

## G.O Thrones 221

### Chapter 221: Lys' Crisis

"What brings you here?" Rhaegar asked, suspicion in his voice.

Jeyne took a deep breath before she spoke. "Rhaenyra couldn't get the troops together, could she?"

Rhaegar chuckled. "You always know, don't you?"

"There are no secrets in King's Landing," Jeyne replied frankly, unafraid to displease him.

Rhaegar nodded, acknowledging the truth in her words.

"You want to counterattack the Triarchy, but your forces are inadequate," Jeyne analyzed, her concern evident. "The Dragonkeepers have 1,200 men, and the Second Sons only a few hundred. Even without the King's support, your influence should allow you to muster about 1,000 men."

"That's about three thousand men at best," Rhaegar mused.

"Still far from enough to ensure the defense of Bloodstone Island," Jeyne pointed out.

Rhaegar listened intently, recognizing the accuracy of her assessment. After a moment, he replied, "The Triarchy is a coalition of three city-states with scattered forces. They can be defeated."

Jeyne took his hands in hers, her soft cheeks reflecting her concern. "Rhaegar, I am not here to dissuade you."

Rhaegar braced himself. "Then what?"

Jeyne's eyes flashed with determination. "I have brought two hundred Knights of the Vale to King's Landing. Take them with you; they will strengthen your position."

The evening sun cast a warm glow on the steps of the Dragonpit as Rhaegar's gaze followed hers. At the foot of the steps stood two hundred fully armed Knights of the Vale.

"Prince!..." The knights shouted in unison, beating their spears against the ground in a resounding drumbeat.

Rhaegar was taken aback. "If you give me all the knights, who will protect you?"

"You need them more than I do," Jeyne said firmly.

Rhaegar sighed, his concern palpable. "Jeyne, I may not bring them all back alive."

Jeyne approached him, cupping his face in her hands, her voice soft but firm. "Just return with news of triumph."

"You think I can win?" Rhaegar asked, doubting his own chances without his father's support.

"You are a true Targaryen. You will win," Jeyne replied with unwavering conviction, her eyes filled with affection.

Rhaegar's breath hitched, his heart pounding. He recalled an old saying: understanding is the most important thing in love.

Jeyne moved even closer, their faces almost touching. She whispered, "You said we must follow our hearts. You can't escape me."

Rhaegar frowned slightly.

"Let go of your doubts," Jeyne continued, more spontaneous than he expected. "You can marry both of us."

She leaned in and kissed him deeply, their lips and teeth mingling in a tight embrace.

Moments later, Jeyne glanced at the Knights of the Vale and softly said to him, "Let's go back to the Red Keep."

Rhaegar, lost in thought, said in a hushed voice, "Alright then."

...

The next day at dawn, delicate dewdrops clung to the tender buds outside.

Inside the bedroom, Rhaegar's body was slick with sweat, his chest rising and falling violently. He slumped back in the rocking chair, his eyes unfocused.

"Rhaegar, it's dawn," came Jeyne's slightly raspy but sticky voice.

She straddled the rocking chair, their bodies close together, her arms wrapped around his neck. Their sweat-soaked hair was tangled.

Rhaegar tilted his head back, sweat pouring into his eyes, his breath hot and labored. He was exhausted from their night together.

After a moment, he gently stroked Jeyne's back and murmured, "You're insatiable."

Jeyne buried her head against his chest, inhaling deeply. "I can't help it. I needed this too."

Outside, she was known as the Maiden of the Vale, but in the privacy of their room, she had indulged fully in her desire for him.

After a few moments of tenderness, Rhaegar's eyelids fluttered open.

Jeyne quickly lifted herself off him and said worriedly, "Rhaegar, you're still young. Don't exhaust yourself."

Taking a deep breath, Rhaegar pulled away from their intimate embrace.

Jeyne was more than satisfied, but he knew he was an addict and had to restrain himself.

As he wiped the sweat from his body, Rhaegar said, "I'll be leaving soon. Stay safe and don't wander off alone in the Red Keep."

"I'll wait for your good news," Jeyne replied, sinking back into the rocking chair, her eyelids heavy.

With a last look, Rhaegar left the room, the door closing behind him with a soft thud.

Despite her pain, Jeyne made her way to the bed, lay down and called softly, "Skylar, come here for a moment."

The door creaked open, and a brown-haired girl entered.

Jeyne covered herself with a thin quilt, placed a goose feather pillow under her waist, and bent her legs to raise her hips. Once she was settled, she instructed, "Fetch me a cup of tea from Maester Mellos."

"Yes, my lady," Skylar replied, quickly returning with a tray holding a steaming cup of tea that smelled faintly medicinal.

Jeyne took the tea, blew on it, and drank it in one big gulp. As she finished, she noticed Skylar's strange gaze.

Jeyne smiled at her maid, who had been in her service for a month. "It's pregnancy tea. I don't want any surprises."

She wants her garden to bloom beautifully, but the soil isn't ready for seeds just yet.

Skylar nodded and left with the tray.

Exhausted, Jeyne lay back on the bed and soon fell into a deep sleep.

...

Three days later, on Bloodstone Island, a warship anchored at the coastline as soldiers boarded in an orderly manner. Rhaegar, clad in armor, gazed out towards Essos.

"Rhaegar, you're a mad fool for disobeying father's orders!" Aegon ran up from behind, his voice sharp with anger.

Rhaegar turned to him and replied, "I'm leaving you 3,000 men to garrison Bloodstone Island. That should be enough."

"Are you even listening to me?" Aegon shook his head, exasperated. "If father finds out you're attacking Tyrosh with just two thousand men, he'll kill me."

Viserys' orders had arrived two days earlier, but Rhaegar had mobilized only twelve hundred Dragonkeepers and six hundred Second Sons, plus two hundred Knights of the Vale, totaling exactly two thousand men.

Aegon received another order: Watch Rhaegar and stop him from leaving, or I'll break your legs!

Aegon was still frantic when Laenor stomped up to the armorer. "Cousin, the ships are ready," Laenor said, hesitating. "I can't disobey the King's orders, so I can only help you with cover and distraction against the Triarchy."

Rhaegar had sent him 1,000 soldiers and 10 ships to approach the Triarchy. However, Laenor could not go into battle, only cause a disturbance at most.

Rhaegar patted his shoulder and laughed, "That's enough."

"Rhaegar, you're really going to get me killed." Aegon ran his hands through his hair, jumping up and down anxiously.

Rhaegar placed a reassuring hand on his shoulder. "I will bear all the consequences myself. I won't drag you down."

Aegon still refused. Unable to persuade him, Rhaegar dragged him to a corner and said in a deep voice, "Aegon, you are my brother, father's oldest son besides me."

Aegon blinked, unsure.

Rhaegar leaned in close and whispered, "Guard Bloodstone Island well. If anything happens to me, you will have to shoulder the burden of protecting our family."

"What?" Aegon's eyes widened, thinking he had heard wrong.

Rhaegar's face was solemn. "If I win, you are my most capable ally. If I lose..."

He paused, not finishing the sentence.

Aegon was startled and filled in the rest in his mind. If Rhaegar is defeated or even killed, then he would have to take over.

Seeing Aegon's realization, Rhaegar compelled him, "So, can we hold Bloodstone Island?"

Aegon's attitude shifted dramatically, and he quickly nodded. "Yes! Unless the enemy steps over Sunfyre's and my corpse."

"Very well, my dear brother." Rhaegar smiled, leaving the agitated Aegon to his thoughts.

Everything was ready. The soldiers boarded their ships, preparing to set sail.

Rhaegar looked around, his posture tall and commanding.

Swish! In the next moment, he unsheathed his sword Dragon Claw and shouted, "All of you, the target is the Kingdom of the Three Daughters! Make Essos remember their fear of dragons!"

"Roarrrr..." A series of four dragon roars resounded through the sky as a massive shadow crossed the sea, heading into the distance.

Suddenly, the wind and clouds surged wildly, creating waves and swells. The soldiers, inspired by the sight, felt their courage swell and shouted, "Attack the Triarchy! Conquer Essos!"

With the heart of the army at his command, Rhaegar waved his sword and shouted, "Set sail, set sail!"

"Oooooohhhh!" The horn of sailing was blown, and the fleet set off.

...

Three days later, in Tyrosh.

Scorpion crossbows were mounted on towers throughout the city-state. The harbor was cleared of all ships, and slave troops blocked the main road as the first line of defense. Dense ranks of black-armored soldiers, holding spears and shields, stood in neat formations. These soldiers, expressionless and cold, were the elite Unsullied.

Beside them stood a brocade-robed old man, clutching a whip engraved with an harpy. "Damned Myrish cowards, fleeing from battle," he cursed, counting the Unsullied. A fat, dark-skinned governor from Myr had fled, taking his five hundred Unsullied with him.

Lysandro, who followed behind the old man, commented indifferently, "It's understandable. He didn't want to sacrifice the Unsullied he'd bought with his family's wealth."

"Enough about him. I'm going back to the air raid shelter," the old man said uneasily, leaving his slaves and Unsullied to guard the harbor.

Lysandro watched him retreat, then raised his whip. The three thousand Unsullied had been purchased jointly.

The brocade-robed old man had bought a thousand for himself, while Lysandro and the four governors of Myr had each bought five hundred, making a total of two thousand.

With a crack of his whip, Lysandro commanded, "Unsullied, follow me!"

Five hundred Unsullied stepped forward. Lysandro led them to a remote shore where several small ships were moored. He had no intention of staying in Tyrosh to fight dragons. He planned to escape as well.

...

The once prosperous and bustling Tyrosh was now eerily silent. The old man in the brocade robe, along with high-ranking officials and wealthy merchants, hid in an air-raid shelter, praying for the Unsullied to fend off the dragon.

They had received reports of warships and dragons heading straight from Bloodstone Island to Tyrosh. Patrol ships had spotted the fleet's trajectory.

"Can you hear anything outside?" one of the bigwigs asked, growing restless.

Yet, the sea outside the harbor remained empty. No fleet appeared.

...

Meanwhile, in Lys, one of the three cities of the Triarchy, the harbor was filled with cargo ships. The city was brightly lit, with green houses and brothels echoing with sounds of pleasure. The sea remained calm.

In the darkness of the night, a warship approached from afar. Standing on its deck, Rhaegar, dressed in black robes, his eyes filled with murderous intent, surveyed the city.

## Chapter 222: Lys' Dragon Dance

The harbor.

Ragged slaves were toiling away, their chains clinking with every step.

Suddenly, one of the slaves froze, pointing toward the vast ocean. "My lord, it seems a ship has docked over there."

Splat—

A whip cracked down on the slave's back, and a guard soldier shouted angrily, "Get back to work!"

The guard turned to look at the dusky sea. The fleet was already less than a mile from the harbor.

"Roar..."

A muffled dragon roar echoed from the harbor. The soldiers and slaves had no time to react before a gust of wind knocked them to the ground.

Boom...

Ghostly green dragonfire rained from the sky, bombarding the cargo ships in the harbor. The fires crackled as they consumed the wooden ships, casting an eerie green light over the area. Screams filled the air as many perished in the flames.

"The sky! Look at the sky!" someone shouted, drawing everyone's gaze upward.

Against the night's darkness, a massive, charcoal-black figure hovered in the sky. They couldn't make out its full shape, but a pair of cold, merciless green eyes shone down.

Boom...

The green dragonfire erupted again, carving a scorched path toward the inner buildings of the city.

"Roar..."

Another sharp dragon roar echoed through the night, reverberating across half of Lys. The pale gray dragon, Grey Ghost, also flashed by, unleashing pale white dragonfire. They fell like a meteor shower, igniting the harbor.

As the fleet of ships approached, passing through the burning wreckage, they arrived at the harbor.

"Men, follow me to conquer Lys!" Rhaegar shouted, leaping from the ship and landing on the wooden dock.

"Charge!"

The Dragonkeepers, Second Sons, and Knights of the Vale followed, jumping from their ships. Rhaegar led the charge, his sword dancing as he cut down the enemies in his path.

Swish...

Dragon Claw flashed with cold light, severing the head of a Lysene soldier.

"Free the slaves and children! Kill everyone else!" Rhaegar commanded, his voice unwavering.

His team followed closely as he deftly dodged the trembling slaves on the ground, charging towards the inner city. Above, two dragons flew through the night sky, their flames erupting wildly, incinerating buildings and sowing chaos.

The political establishment of Lys was caught completely off guard. By the time the local garrison launched their counterattack, the city was already engulfed in flames and filled with cries of despair.

Rhaegar led the assault with a stern expression. An open attack on Tyrosh? Wrong. Lys was his true target. His plan was to destroy a city-state and fracture the alliance of the Triarchy. The false information had concentrated the Triarchy's forces in Tyrosh, leaving the other city-states vulnerable. Lys, being the closest to the Stone Islands and the most populous, was the perfect target.

"The enemy is here! Follow them!"

As he advanced towards the inner city, Rhaegar encountered a group of Lysene defenders. He raised his Dragon Claw and roared, "Follow me and charge! Destroy them with Blood and Fire!"

An unnatural flush spread across his pale skin, and his eyes filled with bloodlust. Wisps of flame erupted from his skin, transforming Rhaegar into a fiery figure. His black robes billowed in the wind, the hood and cloak igniting like a beacon in the night.

Seeing their prince in flames, the soldiers were invigorated and shouted wildly, "Kill! Destroy Lys!"

Rhaegar, now in flames, rushed into the crowd, wielding his blazing Dragon Claw. Sword and flame made him a force of unstoppable destruction.

...

"Roar --"

Cannibal pierced the night sky and descended into a majestic garden estate.

This was the most famous wonderland in Lys.

--The Perfumed Garden.

It boasted the most opulent buildings, fine wines from all over the world, and countless prostitutes and male slaves.

The patrons here were the elite, the powerful and influential.

Cannibal's green pupils glared down upon them.

Amidst the thousands of pavilions and luxurious buildings, debauchery reigned unchecked.

"Roar--"

With another thunderous roar, spectral green Dragonfire rained down.

"Ah..... help....."

"Run....."

The Dragonfire spread rapidly, transforming the Perfumed Garden into hell.

On the other side of the city, Gray Ghost joyfully flapped his wings and soared over the downtown of Lys.

Boom...

Fireballs erupted from Gray Ghost's maw, toppling buildings and burying countless lives in the rubble.

The dragon knew it had been saved by the human and met him again on the eastern shore of Dragonstone Island, the human who had spoken strange words that the dragon couldn't understand.

But Gray Ghost had sensed his intent-he wanted it to follow and help the other dragon. Because he liked the human, Gray Ghost had followed him here.

"Roar....."

Gray Ghost screeched, unleashing its Dragonfire with reckless abandon, reveling in the cruelty of its nature.

...

The Rogare House Mansion

Drazenko Rogare was in a state of panic, urgently gathering his family members. "Quickly, hide! Get to the air raid shelter!" he commanded, his voice trembling.

He couldn't comprehend it. The declaration of war had clearly stated Tyroshi as the target, so why was a dragon attacking Lys?

Rumble...

A ball of dragonfire descended, instantly collapsing the walls of the mansion.

Many fleeing family members were caught in the flames or crushed by falling rocks, dying instantly.

Drazenko stood frozen, his knees buckling as he fell helplessly to the ground. "Lord of Light, Lys is burning in dragonfire..," he whispered in despair.

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The bombardment continued until dawn. Rhaegar, drenched in blood, charged into the inner city of Lys.

Looking around, he saw a wide river ahead with a wooden bridge crossing it. Stone buildings were scattered everywhere, making the environment disorienting.

"Robb!" Rhaegar shouted.

"Here, Prince!" Robb emerged from the crowd, breathing heavily. They had been fighting fiercely all night, repelling several waves of Lys defenders.

Rhaegar pointed his sword in one direction and ordered, "There is a Rogare Bank in Lys. You and I will each lead a thousand men and split up to search for it."

Under the relentless bombardment by Cannibal and Gray Ghost, the defense force of Lys was crumbling.

The raids and massacres had already begun, and the city was on the verge of a full-scale sack.

Lys, the most populous of the Free Cities, had accumulated vast wealth through plundering ships, running brothels, and brewing wine. The city was notoriously rich.

The locals did little work, relying heavily on slave labor. The ratio of commoners to slaves was a staggering one to three, showcasing the city's immense wealth.

Robb's eyes gleamed with anticipation. "Yes, Prince!" he replied enthusiastically.

With that, he rallied his Second Sons and the Knights of the Vale, moving toward the end of the wooden bridge.

Rhaegar led the Dragonkeepers toward the high-rise buildings where the Dragonfire still burned brightly.

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After midnight

The Dragonkeepers stormed into the wealthy district, their assault a whirlwind of fire, death, and plunder.

Rhaegar strode down the street, his face an icy mask, gripping his sword tightly. He did not stop the Dragonkeepers from their rampage. In his eyes, the wealthy who had enslaved others and disregarded life had forfeited their right to live. Sparing only the slaves and children, he allowed his men to loot freely.

"Take what you can! Seventy percent for the cause, thirty percent for yourselves!" Dragonkeeper Leader Trangal shouted, thumping his breastplate with a thick arm.

Suddenly, a dark arrow whistled through the air, aiming straight for Rhaegar's neck.



"Prince, look out!" Trangle cried, but it was too late.

The arrow flew with deadly precision, but just as it was about to strike, Rhaegar turned his head. Patterns began to emerge on his exposed skin—cheeks, neck, and hands. Green scales, like those of a dragon, materialized from thin air.

Clang...

The arrow struck the scales and shattered, falling harmlessly to the ground.

"Kill him!" Rhaegar's voice was cold, his eyes fixed on a nearby attic where the attackers hid.

"Porus, go! Tear them apart!" Trangel bellowed.

With a thunderous tread, Porus, a four-meter-high half-giant clad in iron armor, charged forward. He wielded a round shield in one hand and a massive war hammer in the other.

Crash...

The hammer, as big as a water tank, smashed through the gate of the mansion. Poru raced inside, plowing his way to the attic.

Moments later, screams echoed through the night as the attic collapsed under Porus' assault.

...

Inside the Lys War Shelter

The wealthy, who had managed to take refuge in time, cowered within the confines of the shelter.

"Where's the garrison? Go kill all the invaders!" someone yelled angrily.

"Quiet! The invaders aren't familiar with the terrain. The garrison is already in ambush," another whispered.

"Ooooh oooh oooh..." Women and children huddled together, crying bitterly.

...

It was three in the morning. The night was pitch black, the moon obscured by dark clouds. Two dragon shadows, one large and one small, soared through the sky like harbingers of death. Wherever their flames passed, only charred remains remained.

On a street lined with greenhouses and towering commercial buildings, Rhaegar and Robb met again. Both sides, each a hundred men short, carried looted gold, silver, and jewelry and herded freed slaves toward the harbor.

Rhaegar had freed the slaves, breaking their bonds and encouraging them to fight for their freedom. Fueled by a thirst for vengeance, the former slaves were even more ruthless than their liberators, taking brutal revenge on their former masters.

"Kill the slave masters!" the slaves shouted, seizing any weapons they could find.

Rhaegar led his forces through the chaotic streets in search of the Rogare Bank. He had until sunrise to evacuate the army, so they had to move quickly. The column of thousands spread out, searching in groups of two or three hundred.

Rhaegar led his men into an alley redolent with the scent of pollen.

"Surround and shoot!"

A shout rang out from above. Hundreds of Lys' guards appeared at the windows, raining arrows down upon the Dragonkeepers.

"Ah!....."

"Dodge!....."

The attack was too swift. Many Dragonkeepers fell before they could react. Rhaegar's face hardened, and he deftly knocked away arrows with Dragon Claw.

Dang dang dang...

The exits of the alley were blocked by guards, their swords clashing against round shields, creating an intimidating noise.

Realizing they were ambushed, Rhaegar assessed their situation quickly. "Break out with me!" he shouted, charging toward the front of the alley.

\*Pfft...\*

Rhaegar's long sword sliced through the arm of an attacker. He then kicked through the wall of shields, plunging into the mass of enemies. Machetes slashed at him from all sides, but the green glow of his dragon-scale runes deflected most of the blows.

The inscriptions of bronze runes, painstakingly etched into his skin, protected his upper body, blocking most of the damage.

"Roar! Porus is coming!"

The half-giant roared as he charged the entrance to the alley, his warhammer swinging like a scythe through the wheat. Flesh and bone flew, splattering the walls with blood. In moments, he had cleared a bloody path.

Just then, a window above them creaked open. A beautiful, provocatively dressed prostitute leaned out and shouted, "Prince, follow the alleyway to the north! The Rogare House is stationed there, and so is the bank!"

She slammed the window shut before Rhaegar could answer. Doubts flickered in his mind - he had never been in a brothel and did not recognize her. But then he remembered: Lys' First Magister last name was Rogare. Slaves and prostitutes had every reason to hate that name.

After decapitating another enemy, Rhaegar turned to his men, his voice cold and commanding. "Come with me. Let's destroy the Rogare!"

Chapter 223: Breaker of Shackles

"Ohh, charge!"

The half-giant Porus roared into the sky, swinging his warhammer to clear a path.

Rhaegar's cold eyes scanned the area, his black robes blazing as he led his army out of the encirclement with unstoppable force.

The Lys Guard numbered in the thousands. Streets and alleys were barricaded, archers fired from above, and soldiers with swords and shields blocked their path.

Rhaegar hacked and slashed his way northward. The melee seemed endless, blood soaking his black robe, the flames around him consuming the sound of battle.

Suddenly he looked up and saw a towering white stone building with "Bank of Rogare" emblazoned across the front.

Rhaegar gasped and shouted, "Charge in, wealth is just ahead!"

"Charge!"

The Dragonkeepers' eyes lit up, and they smashed down the gate and rushed in.

Before the battle, Rhaegar had already decided on the division of the spoils: 70% for himself, 30% for his men. In Westeros, where everything was usually confiscated, this was a generous reward.

Rhaegar followed his men into the building, his dragon claw cutting down anyone in his path. In the back of his mind, he contacted Cannibal.

At this point, victory was within his grasp. The Lys garrison had begun a counterattack, but he planned to unleash Cannibal's Dragonfire to finish them off.

Inside the building, the dragonkeepers slaughtered the staff and found a treasure trove in the basement. The black iron gates resisted their efforts.

"Get out of the way, Porus will try."

Seeing that the Dragonkeepers couldn't open the door, the half giant pushed them aside and bent down to enter the secret passage.

He swung his warhammer with brute force, the black iron gate groaning under the assault, the walls shaking and spraying sand and debris.

Bang..... bam.....

After dozens of hammer blows, the gate could no longer withstand the force. It creaked, and finally collapsed, taking part of the stone wall with it.

The half-giant's hammer had shattered the wall, filling the basement with smoke and dust. The Dragonkeepers rushed into the vault, their eyes widening at the sight of gold.

"Seven hells! So much gold.."

Trangal, the first to enter, stared in shock at the piles of gold coins and bricks, his jaw almost dropping.

"Move it!"

Someone shouted, and the Dragonkeepers sprang into action, shoveling gold coins and bricks into their arms. When their arms were full, they stuffed gold into their waistbands and crotches.

The locks on the chests were broken, revealing more gold, silver, and jewels. The first to grab a share carried dozens of pounds of gold as they ran out, with more Dragonkeepers following close behind.

Before long, only dusty footprints remained in the vault. Even the chests were taken by the Dragonkeepers.

## Outside the Bank of Rogare

Lys guards converged from all directions, surrounding the building. Thousands of archers hid in the shadows, bows drawn, ready to unleash a hail of arrows. The doors of the building were shut tight, but inside the triumphant shouts of the Dragonkeepers echoed through the halls.

Rhaegar, hidden by the dim night, peered through a floor-to-ceiling glass window. A sneer formed on his lips. "You dare to come? Then don't expect to leave."

A gust of wind swept through the area, parting the dark clouds to reveal a sliver of bright moonlight. A black dragon's shadow loomed overhead.

"Roar..."

The dark green dragonfire descended with a roar, mercilessly bombarding the lines outside the building.

"Ah!....."

"The black dragon is here, run away..."

Cannibal circled the building, unleashing Dragonfire. The green flames traced a huge circle, leaving charred bodies and endless screams in its wake.

Ninety percent of the Lys guards perished, their deaths agonizing. Those who survived the initial assault were soon caught in the spreading flames, ignited by contact with burning people or buildings. The green dragonfire clung like a curse, consuming flesh and bone.

The doors of the building swung open. Rhaegar emerged, silver hair drenched in blood, eyes cold and piercing. His black robe billowed in the wind as he surveyed the sea of fire, sword in hand. The archers, momentarily stunned, drew their bows and fired.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh...

Arrows rained down, aiming directly at Rhaegar. But Cannibal swooped past, a wall of searing green Dragonfire erupting in front of the building. The arrows ignited mid-air, disintegrating into ash before they could reach their target.

Rhaegar raised his sword, pointing at the surrounding skyscrapers. "Dracarys!" he commanded in High Valyrian.

Cannibal responded instantly, spewing Dragonfire that engulfed the high buildings, collapsing structures, and setting everything ablaze. In mere moments, the entire area was reduced to scorched ruins.

Stepping through the burning green flames, Rhaegar shouted, "Everyone, follow me! We're heading to the Rogare garrison!"

The Rogare House had built their garrison and bank close to each other. Leading his troops, Rhaegar swiftly turned a corner and kicked open the solid wooden courtyard door of the Rogare residence. The Dragonkeepers stormed in.

The courtyard, already ravaged by Dragonfire, lay mostly in ruins. The Rogare family had fled, leaving their slaves behind to die. Rhaegar ordered the slaves freed, allowing them to leave on their own.

Rhaegar then led a search through the mansion. In their haste, the fleeing Rogare family had abandoned many valuables, which the Dragonkeepers eagerly seized.

"Prince, a treasure trove has been discovered!" a Dragonkeeper shouted in surprise.

Rhaegar approached a luxurious pavilion with flowing water, but suddenly, the space wrist on his arm buzzed twice. Startled, he retrieved a glowing scroll from his spatial bracelet—the [Mysterious Scroll].

Rhaegar raised his eyebrows slightly as he unfolded the yellowed leather scroll. It emitted a faint glow, outlining a line that turned into close coordinates.

Comparing the surroundings, Rhaegar pointed directly at the flowing water pavilion, his mind flashing back to his earlier exploration of Blackfyre and instantly understood the situation.

Inside the Water Pavilion were relics from ancient Valyria, a discovery that thrilled him, though he hadn't anticipated what came next.

Upon entering, a secret passageway revealed itself beneath the stone table. The Dragonkeepers who discovered it were the first to venture in, torches in hand.

Excited voices soon echoed, "Prince, we've found a treasure trove of fine artifacts and even a Valyrian steel sword!" With those words, a Dragonkeeper appeared, clutching a rustic longsword that resembled a half-sword.

"Excellent work. Remember to claim your reward," Rhaegar praised, accepting the longsword with great interest. Its appearance was unassuming, the blade adorned with a dragon motif, its eyes two rice-sized rubies.

When the longsword was sheathed, its cold sheen and rippling water-like patterns left no doubt - it was Valyrian steel.

In the next moment, the Exploration System emitted a series of beeps, resonating in Rhaegar's ears.

"This exploration mission is now active. The target: the Valyrian steel sword, Truth."

[Truth]

Exploration progress: 0.3%

As the progress bar appeared, Rhaegar's lips curled upward, his excitement growing.

Without hesitation, he slung Truth over his back and pushed the exploration forward.

"Search thoroughly, retreat in ten minutes!" Rhaegar's voice echoed loud and clear.

He lifted his gaze to the sky, witnessing its chaotic and dim appearance as the crescent moon descended.

Dawn was approaching; it was time to evacuate Lys.

Thirty minutes later, the scattered group reassembled at Lys Harbor.

Rhaegar scanned the gathering.

Be it the Dragonkeepers, the Second Sons, or the Knights of the Vale, all were adorned with blood, their armor laden with spoils.

"We've lost a few hundred," Rhaegar noted, recognizing the absence of some familiar faces.

Approaching him, Robb, his visage obscured by blood, reported solemnly, "Many were ambushed; it was a hard-fought escape."

Acknowledging the situation with a nod, Rhaegar ordered, "Board the ships swiftly; we depart immediately."

In an orderly manner, starting with the Dragonkeepers who boasted the richest haul, the soldiers embarked.

Scores of slaves surrounded them, kneeling on the harbor, yearning to accompany the departing group.

"Your Grace?" Robb hesitated.

Observing the tired, bloodied slaves, some wielding crude weapons, others carrying the heads of the wealthy, Rhaegar paused for a moment.

Then he declared with a determined voice, "If you seek freedom, fight for it yourselves. Unburnt ships await in the harbor; set sail for Westeros. The Targaryens welcome those who refuse slavery!"

With that, he instructed, "Set sail, leaving one ship to slow down and allow the slave ships to keep pace."

Filled with admiration, Robb replied, "Yes, Prince.

The slaves, stirred by the prospect of liberation, surged into the sea and swam to the saved ships. Many wept and bowed in awe, chanting, "The Dragonlord... Breaker of Shackles..."

Hearing their cries, Rhaegar's heart stirred with an unfamiliar emotion. He was not naturally compassionate, but he abhorred the institution of slavery. To give them a chance to fight for their freedom felt right.

The warships departed, leaving the ruins of Lys - once prosperous, now reduced to rubble and ash - in their wake. Lys' decline from a leading free trade city-state to the bottom of the barrel would be swift.

On the deck, Rhaegar gazed into the distance as the warm sun rose above the horizon, dispersing the darkness of the night.

Calling to Robb, who was overseeing the preparations, Rhaegar announced, "I will take a stroll through the Kingdom of the Daughters. You will sail straight back to King's Landing."

"Prince..." Robb tried to dissuade him.

Rhaegar brushed aside his concerns and said firmly, "This marks the return of the dragons to Essos; Lys alone will not be enough.

Robb had no room to argue as Cannibal swooped down, its powerful gusts propelling the ship forward.

Chapter 224: The Ruin Maker

Rhaegar stood at the bow of the ship, his eyes locked on the approaching dragon. As Cannibal drew parallel with the warship, he seized his moment and leapt.

**\*\*Plop!\*\***

He landed heavily on Cannibal's back, rolling to absorb the impact before gripping the dragon's scales firmly. Standing tall, Rhaegar shouted joyfully, "Cannibal, let's go!"

Cannibal roared, lifting its head high and flapping its massive wings. With a powerful thrust, they ascended into the air.

Below, Robb watched in awe, his mouth agape at the sight. Rhaegar and Cannibal—man and dragon—no, it was man and two dragons. As Cannibal soared skyward, Rhaegar perched on its back, they quickly vanished into the morning sun's golden sea of clouds.

The Gray Ghost, not wanting to be left behind, roared in frustration and took off in pursuit. Together, the two dragons climbed higher and higher until they disappeared into the horizon.

...

At the same time.

Inside the castle on Dragonstone Island.

Rhaenyra lay on the bed, dark circles under her eyes, tossing and turning, unable to sleep. Ever since Rhaegar decided to attack the Triarchy Kingdom, she hadn't closed her eyes for days. She was deeply worried.

Looking out the window, she saw the foggy sky, another sleepless night. Her eyes filled with fatigue, she shook the bell on the bedside table.

Creak...

The door opened, and a beautiful young girl from a foreign land walked in.

Rhaenyra asked, "Sara, did Rhaegar tell you when he will be back?"

Sara, the maid Rhaegar had assigned to her, shook her head and replied dryly, "No."

"How many soldiers did Rhaegar take with him?" Rhaenyra asked again.

"I don't know," Sara responded tersely.

Sensing Sara's cold attitude, Rhaenyra bit her lip. "Tell me what you do know."

Rhaegar had specially assigned this personal maid before his departure; she couldn't believe Sara knew nothing.

As expected, Sara hesitated before her lips curled into a meaningless smile. "Are you sure you want to know?"

"Of course, tell me," Rhaenyra said, unable to stand Sara's arrogant attitude and growing emotionally annoyed.

Sara's voice was faint, "I'm afraid if I tell you, you'll feel pressured." She walked slowly to the bedside and sat down without hesitation.

Rhaenyra pushed herself up, her face expressionless. "Tell me, word for word."

"As you wish." Sara stroked her long hair, deliberately drawing it out, and said mysteriously, "My mission was simple. The prince gave me only two instructions."

"What are they?" Rhaenyra's gaze was harsh, urging her to speak quickly.

Sara smiled unconcernedly. "One, to keep you safe."

"And two?" Rhaenyra pressed.

Sara's words trailed off into a teasing smile.

Slap...

Rhaenyra raised her hand and slapped her across the face, furious. "Bitch, I am the princess of Dragonstone Island, Rhaegar's sister, and you dare to tease me!?"

Who did she think she was to give me such an arrogant look?

Sara, her head whipped to the side, a trace of blood at the corner of her mouth, responded, "Well, you made me say it." She resumed her cool demeanor under Rhaenyra's furious gaze. Her eyes were ice-cold as she said, "Second, if the prince has any accidents, I am to immediately assassinate the queen and the remaining three princes."

Upon hearing this, Rhaenyra was instantly stunned. Thousands of emotions flooded her, her eyes wide with disbelief. She stammered, "Assassinate Alicent... and..."

Sara cut her off coldly, "Aegon, Aemond, and Prince Daeron."

Before leaving, Rhaegar expected to win but prepared for the worst. If he were to meet a fate similar to Aemon Targaryen, assassinated, or Rhaenys Targaryen, shot in the eye by a scorpion crossbow and dying with her dragon, then his shadow would kill Alicent and his three half-brothers immediately, paving the way for Rhaenyra to inherit the Iron Throne.

You shouldn't blame him for being cruel. While alive, Rhaenyra was his sister and his brothers were his valuable assets. If he died, Rhaenyra was still his sister, and his brothers were a destabilizing factor.

Rhaegar had only one thought: "Keep Rhaenyra safe at all costs."

Rhaenyra was in a daze, tears welling up in the corners of her eyes. "Rhaegar..."

She wanted to say something, but her throat felt blocked, choking on her words.

...

King's Landing, Red Keep.

"Skylar, prepare breakfast for me. I'm going to meet the King later."

Inside the bedroom, Jeyne's eyes were sleepy as she softly called out to her personal maid.

"Yes, Lady Jeyne."

Skylar pulled open the curtains and then gently stepped out of the room.

Bang...

The door closed.

Skylar leaned her back against the door, glancing around vigilantly.



Confirming that no one was there, she reached into her chest and pulled out a piece of letter paper and a small glass bottle, about the thickness of a finger.

The glass bottle was delicate and filled with a clear, transparent liquid.

Skylar glanced back at the door of the room, her eyes looked dark and uncertain, and opened the note to read it over.

There were three small lines on the note:

1. Protect Jeyne's safety.
2. If there is an accident, urge Jeyne to support Rhaenyra.
3. If Jeyne and Rhaenyra turn against each other...

There was another paragraph at the end, which Skylar skipped.

She crumpled the note a few times and swallowed it. After a month of close contact, she had come to sincerely admire the lady in the room.

Looking at the only remaining vial in her hand, Skylar's eyes flickered with struggle, and she hid it deep in her chest.

She firmly believed that, aside from the first directive on the letter, the other two should never be used.

...

The sun rose slowly over Myr, one of the three Free Cities, revealing a surprisingly clear sky.

"Roar.."

The roar of a dragon echoed through the air, followed by an intense wave of dragonfire that grew in ferocity. Two dragons, one black and one gray, soared above, their flames relentlessly raining down on the city below.

Within an hour, smoke rose from the ruins and severed limbs littered the ground. Myr's defenses, slightly stronger than Lys', included a few scorpion crossbows mounted in the city's towers.

The first volley was aimed at the dragons, but their wrath was swift. Enraged, the dragons unleashed torrents of dragonfire, melting the towers to lava and incinerating the defenders inside.

At the Colosseum, chaos reigned.

"Charge, he's here!"

A massive garrison stormed through the gates, their faces grim as they searched for the intruder.

Clang...

A shackle hit the ground with a crisp sound, startling the guards. Their fierce gazes fell upon a silver-haired young man in a tattered black robe, standing defiantly before the slaves' enclosure. His head held high, he stared back indifferently.

The sight of the silver-haired boy ignited a frenzy among the guards. Enraged, they charged forward, shouting at the top of their lungs.

"Kill him, kill him!"

"Tear him apart!"

Hundreds of guards rushed at him, but Rhaegar's expression remained unchanged. He faced them with calmness. With a flick of his right hand, a lance appeared in his grasp. His left hand drew Dragonclaw from his waist.

"You will pay for your actions," Rhaegar declared, advancing steadily. Wielding both the spear and the sword with fluid grace, he prepared for battle.

The spear, called "Morning Sun", was a new name he had chosen for his weapon after leaving Lys.

Both the Morning Sun and the Dragonclaw were forged from the same Valyrian steel batch, its shaft was made of hardened wood, and the one-foot spearhead was particularly deadly.

"Kill!" The guards charged, but Rhaegar was unfazed.

The Morning Sun struck out, piercing a man's eye socket, killing him instantly. The Dragonclaw parried a knife and an axe, then slashed upward, severing another man's head.

Rumble...

As the swordsmen clashed, the iron fence gate at the back creaked open, kicking up a cloud of dust.

Clang...

The rattle of chains echoed as a large group of muscular slaves stood behind the gate, their shackles loose and ready for battle.

"Charge! Kill the slave master's dogs!" roared the tallest slave, his uncuffed shackles swinging like a morningstar.

At his command, the slaves surged forward. From above, they looked like a flood, quickly filling the colosseum.

Rhaegar plunged into the center of the guards, his spear and sword cutting through the air with deadly precision. No one dared to come within seven feet of him. After slaying a dozen, the battle began to wane.

Slaves overran the arena, and the hundreds of guards quickly found themselves overwhelmed. Those on the outskirts were chained by their necks and dragged out. The remaining guards were crushed under the weight of the pressing slaves.

Rhaegar raised his weapons high and bellowed, "Those who seek freedom, come with me and seize the ships in the harbor!"

"As you command, my lord!" the slaves shouted, their excitement palpable as they followed Rhaegar out of the colosseum.

"Roar..."

The Gray Ghost glided overhead, and Dragonfire obliterated the colosseum, erasing the place of suffering and cruelty.

Rhaegar led the freed slaves to the harbor, leaving them with a final message: "If you have nowhere else to go, follow me to Westeros!"

The Cannibal descended from the sky, and Rhaegar mounted the dragon. Under the watchful eyes of countless slaves, he soared into the sky.

"Roar ga..."

Before departing, Cannibal and Gray Ghost unleashed their final breaths of Dragonfire, reducing the remaining warships in the harbor to ashes.

Rhaegar gazed down at the slaves boarding the ships below, his heart swelling with a newfound sense of purpose.

His father's revocation of his military power had sparked a change in Rhaegar. He now sought a larger army and a territory entirely under his command. The slaves he had freed were his ideal soldiers and commanders.

As Cannibal soared through the clouds, Rhaegar opened his arms to the mist and cool breeze. Closing his eyes in ecstasy, he murmured, "Father, King's Landing is no longer my only goal. This young dragon will finally fly high."

King's Landing had been a shelter for years. Now, he was ready to grow. A dragon was destined for the sky and the sea.

Opening his eyes with newfound clarity, Rhaegar declared, "Next stop, Tyrosh!"

"Roar..."

In response, two dragon roars, one high and one low, stirred the clouds as they sped towards their next conquest.

...

The King's Palace.

The King's Bedchamber.

Viserys sat dispiritedly at the table, idly fiddling with the stone sculptures that cluttered its surface. Aside from banquets and tournaments, stone carving was one of his few hobbies.

He had been carving alongside the artisans for several years and had crafted a complete replica of the "Fortress of Freedom" in Old Valyria.

Viserys picked up a dragon sculpture, examining it closely before placing it in front of him. He repeated the process with a second, then a third, until five dragon statues stood shakily before him.

Despite his usual passion for stone carving, Viserys found no joy in it today. He felt feverish and restless.

Rhaegar had been gone for five days following their confrontation. In that time, Viserys received a letter from Aegon informing him that Rhaegar had defied his orders and led a surprise attack on Tyrosh with 2,000 soldiers.

"Alas, it was too risky. I should have sent more troops with him," Viserys sighed deeply, tilting his head back in resignation.

Chapter 225: The Mysterious Black Stone Magic

Viserys was furious when he learned that Rhaegar had acted on his own. Days had passed since their separation, and his worries grew heavier with each moment.

"If I had known Rhaegar was so stubborn, I never should have revoked his military power," he muttered to himself, his frustration palpable.

"Rhaegar, you're starting to worry me too much," Viserys sighed, rubbing his forehead.

Knock, knock...

A knock at the door interrupted his thoughts.

"Come in," Viserys replied without lifting his head.

The door creaked open, and Otto walked in.

Viserys glanced up briefly, asking, "What's the matter?"

He desperately wanted to be alone to calm down.

"Your Grace, news from the Riverlands," Otto announced solemnly. "Blackwood and Bracken have defied your orders. Ser Harwin, collaborating with the Tullys, led a force to deter them but was insulted by both houses."

"This is intolerable!" Viserys exclaimed in frustration.

Otto continued, "There was a confrontation. Ser Harwin fought bravely, defeating both armies and making a name for himself in the Riverlands."

"That's good news, it weakens both houses significantly," Viserys remarked, surprised.

Otto shook his head, his expression complicated. "After the victory, Old Lord Tully organized a celebration banquet, only to be attacked by the Bracken House. His eldest son was killed in the turmoil."

"Those bastards! What about the front line?" Viserys was shocked, unable to believe the Brackens dared to attack their feudal lord.

Otto sighed, "The army in Riverrun suffered heavy losses. Lord Lyonel was seriously injured. Ser Harwin led a retreat back to Harrenhal for defense."

The battle had occurred between Riverrun and Harrenhal. After the attack, the Bracken House blocked the army's retreat to Riverrun, forcing Harwin to lead his men back to Harrenhal, where they were besieged.

In addition, the Peasants' Alliance was stirring up trouble in the Riverlands and growing more powerful by the day. This was undoubtedly very bad news.

Understanding the gravity of the situation, Viserys' anger flared. "Damn Bracken! They dare to rebel?"

He stood abruptly, intending to call an emergency meeting. But after only two steps, an unnatural flush appeared on his face and dizziness overcame him. His legs gave way and he began to fall.

"Your Grace, be careful!" Otto caught him in time.

"Otto..." Viserys forced himself to stay conscious, gritting his teeth. "Call a Small Council meeting immediately. We must discuss a crusade against the Blackwood and Bracken Houses."

He, Viserys I, would ensure that these rebellious Houses paid the price they deserved.

...

One of the Triarchy, Tyrosh

"Fire! Aim at the dragon!"

"Run away!"

In the open sky, two massive dragons circled, unleashing torrents of Dragonfire.

Tyrosh's defenses were formidable, with over a hundred scorpion crossbows stationed in towers to counter the dragons' aerial threat.

"Roar..."

Cannibal roared in fury, gliding over the city-state with deadly precision, his dragonfire obliterating tower after tower.

Gray Ghost followed, raining fireballs down on the swarming guards in the streets.

Famous for its mercenaries, Tyrosh was surrounded by an impenetrable black wall. It was the most fortified city of the three Triarchy states.

Unfortunately, even the most experienced mercenaries and guards could not withstand the relentless onslaught of dragonfire. The black walls were no match for the flying beasts.

The bombardment raged for two hours.

Tyrosh was cleansed by fire. Wealthy merchants who hadn't sought refuge in air raid shelters fled, driving their slaves to clear the way.

Boom!

A blast of Dragonfire struck a nearby tower, which collapsed with a deafening crash, sending rubble raining down.

"Ah!....."

The falling debris crushed slaves and a wealthy merchant who had been loudly cursing his fate.

Blood and fire marked every corner of Tyrosh.

Rhaegar, atop his dragon, gazed down at the tragic scene below. Unlike Lys and Myr, Tyrosh was too heavily fortified for him to penetrate alone. He could only destroy as many buildings as possible, unable to free the slaves within.

"Let's go, Cannibal!"

With the city in ruins, Rhaegar was satisfied. Riding his dragon, he soared towards the sea.

As they passed the inner city's black wall, a group of black-armored soldiers shouted.

"Prepare to throw spears!"

Rhaegar watched as the soldiers hurled their spears with all their might. The spears flew through the air but fell short, not even grazing Cannibal.

Undeterred, the black-armored soldiers shouted again, "Prepare bows and arrows for a second volley!"

But the soldiers had only spears and shields; no bows and arrows were in sight, and they were ill-positioned to shoot even if they had them.

Rhaegar looked on with disdain and said coolly, "Dracarys!"

Cannibal reversed direction, swooping down and unleashing another wave of Dragonfire, incinerating everything in its path.

Boom...

Under the dark green Dragonfire, the black-armored soldiers were consumed in flames.

Just as Rhaegar thought it was over, another wave of black-armored soldiers appeared. About a thousand strong, they dragged in a dozen scorpion crossbows, quickly loading them with steel spears and aiming at Cannibal, ready to fire.

"Roar..."

Gray Ghost emerged from the side, unleashing Dragonfire that mercilessly incinerated hundreds of soldiers.

Strangely enough, the survivors did not flee. Instead, they fearlessly raised their round shields to buy time for those manning the scorpion crossbows.

Seeing this unimaginable scene, Rhaegar frowned deeply. "Unsullied?"

This kind of emotionless, fearless war machine could only be the Unsullied army trained by Astapor.

"Stripped of their humanity since childhood, they are a pitiable lot," Rhaegar muttered to himself. "Let's make it quick, Dracarys!"

The lives of the Unsullied were already filled with pain and sorrow. It was better to end it quickly.

"Roar..."

Cannibal hovered above the black wall, its jaws opening wide as Dragonfire erupted.

In an instant, thousands of Unsullied were engulfed in flames, leaving only charred remains.

Drip...

The relentless dragonfire melted the solid black wall, causing a dark solution to drip from the top.

Rhaegar watched with interest, examining the material of the wall. According to ancient records, the Dragonlords of old Valyria were masters of both Bloodmagic and Firemagic.

Much like the castle on Dragonstone Island and the Black Wall of Volantis, the inner city walls of Tyrosh were made of black dragonstone created by these ancient magics.

During the Freehold era, the Dragonlords' buildings were majestic and unmatched in strength and grandeur.

Rhaegar sighed softly. "If I knew this kind of magic, the Dragonpit could be rebuilt effortlessly."

"Roar..."

Cannibal's roar shattered his reverie, pulling him back to reality.

Rhaegar smiled helplessly. "Let's go, old friend."

It was time to claim their victory. The three cities of the Triarchy were ravaged by fire.

Cannibal snorted and carried him, flying toward the Stepstones Islands.

Gray Ghost playfully spat out more dragonfire and blasted the black wall a few more times. Seeing little effect, it followed Cannibal's path and left in a hurry.

...

Lys.

After a night of sneaking out of Tyrosh, Lysandro Rogare finally returned to Lys. As he approached the harbor, the sight of black smoke billowing over the city filled him with dread.

Lys was destroyed! The dragon hadn't attacked Tyrosh; it had invaded Lys instead.

"Dock the ship! My family, my bank!" Lysandro's voice was hoarse with panic and rage as he surveyed the burning hulks in the harbor. The Bank of Rogare was his family's lifeline, holding savings from all over the world.

If it was gone, so was the fortune of the Rogare House. Lysandro knew that without those savings, the people of Lys would turn against him, and the family would face retaliation from depositors worldwide.

As soon as the ship docked, Lysandro sprinted ashore and raced to the family compound. Along the way, he saw many slaves fleeing to the surviving ships.

"Look, it's the First Magister of Lys!"

"The First Magister Lys is here!"

Recognized by the hate-driven slaves, Lysandro was soon surrounded.

"Kill! Kill all these wretched slaves!" Lysandro, no longer in control of his emotions, raised his whip and struck at the Unsullied guards.

The Unsullied, stoic and obedient, responded, "Yes!"

Swish, swish, swish...

Five hundred Unsullied landed on the shore, surrounding Lysandro and forming a human wall with their spears and shields. Any slave who dared to attack was swiftly killed. The Unsullied's strength was undeniable, and the slaves, despite their numbers, were no match.

With the Unsullied protecting him, Lysandro made his way to the Bank of Rogare and the family compound. What he found was devastating: the bank had been ransacked by angry slaves, and the vaults were emptied. The empty halls echoed with his cries of despair.

"Brother, you have finally returned." Drazenko Rogare ran in, tears streaming down his face. He had been hiding in an air raid shelter and only emerged when Rhaegar and his dragon left.

Seeing the family residence in ruins, with valuable items stolen and everything else burned, he was in shock. Even the horses had been slaughtered.

"Brother, the dragons attacked Lys, and the slaves are revolting all over the city. What should we do?" Drazenko shouted, his voice filled with desperation.

Lysandro looked up, his face a mask of hopelessness. "What can we do? We might as well be dead."

The current situation was worse than death.

The words had barely left his mouth when an unusual sound echoed from above. A piece of the masonry ceiling began to come loose.

Lysandro heard it and looked up, disbelief etched on his face.

The next second.

A rumble...

A one meter square piece of stone fell, hitting Lysandro directly. The impact was devastating, shattering his bones and instantly turning him into a gruesome mess of flesh and blood.

Blood splattered Drazenko's cheeks, and he stared wide-eyed, trembling with shock. "Brother!!!" he cried.

Suddenly, a group of slaves burst into the bank shouting, "Fight for your freedom and kill the exploiters of Rogare!"

Drazenko immediately turned, grabbed his whip from the pile of blood, and ordered the Unsullied to fight back. "Kill them! Kill this damn slaves, these damn creatures!"

With numb expressions, the Unsullied looked at the whip in Drazenko's hand. Astapor's training methods had conditioned them to obey the person wielding the whip.

"Quick, kill them!" Drazenko roared, lashing the whip and pointing at the approaching slaves.

Swish...

The Unsullied obeyed, forming a shield wall to block the slaves.

The slaves hesitated, their charge faltering.

Seeing this, Drazenko felt a surge of relief and lashed the Unsullied one by one, snarling, "Go on, eunuchs! You're as worthless as this group of slaves!"

The whip cracked against the Unsullied's flesh, drawing blood, but they stood their ground, enduring the blows.

The slaves were dumbfounded and yelled, "Why are you listening to him? The Breaker of Shackles gave the slaves their freedom, you should fight back!"

Pfft...

The answer came in the form of sharp spears. The Unsullied marched forward, stabbing the front rows of slaves with precision. The untrained slaves were no match for the disciplined Unsullied and fell in droves.

The slaves, unable to withstand the attack, began to retreat.



"Haha, kill them all!" Drazenko laughed maniacally, lashing out with his whip.

Click...

A strange sound came from above again. Drazenko's body stiffened as a creeping dread rose within him. He slowly lifted his head.

Another piece of the stone ceiling had loosened and was about to fall.

Drazenko ran for his life.

The stone fell, hitting Drazenko head-on with a loud thud. His skull cracked, and his upper body was crushed into a pulp.

Coincidentally, this stone landed right next to the one that had killed his brother.

And so, the Rogare brothers met their end beneath the masonry of their family bank.

With Drazenko dead, the whip he held was crushed and disappeared into the flesh. The Unsullied noticed this.

They stopped moving, maintaining their shield formation, and fell into a strange, dead silence. The Unsullied were slave soldiers, conditioned to follow their master's command. Without orders, they stood frozen, like powerless automatons.

The slaves, realizing this, picked up their weapons and approached the Unsullied, making tentative attacks.

One of the slaves smashed an Unsullied's head with his axe, and suddenly the slaves were overjoyed. "These soulless men are fools! They won't move without their masters. Grab them and kill them!"

Soon, the Unsullied fell one by one, killed without resistance.

"Haha, if you don't even want your freedom, you might as well die," a burly slave mocked as he slit an Unsullied's throat.

Pfft...

A spear pierced through his chest, taking his life. The other slaves gasped in horror, not expecting the Unsullied to fight back.

Eyes focused on the Unsullied who had struck out with the spear. Sensing the attention, the Unsullied soldier drew his spear back, switched from a shield position to standing straight.

Swish Swish...

The other Unsullied followed suit, forming a neat formation. They waited for a moment. The punishment for unauthorized action did not come.

The lead Unsullied leaned his spear against his chest, removed his black iron helmet with his free hand, revealing a youthful face with dark brown skin. Three sharp spikes adorned his helmet, signifying his rank and ability to lead.

Ignoring the frightened slaves, he walked towards the remains of Drazenko. The stone was massive, crushing the flesh and blood into a gruesome mess.

## Chapter 226: The History of "Truth"

Dragonstone Island, Dragonmont - One Day Later

"Roar..."

Gray Ghost, sleek and alert, perched atop the black stone mountain, its slender neck stretching as it scanned the surroundings with vigilant eyes.

Beside it lay a much larger Cannibal, over twice its size, sprawled on the ground with its green eyes tightly shut and its long, slender tail hanging low off the edge of the cliff.

Between the two dragons was a flat rock where Rhaegar lay in a deep sleep. He wore a tattered black robe, his silvery hair spread out around him, and used the tip of Gray Ghost's tail as a pillow.

A light summer breeze blew, causing the black robe to shift slightly, revealing the hilt of a dark sword tucked underneath.

Just yesterday, Rhaegar and his two dragons had launched a fierce attack on the three free-trading city-states of Lys, Myr, and Tyrosh, collectively known as the Triarchy. The assault sparked widespread slave uprisings against the oppressive regimes of these slave cities.

The battle left the Triarchy's power severely diminished, stripping them of the strength to challenge the Stepstones. After his victorious campaign, Rhaegar returned to Dragonstone Island and chose to rest on Dragonmont for the night.

He chose not to return to the castle. The attack had been so successful that he felt overwhelmed and wasn't ready to face his father or Rhaenyra.

Rhaegar snored softly, sleeping soundly, unaware of the dream forming in his mind.

In his dream, waves gently rolled in as a cool breeze blew through. An island city appeared, set in the summer sea. The island had a temperate climate, abundant sunshine, fertile land, and was dotted with palm and fruit trees. The sea was a vibrant green, with fish occasionally leaping out of the water.

Rhaegar's vision zoomed in on the island city. The inhabitants had blue eyes, platinum curls, and smooth skin. Among them were numerous poor slaves of various skin tones and hair colors.

Rhaegar instantly recognized the place: "Lys!"

"Roar!!"

A deafening dragon roar echoed across the sea, jolting Rhaegar. His vision zoomed in further to reveal a circular building within the city-state. Inside, a massive dragon with silver scales was shackled at its neck and feet, thrashing wildly in the confined space.

The dream's vividness and intensity gripped Rhaegar, pulling him deeper into the unfolding vision of the enslaved dragon within the walls of Lys.

"Kill it!"

"Kill the dragon!"

A large mob swarmed into the building, wielding axes, spears, and other weapons. Their faces twisted with grim determination, they charged at the dragon.

Among them were slaves and soldiers alike, united by a shared purpose.

The dragon flapped its massive wings and unleashed Dragonfire, incinerating scores of people. But the flames failed to deter the mob, driven by their blinding hatred.

The slaves launched suicidal attacks, hacking and slashing with everything they had. They vowed to shatter the dragon's scales and inflict whatever damage they could.

The dragon swayed violently, tossing the attacking slaves like rag dolls, their bodies crumpling on impact. Dragonfire erupted in columns, scorching all who dared approach. But the crowd only grew larger, more frenzied in its assault.

The chaos continued well into the evening. The building was littered with charred bodies and debris, every brick scorched by the flames. The dragon lay on the ground, badly scarred and gasping for breath. More chains had been attached to its neck, and spears had pierced its wing membranes, further anchoring it.

But the mob persisted, hacking at the dragon's scales and stabbing at its bleeding wounds.

"Roar..."

Unable to retreat, the dragon threw back its head and roared in desperation.

With one last desperate effort, the dragon rose, tearing off its shackles even as the chains tore at its wing membranes. Its golden eyes fixed on the dome above, and it leapt upward, slamming its head into the stone structure.

Rumble!

The dome collapsed, bringing down the entire structure. Rocks and debris fell, crushing the dragon and the mob alike. Blood poured like a river from the dragon's wounds, mingling with the rubble.

The dragon slayers, consumed by their own fervor, were buried beneath the thousands of stones.

After a long silence, nothing remained but ruins.

Rhaegar looked on, horrified and speechless. The same grim scenes played out across Lys.

A brownish-gray dragon flew over the city, vulnerable and exposed. Below, a dozen scorpion crossbows lurked in the shadows.

Thwack!

A steel spear shot out, piercing the dragon's chest.

"Roar..."

The dragon screamed in agony, its flight becoming unstable as blood gushed from the wound. More scorpion spears followed, piercing the dragon's body until it fell lifeless to the ground.

A luxurious rooftop in a high-rise building.

A middle-aged man with silver-blond hair stood nervously, his hand clutching a Valyrian steel sword at his waist.

Rhaegar watched the scene and recognized the name of the sword.

"Truth"

"Charge, the damn Dragonlord is inside."

"Be quiet, don't let him find out..."

Murderous whispers drifted up from below.

"Lilith, take your dragon and hide," the Master of Truth commanded through gritted teeth, glancing at the little girl behind him.

She had silver-gold curls and deep purple eyes, curled up in the corner of the bed, clutching a red-scaled dragon cub the size of a cat.

The baby dragon wriggled and struggled, letting out a low roar as if it sensed danger.

Bang...

The door burst open and a large number of soldiers burst into the room.

"Kill these remnants of the Freehold!"

"There's still a dragon! Kill the dragon!"

The soldiers roared furiously and surrounded the Master of Truth. They quickly beheaded him.

The little girl and the red-scaled dragon met the same fate, slaughtered without mercy.

Rhaegar frowned and clenched his fists, understanding the historical context of his dream.

After the fall of Valyria, the Freehold collapsed overnight. Of the forty dragonlord families, only the Targaryens survived, having moved to Dragonstone in response to Daenys Targaryen's prophecy. The other thirty-nine families had some living members scattered around the world.

At the time, Lys was a colony of Valyria, known as the greatest summer resort in the world. Some dragonlords enjoyed this paradise and escaped the initial catastrophe. But they underestimated the horrors of human nature.

The Valyrian Freehold had enslaved Essos for centuries, and many people suffered under the dragonlords' rule. When Valyria was destroyed, the oppressed rose up in rebellion.

The people of Lys, including the slaves, hunted down and killed the dragons in their lairs and the defenseless Dragonlords.

The scene shifted to a bustling marketplace in Lys.

Several severed heads with silver-gold hair hung from bamboo poles. Three dragon corpses - two large and three small - were being loaded onto rafts by slaves and dragged out to sea for disposal.

There were no more dragonlord families or dragons left in Lys.

The era of free trade and city-states had begun.

Ka-ka-ka-ka...

The dream shattered into silence.

Rhaegar's eyelids fluttered slightly as he woke from his sleep.

"This quest is over. Please pick up the lost treasures," a system notification sounded in his ears. Rhaegar opened his eyes, groaning softly.

"Hmph..."

His pale face was streaked with blood, his violet eyes unfocused, and his expression was somber. The system interface appeared automatically.

[Truth]

Exploration Progress: 100%

"Exploration completed..."

Scratching his messy silver hair, Rhaegar sat up, propping himself with one hand and reaching for the sword, "Truth," lying beside him.

He recalled the dream he had just experienced.

"That was the history of Truth?" he whispered, frozen in thought.

The sword had once belonged to a surviving Dragonlord who was eventually killed, and after changing hands several times, it ended up with the Rogare family.

"Well, they took it from a Dragonlord, and a Dragonlord took it from them. That's fair enough." Rhaegar muttered with a rueful smile.

He had little sympathy for the slaughtered Dragonlords. The Forty Families had always been fiercely competitive. Their demise and the loss of their dragons had paved the way for the relatively weak House Targaryen to rise and dominate Westeros.

He looked down at the sword, its dragon-shaped blade gleaming, the vertical pupils of the ruby-studded hilt flashing ominously.

"Your family is dead. From now on, your last name is Targaryen," he muttered, setting "Truth" aside.

In his pocket, a grapefruit-sized purple orb of light trembled, glowing faintly.

Rhaegar rubbed his hands together, silently praying to Balerion, "Please Black Dread, help me with another valuable relic."

Reaching out, he touched the purple orb.

Wave~

The orb shattered at his touch, dissolving into a flurry of glowing particles.

"Relic picked up successfully. Detecting..."

"Detection successful. Recognized as an epic-level relic: The History of "Truth"."

Rhaegar examined the relic's keywords.

"Buried in the long river of history, the tragedy waits for the same family to avenge the hatred."

Rhaegar frowned, pondering the meaning.

"Revenge?"

He muttered, wondering if burning Lys counted.

As the thought crossed his mind, the relic activated.

"Congratulations, the truth of history has been activated. You have obtained..."

[Blood Sorcery: Dragonstone]

Grade: Excellent (Blue)

Function: Gathering materials, mobilizing blood magic, and melting black dragon stone.

Evaluation: "Blood sorcery from the old Valyrian era with infinite creative power."

The knowledge of Bloodmagic flooded into Rhaegar's mind, making him tremble at the sudden influx. A cool sensation washed over him, leaving him feeling invigorated.

Unlike last time, he managed to remain calm and savor the influx of knowledge.

More than ten minutes later, Rhaegar exhaled deeply, feeling refreshed. This kind of intellectual pleasure was intoxicating.

He looked at his hands, chuckling. "Am I a Pyromancer and a Bloodmage now?"

He called up his personal status screen and checked his skills.

Rhaegar Targaryen

Talent: Dreamer (Gold), Pyromancer (Purple), Longevity (Green)

Bloodline: Ancient Valyrian Dragonlord (44%)

Rune: Serpent (Blue), Bronze (Green)

Blood Sorcery: Dragonstone (Blue)

Relic: Blood and Fire, True Dragon Blood, Dreamscape...

Evaluation: "The slumbering power of ancient bloodlines awakens in their heirs."

"The skills have disappeared, replaced by runes and blood sorcery," Rhaegar murmured, understanding the significance of his newfound abilities.

From the inheritance of [Dragonstone], he had learned the basics of blood sorcery. Bloodmages relied on the magic hidden in their bloodline, requiring specific origins. Despite this, their path paralleled that of Pyromancers, both being the inherited knowledge of the Valyrian Dragonlords and not mutually exclusive.

Chapter 227: Make You Queen

Putting away his status screen, Rhaegar smiled.

A increase in strength was indeed a great thing.

"Roar..."

The Gray Ghost roared, its pale gray body looming over Rhaegar, its vertical pupils flashing with curiosity.

Normally shy and timid, this dragon preferred to move around the eastern shore of Dragonstone Island. Its favorite place to hide was among the clouds and mist.

"Shy dragon, thanks to your efforts," Rhaegar said, supporting himself on the ground with both hands and looking up at the Grey Ghost with a smile. This family member was still very kindhearted.

As soon as he had reached the east coast, the Gray Ghost had sensed his presence and come to him. The dragon had played a crucial role in their attack on the Triarchy; without its help, Cannibal's firepower alone would not have been enough.

The Gray Ghost flicked its tail, its amber pupils staring at Rhaegar with an expression of affection and familiarity.

Rhaegar reached out a hand and raised it high. The Gray Ghost, understanding his intent, lowered its head and pressed its muzzle against his palm in a gentle gesture.

"Come with me, Gray Ghost," Rhaegar said, rubbing his light gray scales and speaking softly.

The Gray Ghost, usually alone on Dragonstone Island, had nowhere else to go. It might as well follow him, forming a new deterrent against their enemies.

"Roar..."

The gray ghost cocked its head, seeming a bit confused.

As Rhaegar continued to stroke it, the dragon began to relax, its massive body dropping to the ground.

Man and dragon looked at each other, a bond forming between them. Rhaegar kept his smile, showing his kindness and gratitude to the Gray Ghost.

The dragon's nostrils exhaled warm air, and its pupils reflected Rhaegar's image.

First, the long silver-gold hair, then the beautiful face...

Time passed slowly.

The reflection in the Gray Ghost's eyes completed the upper half of Rhaegar's body, but the lower half remained unseen, its revelation delayed.

Suddenly, the sleeping Cannibal opened its eyes, staring menacingly at the Gray Ghost. With a thunderous roar, "Roar gah!", it sent waves of hot air blasting across the mountaintop, nearly knocking Rhaegar off balance.

"Cannibal!" Rhaegar shouted urgently, trying to calm the furious dragon.

The Gray Ghost, startled, froze and forgot to flap its wings. It jumped back, hiding behind Rhaegar with its head tucked under its wings like an ostrich burying its head in the sand.

Cannibal's green eyes glinted with aggression as it slowly approached, its fierce snarl revealing sharp teeth.

"Partner, calm down," Rhaegar said quickly, stepping in front of Cannibal and reaching out to restrain its wrath.

He couldn't let Cannibal attack the Gray Ghost. The disparity in their power was too great, and it could easily end in tragedy.

"Whew!" Cannibal snorted, glaring at Rhaegar with its vertical pupils.

Such a foolish partner, is he really going to hook up with other dragons behind its back?

Rhaegar sensed Cannibal's displeasure clearly, feeling its thoughts through their shared bond.

With a determined expression, he said, "Gray Ghost is our ally, remember? We burned down three free trade city-states together just yesterday. We need him."

Cannibal's gaze flicked between Rhaegar and the trembling Gray Ghost, and its anger slowly abated.

Standing tall, Cannibal spread its black wings, stretched its neck, and let out a commanding roar to the sky.

The Gray Ghost, still trembling, prostrated itself on the ground in submission.

Rhaegar smiled in relief, knowing Cannibal's resistance had dissipated. With the Valyrian steel sword "Truth" on his back, he approached Cannibal and climbed onto the saddle.

Looking up, he saw the sky was clear and vast, filling his heart with a sense of boundless possibility.

"Let's go, aim for the sky!" Rhaegar shouted with renewed vigor.

"Roar!" Cannibal roared, its massive wings beating as it soared into the sky.

"Roar!" The Gray Ghost shrieked, flapping its wings and following at a distance.

One man and two dragons hovered above Dragonstone Island, their joyous laughter and roars echoing in the air.

...

Three days later.

Inside the castle on Dragonstone Island, on the open-air balcony, Rhaenyra stood in a red dress, her silver hair intricately braided behind her head. Her eyes, cold and distant, were fixed on the horizon.

In the sky above the east coast, two dragons, one black and one gray, danced through the clouds, playfully chasing each other.

Footsteps approached. Rhaegar walked slowly towards Rhaenyra, carefully observing her expression. She remained unaware of his presence, her small hands gripping the railing so tightly her knuckles turned white.

Three days ago, Rhaegar had returned to Dragonstone Island. His first visit was to see her. They had embraced tightly, sharing their feelings. Then he mentioned Jeyne.

"Bastard!" Rhaenyra's face hardened at the thought of Jeyne, her grip on the railing tightening as if it were Jeyne's neck. She had three best friends: Alicent, who married her father, Viserys; Laena, who married her uncle Daemon; and Jeyne, the traitor who dared to seduce her brother Rhaegar.

"Rhaenyra, you've been on a hunger strike all day," Rhaegar said worriedly, reaching for her hand.

"Get off!" Rhaenyra snapped, shaking off his hand. "I don't need you to care."

Rhaegar bowed his head, chastened. He knew he deserved her anger. "Rhaenyra, I can't undo what happened, but I want to talk."



"What is there to talk about?" Rhaenyra retorted, turning her head away, her anger barely contained. "Send Jeyne back to the Vale or don't come see me."

She wouldn't accept anything less. Jeyne had to leave King's Landing and never return.

Rhaegar gently took her hand. "Rhaenyra, you've been with me since childhood. You're the only one in my heart."

Her heart ached at his words. She turned, raising her hand to slap him. But Rhaegar didn't flinch, his eyes calm and steady. In that gaze, Rhaenyra's resolve wavered. She couldn't bring herself to strike him.

Rhaegar had made a mistake, but he was still young. The blame lay with Jeyne, that shameless woman. She had failed to properly discipline her brother, and now she had to suffer for it.

"Rhaegar, you're an asshole!" Rhaenyra shouted, turning away again. Despite her anger, she couldn't forget how well Rhaegar had treated her. Before attacking the Triarchy, he had planned for her future, showing how much he cared.

She couldn't let a single indiscretion ruin their bond.

"Rhaenyra, don't be angry with me. We shouldn't be divided," Rhaegar pleaded, squeezing her hand gently.

Rhaenyra refused to meet his gaze, her voice filled with bitterness. "What are you trying to say? That you want to have it all?"

Her greatest fear had materialized. It wasn't just jealousy—monogamy had been the rule in Westeros for centuries. Only Aegon the Conqueror had dared to break it. The Targaryen tradition had always clashed with the world's norms, often resulting in severe repercussions.

During the reign of Aenys I, half the continent's nobility revolted under the banner of the Faith of the Seven. Aenys fell ill from the stress, and his brother, Maegor I, usurped the throne, leading to a brutal reign marked by usurpation and murder. Peace was only restored when Jaehaerys I reconciled with the Faith, agreeing to monogamy while the Faith tacitly accepted some Targaryen customs. This delicate balance was vital.

Rhaenyra feared that Rhaegar's actions could shatter this fragile peace. It would be more disastrous than the invasion of Dorne or the conflicts with the Free Cities.

Rhaegar sensed her worries and shook his head. "My power isn't enough to challenge the Faith of the Seven," he said sincerely.

But his words had a different implication. He wasn't rejecting the possibility outright, merely acknowledging that he wasn't strong enough yet. If the Targaryens regained their former glory and commanded a thousand dragons, he would think nothing of conquering the world, let alone defying the Faith.

"Then what do you mean?" Rhaenyra demanded, turning sharply to face him. "You can only marry one."

Her face changed as a thought struck her. "You're not done with Jeyne, are you?"

Rhaegar quickly denied it. "I'm not old enough to marry. Jeyne's situation is different..."

Before he could finish, Rhaenyra's anger surged, and her composure shattered. She noticed the Dragon Claw sword at Rhaegar's waist and, in a flash, drew it. She gripped the hilt tightly, the tip of the sword pressed against Rhaegar's throat.

"Say that again, I dare you," she hissed, her body trembling with rage.

Rhaegar remained calm, letting the sword rest against his throat. "Rhaenyra, hear me out," he said solemnly. "Jeyne will always rank below you. I have a plan that suits you better."

"You'd better make yourself clear," Rhaenyra demanded, her eyes red with emotion, giving him a chance to explain.

Rhaegar took a deep breath and spoke clearly. "I want you to be queen."

Rhaenyra was stunned, momentarily speechless. The heir was Rhaegar—how could she be queen?

"The chaos in the world never ends. Chaos is both a disaster and a stepping stone," Rhaegar said, his eyes deep and resolute. "The rebellion in Dorne and the Triarchy Kingdom will not stop; it will inevitably erupt again."

With determination, he gently pressed the sword tip against his throat and continued, "I want to conquer new territories, and I want you to be queen."

His plan could involve taking Dorne, with its "Princess of Dorne" system, or one of the free-trading city-states. He envisioned giving this new land to Rhaenyra to govern. They would both be rulers, siblings reigning over their domains.

Rhaenyra was taken aback, not realizing the extent of Rhaegar's ambition. "Has the success of the Triarchy attack made him arrogant?" she wondered.

At first, the idea of becoming a queen made her heart race and her grip on Dragon Claw tremble. Fortunately, Rhaegar had the foresight to press the tip of the sword away from his throat.

But then, she pushed the thought aside and refused. "No, you'll never get rid of me."

She dismissed the possibility of becoming a queen, realizing that truly managing a kingdom would only distance her from Rhaegar, leaving Jeyne to benefit.

Rhaegar set aside the dragon claw and embraced her. "I never want to be apart from you," he said sincerely. "You've always wanted to be a queen, haven't you?"

He knew Rhaenyra well. She admired the Queen of Visenya and Nymeria, the past ruler of Dorne. A new territory needed a lord, and he preferred it to be a blood relative rather than nobles with shifting loyalties. This would help spread the Targaryen bloodline and establish firm rules and restrictions.

"Why don't you ask Jeyne?" Rhaenyra retorted, her frustration clear.

Rhaegar's eyes were steadfast. "Jeyne belongs to the Vale. You and I are born of fire. The wind and rain cannot extinguish our flame; we are destined to burn together."

Chapter 228: Baratheon's Difficulties

Clang—

Dragon Claw fell to the ground.

Rhaenyra's heart trembled at Rhaegar's words, and she couldn't hold her sword any longer. Deep down, she knew the truth.

Her eyes reddened as she looked at Rhaegar, her voice quivering with emotion. "Rhaegar, you've wronged me."

The temptation of becoming a queen was undeniably strong, but she couldn't bear the thought of Jeyne benefiting from it.

"Rhaenyra, even if you don't believe in me, you should have confidence in yourself," Rhaegar said, gently lifting her by the waist and setting her on the railing.

Rhaenyra clutched his collar, tears streaming down her face. Rhaegar looked up at her with a serious expression. "We still have time, and I'm not going to let you settle for less."

"I respect you, I love you. I will never abandon you," he continued. "But you are too important to me."

Rhaenyra's tears flowed freely as she buried her head in his shoulder, sobbing. The idea of ruling a kingdom alongside Rhaegar was irresistible.

"If I have a kingdom and Rhaegar by my side, I have no reason to refuse," she thought.

Until then, Jeyne would have to return to the Vale and not share in her triumphs. Rhaegar was still three years away from adulthood. Until then, Rhaenyra would be in control.

...

Noon.

The hot summer winds swept across the island, making the air heavy and sweltering.

"Mmm, delicious," Rhaenyra mumbled between bites.

A small round table was laden with various dishes, and Rhaenyra, knife and fork in hand, was devouring the food. She hadn't eaten in a day and was famished.

Rhaegar watched her with a smile, arranging food and pouring wine for her. The warmth of the moment filled him with a single thought: "My sister is really cute when she's not angry."

A gust of wind whistled past, ruffling Rhaenyra's hair at her temples as the airflow reached the open-air balcony.

Both siblings lifted their heads and looked up.

"Roar..."

A thunderous dragon roar echoed, and a massive dark green shape appeared in the sky above Dragonstone Island.

Rhaenyra's eyes widened as she swallowed the crab meat in her mouth. "Laena?" she said in surprise.

Rhaegar stood and walked to the railing, looking up at the enormous dragon.

Green scales, leathery skin, a mountainous body...

It was Vhagar.

Vhagar's cold eyes glided over the castle, descending slowly.

Moments later, with a ground-shaking thud, Vhagar landed on a cliff next to the castle.

"Rhaenyra!"

Laena, wearing a red strap around Vhagar's broad spine, smiled and waved from the balcony.

Unbuckling the chain around her waist, Laena gracefully climbed down from the dragon's back and strode towards the castle.

Rhaenyra and Rhaegar watched her approach, exchanging looks of disbelief.

Rhaenyra wiped her mouth and said, "Laena hasn't visited in a long time."

"You're the host. Go greet her," Rhaegar said, pulling out her chair with a shrug.

"Got it. And you won't have to sleep on Dragonmont tonight," Rhaenyra said with a contented smile, straightening her skirt as she stood.

Rhaegar sighed with relief and gestured for her to proceed.

He had spent four days camped out at Dragonmont with Cannibal and Gray Ghost. When Rhaenyra was angry, there was no castle to sleep in, let alone a bed.

Rhaenyra and Laena met in the castle's first-floor lobby.

"Laena!" Rhaenyra beamed, embracing her friend warmly.

Laena returned the smile and patted her back, though she couldn't help but wonder at Rhaenyra's unusual warmth today.

Circumstances had changed for the three friends. Alicent had become a stepmother, and Jeyne had seduced Rhaegar. Laena was married to Daemon, but at least she and Rhaenyra were not entangled in any romantic drama. They were the only good friends left.

After exchanging pleasantries, they quickly got down to business.

Laena turned to Rhaegar, her eyes filled with admiration. "Cousin, your attack on the Triarchy has become legendary. I regret fleeing that day."

Rhaegar, with two dragons and two thousand men, had plundered Lys, burned Myr, and ravaged Tyrosh. The audacity of his actions shocked everyone.

The three victimized city-states spread word of Rhaegar's "evil deeds" throughout Essos. Soon, nobles in Westeros also learned of the devastating attacks.

The Triarchy's strongholds lay in ruins, and the Battle of the Stepstones had come to an end. Rhaegar Targaryen's name would be recorded in the annals of history on both continents for generations to come.

Rhaegar smiled at Laena's praise, but his tone was dismissive. "It doesn't matter. My father didn't support me, and neither did House Velaryon."

Rhaenyra and Laena exchanged glances, sensing the underlying frustration in his words.

"Rhaegar..." Rhaenyra admonished gently, squeezing his hand. This kind of talk was fine in private, but there was no need for Laena to hear it.

Rhaegar winked at her and changed the subject. "What's this about ships in the Gullet?"

"Is it Robb and his men?" Rhaegar asked.

Laena shook her head. "It's more than that. There were a dozen ships filled with slaves. The royal fleet intercepted them."

She explained that she and her mother had been patrolling the Gullet and the Narrow Sea when they encountered the ships. The decks were filled with slaves armed with crude weapons. If not for their tattered clothes, she might have mistaken them for pirates.

The King's fleet had arrived in time to intercept the slave ships, resulting in a brief skirmish.

Rhaegar was taken aback. "It seems the liberated slaves have come to us."

His mood lifted. He needed those slaves—not only were they not beholden to other lords, but they were also loyal and hardworking. The most loyal laborers were those who were given equal rights.

"I'll go check it out. You two talk," Rhaegar said, striding out of the castle with renewed vigor.

"Roar!" Cannibal's dragon roar echoed as it hovered above the castle. Vhagar, perched on the cliff, eyed the pitch-black dragon coldly.

Recognizing his opponent, Vhagar growled but turned away to lie down, too old to continue the fight.

Rhaegar stepped into view of the dragons. Cannibal landed cautiously before the castle gate, eyeing Vhagar warily. The two dragons acknowledged each other, setting aside their grudges.

Rhaegar mounted Cannibal, and the dragon flew out over Dragonstone Island.

...

From Dragonstone Island, they flew over neighboring Driftmark and arrived at the Gullet, a narrow strait between Driftmark and the tip of the Sharp Point.

More than twenty large ships were anchored outside the channel, hesitant to approach. Within the channel, five warships were lined up, their soldiers' bows drawn and ready.

"Roar!" Cannibal descended like a meteor, its roar reverberating through the strait.

"Prince Rhaegar! The Breaker of Shackles!"

As soon as they saw Cannibal, the men on the ships recognized Rhaegar and shouted with joy. The slaves on the large ships fell to their knees in reverence, with their chains broken by Rhaegar and their desire for freedom rekindled. Following Rhaegar's command, they had sailed to Westeros, yearning for acceptance and the chance to live in peace.

"Gentlemen, I'm here to escort you into Blackwater Bay," Rhaegar called out.

He guided Cannibal over the royal fleet. At the forefront of one of the battleships stood a young man with black hair, surrounded by soldiers.

Rhaegar peered down and identified him, "Jon Baratheon? You are Jon Baratheon, right?"

Jon, dressed in thick armor, looked up and confirmed, "It is I, Prince."

Rhaegar, in high spirits, overlooked Jon's past offenses. "Make way through the Gullet. These are my men and followers."

"Prince, forgive me, but I cannot comply!" Jon's expression was stern. "The King has decreed that no cargo or merchant ships are allowed into Blackwater Bay, except for our warships."

This was Viserys' precautionary measure to secure the channel and prevent any unwanted elements from entering.

Rhaegar frowned, understanding the reasoning but disliking Jon's rigid stance. After a moment's thought, he offered, "I will vouch for them. Let them through."

Jon remained resolute. "No, Prince, I cannot."

Rhaegar was taken aback. "My guarantee isn't enough?"

"The King's orders are explicit, Prince. I cannot disobey."

Jon stood firm, his eyes cold.

Rhaegar, instead of getting angry, chuckled and clapped. "Interesting. You're deliberately making this difficult for me."

Few would dare to defy Rhaegar, considering his identity and the dragon he commanded. If Jon continued to block the way, it seemed intentional.

Cannibal lowered its altitude, and Rhaegar issued an ultimatum. "My men are going in. Will you let them pass, or not?"

Jon's face paled slightly, and he swallowed hard as he felt the dragon's breath hot on his face.

A white-bearded, rotund old man hurried over, whispering urgently into Jon's ear, "Even Borros wouldn't dare defy the heir to the throne. You should retreat quickly."

Rhaegar fixed a cold gaze on the old man. "Who are you?"

The old man quivered, his voice trembling, "Reporting to the Prince, I am Lord Bar Emmon of Sharp Point."

Sharp Point is the seat of House Bar Emmon in the crownlands.

Rhaegar's eyes narrowed as he recognized the name. He recalled the Bar Emmon House history:

During the reign of Maegor I, they were among the few nobles who supported him. After Maegor's death, they retreated to Sharp Point. Later, under King Jaehaerys I, the family sought pardon and realigned with the crown. During the Great Council of 101 AC, they had supported Princess Rhaenys' claim to the throne.

Rhaegar knew the Bar Emmon House had a reputation for being opportunistic. They were close allies of House Baratheon in the Stormlands and loyal to Rhaenys.

He realized that Jon Baratheon's defiance was likely influenced by this old lord. However, Rhaegar's eyes flashed with a steely resolve, and he dismissed the old man with a curt nod.

Jon, after listening to Lord Bar Emmon's advice, lowered his head and shouted, "Yes, the fleet will withdraw now!"

Rhaegar lifted his chin, saying nothing, as Jon ordered the ships on either side to pull back. Only Jon's warship remained, slowly navigating towards the Sharp Point.

Just then, Rhaegar's voice cut through the air, "It's too late to retreat now!"

Jon, startled, looked up.

Rhaegar's face was stony, his lips barely moving as he commanded, "Dracarys!"

Chapter 229: Honor and Freedom

A piercing dragon roar echoed through the skies, growing louder as it approached. It was not Cannibal, but Rhaenyra, arriving on her dragon, Syrax, with Laena following on Vhagar.

Rhaegar glanced at them briefly before turning his attention back to the matter at hand.

"Dracarys!" he commanded.

In response, Cannibal unleashed a torrent of dragonflame.

"Ah!... No!"

Jon, who had been defiant moments ago, now screamed in panic, his confidence evaporating in the face of the oncoming dragonfire. Lord Bar Emmon, terrified, wet himself and tried to leap off the ship. But the dragon's flames were swift and inescapable.

The green dragonfire engulfed the front of the ship, consuming it in a blaze that quickly spread. Jon, Lord Bar Emmon, and the soldiers who had dared to defy Rhaegar were soon enveloped in the flames, their screams fading as they succumbed to the flames.

Soldiers in the cabin scrambled to escape, leaping into the sea in a desperate attempt to avoid the fire, falling into the water like panicked dumplings.

Cannibal growled lowly, its cold eyes scanning the water for any survivors.

"Enough, Cannibal," Rhaegar said calmly, halting the dragon's intent to hunt down the remaining soldiers. He only wanted to punish those who had directly defied him.

Slaying common soldiers did not demonstrate his majesty, and Rhaenyra built the royal fleet at the expense of the taxes on Dragonstone.

But Jon has disrespected him on several occasions, and his words and behavior have been rude.

Considering his family name and his friendship with an opportunistic man like the Lord Bar Emmon, one can only imagine how unreliable he is as a commander.

News of Rhaegar's defeat of the Triarchy has just spread across the continents, and if he is looking for trouble at this time, it is no different than asking for death.

Then let him have his way.

Rhaenyra, witnessing the destruction, called out, "Rhaegar, what happened?"

Unless she was mistaken, the Governor of the Navy and the Lord of Sharp Point were on board.

Rhaegar, his expression stoic, replied, "The former governor of the fleet is dead. You'll need to appoint a new one, someone loyal and obedient."

Rhaenyra paused, recalling the last time Jon had blocked and offended Rhaegar. She knew how deeply Rhaegar resented Jon's insubordination.

"What's the point of having a fleet that you pay for if it doesn't listen to you?" Rhaegar continued.

The King's fleet was an elite force built at great expense, and Rhaegar had hoped to command it during his campaign against the Triarchy. Instead, his father had stripped him of this resource with a single decree. Rhaenyra, having funded the fleet's construction, found herself powerless to aid him when he needed it most.

So what's the point of keeping it? To patrol the waters and to intercept the heir to the throne?

Rhaenyra, taking in her brother's words, nodded solemnly. "I understand. I will select a new Navy Commander."

She had organized the royal fleet to strengthen the defenses of Dragonstone Island. Jon's blatant disregard for her orders was unacceptable.

In the feudal system of Westeros, the loyalty of bannermen was paramount. A bannerman's allegiance was to their liege lord, and any insubordination was intolerable. Jon's disobedience had sealed his fate.

Reflecting on the loyalty displayed by Houses Blackwood and Bracken in the Riverlands, where their bannermen stood firm against Riverrun's forces, Rhaenyra realized the importance of unwavering loyalty. In the Game of Thrones, violation of the Oath of Allegiance was punishable by death.

Seeing Rhaenyra's understanding, Rhaegar decided against offering further comfort. He knew his sister was stronger than she appeared.

"Cannibal, take me to the fleet," Rhaegar commanded.

The Cannibal's eyes flicked over Syrax and Vhagar before it spread its wings and soared into the sky.

As soon as Cannibal departed, Laena guided Vhagar closer to Rhaenyra.

Noticing Rhaenyra's puzzled expression, Laena explained, "Jon and Borros are cousins and Borros received a lesson from Rhaegar."

She added, "I'm sure my best friend understands what I'm saying, right?"

To Laena, Rhaegar's approach may seem harsh, but it was necessary. And it's certainly more reasonable than her husband, Daemon's methods.

Laena's words stung, highlighting a painful truth. Rhaenyra clenched her fists, silently cursing her poor judgment in choosing Jon.

...

Rhaegar approached the fleet and surveyed the scene. There were two dozen ships in all.

Robb and his men had returned safely, laden with treasure plundered from Lys.

Ten were warships, while the remaining dozen were large ships filled with escaped slaves from Lys and Myr.



Upon seeing Rhaegar, the freed slaves bowed and sang his praises.

Rhaegar's attention was drawn to a medium-sized sailing ship at the rear of the fleet.

Swoosh...

Hundreds of Unsullied in spiked helmets and black armor stood in perfect formation, their expressions as lifeless as carved stone statues.

Rhaegar was puzzled. He had already eliminated the Tyrosh Unsullied. Where had these Unsullied come from? And why were they on a boat?

The lead Unsullied dropped to one knee, removed his spiked helmet, and spoke in a hushed tone: "Great Targaryen liberator, the Breaker of Shackles...". He paused, unsure how to continue. Begging to be taken in, enslaved, or freed—it was a difficult concept for the Unsullied with their weak sense of self to rationalize.

Swish...

The rest of the Unsullied knelt in unison, their heads bowed low, following their commander's lead. An atmosphere of nervousness and apprehension spread out.

Rhaegar could see their struggle. They seemed to seek freedom but had nowhere to go, seeking acceptance yet fearing slavery.

"Where did you come from, and what do you want?" Rhaegar asked.

The Unsullied commander's face stiffened, and he hesitated before explaining. They had been bought in Astapor by the Rogare. When the House Rogare was destroyed in the Doom of Lys, they lost their masters. Fearing the brutality of Astapor's slave masters, they heard of Rhaegar's liberation of the slaves and came to him seeking refuge.

Rhaegar's eyes flickered with realization. The destruction of House Rogare and the burning of Lys had triggered the arrival of these Unsullied. He asked, "Where are your whips?"

He knew the Unsullied only obeyed the master who held the whip.

The Unsullied officer's eyes flashed with worry as he replied, "The whips were buried in the ruins along with our buyers."

"Do you still wish to follow the whip's commands?" Rhaegar pursued.

The Unsullied officer froze and fell silent, unable to respond.

The past few days of being free from the control of the buyers and crossing the Narrow Sea by ship from Lys had been the most reassuring for him and all the Unsullied.

Their journey had been fueled by a desire to break the bonds of slavery and serve a worthy master.

Seeing the Unsullied commander's silence, Rhaegar understood. He said solemnly, "Since you do not wish to be enslaved by the whip, then serve me. Fight for glory and die for freedom!"

"Roar--"

The Cannibal roared on cue, and green dragonfire gushed out, creating a curtain of flames.

Beneath the fiery display, the Unsullied's eyes glowed with newfound hope and determination.

Above the dragonfire, Rhaegar rode the dragon, looking down upon the sky and sea like a true god of the world.

Swish, swish...

The Unsullied rose one after another, their spears striking their shields, eyes burning with fervor as they looked up at the silver-haired prince.

He promised them freedom, and they were willing to serve him. Honor or disgrace, they would follow him to the end.

A smile curled on Rhaegar's lips as he directed the Cannibal to hover in a circle, then flew towards Blackwater Bay, his voice booming: "Return to King's Landing!"

"Roar!"

The dragon's roar echoed loud and clear.

...

Red Keep, Dungeon

Tread...

A burst of footsteps echoed through the depths of the dungeon. The prisoners, lying on their stomachs at the cell doors, stared at the approaching figure, too fearful to make a sound.

"Ahem..."

Viserys coughed twice, an unnatural flush appearing on his pale face, his breathing slightly labored.

"Your Grace, the stench of the dungeon is not conducive to your recovery," Erryk advised, assisting the king in his duty.

Grand Maester Mellos had explained that the King was overly worried and exhausted and needed to clear his mind and rest.

Viserys used a handkerchief to cover his mouth and nose, his voice slightly gasping, "Don't listen to Mellos. The Grand Maester loves to raise all kinds of alarmist talk."

Erryk bowed his head, holding a torch for illumination. The king and the knight walked to a cell deep in the dungeon.

As they reached the damp stone cell, which was still clean and tidy, Viserys' eyes grew sad. He gasped, "Daemon, your brother is here. Why don't you come to greet him?"

Inside the cell, a figure lay on a wooden bed, his head covered by a thin blanket. Hearing Viserys' call, he did nothing.

"Your Grace," Erryk asked, "should we wake him?"

Viserys waved his hand faintly. "Daemon, don't make me say it again!"

Finally, the prisoner responded. "Alas, it's time for another lesson!"

With one hand, Daemon lifted the blanket and sat up straight, muttering complaints. His stay in the cell had been quite comfortable. He had food and drink and spent much of his time sleeping. There were only two things he disliked: the lack of wine and women, and his brother's constant scolding.

Viserys looked at him, his eyes softening. "I won't scold you this time. Don't be ungrateful."

He had always scolded Daemon for his own good, hoping he would change his ways.

"So, what would you like to talk about, Your Grace?" Daemon stepped off the wooden bed and staggered towards the bars. It had been so long since he'd been active that his body felt rusty.

As he got closer, Daemon looked Viserys up and down, frowning. There was a sense of weakness in his brother's body. The smell of medicine stood out from the stench of the dungeon even two to three meters away.

"Brother, are you sick?" Daemon's expression stiffened as he found a comfortable angle to lean against the iron fence. The last time Viserys had visited him, he'd done nothing but scold him and tell him his wounds were healing. He should be in pretty good shape.

#### Chapter 230: Viserys' Change of Heart

Viserys grunted, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "You still know how to care about me as your brother. I thought your conscience had been eaten by a dog long ago."

Although he had promised not to scold Daemon, he couldn't help himself. Seeing that untamed, handsome face made him want to spit.

Daemon sneered, accustomed to the scolding. He knew better than to ask too many questions.

"So, what do you want?" Daemon grumbled.

"A chat about family, duty, and kingdom," Viserys replied, his voice muffled.

Daemon shook his head and laughed. "You think you're a Tully, reciting the family motto?"

"I don't have the energy to teach you, Daemon," Viserys said coldly. He muttered to himself, "I'm in a dilemma. There's chaos everywhere, and I'm at odds with Rhaegar."

He had been bedridden for the past two days and had yet to learn of Rhaegar's surprise attack on the Triarchy. In the bottom of his heart, he was still worried about the safety of his eldest son, the war on the Stepstones, and the rebellion in the Riverlands.

Daemon sat on the ground, listening quietly to his brother's words. After a while, Viserys began to cough, cutting his speech short.

Daemon frowned, deep in thought about Rhaegar's strategy. Hearing about the chaos in the Riverlands, his expression grew more serious and his eyes darkened.

The Brackens had attacked the army of Riverrun at night, killing the eldest son of Lord Tully. This act was tantamount to rebellion.

"What do you think I should do?" Viserys asked, suppressing another cough. He wanted to hear Daemon's opinion.

Looking into his brother's sincere eyes, Daemon wanted to refuse but couldn't bring himself to. He murmured, "My nephew is a dangerous man. You don't have to worry about him. If the attack succeeds, everyone will be happy. If it fails, we will continue with the Battle of the Stepstones."

The continent of Essos is vast, with many competing forces. The strongest, the Dothraki, never cross the sea. The city-states of Slaver's Bay are isolated, and the nine free cities are in constant

conflict. If the dragon can burn the cities of the Triarchy, the War of the Stepstones will end. Even if it fails, the status quo will be maintained.

Viserys thought hard, his voice hoarse. "The Blackwoods are stationed outside Riverrun, the Brackens are besieging Harrenhal, and I have deployed knights from the Crownlands and the Vale."

"Having defeated the two houses, what would you do with them?" Daemon, always perceptive, hit the key point.

Kindness, or cowardice. That has always been his brother's flaw, slowly disintegrating his authority.

Viserys hesitated for a moment before saying, "Execute the Lords of both houses, and replace them with more loyal and intelligent members."

Daemon lowered his head and smiled. "Oh, indeed," he murmured, satisfied that his brother still held the resolve to punish the instigators.

"What do you think should be done?" Viserys asked rhetorically.

Without hesitation, Daemon responded coldly, "I would have Caraxes descend on Raventree Hall and Stone Hedge to purge the rebel houses."

Raventree Hall belonged to the Blackwoods, and Stone Hedge to the Brackens. These towns, one to the north and one to the south, sandwiched Riverrun in the middle.

This time Viserys didn't scold Daemon for his cruelty, but fell silent, aware that his own leniency had caused problems. He knew Daemon's plan was too brutal, but he struggled to find a compromise.

Seeing his brother's silence, Daemon continued, "Brother, if your hand were strong enough, there would be no rebellion."

Viserys glanced at him, his eyes flat.

"As I said, it's never been outside forces that have hurt your power; it's always been you."

Daemon shrugged. "You are too weak, brother."

Viserys' rule had been characterized by banquets and tournaments, always listening to anyone with a flattering demeanor. Such a character didn't inspire loyalty.

"You are the only one who dares to be so arrogant with me," Viserys said with a hint of amusement. "If I were as cruel as Maegor, you wouldn't have the chance to talk to me in jail."

He covered his mouth and nose with a handkerchief, turning to walk out of the dungeon. Daemon, like a mirror, always reflected his flaws.

This conversation had given him some inspiration.

...

The next day, the sun blazed high in the sky, casting a sweltering heat over King's Landing. More than twenty large ships sailed through Blackwater Bay and anchored in the city's bustling harbor.

Five hundred Dragonkeepers disembarked, carrying the treasures back to the Dragonpit. The rest of the Dragonkeepers, along with members of the Second Sons, formed a guard detail, leading the slaves who had defected southward along the Blackwater River.

They headed towards the tournament grounds outside the King's Gate. The slaves, numbering between 5,000 and 6,000, were too numerous to enter the city, so temporary arrangements were made for them outside the walls.

In the Red Keep, Rhaegar and Rhaenyra returned together. Before they could even change their clothes, a maid hurriedly approached them with a message from the King.

"Father wants to see you. Don't make him angry," Rhaenyra advised, straightening Rhaegar's collar with a patient smile.

Rhaegar's attack on the Kingdom of the Three Daughters was not supported by their father, and Rhaenyra feared a confrontation between them.

"Don't worry, Father is as open-minded as I am," Rhaegar said, holding her hand with a hopeful look in his eyes. "Promise me you'll be at peace too."

Rhaenyra's eyes sparkled with a mischievous smile. "Don't worry, I'm just as open-minded as you are," she replied. She stood on her tiptoes and kissed his forehead.

Rhaegar returned the embrace, his youthful face showing a mix of embarrassment and affection, like a child admitting a mistake. "I'm sorry, sister," he murmured.

"Don't be mushy," Rhaenyra teased, pushing him away playfully. She took his hand and led him towards their father's chambers.

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#### The King's Bedchamber

Rhaegar and Rhaenyra arrived at the door, where the brothers Erryk and Arryk stood guard.

"Princess, Prince," the Cargyll brothers greeted them respectfully, their expressions solemn.

"Open the door. I heard Father is unwell," Rhaenyra commanded gently, her demeanor elegant and noble.

"Yes, Princess," Erryk responded, opening the door himself.

The siblings walked through the parlor, which was as orderly as ever, and headed towards the inner bedroom. Lifting the beaded curtain, they entered a room occupied by several figures.

Viserys sat on the bed, a thin quilt draped over his knees, a faint smile on his face. Beside him, Alicent, dressed in green, gently blew on a bowl of soup before feeding it to her husband. Otto, the Master of Civil Affairs, stood at the foot of the bed, his face calm as he observed the scene. Grand Maester Mellos fiddled with his medical box, having just completed an examination of the King. Lastly, Jeyne stood in a slender dress, holding a piece of parchment and reciting the news of the burning of the Triarchy.

The sound of the beaded curtain rustling drew everyone's attention. Viserys turned his head, his expression one of relief. "Rhaegar, I heard about your victory," he said, a great weight seeming to lift from his heart.

"Father," Rhaegar replied with a smile, "The Battle of Stepstones is coming to an end." Seeing the worry and fatigue in his father's eyes, he decided to bury his dissatisfaction.

Jeyne, still holding the letter, smiled warmly. "Rhaegar, congratulations."

Rhaegar nodded in acknowledgment but remained silent, he admitted his infidelity directly. Perhaps it was the Targaryens bold nature, or simply Fate.

But he didn't want to upset Rhaenyra, who was standing close by with a still-settled heart.

"Father, are you feeling better?" Rhaenyra asked, moving quickly to the bedside.

Viserys glanced at his daughter, then at Jeyne, who smiled serenely. A flicker of curiosity crossed his eyes. He shifted his gaze to his eldest son and gave him a cryptic look.

"What is it, boy?" he asked.

Rhaegar winced, surprised at his father's perceptiveness.

Viserys tilted his head slightly, accepting another spoonful of soup from Alicent. A hint of arrogance flickered in his eyes. He had frequented every brothel in King's Landing as a youth and had met many noble ladies before his marriage. He recognized such a situation at once.

A frown creased Rhaegar's forehead as he lowered his head helplessly. His mistakes went beyond mere dalliances with prostitutes or noblewomen; he had committed a serious breach of principle.

Viserys' expression darkened slightly, sensing the gravity of the situation.

"Father, let me feed you," Rhaenyra interjected, stepping forward and taking the soup from Alicent with a forced smile. She scooped up a spoonful without blowing on it and pushed it into her father's mouth.

Viserys winced at the hot spoon and forced a smile as he swallowed. Fortunately, the Targaryens were used to heat.

Jeyne noticed Rhaenyra's displeasure and silently bowed her head, sensing the tension.

The room fell into an uneasy silence.

After what seemed an eternity, Viserys, having drunk his fill of hot soup, gently stopped feeding his daughter. He smiled bitterly, "You all go out first. I need to speak to Rhaegar alone."

Rhaenyra raised her eyebrows, unmoved.

"Serious business," Viserys insisted.

Rhaenyra relented and put down her porcelain bowl. "You two have a nice chat."

Alicent added, "Viserys, the problems will be solved one at a time. Try to stay positive."

Otto and Mellos, eyes downcast, left the bedroom first, followed by Rhaenyra, who gave Rhaegar a meaningful look before leaving.

Alicent winked at Jeyne, who nodded and bowed to Viserys before lifting the beaded curtain to leave. With everyone gone, the room seemed to cool down.

"Father, what is it?" Rhaegar asked, relieved, sitting on the edge of the bed and smiling softly.

The tension from Rhaenyra's presence had been considerable. The others- Alicent, Otto, Mellos - were all part of the Oldtown forces. Besides Rhaenyra, only Jeyne was his true ally.

Viserys' eyes were filled with a complex mix of emotions. "The Riverlands are in revolt. But I sense you're dealing with your own troubles and need to make a choice."

Emotional turmoil can be devastating. Many gifted individuals have been undone by personal setbacks. Viserys didn't want that for his most prized heir.

Rhaegar subconsciously murmured, "I choose Rhaenyra."

"Good," Viserys replied, smiling again. "It's important to know what you want."

Then he got down to business. "The Bracken House in the Riverlands is rebelling, besieging Harrenhal..."