

GAME OF THRONES: I AM THE HEIR FOR A DAY

Chapter 3: The Realm's Delight

[Rhaegar Targaryen]

Talent: Dreamer (Gold)

Bloodline: Dragonlord of Old Valyria (+8%)

Skills: Literature (Elementary), History (Elementary)

Relic: Blood and Fire (Fire Resistance +50%)

Evaluation: "The ancient bloodline is showing signs of resurgence. With a bit of luck, you might be able to escape this predicament."

He studied the panel, pondering quietly.

Bloodline, Relics, and Evaluation - all had shifted on the display.

"Ancient bloodline..."

Rhaegar murmured to himself, "Could the origin of blood and fire awaken the true dragon blood?" freewebnovel.com

"Forget it. There's no use thinking about things I can't understand. Better to continue searching for the lost treasures."

His body felt light. To test it, Rhaegar tried to jump off the altar and succeeded.

"Explorer, you will cure my weakness."

Excited, Rhaegar raised an eyebrow, secretly enjoying his adventure.

But the excitement did not cloud his judgment.

The young prince needed his rest.

As they left the hall, the darkness of the night enveloped them. Servants lit oil lamps along the walls of the Red Keep, casting a soft glow.

Unnoticed by anyone, Rhaegar made his swift return home.

Crunch!

Pushing open the door, he entered the dimly lit room, bathed in moonlight that filtered through the stained glass window, casting a soft halo.

"Who goes there?"

He asked sternly, standing at the door, his eyes fixed on the figure at the window.

An ambush in his chambers at night - did someone mean him harm?

"It's me, Rhaegar."

The figure turned, illuminated by the moon, revealing a girl in a narrow leather skirt.

With silver-gold hair.

The girl faced him and shrugged. "Really? You can't recognize your own sister just because I missed your birthday party?"

"Rhaenyra, what are you doing in my room?"

Relieved to see the girl's face clearly, Rhaegar's eyes sparkled with joy.

The girl was his blood sister, the rightful heir to the Iron Throne.

The Realm's Delight - Princess Rhaenyra.

Leaning against the window, Rhaenyra studied his pale face with complex eyes, a hint of pity fleeting across her features.

Averting her gaze, she hesitated before speaking, "Today is your birthday. As your sister, I felt obligated to pay you a visit."

Rhaegar smiled warmly, "Sister, I'm glad you came."

"But I'm not one for birthday parties, you know," Rhaenyra sighed, "I visited Mother this morning and came to see you this afternoon."

"Did you eat?"

His question surprised Rhaenyra.

"I had a piece of bread this morning, but nothing since..."

"So you haven't eaten," Rhaegar interjected, getting up to rummage through a drawer by the bed.

"What are you looking for?" Rhaenyra asked, confused.

"Don't worry, I've got something." With that, Rhaegar pulled a package of cookies out of the drawer.

Handing one to Rhaenyra, he hung a kettle of cold tea over the fireplace and lit the coals.

"The Red Keep's proximity to the coast makes it perpetually damp and cold, regardless of the season."

Taking a casual seat by the fire, Rhaegar patted the seat across from him and invited Rhaenyra to join him.

"How have you been lately? Still haunted by nightmares?"

Accepting her brother's kindness, Rhaenyra opened the packet of cookies and helped herself, drawing warmth from the fire.

"Give me one. I haven't had mine yet."

He snatched the second cookie she reached for and joked, "Nightmares seem to be my constant companions. I've gotten used to them."

"Where have you been? You haven't eaten either?"

Rhaenyra's curiosity was tinged with concern, "The Grand Maester mentioned that you've been refusing your medicine lately. Father and I are worried about you."

"Just wandering around. My body knows how to handle the medicine. It's only a matter of time before it gets better, but I believe it will be soon."

He defended, changing the subject, "Tell me, what else is on your mind?"

Rhaenyra replied uncomfortably, "We're talking about you."

"But every time you come here you end up complaining to me," Rhaegar nibbled on his biscuit, "Dear sister, I'm used to it. Consider me your confidant."

"Bastard."

Rhaenyra snorted.

"It's not just a political game. These ministers think a woman isn't fit to sit on the Iron Throne. They want to undermine me and strengthen Father's rule in favor of a more pliable candidate."

"Father loves you deeply, sister."

Rhaegar couldn't imagine King Viserys harming his daughter based on the opinions of his ministers.

"Not at all!"

Rhaenyra retorted sharply.

Rhaegar was taken aback and looked at her sardonically.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to lash out at gossip all by myself."

Realizing her outburst, Rhaenyra reached out to touch her brother's head and lowered her voice, "Father intends to marry me off to someone powerful who can help him, a political alliance to strengthen his rule. But it feels like... like..."

"Like being sold as a commodity?" Rhaegar articulated her thoughts.

"Rhaegar, my brother."

Her words betrayed her inner turmoil, her eyes turning red as she clasped her brother's hand helplessly.

Since her mother's death, her father's subsequent remarriage to her best friend, and Uncle Daemon's exile from King's Landing, she had no one to confide in.

Aside from riding dragons and soaring through the skies, she felt like a lonely ghost in the vast Red Keep.

No one really listened to her. No one really supported her.

Rhaenyra squeezed her brother's slender hand, "If it weren't for you, I don't know who would care for me if the Stranger took you away."

Rhaegar shook his head, "Don't think like that, sister."

"Father hasn't replaced you. Being the heir means he still cares for you."

"The rumors outside don't just affect you; they also weigh heavily on Father, who shields you from the storm."

Rhaenyra lowered her eyes, "But I don't want to marry those treacherous men. Well-meaning vultures who seek to devour my flesh and blood."

"If you're unwilling, perhaps I can speak to Father. Maybe he'll reconsider because of our strong sibling bond."

An idea suddenly came to him, and he did his best to comfort his sister.

"But..."

Rhaenyra hesitated, unable to articulate her concern.

Bitterness crept into Rhaegar's tone, "I know that whenever Father sees his son on the brink of death, he's reminded of Mother and sinks into deep self-blame and guilt."

"He avoids me, afraid he can't bear to lose me one day." He sighed.

"But I am Rhaegar Targaryen. I belong to the skies and the seas; I can't be locked in the Red Keep forever."

Rhaegar looked at his sister expectantly, determination etched on his face.

Moved by her brother's hopeful words, Rhaenyra felt the same stirrings within.

Bound by her father's grip and enmeshed in the web of power, the girl agreed without much thought, "All right, I'll take you to Father tomorrow. He should fulfill his responsibilities as a father."

A smile spread across Rhaegar's youthful face, and he nestled into Rhaenyra's somewhat meager bosom, rubbing it affectionately. "Sister, this is the birthday present I want."

Forget fancy cakes and elaborate festivities.

All he longed for was the love of his kin.

It was not a selfish wish.

Rhaenyra hugged her brother, her chin resting on his bony shoulder, her eyes reflecting confusion and helplessness.

After a long silence, she said regretfully, "Oh, how I wish you had a healthy body..." "It would allay everyone's fears and protect me."

"Until the Stranger takes me away, I'll stay by your side. Always, sister."

Feeling the warmth of her embrace, he replied in a muffled voice.

When he was young, the only people in the world were his father Viserys and his sister Rhaenyra.

He didn't want anything to happen to these two beloved relatives.