

GAME OF THRONES: I AM THE HEIR FOR A DAY

Chapter 13: Plausible Answers

"It's the prophecy of the Song of Ice and Fire."

Viserys patiently explained: "Before Aegon died, he left this dagger, where the last fire mage of Valyria hid the song."

"To know this is an obligation, and a heavy one."

"More important than the throne and the king, more important than anything!"

He spoke, watching Rhaegar every move.

The shadows of father and son stretched and magnified under the bright firelight.

As the wind blew, the flames were in a constant state of twist and change.

"A Song of Ice and Fire?" blinked Rhaegar, at a loss for words. "I thought that was a superstition invented in books."

In fact, he was familiar with the Song of Ice and Fire.

When he explored that dagger earlier, the system announcement mentioned that the Song of Ice and Fire was written in the blade.

And the relics obtained from exploring was called "The Sage's Warning".

Now it seemed to have a deeper meaning than that.

Viserys said gruffly, "The prophecy is true, and I hope you will keep it in mind and be on your guard against the unknown darkness and the cold."

"I will do that, Father."

Rhaegar was not certain, but he realized what was at stake between them.

Viserys paced around the fire pit and said hesitantly: "I asked Rhaenyra a question once. Would you like to know what it was?"

"What was that question?"

Rhaegar asked unconsciously as his father's words grew deeper and Rhaegar couldn't hear them.

"It was about dragons, about dragons!"

Having come to this point, Viserys had no reason to stop and went on, "Dragons are ancient creatures that have been with the Targaryen family since the days of ancient Valyria, both great and imperfect."

"How do you feel about that?"

Rhaegar shook his head, "My dragon egg has yet to hatch, my sister refuses to let me ride a dragon, and the closest I've ever come to a dragon is still Balerion's skull."

As a Targaryen, he did have a dragon egg of his own.

It was from a dragon named Dreamfire.

Before he was born, Rhaenyra had personally chosen it in the dragon's Pit.

After all these years, the dragon's egg had never shown any sign of hatching.

Not caring about that, Viserys pointed out: "It doesn't matter, all you have to do is say what you think about dragons."

The look on his father's face was serious.

Rhaegar knew it was important to say something.

He thought of Balerion's massive skull.

Even with the loss of scales and flesh and blood, the sense of oppression from the direct sight of that skull was still there.

And the egg of the dragon that belonged to him.

It withstood the heat and had a solid shell even after being placed in a special furnace.

It was a far cry from the bird's eggs and the others kinds of eggs he had seen before.

Lastly, Rhaenyra.

At the age of 7, she had become a dragon rider, able to fly with her dragon.

Every time he was in sight of her, and every time he was near her.

There was a faint stench of sulfur that Rhaegar could smell.

He had no doubt that it was the smell of dragons.

After thinking for a while, Rhaegar collected his words and replied, "Dragons are the most powerful controllable weapon in the world today, and Aegon the

Conqueror, though he possessed amazing wisdom and courage, united the seven kingdoms on the back of a dragon."

"Dragons are dangerous, but it is only by riding them that a Targaryen can rise above the common people."

"Otherwise we are doomed to be overthrown from the Iron Throne."

Those were sincere words.

It was also the most objective opinion that he was able to give at the moment.

Viserys listened attentively, a hint of relief on his face, and asked again: "If the day ever comes when you harness a giant dragon and face a rebellion of the ungodly, how should you respond?"

"Burn them to ashes!"

Without thinking, Rhaegar spat the sentence out.

"You were saying that dragons are dangerous?"

Viserys frowned.

Rhaegar did not know how he was wrong, "But without dragons, only the might of the Targaryens will not be able to stop rebels."

"If necessary, dragons flame can burn those who disobey. So there will only be one voice on the continent of Westeros."

Upon hearing the will of his eldest son, Viserys fell into a state of silence.

Subjectively speaking, Rhaegar was right.

For the Targaryens to become kings of the Seven Kingdoms, the help of dragons was essential.

But when he thought of the prophecy of the Song of Ice and Fire, he knew.

He would not be willing to put too much reliance on the dragons.

Ancient Valyria fell because they could never satisfy their greed and thirst for domination, inviting a natural catastrophe.

He remembered a few years ago, on the eve of establishing Rhaenyra as his successor.

He had asked her the very same question.

Rhaenyra's answer had not been far from Rhaegar's first.

But Rhaenyra has a much more thorough view of the relationship between dragons and the Targaryens.

She doesn't think that harnessing a dragon is going to give her everything.

Her character is similar to Viserys, her father. Both disliked war and were strict with themselves.

On the contrary, Rhaegar's response is more like that of a man.

Daemon Targaryen.

His own brother.

In fact, for a time he had Daemon in mind as his heir.

Putting aside the scandalous things Daemon had done, showing disloyalty and dishonoring himself.

Daemon was very extreme in his views of dragons.

A dragon was a sharp sword that he held.

As the saying goes: When you have a sharp weapon in your hand, your murderous spirit will increase along with it.

With a weapon like that in his hand, which was unparalleled in the world, sooner or later he would have no control over his desires, and he would take the initiative to start a war.

Jealousy flared in Viserys' heart for some reason.

At Rhaegar's puzzled look, he didn't move and said: "I already understand what you mean, don't forget the prophecy of the Song of Ice and Fire, go down and rest first."

Rhaegar did not pursue the question and said knowingly: "Okay, you drink less wine too, Father."

Viserys had a friendly smile on his face as he left the tent.

His face was blurred in the dim light of the fire.

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Out of the tent, the noon sun beat down on him.

It blinded Rhaegar's eyes.

A shadow shrouded them and blocked out the blinding light for him.

"Ser Arryk."

Rhaegar cocked his head to get a better look at the person who was blocking out the light.

Arryk pulled his white robe over the young prince's head with one hand and said sincerely: "Thank you for interceding on my brother's behalf, Prince."

Rhaegar shook his head gently, "Don't say that, I forced Erryk to take me out of camp, he shouldn't take the blame."

"The Kingswood guards follow the King's orders, my brother's failure to do so was a big mistake."

Arryk was a very resourceful man, and came to understand the place this Prince held in the King's heart, and came to respect that.

"What about Ser Erryk?"

Rhaegar asked.

Arryk said: "There was a commotion coming from the camp just now, and he went to check on the situation."

"There's a commotion, then I'll have a look at it, too."

Rhaegar became interested, not forgetting to urge: "My father is still inside, Ser, pay more attention."

"Well, duty calls."

Arryk raised his hand in a salute.

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Outside the king's tent, Rhaegar didn't join the crowd.

Instead, he picked his way through the various tables of snacks and roasted meats. He ate a quick meal. freewebnovel.com

In his haste, he had only a few sips of water.

"Rhaegar!"

Rhaenyra's voice came from behind him as he waited around a grill.

Rhaegar's head snapped to attention and he was startled.

Rhaenyra was covered in blood, her silvery hair blackened with dried blood, as if she had just been fighting.

"Rhaenyra, how did you get to be like this?"

He ran forward with his short legs, not caring about eating the meat.

"I was looking for you yesterday. Unfortunately, I couldn't find you."

Rhaenyra slapped him on the head and threatened: "You have to call me sister, not Rhaenyra, and you shouldn't be running around."

"What's the point of all this pretending now? Where are you hurt, is it serious?"

Rhaegar worriedly checked to see where she got hurt.

Rhaenyra picked up her chin and said proudly: "It's not my blood, I'm not hurt."