet firm and filled his bucket with the samples. The river curved from there, and he chose the place right behind a massive boulder to collect it.

Moments later, he returned to the shore and sat down. Using a gold panning pan and some Earthbending, he removed all the dirt and other particles, and then drained water until all he had left was...

"Gold."

Fuck this! It's the entire goddamn river!

Wylis didn't give a damn about the gold. All he wanted was to succeed in the quest and get the rewards. A full resource map of the North. And here he was now, in lands not his own, but he was supposed to own it.

"Let's head back. I expect we'll be paying Lord Hornwood a proper visit next."

Wylis didn't bother to carry all that weight with him and poured the dirt back into the river. Then, he rode back south to Ramsgate and entered his solar to write a letter for Lord Halys Hornwood. It was a simple greeting, and his desire to visit Hornwood and see the castle. He added no hints of trade, as a Valyrian steel sword was more effective when presented out of nowhere.

I should take Wenda along. She's fierce.

Everything depended on Lord Hornwood's desire for the sword. And right now, he had no idea what kind of man Lord Hornwood was. Was he greedy? Was he ambitious?

Knock! Knock!

"My lord."

It was late at night. He'd already sent Chett to sleep. "Qyburn?"

The door opened, and the Maester walked in, his face grave, lacking the usual smile. "My lord, a raven has arrived from Stoney Sept. Two of our ice ships were sunk by the Ironborn in Ironman's Bay."

Crack!

The quill in Wylis's hand shattered. He rose to his feet and received the rolled parchment with the brief information. He realised that the raven must have taken days to reach Ramsgate, and more time must have passed before the raven was even sent. That meant there could be more such attacks already.

Ting!

No! Fuck no! Already got too much on my plate.

[New Main Quest - Art of Naval War

Description - A Tyrant may face challenges on land, at sea, and in the air. The answer must always remain a Tyrant's supremacy.

Goal - Stop the Ironborn from sinking your ships (2/10)

Reward - Navigation God Skill Mastery]

God... Damn it! Another Main Quest?

Wylis couldn't remember ever having multiple Main Quests active at the same time.

And the damn countdown. What happens after? Quest failed? What can I even do alone? Rebellion's not happening for another three years.

He fell back into his chair and summoned the Tyrant's Squire. He went to the shop menu and looked for the Navigation God Skill. He quickly found the Navigation Mastery Skill, priced at three years of lifespan.

But this Navigation God was something else entirely. He kept scrolling down and eventually found it.

Holy... God! T-Twenty years!

The price was immense, and so was the skill, from the looks of the description.

[Navigation God Skill Mastery - 20 Years

Effect: Navigate through the world like a hot knife through butter. Find new routes, build new pathways, reach new lands, for you are the God of Navigation.]

Isn't this too... overpowered?

He wanted it. He absolutely wanted it. Just imagining finding safer routes to travel to countless locations in Essos made him excited. And perhaps, he could go westward and cross the sunset sea? The possibilities were endless.

“Qyburn, ready a raven for King's Landing. I will not lose another ship. All work along the West Coast stops at once. Every vessel is to sail back east and continue there. The western cities we'll reach by road and river... one way or another.”

I must bide my time until the rebellion or... No! Never. Fuck gunpowder.

Ting!

What now? Just because I said gunpowder? Don't make me—Oh!

[Trueborns & Bastards Triggered!]

**[Son(Bastard) - Diana Mooton
Life Points Available - 10]**

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

Ah, it's the Lady of Maidenpool and... another son.

Ting!

[Remaining Lifespan - 55+2 Years]

Lyanna was right. I need more, many more kids. I should visit Stoney Sept.