

The Northern Tyrant [Game of Thrones] Chapter 31 - Family Woes, Cersei's Torment, Lysa's Desire & True Main Quest

Winterfell,

"Don't you worry too much, Gareth. Wylis walks his own path. All he's done, he's done with his own two hands. None here can claim a share of it."

"But Old Nan, he's only sent one raven. He's my own son, by the gods. I care naught for his gold or his keep. Could he not write a word more? He's still got kin here—me, his grandsire, you his great-gran, and all his grand uncles and grand aunts. Do we mean nowt to him?"

"Be calm, lad," said Jarek, Wylis' grandfather, eldest son of Old Nan. "If not for Wylis, me and my brothers'd be dead back in Robert's Rebellion. We've the strength and size o' giants, aye, but it's Wylis who's learned to master it. Lord Stark said he's gone south to put down House Mooton for risin' against the crown. Our Wylis has gifts aplenty, best we don't stand in his way."

Gareth sighed and looked at the faces of all members of his family in that small room. Old Nan, his father, his uncles and aunts. He was the only third generation, and Wylis was the only fourth.

"Aye, you've the right of it."

"He sends us coin enough to eat our fill and sleep soft," Old Nan said with a fond smile. "My sweet Wylis, I love him so. But he's a man grown with duties yet to tend. When he's sure of his footing in this new world, he'll send for us, I know it. Let us not become a burden to him."

All family members nodded to that. The last thing they wanted was to be a burden.

They had served House Stark well for decades upon decades. They'd continue to do so.

Wylis was a star that shone brighter than the others—their pride.

####

Riverrun,

An errand boy, that's who I am. Running errands for the crown. Just hope this is worth the trouble.

Armored, his massive sword hanging on his back, his face naked without a helmet, he rode into Riverrun with an entourage of fifty armed men, carriages, and, of course, a prison cart for Lord Mooton and his son.

The sigil of House Kaiser, white wings and red fist gauntlet on black, fluttered on each carriage, and two men riding right behind Wylis held high poles. It was best to ensure the realm remembered that sigil.

The red sandstone walls of the castle stood out. It was not Wylis' first time being there, but he always loved seeing castles. They reminded him how far he'd come in achieving his dream. He'd become a lord at last with his own castle.

Moreover, he wanted to see all the castles of Westeros, and as many as possible of Essos. He had no particular reason but just an obsession with them. He liked to admire them, understand them, their history, and their grandness.

"It's beautiful, my lord."

Wylis nodded at Chett's words. The tall man wasn't officially a squire yet, but he was destined to be one. Currently, Chett was undergoing page training, learning to read and write, and understand the knight code, which didn't exist, but Wylis had his own. Chett, if not for Wylis, would never have left Ramsgate. Now, the man got to see the lands so distant, and also enter castles that would have never opened their gates to him.

"Well guarded, with two rivers and a ditch on the third side. Chett, whenever you set foot in a castle, friend or foe, think on how you'd take it if you ever had to. It's great mental training to hone your observation skills." Wylis advised, always teaching the man something on the go.

"Understood, my lord."

Wylis waved his hand, sending his entourage into another direction inside the castle, where they could hitch their horses and rest. Meanwhile, Wylis continued to the castle's main keep with Chett and the prisoner carriage.

Moments later, he dismounted his horse and walked over to Lord Hoster, who had come out.

"Always a delight to see you, lad." Lord Hoster Tully responded first with a handshake and then a brotherly hug. "And every time I see you, you seem bigger."

"Hah, still a growing man, my lord." Wylis joked and shook hands with Edmure Tully. Just fourteen, the boy was young and had a spark in his eyes that screamed naive. "This is Chett, my page in training."

The tall man stiffly bowed his head in respect.

Hoster chuckled and greeted back. "You seem to be doing well. Brought fifty men."

"All green, I'm afraid. None of them got true battle experience. This is more a training to them than a job." Wylis explained and followed the lord of Riverrun into the castle. "They'll at least walk better by the time I return home."

"I know how hard it is to shape men into soldiers. Anything else troubling you at Ramsgate? I'd hoped to lend you some carpenters and blacksmiths for a time, yet this Maidenpool matter keeps me busy."

"I'm grateful for the thought. I'll take any man who can work his trade. The only trouble, besides the Boltons, is that there aren't enough hands. The North is thin of folk. Southerners keep their distance."

Before long, they arrived at what seemed like a solar. Lord Hoster guided them to seats and took one for himself.

"The Boltons, now there's a matter that caught me off guard. When a new lord rises, it's custom for neighbors to reach out, to build goodwill. But Lord Bolton did the opposite, stirring trouble instead. I can't make sense of it. He seemed a fair sort at the Trident." Lord Hoster reclined back in his chair.

"Ambition, Lord Tully. I had mine, and that's why I sit here now. Maybe he's got his own. We'll see soon enough." Wylis also eased into the chair. "But that can wait. I've taken Lord Mooton and his boy. They're yours to deal with as you wish. Lord Arryn's raven asked only that I bring this trouble to an end."

Lord Hoster straightened up at that, erasing the warm smile off his face. "I gave them every chance a man could to set their folly right. As their overlord, it falls to me to see that the crown is paid what's owed, else the weight of it lands on my shoulders. They let the rot spread, and now it's mine to mend. I offered them mercy, and all I gained for it was my brother wounded."

Wylis honestly didn't want anything to do with it. He just wanted the rewards and a few ships from Maidenpool's fleet.

"What now?" he asked.

"I'll ask them the same thing again, and this time they will be my captives. If they still refuse, I will have no choice but to name them rebels and see that they are dealt with. The crown has made its choice plain. Any house that backed the Targaryen will be judged by how it behaves now."

"..."

I'm the biggest traitor in the realm, then. Lyanna, Elia, Rhaella, Aegon, Rhaenys, Viserys, and soon Daenerys... Let's make those walls higher.

Wylis avoided his eyes from flickering and nodded. "Then I'll wait and see how it turns out. By rebels, any word on the Ironborn? I hear their new lord fancies himself his own man."

"Hah! Those damned squids are forever squabbling among themselves. Nothing to fret over. They've not the ships to trouble us," Lord Hoster said dismissively. "Quellon Greyjoy stood with us in the rebellion, and he paid for it at the Mander. His whelp, Balon, is as much a fool as his father was wise. But fools die fast."

But after burning and pillaging the West Coast.

"Let's hope they don't rise up in rebellion," Wylis remarked offhandedly, aware that Hoster would one day reminisce about this. "Aside from that, I've brought a draught for Ser Brynden. My maester spent many hours on it. It once saved a lady in a hard childbirth."

Wylis placed a vial on the table and rose to his feet.

"I'll go and see that my men mind themselves proper."

"Ah, I won't linger either," Lord Hoster said as he stood. "While I have a word with our guests, you might look for Lord Blackwood. He's about somewhere, grumbling over the Brackens again. Seems rather taken with you, that one."

Blackwood? Wylis pondered the name. Lord of Raventree Hall, quite an old house with a colorful history. Further, they still followed the Old Gods, as they were once seated in the North, ruling the Wolfswood.

"I'll do that."

#####

King's Landing, Red Keep

It was hell. Living like this was no better than being dead.

That was Cersei Lannister's mood in those days. From excited and hopeful to enraged and disgusted, her marriage had only lasted a few hours, not even a day. She believed Robert was a handsome, strong man.

She saw him as a less charming version of Wylis. She believed that and went to bed that night with him. Yet as the man mounted her, laying his claim, his whispered breath spoke Lyanna... Lyanna... Lyanna.

He was too heavy for her to do anything. She smacked his head and scratched his back to push him away. She yelled. Yet to him, they were moans. She wept, hearing that woman's name breathed down into her ear that entire time until he could no longer.

Drunk, spent, he collapsed on top of her.

Her wedding night had become her worst memory so fast. She loathed Robert Baratheon since that night. She even dared to face him, tell him what he did. Yet all he did was blame the wine.

"Mmmh..."

Yet for some reason, her body and heart grew more passionate. The man she believed to be a lesser version of Wylis turned out to be such a disappointment that now she was obsessed. At least once, just once, she wanted to feel that fortress of a man, face carved by the gods and... oh, she just imagined him between her legs and moaned.

Maybe an excuse to visit Ramsgate?

She pondered over countless scenarios. Wished it were Wylis who had somehow become the king. At that point, she found it more exciting that a stableboy rose so high. She'd have taken him as a king as well.

"Mmmmh."

Her one hand rubbed between her legs, one her breasts, as she sat in the rose petal-covered water, taking a bath in her royal chambers.

"Oh... I can only imagine."

She'd done this so many times before. Touched herself thinking of him. She remembered the bet she had made with Wylis at Harrenhall. He had guaranteed that she'd become the queen in a year or two. She'd scoffed at it and promised him gold and... two promises.

What if he demands me in his bed? Mmm... Please!

She was willing, ready, and quite honestly, in need of that very thing. She wanted to feel that hulking man on her, dominate her with his sheer size, and oh, his voice, she imagined him uttering the dirtiest things. She wondered how lucky the woman must be who married him. She must hear him groan and speak in need, from that charming mouth, a knight above knights, the greatest warrior in Westeros.

"Yes... So deep... Stretch me... yes, hold my hair! Bite my... breasts! Oh!"

She'd long ago accepted her desires. She usually liked to be in control. She liked having control over men, even during sex. Even if she allowed someone to mount her or take control, it was at her command. Of course, except for Robert.

But Wylis, oh, she wanted to give the reins to him. Let him do every ungodly deed to her body.

"Hhhhu..." She shivered, writhed, splashing the water. Her legs rose up, high, feet above the water as her heels landed on the tub's edge. She felt it in her belly, the waves as she climaxed so hard.

And she still didn't feel satisfied. After all, her hand wasn't the real thing. All it did was make her more needy, more excited to feel Wylis inside. And one thing was true about her: the more she couldn't have something, the more she became obsessed with it.

No man had come close to Wylis' fame, martial prowess, and charm. Of course, Jaime was there, but even her brother had confessed that he couldn't beat Wylis. Even Ser Barristan doubted himself.

So indeed, she was obsessed.

But right then, one of her handmaidens came in through the door, meek and on her toes.

"Y-Your Grace, the King requests your presence."

Cersei snarled so hard. All the fond thoughts got instantly ruined by the mere mention of that man.

"For what reason?"

"Lord Tywin is here, Your Grace."

"Father?"

That got Cersei to get out of the water right away.

#####

Ting!

[Cersei Lannister Current Lust - 80%]

Robert's done it, hasn't he? Ruined his damn marriage.

Wylis woke up to that chime in Riverrun. He was doing nothing and still winning when it came to Cersei. The woman, for some reason, grew more and more infatuated with him. While flattering, it was also worrisome considering her status. Dealing with her would require him to tread a very thin line.

With a sigh, he got out of his bed, butt-naked, and walked over to the high window of the castle. He looked out, the view quite soothing as the castle had a clear view of many leagues around it.

Wonder if there's coffee out there.

Wylis felt the craving for the magical drink. And really, he wanted to commission a few ships with the sole purpose of going out there and bringing him new things. While he wanted to do it himself one day, currently, he had too many responsibilities.

After washing his face and rinsing his mouth, he got dressed up in casual clothes fitting for a noble lord. It had a somewhat personal touch as Wylis had instructed the maids to make him a certain type of pants.

Currently, around the world, most men commonly wear trousers that were called hose. They were tight-fitting. Of course, looser ones were available, but usually for riding. What Wylis had made the maids make was an actual modern pair of pants with hooks to tie around the waist, like those formal pants, but more loose.

Above, he wore a normal linen shirt, a doublet over it, and then a sleeveless surcoat that reached till his mid-thighs. It held his coat of arms on his back, sewn there by the maids. Finally,

he tied the belt and put on his cloak that had fur on the shoulders. His attire was mostly all brown and black, giving him a rather dangerous air.

Beard's coming out.

He rubbed his chin and felt the stubble growing.

Finally, he fastened the dagger to his waist and flung his sword over his back. He rarely used it those days, but it did have a psychological effect on enemies.

"My lord."

"Chett. Any word from Lord Hoster?" He met his dutiful page right outside the door.

"Not yet, my lord. Lord Hoster was down in the dungeons all night, talkin' with the prisoners. But Ser Brynden's come 'round from your remedy. He's awake now."

"And Lord Blackwood? Couldn't find him last night."

"He's awaiting you by the training grounds."

"What's the wait then?" Wylis strolled away, eyeing the stone walls and the various structures, his senses sharp, noticing every hollow part with his Earthbending to see what secret tunnels the castle had. Heck, there were also some buried treasures in the castle, as his memory was telling.

Coming out of the castle's main keep, he arrived at the dirt grounds where a few wooden fences were erected to make circles for men to train in. Grunts and clanks of swords echoed throughout there.

"Lord Blackwood." Wylis approached the thin and tall man with a beard turning white. Nose hooked, hair long.

"Lord Kaiser!" Tytos turned from watching the men at their drills, a bright grin lighting his face. "By the gods, you're even mightier than I'd heard. An honor and a pleasure, truly, to meet the Tyrant of the Trident in the flesh."

"Hah, so that name's found its way to your ears too," Wylis said with a small laugh as he walked beside the lord. He'd not met him during the Rebellion, or maybe he just hadn't taken notice.

"My lord, modesty becomes a youth seeking favor, not one whose name already stirs songs. Reading and hearing about your rise is a story that has and will inspire countless across Westeros. My eldest son speaks of nothing else—Harrenhal, the bandit purge, your knighthood, the rebellion, your seat. Gods above, you've done more in a few short years than most houses do in centuries."

Wylis smiled at the praise. He could feel Lord Blackwood's true sincerity. Even if the man was buttering him, it was good buttering. "Thank you for the kind words, my lord."

"Truth, and nothing but the truth," Tytos said with a broad smile, tilting his head back to meet Wylis's gaze. "Come, let us sit a while. I rode here to speak with Lord Hoster about those wretched Brackens creeping over my borders, yet it seems the gods have seen fit to bless me with your company too."

Ah, the age-old feud.

The two sat down on a bench overlooking the training field.

"What can I do for you, Lord Blackwood?" Wylis asked directly.

"Nothing of the sort, truly. I only wished to speak with the man all call the mightiest warrior in Westeros. They say you've never lost, not in battle, a duel, or a war. Gods be good, it's a rare wisdom to keep such men as friends. And no, I've no wish to draw you into our quarrel with the Brackens. That feud was old before I was born and will outlive us both. You've troubles enough at Maidenpool besides."

"Aye, Maidenpool's a trouble, alright." Wylis nodded with a sigh, arms crossed, sitting there like a menacing mountain beside the thin man. He looked at his own men training, practicing basic stances and footwork. Chett was guiding them.

Ah... Didn't Tytos Blackwood have a tall son? What was his name? Monster? H-Hoster? Ah, that's it.

Wylis remembered a son of Tytos Blackwood who grew up to be seven feet by his late teens. And on that note, Wylis hoped to find more tall men like himself and bring them into his service. He could not only provide a better home but also fame, name, and coin. Tyrant's Squire made it clear that he'd eventually land his ships in Essos. Perhaps he'll one day battle the Horselords. He needed tall and mighty men for that.

"Lord Blackwood, what trade do—"

Just as Wylis was about to ask about trade, the thing he was obsessed over those days, he noticed a few people approaching. Flanked by guards, it was a heavily pregnant woman. He recognized her because his deed was what swelled her belly.

"My lady." He rose to his feet.

Not very good at acting, is she?

He watched as Lysa acted as badly as possible, smiling and feigning surprise. "Lord Wylis, how lovely to see you here. I hadn't expected your visit."

"Neither was I, my lady. I thought you were in King's Landing."

"I was, but then I felt yearning, so I came here. I've heard Father is having some difficulty with House Mooton."

Wylis nodded, noticing how good her mental state seemed, and even in terms of beauty, she hadn't lost the charm. Certainly, being able to bear a babe without going through many stillbirths had saved her sanity.

"Aye, Maidenpool's been a bother, but nothing worth losing sleep over. I've taken Lord Mooton and his son. They're in the dungeons now, where your father's questioning them." He stepped aside, giving her room to pass. "He must be waiting for you."

Lysa seemed disappointed for a moment there, as if she didn't want to go away. But she maintained a warm smile and walked away, leaving with a nod.

"One's Lady of Winterfell, and the other of the Eyrie," Lord Blackwood commented from the side. "Lord Tully's done rather well for himself, I'd say. Only young Edmure remains now."

"Edmure's still young yet. Best send the lad to foster somewhere, let him meet a good woman on his own. A marriage born of love holds longer than one born of politics."

"Ah, so that's the sort of man you are after all. It fits the songs well enough, tyrant of the Trident, yet a lover too," Lord Blackwood said with a tease in his voice. "I'll take my leave then, Lord Kaiser. See if the wretched Brackens have stirred more trouble."

"I'm glad we had the chance to meet, my lord." Wylis bid the old man farewell and headed into the castle as well. He was alone this time, leaving Chett behind to train the men in basic stances.

After asking the servants, he soon found himself entering the castle's dungeons. The guards there then guided him to where Lord Tully was. The place was damp and still quite cold. The torches gave some respite in warmth, however.

Finally, he reached a small chamber with an open metal door. Inside were Lord Mooton and his son, arms tied to a chair. The two men didn't have any wounds on them, but they did look rather cold, shivering.

Lord Hoster stood nearby with a few men.

"Ah, Lord Wylis! Perhaps you can talk some sense into him. He's agreed to pay the tax now, but not for the time and breath he's cost us."

Wylis walked over to stand beside Lord Hoster. He was so massive that his towering frame blocked much of the light from the torches, casting a long shadow on the Mooton father and son duo.

"W-What do you want from us now?" Lord Mooton weakly asked.

Almost feel bad. Wylis folded his arms, sighing. He tried to follow the knight's code as best as he could. But in moments like now, he really didn't know what to do. To be utterly ruthless or kind? Would Lord Mooton have been kind had the Targaryens won?

Lord Hoster speaks true. You have wasted our time and our coin. I marched from Ramsgate to meet you in person. The crown has given me full authority. To me and to them, House Mooton stands only as traitors. You fought for the Targaryens; I have not forgotten, the crown has not, the realm will not. I have the permission to raze House Mooton to the ground and gather whatever valuables I can find. But as you can see, I'm no Mad King, nor is Robert."

Shivering, Lord Mooton frowned. "W-What do you w-w-want?"

"Give me every seaworthy vessel of House Mooton. That is the price for letting you hold Maidenpool. Refuse, and I will see Maidenpool given a new lord and a different banner above it." Wylis straightforwardly demanded.

Thud!

Lord Mooton fell to his knees from the chair. "M-Might as well kill me, my lord. M-Maidenpool won't survive without her ships. Trade is what keeps us fed."

"Ships are unquestionable." Wylis reaffirmed.

"H-Half... please, that's all I can give. I need some to keep the city running."

Wylis almost felt swayed. He didn't like being that ruthless when he didn't even have personal animosity. Yet, he couldn't afford to be too soft and lose an opportunity. Moreover, the quest had clearly told him to ruin House Mooton.

The question is how?

"Lord Hoster, let's do this. Gather our men and march to Maidenpool. See if Lord Mooton speaks the truth, and then we take what's owed accordingly." He suggested. "If he tries guile, we will clear his hall for the one who ought to sit there next."

Lord Hoster pondered for a moment, rubbing his chin. "I'd wager they won't risk a move with Lord Mooton in our keeping. A good thought, Lord Wylis. Let's go ahead with it."

With that, the plan was quickly made to march come morning. That night, they were to wine and dine in celebration of Ser Brynden's recovery.

But of course, Wylis had more matters to discuss with the Lord of Riverrun.

####

Ramsgate,

"Hah! They have arrived, at last!"

Brandon Stark stood at the docks and watched as the ships lined up and the sailors came to report to him. He laughed with pride, already trying to pick his flagship he was going to name the Howling Wolf.

"Lord Wylis has purchased ships?" Genna Lannister asked, standing right beside the brute of a Northern Man, quite unrefined, unlike her cherished giant.

"No, he's bought fish. Ha! Of course not, it's ships! My ships, mind you, for I'm the bloody admiral of this fleet!" Brandon laughed.

"And you know how to man a ship?" Genna asked.

"No idea."

"..."

Genna eyed the Stark man, trying to see if she heard right.

"Then how are you the admiral? And that's no title used in Westeros."

"Wylis said so, didn't he? Can't be that bloody hard. I'll have a pack of fine lads under me soon enough. He's already bought eight ships, and more are on the way. It'll be grand seeing them all together."

Genna eyed the small fleet and pondered.

"Lord Wylis desires more ships? Why?"

"Gods know why, who am I to stop him from spending his gold? He wants more ships? Let him have them. I'll have the biggest fleet in the North. A wolf who sails, that'll give the old Starks in their crypts something to gossip about."

Genna Lannister had a sharp mind, and it was already at work.

"Say, how many more ships does Lord Wylis want?"

"More the better, big, bigger!"

"..."

#####

Riverrun,

Supper was an hour ago. Most had gone to sleep in their bedchambers, but Lysa couldn't sleep that night. She had to do something or else all her hard work would be for nothing. She'd worked so hard to reach there.

As soon as she'd heard Jon talking about seeking Lord Wylis to resolve the Riverlands' conflict, she knew her most cherished knight would visit Riverrun. She'd used the excuse of being homesick with Jon to leave King's Landing. And the fact that King's Landing reeked helped.

She'd arrived just on time, and now, she only had one night left. Sadly, she knew she couldn't do a lot, being heavily pregnant. But she still wanted to meet the man once and discuss the... future.

It was unknown to her if her lord husband would allow her to have more children. While her husband was incapable, she hoped Wylis would continue to give her the gift of motherhood. But if she gave birth to a son now, she was certain Jon wouldn't agree to more.

Now, she wanted to get an answer from Lord Wylis before trying to get Jon to agree to it.

And for that reason, she reached Lord Wylis' door in the middle of the night, guarded by two soldiers. It was impossible to stay hidden as the castle was brimming with activity. So, she'd made it as open as possible.

After knocking, she heard Lord Wylis' voice and walked inside. She told the guards to wait outside and pushed the door open.

Oh, Wylis.

The mere sight of the tall man made her feel things between her legs. She closed the door, even placed the lock softly so none outside would hear. Then she looked back at the man. He seemed taller, and with that growing beard, he seemed even greater, a man above men.

So big.

As she stepped closer, she once again remembered how tall Lord Wylis was. His broad shoulders could engulf her frame twice, while her face only reached his chest. She looked up with doe eyes.

"Lord Wylis, you're too kind to see me. I only hope my visit hasn't troubled your night."

"Not at all, my lady. I was just writing some ravens to home."

His voice... I needed to hear him. Please, call me by my name.

"The room's not much, but it'll do. Please, have a seat on the bed."

Lysa merrily walked over to the grand bed and sat down on the edge. When Wylis joined her on the side, she felt the bedframe creak and the bedding sink under his weight. Oh, she remembered being under that same weight once, that night...

"Tell me, have you been well? I hope Ramsgate keeps you safe and warm. Those vile Boltons... I nearly wept with fury when I heard. It sickens me to think they breathe the same air as you." She declared, barely able to hold her anger. She already loathed the Boltons in her heart.

"Aye, they are a pain in the back, but I can deal with them. What brings you to me this late, my lady?"

At that inquiry, Lysa froze. She didn't know how to go about it. Her hand, on its own, reached for her belly as she caressed it. "I... that night... Before I met you, I had accepted my fate. A fruitless marriage of no substance. Bedding was a test every time. But then... You gave me my most cherished memory. I had never thought the touch of a man as mighty as you would be so... warm and soothing to my soul."

She could see the confusion on Lord Wylis's face.

"My lord, please, do not be uneasy. I mean no scheme, no greed. I know the promise between you and my husband, yet I cannot quiet what I feel. I want more, more of you, more children born of our time together. I long to feel again what once filled me with such warmth while I still am fertile."

Steeling her resolve, she moved with intent and gently slid off the bed's edge, getting on her knees. She pivoted quickly and shifted, getting between Wylis' legs, a show of her submission, a blatant disregard for her own status. All so she could feel this man's warmth again.

"My lady..."

Oh... His hands are so... rough.

Lysa nearly moaned when she felt Wylis caress her face and move her red hair, tucking it behind her ear. She shifted closer on her knees, her bosom pressed right atop his enlarging crotch. Her hands too moved there, resting on his cock as she felt it throb to life. She nearly moaned yet again.

"Have you spoken with Lord Arryn?"

She denied with a trembling shake of her head. "I will, truly, I swear by the Seven. But I need your word first... if you'll bless me with more children."

Silence fell between them. Lysa felt her heart bolt. She gulped, confused by her own state. She could nearly smell his arousal, his cock so close to her face. Her own arousal soaked her. Her body screamed, damned be consequences, just disrobe and slide down on his fat cock. But she knew it'd wound her in that state.

So, she took the second-best option.

Her hands moved with a mind of their own and untied his trousers. In a blink or two, she had one hand shoved in, his fat cock fetched out that she couldn't fully grip in her clenching fist for the life of her.

Mmmmm... So warm... Oh, this scent.

With stars in her eyes, she gawked at the cock that had tamed her. That made her let go of all her pride, ego, and honor, and submit like a halfpenny whore.

She gripped with both hands, slender fingers wrapping, one around the base and the other near the middle, which still left a few inches above with that glossy, throbbing purple knob, threateningly teasing her.

"If... Lord Arryn verbally gives me his word..."

Oh, Gods! He's willing! Yes, he is!

"Then I see no reason to refuse you, my lady."

Lysa beamed with a smile, so big. But instead of answering, she just drove her face down, mouth agape, and took him in. She felt her lips stretch open to the limit, his fat girth warm and beating like a heart.

Mmm... salt... and... a real man.

Her tongue lapped his cockhead, and she tasted him. She tasted his early drops of release, so intoxicating. She exhaled in loud breaths and inhaled the lovely scents of him. She tried to look at his face... oh, he looked so satisfied.

But she wanted more. She wanted him to drown in pleasure. So, she took another inch in until his cock tickled the back of her throat. As soon as she coughed, she pulled back and released his shaft.

Her hands continued to stroke him, rub him, curling fingers around like tightening a screw, making a mess out of his spit-drenched length. "M-My lord..."

By just that faint choking, she was out of breath already.

"I wish we could... move to the bed, but I fear we don't have time, nor... is my body prepared for the warmth you'll plunge inside me. So..."

So willing, her face flustered, eyes watery, hair silky. She pushed her own gown off her shoulders, down her glistening pale skin. As the gown fell to her elbows, she slid her arms out entirely. Next, she removed the smallclothes with ease.

"I still hope to share my warmth with you."

Oh, his eyes! I love this!

Lysa noticed how he seemed stricken by the sight of her curvaceous maternal breasts, swollen in preparation for the life she was about to birth. Still in the prime years, she was proud of her body, aware that her breasts didn't sag. She loved his gaze locked on her faint, noticeable veins, her dark pinkish-red nipples tight, white nectar beading.

"Mmmh..."

What? Lysa cheered inside at Wylis' grunt. She'd only grabbed her breasts and engulfed his fat phallus between them.

He likes this? Very well.

She knew exactly what to do.

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Uh... That's my second milk-job in what? A month!

Not that he was complaining. The warmth was otherworldly, like floating in warm butter. Lysa's tits were softer than the softest silk, and as she used her own hands to grope them and squeeze them into a snug tunnel, some warm beads of her maternal nectar dripped.

In no time, her milk became the oil, forming a sticky coat along his shaft, between her breasts. So sinful, that Wylis had to struggle not to thrust up. He just sat there, legs spread wide as the beautiful woman moved her body.

She looked up the entire time, her gaze steamy. Then, she lowered her face, taking his peeking cockhead in her mouth. He was quite thick and long, enough that a few inches always slipped up out of the warm valley.

"Mmmmh~"

Lysa attended to him like he was the source of the gods' nectar.

It was working on Wylis as well. The wet sounds, the grip of her mouth, had his toes curled. The sensation of her soft tongue sliding, wrapping around his cockhead pushed him to the edge, his one hand moving on its own to rest on her head.

She looked so innocent there on her knees, slobbering, eyes big and watery, looking up at him and eager to please. Her succulent breasts, as well, felt like warm, wet silk.

Slosh! Slosh!

"Ungh... Mmmm."

Lysa hummed, choked at times at the milk-drenched cock she took in her mouth. She threw her breasts high and slammed them down on his lap, never leaving an inch of his magnificent thickness alone, uncared, untouched by her warmth.

But she had limits. Getting tired, she stopped using her breasts. In their place, she began stroking his fat girth, squeezing with all her strength, on a quest to fully grip him. She gobbled the head and a few inches until it fucked the back of her throat.

When that got too much, she just did whatever she could mindlessly while catching her breath.

"Ummmh... Gods have... made you so... perfect...."

"..."

Wylis watched, a little speechless. He gulped at the unholy sight as she rubbed his entire cock all across her face, eyes, cheeks, and forehead, while her lips only kissed the base. She kept inhaling deep breaths, her spit forming a frothy mess.

"Mmmmh... I can... do this for the... rest of my life and die... happy."

"..."

Wylis wondered what he'd done to get her so obsessed. In fact, now that he thought about it, every woman he'd fucked acted almost the same way. While most weren't this obsessive, they did love getting into bed with him.

Was it the cock? His big body? Face? Or a combination of it all?

"Uh... Close, Lysa."

"Oh!"

Lysa almost cried when he used her name, like she belonged to him. She drooled over his fat cock, and went even lower to lap the underside of his heavy balls that held the very essence that grew life inside her. Oh, how wet she felt between her legs; she knew she was sopping.

Her nose nestled in the sewn ridge of his balls, her long tongue slithered over his sack, swiping the residue left by her breasts. She rolled her tongue on one heavy jewel after another, popping them in her mouth alternately.

"Ummmm..." Her fist stroked him at speed, her moans subtle but there, drunk on his scent. The feeling of his broad palm on her head.

Just when she felt his cock flex, she stopped slobbering on his balls and swallowed his cock down a few inches again, bobbing her head furiously, her red hair tossing. Her entire face was a sticky mess by then, one of her eyes unable to open due to it. But that didn't matter to her; she stroked his base and fucked her face at the swollen knob.

"Almost...!" Wylis pressed a hand on the back of her head, shoving a few more inches down her willing throat.

He'd accepted it at that point. If Lysa wanted it, he didn't mind. At least when it came to something like this.

"Mmmh..."

Lysa choked up, gurgled, coughed, eyes watery. She felt his knob tickle the very back of her throat. Her instincts told her to pull back, but feeling his fat thickness so warm and deep, her lips stretched to the limit, she wanted to take him, all of him if she could.

"Ugh!" Wylis finally thrust up, heels on the floor, toes curled. He shoved another fucking inch down her gullet, laying claims to the new grounds. Lysa did nothing; her hands just rested on his thighs, accepting the fucking he gave her.

And he did give her a fucking. His cock jerked, rammed up, and blasted a thick creamy coat of virile foam. Gush after gush of the musky fluids coated her throat till she couldn't breathe. He was in control, and she submitted to it.

"Ummmph~"

She choked up, and he gave her some space to breathe, but then filled that space with more of his thick batter.

He always came a lot, according to his body size. He watched as Lysa's cheeks bulged and she tried to swallow, but amidst the coughs, much of the mess spilled through the corner of her lips.

Wylis stared at the ceiling, relishing the warmth of her mouth, his grip on her hair keeping her in place. He felt every single pump ooze through his shaft. And just as the last few drops oozed, he looked down at the mess that was Lysa Arryn's face. He released her head quickly.

"That..." Lysa panted, licking the corners of her lips. She quickly started licking him all over, lapping every inch to clean him. He had spilled too much. "So... warm... ummm sweet."

Wylis just let her do it, already accepting the fact that she wanted this. If she weren't pregnant, he knew she'd be more than happy if he threw her on the bed and slid in to the hilt in a single mind-breaking plunge.

"I-uh... I will... convince my husband. I promise, Wylis."

"I know, Lysa," he said, brushing his thumb along her jaw. "But we can't let ourselves be so careless again."

Lysa just smiled and wiped her face with her own gown. Without bothering to clean her breasts, she put the gown back on, holding onto that musky warmth on her body like a souvenir.

"Forgive me this once. I fought it, I swear I did... yet I couldn't stop myself."

With a warm smile, Wylis helped her stand on her feet and also patted her gown to ensure she looked proper. He also gave her his own comb to mend her hair. And as he looked at her in silence, it hit him.

His son was going to be the next Lord of Eyrie, Warden of the East.

All of Vale will... be my son's?

"My lord..."

Right as Lysa spoke, Wylis got closer and pulled her in a warm embrace. It wasn't meant to be romantic; he feared he couldn't do that with women other than Lyanna. But he hoped this embrace would give Lysa a sense of safety. Jon Arryn was old and would die even if not plotted against. That would leave Lysa alone to deal with Vale's politics.

At that time, he'd be there to lend her a shoulder.

"Be well, my lady."

Lysa just melted in his arms, all smiles and flushed blushing. She tried to hug him back, only to moan at the sensation of his ironclad muscles. She felt like staying there against his broad chest.

But she had to go.

"You as well, my lord."

A few more nods later, she finally left.

Wylis returned to the bed and sat down, sighing.

More children are good, but... Why didn't she give me a title and strength boost?

He opened the Tyrant's Squire and looked at the list of titles. Most of the noblewomen of powerful houses had given him a strength boost and a title. He reckoned Cersei would as well. As did Lyanna. He was almost certain that if he one day did Catelyn, she would as well, not that he planned to. Ned was not his enemy.

But Lysa was the Lady of the Vale, woman of the Hand of the King. She was quite important in the grand scheme of things.

Hmm... Is it because Jon knows?

That made him wonder what Tyrant's Squire's intentions were. Was cuckolding other poor men and noble houses considered good? That can't be.

Food for thought, or cock for cunt, hah.

With a chuckle, he returned to the table and chair to continue writing the ravens. As for Lysa, he'd decided to protect her, especially from Petyr fucking Baelish. He'd shove his six-foot steel of chaos down that chaos-loving fucker's throat if he had to.

Ting!

[Trueborns & Bastards Triggered!]

**[Son(Bastard) - Lady Clara Roote
Life Points - 10]**

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

Ah, about time.

He remembered the chubby lady of House Roote who was unable to have children with her lord husband. Now, their son was going to rule House Roote of Lord Harroway's Town.

He quickly assigned the ten Life Points so Clara would have a child blessed with nearly everything, just what most women dream of birthing. All his children were usually blessed with charisma, so he gave more to Dexterity so they'd learn things easily. He still kept strength a priority because everyone wanted a mighty son.

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

Once done, he returned to writing.

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Fifty of Wylis' men and three hundred of Lord Hoster's rode early next morning. Preferring speed over comfort, they only used horses. But Wylis still brought his carriages as they could keep up easily.

It was a topic of discussion between him and Lord Hoster, and many knights in Lord Hoster's entourage. They even took turns to sit on the carriages and feel the magic of suspension. The Lord of Riverrun was quite interested in them.

But no business was discussed. They rode fast and only took a good rest after reaching the Crossroads Inn.

The closer they were getting to Maidenpool, the more troubled Wylis became. It was all too easy. Not a single true battle. Not a single true challenge had appeared.

It made no sense for it to be a Main Quest. The last one had him fight in a rebellion with tens of thousands of armed men around him. This time, he was to take a castle that had already surrendered. It made no sense.

"Lord Wylis, I forgot to pass this to you yesterday."

At Crossroads Inn, before they went to sleep, Lord Hoster stopped him and passed him a rolled parchment.

"This is?"

"What we discussed in the past."

Wylis unrolled the parchment and read it carefully. It had Lord Hoster's seal and a few more. It was a declaration towards one Wylis Kaiser.

"Trade monopoly rights in Stoney Sept?" He murmured, a little excited and more in disbelief. Lord Hoster actually gave it to him. "Did the knight ruling it agree to it?"

"Ah, Ser Wilbert was never much for trade, bless him. He was glad enough to let you see to the place, so long as the folk were treated fair and the taxes came in when they should."

This is fantastic!

Stoney Sept was close to the headwater of Blackwater Rush, the same river that went all the way down to King's Landing. It was the perfect place to set up a trading hub, and also a place to attract talent. And since the women of Stoney Sept were loyal to him, it could be his literal breeding grounds, as vile as it sounded.

"I'm grateful for this, my lord."

"Hah, easy now, lad." Lord Hoster chuckled as he gave Wylis's shoulder a firm pat. "You spared the town from Targaryen plunder. Better you guide it than let it waste away."

After that, Wylis went to his small room in the Crossroads Inn to rest. He removed his light armor, boots and plopped down on the decent bedding, holding the parchment in his hand, reading it time and time again to ensure there was no hidden condition.

This will help with the supply lines.

As Stoney Sept sat between King's Landing and Lannisport, and with so many Riverlands' houses and towns nearby, selling his goods wouldn't be hard. All he needed to do was create a few trade caravans, large and guarded, that'd go back and forth between Ramsgate and Stoney Sept every single day.

With that, his land routes will also be covered.

This is exciting.

With those thoughts and too many plans to count, he fell asleep. Riding all day on Caliburn was exhausting even for him. And the sheer boredom of everything only made it more tiring.

Or perhaps he jinxed it by thinking that.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

"Lord Kiaser!"

Hm?

Wylis woke up in the middle of the night to Chett's loud voice from outside.

Groaning, frowning, he slid off the bed to stand and open the door, but...

Ting!

[New Side Quest - Pirating The Pirates]

Description - A Tyrant knows how to turn a tragedy into an opportunity.

Goal - Capture Pirate Ships (0/17)

Reward - Sailor Talent Finder]

So that's why it's a Main Quest. Seventeen fucking ships?

He quickly opened the door and saw Chett. "What happened?"

"Maidenpool, my lord. It's being plundered by pirates."

"Ironborn?"

"No, pirates from the East. Lord Hoster wishes to ride urgently."

Aye, now this feels like a main quest.

"Ready my armor."