

The Northern Tyrant [Game of Thrones] Chapter 42 - Ghost Walls, First Trade, Northern Delights & The Rush

"Ghosts, Lyanna. They're real."

"..."

"Did you have a bad dream?"

Wylis said nothing and stared at the quest in front of him, blue and bright. He read it a few more times, trying to understand what Ghost Banishing Presence even meant. Did it mean his presence alone would banish ghosts? If yes, then that meant ghosts were actually real.

Not much scared Wylis at that point, but... ghosts were still a bit of a troubling thought. You couldn't see them, speak with them, or deal with them. He couldn't beat them to submission.

"Lyanna, do you think Brandon would care to take Harrenhal? Robert owes me a favor, and I have need of that castle. Strong as those walls are said to be, I can mend the lot of them."

"..."

He looked at his woman as she stared back silently. Then she shifted closer to him and felt his forehead, and then his chest.

"Are you unwell?"

"I'm well and wiser, Lyanna." Wylis caught her arm, drew her close, and settled back with her in his embrace. "I've been thinking about what comes next. I can't hide in the North forever. I need a strong seat in the South, to trade with the realm and tend to any troubles that arise."

"Is that all?" Lyanna asked, looking up at his face, her chin on his chest.

Wylis chuckled. She had been at his side so long she read him plain. He wrapped his arms tighter around her. "There's more. I have a new 'gift', or near enough I shall. If I can make Harrenhal mine, my mere presence will be able to banish ghosts."

"Ghost?!"

Lyanna jolted and sat up.

Now you get me, girl.

"They're real?" She asked.

Wylis drew her back to his chest. "Now you see why I woke up startled. Aye, I reckon they are real enough. And that castle truly has ghosts in it."

"Then... when we slept together during the tourney, ghosts may have seen us?" Lyanna asked.

Wylis became speechless at that question. It was so strange and out of expectation that he couldn't help but love her more.

"Aye, they most certainly saw me pound you senseless, writhing and biting the sheets," he said, giving her back a rough squeeze. "But that's not something I worry about. The worry is that Lord Walter Whent yet lives. Two of his four sons remain, and a daughter besides. I don't see how I may claim this castle at all."

Lyanna hummed into his chest. "How old is Lord Whent?"

"Not old enough to die in sleep."

"Then..." Lyanna hesitated for a moment. "I see no grand battle on the horizon to conveniently carry him off. Why not have Robert strip House Whent of titles and lands for siding with the Targaryens? They all insist that the tourney was only a veiled host assembled for that fool Rhaegar."

"..."

That... sounds efficient.

Wylis looked down at his wife's forehead. Gods, the woman was sly as a fox. No wonder everyone called her wild. That mind of hers needed to be put to better use. She gave him two options without realising.

Yes, there was a war on the horizon. And from what he knew, Lord Whent would participate in it, and also the tourney that would follow. But at the same time, he couldn't bring himself to kill the man just to take the castle. He had no proof of Lord Whent's wrongdoings to justify murder. Besides, killing him won't solve the problem.

"Aye, if Robert sees to it, that would serve us well. Seems I'll be bound for King's Landing before long. Though the man sits in Winterfell right now."

"No," Lyanna said, like a brat, then nibbled his chest, right at his poor nipple. "You have scarcely warmed your own castle's hall these few months. I won't have you riding off again so soon."

She bit him again.

"Hah! That tickles, woman!" Wylis pried her face away. "I'm not leaving. My work is here. I must raise the walls, tend the furnaces, set the water wheels turning, and take the ship out to hunt the sunken treasure off our coast. I have plenty to do here."

"And me?"

"Aye, doing you as well."

Lyanna giggled and pecked his cheek before snuggling against him.

Wylis chuckled and closed his eyes, mind occupied with countless thoughts of the future. Forgetting to ponder how the smallfolk would react to the magical wall that rose from nowhere.

####

Ramsgate Town,

Chett was just as confused and just as shocked.

It was Jonos who woke him up that morning. It was a complete mess; every man of the Ramsgate Guards had been woken up. The reason given to him was the most absurd. Jonos claimed a strange wall had risen inside the town. He almost struck the man, believing him to be drunk. But he smelled no wine on him.

Soon, he put on his clothes, chainmail, and the gambeson, and tied his precious sword to his belt. Since he wasn't going to battle, he didn't wear any major metal armor. He took Small Paul along, the man being the most helpful when it came to scaring the smallfolk.

The fog had thinned out by then, and the blue sky was visible. He mounted his horse and moved out of the castle, crossing the twin moat bridges.

As soon as he crossed the final gate, he frowned. While the area was as desolate and empty as the night before, there was something new.

"What in the Gods..." He cursed, finding a tall wall now running through his vision. He looked to the right, and the wall stretched as far as he could see, passing through the trees. He looked to the left, and the wall continued all the way to the shore.

He swallowed his words and followed Jonos, who led them.

As they passed through a massive and rather grand gateway, he marveled at it. The big central arch was finely crafted, the ceiling marked with intricate carvings. The two minor arched gates on either side were the same.

As soon as they were out, they turned right and rode along the entire new wall. It had seemingly risen out of nowhere, as the trees around it were intact. The stone also looked old, but very strong. The wall even reached fifteen meters, and each tower was twenty meters in height. They traveled the entire length until they reached the shore north of Ramsgate Castle.

Then they went back and rode the other way, reaching the shore again. Chett could see that the wall had essentially created an enclosed area, cutting off the outside from the inside perfectly.

As he rode into the residential area of the townsfolk, he heard a thousand murmurs. The people were staring at the wall.

"Ser Squire!"

"Ser Chett!"

He was just a squire, but the smallfolk already called him Ser, followed by whatever they could think of. The man who called for him was Martyn, the town's blacksmith, who worked very closely with Lord Kaiser.

Soon enough, he arrived at the docks, where many people had gathered. Old Harwin, the fisherman who worked for Lord Wylis to clear the trees, was surrounded by many. Chett dismounted the horse and walked over.

"The work of the Gods!"

Chett heard Old Harwin talking.

"Listen to me, goodfolk! This is the doing of the Old Gods. These walls are ancient, set here long before the castle and the town. They are the walls of the First Men. Long they lay buried. Lord Kaiser cleared the land, and so they rose again."

But there was no quake.

Chett frowned at the rambling of the old man. At that point, Chett was certain he could be called a learned man. He'd read about geography, land phenomenons like quakes and eruptions of volcanoes, and how springs form.

"Harwin, what nonsense are you prattling?" he called as he strode through the crowd, head and shoulders above the rest, Small Paul following. "Do not peddle tales when you know not the truth."

"And so what is the truth, Ser Squire? Lord Kaiser set his plans to raise a wall. We labored to clear the land for it. This day, the wall lifted by itself. Look to the base, as though it rose from the very ground. The stones carry the scrape of grinding as they came up. I saw them."

"..."

The truth was, Chett had no explanation. He had nothing to say that would prove Old Harwin wrong.

"Aye, I hold it a marvel as well, yet every marvel has a cause. This one will too. I shall speak with Lord Kaiser myself. The men will search the wall. No one is to climb it or pass beyond. There may be a hollow pit to swallow a man whole. Get back to raising the new docks."

Leaving them, he rode his horse back to the castle and waited for Lord Kaiser to finish his morning routine, which involved bathing, breaking the fast with his family, and then sitting down in the solar to read the ravens.

At that time, he knocked on the door and entered.

"My lord, did you see? A great wall rose up from nowhere."

"I'm aware, Chett. Take a seat."

Chett calmed himself, seeing Lord Kaiser reacting so normally. "I... I don't understand how. Old Harwin claims—"

"I told him. But he honors the Gods, not the First Men. Truth is, a great city once stood where Ramsgate sits. Across the long ages, it sank, left to rot, soil piled over it, and trees took root. I reckon the new moat and walls stirred what slept. There's a spring beneath us as well. Even without a hard quake, the earth can grow restless under pressure. The wall rose for that very reason. If the Gods see fit to raise a few more like it, I shan't complain. It would spare me the bother."

"..."

Chett looked at Lord Kaiser for some time.

There was no reason to lie, and what could there even be? But in his heart, he knew something. Strange things happened around Lord Kaiser. The bridge at the Twins fell, and now this. Both events were on a scale that no man could accomplish. Yet, both happened around Lord Kaiser.

"Understood, my lord. I will go and correct Old Harwin."

"No, leave him be. To the smallfolk, a wonder from the Gods sits better than a quiet shaking of the earth. They aren't learned as you and I, Chett. I have more pressing matters. Lord Stannis sent me an invitation to his wedding, so I'll be traveling to the Reach in the latter half of next year. See to your work... One more thing, I'll soon depart to survey my holdings at Ramsgate. I'll pass through each village and decide if any can be shaped into a town while this place grows into a city."

Chett stood up stiffly. "How many men should I prepare, my lord?"

"None. Only me... I'll take young Ben with me."

Chett frowned. Ben was Viserys' nickname. "My lord, isn't he after your blood?"

"That is what I mean to learn. Rest easy, no child will do me harm. Have rations readied for the road and bring out one of the new carriages. Give Caliburn a proper scrub. Speaking of him, what's he up to these days? Did he breed the mares Brandon brought us?"

"Aye, he has. All of them, my lord."

"All ten of them?"

"Aye..." Chett was at a lack of words. Clearly, the steed was just as 'gifted' as the rider. "I'll go and make preparations, my lord."

"See to it, Chett. When I ride out, the castle's safety is yours to keep."

"Understood, my lord."

With that, Chett left the solar.

Once the door closed, he let out a long exhale. To this day, he felt a strange pressure in the air whenever he was in Lord Kaiser's presence. It wasn't fear, but an overwhelming sense of admiration.

Knowing Lord Kaiser's story, his rise from a stableboy to here. And having seen him from so close. How wise he was, and strong, and kind to nearly all people. Chett couldn't help but feel he was less of a man, and that he needed to do more to even try to match his lord's majesty.

Lord Kaiser should have taken the throne... Gods, what am I thinking?

Shaking his head, he went to fulfill his duties.

#####

Rasmgate Town,

Jenna was beautiful. Long, dark curly hair, green eyes, pale skin, a good height, and full breasts with an hourglass frame. She knew about her beauty, but she also knew of her ordinary origins. The sole purpose she had in life was working herself until she no longer looked beautiful, get married to a farmer if her luck was bad, or a craftsman if she was lucky. She never looked beyond.

But when Lady Ros approached her and suggested she become a whore, she nearly spat in disgust. However, when Lady Ros explained that a whore wasn't merely someone who sold her body, but much more. That seduction was an art, one that if you master, you could earn more coin in a night than many would in their entire life.

Reluctant and hesitant, she ended up agreeing.

What followed was the most joyous time of her life. Lady Ros was just as pleasant at teaching as she was at making men moan, which was only Lord Kaiser. She wondered how the mighty, imposing Lord Kaiser would look moaning. She just couldn't imagine that hulking man doing so.

Months went by, and finally she felt confident. When the King's entourage arrived, she got her chance. In those few days, she made more coin than she had seen in her life. She even got to pleasure the King. While the man was imposing, once drunk, he didn't even bother moving. She was expected to ride him, and she did that with her companion, Kaeren, a redhead beauty.

There weren't many whores in Ramsgate, but she was certain she was the most prized and expensive. Some men would save coins for weeks to lay with. But still, even after the King left, she had plenty of visitors. They were new faces.

"Gods!"

Jenna heard the man groan atop her and finish his deed. She had already taken the coin, a gold dragon. Gold! She couldn't believe it, but she had a few now. Most came from the King.

"Tightest cunt in the realm! Jenna, come with me. I'll—"

Jenna giggled. Most men, when emptying themselves, murmured nonsense. From love confessions to wanting to gift her the world, or give her mansions. She scoffed at them in silence. In the end, all they wanted was a convenient cunt around; the rest was a simple ploy to not pay.

"I'm content in Ramsgate," Jenna said, shoving the man off and snatching a cloth to wipe herself quickly, before pulling her clothes back on. "Don't be so glum. I'm going nowhere. You can come see me again, mayhap tomorrow. Or tonight?"

The man, not old, but not young either, well built, shook his head. "Can't. I'm leaving today."

"You are? But why?"

"I... Doesn't concern you."

Jenna scoffed, seeing the signs of him finally returning to his senses. "Aye, I s'pose you're right. But I don't think you can leave Ramsgate anymore."

"What—"

Bam!

The doors to the chamber opened, and two armed Ramsgate soldiers stormed inside. One of them grabbed the man from behind, arms locked, and the other walked to the front and punched the gauntlet in the face, knocking him out.

Before that, however, Jenna made sure to deliver her favorite line.

"Lord Kaiser sends his regards."

Oh, she loved saying that. She felt powerful, feeling closer to the ruler of the land. Ros had told her about the spies who were infesting Ramsgate. Most of them were already caught, but a few were elusive, hard to catch in the open.

"Thank you, Jenna."

She smiled at the guards ogling at her. Oh, she didn't mind that. If anything, it was proof of her charms. But sadly, she wanted to be ogled by Lord Kaiser. At least once. After having heard from Lady Ros about how magnificent Lord Kaiser is in bed, she couldn't stop thinking about it.

As a woman who gave others pleasure. She pondered how amazing it would be to be satisfied by someone else.

I can only dream.

#####

The Twins, Riverlands,

Genna Lannister felt disgusted simply by being there. The Twins had lost all their glory. No, it was worse. Twins hadn't just lost its glory but also its lifeline, its pride, and its place as one of the most powerful houses in the Riverlands.

While House Frey earned significant coin from the lands it ruled over, the villages and a few towns, it was the bridge that made them special, or even memorable.

When Genna looked at the now ruined sight of the bridge, she was at a loss for words. In fact, even making the bridge now was pointless, as multiple fords had been discovered downstream, not far away.

Lord Walder Frey was alive, but now bedridden, still in shock at what had transpired. Already, House Frey had tried to use her marriage to ask House Lannister for loans to rebuild the bridge. She had sent a strongly worded raven to her brother to refuse any such request.

And then there was her husband.

She felt like puking at the sight. A knight in name only, pathetically scrawny, weak, small, and nearly bald. The filth of a man enjoyed chewing on sourleaf, which always left his lips with a pink-ish froth, and spit red, teeth stained.

Never again.

How could she accept this after having lived the most pleasing days of her life at Ramsgate? Lord Wylis Kaiser was not only a man amongst men in body and appearance, but also in mind. While she didn't know if he could be compared to her brother, she knew he was better than most men in the realm.

And of course, the sex.

Seven, I can't even look at him.

Genna finally eyed her children. Four of them, three from her husband and one from Wylis. She couldn't deny that Leonel was the most beautiful of them all. She loved all of them equally,

however. Though there was the issue of her third son having the Lyonel name as well, only with a different spelling.

Best get him drunk.

Yet, she knew she was pregnant once again, a most sweet gift from Wylis. But she now had to share a bed with Emmon Frey to pass the child as a trueborn. Good thing Emmon was a weak man, and an even weaker drinker compared to her.

A few moans, disrobing each other's clothes, and a few touches here and there, she made sure to leave traces of his 'spill' on the bed.

Once she was sure she'd done a good job, she left the bed and then the bed chamber. She truly couldn't tolerate being near him.

There is no meaning left in this marriage. Tywin, you owe me this.

She knew exactly what she wanted now. Ending her marriage with Emmon would free her to go wherever she desired. She just hoped Tywin would agree and, unlike their dead father, choose her happiness over some foolish ambition.

####

King's Landing,

Captain Erron of the ship, Northern Ice, finally berthed his three-masted carrack at Blackwater Rush close to the River Gate. With him were Winter Flower, Giant's Fist, and Big Iron. All of them were carracks, three-masted.

"Quick! Quick! Bring the damned carriages!" Captain Erron shouted orders, this being their first true test after countless trials at Ramsgate. Carraks were large, hence used to haul ice, stored in the special cargo space, tightly packed in cubes, isolated with a vacuum-sealed metal casing.

A lot of gold had been spent on this plan. A lot was counting on it. They already knew they were successful in transporting the ice; the real question was how popular it would be amongst smallfolk and nobility.

Already beforehand, shops had been placed strategically across King's Landing, with multiple ice storage, called icehouses, built to support the shops. It was all Lord Kaiser's design, especially the icehouses. They were simple, yet effective. Some of the shops that Lord Kaiser had purchased had built large pits underground, almost oval in shape. Then bricks were used to cover the inside to keep the heat away. Finally, the top was sealed, only opened when taking the ice out.

The icehouse pits were huge, some fifty feet deep. Captain Erron had already seen them during his previous journey to King's Landing, where he tried to test how fast he could reach King's Landing.

He was no knight. No noble. He rose to become a captain after years of hard work. His head was full grey now, and he wasn't even from Ramsgate. No, he was from White Harbor. But he was one of the few who took Lord Kaiser's offer. It guaranteed more coin, and something exciting, something new. Besides, he was personally interested in the man who had become a name on every tongue in such a short time.

A kingslayer, the savior of King's Landing. There was a strange pleasure in working for such an audacious man.

"Fast, lads!"

He ordered the men. Gods, he wondered how much coin Lord Kaiser spent.

The ships, the shops, the instruments to make produce using that ice, and all these men to haul ice around the city. It all must have cost a fortune.

"Quick!"

A long line of some horse-drawn and a few man-pulled carts formed near each of his ships. Deliberately, each cart was made to attach a flag of the House Kaiser to it, while the ice blocks were being loaded.

Soon, the first carts vanished into the city through the River Gate.

Erron knew what was going on. This way, the entire city would see ice being moved around. This was the easiest way to spread the word. He reckoned most folks in that city hadn't seen ice in their lifetimes. While it did snow as far as King's Landing during some harsh winters, this was different.

Ingenious, my lord.

He clapped his hands, seeing the men working as trained, moving the ice so quickly. He'd already tasted all the delicacies that would soon be sold in the city. From the icy spirits to that bubbling beverage, and that ice cream. Oh, he knew the Seven had blessed his tongue when he ate that previously.

"Captain, everything's unloaded."

Erron nodded to his first mate. "Send the men to buy everything Lord Kaiser listed. The North requires some goods as well, no reason we can't sell some and grow Ramsgate as a market."

He only repeated Lord Kaiser's words. But while his men got busy, he had a different set of instructions. He looked away from his ship's deck, at the not-so-distant high Red Keep. Not being a noble, it was overwhelming. And now he was supposed to visit it.

Soon, once his first mate returned, he got off his ship and entered the city. He went eastward, towards the place with some of the finest inns and mansions in the city. It was close to the Red Keep.

Each shop owned by Lord Kaiser in the city had specific tasks and instructions to run itself. Each had a few employees and one overseer. Then there was one man who oversaw the whole city's shops' overseers, creating multiple layers of inspections.

But the shop he went to was the largest and the most grand, as it was supposed to cater to the rich and nobles. It was decorated, cool inside, and the tables and seats were comfortable.

Quickly, he made the men running the shop prepare the listed items and pack them in a large ice-box, which they then hauled onto a cart and soon rolled towards the Red Keep. Erron had two more men with him now besides his first mate.

"Hold your tongue unless they bid you speak. Highborn sorts take offense at all and feel shame at naught. Keep your eyes low. Mind this, you serve Lord Kaiser of Ramsgate. Whatever you trade or offer is the Lord's own property."

The three men nodded to him just as they reached the gates surrounding the Red Keep's walls. As they flew House Kaiser's sigil on the cart, they were at least not shoved away.

Erron explained who he was, who he represented, and handed a sealed letter to the guards. The letter was addressed to Jon Arryn, Hand of the King.

From there, at least they were allowed inside and into the outdoor courtyard. It was filled with activity, men training, caretakers tending to their duties. They stood out there with their cart and ice-box.

"You may enter. Lord Hand is holding the court."

Brilliant!

Erron was overjoyed by that. He walked, and behind him the men carried the ice-box. He went up the stairs, passed through the final doors, and entered the Great Hall, which then led into the Throne Room, located in the upper levels.

His old heart pounded in his chest. It was grand, he reckoned a thousand folks could spectate the King in that hall alone. But for now, it was mostly empty, with some noble and lowborn spectators on each side of the path leading to the throne.

Erron gave a deep bow to Lord Hand, who sat on the Iron Throne.

Gods, it's hideous!

That was his first impression of the Iron Throne.

Don't they cut themselves on it?

That was his second thought about it.

"Come, come, closer. You have travelled far. The letter said Lord Kaiser sends me gifts?" Lord Hand, Jon Arryn's old voice, echoed in the throne room.

Errorn brushed the sweat from his fair but weathered face and stepped toward the high seat, then bent the knee. "Aye, my lord. The ships bearing the Northern ice made harbor without mishap. As we speak, the people of King's Landing are set to sample the cold delights Lord Kaiser created. Some of them, I have brought for you."

"Ha. If it be as I recall, I think this day shall be a happy one." The Lord Hand stood from the throne and came down to him. "Let me see what you carry."

Errorn quickly got up and ordered the men to open the ice-box. Quickly, they fetched him a glass bottle of lemon soda, as it was called, chilled. He removed the cork with a very loud pop, earning everyone's attention.

"Here, my lord."

"Seven, bless me. This is it." Lord Hand exclaimed. "I was sullen back in Ramsgate when I realised I couldn't eat all those things again. Lord Kaiser must have planned all this, kept it from me to surprise me. What else?"

While the Lord Hand drank the soda, Errorn made the men scoop some ice cream. He had brought plenty of that to make sure enough people could sample it. They had also brought small plates and spoons with them, wooden, however, but smoothed.

"Along with some spirits, we have this." He handed the plate to Lord Hand. He made his first, then the plates for anyone interested. Anyone with noble attire was given one. They even offered a Kingsguard standing there, but the man refused.

"Now I see why he had the registry drawn. It will surely bring Wylis a fair coin," Lord Hand said, finishing the ice cream. "So it will be a staple within the city, I take it?"

"That is the hope, my lord."

"See that I am told of any hindrances. It has been long since this city welcomed new tastes. You may go now. I must hold the court."

"My lord..." Errorn hesitantly voiced. "Lord Kaiser ordered us to offer these to Her Grace, the Queen, as well."

Lord Hand chuckled at that. "How can any here forget the tourney? It was after Queen Cersei's favor that Lord Wylis shattered Rhaegar's teeth. Very well, Ser Jaime, lead them to her."

"Thank you, my lord."

####

Cersei Lannister was pregnant, but not heavily. Her time was mostly spent in the gardens of the Red Keep, or in her chamber, drinking wine. She would read a book on rare occasions or call her brother to keep company.

But for the most part, her life was boring.

So it was a pleasant surprise when Jaime knocked on her door and brought in the four men with the large box. Curious and confused, she let her brother explain everything. But before even her brother could, the older man with grey hair spoke, taking a knee.

"Your Grace, I'm Captain Erron, sworn to Lord Kaiser of Ramsgate. Lord Kaiser sends these drinks and frozen sweets to you. He invented and made them with his own hands."

Invented them? Wylis did?

She said nothing, lounging in her settee, dressed in a free-flowing red gown that gave much to see on her supple breasts. She only gave a nod to the men, too proud to speak with lowborns. But since Lord Wylis sent them, she had to see.

Truth be told, she didn't think of that man that much anymore. While she still longed for him physically, at least one passionate encounter to satiate her curiosity, she had no further longing. She truly believed there was nothing more to be gained from Wylis as she was already the queen, the highest a woman in the realm could rise.

Still, she liked Wylis more than most men. Far more than her joke of a husband, but not as much as she loved her brother. But she still kept a small place in her heart for the man who gifted her Rhaegar's teeth, now resting in the locket on her neck. It was her prized possession.

"Your Grace, Lord Kaiser has chosen to bring ice to King's Landing, and with that ice, he's made these drinks and a food they call ice cream. And many chilled spirits. Here, Your Grace, this one is called lemon soda."

Pop!

Cersei flinched when the man removed the cork with a loud pop. She heard the sound from inside the bottle, like bubbles popping in foam during her bath.

"Sip it slow, Your Grace, or it will vex the throat."

She started to feel annoyed by the constant rambling instructions of the man. But she gave it a try and took a gentle sip.

Gods!

Her eyes shot wide open. She stopped and looked at the bottle in her hand. That fizzy feeling in her mouth, and the tanginess of the lemon. There was a strange bite to the drink. She gave it another sip.

"Lord Kaiser made this?"

"Aye, Your Grace. He also made these."

Cersei received a strange liquid made of milk next. She gave it a taste as well and enjoyed it. It was made with milk, but tasted different, with a fruity taste to it. Then she received a cup of chilled spirit. She recognised it to be Arbor Gold, her favorite wine. It wasn't too cold, just perfect.

"Lord Kaiser says a white wine mustn't be chilled to the bone. Cool enough to feel it, but not so cold it spoils the taste."

Cersei nodded with a suppressed chuckle. "Seems Wylis knows his wine well."

"Our shops will start turning out a wider spread of food and drink, but it will come slow. We only made port in this city a few hours past. But I believe the most loved creation in the city will be this. Ice cream."

She received the plate from the man. To her annoyance, her brother stopped her and took a spoonful first. She knew he was testing it for poison, but seeing his satisfied face, he enjoyed it; she felt annoyed. She quickly moved the plate when Jaime tried to take another spoonful.

"There's more, Ser."

She ignored the man and focused on the cold thing. She could see it melt already. She felt its coldness. There were bits of fruit in it. She scooped it with her spoon and pressed it between her lips.

"..."

She said nothing.

Wylis made all of this? He sent it for me?

Her eyes closed on their own as she felt the smoothness of it melt. The taste was exquisite, sweet and cold, and fruity. Spoon after spoon, she finished it all far quicker than she liked.

"Lord Kaiser made all of this?"

"And more, Your Grace. He offered all of this and more food to the King when he visited Ramsgate. Lord Kaiser hopes to help Ramsgate earn some coin with this trade, and with ice."

"If that is so, I see no cause to refuse Wylis a measure of aid. It is the least I can do for what he once gave me. See that the Red Keep receives this... ice cream often. The drinks as well, and whatever else you devise. I shall sample it myself and, if it pleases me, it will appear at royal meals." Cersei declared, more for her greediness to have more of these delights, however.
"How long are you in the city?"

"We depart in four days, Your Grace."

"I shall write to Wylis. Before you depart, take it from me," she ordered, getting a sudden urge to see that man again. It had been so long she'd almost forgotten how big and beautiful he was.
"You may go."

She watched them hurriedly pack. They were mindful enough to leave behind the bottle of Arbor Gold, at least. She fully intended to drink it while it was still perfectly cold.

Soon, it was just her and her brother left.

"I didn't know you were that close to Lord Wylis, my sister."

She looked as her brother stopped acting stiff and poured himself a cup of Arbor Gold without asking. "Close? No. Still, he made a lasting memory at the tourney, and later at Casterly Rock. He's quite the man."

"That I agree."

She looked at him curiously. "You know him well?"

"Yes, you could say that. I was there when the Mad King kept him hostage. We crossed blades often in spars, and he was one of the few men willing to charge in and smash the King's skull during those torturous nights with the dead queen. And I still hope to best him one day."

Oh? That's new.

She'd never heard her brother so openly accepting of his own shortcomings.

"He's better than you?" She asked.

"Oh, to call him merely better would be a sin, my sister. I doubt the realm has ever seen his like. The man is a monster with a blade. It was me, Ser Gerold, and Ser Barristan, three against him. Barristan himself told me Lord Wylis was holding back. We did no more than scratch him. Some men are born with the Warrior's gift. I have it as well, yet he has more than I. And he stands exactly where he belongs."

"And you?" Cersei asked, giving Jaime a teasing smirk, letting a few drops of wine fall over her breasts.

"Me?"

She laughed. How easy it was to move Jaime. She let him lean near her, let him push his hand between her legs. She parted them willingly, giving him what he desired. Well, she needed it as well.

"I'm right where I want to be," whispered Jaime.

####

Ramsgate, the North,

Ting!

[Cersei Lannister Current Lust - 85%]

Jesus! Ice cream made her horny? What's wrong with this woman!

Wylis stared at the damn screen floating in front of him. At least now he knew that the ice had successfully reached the city. He didn't know how long it would take for someone else to replicate him, but for now, he planned to invest every penny earned back into expanding.

Drinks and ice cream were just small treats. The real money was in establishing butcher shops across the Seven Kingdoms and creating a massive slaughterhouse at Harrenhal if he could get it. For now, he planned to make one at the Stoney Sept. He'd also be able to ship oysters inland, shrimp, and shellfish as well. Braavos was within his reach, so he could extend his reach there as well and make boatloads of money.

He could also sell butter year-round now and store delicate crops longer, like fruit, allowing him to keep them fresh over long distances. There were so many industries, and he planned to expand into them with all the profits. By the time someone would imitate his ice, he'd be too big and involved in so many domains that lesser profit from ice wouldn't hurt much.

"Lord Kaiser! Are ye even listening? This'll not end well!"

Wylis shook himself from the stupor and looked at the long-bearded man shouting, spit falling from his mouth. Instead of answering, he looked to his right, where a completely bald Viserys stood, brows dyed black, however. The boy was ten, not that tall, but also somewhat scrawny.

Currently, they were upstream of Broken Branch. More than three weeks had passed, and he had fully finished building all the walls of his planned city. Took so long because he needed extreme mist, and that was rare during the summer.

Now, it was the planned survey of his fief. He wanted to find any hidden ground deposits. He'd already found two coal deposits. But sadly, no gold or silver.

And right when he reached the northern edge of his fief, he found some men camping there. Men carrying the distinct sigil of a brown bullmoose with black antlers on orange. House Hornwood, his northern neighbor.

"End well?" Wylis gave the Hornwood man a hard glare. "The records from Lord Manderly name this land mine. South of the Broken Branch's tributary, and the ground where it joins the Broken Branch. Mine, all of it."

"Boy!" The old, long-bearded man roared, dangling his sheathed sword. Behind him were five more men. "Ye know naught of these lands. I've lived here longer than your years alive, whelp. I've walked 'em longer than ye've drawn breath. This land is Hornwood, has been for years longer than your blood ever ran."

Wylis scratched his beard. The Tyrant's Squire screen was hovering in front of him, and it showed the accurate map.

Scrrrr!

Wylis drew his massive, six-foot sword at last and stepped over to them. They were standing on his land, as this side of the river belonged to him. Those six men were trespassing.

"I seldom throw my title in a man's face, but if you think your numbers scare me, let me prove you wrong."

Clank!

"..."

Before he even took a step forward, the five men standing behind the bearded bastard ran away, throwing away their swords. That was enough for Wylis to know that they had no ties to House Hornwood.

He personally knew Lord Halys Hornwood. The man wasn't very old and had a very jovial and accommodating personality. Still, he was inclined to believe that if there was ever a border dispute, it would be with Hornwoods, as they were one of the large, Lordly Houses.

To his east was House Flint of Widow's Watch. To his south-west was House Locke, and right above that on the west was House Manderly. However, both House Flint and House Locke were under Manderly influence.

It was correct to say that everything east of White Knife's mouth was under House Manderly's influence. Well, that was until Wylis appeared and took Ramsgate, oathbound directly to the King.

"I know not who you are." Wylis moved a step nearer the bearded old man. "If you are truly of Hornwood, fetch Lord Hornwood at once. If you are a bandit skulking here, then pray you run faster than I draw steel."

Wylis raised his sword to strike.

"Mercy, m'lord, mercy! I'm but an old man from the village up north. No bandit, I ain't, I swear it."

And yet the audacity to shout at me.

"What were you doing here?" Wylis asked while eyeing the camp the men had set. It was very basic, tiny tents, only two of them. There was a quashed pit for fire with a pot hanging over it. There was also a wooden chest, and for some reason, large sacks full of dirt.

"N-Nowt, m'lord! Nowt, I swear by the Old Gods. Begging yer mercy, I won't be here again. I'll gather my things an—"

Wylis stretched the blade towards him, stopping him. "Nothing belongs to you this side of the river."

"A-Aye... I."

"I'll ask one last time. What were yo—"

Splash!

Instead of choosing to reply, the man turned and leaped right into the river, swimming away frantically.

"Aaaaargh!"

But right then, the escaping man let out a loud, pained groan. However, he kept swimming.

Wylis did nothing, having already broken one leg with Earthbending, and an unsuspecting rock that cracked a bit too hard at the man's knee.

"I'll catch him!"

Wylis grabbed Viserys by the collar just before the boy splashed into the water. "Leave it. Whatever he was doing, it's all in this camp. We only need to find it."

"Why didn't you punish them? They disrespected you?" Viserys asked angrily.

"What's the point? Just because I can slay them, must I? I find it tiresome. Six bodies would fall to me to manage. To burn them, you must tramp about gathering wood. To bury them, you must dig six graves with your own hands. That's a full day's labor, son. Too much work, would you not say?"

Viserys shut his mouth when he realized he'd have had to do the hard labor. "What now?"

"It'll be night soon. Let's use this fine camp they gifted us. Go take your swings at that tree. I'll see to supper. Caliburn, here, lad."

At his command, the big horse merrily trotted over. Wylis took some meat out of the pouches and began setting up the fire, and then the pot and pan over it. He cracked some eggs, a lot of meat, and heated the bread a little. On the side, he stirred a bean soup. Too bad, there was no milk, and he never traveled with wine.

While the food cooked, he finally sat on his ass over a large flat rock and watched Viserys take swings at the tree. It was nearly dark, and the boy's head was still shiny bald. Young, not that strong, Viserys kept hitting the tree at full power.

Eventually, Wylis had enough and walked over to him. "Carry on if your aim is only to knock men about. Slide the steel when you strike. A careless swat won't cut deep."

Viserys quickly adjusted himself to the instruction. But it was still not good enough.

"Come with me," Wylis ordered and brought the kid to the fire. He sat down in his place and patted the nearby stone. "Sit and watch."

He waited for Viserys to settle down, meekly sitting as Wylis was indeed too massive from that close. Viserys looked more like a toddler in comparison, not a ten-year-old.

"Feel this bread. Tough?" Wylis offered the loaf of bread.

Viserys felt it. It was nice and rough.

Wylis then picked up the knife and smacked the blade flat on it. Just a simple downward chop. Of course, the bread didn't cut much. But then he did a less forceful chop, only this time he slid the blade as well, clearly cutting far more.

"It's bread. But not so different when it comes to cutting men," Wylis said, setting down the plate. He ladled the bean soup into two bowls and shared the eggs and meat between them equally. "When with me, you'll eat as much as I do. Look at yourself, all bones. I used to steal from Winterfell's kitchen to keep myself fed; that's what got me this big. Milk, meat, eggs, less grease the better."

Wylis handed the plate over. Since it belonged to him, it looked laughably big in Viserys' hands. But before Wylis took his own plate, he gave Caliburn a few apples and carrots. Yes, the horse was seated near them, close to the fire. It was great to have such an understanding horse.

"Now this... is a meal." Wylis chomped on the meat and then scooped some bean soup with a piece of bread. But he saw Viserys's plate untouched. "Eat quickly. It gets cold faster outside."

"Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why are you teaching me? What if I defeat you?"

Oh? Went from kill to defeat now?

He smiled, using the Targaryen Loyalty gauge he got from the Savior of Targaryens title. While Rhaella's didn't need to be looked at, Viserys' number showed a big change. Back then, when he'd only saved them, it sat at 3 percent. Now it reached 20.

[Viserys Targaryen - 20% Loyalty]

Wylis patted Viserys on the back. "Well, son. Should you ever manage to best me one day, you absolutely deserve that victory and the right to gloat."

Viserys stared at him in silence.

"But be sure it's not when I'm ninety, a sack of bones and bad temper. That wouldn't be a victory, would it? More elder abuse, instead."

"Pfft..." Viserys snorted and looked down, pursing his lips to not laugh. He shoved food in his mouth and chomped loudly.

Wylis laughed at that and continued eating. He was a fast eater and also a much larger man. But he paced himself so Viserys could eat at his own pace. Only Caliburn was shameless enough to eat all the apples and carrots and ask for more with those puppy eyes that shouldn't exist on a horse. The fucker was far too intelligent.

"My lord?" Viserys asked mid-chewing.

"Go on."

"Why did you save us?"

Wylis hummed and looked at the stars in the sky. Normally, it was because of honor and duty and whatnot. But he knew saving Rhaella was an extreme risk that he took. And it was certainly not just for honor.

"Love, I believe."

"You love me?"

"..."

"Ah, my mother? But... you barely knew her." Viserys corrected himself quickly, red-faced.

"I knew her well enough. I knew her tears and cries, her struggles and hopes, and I had seen her smile. It was more than enough to love her. I would have cut down any man who stood between her and me, by that essence, you as well. Aye, I might have died for it, but that is kinder than a long life spent with regret," Wylis explained, his own thoughts slightly muddled.

He loved Rhaella a lot; he cherished her. But he loved Lyanna more; she was everything he ever wanted. He felt guilty somewhere deep inside. Guilty of giving his love to another.

Ugh. Never expected it'd be him to mess up my thoughts like this.

"What of your wife? How can you love two women?" Viserys asked.

"Who do you love more? Your sister or your mother?"

"I... I love them both."

"So there's your answer. A heart can hold more than one person, kid. You only need to learn what each beat means for each soul. For some, your love runs wild. For others, it burns steady and passionate." Wylis sighed and patted the boy's head. "Enough brooding. You have a home, and you are safe in my halls. Eat well, train hard, and grow wise."

Viserys nodded and looked at him intently for a very long time and then...

Huh? Don't remember ever seeing him smile like that.

"I'll still defeat you one day. I swear by my blood."

Wylis shrugged, mouth full, busy eating. "Uh-huh."

"I'm not jesting!"

"Um-hmm."

"Speak, dammit!"

"Sure, kid. Keep dreaming."

"I'll have the last laugh soon, old man!"

"Old? I'm only twenty-three."

"Uh-huh."

"..."

This cheeky brat.

Wylis just laughed and finished eating his meal. After that, he trained Viserys a little on how to swing a blade properly. Once the boy was tired, he let him take one of the tents.

He waited a while and made sure Viserys was asleep. Then finally, he opened the wooden chest the trespassers had left behind. Inside, he found strange things. A finely made metal mesh, clearly not cheap. Then there was a metal saucer with thin gaps on one side.

It's... No, that can't be it.

He recognised what the saucer was. But the possibility of it being what it was, and what those men may have been seeking with it, was too great to be real.

He placed the saucer on the ground by the fire and grabbed one of the sacks that was filled with mud. He scooped a big handful and put it in the saucer. Then he poured in a little water and checked Viserys' tent one last time.

Finally, he used Earthbending to separate the dirt from the water while giving the saucer a few little shakes. It was easy for him with Earthbending, as he could only move the dirt. Everything else just remained in the water.

No! Those fuckers!

He gulped at the end result. Little, sand-like shining particles, golden, glittered in the firelight.

Bastards were goldmining in my damn land. My damn gold!

Ting!

[Tyrant's Fief Update!]

[Land - 32000 acres.

People - 4818

Garrison - 70 Men

GDP - ??? Golden Dragons

Industries Main - Timber and fish

Cities - 0

Town - 1

Villages - 11

Ships - 20

Fleets - 0

Horses - 503

Cows - 854

Sheep - 7689

Goats - 1869]

"..."

The GDP part of the list completely turned into 'unknown'.

Ting!

[New Main Quest - Mine! Mine! Only Mine!

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

Goal - Claim all the gold in the river.

Reward - Goldsmithing & North's Resource Map]

A Main quest? That means... battle?