

# GAME OF THRONES: I AM THE HEIR FOR A DAY

## Chapter 1: Heir For A Day

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The continent of Westeros.

Aegon the Conqueror and his sisters and wives, Queen Visenya and Queen Rhaenys, have brought the Seven Kingdoms under their rule.

The continent is united.

From Aegon's ascension to the throne, each year is referred to as the first year of Aegon, marked 1AC.

Years before the unification are designated BC, while those after are designated AC.

...

Year 111 AC.

Early summer, early morning.

The capital of Westeros, King's Landing.

On the east side of the Red Keep, the Wall meets the coast.

Inside the walls is a secluded garden, off limits to foreign dignitaries.

A boy of five or six, with silver-blond hair and purple eyes, sat leaning against a thick tree, muttering listlessly.

"Another nightmare, never ending."

His name was Rhaegar Targaryen, the true heir to the dragon bloodline.

His father, Viserys Targaryen, rules from the Iron Throne.

"Your Grace Rhaegar, your birthday celebration is about to begin and the queen calls for you."

An attendant approached and gently reminded the young prince.

Rhaegar raised his head, his face pale, dark circles under his melancholy eyes. frëewebnovel.com

"I've said it before, I don't care for birthday parties."

The servant clasped her hands and tried to smile. "My apologies, Your Highness, but the Queen insists on your presence."

"I understand. I'll go."

Rhaegar nodded, rose from his seat, and followed the servant into the Red Keep.

He was the first-born son of King Viserys.

His mother, the late Queen Aemma Arryn, died in childbirth.

His birthday coincided with the anniversary of his mother's death.

So...

I am truly grateful to Queen Alicent Hightower for commemorating my birthday each year.

The interior of the Red Keep was grand and solemn.

When they reached a certain room on the upper floor, a child's cries emanated from within.

Rhaegar motioned for the servants to leave and approached the open door.

Inside, a beautiful young woman in resplendent attire cradled a crying infant, while another child eyed the cake on the floor.

When Alicent caught sight of Rhaegar, she turned apologetically. "Aegon craves cake. If you don't join us, I'm afraid I won't be able to appease him."

(Note: In Westeros, naming conventions often honor ancestors.)

Rhaegar entered the room. "No problem. Let him eat all he wants. How much harm can cake do?"

"You're such a good brother, Rhaegar."

Alicent handed Aegon to him. The servant at her side led him to a low table.

She spoke tenderly, "Your father is busy with affairs of state, and Rhaenyra has ventured out for leisure. This year, I will oversee your birthday."

"Let us blow out the candles and make a wish first."

Rhaegar remained silent.

They blew out the birthday candles together, clasped their hands, and closed their eyes.

Plagued by failing health, Rhaegar was reserved and rarely spoke.

Born after a difficult labor, his mother Aemma underwent a cesarean section, leaving him with a fragile constitution.

Before the age of three, he had only cried at birth.

The rest of his days were spent in a coma, nourished only by human milk.

It was once believed by the court that he wouldn't survive the "next day."

Thus, he earned the nickname "One-Day Heir".

Miraculously, he defied the odds and lived.

At the age of three, he emerged from his coma under the care of an alien witch.

However, his health remained precarious.

He also suffered from frequent nightmares filled with eerie and fragmented imagery-dragons, fire, war...all harrowing.

These night terrors exacerbated his frailty and prolonged his mental anguish.

"I want to eat. Give it to me now!"

Aegon's sudden demand startled Rhaegar.

With a quick motion, Aegon plunged his hand into the cake, sending crumbs flying.

A dollop of cream splattered in Rhaegar's face.

"Oh, gods! Keep an eye on Aegon!"

Alicent scolded the servant for neglecting her duties, then wiped Rhaegar's face with a handkerchief.

"I sincerely apologize. Aegon can be quite mischievous. If you do not like the cake, I can summon the kitchen to prepare a fresh one."

Rhaegar, appreciating the queen's gesture, replied calmly, "It's no trouble. My brother likes it, so we'll share a piece."

Alicent watched Rhaegar's calm demeanor, then glanced at the cake being devoured by Aegon.

A pang of warmth fluttered through her heart.

Fortunately, their exchange was interrupted.

"Your Majesty, the king wishes to discuss your hunting plans and requests your presence."

A knight, clad in silver armor and white robes, strode to the door, his expression grave.

He was a member of the Kingsguard, sworn to protect the King and obey his every command.

"Very well, I will go."

Alicent cast an apologetic glance at Rhaegar before addressing him softly, "Your father summons me. I must leave at once. If there are any gifts you wish, let me know now."

"No."

Rhaegar's answer was short.

His mind wandered briefly. "If it's possible, I'd like to reduce my medication. It's quite painful."

Alicent forced a smile. "That decision is up to your father."

With that, she left with the knight.

Before she left, she instructed the servants to keep an eye on the young princes and princesses and to avoid overindulgence.

As Alicent left, Helena, Queen Alicent's two-year-old daughter, who was sitting nearby, picked up cake crumbs and gazed absentmindedly out the window.

She muttered, "Do not disturb the sleeping beast."

Rhaegar watched her with curiosity.

Helaena and he had little interaction.

According to the guards, Helaena exhibited strange behavior, often lost in her own world, muttering nonsensical phrases in a dreamy manner.

It seemed the attendants were right.

After Alicent left, Rhaegar turned his attention to Aegon, who was engrossed in his feast.

"Do you enjoy eating so much?"

Rhaegar approached Aegon, his tone soft.

Without acknowledging him, Aegon picked up a piece of butter and handed it to Helena, then resumed eating.

Watching, Rhaegar's lips curled into a smile. "A generous brother, sharing his pie. Perhaps he deserves a reward."

"What?" freewebnovel.com

Aegon's eyes widened innocently at the mention of a reward.

"Eat as much as you like. I'll give it to you."

Rhaegar reached out, ruffled Aegon's hair, and pressed his head down on the table, flattening the cake.

Thud.

Aegon's face collided with the creamy confection, drawing gasps from the servants.

Meanwhile, Helaena watched in fascination, licking cream from her fingers.

Rhaegar released Aegon and approached Helaena.

He stroked her silver hair gently.

"Your Grace Rhaegar, please refrain. The queen will be displeased."

The servant, nervous, wiped Aegon's hands and begged Rhaegar not to upset the little princess.

Ignoring her, Rhaegar continued to stroke Helena's head.

"You must learn to fend for yourself. Do not accept scraps or charity."

"Brother, hee hee~"

Helaena giggled and clapped her hands at Aegon, who now wore butter for a crown.

"Foolish."

Rhaegar withdrew his hand, leaving the cream untouched, and left the room.

(\*Important note\*

In the original lore, the one day heir prince was named Baelon, in honor of Viserys' father.

However, the author disliked the name Baelon and chose Rhaegar, inspired by Prince Rhaegar in Game of Thrones.)