

## G.O Thrones 101

### Chapter 101: Relying on Each Other

"Ahhhhhhh!"

Alicent let out a scream as Rhaegar left the room. Her frustration came out in a flurry of flung pillows and disheveled covers. She was moving around quickly, pulling at her hair in a desperate way.

"Queen, is there anything you need?" the maid asked from the other side of the door. Her voice was filled with concern.

"Get out! I don't want anything, get out!" Alicent's response was sharp and laced with curses, her anger boiling over like a cauldron ready to spill.

She was aware that her actions hadn't gone unnoticed, which led to the chilling warning she had just received. Even the veiled threat against her own son, Aegon, hadn't gone unnoticed.

In the middle of her rage, Alicent started to cry, her head in her hands as she banged her forehead against the wall in an attempt to drown out her anguish.

Amidst the blur of tears and the constriction of her throat, one phrase emerged, repeated like a mantra: "It wasn't me, I really didn't want to..."

What she didn't want remained a mystery to all but herself. But in the grand scheme of things, it didn't matter at all.

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Outside the castle, Rhaegar emerged from the secret passage and looked up at the sky, where the moon was obscured by thick, dark clouds. He looked over at the distant cliffs and knew his dragon was resting there.

"Never mind, Rhaenyra isn't in a good mood today. Just go find her," he told himself, his thoughts surprisingly calm after the encounter with Alicent.

Originally planning to find comfort in Cannibal's company, Rhaegar now felt a sense of relief at the thought of his sister. He made his way back into the castle with the coal stove in hand, a smile on his face.

As he approached Rhaenyra's door, he was surprised to find Cole, the guard stationed outside, waiting for him.

"Prince," Cole greeted, his eyebrows raised in curiosity at Rhaegar's unexpected visit.

"I'm looking for Rhaenyra. We agreed to sleep together," Rhaegar replied matter-of-factly, concocting a story on the spot as he pushed open the door and entered the room without hesitation, breezing past the guard knights.

As he stepped into the bedroom, Rhaegar took his time. There she was, Rhaenyra, lying peacefully on her side on the bed, her silver-gold locks cascading around her.

Rhaegar approached his sister, observing her bold sleeping pose, and couldn't help but shake his head with a bemused expression.

"No wonder I'm always so overwhelmed," he muttered under his breath, only to be startled as Rhaenyra suddenly opened her eyes and fixed her gaze on him.

Rhaegar was caught off guard and took a step back as Rhaenyra playfully pulled him onto the bed.

"Sister," he greeted with a mix of surprise and amusement, settling onto the bed at her insistence.

Rhaenyra playfully pinched his cheeks. "Rhaegar, who gave you the nerve to come into my room without asking?"

"I have a dragon, so I can go wherever I want," Rhaegar replied, tilting his head defiantly.

"Hmph, I think you need to be taught a lesson," Rhaenyra retorted, not one to put up with her brother's antics. She then pinched his cheeks with one hand, which made Rhaegar's face turn red and swell.

Despite his best efforts to resist, Rhaegar found himself overpowered by his sister's strength. Eventually, she relented and let go of him, satisfied with her playful teasing.

Rhaenyra settled down on the bed next to Rhaegar, took off her coat, and curled up close to him, curious. "Where did you get that black robe?"

"Isn't that what all the bad guys wear?" Rhaegar replied with a wry smile, adjusting his position to be more comfortable.

Rhaenyra couldn't help but tease, "Oh, are you a bad guy?"

Rhaegar blinked, his expression uncertain as he nestled closer to his sister. "I'm not sure."

"Then no," Rhaenyra replied softly, running her fingers through his hair. "You're my brother, and I'll be relieved as long as you come back safely."

Rhaegar remained silent, but he nestled even closer to her, finding comfort in her embrace.

Rhaenyra noticed the air of concern in Rhaegar's demeanor and asked, "What's troubling you? Weren't you quite spirited earlier, giving me a hard time?"

"But I'm worried about you too," Rhaenyra responded, her tone softening. "You've been missing for days, and Father and I have been beside ourselves with anxiety."

"I'm sorry," Rhaegar said sincerely, not wanting to dodge responsibility. He admitted that he'd been a bit lax in taking care of important matters and had been spending too much time on less important things in the Peninsula.

Rhaenyra's expression softened, and she gave him a gentle kiss on the head, whispering, "It's okay, as long as you're back. Just promise me you won't do it again."

"Alright," Rhaegar nodded, accepting the mistake.

Feeling a bit flustered by his nod, Rhaenyra's cheeks flushed slightly. "Go to sleep now. Tomorrow, you can talk to Father about everything."

"Okay," Rhaegar agreed, putting his arm around her waist, finding comfort in her presence.

As they lay there in silence, Rhaegar suddenly spoke up. "Sister, some people say that I might hurt you..."

Rhaenyra was too drowsy to open her eyes fully, so she tightened her hold on him and murmured, "That won't happen. We've got each other's backs."

"Mmm..." Rhaegar replied softly, feeling reassured by her words.

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As the night gave way to dawn, Rhaegar woke up to find his sister sitting at the dressing table, carefully brushing her hair.

He smiled as he blinked away the last of his sleepiness. "It's good to be back home," he said to himself, feeling grateful to be back with his family.

When Rhaenyra realized he was awake, she gently encouraged him to get up and join them for breakfast. With a nod, Rhaegar quickly got dressed, still thinking about what had happened the night before.

Just as he finished getting dressed, there was a knock at the door, followed by Harrold's calm voice. "Princess, is Prince Rhaegar in your chambers?"

Rhaenyra exchanged a puzzled glance with Rhaegar before confirming his presence to the guard. "Yes, Ser. How may I assist you?"

"The King wishes to speak with the Prince personally," Harrold relayed tersely.

Rhaenyra's brow furrowed with curiosity as she turned to her brother. Rhaegar merely shrugged in response, equally puzzled by the unexpected summons.

"Go ahead, comfort Father. He's not feeling well," Rhaenyra advised gently.

Rhaegar nodded and leaned in to kiss his sister on the cheek before leaving the room.

Rhaenyra was amused by her brother's departure and continued to prepare for the day ahead.

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After leaving his quarters, Rhaegar, with Harrold by his side, made his way to his father's chamber door. Just as he was about to knock, the door to the room next door opened, and there was Alicent, being led by a maid.

Their eyes met for a second, but Alicent didn't say anything. She just nodded her head a little and kept going. With a smile, Rhaegar knocked on the door and went in. Harrold closed the door behind him and stood guard.

As soon as he walked in, Rhaegar wrinkled his nose at the smell of wine that lingered in the air. Viserys was slouched in a reclining chair by a round table, his face flushed from drink but his gaze unusually sharp. Rhaegar couldn't help but notice the scattered empty bottles, which seemed to be evidence of his father's indulgence from the previous night.

Rhaegar tried to ignore the smell as he approached his father. "Father, what can I do for you?" he asked.

He'd been expecting to talk about his recent trip to the Peninsula or maybe the Free folk, but nothing as important as what Viserys brought up next.

"Rhaegar, do you want to become the heir to throne?" Viserys's words hit Rhaegar like a punch in the stomach, leaving him momentarily stunned.

"What... what do you mean?" Rhaegar stammered, his mind struggling to comprehend the unexpected proposition.

"I'm going to change the rules of succession and make you the new heir," Viserys said bluntly, trying to clear up the confusion on Rhaegar's face.

"No! Rhaenyra is the rightful heir, as has been decreed to the realm," Rhaegar responded firmly, his convictions unwavering.

Quickly moving to his father's side, Rhaegar searched his eyes, his voice laced with concern. "Has someone influenced you, Father? You've always defended Rhaenyra's claim. What's changed your mind?"

## Chapter 102: Refusal

"Rhaegar, my son, no one has clouded my mind," Viserys reassured his eldest son, offering a gentle smile as he clasped Rhaegar's hand.

Rhaegar was confused. He asked, "Then why do you want to change the line of succession? Rhaenyra has done nothing wrong."

"I was the one who recklessly tamed the dragon, who acted without authorization, and who ended up stranded in the Peninsula."

He couldn't understand why his father had made that decision. He was the one at fault, while Rhaenyra had only acted to rescue him, defying her father's orders out of concern. Such actions didn't warrant such severe consequences.

"You're mistaken, Rhaegar," Viserys said, his tone sincere. "My intentions run deeper than blaming Rhaenyra for her actions. As my firstborn, you should've been the rightful heir."

"However, as a child, you were too young to take on that kind of responsibility. So I made Rhaenyra the heir to what was yours."

Rhaegar met his father's gaze squarely and argued, "But Rhaenyra has proven herself capable and loyal to the family. That's another reason not to replace her."

"Yet she is a woman!" Viserys interjected sharply, his tone carrying weight. "And there are many who oppose her, far outnumbering those who support her."

"I'm with her," Rhaegar said firmly, his demeanor shifting to one of resolve. "With a fully grown dragon by my side, any who challenge her will have to face the dragonfire."

Viserys regarded his son with a mixture of amusement and pride, chuckling softly. "Ah, the sight of an adult dragon, indeed formidable, capable of vanquishing armies."

But Rhaegar remained serious. "There is no jest in this, Father. The Cannibal has bested Vermithor and Silverwing, ranking among the strongest of dragons next to Vhagar."

Rhaegar was confident in himself and his dragon.

"Aegon the Conqueror's attempt to subdue Dorne is a good example of what not to do," Viserys said without emotion. "Queen Rhaenys's misfortune, with Meraxes's demise due to a scorpion crossbow arrow, marked the downfall of their campaign."

Rhaegar nodded knowingly, well-versed in historical accounts.

"And yet, her death and the dragon's demise signaled the failure of a grand conquest," Viserys continued, his tone firm as he grasped Rhaegar's hand.

"You need to know, Rhaegar, that relying too heavily on dragons can be dangerous. True power lies in winning the support of the people, not in the might of dragons alone."

"But have you really won the support of our people?" Rhaegar thought about the ongoing rebellions and unrest across the realm.

From the Ironborn raids along the coast to the persistent troubles along the Dornish border, these challenges showed that his father's assertion of control wasn't as strong as he thought.

"Even Maegor the Cruel, with the formidable Balerion at his command, ultimately met his downfall due to his tyranny. He faced rebellion and death upon the Iron Throne."

Viserys continued, shifting the focus. "Do you think your dragons are as strong as Balerion's? Are you as fearless as the warlike Maegor?"

Rhaegar was quiet for a moment, acknowledging his own limitations. He was still a young prince, and the Cannibal hadn't reached its full potential yet.

"I'm a prince of the realm," Rhaegar replied, thinking about his future. "I can serve on the royal council or fulfill my duties as a prince."

Viserys looked at his son with a mix of love and wisdom. "Those are noble aspirations, my son, but too childish."

Viserys shared a memory, his eyes betraying a hint of sadness as he spoke softly, "There was a time when Daemon and I were as close as you and Rhaenyra, bound by love and trust."

"We were inseparable," he reminisced. "Before the 101st Council, I clashed with my cousin Rhaenys about who should get to sit on the Iron Throne."

"Daemon, with the Dark Sister at his side, swore to defeat anyone who stood in my way," Viserys went on, his voice tinged with admiration. "He was fearless and resolute."

"Thanks to Daemon's unwavering support, Grandfather Jaehaerys recognized the pressing need to address the issue of succession, convening the 101st Great Council," Viserys recounted, his eyes misting over.

"At the council, I secured my position as the family's heir with an overwhelming majority," Viserys revealed, his voice quavering with emotion.

"Rhaegar, can you and Rhaenyra really keep the unbreakable bond that Daemon and I had?" Viserys asked, his gaze intense.

Rhaegar couldn't meet his father's gaze and lowered his head. "There's always hope."

Viserys' tone softened as he leaned in and whispered, "I suggest you keep our family tradition alive."

"Really?" Rhaegar's eyes opened wide in disbelief, looking for confirmation from his father.

Viserys nodded seriously. "Absolutely."

"And has she agreed?" Rhaegar asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Not yet," Viserys replied with a soft chuckle. "That's why we're having this conversation."

Rhaegar stepped back and took his hand out of his father's grasp, feeling a mix of emotions.

He was feeling a bit of a mix of emotions, a bit of celebration and a bit of disappointment, which made him feel a bit down.

He couldn't shake the feeling that he was getting in the way of Rhaenyra's plans, a thought that weighed heavily on his conscience.

He was haunted by the words of Falcon and Skylar, who had warned him of the complexities ahead. Rhaenyra's future husband and children, and his own uncertain position in the line of succession.

"I'll become another Daemon?" Rhaegar murmured, his thoughts all over the place as he tried to calm down.

Viserys shook his head emphatically, saying, "No way! You are Rhaegar, my firstborn, the prince destined for greatness. "You're not going to go down the dishonorable path like Daemon."

Viserys put his hands on Rhaegar's shoulders and spoke in a serious tone, "As the future ruler of the Iron Throne, you'll have the power to lead the realm."

"Father, I'm prepared," Rhaegar replied, though his mind was in turmoil.

Pushing his father's hands away, Rhaegar backed away, muttering to himself, "Those words are your own, Father. Daemon was a man of sacrifice, but I can't..."

"You can't what? Abandon your aspirations for the throne, or betray Rhaenyra?" Viserys interrupted gently, his smile serene. "You've gained the loyalty of the Peninsula nobles, which is a pretty big deal for a prince."

"Father, your words are making me feel the same way I did when the Peninsula nobles pledged their allegiance," Rhaegar said, his voice getting deeper as he tried to stay calm.

"I cannot bring myself to harm Rhaenyra. She would despise me, and I would despise myself."

With a heavy heart, Rhaegar turned to leave without looking back, his mind made up.

Viserys didn't try to stop him. He kept his tone firm, saying, "My son, choices are unavoidable. You'll face these choices again and again."

"Then I will await the day when the choice is clear, the day Rhaenyra no longer allows me to remain in King's Landing," Rhaegar declared as he exited the room.

Chapter 103: Is it Rhaegar?

Bang...

The door slammed shut with a loud thud.

Viserys sank into his chair, closed his eyes against the throbbing headache, and let out a weary sigh.

Creak...

The door opened again, and Harrold's voice echoed in the room. "Your Grace, the prince has been adored by the princess since childhood. Your proposal is too sudden and harsh for him."

"He must face it eventually," Viserys responded, lowering his head. "Rhaenyra is gentle and lacks a clear vision. If she inherits the Iron Throne, it won't benefit her or the kingdom."

"But you still chose the princess," Harrold said, sounding a bit helpless.

"Yes, she and I are similar—a weak father and daughter," Viserys admitted, a self-deprecating smile on his lips.

He just wanted to rule by winning hearts and minds, but it was just an excuse for his own mediocrity and incompetence.

In his heart, he envied his brother Daemon and his eldest son Rhaegar, both of whom embodied a fearless spirit and the audacity to wield a sword.

But Viserys was naturally weak. His life had been smooth and the throne had basically been handed to him on a plate, so to speak, allowing him to reach the pinnacle without much effort. Everything had gone too well.

His grandfather Jaehaerys had not lived long enough to instill in him the courage to lead decisively.

Now, Viserys was hoping for a strong leader to take the throne after him, to bring back the glory of House Targaryen. He thought his eldest son, Rhaegar, could be that man.

After a moment of silence, Viserys beckoned Harrold and said with a weary breath, "Summon Rhaenyra. Tell her I need to speak with her."

Harrold glanced at the sorrowful king and nodded, "Yes, Your Grace."

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Rhaegar was in a hurry as he ran through the corridor, his panic getting the better of him until he found himself outside the castle.

By the time he realized where he was, he had reached the cliffs.

"Roar..."

The Cannibal let out a low growl as it sensed its master's presence. Its massive form loomed above him. The dragon could tell that Rhaegar was scared, which was out of character for the usually bold prince.

Rhaegar looked up at the enormous black dragon, towering like a mountain, and gasped, "I need some air, partner."

The Cannibal stood up, wrapped its tail around Rhaegar's waist, and hoisted him onto its back.

"Roar..."

With a mighty flap of its wings, the dragon took off, soaring into the sky and cutting through the clouds.

Flying in circles was a simple task, but for Rhaegar, the sky and sea offered a much-needed escape, washing away his confusion and fear.

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Inside the Castle

Rhaenyra washed up and walked down the hall for breakfast. Alongside her was a haggard-looking Alicent.

Rhaenyra ate small bites of bread, her demeanor light and carefree. Alicent, on the other hand, didn't seem to have much appetite. She glanced at Rhaenyra from time to time. She opened her mouth several times as if to speak, but then stopped herself.

Rhaenyra couldn't help but chuckle to herself. This former sister of hers had a real flair for drama. She had no idea what Alicent had been through the night before and subconsciously assumed that Alicent had some kind of agenda.

"Princess, the King has summoned you," Harrold said softly as he approached the table near the end of breakfast.

Rhaenyra wiped the corner of her mouth with a handkerchief and asked, "Where's Rhaegar? Has he had breakfast yet?"

"Not yet. The prince had something to attend to and went out," Harrold replied, forcing a smile. He hesitated before adding, "It would be best if you saw the King first. It's very important."

"Yes, Ser," Rhaenyra responded, frowning curiously as she left the table.

...

Not long after, Rhaenyra entered her father's room.

Viserys had been waiting for a while and greeted her with a smile. "Please, have a seat, Rhaenyra."

"What did you want to see me about?" Rhaenyra asked as she slowly stepped forward and pulled out a chair to sit across from him.

Viserys' smile seemed a bit too good to be true, deepening her suspicions. He poured himself a glass of wine, took a large gulp, and then looked down, his expression troubled.

Rhaenyra's eyes narrowed as a thought crossed her mind. Pursing her lips, she said leisurely, "Rhaegar returned safely. You gave me a choice..."

"No! No talk of your marriage today," Viserys interrupted hastily, his voice tinged with fear.

Rhaenyra breathed a sigh of relief and laughed softly. "What else could be so difficult for you besides this?"

She had foolishly assumed her father was trying to rush her marriage, she'd already made up her mind, though.

Viserys lifted his head, meeting his daughter's gaze, and said with difficulty, "Rhaenyra, I think Rhaegar is a fine boy—brave and clever."

"Of course, Rhaegar is restless, but he always has a plan," Rhaenyra replied, smiling at the thought of her brother.



He was the only blood relative her mother had left her, the one she would rely on.

Viserys paled slightly when he heard his daughter say that Rhaegar was restless. He drained his glass.

"Rhaenyra, you are a smart, kind girl. Have you ever felt that being the heir brings you pressure, making it difficult to breathe?" Viserys kept his smile, asking tentatively.

"From time to time, yes, but you have been supportive, and Rhaegar has helped me. I am blessed to have you both," Rhaenyra replied with a smile, clasping her hands behind her back.

These words pierced Viserys' heart like a sharp blade. He struggled to breathe, his chest tightening.

"The dream has come back to me. Rhaegar is the prince of the prophecy. I need to make a decision!" Viserys repeated these words in his mind and then pushed himself up and opened his mouth.

Bang!

The goblet fell heavily on the table. Viserys looked up, his face serious. "Rhaenyra, I need to be honest with you. The reason I called you here is to discuss changing the heir."

After holding back for so long, Viserys finally opened up and felt a mix of relief and anguish. At least he'd said it. It was better to be honest, even if it was painful, than to hide the truth.

Rhaenyra froze at his words, her breath seeming to stop as disbelief appeared in her eyes. What had she heard? Her father, who had always supported her, was talking about changing the heir.

She was going to be replaced!

Viserys stood up and walked quickly to Rhaenyra, speaking with difficulty, "Rhaenyra, I know this is hard to accept. You've been the heir for six years. But your position was always precarious. I had to consider a more suitable heir."

"As your father, I hope you understand. I love you, and I'm not making this decision lightly."

Viserys saw his daughter's shocked expression and tried to explain further, trying to soften the impact of his words.

After a few moments, Rhaenyra blinked and processed the news. She lifted her head and looked her father straight in the eye.

There was no complaining, no crying, no hysteria. Rhaenyra was calm. She placed a hand over her heaving chest to steady herself.

With her other hand, she grasped her father's, forcing a smile as she asked, "Father, is it Rhaegar?"

## Chapter 104: The Future Dream

### Dragonstone Island, Coastline

The black dragon soared through the sky, weaving between clouds and sea. After a while, it landed on a cliff, settling on the rocky ground.

Rhaegar was lying on the dragon's back, closing his eyes to feel the cool breeze on his face. The Cannibal roared softly and lowered its body to the ground, connecting its head and tail, ready to sleep.

the ground, connecting its head and tail, ready to sleep.

Rhaegar lay still, eyes closed, and gradually slipped into a dream.

He had a brief dream.

He saw the castle on Dragonstone Island. His sister, Rhaenyra, was captured by a group of men. A sharp blade sliced through her skin, and blood soaked her skirt. She struggled, screamed, and cursed something he couldn't hear. Rhaegar watched from a distance, unable to help.

Out of nowhere, a dragon's mouth opened and bit into Rhaenyra's shoulder. The dragon's fangs tore through her body, causing a lot of pain. Rhaenyra's face went pale as she screamed and cursed the person who had betrayed her.

"Brother, I curse you! You will fall into the Seven Hells!"

Her curses echoed in his mind. Rhaegar heard them loud and clear. She was cursing him, her brother.

Rhaegar suddenly woke up, and the dream started to fade. In the final moments of the dream, he saw Rhaenyra torn apart by the dragon, her body swallowed piece by piece.

Her desperate cries kept him awake as he suddenly woke up.

"No!....."

The image of his sister's tragic death really upset him. Rhaegar sat up, his heart racing and his breathing heavy.

"Roar....." the Cannibal growled softly, sensing its master's distress.

Rhaegar looked out into the distance, the vivid dream still fresh in his mind. He couldn't shake the feeling of unease that had settled over him.

He was alone with the wind, the waves, and the gentle rumble of the dragon beneath him.

Rhaegar looked around. The blue sky and white clouds were calm, with no hint of the nightmare's gloom.

"Just another dream," he said to himself.

He took a deep breath and tried to shake off the dream, to separate it from reality. He started to sweat, and he wiped it away, feeling the chill of his own skin.

Rhaegar tried to calm his breathing and gradually shake off the fear that had gripped him.

"When did I fall asleep and have such a bad dream?"

He lowered his head, holding his forehead, his heart racing with the lingering fear. He couldn't believe he'd fallen asleep on the back of a dragon, let alone had such a horrifying vision.

Rhaenyra was his closest relative and his only sister. But in his dream, she was eaten by a dragon, and she died a horrible death. He could still hear her final cry, cursing him, ringing in his ears.

Rhaegar looked down at his hands, feeling anxious. "Was she cursing me?"

Was he the one who condemned Rhaenyra to such a fate?

"No way! It can't be me!"

After a moment of thought, he sharpened his eyes and solidified his resolve to protect his sister.

"Rhaenyra will be in danger in the future. This shouldn't happen."

He denied the notion that he was the brother in her dream.

Rhaegar glanced at the sleeping Cannibal beneath him and slid down one of the dragon's wings, heading toward the castle.

He needed to see Rhaenyra and talk to his father again.

...

When Rhaegar returned to the castle, he learned from Ser Cole that Rhaenyra had been called away by their father. His heart raced with worry, and without hesitation, he made his way to his father's room.

As he approached the door, he saw Harrold standing guard. The old knight noticed him coming down the hallway and was about to speak when Rhaegar raised a finger to his lips in a shushing gesture.

Harrold, experienced and perceptive, immediately fell silent and bowed his head, stepping aside.

"Thank you," Rhaegar whispered as he reached the door.

Just then, he heard Rhaenyra's voice from inside.

"I had long guessed this day would come, but I didn't expect it to come so soon!"

Rhaegar felt a sinking feeling in his heart. He reached out to push the door open, but Harrold gently held his shoulder, signaling him to wait. Rhaegar looked at him in confusion, but Harrold's serious expression and silent gesture made him pause.

"Rhaenyra, you're a great girl, but the Iron Throne needs a strong leader," Viserys said from inside.

Rhaegar leaned against the wall and listened closely.

"Father, I'm also a dragonrider," Rhaenyra replied, her voice firm. "I'd rather be a knight leading a charge than be seen as a liability."

Viserys let out a sigh. "The world's prejudice is like a mountain. They think you're not fit to be a knight, let alone a queen."

"That's no reason to replace me. You never listened to that kind of advice before," Rhaenyra replied, her voice wavering slightly.

"I never doubted your fitness for the Iron Throne because you are a woman," Viserys said apologetically. "But I had a dream of a prince crowned with the Conqueror's Crown, changing the world in blood and fire."

"And that prince was Rhaegar?" Rhaenyra asked quietly.

"Yes, the night before Rhaegar returned, I had that dream again. The prince was Rhaegar as an adult, and I could not mistake it."

Rhaenyra laughed bitterly. "An absurd reason, as absurd as the one you used to choose me as your heir."

"Rhaenyra, Rhaegar is my eldest son..." Viserys began, but his voice trailed off.

There was a sudden opening of the door in the middle of Viserys' sentence.

The two people inside were startled by the sudden sound. They turned to see an expressionless Rhaegar standing straight in the doorway.

"Rhaegar, I thought you'd left. What are you doing back here?" Viserys' expression shifted slightly, and he reprimanded in a low voice.

Rhaenyra glanced at her brother slyly. She tried to form a smile, but her lips only twitched without success.

"We're family, and I'm entitled to take part in these discussions," Rhaegar said, stepping into the room. He turned and closed the door behind him.

He walked over to Rhaenyra and took one of her hands.

Rhaenyra gave a little struggle, but Rhaegar held her hand firmly. Her hand was smooth, but it felt cold to his touch.

He looked at her tear-streaked face and said, "Sister, I won't hurt you, and I don't want to take away what belongs to you."

Rhaenyra looked back at him, her eyes filled with sadness. She just shook her head.

Her father had already decided to replace her as heir, and there was no way to change his mind.

"I'm tired, Rhaegar," she said, her eyes red with tears.

She had thought about being angry, about venting her frustration.

But that would only make her look bad and make her father dislike her even more.

Since the day she became heir to the throne, she had never enjoyed a single day of peace.

Now that her father had rejected her, she felt even more exhausted.

She thought it was pathetic and ridiculous to have even considered sitting on the Iron Throne.

She felt completely powerless, unable to even think about fighting with her brother to defend her claim.

Seeing his sister in tears, Rhaegar felt a surge of anxiety and hugged her.

Then, he let go of her hand and turned to face his father.

"Father, it is not appropriate to change the heir, and I do not intend to take on such a heavy burden," Rhaegar said, trying to appeal to his father.

Viserys shook his head. "It is not as simple as you think, Rhaegar."

"The Iron Throne needs a strong king to sit on it, and Rhaenyra isn't very decisive. She will only weaken the rule of House Targaryen rather than revitalize it."

Chapter 105: Rhaenyra's Conditions

"I said I could help her. My dragon and I are enough to quell any rebellion," Rhaegar stated confidently.

He was haunted by his dreams, unsure why Rhaenyra had suffered so.

But he knew one thing for sure: as long as he stood by Rhaenyra's side, they were safe. They were born of fire and nothing could stop them.

Viserys glared at his eldest son, seething with anger. That ungrateful wretch. He was offering him the throne!

Daemon would even go so far as to seduce his own niece and murder his nephew just to get a chance at the crown.

While Rhaegar, the eldest son and rightful heir, seemed uninterested in it.

Maybe Rhaenyra didn't want the throne either.

But it didn't matter; Rhaegar was still too young to understand the allure of power. At some point, he'll understand the importance of being an heir.

Viserys sneered, his voice forceful. "Changing the heir is not a suggestion, it is an order for you and Rhaenyra! No one can refuse the King's will!"

Rhaegar stood his ground, meeting his father's gaze with stubbornness. "I will not obey. You cannot force the position of heir on me."

"You would defy me as well, Rhaegar?" Viserys raised an eyebrow, his eyes darkening.

"If your orders mean hurting Rhaenyra, then yes, I will," Rhaegar replied.

"Very well," Viserys said coldly. "Both of you siblings have defied your father and your king. You are truly brave."

The scene of Rhaegar defending Rhaenyra seemed to agitate Viserys further, a chilling coldness flashing under his eyes.

He aimed his words like a spear at Rhaenyra. "Rhaenyra, your brother has learned from your capriciousness, and that is one of the things I find most infuriating."

Rhaenyra turned her face away, scowling. She felt like she was just a pawn in this family struggle, a victim of the political machinations.

She knew that whatever she said would be wrong, so there was no point in speaking.

She was caught between defending her brother and her father's harsh decree. She was at a crossroads, uncertain of her future.

Viserys' gaze shifted back to Rhaegar. "I will not tolerate your defiance. If you disobey my will, you will face consequences you cannot imagine."

Rhaegar looked confused, not understanding why his father was acting this way.

Viserys continued, "As a heir, Rhaenyra's marriage has always been a big deal."

"Now that she's no longer the heir, she'll be marrying as a princess. Laenor Velaryon, Jason Lannister, or Tyland, and even Prince Martell of Dorne are all good options."

Rhaegar and Rhaenyra's expressions changed dramatically. They stared at their father, who had always been kind, now dictating their futures.

Involved in her own marriage, Rhaenyra reacted strongly, her voice tinged with sorrow, "You have the right to change the heir, but why make it difficult for your daughter? I have already lost the throne."

"Your indecision is what's got us here," Viserys said. He was determined to teach his unruly children a lesson.

Of course, he wouldn't truly use Rhaenyra as a mere pawn in marriage. She was his daughter, his eldest with his late wife, Aemma Arryn.

But to ensure Rhaegar complied, a degree of coercion was necessary.

And it worked like a charm, the effect was immediate.

Rhaegar stood there, looking at his father with a mix of hesitation and uncertainty. It was hard to reconcile the kind man he had always known with this cold, ruthless figure.

Rhaegar felt a sense of powerlessness wash over him. For the first time, he really grasped the significance and reality of power.

Rhaegar slowed down and said with difficulty, "Father, why do you want me to inherit the Iron Throne?"

He couldn't understand why his father was so determined to make him the heir.

"Because you're the prince of prophecy and the first heir. You deserve to sit on the Iron Throne," Viserys said firmly.

"You alone tamed the largest wild dragon ever seen, and you have conquered numerous nobles and savages in the Crackclaw Point. Given your achievements, shouldn't you be the heir to the throne?"

Viserys believed that Rhaegar was the prince from his dreams, destined to elevate House Targaryen to greatness.

Rhaegar hesitated for a moment before saying, "Father, if you seek peace in the kingdom, I can serve as guardian of all the realm. If you want the Targaryen family to reclaim its prestige."

"I can defeat the pirates of the Stepstones and the raiders of the Iron Islands. I can even conquer Dorne with the dragons and bring the Seven Kingdoms firmly under Targaryen rule."

"And if you think that's not enough, I can take on the Free Cities, the Slaver's Bay, and the lands of Essos. Even if it takes my entire life, I will bring these lands under the rule of House Targaryen."

At this point, he looked back at Rhaenyra and said earnestly, "But for all this to happen, please do not deny Rhaenyra her rightful place. Give me a little more time; I will grow into my role soon. Please, Father, really, please."

The words of the young prince were heartfelt and sincere, without the slightest hint of falsehood.

But whether it moved the king, who had already made up his mind, remained to be seen.

Behind him, Rhaenyra was already in tears, covering her cheeks with one hand, unable to stop the tears from rolling down as she looked at her younger brother.

"Alas..." Viserys sighed deeply, feeling his eldest son's resistance.

He turned to Rhaenyra and hesitantly asked, "Rhaenyra, what do you say?"

His stance with Rhaegar was clear, but now it was Rhaenyra's turn to take a stand.

"The heirship is Rhaegar's, and I will return it to him and support him as he has supported me," Rhaenyra said without hesitation, holding back her sobs.

At this point, the status of a heir no longer mattered. With Rhaegar's words, despite her thousand reluctances, she was satisfied.

It was enough.

"Rhaenyra!"

Rhaegar shouted, unwilling to accept her decision.

Rhaenyra shook her head vigorously, choking back her tears. "Rhaegar, from the moment I became heir, I've fought against prejudice. I wanted to be a beloved queen, to abolish unjust rules, to establish a new order."

"But I don't have the wisdom of a true queen, nor the sensitivity of Aunt Rhaenys."

"You're my brother, and I can't accept you sacrificing your life to fulfill my ideals."

She might not have the wisdom to be a great ruler, but she wasn't blind. Rhaegar was better suited to be the heir. He was speaking for her benefit, and she couldn't just take over his life.

At this moment, she had to stand up for her brother.

Rhaegar's eyes reddened as he said softly, "Rhaenyra..."

"Don't get emotional, I have my own plans."

Rhaenyra wiped away her tears and took him into her arms. She turned to their father, staring him down. "As compensation for stepping aside, you must fulfill my conditions."

"As part of the deal, you have to meet my conditions."

Viserys stood there, silent, gripping the round table. It was as if he were in a different time and place from his children. He wasn't sure if he'd made the right call in removing his daughter's heirship and replacing it with his eldest son's.

This was in line with his character—when he faced a problem, he was prone to self-doubt.

He snapped back to reality when he heard his daughter speak. His eyes were a little vacant until Rhaenyra repeated herself.

He nodded repeatedly and smiled in a conciliatory manner. "I've already got a solution for you."

#### Chapter 106: Rhaegar's Promise

Viserys laid out the compensation plan for his children to see. "After the exchange ceremony, you'll keep your honorary position as Princess of Dragonstone, and Dragonstone will be your fiefdom for life."

Rhaenyra listened quietly, holding Rhaegar like a doll, with no visible reaction.

Viserys paused, looking at Rhaegar. "Rhaenyra, if you still want to go ahead with your previous choice, I'll respect your decision and give you the right of first refusal."

Rhaenyra looked at Rhaegar's face and shook her head. "Not enough!"

Being Princess of Dragonstone and having Rhaegar as her protector was already her due. This was not true compensation. She had other conditions in mind.

"Maybe we should talk about the terms together, Rhaenyra," Viserys said gently, not letting her rejection of his initial offer get to him.

Rhaenyra looked at her father, noting his guilty expression. She knew this was her chance to secure her future. If she lost her status as heir, she had to make the most of this opportunity.

Nuzzling her brother's flushed face, she turned to her father and said firmly, "Along with your offer of compensation, I want your promise that you will never interfere with my marriage."

Viserys frowned slightly. Allowing Rhaenyra autonomy in her marriage was already a significant concession. Her demand for complete freedom in choosing her spouse caught him off guard.

"Father, Rhaenyra has lost enough," Rhaegar said softly, bowing his head as if discussing something trivial. Losing her heirship had shamed him, and he wanted nothing more than to fulfill all her conditions.

Viserys stared at his son for a moment before bursting into laughter. Although the laughter was a bit forced, he showed his most generous side.

He opened his mouth to speak...

...

Night

Rhaenyra, in a silk nightgown, sat in front of her dressing table, combing her silver hair. Her eyes were red and puffy as she stared silently at her reflection in the mirror.

Knock, knock...

A knock on her door broke the silence. Rhaenyra looked back and whispered, "Please come in."

She knew only one person would come to her room at this hour. Yet, the door remained still.

Confused, Rhaenyra stood up and walked toward the door. She hesitated with her hand on the handle, wondering if something was wrong.

"Is something wrong?" she asked softly, leaning her head against the door.

Nothing but silence.

Rhaenyra turned the knob and tried to open the door.

Bang...

Just as she was about to open the door, she noticed a small crack forming on the outside. Through the gap, Rhaenyra could see a white shadow standing at the edge of the corridor, about ten meters away. It was Cole who stepped aside to let the visitor in.



Since there weren't any outsiders around, Rhaenyra said, "Rhaegar, if you have something to say, talk to me in person."

Still no movement.

Growing impatient and slightly angry, Rhaenyra said, "Rhaegar, if you don't speak, I'm going to sleep."

After leaving their father's room, Rhaegar had left without a word. She hadn't eaten lunch or dinner, waiting for her little brother to come to her door so they could have a heart-to-heart chat.

The door opened slightly from the outside, revealing a sliver of space. Rhaenyra took half a step back, staring intently at the doorway.

Rolling...

With a soft, metallic sound, a gold coin rolled into the room, spinning in an erratic manner. Rhaenyra crouched down and picked up the coin quickly.

As she lifted her head, two more gold coins rolled into the room. She quickly reached out and grabbed them.

Upon closer examination, Rhaenyra realized that the coins were not like the unique golden dragons of Westeros. They didn't look like the coins from the Free Cities or Essos either.

One side of the coin bore the number 1, and the other side featured a tower encircled by dragons, towering into the clouds to form a magnificent fortress.

Rhaenyra rattled the coins in her hand and asked through the doorway, "Where are these gold coins from? I've never seen them before."

"It's a relic from Ancient Valyria," said a familiar, muffled voice from outside the door.

Rhaenyra recognized the voice and smiled, trying to push the door open further.

Bang...

The door was shut again from the outside.

The voice whispered, "These three gold coins are the compensation I brought you."

"Three antiques..." Rhaenyra weighed the coins in her hand and said with amusement, "A good compensation, I accept."

Although the coins were useless in a practical sense, she wanted to make her brother feel better.

"No! Three gold coins are not worth anything at all," his voice grew agitated. "Father promised you three conditions as compensation, and so did I."

"What do you want?" Rhaenyra asked.

"I don't yet have the right or the wealth to make it up to you, but I will grow up soon. Keep these three gold coins, and when I am older, I promise to fulfill your three wishes."

His words were a bit childish, but his voice was full of determination.

After a day of ups and downs, Rhaenyra's expression grew somber as she sighed softly. She turned around and slowly slid her back against the door until she was seated on the floor.

Holding the three gold coins in her hand, she sat back and thought about what to do next.

She wasn't the only one struggling with the change in the heir position. Besides her father, who initiated the change, her younger brother, who adored her, was also affected.

Rhaenyra leaned her head against the door, closed her eyes, and said, "I'll keep them."

As she spoke, her thoughts wandered. She was afraid. Afraid that this would hinder Rhaegar's growth.

Despite the tumult of her teenage years, she at least had a good childhood, filled with love from her kind father and strict mother.

She had inherited her father's gentle nature and her mother's bravery and pride from the Vale of Arryn family.

But Rhaegar was different. He was born without a mother and began suffering from illnesses as a baby.

Fearing the pain of losing his eldest son, Viserys avoided seeing Rhaegar, leaving him fatherless in all but name.

That changed six months ago. Rhaenyra tried to make up for Rhaegar's lack of motherly love by caring for him as a sister. It was clear that Rhaegar was fiercely protective of her today.

They loved each other deeply. But how would they face each other in the future? Rhaenyra worried that Rhaegar might become paranoid.

The Targaryen bloodline of madness always lurked within each member, waiting to surface.

Rhaenyra stopped talking and thought about the future.

Outside the door, a small figure crouched on the ground, leaning against the door.

He listened for the sound of breathing on the other side. Scattered at his feet were sapphires, ancient books, jewelry, and even a precious space bracelet.

He had hoped to use these to repair the damage done to Rhaenyra, but they didn't carry the same weight as the three gold coins.

His eyes were dark and uncertain as he wrapped his arms around his legs, murmuring to himself:

"Sister, I don't want the throne, but I will hold on to it. Any opposition in the future will have to face dragonfire."

His voice grew steadier, traveling through the door to Rhaenyra. "My promise stands. If you want it, I also want it!"

Chapter 107: Not a Chapter, Author's Note, Reflections and Gratitude

Not a chapter, Author's Note.

Hello Guys, this is not a chapter, it's just a thank you note, I'm sharing it for those interested and also to not lose track of the chapters, consider Chapter 107 non-existent, I'll follow the same count as the Raws to avoid confusion.

When I release this note, I will publish at least 2 chapters daily as I normally do, without taking the note into account.

....

#### ### Chapter 107: Reflections and Gratitude

Today is a day of both joy and nervousness for the author. As a newcomer to writing, many of you may have noticed my inexperience. Initially, my goal was simply to earn some living expenses. My first attempt at a novel, despite pouring tens of thousands of words into it, was rejected, leaving me disheartened and doubtful of my abilities.

After several failed attempts, I began to question whether I was cut out for this line of work. Then, by chance, I stumbled upon a captivating clip from "House of the Dragon" on a short video platform. The sight of the dragons reignited my passion, and I quickly subscribed to watch the entire series. It took me over a week to finish all ten episodes.

While I enjoyed the show, I felt that the plot was a bit too dark and lacked the passion I craved. For the next two weeks, I remained in a negative state. Then, I saw another clip from the show and realized that fan fiction based on popular series was still thriving online. This inspired me to write my own story set in the same universe.

After much hesitation, I finally decided to draft an outline. Thus, this book was born, beginning with the troubled dreams of the melancholy prince, Rhaegar. To be honest, I never expected this book to do so well. The current success has far exceeded my expectations.

Particularly after the initial chapters, when I wrote the "Dragon Taming" chapter, which became a surprising highlight despite not meeting my usual standards. This unexpectedly propelled the book to new heights.

However, I soon encountered difficulties. The plot set on the peninsula, originally planned for ten chapters, stretched to twenty, leading to some dissatisfaction among readers. My lack of experience in writing and understanding of popular tropes became evident.

I want to express my deepest gratitude to all of you. Your support and encouragement have meant the world to me. I promise not to rest on my laurels and will strive to improve, updating the book as often as possible. I will also read and study more excellent works to create even more exciting plots.

In the days ahead, I plan to increase the update frequency, aiming for three to four chapters a day. Thank you once again for your support. Let's continue this journey together!

#### Chapter 108: Returning to King's Landing

Three days had passed.

After a long journey, the royal ship finally docked at the bustling port of King's Landing.

Viserys was pale and tired as he was helped by Alicent into a carriage that was taking them to the Red Keep.

Aegon, Helaena, and Aemond were inside the carriage, attended to by servants, while Rhaenyra and Lyonel, the Hand of the King, were conspicuously absent.

Viserys settled into the seat, visibly uncomfortable, as Alicent offered him a glass of water.

After taking a sip, Viserys glanced around, his gaze falling on the empty seats. "Where's Rhaenyra? Where have they gone?"

Alicent let out a soft sigh and handed the cup to a servant. "The siblings left ahead of us, riding a dragon ashore."

There was a hint of bitterness in her tone, and anyone listening could tell.

Three nights ago, Viserys told Alicent that he was changing Rhaenyra's status as a heir to make Rhaegar the new heir.

Alicent was caught off guard by the news, especially after Rhaegar's recent threats against her.

Despite her misgivings, Alicent had no choice but to go along with it.

The following day, Viserys dispatched ravens to disseminate the news across the realm, canceling their planned journey to Driftmark in the process.

Lyonel, had sent his condolences to the Sea Snake, letting the Velaryons know about the change in the heir's status.

However, time constraints had led to delays in various matters, including Aegon's dragon-bonding.

Aegon's progress in taming Sunfyre had been slow, so they had to leave early to avoid further delays.

This fact weighed heavily on Alicent's mind.

After all, Rhaegar had successfully tamed a wild dragon at the tender age of six, while Aegon struggled to tame even a young one.

The question was on everyone's mind: why had Rhaegar succeeded where Aegon had not?

...

Dragonpit

Rhaenyra was perched atop Syrax saddle, wearing sleek black dragon barding.

After days of turmoil, her demeanor appeared to have regained its composure.

With a bright smile, she looked around at the gathered dragons and their dragonkeepers, who had come together at the sound of her call.

"Roar..."

Syrax wasn't happy about the dragonkeepers with the whips and clubs, so she let out a roar before slowly landing on the ground.

Dismounting from the dragon's back, Rhaenyra scanned her surroundings and inquired, "Where's Rhaegar? He returned to King's Landing before me."

A young maester, with a slight limp and a courteous smile, approached her. "The prince has departed. He was escorted back to the Red Keep by the waiting Kingsguard."

Without hesitation, Rhaenyra accepted the news. "Make sure my dragon is taken care of."

With that, she left the Dragonpit.

However, she stopped in the middle of leaving and turned back with a serious look on her face. "If Rhaegar seeks to ride his dragon alone, do your utmost to dissuade him from reckless ventures, or summon me."

It had been three days since she last saw Rhaegar.

Upon their return to King's Landing, he took off on Cannibal, leaving her behind.

The black dragon was incredibly fast, and Rhaenyra was really annoyed.

The young maester nodded enthusiastically. "I'll do my best to give the prince some advice."

"Very well. Your dedication will not go unnoticed," Rhaenyra said, her lips curling into a satisfied grin as she continued on her way.

As she left, the young maester went up to the Dragonpit.

...

The Summit of the Dragonpit

A massive black dragon was sprawled out on its back, eyes closed in repose.

At the front of the platform, Rhaegar was there, watching Rhaenyra leave.

Next to him, Erryk, looking sharp in silver armor and white robes, stood tall, peeking at the imposing dragon from time to time, his face serious.

Tap-tap-tap...

Footfalls echoed up the stairs, prompting Erryk to turn around, his gaze fixed on the approaching figure.

Emerging from the staircase, a young maester tentatively advanced, stealing anxious glances at the ebony dragon occupying the landing.

In hushed tones, he delivered the news, "Prince, the princess has departed."

"I saw it, Maynard," Rhaegar replied, his tone calm and unmoved

Maynard sensed that the prince wasn't interested in talking anymore, so he backed off and stood by respectfully.

Erryk scrutinized his movements closely, his mind full of suspicion.

A few moments later, Rhaegar turned to face Maynard. His gaze fell on Maynard's awkward gait.

"It appears you've had a hard time."

"This is the consequence of my actions," Maynard retorted wryly, his demeanor betraying no hint of sadness.

During the Dreamfyre incident, he had been incarcerated and subsequently maimed during the trial, leaving him with a permanent disability after failing to receive treatment in time.

Observing Maynard's meek countenance, Rhaegar arched a brow. "I assumed you would have returned to the Citadel."

"Not exactly. I'm no longer welcome there. I've grown accustomed to serving in the Dragonpit," Maynard admitted.

Rhaegar nodded thoughtfully, meeting his eager gaze.

It was a hunger for power.

After a brief pause, Rhaegar made his way toward the staircase, saying goodbye to Maynard as he left, "Make sure you do your job well. The Dragonpit is really important for the royal family, so I'll be focusing on that from now on."

After the change of power, the Dragonpit would be under his control, a key asset he wanted to use. To him, it was just a normal request, but to Maynard, it meant a lot more.

Eagerly lifting his head, Maynard pledged, "Yes, Prince. I will not disappoint you."

"Too close, Maester," Erryk interjected, halting Maynard's advance toward the prince.

Rhaegar's voice came down the stairs, "The Dragonpit needs someone reliable to look after it now that I'm the heir."

Maynard, brimming with enthusiasm, disregarded Erryk's restraining gesture, exclaiming, "Prince, I shall be your most loyal aide."

Maynard was a Maester with a lot of information at his fingertips.

News of the heir change had already reached King's Landing, and Maynard had been privy to it.

His waiting in the Dragonpit had paid off, as evidenced by Rhaegar's acknowledgment.

He had a bright future ahead of him.

...

As the sun set, Viserys, tired from his journey, looked for a way to relax with a soothing broth before heading to bed early.

Meanwhile, Alicent was looking after her husband while he was asleep, managing the Red Keep until the late hours.

Once she'd finished her chores, Alicent was pretty tired as she made her way back to her own quarters.

Despite her desire to collapse onto her soft bed and go to sleep, her royal status and upbringing demanded a modicum of decorum.

With a graceful demeanor, she approached the table and took off her clothes, revealing the smooth expanse of her skin beneath.

As her dress pooled at her feet, Alicent noticed an envelope on the tabletop with the crimson seal of House Hightower—a tower emblem.

She quickly grabbed the letter, recognizing it as a message from her family.

Her heart was racing with excitement, as it had been far too long since she'd heard from her parents and siblings.

She broke the seal with shaking hands and took the letter out, then sat down on the cool stone bench to read it.

However, her initial excitement slowly faded as she read the words her father, Otto Hightower, had written.

The letter didn't offer much words of comfort or reassurance. It was just a brief acknowledgment of the uncertain political climate.

"The situation is pretty tricky, so choose your words carefully," it said.

"Be careful and take your time," it advised, offering little help.

## Chapter 109: The Heir Replacement Ceremony

Two months passed in the blink of an eye.

At the harbor of King's Landing, a sailboat from a faraway land docked, and a guest disembarked.

The arrival of outsiders brought a buzz of activity to the harbor, with the number of traders increasing day by day.

At the city gates of King's Landing, soldiers escorted a procession of ornate carriages into the city. These carriages bore various noble emblems—roaring lions, direwolves, and sky-blue falcons.

After two months of anticipation, nobles from all over the continent had gathered in King's Landing to participate in the king's announcement regarding the heir change.

Inside the Red Keep, servants were bustling about, decorating the castle and preparing banquet ingredients. As queen, Alicent was in charge of all affairs. During this period, she was the busiest person in all of King's Landing.

Having just finished coordinating the banquet performances, Alicent wiped the sweat from her forehead. She called over a maid and urgently said, "Where's Rhaenyra? Tell her to come and help me. I can't finish everything on my own."

Her husband, the king, was a hands-off ruler who made decisions but left the execution to others. She needed someone to assist her.

The maid, head bowed, replied, "The Princess has gone to the Dragonpit to look for the Prince."

"Seven hells, is there no one in the Red Keep to help me?" Alicent exclaimed in frustration, her chest heaving with anger.

...

Meanwhile, at the Dragon's Lair, Rhaenyra made her way up the stairs to the top landing, her steps slow and deliberate.

She was well aware of the bustling activity at the Red Keep, but she felt no obligation to partake in it.

After all, she was the princess who had been replaced. How could anyone expect her to organize a banquet for her own replacement? The thought was simply too cruel.

Reaching the empty platform, Rhaenyra spotted a familiar figure. "Rhaegar, you're really here," she called out, surprised.

Rhaegar turned at her voice, a hint of helplessness in his expression. "I only have two places I can go, and since I'm not needed at the Red Keep, of course I'm here."

Rhaenyra quickly stepped forward and grabbed her brother's ear in frustration. "You spend more than half your time in the Dragonpit, Rhaegar. Do you consider this place your home now?"

Rhaegar winced in pain but managed to reply, "Soon the whole continent will be mine. It doesn't matter where I make my home."

"Nonsense. Father still has a few decades left to live. It's not your turn yet," Rhaenyra scolded, pushing him slightly.

Rhaegar didn't resist, closing his eyes and enduring her anger in silence. Seeing him so passive only fueled Rhaenyra's frustration.

She released his ear and pressed down on his shoulder, speaking seriously, "Rhaegar, the day after tomorrow is the heir replacement ceremony. You need to be prepared and focused."

"I know, I don't need you to remind me," Rhaegar responded with an indifferent smile.

Rhaenyra squatted down, looked directly into his eyes, and said sadly, "I never blamed you. Don't be like this, okay?"

Since their return to King's Landing, the siblings had rarely seen each other. Rhaenyra knew it was because Rhaegar was intentionally avoiding her. She even considered moving to the Dragonpit just to be close to him.

"I'm fine, Rhaenyra," Rhaegar sighed. "I've been observing the dragons' habits lately and planning to restructure the Dragonpit."

He wasn't lying. The Dragonpit was crucial, and as a family that relied on dragons to conquer the continent, he compared the importance of renovating to the period in which the Red Keep was built.

Rhaenyra put his hand on Rhaegar's face and asked, "So, have you noticed anything?"

"Not yet. The Dragonpit here is too simple, far from what I had in mind," Rhaegar admitted, shaking his head.

The Dragonlords of Valyria lived in the Fourteen Flames, with natural volcanic and underground caves forming perfect dragon lairs. In contrast, King's Landing's Dragon's Lair was just a massive dome filled with ground-level holes, lacking the spacious, high-temperature environment ideal for dragons.

Rhaenyra sighed as she looked at her brother, who seemed so serious. The thing she least expected had happened: Rhaegar was avoiding her, no longer as affectionate as he used to be.

She took him by the shoulders, embraced him, and kissed his neck. "Rhaegar, I'm the one who's been replaced. You shouldn't avoid me. It's really cruel to me."

Rhaegar, lost in thought, turned his head to the stone wall, unsure how to respond. He didn't mean to avoid her; he just didn't know how to face her. Now, he was at a loss for words.

After a while, he heard a soft sob. Rhaegar turned back and saw tears on Rhaenyra's cheeks. She pulled a gold coin from her pocket and offered it to him. "Do you want me to make a wish?" she choked out.



Rhaegar stared at the coin in a daze. After a long moment, he embraced her and whispered, "No, I understand."

Rhaenyra held him tightly and admonished, "You're the one our mother left me to rely on. No matter what, you shouldn't run away from me. You will be the heir, and your every word and action represents the royal family."

Rhaegar buried his face in her hair and said, "I understand. I am the flame that all should look up to."

He accepted his status as heir and was determined to live up to it.

...

Two days later, in the morning.

The gates of the Red Keep were opened wide, welcoming the nobles arriving for the ceremony. Leading the procession were the prominent families, each bearing their respective crests on their attire.

Following them were nobles from various regions, accompanying their lords.

The nobles were led by the Kingsguard to the expansive back garden, rather than into the castle hall.

This area boasted a large schoolyard, an arbor, a pond, and a fish beam, providing a picturesque setting for the gathering.

King Viserys and Queen Alicent awaited the attendees in a pavilion, accompanied by their children: Aegon, Helaena, and Aemond, who was in the arms of a maid.

"Your Grace and Queen..."

At the sight of the royal couple, the nobles bowed deeply, creating a scene of grand and solemn respect. Many of these nobles hailed from the North, the West, and the Vale—regions far from King's Landing, with treacherous roads making their journey arduous.

Viserys surveyed the gathered bannermen, pride swelling within him. He glanced at his wife and then addressed the assembly in a loud voice:

"All of you, I am honored to see you here after your long and bumpy journey. I offer my heartfelt thanks and blessings!"

"Today is a great event for the Targaryen dynasty, and you're all here to witness it."

Chapter 110: The Dragons

King Viserys spoke many kind words to appease the bannermen who had traveled from afar. The nobles responded graciously, applauding and cheering as the king finished his speech.

After a moment of calm, Hand of the King Lyonel stepped forward to preside over the meeting. Clearing his throat, he announced the main agenda.

"My lords, today is the last day of the year, and so we will hold the heir replacement ceremony as scheduled!"

The nobles reacted differently. Lord Jason Lannister wore a joyful expression, quietly discussing with those around him whether the princess would accept his proposal now that she had lost her heirship.

A Targaryen princess was important not just for the king's favor, but also for adding dragon blood to future generations of his family.

The Maiden of the Vale, Jeyne Arryn, seemed pretty downcast. She was Rhaenyra and Rhaegar's cousin.

She was 17 years old and a tall beauty with brown curly hair. As a woman, she'd always been Rhaenyra's most loyal supporter, both facing challenges from men and needing to stick together.

"It's a shame that Rhaenyra lost her heirship," Jeyne whispered to the middle-aged man standing beside her.

The man was Yorbert Royce from Runestone, the Lord Protector of the Vale and assistant to the Maiden of the Vale. With a heavy countenance, Yorbert lowered his voice, "The king has a son; this replacement is not surprising."

"....." Jenny sighed, understanding reality.

In addition to the main nobles houses, the Lords of each realm were also present.

Lord Stark of the North and Lord Baratheon of the Stormlands appeared indifferent, as if the choice of the King's heir did not concern them.

The Starks rarely ventured south, preferring to stay active in the North.

Lord Baratheon, once a supporter of the uncrowned queen, Princess Rhaenys, was also uninterested. They were cousins, but his loyalties lay elsewhere.

Lord Tully of the Riverlands and Lord Tyrell of the Reach, however, were all smiles, paying close attention to the speeches. They were supporters of the Targaryen House and favored a male heir, which aligned with their interests.

Lyonel wrapped up his speech pretty quickly, which let the two main characters come on stage. Viserys was smiling and holding Alicent's shoulders as they stood in front of the gathered nobles.

Lyonel stood by, maintaining a solemn demeanor.

"Where are the princess and the prince?"

"Has no one summoned their presence? Have they been forgotten?"

The murmurs grew as the princess and prince did not show up immediately. Some nobles began to whisper and speculate.

"Don't be in a hurry, my lords. The princess and the prince are on their way," Lyonel announced, attempting to quell the confusion.

The nobles exchanged doubtful glances, puzzled by Lyonel's words. What did he mean by "on their way"? Was the Princess refusing to relinquish her heirship and boycotting the heir chaging ceremony?

"Maybe there's something worth seeing," someone in the crowd suggested.

This comment sparked a wave of murmurs, as other nobles began to speculate quietly. Eyes occasionally darted to the king and queen in the pavilion, anticipating a potential royal scandal.

Out of nowhere, a gust of wind swept through the garden, causing the trees to rustle and the grass to sway. People looked up as the wind picked up.

"Roar..."

A powerful roar echoed across the sky, and in full view of the gathered crowd, a golden figure broke through the clouds, descending towards the majestic Red Keep.

"It's a dragon!"

The sharp-eyed among them quickly identified the enormous creature.

"This is the princess's dragon, Syrax..."

The nobles who had resided in the king's domain for years were well-acquainted with the golden dragon. Rhaenyra often traveled with her dragon, Syrax.

However, many nobles from the borderlands were less familiar with dragons. As Syrax, towering and majestic, swooped down, the crowd was visibly shaken.

This was a real dragon. One breath of dragonfire could wipe everyone out.

"Roar..."

Syrax sensed the crowd's attention and let out a loud roar, spitting flames that lit up the sky, showing off its impressive size and power.

Rhaenyra, clad in black and red, rode in the saddle, her hands gripping the reins as she looked down at the assembly below.

"Land, Syrax."

After circling the Red Keep twice, Rhaenyra gave the command in High Valyrian, her expression cold and commanding.

"Roar..."

Syrax replied by folding its wings and landing on a tower of the Red Keep, crushing the bricks and tiles.

It scanned the crowd below, tilting its head with curiosity.

The nobles looked up at the beast on the tower, their faces tense. It was a bit unsettling to be scrutinized by a dragon.

After a moment, Syrax lost interest and looked away. At Rhaenyra's command, it spread its wings and leapt from the tower, gliding around before landing gracefully in an open space nearby.

Boom—

As the dragon touched down, a gust of wind kicked up dust, forcing the nobles to step back.

Viserys watched the nobles, who seemed a bit confused, and allowed a small smile to form at the corners of his mouth. He looked at Rhaenyra on the dragon's back and they shared a look.

Rhaenyra remained silent, sitting regally in the saddle, her chin lifted as if dismissing the nobles below.

"Oh, is this a warning?" Jason Lannister muttered something under his breath. He was blown back by the dust and had to lean on his attendants to stay upright.

He acknowledged that a dragon was a formidable and intimidating force, but what did it matter in the grand scheme of things? In his mind, he knew a woman, even one in command of a dragon, would ultimately be subjugated by a man.

Jason's eyes burned with greed and desire as he stared at Rhaenyra. Young and unmarried, he saw the princess's loss of heirship as an opportunity.

With his status as the Warden of the West, he believed he could capture the heart of the now vulnerable princess.

"My lords, the princess is already here, and the prince will arrive shortly!" Lyonel announced, adjusting his wrinkled collar.

Since Rhaenyra had arrived on dragonback, it was clear there would be more than one dragon present.

"Roar..."

The crowd's murmurs were interrupted by another thunderous roar that seemed to shake the very air, rattling their eardrums.

Hoo...

A gust of wind followed, and the clear sunlight was suddenly obscured by a massive dark cloud, casting half of the Red Keep into shadow.

"Dragon! Another dragon!"

"Where did this black dragon come from? Does King's Landing have such a large black dragon?"

People looked up and saw a huge dragon, like a mountain of coal, coming into view. Its black scales, green eyes, and gray horns showed it was an adult dragon.

"Roar..."

Cannibal, following Syrax's path, burst through the clouds, green dragonfire splashing across the sky like ink. It was the undeniable centerpiece of King's Landing, circling above the city in its immense size and imposing presence.

The whole city was looking at the black dragon with blue eyes.

"Is it the Black Dread, Balerion?" people asked.

Those who didn't know about dragons were scared. They thought Cannibal was Balerion, the dragon who had burned everything in the Seven Kingdoms.

"Don't be afraid, lords," Viserys reassured the panic-stricken nobles with a smile.

"This dragon is Cannibal, tamed by my eldest son, Rhaegar. It is the largest wild dragon of Dragonstone Island."

The king's words aimed to calm the crowd, but the sight of two formidable dragons had already left a lasting impression on everyone present.