

*What would Robert do?* Eddard didn't think about it for too long as the blonde queen suckled his fat cock. He had been with Robert since childhood and knew the man more than any. *Unbridled fury and bloodthirst.*

"I know, whore... I know plenty!" Robert caught her golden locks tightly behind her head and lifted her face to look at it.

Cersei's expression went from a smirk to panic. Her lips shivered, and her face was coated in the sticky substance she had dribbled all over Robert's loins. "R-Robert... Wh—"

Robert's furious blue eyes had turned bloodshot red. Inside, not only Robert's memories but also Eddard's memories fused together to create a torrent of fury. His fingers clenched harder on her hair as if resolved to rip them off.

"Do you think the realm's full of dimwits and you're the only one with sense? That you can keep on bedding that vile Kingslayer brother of yours and no one will find out? That you can birth those spineless, scrawny runts from your filthy cunt and no one would notice?!"

If there was any doubt about what Robert was getting at, that veil was quickly removed. Cersei struggled, flailing her arms onto his belly to free her aching scalp. "Robert... Y-You're hurting me!"

Robert Baratheon roared with fury, his voice echoing through the bedchamber. "So what, whore! You've ruined me! You murdered Ned! You've set the realm ablaze! As vile as your mouth is, your cunt is filthier! Three incest spawns! I'll have their heads on pikes, just as you did to Ned!"

"Nooo!" Cersei's voice trembled, her panic evident as she struggled to rise, her efforts futile against the unyielding grip of the giant fist pinning her down. Her ample, slightly sagging breasts hung precariously in the limited space between her chin and his imposing cock.

"I-I... Robert, they're your children! I swear it by the name of the Seven!"

"Is that why you tore my royal will, dismissed Ser Barristan, and beheaded Ned?" Robert roared. There was nowhere for her to run now. She was trapped in the worst state possible. "Guards!"

"No, Robert, please!" Cersei implored, her eyes shimmering with crocodile tears, a performance worthy of the stage. The only thought consuming her now was to quell his wrath and escape the bedchamber. "I-I... I can still give you children! Yes, I'll give birth to many more heirs—sons and daughters! Y-You can send Joffrey and Tommen to Casterly Rock... They'll never lay a claim to the throne."

"Save your breath!" Robert sneered and shook her head with some force.

"More heirs, you say? More bastard sons and daughters to fill my halls? Casterly Rock? As if I'd trust a Lannister to keep his word! No! The boy will face his fate here, under my roof, and I'll hear no more of it!"

Cersei continued to sob, her eyes moving left and right in search of an escape. She had to leave King's Landing immediately with her children. "T-Then... Let me hold my children one last time!"

Robert silently gazed into her eyes and noted the defiance right away. She had no desire to surrender. On top of that, this was no longer Robert, nor Ned who had already been fooled once.

*She'll escape King's Landing if I let her go. Ugh... What would Robert do?*

Suddenly, Robert's grip on Cersei's hair lessened. She heaved a sigh of relief, believing he was letting her go. "Robe—"

"Grace! It's Your Grace for you!" Robert flared up again but maintained a gentler demeanor. If it was Robert, he already knew what that brute of a King would have done. His gaze purposefully landed on her full, soft breasts. "A true heir?... Can you give me one?"

Cersei excitedly looked up at him again, confident and somewhat proud of her beauty. For Robert to lust after her body even now. She had him in her palm, she reckoned. As usual, a man's weakness, no matter who.

"If you'll have me, Robe—Your Grace, I'll carry your seed once, twice, as many times as you desire."

*She must be thinking so lowly of me at this moment.* Robert, or in this case Eddard, felt heavy in the heart. But he wanted to avoid hitting her, and gods had gifted one massive tool to Robert to procreate and subdue women. Too bad, he never used it on the woman he should have. *Forgive me, Cat. Only this once, this night. I'll solve all the troubles of the North. I'll avenge... myself and Robert.*

"Then get off me... On your hands and knees," Robert ordered, pushing her face away from his groin. With biting regret growing in his heart, he couldn't do it looking at her face, he felt. "Quick, whore!"

For the first time in her life, Cersei obeyed a man so quickly. She hated it, swearing in the name of gods and her own life to one day have her revenge. For now, she chose to endure it and show 'love' to this brute of a King.

*I'm sorry, Cat.* Robert breathed heavily, lifting his large frame up on the velvety soft bed. He shifted on his knees and got behind Cersei's plump arse. She was naked already and had taken off his breeches. So he removed his loose tunic as well and got as naked as the day he was

born. He hated looking at his own body, although a little less, the belly was still immense. *Why would any woman love this?*

Yet the tool that mattered was massive. Robert glanced down at her spread rear, ivory pale, soft as a feather, fleshy, and worthy of birthing babes. Too bad she chose to spawn bastards. He ignored the pale brown star-shaped rim and rubbed the cockhead up and down over her clean, but used-up slit.

Cersei jolted each time Robert's cock slapped her cunt. To her, it seemed as if Robert was playing with her. But for Robert, it was a mere struggle to get it up. But a man's cock remained a man's cock. Cersei was still a beauty and one who had spread herself for him.

A few moments later the King's cock stood erect in all its glory. His fist clenched the girth from the base, which still left more of his cock kissing the air, more than what his palm had clenched.

"Ugh...!" Finally, Robert shifted forward, probing in with the cockhead, spreading the dry, almost loose cunt wide. He had no clue if Robert had even been with her, the memories had no such instance. "Mh...!"

The guilty pleasure took Robert's mind by storm. She looked loose, yet his cock found a warm, tight embrace. The dryness turned into silky heat as soon as he reached deeper, making her clench herself and fight around him. His eyes failed to look away from the sinking rod.

*She's just a whore... She's just a whore.. She will never be my beloved wife.* He reminded himself so as to not lose himself in pleasure.

"Aaaah! Robert, not s... Ugh-deep!" Cersei groaned, her fingers clenched on the bed sheets.

Pa!

Robert slapped her soft arse with force. "Your Grace! That's what you'll call me, whore! You're a broodmare to me, nothing more!"

*Gods, I seek your forgiveness. Please make this all worth it!* Robert sought forgiveness at the same time. Not from the Seven, however.

"Oooh! Y-Your Grace, be gentle." Cersei pleaded.

With that sizable cock spreading her beyond her wildest dreams, she unknowingly contracted her silken walls and it always backfired. A pleasure like never before, she couldn't remember when she was last stretched so far. "Aaah!"

Both of Robert's palms rested on her pale asscheeks. He fondled them, clenched them hard, and spread them while shoving more of himself in. He hadn't even started thrusting in and out yet and Cersei had already gone somewhat weak.

*She has never taken his cock before.* He was certain now.

*Was the first stillborn also a bastard? How long has she and Jaime been doing it?* He wondered in silence. Never stopping until he felt her tight warmth shroud all of his cock to the hilt. *Will she answer my questions in this state?*

Robert looked down at Cersei's naked back, her golden locks untamed and a beautiful mess. Just then he pulled his hips and eased out his lengthy shaft. Once at the tip, he buried back in with a long yet gentle thrust.

Aye, he had a hard time keeping his cock up for Cersei, he just wasn't that sort of man. Sadly, the cock in itself was big enough to torment any woman, be a highborn or a whore. All he could do was close his eyes, going so slow that his senses took over his feelings. Her wet walls suckled his length with every push, spreading the heat.

"Aaaah... mmmm!" Cersei clenched her teeth when her royal 'husband' started to move. It felt burning like his cock would tear her apart at any moment. Every single throb, every push and pull felt so intense as if it'd pull her guts out. It kissed her deepest parts, slamming against her cervix. "Ooooh!"

*But I'm going slow.* Robert frowned. Going slower than that was simply impossible for him. It was already hard to keep the bloodlust and rage in check.

"Aaaah! Not like tha—ah!" Cersei mewled when Robert leaned forward, his tall frame allowing him to reach her shoulders, and then caressed around the curve to palm both her dangling breasts. He kneaded and molded them to his pleasure, sinking his fingers in her flesh.

*To have my answers, I must.* He knew not any other way to break her enough. There was no other painless way to melt her mind to a state where she'd lose control over her tongue. *Soon...*

Robert slowly hastened his thrusts. The sensations felt otherworldly, Cersei's cunt was like an unhealthy refreshment. Amidst her moans and clenches, his balls and pelvis slapped against her throbbing ass. She took all of his cock in each time like a well-trained whore.

Perhaps this wasn't her first time taking her royal husband's cock. But this sure was going to be the last—for any cock, so to speak.

"Was it so hard to be an obedient little pretty face like this?" Robert started, trying to agitate her with words. "Was it so hard to spread this cunt for none but your King?"

"Ah, ooooooh! Your Grace!" Cersei screamed in pleasure and came all over his impaling cock. It hadn't even been that long and she already felt sore. The insides of her stomach knotted up, and her ass writhed against him. That sliding, pure bulbous rod of muscle emptied her head of all thoughts but pleasure. "Mmmh..."

Robert heard no reply from her and slapped her ass again. This time he went harsher as he slowly lost his own aversions too. The sexual intercourse that initially rested in the control of the Northern Lord slowly surrendered to the bodily memories of the previous King.

Plop! Plop!

Deep plunges, long pulls, many a moment.

Robert left her fantastic breasts and gripped her slender, curvy waist before plowing hard into her. The speed went unmatched, a shocking feat for a man of his size and health. Yet, that throbbing cock plundered the Queen as if handing her the payback for more than a decade's worth of betrayal.

"Isn't this what you wanted?" Robert bellowed and without thinking, twisted one hand in Cersei's golden locks before tugging them hard.

He pulled her face back up, her eyes staring at the ceiling while the increased pressure from her ass aided his thrusts.

The sounds echoed, and the bed squeaked like crazy. Robert towered over Cersei's delicate frame, leaning more and more onto her back. This was what Robert would have done, the thought echoed in his head like a reassurance.

This was justice, perhaps in a crooked way. But Cersei knew no better language. Tywin would save her if he wasn't quick.

"Tell me, why did you spawn Kingslayer's incestuous bastards?" Robert questioned and threw his entire weight on her back, slamming her flat down onto the soft bedding. She almost drowned in the soft feathers.

Yet Robert's fucking continued thrust after thrust into her tight cunt. "Speak, whore!"

"How could I-aaaah!" Cersei bellowed, feeling Robert's weight on her back. It was hard to breathe already with the rod shoved in, now it became harder. She could feel Robert's hot breath over her nape as he held her in place. "Y-You... Lusted for the uh-dead! That Stark whooo-hre!"

*Lyanna?* Robert groaned and slammed an elbow on her nape, shoving her face down on the pillow, stifling her moans as he drove in harder. *Ah... I remember it now. These memories...*

Everything that Robert had experienced in his life felt so real that the memories of Eddard Stark began to feel like an invasive force. But deep down, only the Northern man was left in that body for the soul belonged to him.

"Don't give me that, whore! You've been fucking your brother for longer than that!" Robert declared, shifting his arm again and this time sliding it under her neck, choke-holding her.

It was easy to move Cersei around with her delicate weight and his giant's strength. Her legs spread wide while each pump of his cock resounded against her flushed asscheeks. "Same womb bullshit, wasn't that it?"

"Aaarh!" Cersei writhed against the bedsheets, grounded, and shoved into the bedding. This was a fucking like no other, her body utterly, helplessly aroused around that relentless cock, lost in a whirlwind of countless climaxes. Her breath came in ragged gasps, her eyes shedding tears of ecstasy. "Y-You'll neva—aah understand! I—I love Jaime! H-eeeh is the only..."

"Is that why you pushed Ned's son off that tower?" He asked.

Of course, he remembered all of Cersei's confessions when he confronted her in that garden and threatened her. A grave mistake, sadly. One that cost him his head.

Cersei started slapping the bed as she came on his cock yet again. With no place to move, she felt hot and sweaty all over, her belly felt like burning, while her cunt felt on fire. "Y-Yoou... I regret!"

*What?* Robert stopped thrusting suddenly to listen better.

"I-ugh... Regret he didn't die! I regret you didn't die! My son... ooh, My sweet Joff should be the Kin—"

Robert slammed his cock back in with a bullish force and cared not to ask her any more questions. Cersei was beyond fixing or mercy, she'd rather burn the realm as long as she got to rule the ashes.

"Hah!" Robert groaned, his climax near, but he drove harder, more savagely, with no mercy left in him. Her neck in a choke-hold, his other hand tangled in her golden locks, he whispered fiercely into her ear as he spilled the last vicious heat Cersei was ever going to feel in her cunt.

"You... You have single-handedly doomed House Lannister. I'll make sure the entire realm cuts a feastful slice out of your house... Cersei Lannister, incestuous whore to her brother!"

"Oooh! Mmmm... Fuck you, Robert! Curse your House...ugh! Hehe... I-I fucked Jaime on the morning of our wedding... heh—ah~" Cersei lost herself amidst his raging pumps. Too sore to stay awake anymore, too tired to even speak. Her eyes fell shut while her breath calmed.

But Robert's plunges didn't stop for many long moments even after, spilling the royal seed that should have been in her since the first night. Filling her cunt to the brim and more, his cock kept splashing and digging out the mess he left in her with the last few thrusts.

Finally, he stopped moving his hips and calmed down, still feeling Cersei's hot, steamy form underneath his weight, her pussy still twitching with little suckling movements.

His face fell on her nape as he took long breaths to calm himself. "You betrayed the essence of the marital union before it happened and expected Robert to honor it... Treacherous, murderous, the lot of you Lannisters... Traitors..."

A few moments later he rolled aside and laid straight on the bed, staring at the ceiling above.

Much needed to be thought through, and much needed to be planned. The memory of being beheaded was still fresh, the last moment when that cold blade touched his nape was a feeling he could never forget.

*Who should be the next King?* He wondered in silence. The only stability the realm knew was under the Targaryen bloodline. But their madness had always plunged the realm into chaos after every odd rule of prosperity.

On top of that, he knew that Targaryens were only successful because of the dragons. Once the last dragons died, the slow downfall of the Targaryen dynasty ensued. In a way, now the throne had become a prize for the taking of whoever was the strongest. The only reason they had yet to try was because each house lusted for it.

*Yet the Targaryens live. One of them too far away and one with... Stark blood.* Robert thought of Jon at that moment. Wondering if bringing him to the throne was a better idea. The boy was kind and honorable. *Let's clean up the Red Keep first.*

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Cersei Lannister dreamt of love that night.

The man of her dreams, Prince Rhaegar married her and bedded her. It was the most wonderful night, the love he gave to her, the gentle fucking that went harsher as the night went longer. Oh, how hot it made her, her dreams came true.

"Ummh...!" She moaned in her sleep and felt too warm all over. As the slumber broke, she felt the soreness in real life, not just limited to her feminine petals but also her entire body.

"Rhaegar..."

"Wake up, whore!"

Cersei's eyes shot open all of a sudden as a hateful voice ruined all of her pleasure. Anger arose from her heart and she woke up with a jolt to look around. "Robert?! W-Where is Rhae... No... No, no... This is a dream."

"A nightmare," Robert completed her words, already dressed in clean royal robes while sitting at his table and writing ravens. It was daylight and Cersei was too spent to wake up early. "No need to find clothes."

Cersei panicked and tried to find something to cover her body. However, not even the quilt was there. She also felt something sticky and runny between her thighs. She knew what it was, and the sensation rekindled her memories of the last night.

"Y-Your Grace, I'll carry your off—"

"Guards!" Robert bellowed, cutting her off. "Barristan, get in here!"

The door of the bedchamber opened right away and three Kingsguards entered, all loyal to Robert. The two behind Barristan held metal chains and restraints in their hands.

"Aaah! Out! I'm the queen!" Cersei roared in rage and tried to hide her nakedness with a pillow.

Robert grunted and stood up to his mighty height. "Incestuous whore, and a traitor to the realm! That's who you are—Chain her."

Right away two Kingsguards stepped forward and grabbed Cersei. She tried to protest but they were far too strong and held her in place. It hurt, but eventually, her ankles, wrists, and even her neck were all tied with metal collars and chains. Finally, a dirty old rag with just a hole for a head was thrown on her head.

"No! Robert, stop them at once! You swore! I'll bear your children, you promised me that!"

"I swore nothing, whore! Throw her in the Black Cells," Robert ordered. "One more thing, Barristan. If she somehow escapes, I'll blame you."

"The Red Keep has been cleansed, Your Grace. The Lannister soldiers have been relieved of their duties, and the Kingsguard loyal to Cersei and her kin have met their end," Barristan assured Robert. "Rest easy, Your Grace."

"Rest is a luxury, Ser Barristan," Robert said, his face set in a rare moment of solemnity as Cersei's screeches echoed through the chamber. Thankfully, the Kingsguard had come prepared and made her smell something that rendered her unconscious.

"Tywin's men are crawling through the city like damned cockroaches. No matter how many you kill, there's always one that gets away. Keep order in the city until the arrival of my so... friend's son."

Barristan observed keenly and signaled his subordinates to proceed. "Cersei's absence will not remain unnoticed for long, Your Grace. Tywin may well take action if the Young Wolf does not move swiftly."

"Aye, I know." Robert's voice rumbled with the weight of command. "Gods be good, let's hope my raven made its mark. With my return, Tywin will have to pull his dogs back from the Riverlands, at least long enough to sniff the winds. My men will guard the Kingsroad from here to Harrenhal. It should be enough to save Robb from any Lannister ambush. Kingslayer must be brought to justice, Barristan."

Barristan silently stared at this new side of the King. He had spent the most time near Robert and knew his mannerisms greatly. Although he could see this was Robert, a few changes in the vocabulary and manner of speech didn't elude his ears. *Consequences of almost dying?*

"What of that runt? That Lancel boy?" Robert asked as he walked over to his table and grabbed a sword before strapping it around his waist. "Did he speak?"



"Almost immediately, Your Grace. Stannis is... very thorough in his methods," Ser Barristan reported. He followed the King towards the small council, his armor clinking softly behind. "You were right, Your Grace. Cersei was indeed sleeping with him, pulling the strings of the boy like a puppet. During the hunt, it was he who spiked your wine to dull your senses."

Robert's fist clenched. It was hard to control the innate rage. *I tormented her last night for no good. I... I betrayed Cat.*

Yet, somewhere deep inside, it was a pleasurable experience. He was never going to accept it, but the truth couldn't be denied forever. What had started as Cersei's interrogation had turned into nothing but fucking.

*Shameful.* He cursed himself and begged the Old Gods for forgiveness.

"Keep Cersei and Lancel separated. Have someone constantly watch over Joffrey and the other two bastards." Robert ordered just as they opened the small council's door. "Everyone's here?"

Stannis, Varys, Pycelle, and also Tyrion Lannister with the Lord Hand's emblem on his coat. Little Finger's seat was empty, same for Renly's as he has yet to return.

"Pycelle." Robert didn't approach his chair. "Why was I declared dead despite being alive?"

"Y-Your Grace... You look to be in great health, I must say. I-ugh I wa—"

Shhhh!

Robert pulled his sword out and stood beside Pycelle's chair. He knew he was really dead, but this was an opportunity to kill Pycelle for good. The predator who took advantage of women and girls in the name of examination. "I asked, why was I buried?"

"Y-Your Grace... Haha..."

"Then face the King's Justice! Ha!" Robert slammed the sword right through Pycelle's chest with only one hand on the hilt. The blade plunged in neatly and sliced through his heart, coming out of his back and even piercing the chair behind him.

Finally, with Pycelle's dead body slumped in that cursed chair, sword driven deep to the hilt, Robert claimed his seat. He felt a storm churning in his chest, revolting at the dishonor of it all. Yet, he had learned his lesson well. Honor among Southerners was as rare as lying was common.

"Varys?" Robert looked to his right and stared right into the plump eunuch's eyes. "Who do you serve?"

Varys gulped, feeling actual fear for a moment. He had seen the King kill four men in less than a day. "I-I serve for the peace of the realm, Your Grace."

Robert squinted his eyes and grunted in displeasure. "Joffrey was your peace?"

"Your Grace, I'm merely a humble Master of Whispers," Varys intoned with a measured calm. "I have witnessed countless souls fall when the high lords engage in the perilous Game of Thrones. It is not my desire to be the harbinger of such turmoil."

"Then serve the peace! I need eyes on Tywin Lannister, every bloody move he makes. Where he goes, who he meets, who he fucks! This may be your last chance to prove your worth for that 'peace' you hold so dear." He turned his fierce gaze to the rest of the council. "Ser Barristan, you'll act as Master of Law for now. Clean the city of scum. Stannis, find me a decent Maester. I want this council in order."

Stannis sternly nodded, not a man of much talking anyway. "What of Master of Coin?"

Robert frowned at that. He didn't have much experience, not as the Robert of the past nor as the Lord of Winterfell. "We'll have to look around."

"I suggest Ser Davos Seaworth. He's an honest man who knows his way around the coin. Until we find someone more suitable, he can manage the coffers," Stannis suggested in earnest. If Davos was good enough to serve him as his Hand, he was also good for this role.

Robert looked at his 'brother'. No more did he trust blindly, especially not someone with an ambition to be the king. "Where is he?"

"At Dragonstone," Stannis answered.

"Summon him forth. I'll speak with him first," Robert commanded, his gaze finally settling on Tyrion, who sat in silence as if hoping to fade into obscurity. "You can leave! Except for the imp."

The chairs moved and screeched on the floor, and soon enough the chamber fell silent.

Robert glared at Tyrion Lannister, a man he didn't have a good impression of. Although it was clear now that Tyrion didn't try to kill Bran, the imp was still a Lannister.

"Take that damned sigil off your chest. I've seen no miracle from you worth making you Hand." Robert scared the short Lannister with his simple yet booming voice. "Tell me; how long have Cersei and Jaime been fucking?"

Tyrion's head snapped up, a look of shock crossing his face fleetingly. Yet, he recovered quickly; deep down, he'd anticipated this moment would come sooner or later. "I-I'm not quite sure I follow, Your Grace."

Boom!

Robert slammed his fist on the table, glaring at him. "She admitted it herself, little Lannister. All the filth she's birthed from that damned cunt of hers—bastards! Now, if you want to keep that head on your shoulders, answer me true. Since when have they been fucking?"

Tyrion looked down and apologized to his brother in silence. "Since they were thirteen... or perhaps fourteen."

"Does Tywin know?" Robert asked further.

At that point, Tyrion sighed and looked back at him. "He's too clever by half to feign ignorance. Yet he's also cunning enough not to openly acknowledge it."

*Makes sense.* Robert leaned back in his chair, calm and collected inside. *Admitting it would mean throwing away any claim to the throne.*

Creak!

Robert stood up at last and stretched his neck. The big, fat body wasn't made to be sober for so long. "Do you love your family?"

Tyrion's head almost snapped at the speed he turned it. He never expected the brute King to ask that question. "Does ice love fire?"

Robert smirked a little and nodded. "Then tell me, little Lannister. Do you want to be the Lord of Casterly Rock?"

"What?!" Tyrion fell on his feet from the chair.

Robert didn't elaborate further. "Barristan!"

Clack!

The doors opened and the Lord Commander walked in.

"Find him a more comfortable hole in the Black Cells, with some decent food and drink," Robert grumbled, glaring at Tyrion as he gave his command. "Take your time with it, Imp. You've got a few days to mull it over."

Tyrion didn't protest the arrest and silently followed the Kingsguard.

Robert stayed behind in the room with Pycelle's dead body. He walked over to the closed window and opened it to look outside at the city. The filthy stench made him remember his execution for some reason.

But he soon looked towards the North out of that window. A sense of longing plagued him, a desire to return home and embrace his family. To teach Robb how to be a better Lord, to shower love on Catelyn, who he had taken for granted over the years. To care for Bran and create a bright future for him, and beyond all... Find Arya.

*Be quick, my son. You must be faster than the lions.*

Knock! Knock!

Robert frowned and looked back at the door in annoyance. "Who is it?"

"Haely, Your Grace." A feminine voice came from the other side. "Ser Barristant ordered me to serve your breakfast here."

Robert sighed and returned to one of the chairs. He did feel hungry after the previous day and night's activities. "Enter."

Quickly, the door was pushed open and a young woman walked in, brown-haired, big-bosomed, with wide hips, and a freckled yet pretty face. She yelped at the sight of dead Pycelle but didn't bother much and placed the covered tray on the table.

"Wh—" Robert wanted to ask what was on the plate but before he could, the woman turned around.

To Robert's shock, the maid shut the door close before looking back at him. Then, with a simple tug on both sides of her shoulders, she let her loose clothing fall off her body. She wore nothing underneath, nothing hid her large breasts or the damp slit with a bushy patch.

Robert frowned and jumped to his feet. He reached for Pycelle's chest to grab the sword in case this was an assassination attempt.

"Your Grace." Haely stepped towards Robert with slow and swan-like graceful steps, swaying her hips and touching herself all over her pristine alabaster skin. "How would you like your breakfast?"

"What do you mean?" Robert questioned, searching for a memory to make sense of it all.

"The usual then? May I feed you with my hands on your lap while you drive into my lowly cunt, Your Grace?"

"I what?!" Robert frowned and ordered her sternly. "That won't be necessary today, Haely. You can return to your duties."

*Oh, Robert, my dear old friend. What sort of creature were you?*

Haely's eyes turned watery all of a sudden, wondering if she had done something wrong.

"T-Then... I-I can lie down on my back on the table, Your Grace. Like that time... You can have me while standing and use my belly to rest your plate on and eat!"

Robert rubbed his eyes tiredly. Keeping a soft expression on his face, he strode towards the woman and turned her around by her shoulder. He pushed her towards the door, picked up her gown, and then shoved her out of the small council chamber.

Thud!

*Peace, at last.* He muttered to himself, his voice heavy with resignation as he closed the door firmly behind him. *You did your best to make it hard for people to like you, Robert.*

As he reached for the plate, he even lost his appetite at the mere imagination of how Robert used to eat breakfast.

*This new life is more a curse than a blessing.*