

GAME OF THRONES: I AM THE HEIR FOR A DAY

Chapter 11: First Confrontation with the King

"Thank you, Prince."

Receiving the young prince's assurance, Arryk thanked him sincerely and led them into the camp.

The children stayed out all night. Viserys was both angry and disappointed.

Disappointed not only in his children, but in himself.

As a king, he was incompetent, letting his subjects go to war on their own.

As a father, he was useless at disciplining his children.

After a night of counseling from Queen Alicent, Viserys, in a rare moment of clarity, decided to do something about it.

Rhaegar entered the king's tent and saw Viserys sitting on the main seat.

When he looked around, none of the dignitaries who had celebrated yesterday were there.

Even the trusted ministers were not among them.

"Father, I'm back."

Seeing his not-so-happy father, Rhaegar took the initiative to greet him.

Viserys ignored him. A pair of cold eyes fell on the following Erryk.

"Kingsguard, would you tell your king what kind of offense it is to take a prince out of camp on a private trespass?"

Erryk fell to his knees, his heart trembling with fear, "Your Majesty, it is indeed a crime of treason!"

"Good, you remember the law of the realm, for a while I thought you no longer took it seriously."

Viserys laughed back in anger, "Men, drag this traitor down and cut off his head."

He really was mad as hell.

Daemon and the Sea Snake had started a war without his consent.

The Small Council did not recognize his heir.

His daughter, who loved him with all her heart, didn't understand her old father's good intentions.

And now even the Kingsguard, who had sworn an oath of loyalty to him, dared to go against his wishes.

To take his sickly eldest son deep into the Kingswood.

What is he after?

What else does he have the nerve to do?

The lords and ministers will follow his example and challenge the king's authority if he is not severely punished.

Footsteps sounded outside the tent as Viserys gave the order.

Erryk closed his eyes in resignation.

He knew it was the guards at the door who had come to condemn him.

Arryk, who had accompanied the king downstairs, paled slightly. He gave Rhaegar a furtive wink.

Despite the dishonor of the white robes on his body, the young prince was indeed his brother's only saving grace at the moment.

Rhaegar did not go back on his word.

As soon as Viserys gave the order, he stepped in front of Erryk.

Pretending to be confused, he said: "Father, why are you punishing Ser Erryk? There must be some mistake."

Viserys showed him no sympathy, scolding, "Silence, do not think you can remain uninvolved because I have not mentioned you."

"I have long since heard what happened from the mouth of the rider who fed the horse, Erryk failed in his task and you have a responsibility that cannot be avoided!"

The expression on Rhaegar's face froze, not realizing that his little trick had been seen through long ago.

The guards entered the tent. They neatly stripped Erryk of his white robes and disarmed him of his sword.

"Stop, you can't do this to him."

Rhaegar didn't care, and he opened his hand to protect Erryk, who was on his knees, blocking the guards' maneuvers to take him prisoner.

"Unbridled, will you also go against the will of your father, the King?"

Viserys shouted angrily, ordering the guards to bring Rhaegar down.

"Release me, it is a treason to hold me before my father."

Rhaegar broke free with such force that the guards dared not harm the King's son. They could only hold Erryk, who was in no mood to resist.

"Prince, please do not provoke the king any more."

Seeing that the situation was getting more and more heated, the bound Erryk raised his voice in a low tone.

He did not want to provoke the wrath of the king for himself, the condemned.

He was not naive enough to expect a young prince to save him.

It had occurred to him on the way back that this would happen.

"I said I'd take all the consequences. A Targaryen is a man of his word!"

Rhaegar crashed through the guards in his way and stepped forward quickly, looking straight at his father with an angry expression on his face.

He said loudly, "Father, I am healed, and Ser Erryk deserves the credit."

Viserys snorted: "I only knew Erryk as a knight, I never knew he was also a healer."

"Believe me, there was a white hart in the Kingswood that gave me a fruit that restored me to health."

Emotions run high. Rhaegar throws out hard news in an attempt to win back Erryk's judgment.

At the mention of the white hart, a flash of skepticism flashes under Viserys' eyes: "A white hart cured you with a fruit?"

Just yesterday, Hand of the King Lyonel reported that a white hart had been spotted in Kingswood.

Jason Lannister, hoping to hunt the white hart with the weapon he gave him, also offered a golden lance.

He did indeed enter the Kingswood to hunt, accompanied by a crowd of people.

But no white hart was seen, only an ordinary horned stag.

His eldest son would have known nothing of this, for he had left the camp earlier.

Then his words about meeting a white hart were most likely true.

Rhaegar, unaware of his father's myriad thoughts, said, "Yes, the snow-white stag offered me a fruit that could heal me."

He concluded, "We have become friends!"

"Ha-ha-ha. That's one of the funniest jokes I've heard this year."

Viserys, not believing his eldest son's increasingly outrageous story, shook his head in derision.

Rhaegar looked resolute, "Ser Erryk can testify for me, and you can ask the Maester who is with me for a diagnosis, and I assure you my body is returning to health."

The confident words impressed Viserys. He looked at the silent Erryk in disbelief:

"While you still have your armor on, Erryk, tell your king the truth."

Erryk: "The prince speaks the truth!"

Viserys nods slightly and then lowers his head in silence.

No one knows what he is thinking.

The tent falls silent for a moment. The breathing of the group is clearly audible.

"Do you think what Rhaegar and your brother said is true?" Viserys asks Erryk after a moment.

"I have as much faith in my brother as you have in your own children, Your Grace!"

Erryk vouched for his brother without hesitation.

Without further ado, Viserys ordered, "Go and summon the Maesters who were with you, including the physicians brought by the other nobles and knights, one by one."

"At your command!"

Erryk's voice was loud and clear as he lifted the curtain and walked quickly out.

The originally anxious atmosphere eased with this change of heart.

The guards looked at each other in disbelief, then deliberately split in two to stand upright.

Rhaegar asked Viserys, "Father, do you trust me?"

"If it will make you well, I want what is said to be true."

For the moment, Viserys was emotionally reserved in his examination of his young eldest son.

In fact, he had a small amount of faith in Rhaegar's words.

Two months ago, after Rhaegar had made his usual examination, the Grand Maester had told him.

"The prince's heart failure is severe, and if there is any further deterioration, it will be difficult for him to live past the age of ten."

His question had been whether there might be a cure.

Unfortunately, organ failure is now a terminal disease.

There was no cure, and there was no way to even relieve the symptoms.

He had thought that this eldest son would not live long. Therefore, he avoided meeting him.

He didn't have the courage to face him as the boy's father, even as a king.

And yet.

Just now he had been amazed at the way Rhaegar had reasoned with him.

Even though the familiar little face was still pale.

But the voice that came out of it was full of power.

The aura emanating from his body, the power carried by the words he spoke.

It was worthy of a descendant of the ancient Valyrians.