

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

### *Chapter 10: A Generous Friend*

Rhaegar had an indescribable feeling. The friend he had just met was leaving without saying goodbye.

There had been no time to get to know each other.

"I still want to ride it around a few times."

Rhaegar joked to Erryk.

"If it's meant to be, maybe you'll see each other again."

Eryk replied with a light laugh.

Satisfied that the young prince's emotions had calmed, he rose to dispose of the pheasant's carcass.

Rhaegar glanced at Erryk's white robes. He pursed his lips and picked up the pouch of water from the side to take a full drink.

"Hah~, refreshing."

As his throat became moist, Rhaegar suddenly remembered the memory of the system he had heard before passing out.

"I wonder if it's a hallucination?"

With a thought, the system panel came into view.

[Rhaegar Targaryen]

Talent: Dreamer (Gold), Longevity (Green)

Bloodline: Old Valyrian Dragonlord (+10%)

Skills: Old Valyrian Language Proficiency...

Relic: Blood and Fire (Flame Resistance +50%)

Evaluation: "Lucky boy, you have found yourself a very generous friend."

Rhaegar's eyes widened. He was staring at a particular line of small words in the system panel.

"New talent, Longevity?"

Rhaegar blinked. He had to make sure he hadn't misread it.

"There really is another talent!"

Heart pounding, he covered his chest, he was really excited.

"What does longevity mean, can I really live a hundred years?"

He was aware of his own body, it was full of diseases that basically made him half an invalid.

His little heart was beating faster and faster, and his hands and feet were cold, but his heart was very happy.

He was weak from organ failure.

That's why he used to pant when he took a few steps, and his heart didn't get enough blood when he got excited.

Now he felt like his heart was about to pound out of his chest.

It was only slightly uncomfortable.

Now, not even his hands and feet were shaking.

"Haha, I can live to be a hundred years old. This damned disease can't kill me anymore!"

Rhaegar, cured of a long illness, could no longer control his emotions. He suddenly let out a loud laugh.

Erryk, who had just finished plucking chicken feathers and was about to start a barbecue, was startled by the sudden laughter.

When he turned around, he saw the young prince falling to the ground, laughing maniacally.

He was waving his arms back and forth with his palms wide open. He picked up the dirt and waved it recklessly.

Rhaegar's young mind was overwhelmed with joy, and he found himself unable to speak.

Had he not done so, he would have been choked into madness.

Though in Erryk's eyes, Rhaegar was a bit mad now.

"Seven hells, ah, please don't torture me anymore!"

Erryk lamented. He left the fried chicken and went to check on the little prince.

He had just woken up from his coma, so please don't go crazy on him again.

It was enough for the king to condemn him for stealing the prince from his house.

If he brought back a crazy little prince, the king would surely chop off his head.

"Dear brother, I hope this doesn't implicate you."

Erryk said silently. He prayed that the beheading would not involve his brother Arryk.

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As it turned out, Erryk had worried for nothing.

After ten minutes of letting Rhaegar go crazy, he was paralyzed with exhaustion.

He would not move a muscle as he lay on the ground.

When asked why he was laughing. He got only one answer.

"Is it not worthwhile to be happy when a cripple can get rid of his crutches?"

Erryk did not understand.

But he realized that the young prince was fine.

He shouldn't be comatose or mad.

"I think my head has been saved."

Erryk shook his head. He couldn't keep up with the Targaryen's thinking.

It would be better to finish the roast chicken and get dinner ready.

Rhaegar lay quietly on Erryk's spread white robe. He was lost in thought.

Many things were on his mind.

The system review for "Generous Friend", Erryk said that the White Hart fed him a red fruit...

The bloodline of the ancient Valyrian Dragonlord that continues to rise...

He looked at the system map.

The system detected the White Hart as a rare species. Conditions for exploration were met.

With Rhaegar unconscious, the exploration was automatically completed.

And the reward for the research was this red fruit.

[Magical Creature. White Hart]

Progress of exploration: "100%"

"Relic automatically collected, detection in progress..."

"Detection successful, determined to be an epic relic, auspicious blessing."

"Do you wish to activate the relic?"

"The relic has been automatically activated."

"Congratulations, Auspicious Blessing successfully activated, you have received..."

[Longevity]

Grade: Good Grade (Green)

Function: A relic that can grant a new friend's most heartfelt wishes.

Evaluation: "The red grape is too sweet, a sour orange is more to my taste."  
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Rhaegar's heart rejoiced at the sight of this testament to individual will.

The disappointment of the White Hart's departure without a farewell was washed away.

"Thank you, dear friend."

Rhaegar silently thanked the White Hart.

At the same time, a blind spot in the system was discovered.

The blessing of the creature was considered an epic-level reward.

However, the [Longevity] that could be obtained after its activation was only a good-grade reward.

Compared to the legendary level of [Blood and Fire], and even the excellent level of [Old Valyrian Language Proficiency], it was indeed far inferior.

But after thinking about it for a moment, Rhaegar attributed it to the Blessing feature.

Rhaegar's subconscious desire was to have a healthy body, and the Blessing is all about that.

It was what brought him health and longevity.

Rhaegar lifted his head to look up at the night with the curved moon. There was an unprecedented lightness in his eyes, and the dark circles under his eyes seemed to have faded considerably.

"I am no longer a sickly child tonight."

"A Rhaegar not threatened with an early death. A Targaryen who brings into this world a legend strong enough to be sung for thousands and thousands of years."

Rhaegar raised a hand and clenched it, determined.

The world will know his name!

Erryk, who was cooking at the side of the table, sniffed at the golden-skinned roast chicken with a puzzled look.

"Strange, isn't it mushy?"

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The next day.

Early in the morning, a sleepy Rhaegar humped onto his horse, muttering, "Dracarys."

"Worthy of a Targaryen child, riding dragons in his dreams," Erryk muttered, the corner of his mouth curling as he walked back to camp.

The early morning dew began to disappear and the sun continued to rise.

Erryk appeared at the entrance of the camp at eight in the morning, riding a black horse.

"Erryk, you have returned at last."

Without waiting for him to enter the camp, a figure scurried out of the corner with a voice full of surprise.

Rhaegar, long since awakened from his sleep, looked up. He saw the face of another Erryk.

Needless to say, Rhaegar knew.

It was Erryk's twin brother, Arryk Cargyll.

"Where were you yesterday?" Arryk asked eagerly, grabbing the reins without waiting for his brother to answer.

Seeing his brother's indignation, Erryk dismounted with Rhaegar in his arms and said helplessly: "What do you mean?"

Erryk grew even angrier: "Just the fact that the King ordered you to bring Prince Rhaegar in for questioning and you snuck out of camp with him is enough for the King to order you hanged!"

Erryk's look was complicated. His lips moved slightly and finally turned into a sigh.

What had happened last night was so bizarre that he was still struggling to get over it.

Not to mention having to tell it to a dead-eyed brother.

Seeing his difficulty, Rhaegar took the initiative to solve the problem: "Ser Arryk, it was I who asked your brother to take me out of the camp, that was not his intention."

Arryk looked at Rhaegar, who was not as tall as his own legs, and bowed his head, "Your Grace, it is not I who blame him, the king waited a long time for you and the princess yesterday and was incomparably upset."

"Do you understand what I mean?"

Hearing the deep meaning in Arryk's words, Rhaegar said sincerely, "Do not worry, I understand your concern for your brother, I will do my best to defend Ser Erryk."

"This started because of me, I will bear all the consequences."