

The Northern Tyrant [Game of Thrones] Chapter 21 - Digging, Sacking, Saving & The End - [Higher Tier Bonus Reward]

Wylis couldn't be there for the last rites of the little babe. He wasn't supposed to be in that city. And disguises were useless with his height. But he was there for Chataya, in the brothel, amidst all the tight-lipped girls.

As steady as Chataya was, losing a child she carried for nine months in her womb was still a traumatic experience. But she was still a very strong woman and didn't refuse to eat or talk. While hurt and traumatized, she tried to act normal and keep things at the brothel under control.

Seeing that, Wylis couldn't bring himself to act troubled. He didn't feel like he had the right to feel it. All he'd done was sleep with her once and just leave, busying himself in battles. Yet, the matter refused to leave his head. He didn't want more children to die, but he couldn't be everywhere. And he was expecting eleven more children within that year.

I'd better be at Stoney Sept for those women. He reminded himself.

"Chataya." He sat by her side in a private chamber as the morning rolled in. "Don't torment yourself with work for a few days. Close the place for as long as you need to gather yourself. I'll help with funds."

Chataya shook her head.

"That wouldn't be fair to the girls."

"What about you?"

"I'm well. All things follow the gods' will, and so it is with this," Chataya said and looked at Wylis. "But you shouldn't linger here, my Lord. The King is most keen on capturing you, more than winning the war."

"I know, that is why I'm here," Wylis replied, not explaining any further. "But there is no war left to win. The prince is dead; all that's left is a mad husk to be removed. But heed my word, close the brothel until the final conclusion."

"The girls—"

"There could be a sacking." He sternly warned her. "You don't want sword-wielding crazed men storming your establishment, do you?"

Chataya frowned. She was not a naive, uninformed woman. If anything, she knew best what was going on inside King's Landing. The Rebellion was over. The only two armies left marching towards the city were the Rebels and the Lannisters. It made no sense that the new King would sack his own city. That left the Lannisters.

Dots were connected, and Chataya ended up nodding.

"You are kind to warn me, my Lord. I shall remember it."

Wylis smiled, his hand brushing her shoulder. "Set aside the lordly words. Things may not have gone the way we wanted, but our amity stands."

Chataya softly smiled. It was wrong to expect anything more.

"Well then, I shall take my leave." Wylis rose, casting a glance toward the window where sunlight poured through. "I hope you won't mind if I use that tunnel again."

"Not at all, my Lord."

Finally, Wylis untied a hidden pouch from his cloak and placed it where he was sitting. It jangled with coins. "I haven't much on me right now, but it'll carry you for a few days. Best get some rest while you can."

Wylis saw gratitude in her eyes. He wasn't chasing it. Kindness didn't cost him much. But at the same time, his brain couldn't stop reminding him that kindness to the right person was more fruitful than apathy.

With a final nod, he left her and went up to the turret room. He walked over to the cupboard, opened it, pushed the wooden panel, and entered the darkness. While standing on the ladder, he closed the cupboard and made it look like nothing was out of place.

Finally, with a small torch, he went down and walked towards the Dragon Pit. It was one of the locations where treasure was buried. Understandable as well, since it once held dragons and Targaryen princes, princesses, kings, and queens came there often.

But Wylis didn't know what the treasure was. He was hopeful of finding some fine steel, gold, or even dragon eggs. But again, Valyrian Steel and the dragon eggs were rewards for another quest that was yet to be completed.

Aware of where the general location of the treasure was, Wylis stopped in the middle of the tunnel and looked upward. Being much better at Earthbending than the last time, he looked up and punched the air.

Bam!

The dirt was compressed into a perfect circle. Then the ground under his feet rose, pushing him into the tunnel.

Bam!

He kept punching the dirt up into a sturdy tunnel. He compressed the loose dirt, stopping it from falling on him. It was a claustrophobia galore, but with Earthbending, getting stuck underground was the least of his worries.

A little to the left.

He adjusted himself, making sure he wasn't digging right underneath the treasure just in case it was too big for him.

Bam!

He went up at least ten meters before he stopped tunneling and instead dug sideways to the left. Being surrounded by earth, his senses were enough to guide him. Finally, he used Earthbending delicately, digging out the treasure. He could feel it, a box no bigger than his head.

"What's this?"

In moments, the box was in his hand, the little torch making it visible. It was made of metal and heavily corroded. The contours on it were evidence of delicate patterns that once existed. But still, the box was intact.

Knock! Knock!

He took out his small dagger and pried it open since the keyhole was ruined. He put a little extra force, and the entire lock crumbled.

"Gold coins?"

The treasure was gold. Probably a past royal's secret stash. It was hard to count since the coins had gotten stuck together. But they were definitely gold dragons.

I'd say a thousand at least by the weight. Could be more.

Wylis was by no means a poor man. His tourney earnings, Rhaegar's secret stash, and more earnings and rewards from his travels were still untouched. His wealth neared a hundred thousand gold dragons. While it was a considerable amount for an upstart knight, it was still nothing for an ambitious lord.

All gold is good.

He closed the box and went back down to the main tunnel. There, he dug a secret hole in the ground and hid the treasure.

Quickly after, he dug up again and this time found scattered diamonds, as if a woman's necklace was violently shattered. Soon, he found the necklace as well, made of gold, full of intricate details.

Someone was either murdered or...

Since he found no dead body, he reckoned it was the latter. Now, who would dare do something to a likely royal princess or queen, he didn't know. He hid the necklace and diamonds back inside the main tunnel, marking that hole he'd dug, a little pocket he could return to later and just take everything.

Next, he found a longsword. It was corroded as well. But its hilt was jaded with precious stones and gold.

He kept digging that entire day, not just the Dragon Pit, but the rest of King's Landing as well. But the pattern was noticeable; the treasures were only underneath the well-off part of King's Landing. Luckily, it saved him time.

He made countless branches from that main tunnel.

More jewelry, many more swords, and at times, he found small and large chests filled with gold coins, gold ornaments, or just gold bricks on rare occasions. The places he found gold were usually under some merchant's house. Some chests even looked new, clearly hidden there recently. Wylis still took them.

Sadly, no Valyrian Steel or dragon eggs.

By the end of that day, Wylis had become a rat. He'd made a secret network of tunnels under most of King's Landing. Only he knew their location, and only he could access them with Earthbending.

Ultimately, only the treasures underneath the Red Keep were left, so once night covered the entire city and curfew was imposed, he surfaced near the Eel Alley, his longsword on his back, dagger on his waist, and a mysterious cloth slung over his shoulder.

Mindful of the patrols, he returned to the same tunnel he'd used to escape in the past. Its entrance was hidden with Earthbending.

Clank!

Clank!

Hearing the clanking armor noise, he quickly hid behind a corner, right before reaching the final street beyond which Aegon's Hill became steep.

"I heard that Lord Tywin will arrive with his army tonight."

"Aye, we can still win this damn war."

"It matters shit. Whoever sits on the damn throne, nothing changes for us."

The three Goldcloaks passed the dark alley where Wylis was hiding, chattering without a care.

Tonight?

Wylis frowned, recalibrating his plans. His intention behind gathering all the treasure quickly was simple. He didn't want to stay inside King's Landing after ending the rebellion for good, nor did he plan on returning anytime soon. As soon as he got his castle, he wanted to head North and repair his abode, erect new walls and towers with Earthbending, build dungeons, warehouses, and upgrade the entire castle.

With the entire realm in disarray, nobody would bother with sudden changes to his new home. It was the best time to recklessly abuse Earthbending. He had to expand the castle as much as he wanted from the beginning, because once it'd become famous and wealthy, there would be too many merchants, smallfolk, and nobles roaming about.

No use digging for treasure anymore.

But still, he had to do a little bit of digging. After entering his old escape tunnel, instead of following the same path, he dug downwards, towards the cliff side of Aegon's High Hill that faced the sea.

Woosh!

Thud!

Soon, he fell through a hole with a hard thud. Right away, the salty air of the sea struck his face. He grabbed the torch on the verge of dousing and raised it high. It was common knowledge that the Red Keep had secret passages under it.

Wylis had found the secret cavern that faced Blackwater Bay, the best and easiest route to escape the Red Keep. He walked around, making sure that the place wasn't guarded or used by any smuggler.

After finding no footprints, nor any boats at the cavern's mouth, he walked back inside. Quickly, he started to use hand gestures and carved a small room in the cavern's wall, just enough for four or five people to sit or stand. Then he covered the opening that led into the open cavern, leaving just tiny holes for air to pass.

Effectively, even if someone were to patrol that cave and search, they wouldn't find the hidden room Wylis had made.

Too much digging for one day.

Although he hadn't swung his sword, Wylis felt sore all over.

But wasting no time, he started digging upwards from that secret room. He had a general direction in mind, aiming for Maegor's Holdfast. Unlike the rest of the Red Keep, there was no secret passage leading into Maegor's Holdfast.

Adjusting the slope and the size of the tunnel, he had to dig it bigger this time, enough for people to crawl through easily. He also had to dig horizontally to reach under Maegor's Holdfast. Wylis was, effectively, making the first and the only secret passage into the most guarded inner castle of the Red Keep.

Creak!

Hmm?

All of a sudden, he felt a nearby wall chip a little and make a hole. It only meant one thing: he was very close to another cavern.

"Hah! This will be my finest work!"

Wylis heard a voice and quickly doused the flames of his torch. Then he looked outside through the hole. It was all dark, but there was one flickering light alongside footsteps. It came closer.

Two?

"King Aerys is wise."

"My Lord, we must leave."

"No need, no need at all! Lord Tywin himself waits beyond the walls, and soon King Aerys shall open the gates wide. Then the city will be sealed, sealed tighter than stone, brighter than wildfire. Impenetrable!"

What the... Holy... shit!

Wylis almost cursed loudly. The two men, dressed in brown robes, walked with a lantern covered by glass. Wylis only got one glimpse, but he noticed long racks behind the walking men. It was full of jars.

Wildfire!

He waited for the two men to leave. But then, just as he was about to leave, he thought of something.

What if... It'll be easier to hide things.

Slow, careful, he crawled out of the tunnel into that cellar, grabbed the smallest sealed jar he could find, and took it. Then he patched up the hole in the wall as strongly as he could. Then,

without burning his torch, he continued to dig. He was afraid that there could be more wildfire stored somewhere.

West, slightly going up. He took short rests, ate some dried beef he'd brought along, and then continued. It was taking longer since he was digging for others. He had Earthbending to push him through steep slopes, but others didn't.

He used his Earthbending to sense the surroundings. And eventually, he converged back with the old tunnel he'd dug for his escape. It was right underneath Maegor's Holdfast.

Quickly, he went up through the old tunnel, passing by the torture chamber where he'd last seen Pycelle experimenting. Going up, he neared the Black Cells.

Wait a moment... Air?

He stopped crawling. He remembered having sealed the tunnel's opening from inside the castle. There should have been no air current inside.

Grrr~

Grrr~

The sound of something dragging on the dirt came closer to him.

Wylis moved towards it, just ahead in the tunnel.

Bam!

What?!

Something bumped into his head hard.

"Who's there?!" Wylis roared and grabbed his dagger from his waist. With Earthbending, he sensed one lone man.

"Ugh! My fucking head!"

The other man groaned.

Wylis crawled backwards a little to build some distance, and then grabbed the quashed torch. Using flint and his dagger, he quickly made fire and stretched the torch ahead. He wasn't scared; he could deal with the enemy by just collapsing the tunnel a little.

"Who ar..." Right as Wylis was about to speak, the other man raised his face. "You're alive?"

"Wylis?"

Silence fell between them. Then they both smiled widely like long-lost brothers. Then they rushed to each other.

Bam!

They ended up banging their heads on the ceiling at the same time. The aim was to hug each other like brothers.

"Shits, Wylis, keep that to yourself. I don't kiss lads." Brandon groaned and sat back, laughing.

Wylis chuckled, questions plenty in his head, but he didn't ask them. Seeing Brandon alive and in good health was enough. If Brandon could still joke, things were alright.

"Escaping?" Wylis asked.

"Damn right I'm done with this dung heap. Fell into this cave in the Black Cells and thought I'd see where it led. And here you are. Come to rescue me, are you?" Brandon asked back, smiling. "I knew you'd..."

Wylis shook his head. "I didn't even know you were still alive."

"..."

Brandon frowned. "Then..."

"Why not? I carved this tunnel myself when I needed to flee," Wylis said with pride. "The rebellion's done. I killed Aegon, drove steel through his heart. Here to claim the King's head."

"We won?" Brandon barked out a laugh. "Ha! Then tell me, where's Ned? Did we batter down the city gates already?"

"No, just me. Tywin's set to sack the city and kill the King himself to earn Robert's favor. Can't let him do that." Wylis revealed honestly, since there was no other way for Brandon to confirm it. "You?"

"Ser Barristan," Brandon replied, his brows creased in anger. "Aerys wanted me burned like Father. Ser Barristan begged to keep me caged, a hostage for Ned. Fed me daily too."

Thank heavens I didn't kill him at Trident then.

"So, what's the plan? We take the King's head?" Brandon asked back. "Two of us."

"You don't look that good. Barristan's been away from the Red Keep for weeks, and it shows. You're frail as a wraith, not even strong enough to bear a sword. You'll slow me." Wylis sternly told him. He had other things to do as well, after all. "Go down this tunnel, keep left when it turns. There's a chamber I made, hidden from all eyes. Wait there till I come back."

"Bullshit! I'll fight!" Brandon protested.

Wylis shook his head. "We've lost enough already, Brandon. Trust me—I'll see the Mad King dead. Take the torch and move."

Glaring eyes, Brandon stared at Wylis' face for some time. But then he silently grabbed the torch. "You better kill that bastard, or I'll kick your ass."

"As if you can," Wylis smirked.

"We'll see." Brandon chuckled and started moving. He made Wylis crawl flat to one side of the wall, and then slid past him himself. It was a tight squeeze, but enough to do that. "By the way..."

Wylis heard from the darkness, the voice coming from behind him.

"What happened to Winterfell? I mean..."

"Eddard's the Lord of Winterfell now," Wylis answered. "Married Catelyn to get Tully's support. Already got himself a son."

There was a long silence.

"Fuck!" Brandon cursed. "She had fine tits!"

"..."

That's what annoyed you?

"Aye, she did," Wylis replied.

"Wait, when did y—Ah, the bedding? Dammit, I missed the chance to see 'em." Brandon sighed and started crawling away. "Better describe them to me later, Wylis. They were... dreamy, kept me sane here."

Wylis chuckled, a little admiring and a little questioning of his friend. Brandon was one of the fiercest and weirdest men he knew. Even after living in Black Cells for over a year, he still has a sense of humor and reality.

"With fine details, Brandon."

In a way, Brandon had lost everything. Winterfell, the woman he was to marry, his father, and also his sister. It made Wylis wonder what would happen later. Would Eddard give up the lordship? Would Hoster Tully allow that? His precious daughter being demoted to a second son's wife? Would Brandon fight Eddard over Winterfell?

Time will tell.

In darkness, Wylis continued up the tunnel and eventually arrived at the ground floor of Maegor's Keep, where the large ballroom was located. He pushed the stones away and peeked outside. It was as empty as the last time he was there.

Once again, he traced the old route. Used the wall, climbed using protruding stones he made himself, and then dug into the tiny room he lived in as the Queen's guard. It was empty, filled with buckets and brooms now.

He continued from there, a few stones removed, a small climb, and reached Rhaella's bedchamber. For a short moment, he looked towards the bed, remembering nothing but fond memories. But he knew that the bedchamber itself held more sad memories.

Soon... you'll know nothing but bliss.

Scrrrr~

At last, Wylis pulled out his massive sword and walked over to the door after closing the hole in the floor. He'd made sure to cover his tracks. The door was locked from the outside, but quick Earthbending made the lock useless.

He peeked out at the long corridor, lit by torches. It was early morning, three hours past midnight. It should have been silent everywhere. But he heard something, very distant, a hum, screams of chaos.

It's started!

No bells were ringing. After all, the gates were opened in the hope that Tywin would save the city, not sack it.

Wylis no longer hid and fastwalked towards the other end of the floor where the Princess and her children lived. There were no soldiers, no guards. Only two Kingsguards had survived the war; one was wounded at Trident, and the other was with the King.

"Nooooo!"

"Waaaaa~"

"Please! I beg you!"

"M-Mama...!"

Wylis reached the door at the end of the hallway. Loud noise was audible from inside: an older woman's pleading, a babe's crying, a little girl's fearful calls for her mother.

Aegon...

The Bloodline Terminator quest was still ongoing. He'd killed Rhaegar; Aerys was next. But Aegon was a baby, and Viserys was an annoying kid. But Wylis didn't know if the quest would continue even after the Rebellion.

If I enter after Aegon's killed.

The death won't be at his hands then.

New Title, Worldwide fame, Method of forging Valyrian Steel. That was the reward. It was hefty. The last one alone could make him the richest and most influential man in the world.

But Amory would get to Rhaenys first.

"Please, no... Stay away!"

The pleading screams grew louder, pained, weeping. In the midst was a sick masculine laughter.

No! That's ain't right.

Although he'd come prepared for both choices, the final decision was still his to make.

Wylis' grip on the sword's hilt grew tight. His eyes grew cold with resolve. The face of the dead baby he'd just failed to save resurfaced in his memory. He'd be no less of a murderer if he ignored the murder when it was happening, when he had the strength to stop it.

A tyrant would not fear a child. Less a babe.

Ting!

[New Hidden Quest - A Tyrant's Dignity

Description - Children are pure. Their hearts are shaped by the one who forges them. To murder a child is to murder innocence. A tyrant stands no such injustice.

Goal - Obliterate Gregor Clegane and Amory Lorch in a fitting way.

Reward - Self-Respect]

Didn't need that nudge.

Wasting no more time, he raised his right foot high to kick the door.

A fitting death?

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Moments ago,

Elia was nervous about everything.

She paced left and right across her room despite it being so late. She wanted to leave King's Landing. Return to Dorne. But King Aerys wouldn't let her go. Robert's rule was certain, and she hoped that man wouldn't be as mad as the current King.

But she still feared for her children. She looked at them, Aegon and Rhaenys sleeping on the bed so peacefully.

Her eyes welled up with tears. Feeling so hopeless, so alone there. Everyone had left her side. The Kingsguard, the Queen, and even her own husband. She had no allies there. Not one soul she could rely on. Even the servants hadn't come that night, and she didn't know why. It made her even more anxious.

Creak!

Bam!

"Hm?"

All of a sudden, she heard a noise from the window. It was left open that night to let in some fresh air. It was safe since the room was so high up on that straight castle wall.

"No!"

But then she saw a thick hand latch on the windowsill. Then the head came into view, and then the face. A face so hauntingly big, full of rage, covered in dirt and sweat.

"Finally... found you... bitch!"

"No!" Elia cried and jumped onto the bed. She grabbed Aegon and dragged Rhaenys off the bed. The little girl was sleepy and took moments to fully wake up and realize what was happening.

"Hah! Where are you going?"

Elia tried to rush towards the door, but the large man jumped inside faster and blocked her way. He was tall, so tall, like a behemoth. She'd seen Wylis, stood beside him, but this man was even bigger. And she knew exactly who it was. She'd seen him during the tourney.

"Ugh... She looks fine, Ser Clegane!"

Right then, another man jumped in, much shorter but sturdy, with a pig-like face and vile eyes, a voice so thigh and high-pitched. He licked his lips just at Elia's sight.

"Later, Lorch. Rid the little shits first," Gregor Clegane ordered, his voice surprisingly not matching his size.

"N-No... Please! Don't hurt them! I'll do anything!" Elia cried and pushed Rhaenys towards the bed. "Hide, Rhaenys! Hide under the bed!"

"And do what?" Amory Lorch asked, giggling, dagger in his hand as he walked towards the bed. "I'll butcher the little bitch first. Then that little shit in your arms. Then, I'll fuck you... Hah, I'll fuck the Princess, the Queen hopeful, maybe in the ass? What do you say, Ser Clegane?"

Gregor just grunted and walked towards Elia.

"No! Stay away... Who sent you? T-Take the gold, take all the jewelry! Please, don't do this." Elia pleaded and hugged Aegor tighter in her arms.

But Elia saw it. Their eyes spoke the truth. They were there to kill her and her children. What they wanted to do with her body was just their twisted means of torture.

She pushed backwards, trying to dig herself into the wall, any way to stay away. Tears rolled down her face. All hope was lost. She didn't even have a knife to end it herself. To save herself from that torture. Save her children.

"Mama... No! Let me go!"

Rhaenys' screams broke her. She blamed herself for it all. For putting her faith in Rhaegar. For hoping that he'd change. She blamed herself for not being more selfish. More active.

"I-I'm... sorry... Forgive me, Rhaenys... Aegon."

She saw that large hand reach for her chest, for Aegon.

Her vision started to go blurry from the endless tears. Her throat was dry, her temples throbbed by the fear she felt. Her heart felt like it was ready to burst. She hugged Aegon harder.

"Uwaaaaaa~"

The baby started to cry.

"Mama...!" Rhaenys screamed.

Amory Lorch laughed. Gregor Clegane sneered.

"Caught you!" Amory cheered when he grabbed Rhaenys by her ankle and pulled her out.

BOOM!

Woooosh!

Out of nowhere, a deafening bang reverberated. The entire door of the bedchamber came loose, flew in, and slammed hard into the wall. Gregor, Amory, and Elia all stared.

"Your Grace."

"Wylis!" Rhaenys cried and kicked her ankle free from Amory's grip, and crawled back under the bed. She crawled all the way to the other side, got up, and ran up to Wylis and hugged his leg.

"T-They hurt me and mama, and Aegon!"

Wylis patted little Rhaenys's head. "Really? Alright, I'll punish them. Go to that corner and cover your eyes. Wait until I bid you to look."

"You'll punish them?"

"I will."

Rhaenys was a good girl. She listened to Wylis and went to the distant, safe corner and cupped her hands over her eyes.

Finally, Wylis walked in. He didn't have his longsword in hand, just a dagger instead.

"Gregor Clegane? And this one... your husband? Losing your cock to my blade didn't satisfy you, so you came for more? Why? Want me to carve a cunt on you too?" Wylis mocked them, and sure enough, Gregor reacted, leaving his assault on Elia and focusing on him.

"He's the one?" Amory voiced and unsheathed his shortsword. "I'll carve him good."

Clap-clap!

Wylis clapped his hands. "Such a protective husband you have, Gregor."

"Haaaa!" Amory ran towards Wylis, sword aimed high.

Wylis didn't react. Instead, he holstered his dagger and waited for Amory to reach him. The difference between their size was so obvious that Amory's confidence was surprising.

"I'll... kill..." Amory abruptly shoved his hand in his tunic's pocket and threw a fine powder at Wylis. "You!"

Wylis reacted by throwing the bag that was slung over his shoulder at Amory. "Catch!"

Amory's momentum was destroyed.

Wylis was unscathed.

Bam!

By then, Wylis had captured Amory by the throat and lifted him in the air. The man wasn't light or small, but Wylis' strength was shocking.

"I knew a lowlife brute like you would try something like this," Wylis said and rushed towards the nearest wall, Amory's head in his tight grip and...

Bam!

He smashed Amory's head into the stone wall. He slammed it so hard that the nose, the cheek, and the forehead, all of it, broke right away.

"Aaaaaaargh!"

Amory screamed at the top of his lungs.

He's not moving?

Surprisingly, Gregor Clegane didn't come to save his comrade.

Wylis didn't bother and kept Amory pinned against the wall. Then, he took out the dagger again and...

Stab! Stab! Stab! Stab! Stab! Stab!...

Wylis stabbed Amory dozens of times, again and again, purposefully avoiding the vital organs that would kill the man too quickly. Amory tried to free himself, tried to punch Wylis, but his fist was weak, his face was broken, one eye blind.

Stab! Stab! Stab!...

Again and again, for an unusually long time, Wylis stabbed Amory until his entire tunic was soaked in blood, and a large crimson pool formed underneath his feet. The whole time, Wylis was staring at Gregor Clegane, the eight-foot cockless giant.

Stab! Stab! Stab!...

Amory was dead. Wylis was still stabbing, carving out a hole in Amory's chest.

For Rhaenys.

Thud!

Finally, he let Amory's body fall into its own puddle of blood.

"What's wrong, Gregor? I thought we were friends." Wylis stepped closer to the Mountain, who would never ride. "Care for another spar? No steel this time. That'll save your balls... Ah, I mean ball. That's all there's left, right? Just one."

"Wraaaaa! You!"

Bam!

Gregor Clegane punched at Wylis's face. The Westerland giant was a whole foot taller.

But Wylis caught that fist in his palm with ease. "Gods! What happened to your voice? You sound rather... soft. And the punch? Is that all?"

"Aaaargh!"

Gregor kicked.

Wylis raised his shin knowingly and...

Crack!

Gregor broke his own knee with that kick.

Thud!

"Argh!"

PTSD? Wylis noticed Gregor's shaking eyelids. The man wasn't moving smoothly either. As if frightened by him.

For a brief moment, he looked at Elia, standing frozen where she was before, against the wall, tears, but some hope in there now. Small Aegon had stopped crying and looked at them.

"Fitting?"

Muttering that, Wylis straddled Gregor's chest, pressed both his knees on Gregor's arms, keeping him locked there.

Bam!

He punched the giant so he'd stop writhing.

Bam!

He punched again.

Bam!

He kept punching until Gregor was barely conscious, his face swollen.

"Your Grace, look away. Rhaenys, don't look!"

Wylis gave one final warning and then dug down with both hands like spread claws.

"Ngggh! Aaaaagh!" Gregor roared in pain.

Wylis pushed his thumbs into Gregor's eyesockets, the rest of his palm pressing down even harder.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaa~!" Gregor thrashed his legs.

"This... is... fitting... for you!" Wylis grunted and used all the strength he had and...

Crack!

Gregor's head cracked.

Splash!

Then the head splashed, squashed, battered into an ugly, squelching paste of blood, bones, and brain matter.

Ting!

[Hidden Quest Completed - A Tyrant's Dignity

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Reward - Self-Respect]

Fitting indeed. Wylis rose to his feet again, not much bothered by that much gore anymore.

"Your Grace?" He walked over to Elia and touched her shoulder.

The Dornish woman opened her eyes at last and looked at his face with horror.

"I came as quickly as I could. Tywin is sacking the city apart. You must follow me and leave at once," Wylis urged her. "Robert and Tywin may spare your life, but Rhaenys and Aegon—they will never be safe. They'll be sent to Essos or handed over to some cruel lord as hostages under the name of fostering."

There was fear. There was doubt written all over Elia's face. She didn't know who to trust. But Wylis was the first and only man to offer her a way out.

"T-Thank you... Ser."

"I did it for Rhaenys," Wylis told her, and looked at the small baby in her arms, his violet eyes looking back at him. "And him."

He'd officially fucked things up now. By saving Rhaenys and Aegon, Robert's rule will be under constant threat.

Fuck it! I'll plan as we go.

"Let's move!"

Wylis grabbed Elia's thin wrist and pulled her along. Then he grabbed Rhaenys in his arms and led the three out fast. Since taking them using Rhaella's room wasn't possible, he took them down by the common stairs.

The castle was empty that night. The Goldcloaks had left, perhaps joined the sacking. The servants were hiding somewhere else.

"In here." He brought them into the ballroom on the ground floor and then removed the bricks. "This tunnel will take you to a safe room. Just keep left when the turn comes. You'll find Brandon Stark there as well. I saved him. If he growls, take my name. Fucker owes me."

Finally, he handed her a torch.

"You won't come?" Elia asked.

"Come with us, Wylis," Rhaenys pleaded.

"I can't, Your Grace. The King still holds the throne. But don't worry, just wait for me in the secret chamber. It's sealed; only I can open it from the outside. I'll come for you in the morning and ready a boat so you can leave King's Landing. Here, take this blade, use it to shave Aegon's hair later."

Elia obeyed his instructions. She received a cloth from Wylis and tied Aegon against her chest. Then, she made Rhaenys enter the tunnel first. It was big for her and the little girl since a man of Wylis's size dug it.

"Ser Wylis..." Elia looked at him right before entering the tunnel. "Thank you."

"Go now." He waved his hand, as if shooing her. "I did what's right."

In moments, the light inside the tunnel faded.

Now to hide the damn deed.

He ran this time. He didn't know when Jaime was going to kill Aerys, but he had to do it first. However, he had one more thing to do. He ran upstairs in Maegor's Holdfast and returned to Elia's bedchamber. He grabbed the jar of wildfire he'd left outside.

Quickly, he opened the cloth bag he'd brought before. From inside, he took out skeletons he'd found while digging for treasures. One female, one babe, and one child. He'd come prepared for it, even though he had doubts about whether he should save them or not.

"This should do it."

He poured some of that green liquid on Gregor and Amory's corpses as well. After that, he made a puddle beside the bedside table.

He grabbed a small rope, a candle, and a wooden torch from the corridor. He tied one end of the rope to the torch and the other to a bronze showpiece on the side table. He then tilted the torch sideways off the table, held from falling by the rope. Then, he placed the candle under that rope.

Eventually, the candle would burn the rope, the torch would fall to the floor, and ignite the wildfire.

It was still risky.

Wylis wasted no time and left the bedchamber, running downstairs again. He returned to the ballroom, entered the same tunnel, fixed the floor above, and went west. Soon, he saw roots coming down from the top, and once that ended, he dug up and popped out right at the outdoor courtyard, the main yard that led straight to the throne room.

Ugh! I'm filthy!

Covered in dirt, he unsheathed his blade, fixed the ground, and ran straight towards the throne room. Once again, there were no guards outside.

He climbed the stairs, panting from overuse of Earthbending.

"Halt!"

At last, two guards were standing outside the throne room's gates.

"Can't."

Woosh!

Clank!

Wylis swung a wide strike with his sword. The first man lost his head, but the second blocked with his blade. But that wasn't enough. Wylis kicked the man in the chest, threw him back, and then stabbed straight at the man's throat through the gaps of his helmet.

Creeaaak~

He pushed the throne room's doors open.

"Burn them all! Burn them all! Burn them all!"

"Ser Jaime?" Wylis called out.

Right on time!

Ser Jaime was standing beside the throne on the right, in his full armor except for the helmet, his hand just on the verge of pulling out his sword.

"My champion!" Aerys bellowed from his throne. "Come closer! Closer! Yes, yes, I knew you would come! My giant, my blade! Forgiven, forgiven! I forgive you! Rhaegar, traitor, traitor! You—oh, so marvelous, so perfect!"

"..."

Wylis continued to walk towards the throne, his eyes on Jaime the whole time. They were on friendly terms before he left. Even now, he saw only curiosity in Jaime's eyes.

"Mmm... yes, yes, come closer. Stand by me. With you... I will win it all. The throne, the kingdom, everything... mine again! Yes, yes, with you!"

Wylis ignored the King as he started to climb the stairs of the dias, just a few steps from the throne. He looked at Jaime. "For you, it'll be a stain on your honor. For me, it'll be my pride, Ser Jaime."

Ser Jaime smiled like he always did, half cocky and half handsome. "Someone had to get their hands dirty."

Wylis eyed the King again. "Let it be mine."

BOOM!

An explosion rang out from a distance. The ground shook slightly.

Had me worried there if it'd explode.

"Yes! Yes! My man, my fire! It's here! All mine! Tywin, that wretched snake, he'll burn! Every last one of them! Hahaha! See, my champion, I am unstoppable! I foresaw it all!"

Scrrr!

Wylis dragged his sword on the floor first and then raised it. He stood right in front of the throne, in the middle, looking down at the King. He kept raising his sword higher, but the manner was strange. He held the hilt with both hands, but the blade, rather than pointing upwards, pointed down.

"Foresaw? Then, Your Grace, can you tell me what's about to happen next?"

"Haha! What else? I shall win! No, I have won!" King Aerys roared, his eyes hollow and red, his mouth spitting, his curled nails a sight of filth, his beard and face ravaged by the late-stage

cancer killing Westeros. Mmm... my fire will take it all! Ashes! And from the ashes I will rise again! Again, yes, again, with your might, my champion!"

"Wrong." Wylis raised the hilt of the sword as high as he could, the dangling tip pointed at Aerys's head. "You die now!"

Woosh!

The air sang as his blade cut through it.

"Aaargh—Nooo!"

Aerys had a brief moment to react. To scream.

Slash!

Wylis's six-foot-long blade drove into the King's face just as the man screamed. The sharp sword traveled down, shattering apart the jaw, the throat, the blade's width too much to be contained in that fragile frame.

Blood sprayed everywhere like a fountain. On Wylis, on the floor.

Spurt-Squelch

The blade continued to travel.

Wylis' strength made it far too easy. The King was skewered, but he was alive to feel all that pain in those dying moments.

"Ungh!"

There was shock written in those violet eyes. The final sparks in it were of no fire, just pain and defeat.

The blade missed the heart and punctured his lungs, then passed through his belly, and at last, clattered hard against the metal seat of the Iron Throne, coming fully out under him.

"Ugh... Ngh!"

The King was still alive.

Wylis released the hilt of his sword and stepped back a little, and watched. The skewered King, still seated, gurgling, gushing, spraying blood everywhere.

Soon, the final little twitches of the self-proclaimed dragon just... stopped.

Ting!

[Updated Bounty - Nullified]

Ting!

[Main Quest Completed- The Most Wanted Man

Description - You have escaped, but now hunted. The King desires your life, blood, and soul, and the price he's put is 1,000,000 Gold Dragons. Beware, every Tom, Dick, and Harry will be swayed by the lure. If enough ants strike, even the elephant falls.

Goal - The Tyrant's playground is set. Win the rebellion for the one you support.]

Reward - Location of all forgotten Valyrian Steel and Dragon Eggs in Westeros and Essos.

"..."

The information flowed into his head so fast—Locations, numbers, types.

That many? How is that... possible?

But that was far from the end of Tyrant Squire's pings.

Ting!

Ting!

Ting!

"..."

Ting!

Ting!

Jack-fucking-pot!