

GAME OF THRONES: I AM THE HEIR FOR A DAY

Chapter 12: A Song of Ice and Fire

Arryk did not keep the king waiting, eager to save his brother.

It took only ten minutes for a large group of people to be brought up to the main tent.

Viserys ordered them to examine Rhaegar, calming the anxious maesters and healers.

A complete examination of his body, from top to bottom, without missing a single strand of hair.

The Maesters who were familiar with Rhaegar were no strangers to this sort of thing.

Some assisted the Grand Maester in examining the frail prince from time to time.

Once the equipment was in place, the maesters were in charge of the procedure.

It was a simple, rudimentary procedure.

The first step was to draw his blood and observe the color and consistency of the sample.

There was even a leech that was put in there to taste the blood and see if there were any toxins in it.

As for the rest of it, there were all kinds of tricks.

Large hands rubbing the body, examining skin, teeth, scalp...

You'd be surprised. There's nothing this group of physicians can't do.

What's more, a dry and skinny old man has offered to take off Rhaegar's pants and break open his buttocks in order to examine his anus.

Viserys also condoned this behavior as a father.

Rhaegar was horrified and regretted the rash decision he had made to allow his body to be inspected.

Fortunately, after Rhaegar resisted, Erryk stepped in.

With a punch that broke the dry, thin old man's nose, he begged the king not to let anyone haunt the prince's mind.

"Even if you are going to hang me, please do not allow the prince to be humiliated!"

Rhaegar nearly pissed himself as he hid behind Erryk, shaking with fear.

Viserys did not reprimand Erryk and waved a few healers with little skill out of the way.

A few decent maesters were left alone to do a unified report on Rhaegar's physical condition.

"Your Majesty, the prince's health has indeed improved greatly, and his blood activity is far greater than usual," a maester dedicated to the royal family said first, with words of undisguised amazement.

The rest of the maesters were in agreement as well.

"The prince was suffering from shortness of breath, now the deep breathing test is very normal, there is no sound coming from the chest cavity."

"The urine is of a normal color, pale yellow but not cloudy, the smell only has a slight foul odor, the kidneys are recovering quickly..."

"....."

It was a good report, and Viserys listened to it.

They were all rewarded with gold coins and the guards were ordered to take these Maesters to their quarters.

For a time, only father and son and the Cargyll brothers remained.

Rhaegar was the first to speak, "As the Maesters said, I have recovered thanks to Ser Erryk's help."

"He helped you, I shall do the same for him."

"I'm glad you're healthy, and I won't be speechless when I see your mother in heaven in the future," lamented Viserys, genuinely happy for his eldest son.

"Father, I can't comfort you on behalf of Mother. I just hope you can move on."

The mention of his mother, who had died in childbirth, made Rhaegar's heart a little sour.

Not only was the pain as sharp as a knife, but it was even more seamless.

It always seemed to blow into the ears of those who didn't want to remember it.

Viserys felt guilty for the years he had forced his wife's pregnancy, the cause of her death.

How could Rhaegar, as a newborn born of a difficult birth, not have been a factor in the death of his mother?

As a young boy, he heard the rumors that added fuel to the fire. He carried the same guilt in his heart.

At the sight of his eldest son's forlorn look, Viserys felt a pang in his heart for the sadness he had stirred in him.

"Arryk, I'm going to talk to my son, take your brother and go, don't let anyone come near the tent."

Viserys ordered the Cargyll brothers to leave.

"Yes, My King!"

Arryk pulled his brother to guard the outside of the tent with a solemn face.

Viserys stood and came to Rhaegar's side, stroking the top of his head affectionately, with no outsiders to disturb him.

"Were you scared just a moment ago?"

"About what?"

Rhaegar was at a loss for words.

"Dr. Pollux, the old man who tried to take your pants off," Viserys laughed maliciously.

Rhaegar's face turned green, "I will remember that name."

"Oh, a superior man should have a broad mind, especially to the healer who is your medicine supplier."

Viserys taught in a half-serious, half-teasingly manner.

"That's the king's duty, I just want to blow his head off."

Rhaegar would have none of that pretense of generosity, It wasn't the king who almost had his pants taken off.

"Let's give the White Hart affair the benefit of the doubt, is it true that you only regained your health because you ate a magical fruit?"

The conversation took a turn, and Viserys found himself thinking about the fruit his eldest son had mentioned.

He had been cut by the Iron Throne, and the wound had never healed, no matter what kind of medicine he used on it.

Over the past ten years, his body had been scarred, and many parts of his body were festering with pus.

From moment to moment, his nerves were on edge with pain.

If the White Hart really had that magical fruit, it might be able to heal his body.

Of course, Rhaegar knew why his father had asked that question.

"I'm not lying. The White Hart was willing to come near me and feed me the fruit that restored my health."

Viserys's face lit up, "Then, do you think you can still find the hart?"

He was straightforward, "I think that magic fruit is very rare, it's hard to get a second one, even if you find the hart, it might be useless."

"How do we know there isn't one if we don't try?"

Viserys was not ready to give up on the hope of a cure.

Unwilling to betray his friend, Rhaegar bit out, "The White Hart is auspicious, and those close to it will be blessed."

"On the other hand, those who dare to harm it will definitely be cursed."

Viserys tried to read Rhaegar's expression for clues and stared at him skeptically.

Rhaegar's face was as usual, meeting his stare calmly.

Viserys gave up after half a second.

Sighing, he said, "You're right, I went hunting for the white hart yesterday and didn't see even a shadow of it."

Rhaegar was very surprised, not knowing such a thing had happened.

"You're luckier than I am to have won the friendship of the white hart," Viserys stroked the top of his head.

He was at a loss for words. The hart was his friend, he couldn't betray it.

Besides, the fruit was a reward from the Explorer System, not the White Hart's property.

Even if he helped his father catch it, there was no fruit to heal him.

Viserys was pleased in his eyes, and there was a verdict in his heart.

The white hart symbolized kingship, and as king he had no chance of meeting it.

It was more than a stroke of luck for Rhaegar to be able to see it.

In spite of a thousand words in his heart, Viserys found himself admonishing himself.

His son having a strange encounter was a rare and good thing!

As he thought about it, a thought rose in Viserys' heart.

He took Rhaegar's hand and walked over to the fire pit in the center of the tent.

He drew the dragonhorn dagger from his waist and placed the blade in the fire to Rhaegar's puzzled eyes.

When the blade, forged of Valyrian steel, was completely reddened by the heat, he grabbed the dragon horn handle and pulled it out.

He held it up in front of Rhaegar's eyes.

"Have a good look, what do you see?"

Viserys asked in an encouraging tone.

Rhaegar looked at the reddish dagger. He saw many small words in the form of flies emerging from the searing flame.

"It's written in Old Valyrian?"

He quickly recognized the meaning, having some knowledge of Ancient Valyrian.

Thinking he had not yet studied Ancient Valyrian yet, Rhaegar dared not reveal too much.

Stumbling, he read, "Prophecy of...Bloodline, Song of Ice and Fire..."

As he went on, Rhaegar pretended to be speechless and looked helplessly at Viserys.

Viserys was not surprised, but rather pleasantly surprised that he was able to recognize a part of the ancient Valyrian language.

It seemed that the information he had received was correct, Rhaegar was indeed a child who loved to read.

