

## G.O Thrones 20

### Chapter 20: King of the Stepstones

In the distance, Rhaegar looked across the field and saw the Dragon Rider's face.

He had the usual long silver-gold hair and violet pupils of the Targaryens.

Upon closer inspection, his face appeared cold, with a prominent nose and unruly eyebrows, reminiscent of the temperament of a slumbering dragon.

Rhaegar knew who it was, having heard the rumors from the crowd.

It was his uncle, Daemon Targaryen.

The Rogue Prince who, as a teenager, led his followers on a crusade against thieves and bandits by daring to travel the continent on a dragon.

Rhaegar had heard that there was a great deal of talk about his adventures, and there was even a book about him.

"Look! It's a huge dragon, a living huge dragon, it's so big!"

With the nature of a child's heart, Rhaegar did not care who his uncle was, his heart and eyes were solely focused on the terrifying scarlet-scaled beast.

"I will ride an equally majestic dragon in the future," Rhaegar exclaimed, tugging at Erryk's large hand.

"No! It has to be more majestic and more powerful to be good, this dragon is too skinny!"

The youngster poured out all he wanted to say without holding back.

Erryk looked at the dragon and gripped the hilt of his sword cautiously. He looked around to make sure no one would rush the prince in a panic.

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Inside the dueling arena, the Dornish lad's legs went limp as the danger abated. He collapsed to his knees, cold sweat streaming down his cheeks.

Daemon turned and leaped from the dragon's back, striding toward the viewing platform, treating the people in the corner as if they were nothing.

No one daring to stop him, Daemon took one step at a time and walked over to where Viserys sat.

"Stay where you are, no offense to the majesty of the king."

Captain Harrold of the Kingsguard sheathed his sharp sword and pointed it at Daemon's chest.

Daemon glanced at him and ignored him, looking cold as he spoke.

Viserys stood motionless, his eyes as deep as the sea as he surveyed his brother.

Daemon watched him as well. Neither uttered a word, and for a brief moment, the scene was enveloped in solemnity.

Nearby lords and ministers appeared uneasy, unsure of how to handle the interaction between the two brothers.

There was a moment of silence. Then Daemon took a self-conscious step back to disarm Harrold's guard.

"Add it to the Iron Throne!" he said, pulling a double-bladed axe from his belt and throwing it in front of Viserys.

Unmoved, Viserys looked at Daemon's head and said in a low voice, "You wear a crown and call yourself a king?"

"The people called me King of the Narrow Sea as soon as the Kingdom of the Three Daughters was overrun."

Daemon recounted his battles and paused: "But I know, Your Majesty! There is only one king."

Saying, "My crown and the Stepstones are all yours," Daemon knelt on one knee, removed the vine crown on his head, and lowered his noble head.

The expectations of everyone present were far exceeded by these words and deeds.

Who would have expected that the always arrogant Prince Daemon would take the initiative to soften up and show his older brother the respect and decency that comes with being a king?

Looking down at his younger brother who understood the situation, Viserys was in no hurry and asked: "Where is Lord Corlys?"

"He sailed back to his old home at Driftmark."

Daemon answered truthfully.

Viserys asked, "Who is in charge of the Stepstones now?"

"The sea, crabs, and the two thousand pirates of the Three Daughters who died and were nailed to the beach as an example to others!"

Daemon's voice trailed off as he answered his brother's question.

He knew it was important for him to know how to answer.

Upon receiving the less-than-ideal answer, Viserys thought for a moment and then nodded as if to look away.

Viserys rose to his feet and stepped forward, first accepting the Crown that Daemon had offered him.

After casually examining it, he handed it to Captain Harrold.

This crown, which symbolized the King of the Narrow Sea, could be seen to leave him very unimpressed.

Noticing the looks of the surrounding lords and ministers, Viserys' eyes flickered as he weakly said: "Get up!"

Daemon looked at his brother expectantly and, hearing the signal to forgive, slowly began to stand upright.

"Welcome home, brother!" Viserys' indifference melted like ice as he broke into a smile.

Daemon and Viserys embraced each other without hesitation.

The bloodline of Baelon the Spring Prince was reunited for all to see.

Those with brains understood that the king was issuing a warning.

Just because he was welcoming the return of his brother Daemon, it did not mean that certain people were allowed to make a big deal out of it.

Daemon was aware of that as well.

That's why his attitude has always been one of respect, and he doesn't just do whatever he wants.

Rhaenyra stood in front of the crowd, watching this complicated game of power from a close distance, with a glee in her eyes that was hard to hide.

Her clear and innocent purple pupils could not tell the difference between the real and the fake.

It was simply a heartfelt joy to have Uncle back home.

"Sister~"

Rhaegar didn't know how he managed to get out of the crowd. He came to Rhaenyra's side and took her small hand.

Hearing his call, Rhaenyra just noticed Rhaegar's presence and smiled slightly, "Uncle Daemon is back, he's been good to me since I was little."

"Right, he looks handsome."

At the sight of his sister's joy, Rhaegar could barely manage a smile to go along with the compliment on Daemon's handsome face.

It was because he didn't know which outstanding qualities matched this uncle he had never met.

Even though he was rarely privy to any information from outside, he knew that the name "Crown Prince for a Day" had come out of the mouth of this uncle.

He believed that Rhaegar was going to die young so that he could inherit the Iron Throne from Viserys.

How could Rhaegar possibly admire him when he aims to inherit the Iron Throne?

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With Daemon appearing, riding a dragon, and the two brothers reuniting.

The organization's ministers moved to the banquet hall to receive Daemon as the day's tournament came to a hasty end.

As for a certain Dornish lad with wet pants, he had been invited by Lyonel to stay at one of the high-class hotels in the city.

Not only did he pay for his stay, but he sent someone to watch over him. He was afraid he might not get used to living there.

His display was significant; many people inquired about it.

The king values this Dornish warrior who has come from thousands of miles away, and today he also received his victorious brother, Daemon.

Both are invited to continue the duel tomorrow at the tournament.

He couldn't possibly refuse, of course!

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Viserys and Daemon walked side by side as the feast was served.

Behind them is a group of ministers and a host of nobles and lords.

It must be acknowledged that Alicent was a discerning queen.

She immediately ordered the servants to remove the eaten food and the dishes the kitchen had already stocked to replace it upon hearing the news of Daemon's return.

Everything was well organized, and there was no hint of imperfection in the temporary arrangement as Viserys led the people into the banquet hall.

Viserys was deeply touched and publicly praised Alicent as his good wife who always shared the burden with him.

Alicent patted Viserys' arm and said gently, "You've been busy with political affairs all day, you're already hard at work and shouldn't be distracted by trivial matters."

"Thanks to you, my life is not so lonely," Viserys said, holding the queen's slender white jade hand, his eyes filled with relief.

"All right, if we show too much affection, we'll be the subject of ridicule by the ministers. Let's hurry and get everyone into the banquet."

Alicent's cheeks were flushed, and her shy appearance was conspicuous.