

## G.O Thrones 19

### Chapter 19: The Rogue Prince Daemon

"Wait and see," Syrio waved his hands in an indifferent manner.

The vision of a highly trained swordsman proved poisonous enough. Within five minutes, Balot swung his sword much less frequently and stopped his pointless pursuit.

Knowing that the momentum was gone, he forced himself to endure the severe pain and cried out in humiliation, pleading to end the fight. He had completely lost his will to continue battling his opponent.

Bart's previous experience was too frightening, and he didn't want to follow in his footsteps.

With his admission of defeat, the young man from Dorn became even more incensed, displaying his mockery with no regard for the rest of the knights. He had come here to insult this group of noble lords. As for the consequences of this? Oh, since he had the audacity to be here, of course he has some grounds for concern.

On the high platform, Viserys stared in horror at the Dornish boy who was pounding his chest with both hands, the knuckles of his hands turning white as he gripped the armrests of his chair.

"Bloody Dornish, go find powerful knights to challenge him!" He commanded Lyonel.

"Not a problem, Your Majesty," Lyonel didn't dare to say more and went backstage to find a knight who could defeat the Dornishman. There were many competitors who had signed up for the tournament. They wouldn't let the Dornishman have the upper hand for too long.

In the corner, Rhaegar turned with a stern look on his face, not wanting to see the ape-like screaming and shouting in the arena.

"Don't be angry, this Dornish boy is a good fighter and smart enough to fight the common man," Syrio spoke eloquently.

"I can tell you, the kingdom is full of warriors, that guy down there will lose sooner or later," Rhaegar's tone of voice was firm.

"Yes, every powerful warrior has their own unique fighting style," Syrio's tone turned, "If it's me against that Dorn lad, the best thing to do is to show the enemy's weakness, giving openings to let the other party attack first, and seizing the opportunity to counterattack defensively."

"What, you want to go into the field?" Rhaegar looked at him with a strange expression.

"A wandering swordsman won't draw his sword unless he finds a good reason," Syrio looked meaningfully at Rhaegar, the corner of his mouth curling slightly.

"What do you want? To apply for a job as a dancing instructor at the Red Keep?" Rhaegar was not surprised when his opponent revealed his wolf's tail.

Syrio knelt on one knee and said sincerely, "If the Prince is willing, I could stay at the Red Keep as a dancing instructor."

"Why?"

"There is no reason, I'll just do it if you want to."

Rhaegar raised an eyebrow. "That reason won't work, I wouldn't dare keep a dangerous person in my service."

Syrio sighed and pondered a moment before answering, "You're King Viserys I's eldest son, rightful heir to the Iron Throne, your status and potential deserve my allegiance."

"That is a good reason, but it is still lacking in sincerity."

Still not trusting him, Rhaegar warned, "One more thing, the Heir to the Iron Throne is my sister, I have no intention of competing with her for that throne, and no one should try to stir up our relationship as siblings."

Having said that, Rhaegar turned around and walked away without even looking at Syrio.

That person's appearance was too abrupt, it was a deliberate approach right from the start. He picked up the pastries to show off his extraordinary skills and commented on the duel with a sharp look in his eyes. It was all a demonstration of his value to him. Unfortunately, he revealed what he wanted to achieve too soon. Did he really think that Rhaegar was a child who knew nothing of the world? Thinking that his status was superior and he could make people bow and follow him willingly just by releasing his royal aura?

"Low tactics, dark purposes, if you see this Syrio again in the future, take him straight to the dungeon," Rhaegar complained indignantly to Erryk as he walked toward Rhaenyra's position.

"Yes, Prince," his face slightly hesitant, Erryk nodded in agreement.

"What is it, Ser?" Rhaegar wondered, seeing him look like he was about to say something.

"As the Prince said, Syrio's means are too rudimentary for the skills of a highly trained swordsman," Erryk doubted.

Rhaegar's eyes flashed. "A good swordsman does not necessarily equate to a good knight."

Still, he was paying a little attention. Ever since news of his body's healing spread, the mood in King's Landing has shifted. From urging Princess Rhaenyra to marry him. To discussions about Rhaegar being favored by the White Hart, the symbol of kingship, and destined to be a good ruler. It's assumed that it won't be long before one of the ministers won't be able to resist the idea and suggests that the king disqualify Rhaenyra as heir to the throne in favor of his eldest son, Rhaegar.

Through Erryk's mouth, he learns that the reason Viserys has him under house arrest for half a year is because he does not want Rhaegar to be subject to too much criticism, which will have an effect on his mind and be under the coercion of scoundrels.

Rhaegar did not object and accepted his father's good intentions. Perhaps he was too young for this. Rhaegar did not care much about qualifying to inherit the Iron Throne. Rhaenyra had already been heir for several years, so why should he have to interfere with something he had no regard for?

"All of a sudden, a strange roar came from the distance," his face instantly changing, Rhaegar raised his head. Only to see a huge scarlet figure appear in the sky, coming from near and far over the martial arts arena.

Sharp horns, a snake-like neck, and wide and powerful red fleshy wings...

"It's a Dragon!" Rhaegar cried out in a low voice unconsciously as he looked up at the flying dragon with unblinking eyes.

The giant dragon's arrival was the focus of more than just Rhaegar's attention. The crowd that filled the arena was swept away by the powerful gusts of wind swept up by the dragon's wings. It blew their hair around and made it impossible for them to open their eyes.

The scene immediately took a sharp turn for the worse, as the crowd screamed and cried in shock, trying to escape the dragon's shadow.

"Calm down, this is the Targaryen dragon, the king is with you, don't panic, don't run!"

It was at that moment that a thick and powerful high-pitched scream rang out, stifling the panic in the hearts of the crowd.

It was the voice of a stocky old man with a white beard and white hair.

Captain of the Kingsguard - Harrold Westerling

Standing next to him was the king, who was seated at ease on a high platform.

At that moment, Viserys was as normal as ever, calmly gazing at the dragon, with the temperament of a king on display.

The moment they saw the king, it was as if the crowd had swallowed a tranquilizer pill, and the noisy scene calmed down considerably.

Sanity gradually returned after a short period of anxiety.

Many people let out exclamations of surprise when they saw the appearance of the giant dragon.

"That is Caraxes, Prince Daemon's dragon!"

"That's right, it's Caraxes, I've been in battle side by side with Prince Daemon, there's no way I'm wrong."

"Look, there's someone behind it, it's Prince Daemon..."

Caraxes, who was called by name, roared excitedly, and reddish dragon flames surrounded by thick black smoke were ejected from the Dragon Breath.

For three full rounds, Caraxes circled the sky above the martial arts arena, surrounded by countless people.

The dragon slowly landed on the dueling arena only after the figure on the dragon's back gave the command.

As soon as Caraxes landed, he greedily surveyed the originally arrogant Dornish youth, his snake-neck stretched out, his nostrils spitting hot streams.

"Honorable.. Prince Daemon..."

Faced with a huge dragon that could devour people directly, the Dornish was almost frightened to death.

Shaking and trembling, he retreated further, greeting the person on the dragon's back with a panicked salute.