GAME OF THRONES: I AM THE HEIR FOR A DAY

Chapter 2: Balerion's Skull

After leaving the room, Rhaegar dismissed the servants following him and descended the stairs alone.

He seemed a little anxious.

Who wouldn't be afraid of confronting the queen's son?

Of course, he wasn't afraid.

Just as he was blowing out the candles, he heard a voice.

"The explorer system has been successfully loaded. Please search for lost treasures."

Rhaegar thought it was a residual effect of his nightmare.

But when he opened his eyes, he saw not only Aegon's cream attack, but also a peculiar panel.

[Rhaegar Targaryen]

Talent: Dreamer (Gold)

Bloodline: Old Valyrian Dragon King (5%)

Skills: Literature (Elementary), History (Elementary)

Relics: None

Evaluation: "Weak human child. The boy will surely die before the age of ten. It is a pity that he possesses such a valuable talent."

A simple and concise panel depicting Rhaegar's personal status.

Rhaegar was stunned, confused, then accepting...

In the brief moment it took to wipe off the cream, he gathered his thoughts and was thrilled by the appearance of the system.

During the three years of nightmares, he had dreamed of many things, including fragments of an unknown continent - green-skinned snakes, towering steel dragons, skyscrapers...

He had some recollection of the term "system".

It seemed to be a tool to help underachievers in their comeback - a perfect fit for him, a pitiful, weak and helpless human cub.

Despite his jubilation, he couldn't resist rewarding his dear brother Aegon.

Hopefully he would appreciate it.

...

"Explorers, relics..."

"With the system's memory, it's obvious I should be looking for ancient and valuable artifacts."

Rhaegar analyzed logically, his young face remarkably serious.

As he left the room, he thought about all things old and valuable.

Walking through the bustling halls of the Red Keep, Rhaegar came to an empty chamber containing a statue of the Virgin.

In the center of the chamber was a circular stone platform bearing an enormous dragon's skull.

This was the skull of Balerion the Black Dread, the dragon of Aegon the Conqueror.

Balerion was a legendary creature.

The Targaryen family traveled from ancient Valyria, accompanied by a fleet, with Balerion at their side.

When Aegon came of age, Balerion helped him conquer the Seven Kingdoms of Westeros.

After Aegon's death, his descendants continued to ride and use Balerion.

It was not until Balerion was over 200 years old, during the reign of Viserys, that he was finally tamed.

The dragon that once roamed Westeros, carrying Viserys high above King's Landing three times, made its last public appearance.

Soon after, Balerion died.

At over 200 years old, Balerion reached the natural limit of a dragon's lifespan and succumbed to old age.

In honor of this remarkable dragon, the Targaryens placed his skull in the Great Hall of the Red Keep, where it would be revered by future generations.

Rhaegar gazed at the massive dragon skull before him, unable to imagine anything older or more precious.

"Balerion, thank you for your service to House Targaryen. Please help me once more."

Rhaegar prayed silently before the altar, his eyes full of hope.

Stepping onto a stool, Rhaegar climbed up onto the platform, more than a meter high.

He reached out to touch the jagged dragon teeth of the skull, each one bigger and thicker than he was.

Carefully, Rhaegar entered the skull from behind, running his small hands over the pale bones.

"This mission of exploration has begun, the target is the skull of Balerion, the Black Dread."

Suddenly, the system prompted, starting Rhaegar, who looked around nervously.

Playing recklessly was frowned upon.

He was only a child and feared that his secret would be discovered.

Fortunately, there were few visitors in the main hall.

Rhaegar breathed a sigh of relief as a tablet materialized before his eyes.

[Balerion's Skull]

Exploration progress: 0.2%

"What does that mean?"

Rhaegar withdrew his hand and the tablet changed.

[Balerion's Skull]

Research progress: 0.2% (Paused)

"Do I need physical contact to explore the relics?"

Rhaegar suddenly realized and touched the skull again.

Sure enough, the research progress resumed its ascent.

"I understand now. Patience is the key."

Rhaegar sat down and leaned against the skull, occasionally touching it with his face and feet.

His frailty left him breathless after a few steps.

Only his adrenaline-fueled excitement allowed him to explore Balerion's skull that day.

As dusk fell and the sun dipped below the horizon, a voice roused Rhaegar from his slumber.

"This exploration is over. Please recover the lost treasures."

Rhaegar rubbed his sleepy eyes as the system panel reappeared.

[Balerion's Skull]

Exploration Progress: 100%

"It's finished. What treasure awaits?"

Rhaegar perked up as he studied the panel, which displayed only two lines of text.

Puzzled, he remembered the word "retrieve" from the previous prompt.

He stood up and surveyed his surroundings.

A crimson halo the size of a watermelon hovered over the closed jaws of the dragon skull. frëewebnovel.com

Intrigued, Rhaegar approached and reached out to touch it tentatively.

With a soft pop, akin to the bursting of a bubble, the red halo exploded, transforming into a flurry of red points of light that danced into his hand like fireworks.

"The relic has been successfully retrieved and testing is underway..."

"Testing completed. It has been identified as a legendary relic, the Dragon's Legacy."

"Legendary level. It seems I've struck gold."

Rhaegar murmured softly, conjuring an image of a dragon scale in his mind.

With a thought, the dragon scale materialized in his hand.

This particular scale was all black, scarred, and no larger than an adult's palm.

"A dragon scale. How do I use it?"

As he examined the scale, the font on the system panel changed.

"Blood and fire have a common origin. To claim the dragon's legacy, one must possess true dragon blood."

"Blood and fire share a common origin..."

He had an epiphany.

Since dragons were synonymous with fire, the activation must involve blood.

But not just any blood - true dragon blood.

Rhaegar grinned.

He might not be a dragon, but he was a true Targaryen.

Clutching the dragon's scale in one hand, he drew the other close to its sharp edge.

Gritting his teeth, he declared, "Let it be done.

With a sharp sting, the dragon scale pierced his thumb, drawing blood.

The scale, now stained crimson, glowed a fiery red.

"Congratulations, the dragon's legacy has been activated, and you have received..."

[Blood and Fire]

Tier: Legendary (Red)

Effect: Fire Resistance +50%.

Evaluation: "True dragons do not fear fire, and the Targaryens are no exception."

The dragon scale crumbled into dust, carried away by the wind.

Before Rhaegar could react, a flush appeared on his pale face and his skin gradually warmed.

The sensation was not unpleasant.

It was like snuggling under blankets next to a warm hearth on a winter's night.

His body was filled with warmth.

As quickly as it came, the sensation vanished.

Rhaegar's skin grew smoother and his once pale complexion improved.

At least he no longer resembled a frail invalid on the verge of death.

He looked more like someone recovering from a serious illness.

"Increased fire resistance - what a remarkable ability."

He approached the edge of the altar, where candles were arranged in a circle.

Lighting a candle, Rhaegar pressed his hand to the flame.

Better to test than to speculate blindly.

At first he felt warmth from the flame.

But as time passed, the warmth intensified, eventually giving way to a burning sensation.

A drop of melted wax splattered on his hand, causing him to flinch slightly.

Blowing out the candle, Rhaegar now understood the purpose of fire resistance.

"While fire still hurts, the damage is greatly reduced."