

## G.O Thrones 15

### Chapter 15: Dreamfyre's Egg

"Those two old bastards are just plotting to murder a young prince," he whispered.

Remembering this, Rhaegar felt a surge of anger, itching to strike the two old Maesters squarely in their dried-up heads, hoping to uncover a treasure trove of answers buried within their skulls, filled with nothing but knowledge.

Erryk, indifferent to the king's teaching arrangements for the prince, simply smiled without uttering a word.

It had been six months since they had seen or heard from each other since the conclusion of the Kingswood Hunt.

Just a few days prior, Viserys had informed Rhaegar of Rhaenyra's return from her travels, and he had dispatched Erryk to stand guard by Rhaegar's side, swearing to ensure the safety of the King's eldest son and to fulfill all assigned tasks.

Rhaegar remained unaware of his father's intentions, but with a dependable Kingsguard like Erryk by his side, why would he refuse the offer?

Their shared experiences had forged a bond between them, and the stern knight could even lighten Rhaegar's mood with a few harmless jests now and then.

"I am weary, Ser," Rhaegar admitted after they had rested for a while, before deciding to retreat to his chambers, with Erryk trailing behind.

The duty of the Kingsguard extended only to safeguarding the king and his household; they would not intrude upon the prince's personal quarters, but would stand vigil at the door.

Upon returning to his chambers, Rhaegar's first stop was the fireplace, where a stove-like container had been placed.

Opening the lid, he was greeted by a rush of hot air. Peering inside, he beheld a dragon egg, dark in color and adorned with a diamond-shaped pattern—the very egg that once belonged to him.

As he gingerly touched the heated surface of the egg, a pang of sorrow washed over Rhaegar. "Still dormant. When will the dragon hatch? Perhaps fortune has yet to smile upon me," he sighed, lamenting his luck.

Rhaegar's dragon egg had remained stubbornly inert for six long years, showing no signs of hatching. Yet, out of habit, he continued to stroke the egg and engage in conversations with it, hoping against hope that his attentiveness might somehow coax it to hatch.

Feeling parched from his one-sided discourse with the dormant egg, Rhaegar closed the lid of the container, concluding today's session of conversation.

Pouring himself a cup of hot water, he muttered to himself, "Thank the gods Aegon's foolish dragon egg didn't hatch either, or I'd be utterly embarrassed."

Rhaegar's spirits lifted considerably at the thought that his brother's egg had shared the same fate. While it was regrettable that his own egg had not hatched, the prospect of his brother's dragon egg failing to hatch as well eased his disappointment.

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Days turned into weeks, and the sun rose and set as time marched on.

Finally, Rhaenyra returned to King's Landing.

Viserys was notably absent, leaving Queen Alicent to lead the princess and her entourage out of the city to greet her.

As if they hadn't seen each other in years, Rhaenyra and Alicent embraced warmly, exchanging laughter and conversation under the watchful gaze of their subjects.

The heartwarming scene elicited cheers and applause from the crowd.

With Rhaenyra's return, Rhaegar's grounding order was automatically lifted, and he found himself included in the welcoming party.

Observing the exchange between the two women, Rhaegar couldn't help but inquire privately to Erryk, "Are women always like this when they're not on good terms?"

Glancing around discreetly, Erryk lowered his voice. "Mostly, yes. The Queen and the Princess are both formidable figures among women, which makes their discord all the more daunting."

"For power? But my sister is already the heiress," Rhaegar remarked, struggling to comprehend.

Shaking his head solemnly, Erryk replied, "Discussing matters concerning the royal family is a sensitive subject. All I can say is, tread carefully."

"Am I at risk as well? I have no ambitions for the throne," Rhaegar queried.

"I cannot say for certain, but as the old adage goes, it's better to be safe than sorry," Erryk responded meaningfully.

Rhaegar smiled gratefully. "Then I entrust my safety to you, Ser."

"As duty dictates," Erryk affirmed solemnly.

With the bustling crowd around them, Rhaegar and Erryk refrained from further conversation, accompanying the two central figures of the occasion—the heroines of this journey, Rhaenyra and Alicent.

It wasn't until evening fell that the throng began to filter through the gates of the Red Keep.

Despite his displeasure at Rhaenyra's unauthorized return, Viserys spared no expense in welcoming her, organizing a grand banquet in her honor.

Disliking the chaos, Rhaegar hastily partook of some pastries and dishes before retreating from the table, clutching the gifts Rhaenyra had bestowed upon him.

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The primary beneficiary of Rhaenyra's return was undoubtedly Rhaegar.

Not only was he afforded the opportunity to explore beyond the confines of the Red Keep, but his daily lessons were also significantly reduced.

No longer obligated to endure eight hours of study, Rhaegar now had only three hours in the morning, leaving the remainder of his day free.

Even the burdensome homework was waived, much to Rhaegar's delight. He greeted Rhaenyra with two enthusiastic kisses upon her visits, reveling in the newfound freedom.

Such days continued blissfully for a time.

However, the Red Keep soon buzzed with activity once more, as it marked the fifth wedding anniversary of King Viserys and Queen Alicent.

With a grand gesture, Viserys opted to commemorate the occasion with a lavish tournament, intending to express his gratitude to Alicent for five years of companionship.

He extended invitations to nobles and knights from across the realm, offering generous prizes to incentivize participation and hoping for a thrilling display of martial prowess.

Regardless of Alicent's sentiments, Viserys harbored a deep affection for such combative spectacles, inherited from his grandfather, King Jaehaerys, who had amassed considerable wealth for the Royal Treasury.

Under Viserys's patronage, banquets and tournaments became commonplace occurrences in the Red Keep, flawlessly organized by Alicent.

As the fifth anniversary festivities approached, the taverns of King's Landing brimmed with activity, and the tournament unfolded as anticipated.

Rumors circulated of a surge in business at the brothels, with noble lords eagerly participating in bloodsport and revelry alike.

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On the day of the tournament, Alicent hosted a sumptuous banquet for the guests, who indulged in the brutal contests presided over by Viserys.

Once the excitement waned, they retired to the nearby banquet hall to feast and carouse.

Rhaegar and Rhaenyra occupied seats at Viserys's main table, observing the tournament below.

In the arena, a knightly charge was underway, with two armored knights on horseback colliding head-on, wielding sharp lances.

As the clash unfolded, a black-armored knight skillfully aimed his lance at his opponent's shoulder, resulting in a devastating blow that sent the opposing knight tumbling to the ground in agony.

Witnessing the gruesome spectacle, Rhaegar recoiled in horror as Erryk provided a grim assessment of the injured knight's condition.

"There's an eighty percent chance his shoulder blade is shattered. Without timely treatment, he'll likely be left with a lifelong disability," Erryk murmured, his voice low.

Rhaegar winced at the sight, noting the knight's mangled arm dangling uselessly by his side.

"It's a cruel reminder of the harsh realities of combat," Erryk continued, attempting to impart a lesson to the young prince. "In martial contests, winners are often separated from losers by the brutal consequences of battle."

Struggling to comprehend the purpose of such a tournament, Rhaegar voiced his discontent.

"The realm enjoys a time of peace, yet these men willingly subject themselves to such dangers," he lamented.

Erryk nodded sympathetically. "The youth seek recognition, and in times of peace, tournaments provide an outlet for their passion and a chance to earn favor from the king."