

## G.O Thrones 371

Chapter 371: The Roar of Dreamfyre!

Midnight had passed, and the clouds thickened over Gulltown.

Wooooo-

The alert horn blared three times in quick succession, reverberating throughout the harbor town.

Grafton Old Castle

The castle was brightly lit, and through the glazed windows, figures could be seen bustling about. Inside, Lord Grimm Grafton, his old body heavy with age, issued urgent orders with a furrowed brow.

"Prepare yourselves! An unknown fleet has been sighted off in the Bay of Crabs. Notify the harbor to be on maximum alert!"

Gulltown had been under the Grafton House's rule for generations, and it was not to be lost without a fight.

Thud...

Jeyne descended the stairs quickly, her expression anxious. "Has Prince Aegon returned?" she asked, her long chestnut hair hastily tied back, her beige dress thrown on in a hurry.

Old Grimm shook his head, his face showing his displeasure. "That Targaryen wastrel is probably in some brothel again."

Aegon was supposed to patrol the Narrow Sea daily, keeping an eye on Braavos' movements. His absence now, with an unknown fleet approaching, was deeply troubling.

Jeyne clenched her teeth but remained composed. "Send a raven to King's Landing and Claw Isle. The fleet in Bay of Crabs is substantial. We need to gather multiple forces to contain the enemy."

Gulltown was a thriving harbor town but lacked a substantial military presence. The first troops Jeyne had mobilized from the Vale had been sent with Rhaegar to attack Myr, leaving the town poorly defended.

Fortunately, King's Landing and Claw Isle were not far, and assembling a fleet of a few thousand men should be enough to keep the enemy at bay.

"The raven is dispatched," Old Grimm reported, his voice tinged with hesitation. "Should we send a separate message to the king or Princess Helaena? The dragons could get here faster."

Jeyne shook her head decisively. "No, the Vale can defend its own territory."

Old Grimm retreated silently, realizing his suggestion had been foolish. Of the dragons Prince Rhaegar had deployed, only Aegon's Sunfyre was affiliated with Gulltown. The King and Princess Helena were not fit for battle, better suited to defend the Gullet, not to fight here.

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Harbor

"Attack! Sack the town!"

Braavos's mercenary ships stormed into the Bay of Crabs, their stone throwers launching rocks and bombarding the harbor defenses.

Pymon, one-handed sword in hand, gazed into the deep night with a heavy and urgent heart. The fleet had sailed with divine speed, bypassing the barren Five Fingers Peninsula and arriving at Bay of Crabs in only a few hours.

But Gulltown was not White Harbor, nor was it the weakly guarded Three Sisters Islands. Breaching Gulltown would take time.

The Bay of Crabs's proximity to Blackwater Bay worried Pymon about encountering Targaryen dragons.

Boom! Boom!

Three dozen ships launched boulders in unison, smashing them all over the night.

Wooooo-

The harbor's high-pitched horn blared as a dozen warships charged head-on, flying the banner of a yellow tower engulfed in fiery flames. On deck, a patchwork of Vale knights manned the wheels and loaded the scorpion crossbows. The meticulous craftsmanship of scorpion crossbows and the scarcity of steel for the spears made them valuable.

Thanks to the Grafton House's wealth, they could afford to equip their warships with these powerful weapons.

"Crossbow fire!!!"

A young knight, armor emblazoned with the Grafton House crest, shouted loudly, raising his sword to order the fleet. His voice carried far and wide, and a dozen crossbows fired in unison, aiming at the enemy's approaching warships.

Boom--

The steel spears shot violently, tearing through the warships' planks and blasting out large holes. The ships rocked violently, but Pymon stabilized himself and shouted sternly, "Scorpion crossbows on standby! Fire in conjunction with the catapults!"

A more wealthy and determined enemy was all Braavos had never feared.

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Near Runestone

"Roar..."

Sunfyre roared in agony, its massive wings flapping as hot dragon blood flowed from a deep wound. A steel crossbow bolt had pierced its wing, lodging in the bone and severely impairing its flight.

Only its immense strength had kept it aloft so far.

Aegon, riding on Sunfyre's back, glanced down at the bleeding wing with a mix of pain and determination. "Sunfyre, hold on a little longer. We'll be back in Gulltown soon."

The Three Sisters Islands had been attacked, and Essos mercenaries had sacked the harbor. Gulltown, heavily fortified, seemed to be a safe place.

Driven by anger and pain, Sunfyre pushed himself to fly faster. After what seemed an eternity, the white walls of Gulltown came into view.

Aegon's face lit up with relief. "Just a little further, Sunfyre. Head for Gull Tower."

Boom! Boom!

As they approached, the sounds of battle—shouts, clashes, and roaring—echoed from the direction of the harbor.

"Roar..."

Sunfyre, exhausted, struggled to maintain its balance. With a final effort, it managed to land hastily, its golden body crashing into the square in front of the Gull Tower. The impact shattered the ground, sending up clouds of smoke and dust.

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Claw Isle, Dock

The night was dark, illuminated only by a dim bonfire at the pier. Several large ships were moored, and porters hustled back and forth, loading boxes of goods onto the vessels.

Lord Bartimos Celtigar observed the scene, his eyes glinting with with a mixture of satisfaction and apprehension.

"Princess, slow down..."

"The Lord is busy..."

The squires' shouts rang out as Princess Helena, her small legs moving quickly, hurried to the pier.

Bartimos turned in surprise, bowing respectfully. "Princess, what brings you here so late at night?"

"Lord Celtigar, prepare the fleet immediately! Gulltown is under attack!"

Helaena was panting, a fine sheen of sweat on her forehead. She had foreseen the danger, a vision of battle flames consuming a flag bearing the burning yellow tower of House Grafton of Gulltown.

"Gulltown sent a message?" Bartimos asked, looking to the old maester beside him.

The old maester shook his head, indicating there had been no transmission.

Bartimos sighed in relief and gently said, "Princess, did you have a nightmare?"

"No!" Helaena scrunched up her face in frustration. "I saw the attack on Gulltown. Something must have happened."

Bartimos glanced at the large ship being loaded with cargo and coldly instructed the guards, "Escort the princess back to her room and prepare a cup of hot milk."

"Yes, my lord," the guards replied, stepping forward. "Princess, you should go back and rest."

"Get out of my way! I'm not imagining things!" Helaena protested, her eyes falling on the large ship. "Bartimos, my brother ordered a blockade of routes and trade along the Narrow Sea. How dare you smuggle supplies!"

The Narrow Sea War involved the invasion and attack of two continents, and Rhaegar had blocked routes and trade to prevent opportunists from taking advantage. All goods in Westeros were to be detained and supplied to the front lines, with the royal family compensating at the original price.

Bartimos' face darkened as he tried to defend himself. "Princess, these supplies are destined for the Stepstones Islands."

"Liar! The supplies are supposed to be sent to Gulltown and Driftmark Island. You're smuggling!" Helaena shouted, her introverted nature giving way to anger.

"Princess..." Bartimos began, tense and defensive.

"Silence!" Helaena commanded. "Your crimes are not mine to judge, but with Gulltown under attack, you must send troops to help immediately!"

After years of Rhaegar's guidance, Helaena trusted her premonitions. It was her duty to assist in the defense of Gulltown.

A mellifluous dragon roar echoed through the night sky as Dreamfyre descended from the clouds, spreading her snow-white wings to hover over the docks.

Helaena looked up, her resolve unshakable. Dreamfyre, sensing her rider's emotions, flapped its wings and landed gently.

Boom...

The dragon's massive body landed behind the dock, its slender neck stretched out as it roared angrily at Bartimos and the others.

"Roar!!"

A sulfur-scented gale blew, kicking up a cloud of dust. Helaena's silver-gold curls blew back, her white dress billowing in the wind.

Bartimos' heart pounded with fear as he stepped back, remembering that the seemingly innocent girl was still a Targaryen, traveling with an adult dragon capable of destruction.

Helaena quickly climbed onto Dreamfyre's back and fastened the chains of her saddle. She looked down at Bartimos with determined eyes. "Lord Bartimos, next time you underestimate a girl, remember that she may ride a dragon."

She patted Dreamfyre's light blue scales and spoke in High Valyrian, "Dreamfyre, fly!"

"Roar..."

Dreamfyre shook its massive body, ran on both feet twice, and took off into the air.

As they ascended into the clouds, Helaena's voice echoed faintly. "Bartimos, I will tell my father and brother everything you did tonight."

Below, Bartimos felt a chill run down his spine, his face pale with fear.

The docks fell into an eerie silence, and no one dared disturb the lord.

Half a minute later, a young maester ran from the direction of the castle, urgently calling, "Lord Celtigar, an urgent letter from Gulltown!"

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Gulltown, Harbor

"Release the ramming horns and smash their ships!"

"Attack! Throw out the iron ropes!"

The two fleets clashed in a chaotic melee. Seasoned mercenaries, accustomed to the battlefield, collided with the Gulltown defenders, leaping onto each other's ships to fight hand-to-hand. Both sides used siege equipment, and many warships were badly damaged, teetering on the brink of sinking.

The Gulltown fleet fought valiantly, swearing to defend the harbor and dragging the enemy into a bloody battle in the Bay of Crabs. After a grueling fight, the mercenary ships managed to break through, with one vessel making its way towards the harbor.

Harbor, Watchtower

Jeyne's face was tense as she stared intently at the battle in the bay.

"Lady Jeyne, I suggest you evacuate to Gulltown. It's safer there," Lord Grimm said uneasily.

The Gull Tower, a majestic and defensible structure, was originally the territory of House Shett. It was a majestic tower, easily defended and difficult to attack.

Jeyne clasped her hands together and gritted her teeth. "There are no cowards in House Arryn. I won't hide until the last moment."

She turned to Gerold Royce and said coldly, "Lord Gerold, we still have five hundred Vale Knights. I leave the defense of the harbor in your hands."

"The sea battle can be lost, but Gulltown must be defended."

"As you command, Lady Jeyne," Gerold replied. He took a deep breath, drew his House sword "Lamentation," and walked away.

Outside the Watchtower

Several huge bonfires lit up the night sky. Horses were positioned in front of the harbor, and several archery towers were staggered to form the first line of defense. The Vale Knights, unable to fight effectively on horseback in the harbor, dismounted and took up infantry positions, forming the second line of defense behind the horses.

Woooooooooooo--

The ear-piercing sound of horns filled the air, brimming with bravado. A mercenary ship sailed into the harbor, its deck crowded with fierce warriors.

Gerold, his face tense and wearing his ancestral bronze armor, raised his sword and roared, "Arrow towers at the ready! Target the pirates who have disembarked!"

"Attack! Catapult bombardment!" shouted the mercenary leader, his experience in pillaging ports evident.

The mercenary ships closed in, their catapults loaded with oil-soaked boulders. The air was thick with tension, waiting for the first torch to be lit, signaling the start of the battle for the harbor.

"Roar! ..."

Suddenly, a pale blue dragon burst through the night sky, its streamlined and well-proportioned body swooping down like a meteor.

As the dragon appeared, a young girl's clear cry rang out, "Dracarys!"

Chapter 372: Fireflies Over the Sky

Boom--

A tornado of dragonfire descended from the sky, hitting the mercenary ship like a tempest.

"Get out of the ship!"

"Run away!"

The orange and yellow flames, mixed with azure hues, erupted magnificently. The wide deck was instantly ablaze, engulfing the catapult and hundreds of mercenaries in a sea of fire.

"Dreamfyre, Dracarys!" Helaena commanded, her small face tight with determination as she rode on the dragon's back.

"Roar..."

Dreamfyre deftly lifted its wings and spun, unleashing another torrent of dragonfire upon the mercenary ship before soaring back into the air. Below, the mercenary ship was a blazing inferno, its three sails reduced to cinders. The mercenaries, engulfed in flames, screamed and leapt into the sea, desperately trying to flee towards the harbor.

Gerold, guarding the harbor, was overjoyed. "The dragon is here! Guard the harbor tightly!" he shouted.

Inside the watchtower, Jeyne looked up at the light blue dragon soaring in the night sky and sighed in relief. In a sea battle, the presence of a dragon could tip the scales decisively.

"Dracarys!" Helaena shouted, her face pale as she looked down at the burning ship below. It was her first time in battle, and the thrill of riding a dragon and burning ships was both exhilarating and terrifying.

"Roar..."

Dreamfyre's age granted it wisdom. The dragon soared over the sea with pleasure, swooping and spraying dragonfire intermittently. Repeatedly, the dragonfire claimed the lives of many mercenaries who had jumped into the water.

Woooooooooooo--

Near the Bay of Crabs, the exchanges between the two sides grew more intense. The mercenary ships pressed forward, dispersing the guard fleet and closing in on the harbor over the wreckage of sunken ships.

Seeing the dragon wreaking havoc, the blood-soaked Pymon shouted in anger, "Scorpion crossbows ready! Shoot that dragon down!"

Two dozen intact warships set up their scorpion crossbows, aiming at Dreamfyre. "Fire!" Pymon commanded.

With a series of clicks, steel spears shot out, blocking Dreamfyre's retreat. A spear grazed the dragon's wings, causing Dreamfyre to shriek in surprise and quickly ascend, dodging the deadly bolts.

"Dreamfyre, be careful," Helaena whispered, lying close to the dragon's back, eyes closed in trepidation. She had little experience in dragon-riding for battle and was instinctively fearful.

Dreamfyre dove into the thick clouds, seeking temporary shelter for its rider. Moments later, the dragon swooped down low, spewing dragonfire sideways. The flames blasted the sides of several ships in a series.

"Scorpion crossbows ready!" Pymon raised his one-handed sword high, aiming at the dragon in mid-air.

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In Front of the Gull Tower

"Roar..."

A pained roar echoed as the golden dragon, Sunfyre, struggled to move, resembling a massive, shimmering golden loach.

Plop!

A three-foot-long steel crossbow bolt stained with blood clattered to the ground as it was pulled out.

Exhausted, Aegon lay on Sunfyre's pale pink wing membrane, his voice gentle yet weary, "There, Sunfyre, the bolt is out."

The barbed tip had been lodged deep in the dragon's keel, requiring forceful removal.

"Roar..."

From afar, a mellifluous dragon roar sliced through the night, and the silhouette of a light blue dragon, Dreamfyre, cut across the sky. Aegon looked up, startled. "Helaena?"

He strained to hear the distant sounds of battle echoing from the harbor, chaotic and unrelenting.

Gulp~~

Aegon tugged at his hair, muttering worriedly, "We should be able to hold them off."

His primary duty was to patrol the Narrow Sea and monitor Braavos' fleet. Now, he bore the responsibility for the enemy's surprise attack on Gulltown.

"Roar..."

Sunfyre groaned lowly, its wings splayed against the ground as it struggled to move, bright red dragon blood staining its wing. Dragons, especially young ones like Sunfyre, had a vulnerability: their eyes and the thin scales on their wings which couldn't block close-range military crossbows.

Sunfyre's low flight altitude had made it an easy target for the mercenaries.

"Roar..."

The distant roar of Dreamfyre was filled with rage. Aegon's heart raced as he recalled the massive fleet he'd seen near the Three Sisters Islands. Knowing Gulltown's defenses were insufficient compared to the enemy's forces, he felt a surge of fear and urgency.

Climbing onto Sunfyre's back, Aegon ordered through gritted teeth, "Sunfyre, fly!"

In this moment of crisis, retreat was not an option.

He thought anxiously of his foolish sister, inexperienced in dragon combat, "Just don't get caught by those scorpion crossbows."

"Roar..."

Sunfyre roared in frustration, its body going limp, heavy breaths escaping him. The pain in its wing was overwhelming, and instinctively, he resisted Aegon's commands.

Hearing the continued roar and chaos from the harbor, Aegon slapped Sunfyre's back and urged him, "Come on, Sunfyre, we need to get up!"

Across town, the bay was ablaze, the night sky lit with fire and smoke. The intensity of the battle was palpable, signaling that a fierce fight was underway.

Crackle!

A clap of thunder exploded overhead, and the sky churned with dark clouds. The coastal air was thick with the humid embrace of July; rain began to fall, cooling the fiery aftermath below.

"Roar..."

Dreamfyre shouted as she dropped through the clouds, her pale blue silhouette meeting the rain and slamming into the warships below.

As the rain intensified, lightning split and thunder roared. Dreamfyre's flight and the power of her dragonfire waned, her natural aversion to such stormy conditions evident.

Seizing the opportunity, the mercenary ships sailed into the harbor, their scorpion crossbows aimed at the low-flying dragon.

Rain washed over the wreckage, diluting the blood that stained the sea and dimming the flames that had engulfed the harbor.

At the Gull Tower, a drenched Aegon pounded on Sunfyre's scales, shouting over the storm's fury, "Sunfyre, fly! We must rise now!"

"Roar..."

Fueled by his rider's emotions and his own instincts, Sunfyre's anger surged. He flapped his wings vigorously, clawing at the slippery ground.

Aegon, driven by a mixture of fear and determination from past humiliations, admonished, "Do not let them look down on us, Sunfyre! We are not cowards!"

Ever since he'd been terrorized by Aemond's henchmen, he'd been holding back, barely able to breathe.

His foolish sister was in front of him, facing the enemy, so he couldn't cower like a coward.



With a mighty roar, Sunfyre's pupils dilated with determination. His hind legs kicked into the muddy earth, launching him into the rainy sky.

"Sunfyre, well done!" Aegon cheered as the dragon shook off the rain and charged toward the harbor. Ahead, the silhouettes of mercenary ships loomed ominously.

Crack!

Lightning illuminated the scene, casting a glimpse of a massive shadow across the sky.

Sunfyre, unnerved, looked up, the oppressive clouds swirling ominously above.

"Roar--"

A massive black dragon burst through the rain curtain, its presence commanding as it sailed through the clouds with eerie grace. On its back, a silver-haired figure sat sternly, his torso bare against the storm, his voice cutting through the tumult: "Dracarys!"

Cannibal, the black dragon, unleashed a haunting green dragonfire that clung to the raindrops, transforming the night into a spectacle of ghostly green luminescence.

The droplets hit the decks of the mercenary ships, igniting the surfaces in an eerie blaze. The ghostly flames spread rapidly, engulfing the ships and the surrounding sea in a devastating inferno.

"Ah! Fire in the rain..."

"The seawater... the seawater is burning..."

Mercenaries screamed in agony as the spectral flames clung to their bodies, their skin blistering under the relentless assault, worse than any death they could have imagined.

In the midst of dodging crossbow bolts, Helaena turned at the sound of the new dragon's roar, her eyes widening in recognition. "Brother!" she cried in shock and relief.

In front of Gull Tower

"Roar..."

Dreamfyre growled fiercely at Cannibal, distancing herself as if it feared the fiery chaos the black dragon wrought.

This protective move shielded Helaena, who was attempting to close the distance. Flames marked every path Cannibal traversed, posing a threat to the young rider.

As the heavy rain continued, Rhaegar swept past his siblings, his voice piercing the storm, "Aegon, protect the harbor! Helaena, follow me!"

Haunted by visions of the "Flames of War" from his dreams, Rhaegar had awakened to use the ancient blood sorcery of "[Reflections of the Moon]" to peer into the terrible sea battle at Gulltown. This ability has been critical in the crisis.

"Roar..."

Sunfyre responded with a roar of alarm, circling the harbor but keeping his distance. The black dragon emitted a pungent odor, almost signaling a threat to his own kind.

Aegon, rain streaming down his face, ceased urging Sunfyre into the fight, his anxiety easing as the dragon relaxed.

"Roar!"

Cannibal's menacing glare turned into action as it swooped down, unleashing torrents of dragonfire. The mercenary ship, laden with oil, erupted into a series of violent explosions upon contact.

"Quickly run!"

"Hold your positions, ready the Scorpion Crossbows!"

Faced with the overwhelming presence of a mountain-sized dragon, the mercenaries lost their composure and scrambled in fear.

Pymon, the mercenary leader, shouted orders to rally his men, but his shouts were futile against the might of the raging storm dragon.

"Brother!"

Helaena's eyes sparkled with realization as she gradually mastered dragon riding and guided Dreamfyre to catch up. She could vaguely feel Rhaegar teaching her through the battle.

Cannibal roared furiously, swooping low to unleash dragonfire on another intact mercenary ship. His massive body cut through the storm, his presence alone enough to send the ship rocking violently.

Boom...

His fiery assault scorched the deck, bathing it in a spectral green blaze.

"Roar..."

Dreamfyre echoed Cannibal's path, striking the burning ship with a second wave of dragonfire.

Helaena's heart raced, her gaze never straying from Rhaegar's silver-haired figure.

"Maintain your ground, reload the Scorpion Crossbows!"

Despite Pymon's desperate shouts, his commands went unheeded as an ethereal green flame engulfed him and his crew, sweeping across the deck with relentless fury.

From high above, Rhaegar watched the destruction unfold, his violet eyes gleaming with icy determination. The battle at Crabs Bay was nearing its end, with Gulltown's fleet badly damaged, but the remaining mercenaries holding off.

Looking back, he saw the mercenary ships engulfed in green flames, their chances of escape dwindling by the second.

"Follow me!" Rhaegar commanded, leading Cannibal to dive toward the remaining ships in the Bay of Crabs, his dragonfire devastating the enemy lines.

Helaena, close behind Dreamfyre, mirrored her brother's charge. Together, the siblings obliterated the remnants of the mercenary fleet.

As they continued their rapid flight, thoughts raced through Rhaegar's mind, driving the Cannibal to accelerate toward the Narrow Sea.

Helaena, without hesitation, urged Dreamfyre to keep pace. Like twin shooting stars under a rain-soaked sky, the dragons sped toward the Bite.

Arriving under a moonlit sky, they found the Three Sisters Islands shrouded in smoke, with a dozen mercenary ships at anchor.

"Dracarys!"

Rhaegar showed no mercy, directing Cannibal to incinerate the ships.

Wooooooooo...

A distant horn sounded solemnly as a fleet from White Harbor, sails adorned with mermaid emblems, approached. The combined firepower of the fleet and the high-flying dragons swiftly dealt a crushing blow to the mercenary forces.

Within moments, the fleet faced devastation, and only a few sought to escape the fiery wrath unleashed by the dragons.

Chapter 373: War Horn

Dawn at Gulltown Harbor

As the sun rose and the sea calmed, Gulltown Harbor came to life. Two giant dragons, one black and one light blue, glided down in a synchronized descent, their wings unfurling gracefully like dancers in a choreographed routine.

Boom...

Their massive bodies touched down, kicking up clouds of dust and smoke, the impact sending ripples through the air.

After a tumultuous night, the harbor buzzed with activity. People filled boats and ventured out to salvage what remained of the charred debris that littered the bay.

"Rhaegar, you're back at last," Jeyne called, her voice filled with relief and joy. She approached briskly, her skirt swishing around her ankles, having remained vigilant through the night, fulfilling her duties as Lady. When she saw Rhaegar, her loved one, a comforting peace filled her heart.

"Jeyne," Rhaegar greeted her, his arms wide open for an embrace. His smile was weary, a shadow of concern creasing his brow as he scanned the crowd, his gaze settling on the slumbering figure of Sunfyre in the background.

As they embraced, Jeyne, with her sharp instincts, whispered close to his ear, "Aegon took Sunfyre out last night to scout the Bay of Crabs. They managed to burn quite a few remnants of the enemy."

Rhaegar's eyes flickered as he nodded, acknowledging her words with a soft, "Uh-huh~!"

Breaking the embrace, he bypassed the crowd that had gathered to greet him and walked directly to Sunfyre.

Aegon, nestled beneath the dragon's wing membrane, shivered involuntarily, awakening from his slumber in a daze. Raising his head, he saw a bare-chested Rhaegar approaching, his expression ferocious.

"Rhaegar, I'm sorry for last night--" Aegon began, his voice shaking as he scrambled to his feet, trying to apologize.

But Rhaegar, fueled by a mixture of relief and lingering anger from the night's dangers, grabbed Aegon by the collar and delivered a powerful blow to his pale face.

Bang...

Aegon was thrown backward, hitting the ground hard and rolling twice before coming to a stop.

Rhaegar stepped forward, his anger palpable as he grabbed Aegon's silver hair, forcing his brother's gaze to meet his own. "I sent you to patrol the Narrow Sea and instead you were in a brothel! Is your brain filled with dragon dung?" he spat, his voice thick with contempt.

Rhaegar was haunted by the scenes of devastation he had witnessed at White Harbor and the Three Sisters Islands. White Harbor, though quickly defended, had been severely damaged by fire, its fleet nearly destroyed. As one of Westeros' most important ports, its ability to aid in the Narrow Sea War was now severely compromised.

Aegon's cheek swelled rapidly, a bright red mark blooming across his face as he replied in a trembling voice, "I didn't expect this."

"What else did you expect?" Rhaegar roared back. "Your carelessness allowed Braavos' mercenaries to strike at our heart! Because of your recklessness, because you couldn't keep your pants on, Gulltown nearly fell!"

Rhaegar's grip tightened, his eyes burning with anger. "You endangered not only yourself, but Sunfyre, the dragon you grew up with-all for a moment of lust!"

He saw the horrible situation Aegon had found himself in: trapped in a brothel by mercenaries, barely saved by Sunfyre, who nearly fell to crossbow bolts itself. A Targaryen dead and a fallen dragon - that would have been an unacceptable loss.

Aegon's gaze was hollow, his body shaking. "Rhaegar, I never intended any of this. I tried to help."

"You had better realize the gravity of your mistake," Rhaegar pressed, his forehead almost touching Aegon's as he spoke sternly. "You are my brother, and it is my duty to punish you for your mistakes, you should not die to some lowly mercenary."

"I'm sorry," Aegon murmured, his head bowed, overwhelmed by the weight of his actions.

"Prepare yourself," Rhaegar commanded, his tone unyielding. "You will leave Gulltown to Helaena's command. You and I are going to the front lines."

With those final words, Rhaegar turned and walked away, leaving Aegon to gather himself amidst the dust and the dawn.

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Dragonstone Island

Knock knock...

A soft knock sounded outside the lord's bedroom door. Inside, Rhaenyra lay draped over a couch, caught in the limbo between sleep and wakefulness. She had slept lightly these days, stirred by the sound of Rhaegar's nightly departures.

"Enter~" she called softly, her voice tinged with a sleepy haze.

Crunch-

The door creaked open as Sara, her handmaiden, entered. She was balancing a breakfast tray in one hand and a letter in the other. Her brow was furrowed in concern. "Princess, there's a secret letter for you from Lys."

"Lys?" Rhaenyra's interest piqued, her sleepiness fading. She rarely visited the free trade city-states and certainly didn't cultivate foreign alliances like her adventurous Uncle Daemon. "A letter from Lys?" she repeated, wondering who could be writing to her from there.

Sara set the breakfast tray on a nearby table and carefully slit open the letter, making sure it was safe from any hidden dangers. Rhaenyra noticed the seal on the letter - two intertwined roses, an unusual emblem that piqued her curiosity.

After inspecting the contents, Sara handed the letter to Rhaenyra with a puzzled look on her face.

Taking the letter, Rhaenyra unfolded it and read quietly. The contents were so intriguing that she read through it several times, her brow furrowing slightly with each pass. Finally, she closed the letter, a mysterious smile playing on her lips.

"A strange friend," she mused aloud, her curiosity obviously piqued by the unexpected correspondence.

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Time passed and half a month passed.

Bloodstone Island

Nestled against the cliffs of a barren mountain and backed by the beach, a striking structure with a pitch-black exterior rose ominously. This massive building, in the shape of a bloated dragon lying prostrate on the cliffs, overlooked the vast sea. Upon closer inspection, the dragon's body served as a three-story castle, its head as a watchtower, and its sprawling wings as armories and warehouses.

A massive circle of towering black walls encircled the perimeter, interspersed with a dozen dragon towers that doubled as archery towers and other defensive fortifications.

Access to Black Stone Castle was daunting; one must first climb the steep, barren mountain. The castle encompassed the entirety of the mountain's cliffs, with only one narrow entrance through bronze gates that could hold a hundred people at most, crammed tightly together.

Thus, any enemy who wanted to attack Black Stone Castle could only send small teams at a time, making it a fortress that was easy to defend but difficult to attack.

"Roar..."

Sunfyre hovered in the air, his golden scales shimmering in the sunlight, a stark contrast to the dark facade of Black Stone Castle.

On the beach below, in the shadow of the black walls and in the castle's vestibule, thousands of soldiers stood at attention, their eyes filled with awe as they gazed upon Dragonstone Castle. They had witnessed its construction - a marvel of speed and magic.

The giant dragon had scorched the mountain's vegetation and blasted the cliffs with dragonfire until the rocks melted into a smooth surface. Thousands of workers and soldiers scaled the cliffs with loads of dragon dung and stones, using mysterious magic to fuse them into solid black dragonstone and quickly and efficiently build the massive castle.

On the black wall stood Aegon, lost in thought as he gazed out upon the fortress.

Laenor put an arm around Aegon's shoulder and asked warmly, "How does it feel to have a castle of your own?"

"Not bad," Aegon replied, his voice tinged with resentment. "Cousin, am I in complete exile here?"

While the castle was indeed impressive and majestic, Aegon couldn't help but wonder about the practicalities of living on such a remote island. "What will I eat and drink here?" he wondered aloud.

Laenor, always the shrewd one, replied with a knowing smile, "Once we defeat the Triarchy, the Stepstones will become a critical maritime hub between the realm and Essos. Just collecting taxes here will make you rich beyond measure."

As a Velaryon, Laenor understood the immense wealth the Triarchy had amassed during their control of the Isles of the Stepstones. He truly believed that Aegon was fortunate: a second son granted such strategically valuable territory was rare.

In fact, Daemon had originally married Lady Rhea only in the hope that his descendants might inherit Runestone, but he never officially held any territory of his own. Though once dubbed the "King of the Narrow Sea," Daemon lacked a supportive older brother to help him build a castle and eventually returned to King's Landing in disgrace.

...

## Twin Castles

In the austere hall of the newly named Twin Castles, Rhaegar sat alone in the only chair. The castle on Bloodstone Island was complete, while its counterpart on Grey Gallows Island was still in the planning stages. These fortresses would guard the gateway to the Stepstones, standing like watchful siblings over the treacherous waters.

There was another layer to the name. Rhaenyra, who bore twins, had inspired the name of the castles, symbolizing both protection and new beginnings.

"Prince, Volantis has agreed to send troops; they're joining forces with Lord Corlys," Tormund announced as he entered the hall, his demeanor serious.

Rhaegar, holding a letter from Dragonstone Island, answered without looking up. "Has Daemon set sail?"

The strategic positioning of the Twin Castles had solidified the defense line across the Stepstones. Daemon and the Sea Snake had divided their forces, each blockading the seas near Tyrosh and Lys.

The fleets from these city-states, reluctant to engage directly with dragons, adopted guerrilla tactics reminiscent of those used during the First Dornish War. However, unlike the Dornish who had been willing to sacrifice everything, the people of Lys and Tyrosh could not bear such severe losses.

Rhaegar's strategy was ruthless yet effective: he used two dragon-supported fleets to sever the sea links between the city-states, isolating and overpowering them one by one. The goal was not merely to attack the cities, but to strike directly at their hearts, a true display of power designed to break the enemy's spirit.

"Daemon has already left. I've also coordinated with Pentos and Princess Rhaenys to send reinforcements to block the Tyroshi Sea," Tormund confirmed.

Known for its political turmoil and as a haven for mercenaries, Tyrosh relied heavily on collusion between its Archon, wealthy merchants, and corrupt officials to oppress its lower-class citizens.

Rhaegar's immediate focus was Lys, where he sought to recapture the wild dragon Morghul. His strategy for Tyrosh was to encircle but not engage, using the fall of Myr and Lys as a warning to incite an uprising against their oppressive rulers and force them to yield to the Iron Throne.

Rhaegar handed the letter to Tormund and mused aloud, "Braavos has struck; Dorne remains a wild card. We must secure Lys quickly."

After the decisive battle at the Bay of Crabs, Braavos's mercenaries had been decimated. Yet, the Sealord Ferrego Antaryon denied any involvement, maintaining a facade of neutrality.

Frustrated but not discouraged, Rhaegar knew that the real conflict lay not in Braavos but in securing control of the Narrow Sea.

He now had a slight advantage. Braavos was unlikely to commit more forces soon, buying precious time for his campaign against the notoriously elusive and dangerous Dorne, whose lords, the Martells, lurked like vipers in the sand, ever ready to strike the Iron Throne.

Tormund read the letter, his expression changing to one of mild astonishment, and he offered a slight smile. "If this can really be accomplished, securing Lys will be much easier."

"Exactly," Rhaegar confirmed, his gaze sharp. Then he abruptly changed the subject. "Bartimos of Claw Isle has been escorted to King's Landing. The Small Council is now deliberating whether to charge him with smuggling or treason."

Bartimos Celtigar had been involved in illicit trade with the free city-states, actions that could very well merit a charge of treason, punishable by death.

However, given the wartime demands on the Celtigar House's resources, a final decision on his fate had yet to be made.

Tormund paused, a flicker of confusion crossing his face. "What are you suggesting?"

Rhaegar's voice took on a serious tone. "Tormund, do you wish to restore your family's name?" Skylar and Tormund were siblings and bastards descended from Bartimos' lesser-known offspring, carrying the Celtigar blood.

Lost in thought for a moment, Tormund finally pursed his lips and shook his head. "Prince, I have grown accustomed to a simpler life."

He understood the underlying implications: the execution of Bartimos could potentially implicate his rightful heir, paving the way for a less direct descendant like himself to ascend to power on Claw Island - a maneuver not uncommon among the nobility.

This tactic, facilitated by Rhaegar's influence in the Small Council and his powers as regent, was well within their means. Tormund, however, was reluctant to let Rhaegar suffer any political consequences and had no interest in entangling himself with the Celtigar House.

Rhaegar studied him for a moment, then his smile faded. "Forget it then, I won't press the matter."

He had hoped to reward his loyal confidant while consolidating Targaryen control over the maritime assets by placing Claw Isle under a friendly regime. If Tormund was unwilling to claim his birthright, perhaps supporting Bartimos's eldest son would be the easier route.

In the end, it mattered little who ruled Claw Isle; the real importance was to ensure that its ruler was aligned with his strategic interests.

#### Chapter 374: Morghul See Daylight Again

A few days later...

"Attack!!!"

In the turbulent waters of the disputed lands, several warships flying the flag of the Triarchy were brutally ambushed. They endured a relentless onslaught as a much larger fleet encircled them, firing fireballs from catapults that set the sea ablaze.

"Roar..."

The air shook with the roar of a dragon. A light silver dragon soared above, its scales glittering against the backdrop of smoke and fire.

Aboard the dragon, Laenor, his face aglow with the thrill of battle, shouted the command: "Dracarys!"

With a majestic swoop, the dragon, Sea Smoke, unleashed a torrent of orange flames that consumed the masts and sails of the enemy ships below.

As the dragon rained fire, the fleet activated its ramming horns, smashing into the sides of the Triarchy's ships as grappling hooks flew, latching onto the enemy ships and dragging them into chaos.

The battle was stark in its disparity; the presence of a dragon tipped the scales overwhelmingly. It was more of a massacre than a battle, and it was over quickly.

Within the hour, the forces under them methodically cleared the remnants of the battle from the water.

"Haha, let's go!" Laenor, exhilarated by the victory, slapped Sea Smoke's back and ordered the dragon to circle back.

After several such skirmishes, Laenor had found a wild joy in the heat of battle, the sensation of unleashing fiery destruction exhilarating beyond compare.

In his fervor, he had all but forgotten his former lover, "Cole," who was conspicuously absent from the battlefield - this Cole being a distinct individual, not to be confused with Kingsguard Criston Cole.

...



## Bloodstone Island, Twin Castles

In the vast hall of Twin Castles, Rhaegar paced over a sprawling map of the Narrow Sea laid out on the floor. The markings of the three-headed red dragon dominated the location of Myr, while the stepstones bore the emblem of their base.

Around the free-trade city-states of Lys and Tyrosh, a complex web of sea serpents, towers, and purple grapes was meticulously arranged to represent the tightening grip of Rhaegar's forces around these crucial areas.

"After more than a month of preparation, our naval strength is formidable," Rhaegar mused with a confident smile. "Soon the Triarchy will fall into our domain."

His expression softened as he glanced up at the hall's banners, emblazoned with the three-headed red dragon. "My children will inherit vast territories."

A message from Rhaenyra had brought more good news: the twins she was carrying were active, and she believed they were trying to communicate.

The sound of approaching footsteps echoed through the hall. Aemond led the way, flanked by Aegon and Laenor.

Laenor, always the jovial one, announced cheerfully, "Rhaegar, we've cleared the Triarchy's pirates from the sea, and many wealthy merchants from Myr and Tyrosh have fled their cities by ship."

His admiration for Rhaegar had only deepened after several battles, and he had come to appreciate his cousin's talent for strategies that not only won military victories, but also the hearts of his followers.

With the strategic stronghold of the Twin Castles, their logistical worries were nil, allowing their forces to engage freely and with high morale, especially during the sieges that scattered the notorious pirate fleets of the three free city-states, creating a profound sense of accomplishment and honor among the troops.

Rhaegar's smile widened as he gave his next instruction, "If anyone tries to escape, let them. Make it spectacular." His strategy was clear: he wanted to take thriving territories, not ruins. The fleeing wealthy would likely return, ensuring continued prosperity and trade.

Laenor nodded enthusiastically, barely containing his amusement.

At that moment, Tormund interjected, "Prince, the Tiger and Elephant Parties of Volantis have reconciled their differences and agreed to send troops to secure Lys."

Volantis, an ancient city struggling under the shadows of Braavos and Pentos, sought rejuvenation through warfare, propelled by the ambitious Tiger Party, while the conservative Elephant Party prioritized trade.

Rhaegar pondered briefly before asking, "What of Daemon and Lord Corlys's efforts?"

Tormund replied, "Lord Corlys coordinates with the Volantene as he secures the Summer Sea, alongside fleets from Hightower, The Arbor, and the Lannisters."

He added seriously, "Daemon has joined forces with Princess Rhaenys and the Prince of Pentos and is negotiating to force the Archon of Tyrosh to surrender."

Aegon, unable to contain his laughter at the complexity and audacity of their maneuvers, quickly covered his mouth.

Rhaegar, unfazed by the interruption, commanded firmly, "See that both sides accelerate their operations. I want our forces within the city walls in three days."

"As you wish," Tormund confirmed with a respectful nod.

...

Lys, the Dome Dragonpit

Under the cover of night, dark clouds enveloped the moon, casting deep shadows across the landscape. From within the Dome Dragonpit of Lys, a painful roar echoed, its reverberations slipping through the bronze gate and into the cold night air.

The roar was filled with fury, yet tinged with a distinct weakness - a clear sign that Morghul had been severely mistreated.

"Rotten gambler, we're almost there," Hugh whispered to his companions, his voice barely audible over the howling wind. His expression was taut with anticipation and fear.

Two hundred meters from the bronze gate, a long line of would-be dragon tamers stretched out, flanked by sword-wielding mercenaries. Tonight was a pivotal moment for dragon taming, drawing recruits from far and wide.

Denys shivered in the cold, trying to calm his nerves. "Don't rush, there's still a dozen or so ahead of us," he trilled nervously.

"That old man wants us go to now, imagine riding a dragon," Hugh rasped boldly, his eyes gleaming with a mix of excitement and bravado.

Silver Denys gave him a wide-eyed look. "I just saw the old priest and his disciples go in. Chances are, you and I won't even get a turn," he muttered.

In his heart, Denys felt a secret relief at the possibility of not facing the dragon. Feeling the heavy purse hidden in his robes, he wrestled with his anxiety.

Having already risked his fortune, Denys was not eager to risk his life on a dragon's back.

...

Inside the Dragonpit

The cavernous Dragonpit was lit by a huge bonfire, casting a bright halo of light that pierced the surrounding darkness and gloom.

In the deepest part of the lair lay Morghul, a mighty dragon, incapacitated and bound by chains around its neck and feet. Its eyes drooped helplessly, his breathing heavy and labored. The restraints and its injuries had driven it to a state of manic distress, leaving it both physically and mentally exhausted in time.

Near the bronze gate, a tense assembly gathered around the bonfire. Bambaro, visibly agitated, took cover behind a group of mercenaries. An elderly figure, bent and frail, was in the midst of a grim ritual, holding a dagger above a silver-haired youth.

In one swift motion, he sliced the youth's throat. Blood spurted out and collected in a copper basin with a chilling resonance. The old man was Ross, a priest skilled in the dark arts of blood magic.

As he chanted, Ross tossed rare ingredients into the basin amidst a chilling gust of wind. Nearby, a naked young man lay on his back, his expression blank as he stared at the ceiling. His features were striking - indigo eyes and a shaved head speckled with silver stubble.

After finishing his incantation, Ross dipped his hands into the blood-filled basin and began to trace arcane symbols across the young man's body. These were not mere touches, but precise strokes that formed Valyrian symbols representing fire, blood, wisdom, and other mystical elements.

Soon the young man's body was covered in these ominous, blood-red symbols, extending to his scalp. Ross whispered a final incantation, urging in a low voice, "Belle, prove your noble lineage."

The young man, now identified as Belle, blinked slowly as his senses seemed to return. Under Ross's constant prodding, Belle rose and walked naked toward Morghul, the bound dragon in the depths of the cave.

Bambarro stepped forward, his curiosity piqued. "Can he really tame the wild dragon, Lord Priest?"

"Perhaps," Ross replied, his voice hoarse, his eyes clouded with uncertainty. "I have woven around him a spell once used by ancient dragonlords to help their heirs tame dragons. However, I lack the key incantations and know only fragments of the ritual."

The outcome now depended on the dragon's weakened will and whether Belle could assert his dominance.

Bambarro watched, stunned by the audacity of the act, as if he were taking part in a high-stakes gamble.

His gaze shifted back to the few remaining youths in red robes and shaven heads, and he understood the harsh reality: with many candidates prepared to tame dragons, the loss of one was a risk they were willing to take.

...

Outside the Bronze Gate

Hundreds of would-be dragon riders milled about under the night sky, the sea breeze ruffling their cloaks as they whispered nervously among the mercenaries' shadows.

Hugh shifted restlessly, muttering under his breath, "Damn it, when will it be my turn?" His dreams of riding a dragon back to Westeros as a noble lord were growing impatient by the minute.

Beside him, Silver Denys wiped his runny nose and sighed heavily. Despite his ambitions, a nagging feeling told him that even if he managed to mount a dragon, it might not end well. "Noble money isn't easy to come by," he mused, remembering the hard lessons of a youth spent gambling.

Suddenly, the eerie silence was shattered by a deep, resounding roar that echoed across the sea.

Boom!

The bronze gate slowly creaked open, releasing a blast of searing air that rippled through the gathered crowd.

"Roar..."

A massive dragon head emerged from the darkness, its mouth spewing a cloud of ash-gray fire into the sky. The creature's vast, vaporous gray wings unfurled as it crawled out, its body a tapestry of silver and black scales that shimmered ominously in the moonlight. It looked like a beast summoned from the abyss.

All eyes were riveted to this magnificent and terrifying creature.

On the dragon's broad back sat a blood-stained figure.

"Roar..."

The dragon, identified as Morghul, let out a roar of sheer indignation. The steel shackles around its neck rattled loudly, a stark reminder of its recent captivity.

"By The Smith, the wild dragon has been tamed!" Hugh exclaimed in disbelief, his voice trembling with awe.

Denys breathed a sigh of relief, but remained wary as he watched the formidable Morghul and its rider. Something didn't seem right. The dragon seemed barely controlled, if at all.

"Morghul, quiet!" commanded Belle from atop the dragon, his grip tight on the creature's gray scales, his indigo eyes wide with alarm.

"Roar..."

Morghul paid no heed, thrashing violently as it climbed out of the dragonpit, wings scraping the ground for leverage.

From a safe distance, Denys's alarm turned to panic. He grabbed Hugh's arm, urging, "Quickly follow me!"

"Why should we run?" Hugh asked, stunned by the spectacle.

"Don't wait around to die," Denys snapped, seizing the moment to dash away while the mercenaries were distracted.

At that moment, Morghul let out a furious roar and took to the sky uncontrollably, spewing more of its ash-gray dragonfire.

The scene became chaotic as the dragonfire fell like a deadly mist, engulfing mercenaries and dragonseeds alike in the flames.

Pushing his legs to the limit, Denys dove into a nearby sewer.

Splash!

Someone else hit the water even faster, causing a huge splash.

"Roar..."

Morghul continued its rampage, circling back to unleash more fire upon the unfortunate souls below.

"No! No!" Belle's cries echoed over the chaos as she clung desperately to the dragon, struggling to steer the uncontrollable beast.

From under the safety of the bronze gate, Bambaro and Roth watched the spectacle unfold. "Are the scorpion crossbows ready?" a mercenary called out.

"Idiots, it took forever to tame that beast; I won't let it be shot down!" Bambaro barked back, frustrated but cautious.

"Give it time," Rose advised, his eyes gleaming with a mixture of fear and fascination. "It's retaliating, holding a grudge. It needs to wear off."

"Obey!"

Belle was thrown from the dragon's back and wrapped his arms around its back scales in a death grip.

Morghul, still in turmoil, soared into the night, its wings beating mightily as it tried to escape into the sky of Lys.

## Chapter 375: Caraxes vs. Morghul

### Perfumed Garden

The tranquility of the night was abruptly shattered by the roar of a restless dragon, jolting the rich and powerful from their revelry into a state of high alert.

Security personnel quickly mobilized, weaving through the crowds to restore calm amidst the sudden turmoil.

Surrounding the lush gardens were opulent penthouses, their balconies connected by an elegantly crafted open-air promenade.

Dressed in sheer, flowing gowns, Johanna leaned against the railing, her gaze calm yet distant as she watched the chaos unfold below. Slowly, as the commotion died down, the atmosphere began to calm.

A petite maid approached, her steps hesitant, and stood demurely on the promenade, her head bowed in deference.

Johanna's eyes flickered with curiosity, her voice soft as she asked, "What news from Dragonstone Island?"

The handmaiden, clearly nervous, murmured, "A delegation will be disembarking tonight, My Lady."

"Well done," Johanna replied with a nod, her posture changing to one of regal authority as she turned. With a graceful turn of her waist, she instructed, "The usual protocol, then - a sack of gold. And guard the manor for me."

The maid's face brightened with gratitude as she thanked Johanna and withdrew.

Alone now, Johanna took a roll of white paper and a quill from her robes and considered her next move. "Dorne... Lys, what shall I write?" she mused quietly.

Having secured a powerful new ally, she was aware of the delicate balance of power at play. Johanna knew she had to tread carefully, crafting her words to secure her position without revealing too much - always leaving herself a way out, a necessary precaution when dealing with forces that might prove too formidable.

...

## Lys, Deserted Beach

Under the cover of a dimly lit night, several small boats glided silently toward the shore, propelled by a gentle sea breeze.

Plop...

A dozen figures dressed in black jumped into the shallow water. They quickly dragged their boats ashore and hid them among the jumble of rocks and reefs that dotted the shoreline.

...

## Lys, Deserted Beach

Three days had passed in the blink of an eye.

A fleet of a dozen warships had gathered on a remote island off the coast of Lys, forming a formidable temporary station. Thousands of well-equipped soldiers secured the coastline, their presence a stark contrast to the tranquil surroundings of palm trees and lush vegetation that dotted the island's small hill.

At the top of the hill, a group of soldiers dressed in seahorn-emblazoned armor had erected a simple tent. Inside, the Sea Snake, clad in his distinctive silver and gray armor, gathered around a sand table. He was joined by several commanders whose armor bore the insignia of various noble houses: white towers topped with flames, red crabs, and roaring lions.

"My lords, we have secured the nearby seas, so a full assault can now be considered."

The Sea Snake's voice was deep as he picked up a dragon figurine and positioned it on the Lys spot on the sand table.

"Lord Corlys, Prince Daemon is still engaged with the Archon of Tyrosh, so we might need to delay our plans."

A blue-eyed young man with platinum blonde curly hair and a resolute expression spoke up. His chest armor bore the Red Crab emblem of House Celtigar from Claw Isle.

The Sea Snake glanced at him and responded indifferently, "Daemon will not succeed, Lord Clement."

Clement Celtigar, the new Lord of Claw Isle, was taken aback by his comment.

With Bartimos imprisoned in the dungeon of the Red Keep, the eldest son of House Celtigar was the commander of the Celtigar forces in the Narrow Sea War.

Clement hesitated before replying, "Indeed, Prince Daemon seems to be delaying the battle."

Daemon, in conjunction with Pentos and Myr, had encircled the Tyrosh Sea on three fronts, causing delays in the transmission of news.

It was known that Daemon intended to take Tyrosh without bloodshed and move directly into the free-trade city-state.

"Roar—"

"Roar..."

In the middle of the discussion, dragon roars echoed from afar, and several massive dragons soared through the skies.

A pair of broad wings, black as charcoal, enveloped the island as the immense body of the dragon Cannibal landed gracefully.

Rhaegar, with his silver hair and black robes, dismounted from the dragon's back and ascended the hill.

Sunfyre and Sea Smoke, ridden by Aegon and Laenor respectively, landed shortly after, their armored riders following close behind.

"Prince..."

The group of commanders greeted him with respect.

The Sea Snake, unsmiling, calmly acknowledged, "Prince."

"Thank you for your efforts, my lords," Rhaegar responded with a nod.

His gaze swept over the sand table, and pointing at the representation of Lys, he stated firmly, "I've already instructed Daemon to prepare for a general attack. We'll join forces with Volantis and march tomorrow to besiege the city. Tonight, we reorganize our armaments."

Sea Snake, maintaining his serious demeanor, added, "Lys has been sending out a steady stream of ravens, mostly towards Braavos and Sunspear."

War involved more than just swords and spears; it also entailed ravens and intelligence.

Braavos had remained silent for a while, making it uncertain when they might intervene.

Dorne had yet to make a move and was surely plotting.

Rhaegar's eyes narrowed as he considered the map, "For now, Braavos poses no threat; there's been no movement of troops."

He then shifted his finger to Dorne's territory around Sunspear, murmuring, "I suspect Qoren has already positioned his forces, waiting for us to besiege the city-state before circling the Summer Sea to strike us from behind."

Alternatively, they might target the layered defenses of the Stormlands.

Sea Snake analyzed, "If that's the case, our garrison on the Stepstones Islands must be vigilant against a potential attack from behind."

Rhaegar smiled confidently, "I've already issued orders that if the Dornish fleet dares approach, we shall repeat the War of the Hundred Candles."

In the Fourth Dornish War, House Martell sent a hundred warships across the Cape Wrath aiming to land and infiltrate the Stormlands covertly.

But Jaehaerys I, mounted on his dragon alongside his sons Aemon and Baelon. Vermithor, Caraxes and Vhagar, led the attack.

From dawn till dusk, they set ablaze all hundred ships, lighting them up like a hundred candles in the night.

...

Tyrosh Sea

Connected by several neighboring islands, dozens of battleships formed a dense line of defense.

On the beach of one such island, Daemon's expression was frosty, a letter clenched in his hand.

At that moment, this Rogue Prince was clad in pitch-black dragon scale armor and a crimson cloak, standing against the briny sea breeze.

Several mercenary group leaders, hired by Pentos, lingered at the edge, reluctant to approach the formidable Daemon.

They knew of his temperamental nature and preferred not to provoke his wrath or be used to vent his anger.

"Heh, uneducated scum."

With a sneer, Daemon tore the letter into shreds.

Tyrosh had refused to surrender, and the letter contained insults, mocking him as a "homeless" Targaryen.

Daemon, holding his helmet under his arm and ignoring the mercenary leaders, declared arrogantly, "I'm going to patrol on my dragon. Reorganize your armaments."

With those words, he strode off into the distance, his presence exuding a palpable sense of authority.

"Roar..."

A huge scarlet dragon swooped across the sky, its broad wings beating slowly as it landed on the beach.

By the time the mercenary leaders gathered their wits, Daemon was already mounted on the dragon's back, soaring into the pale expanse of the sea.

...

"Roar..."

Caraxes's voice was shrill, his serpentine body soaring towards the western edge of Tyrosh.

Daemon's expression was grim, the taunt "homeless" reverberating incessantly in his mind.

Following the deaths of his father, Baelon, and his grandfather, Jaehaerys, King's Landing had fallen into the hands of his brother, Viserys.

From that moment, Daemon felt marginalized, an outsider.



Now, King's Landing belonged to his brother Viserys, to his niece Rhaenyra, to his nephew Rhaegar...

Even to the unborn child in Rhaenyra's womb.

There was nothing that really belonged to him.

With a solemn gaze, Daemon murmured, "Brother, I will carve out a realm of my own."

King's Landing, his former wife's Runestone, the itinerant Pentos, the transient Driftmark Island...

None of these were his. He was determined to conquer a land previously unclaimed by the Targaryens, for the sake of his future heir.

Sensing his rider's emotions, Caraxes's broad scarlet wings flapped fiercely, accelerating their flight.

Their mission was clear: to make an example of Tyrosh.

Unnoticed, the azure sky began to fill with clouds, and the warm sea breeze grew moist.

Tick!

A raindrop fell onto Daemon's hand. He frowned, "Is it raining?"

The Disputed Lands, near the sweltering Summer Sea, often experienced sudden winds and rain.

Locally known as "passing rain". These were rapid downpours brought by passing cumulonimbus clouds.

"Roar!"

Suddenly, Caraxes tensed, its amber eyes alert, a warning roar escaping its throat.

Daemon's expression shifted as his hand instinctively reached for the sword at his waist, his eyes scanning the surroundings.

Caraxes's cries signaled imminent danger, reminiscent of the time they were ambushed by his six-year-old nephew, in the rainy day, nearly resulting in fatal consequences for both dragon and rider.

"Roar!"

In an instant, a vast silver and black dragon shadow darted through the thinning clouds, its huge scarlet mouth lunging at them.

Daemon snapped his head back as a fishy-smelling gust hit his face.

For a moment, he was unnerved by the size of the attacking dragon's maw—easily three times larger than Caraxes's.

"Roar..."

With a defiant shriek, Caraxes dodged nimbly, unable to restrain a burst of scarlet dragonfire.

Boom—

The two dragons clashed mid-air, Caraxes's dragonfire striking the side of the adversary's neck directly.

"Roar..."

The silver and black dragon roared in pain, its misty gray wings flapping powerfully as it ascended sharply into the sky.

It was only then that Daemon recognized the dragon, saying calmly, "Morghul!"

This was the Smoking Sea Wild Dragon he had heard of, with its silver and black scales and gray wing membranes, topped by an unusually large head...

At first glance, the dragon's head seemed to belong to an old dragon comparable to Vhagar.

Upon closer inspection, however, the wild dragon measured just over 50 meters, slightly smaller than Caraxes in his prime.

"Morghul, Dracarys!" a voice commanded in High Valyrian, unfamiliar and authoritative.

"Roar..."

Morghul, now high among the clouds, turned once more. Its vertical pupils gleamed blood-red as it dove toward Caraxes, spewing a torrent of grayish dragonfire from its gaping maw.

"Roar..."

Caraxes, exuding hostility, sharply ascended, stretching his long neck to spit a stream of dragonfire.

Dodging Morghul's attack, Caraxes gained the upper hand, and his scarlet dragonfire struck his opponent's flank.

Caraxes's dragonfire blazed as red as blood, streaming fiercely.

Daemon's face remained expressionless, but the pent-up rage within him churned.

His gaze then caught sight of a red-robed priest in Morghul's back.

"So, it has indeed been tamed," Daemon noted grimly, a wry smile forming on his lips.

"Fly higher!"

At his command, Caraxes ceased his fire attack, curled up, and darted into the clouds.

The rain...

It drizzled lightly over the sea, clearing the skies.

"Morghul, fly!"

The priest, his indigo eyes peeking from beneath his hood, looked anxious as he urged the dragon upward.

Morghul roared dully and, with a violent shake of his burly body, flapped his wings and soared higher.

The priest, lacking a saddle, clutched at the dragon's scales with both hands, struggling to maintain his grip.

Pfft...

Morghul burst through the clouds, scattering the fine raindrops.

"Kill it!"

An explosion followed, marked by the Blood Wyrn's piercing roar and a swirling gust of wind.

The priest turned his head just in time to see a scarlet dragon shadow looming.

"Roar!"

Caraxes charged swiftly, his broad scarlet wings spread wide like blades, his fearsome maw open wide to clamp down on Morghul's neck.

"Roar..."

Morghul roared, its body convulsing as he turned and unleashed a blast of dragonfire.

Unyielding, Caraxes clung close, its serpentine body entwined with its foe's, like a bloodthirsty blood wyrn.

#### Chapter 376: Mad Dragon Appearance

Two colossal dragons, one silver-black and the other scarlet red, clashed mid-air, their sharp claws slashing furiously as scales shattered and blood spewed.

"Roar..."

Caraxes, the more formidable dragon, locked his deadly jaws onto his opponent's neck, causing a cascade of blood to erupt with a shrill shriek.

Sensing imminent danger, Morghul unleashed his dragonfire in a desperate attempt to force Caraxes to release his grip.

Boom!

The gray, smoke-like dragonfire engulfed Caraxes' neck, the heat intensifying its ferocious bite.

While young dragons are vulnerable to such flames, an adult dragon's thickening scales provide considerable immunity.

Enraged, Morghul twisted violently in an attempt at a retaliatory bite, but its massive jaws missed their mark.

In this melee, Caraxes' slender, serpentine body twisted around Morghul like a snake. His sharp, smaller claws dug deep into Morghul's scales as his wings smote his opponent's head.

"Haha~"

Daemon sneered from afar, his gaze fixed on the red priest while his hand rested on his sword hilt. He considered jumping onto the dragon's back to end the battle with one decisive stab.

As his nephew had often said, in this world there must be only one Dragonlord House!

"Morghul, get a hold of yourself!"

The red-robed priest shouted with trembling urgency, his voice carrying the strain of controlling the wild Morghul.

"Roar..."

With a roar of defiance, Morghul's claw shot out and gripped Caraxes' abdomen in an iron vice-like grip.

Temporarily restrained, Caraxes quickly recalibrated, struggling to escape the crippling hold.

Pfft!

In a surge of panic, Morghul bit down on Caraxes' wing, its fangs sinking deep, the sound of cracking bone filling the air.

"Roar! ..."

Caraxes let out a painful scream, releasing its bite, and in a whirl of intense pain, it retaliated by lunging at Morghul' massive head, the Blood Wyrms' ferocity intensifying under the pain.

Bang!

Just as Caraxes aimed for a deadly bite, Morghul ceased his attack on the wings, his head - a formidable crown of horns - thrusting forward in a violent collision.

Caraxes was thrown for a moment, his slit pupils narrowing as they locked on Morghul' amber, bell-like eyes.

"Roar..."

At that moment, the Caraxes' power surged, and a torrent of scarlet dragonfire erupted.

The eyes are the dragon's weak spot.

Boom...

Dragonfire struck, targeting the opponent's head. In a desperate reflex, Morghul jerked his head aside, causing the fiery blast to sear across his muzzle instead.

With a choked roar, the pain forced Morghul' claws to relax, inadvertently tearing away chunks of bloody scales.

"Caraxes, strike its neck!"

Daemon, sensing the stalemate, roared his command, unsheathing his sword and rising to his feet on the dragon's back.

"Roar..."

With renewed ferocity fueled by the scent of blood, Caraxes fought on valiantly, his own wounds only intensifying his savage attacks.

In contrast, Morghul's condition rapidly deteriorated, madness flickering in his dilated pupils as he launched into erratic and desperate attacks.

The red priest, barely clinging to his mount, seemed an afterthought, lucky to have escaped being thrown off.

As the dragons entwined, they spiraled down from the cloudy sky, the fine rain mingling with their bloody battle.

Daemon, gripping his saddle with one hand, eyed the red-robed priest with a chilling resolve.

One thought dominated his mind: "Finish him off!"

With that thought, he shifted his stance on the saddle.

"Roar!"

At that critical moment, a scarlet dragon burst through the clouds at breakneck speed, its roar thunderous.

"Dracarys!" Rhaenys, having received the call, shouted her command.

Meleys responded by dipping her head and diving, her wings slicing through the air like blades. A ferocious, pillar-like blast of dragonfire erupted from her maw, aimed directly at the fray below.

Boom...

Dragonfire struck Morghul's head directly, erupting into a cloud of charred black smoke.

"Roar!"

In agony, Morghul roared, his mind a whirl of confusion as his massive body flailed uncontrollably.

The red priest screamed, "Morghul, flee!"

Their strategy to ambush a Targaryen dragon rider had failed, and with another rider arriving, retreat was their only option.

Seizing the moment, Caraxes clamped his jaws around Morghul's neck, his wings and claws scrambling for a hold on the floundering dragon's body.

Daemon's eyes sparkled as he settled back into his saddle.

"Roar..."

Awakened by the pain, Morghul regained his senses and unleashed a burst of dragonfire directly at Caraxes' head, still mounted on him. At the same time, Morghul's claws tore into Caraxes' chest and abdomen, tearing flesh and spitting blood.

Caraxes screamed as the dragonfire scorched his head, but his jaws remained locked, driven by an unyielding desire to tear off his neck.

Suddenly, a sharp pain in his chest - a dragon's claw had pierced him - sounded an internal alarm.

"Caraxes, protect yourself!" Daemon commanded, sensing imminent danger.

With Cousin Rhaenys's arrival, there was no need for a fatal struggle.

"Roar..."

Caraxes heeded the call, releasing his grip. His broad scarlet wings pushed against Morghul, leveraging the force to propel himself away. His slender tail whipped through the air, rapidly stabilizing its descending body.

Rhaenys closed in, shouting, "Daemon, restrain the wild dragon!"

"Roar..."

Morghul let out a low growl, struggling to stabilize and flee across the turbulent sea.

Caraxes gave chase despite a bleeding wing, his speed slowing noticeably.

"Roar..."

Ahead, Meleys surged forward, her wings cutting a swift path through the sky in pursuit.

Despite Morghul' speed, he circled up into the thin clouds, Meleys roaring furiously behind him, spewing dragonfire.

Rain mixed with smoke filled the sky as Morghul dodged and weaved, his years in the Smoking Sea having honed his evasive maneuvers.

The chase lasted only minutes.

By the time Daemon and his dragon, Caraxes, caught up, Morghul had vanished, leaving only Meleys hovering below the clouds.

Rhaenys, grim-faced, stared out into the bay.

A glimpse of the bustling city-state of Tyrosh - the escape route Morghul had taken - too close for comfort.

Rhaenys took a deep breath and slapped her dragon's back, redirecting her course toward Myr. She had heard the distant clash while on patrol and had followed the disturbance here.

Now that the wild dragon had escaped, she had to return to Myr to strengthen its defenses.

Daemon spoke coldly, "There's still a dragon battle to prepare for."

Reluctantly, Caraxes roared, inhaling the scent of fresh dragon blood on his jaws, visibly agitated and unwilling to retreat from the hunt.

...

That night, Rhaegar received two letters, both with similar messages: Morghul has been tamed and the attack on Caraxes has been stopped!

With a thunderous bang, Rhaegar slammed his fist down on the sand table, his expression dark as storm clouds. "Deploy the troops at dawn," he commanded. "We will lay siege to Lys immediately!"

He had expected the taming of the wild dragon, but its speed surprised him. Despite centuries of dilution in the Dragonlord bloodline throughout Essos, its prowess remained formidable - a gross underestimation on his part.

The Sea Snake, his features etched with solemnity, took the letter and studied it. "Prince, with Morghul now in Tyrosh, might we consider dispatching another dragon to reinforce him?"

Surrounded but unharmed, Tyrosh's position meant that Rhaenys would inevitably come to Lys' aid, leaving Daemon without all but one dragon rider.

Rhaegar shook his head, dismissing the notion. "Morghul will return to Lys on his own. Additional dragons are unnecessary."

Though the allegiance of Morghul - a dragon captured by Lys - seemed to align with the Triarchy, his loyalty was solely to Bambaro. If Lys faced an invasion, Morghul would undoubtedly rush to his master's side.

...

Dragonstone Island

A raven crossed the Narrow Sea, alighting in the maester's loft of the Stone Drum. The elderly Maester Gladys retrieved the message, noting the red-painted seal depicting a three-headed dragon and a seahorse—Daemon's temporary insignia.

Wasting no time, Gladys hurried to Laena, who was still awake.

"Thank you, Maester," Laena said, her hand resting on her pregnant belly as she leaned against the bedroom doorframe.

"You should rest, especially now," Gladys advised with a kind smile before departing.

Laena watched him leave, then entered her bedroom. Sitting on the edge of the bed, her expression softened as she opened the letter. It overflowed with Daemon's ambitions.

"I will conquer a piece of land, and the child in your womb will become my heir..."

Reading the words, Laena closed her eyes and sighed, her heart heavy. She recalled Rhaenyra discussing the Narrow Sea strategy: one force attacking, another laying siege, and dividing the spoils afterward.

Yet, Daemon's letter revealed no intention of sharing. He seemed determined to seize a city-state single-handedly with his dragon.

Laena, having been with Daemon for many years, understood his nature. He had no desire to follow Rhaegar's orders; he planned to act independently to maximize his gains.

At that moment, the mournful roar of Vhagar echoed from outside the Stone Drum Tower, filling the night with a lonely silence.

"Vhagar..." Laena murmured, feeling a surge of worry. The unease within her grew stronger.

...

The next day, the blazing sun hung high in the sky.

Woooooooooooo—

The solemn horn blew as dozens of warships converged, their sails emblazoned with the three-headed red dragon, heading into the wind.

The Sea Snake, clad in heavy armor and wielding a crescent spear, stood on the deck, barking orders.

The fleet sailed in orderly formation, steadily approaching the harbor of Lys.

In the cabin doorway, Rhaegar sat cross-legged, holding a dragonglass candle in his hand. The candle was transparent, as thick as a baby's arm, with a handful of glass wicks at the head.

Puff—

Rhaegar silently recited an incantation, and a wisp of flame sprang to life from the candle wick.

His mind focused, he gazed into the flickering flame.

Whew! Whew!

The flame swayed slightly, mysteriously outlining a picture: a giant dragon with silver and black scales and mist-colored wing membranes soared through the clouds. The dragon's thick and long tail revealed a missing tip, and its body was covered in scars, both old and new.

"Roar..."

The dragon roared, carrying a red priest on its spine, and landed within a city-state under martial law.

Zira...

The flame died, and Rhaegar's eyes closed as his thoughts slowly returned.

Not surprisingly, Morghul had returned to garrison Lys.

Wooooooooo...

Suddenly, a low horn sounded and waves crashed against the ships.

"On guard! Prepare for battle!" Sea Snake roared, ordering his soldiers to prepare the catapults.

Rhaegar opened his eyes and moved quickly to the front of the deck.

Scanning the horizon, he saw a fleet of no less than a hundred ships, their sails painted with strange and bizarre mercenary emblems.

"Lord Corlys, lead the fleet and keep your distance," Rhaegar ordered, his voice calm but his eyes flashing with cold intensity.

Roar...

No sooner had the words left his mouth than a deafening roar echoed through the sky. Shadows covered the long white clouds as a dragon's head, black as charcoal, appeared, its icy green pupils peering down.

Immediately, the white clouds rippled like cotton wool, and a pair of pitch-black dragon wings spread across the sky.

Roar...

Cannibal dove headfirst through the clouds like an unstoppable crossbow bolt. The dragon's body swooped so fast that it skimmed the surface of the sea, its massive chest smashing through a thick mast.

With a resounding crash, Cannibal toppled the warship. The dragon's jaws parted, spewing green dragonfire like a vengeful god, harvesting life in a fiery inferno.

Chapter 377: Bloody Wild Dragon Dance

"Roar..."

"Roar..."

The sky echoed with the thunderous roars of dragons as they burst from the clouds, diving one after another. Sunfyre, Sea Smoke, and Grey Ghost led the assault.

Rhaenys, clad in crimson armor, spurred Meleys forward, appearing last and swiftly charging toward the pirate ship.



"Dracarys!"

Dragonfire of various hues streaked across the sky in unison. The forces of the three allied kingdoms had no time to mount a defense before being engulfed in the inferno, their cries of agony filling the air.

The Cannibal ceased its fiery assault and soared toward the ship where Rhaegar stood, hovering momentarily with powerful wingbeats.

"Lord Corlys, encircle the Triarchy fleet," Rhaegar ordered.

With a dramatic flourish, Rhaegar leapt from the deck, grabbing onto the dragon's tail. Cannibal's tail lifted him effortlessly onto its back.

"Roar!"

With a fierce cry, the Cannibal surged towards the Triarchy warship once more.

The four dragons took turns bombarding the enemy fleet, the sky churning with their ferocity as flames quickly spread across the sea.

"Cannibal, Dracarys!" Rhaegar commanded, his gaze steady.

"Roar..."

Cannibal swooped low, unleashing a ghostly green blaze that set a pirate ship ablaze as it passed.

"Roar..."

"Roar..."

Laenor circled the fleet on Sea Smoke, dragonfire raining down uncontrollably. Aegon followed on Sunfyre, matching Grey Ghost's trajectory, their combined flames relentless.

Meleys darted nimbly over the fleet, targeting pirate ships bristling with scorpion crossbows.

"Counterattack! Ready the scorpion crossbows!" bellowed Sharako Lohar, the commander of the Triarchy's navy, as he personally aimed a scorpion crossbow at the light gray dragon.

Whoosh—

A steel spear shot through the air, narrowly grazing the light gray dragon's tail.

"Roar..."

The Grey Ghost whipped around in surprise, its vertical pupils locking onto a specific pirate ship. Gathering energy, it unleashed a fiery dragonfire ball.

Boom—

Sharako's scream was cut short as the three-meter-diameter fireball consumed him. The deck erupted in flames, the bow of the ship tilted downward, and mercenaries fled in terror.

"Fire the scorpion crossbows!"

"The dragon is coming!"

Chaos reigned across hundreds of pirate ships. Mercenaries, unaccustomed to facing dragons, frantically scrambled to launch their scorpion crossbows.

The five dragons soared above, becoming elusive, high-speed targets.

Rhaegar took a quick glance at the scene and coldly muttered, "Kill them all."

Cannibal's wings beat powerfully, ghostly green dragonfire spilling recklessly, transforming into wings of death that obliterated everything in its path.

Steel spears shot upward, futilely chasing the five dragons. Only the fearless charge of the Cannibal sent the crossbow bolts scattering uselessly.

The remaining four dragons remained unharmed, not a single steel spear even grazing their scales.

"Dracarys!" Laenor shouted excitedly, Sea Smoke beneath him swooping back and forth, attacking with increasing ferocity.

"Roar..."

Sunfyre and Grey Ghost roared continuously, their gold and gray forms intertwining as they destroyed swathes of pirate ships.

The pirates of the Triarchy looked on in horror, their hearts pounding wildly as they helplessly fired their scorpion crossbows and arrows.

The dragons danced in the sky, their movements almost graceful. Dragonfire rained down, and the sea ran red with blood.

...

In the blink of an eye, hours slipped away.

Crackling...

Rolling black smoke billowed from the vast sea, the sea breeze carrying the acrid stench of charred remains.

The fleet of the three allied kingdoms was nearly annihilated. Wrecked ships littered the water, charred corpses marring the azure sea.

"Roar..."

Meleys streaked by, its scarlet scales glistening as if bathed in blood, hunting for surviving mercenaries to incinerate.

Whoosh—

The fleet bearing the three-headed red dragon banner advanced slowly, bypassing the ten-mile-wide bloody battlefield, and approached Lys's harbor.

The Sea Snake's face tightened as he inhaled the thick stench of charred wood, secretly clenching his weapon.

No one here had been an eyewitness to the ancient Valyrian conquest of Essos; there were only stories.

Now, the Targaryens' assault on the Triarchy was unfolding before their eyes.

The dragons danced together, invincible and unmatched.

Hoo! Whew!

A shadow loomed overhead as the Cannibal circled slowly, exuding a sinister aura.

Rhaegar, steady in his saddle, surveyed the tragic scene below and shouted, "Laenor, Aegon, clear the battlefield."

The dragons had incinerated the ships, and many mercenaries had leaped into the sea to survive, their numbers were too great to ignore.

Sea Smoke and Sunfyre were not far away, their roars echoing through the air.

Laenor and Aegon led the charge, continuing to burn the floundering mercenaries in the sea.

Rhaegar slapped the back of his pitch-black dragon and directed the Cannibal across the battlefield, heading straight for Lys.

Grey Ghost chirped and flapped his wings, following closely.

Rhaenys glanced at her husband on the ship and arrogantly commanded, "Go after them!"

"Roar..."

Meleys roared, picking up speed.

The Sea Snake, a great explorer who had ventured to sea nine times, was always ahead in his journeys.

Rhaenys, though occasionally worried, never traveled with him, for she always anticipated Corlys's every move, staying one step ahead of him.

...

Lys, Magister's Mansion.

Bambaro paced anxiously in the attic, his anxiety evident.

A hundred warships had been dispatched, nearly the entire naval force of Lys. He dared not deploy Morghul, fearing it would be overwhelmed by the Targaryen dragons in a sea battle.

He believed that the sheer number of ships would at least wear down the Iron Throne fleet, perhaps even bring down a dragon. As the enemy approached the harbor, thousands of well-defended garrison troops and city-state scorpion crossbows would keep the dragons in check.

With Morghul, their ultimate weapon, victory seemed assured.

Bang...

The door burst open, and several elaborately dressed officials rushed in, panic on their faces.

"How is the battle going?" Bambaro's eyes flashed with urgency.

"My lord, the Targaryen dragons have destroyed the fleet and are advancing on the city-state," an official reported, his voice shaking.

Bambaro's heart pounded as he asked, "What are the Iron Throne's losses?"

As long as the enemy had suffered significant losses, there might still be hope.

"No losses," the official replied, his fear evident. "They still have five dragons, and our fleet was helpless."

Bambaro stared in disbelief. During the Conqueror's time, three dragons had subdued the seven kingdoms of Westeros. Now, five Targaryen dragons seemed like divine retribution.

A young official, trembling, suggested, "My lord, war will only bring innocent casualties. Why not consider peace?"

Lys was not just the Magister's domain; it belonged to all the powerful and wealthy. The city had already endured the devastation of dragonfire once, and no one wished to relive that nightmare.

Anger erupted in Bambaro. "Get out! Inform the garrison to fight to the death!" he roared.

Negotiate peace? Never! The Triarchy and the Iron Throne were mortal enemies. With Morghul, they had a wild dragon on their side. Surrender or peace talks would only ensure his own death.

...

"Roar--"

Cannibal soared above Lys, churning the clouds and letting out a terrifying roar.

The sound of the dragon roar and his pitch-black wings, was too familiar to the terror to the Free City of Lys.

Civilians and slaves hiding in their homes looked up and recognized the pitch-black dragon in the sky.

One thought rose unanimously.

"The black dragon! It's descending on Lys again!"

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Suddenly, the strange sounds of scorpion crossbows echoed from the hundreds of towers in the city, launching steel spears skyward.

Rhaegar observed the scene and commanded calmly, "Dracarys!"

"Roar..."

The Cannibal's green eyes flashed with disdain, and it unleashed a torrent of Dragonfire.

In an instant, hundreds of steel spears melted into molten iron, raining down on the city.

Man and dragon moved as one.

Rhaegar leaned forward, and Cannibal lifted its wings and swooped down, its massive body casting a shadow over the free city as Dragonfire rained on the guard towers.

Boom! Boom!

The dragon only left destruction in its wake, toppling towers and sending boulders crashing down, spreading chaos throughout the city.

Woo~

Solemn horns sounded from the harbor as the Iron Throne's fleet attacked.

Meleys and Grey Ghost circled above, coordinating with the fleet to capture the heavily fortified harbor.

The Targaryen assault was unstoppable.

"Roar..."

Suddenly, a maniacal dragon roar pierced the air.

Rhaegar turned to the sound and saw a massive silver and black dragon emerge from a domed building.

"Morghul!"

Rhaegar muttered as he sized up the giant dragon.

Their first encounter had been in the dangerous Smoking Sea.

Morghul, perhaps curious or lonely, had followed the Cannibal's scent to Dragonstone Island, harassing the other dragons nesting in the Dragonmont.

With determination in his eyes, Rhaegar shouted, "Kill!"

The Cannibal's green eyes gleamed with fierce intent, saliva dripping from its jaws as it dove with lightning speed.

One thought dominated its mind.

Prey!

"Roar..."

Morghul's vertical pupils glowed with madness as he charged forward.

On the dragon's back, the red priest Belle screamed frantically, "Morghul, stop!"

The dragon was out of control!

Instead of targeting the golden dragon or the light silver dragon from the intelligence, Morghul chose to confront the Cannibal, a dragon more than half its size.

Just like during yesterday's mission against the airborne fleet, this dragon attacked with reckless abandon.

Boom!

Green and gray Dragonfire clashed, mixing into a hellish mist that filled the sky with brilliant colors.

Cannibal crashed through the Dragonfire, its maw wide open with impatience.

Morghul, unafraid, charged directly into the Cannibal.

Pfft...

With a sickening sound, the Cannibal knocked Morghul backward, sinking its bloody jaws into the neck, hot dragon blood spurting out.

"Roar..."

Morghul howled in agony, unable to bite back as its claws struggled to tear at the Cannibal's chest.

Prick!

Gray claws scraped against black scales, sending sparks flying. The sharp claws managed to penetrate the scales but couldn't tear away much flesh.

Pfft...

Cannibal, driven by the scent of blood, ripped out large chunks of flesh, tilting its head back to swallow them whole.

Taking advantage of Morghul's screams, Cannibal locked its jaws onto one of Morghul's wings.

Click...

Fangs pierced the wing membrane, snapping the slender wing bone.

With a violent shake of its head, Cannibal shredded the wing membrane to pieces.

Bits of flesh and blood fell into its maw as Morghul's wings twisted and tore apart.

"Roar!"

Morghul wailed in pain but continued to attack fearlessly, twisting its body to bite into Cannibal's shoulder and neck.

Thick fangs broke through the scales, closing deeply around the flesh.

Hot dragon blood sprayed over both dragons.

"Roar..."

Cannibal, oblivious to pain, fell into a frenzied hunger, both rational and insane.

Morghul bit and tore relentlessly, but Cannibal flapped its wings to pull away, stomping hard on Morghul's body.

With a sickening crunch, scales broke, mixed with dragon blood.

Morghul grunted but did not release its grip.

Cannibal, growing more exuberant, bit down on Morghul's other wing.

Crack-

The bones were shattered at the roots, and the entire wing was torn in half.

Chapter 378: Bloodline – Dragonborn

"Roar..."

With both wings shattered, Morghul couldn't contain its agony, roaring as it lost its ability to fly.

The heavy body fell, its massive jaws still locked on the Cannibal.

The two dragons, tangled in the air, descended rapidly, their struggle taking them lower and lower.

"Roar..."

As they fell, Cannibal flapped its wings to slow their descent, its green eyes flashing with cruelty.

Thick claws reached forward, gripping Morghul's chest, breaking through the scales and piercing the flesh.

In an instant, the chest tore open, and bright red dragon blood gushed out.

"No! Morghul, run away!" Red priest Belle cried out in grief, hanging in mid-air.

Though Morghul had been tamed through despicable means, the dragon had given him a chance to change his fate. With Morghul alive, Belle had value.

"Roar..."

Morghul ignored his rider's pleas, focused solely on the battle.

The pitch-black and silver-black dragons fell together, locked in a deadly embrace, tumbling like two tightly bound shadows.

They plummeted from hundreds of meters high, the wind howling around them.

Rhaegar clung to the Cannibal's back, gasping, his skin crimson like blood. His black robe had been burned away, leaving him nearly naked.

His exposed skin dripped with hot dragon blood, steaming as it flowed.

"Hoo... Hoo..."

Rhaegar's eyes glazed over, his chest heaving. The blood from both dragons seeped into his pores, pouring from the Cannibal's shoulders and Morghul's heart.

"So hot, my blood is burning," Rhaegar thought, his mind blank as if he were about to combust in the dragon blood.

"Roar..."

Morghul cried out in misery, dragon blood spurting from his chest, splashing onto Rhaegar.

The Cannibal's claws had hollowed out Morghul's chest cavity, bursting his massive dragon heart.

With his strength rapidly fading and life force draining away, Morghul ceased all struggle and resistance.

Only one thing remained.

Its massive jaws stayed locked onto the Cannibal's shoulder and neck, an unyielding grip born of obsession.

Dragon blood poured into Rhaegar's ears, nose, eyes, and mouth, leaving him drenched as if he had been fished out of a pool of blood.

"Morghul..."

Rhaegar, slightly disoriented, stood up from the slippery saddle.

The two dragons fell, one atop the other, with Morghul on his back, his dragon head right in front of Rhaegar. The hideous maw had bitten off a chunk of Cannibal's pitch-black flesh, its dark vertical pupils filled with inexplicable emotion—resolute, with a death wish.

Rhaegar's spirit lifted, and he stared straight into Morghul's eyes.

As Morghul's life faded, his giant mouth loosened its grip on the flesh, and his body fell like a reed in the wind.

Rhaegar's eyes widened as a wisp of black fire leaked from the corners of his eyes, flickering like fireflies.

Bang! Bang!

The dragon blood on his body seeped into his pores, his heart pounding like a drum.

Rhaegar's silver hair fluttered, his violet eyes took on green dragon streaks, and a surge of magic power erupted from deep within his bones and blood.

In the next instant, his entire body ignited in black fire, enveloping him.

Within the black fire, Rhaegar appeared god-like, a pitch-black dragon scale growing on his forehead.

"Roar—"

Cannibal sensed something, abandoned Morghul's body, and roared, its green eyes reflecting Rhaegar.

"No! No!"

Morghul continued to fall, and Red Priest Belle on his back shrieked in despair.

Rhaegar scowled at the sound, frost forming in his eyes.

He raised his right hand and the Lance of Dawn appeared.

He understood Morghery's feelings.

The dragon yearned for freedom and longed to return to the Smoking Sea rather than be tamed by humans through despicable means.

Morghul's attack on Cannibal was both an act of revenge and a desire for death.

Rhaegar sighed softly and whispered, "I'll help you be free."

With a sharp pull, Dawn was raised high, its tip aimed at the red figure on Morghul's back.

Lightning crackled, and the Valyrian steel tip gleamed coldly.

"Morghul, don't die!"

Red Priest Belle, with tears streaming down his face, clung to the silver and black back scales.

Pfft...

The lance shot forward, piercing Belle's face and shattering the back of his skull.

His body stiffened, his hands loosened, and he fell from Morghul's back.

Everything happened in an instant, a flash of light.

Boom—

Morghul's body crashed heavily, first into a high tower, then landing in a crumpled heap.



His tattered wings drooped, his dragon head fell to the ground, and blood and flesh spilled from his mangled torso.

Clattering...

The tower crumbled, burying the remnants of Morghul's body under stones, leaving only his massive dragon head exposed, mouth full of blood, and dark eyes growing dull.

"Roar..."

Morghul's gaze fixed in one direction, his throat emitted a final wail.

It seemed to reach out towards a domed dragon cave, or perhaps the distant Smoking Sea.

...

"Roar--"

Cannibal roared, its black wings spreading wide as it circled above Lys.

Rhaegar's face remained calm as the black fire around him faded, revealing his white porcelain skin.

He raised his hand and touched his left forehead, where a piece of black scale the size of a baby's finger had formed.

[Rhaegar Targaryen]

Talent: Dreamer (Gold)

Bloodline: Dragonborn (+53%)

Rune: Serpent (Blue), Bronze (Green)

Blood Sorcery: Enchantment Spell (Blue), Binding Spell (Green)...

Relic: Blood and Fire (Fire Resistance: 100%), True Dragon Blood (Fire Element Affinity: 100%)...

Evaluation: "Ancient bloodline reappears in the world, the original Dragonborns."

Rhaegar's eyes were clear as he murmured, "The bloodline has changed."

The Ancient Valyrian Dragonlord's bloodline had transformed into "Dragonborn," and the concentration had increased from (+49%) to (+53%).

Rhaegar speculated silently, "When the bloodline concentration exceeds half, the name changes as well?"

He noticed that "Pyromancer" and "Longevity" in the Talents column had disappeared, and the relics "Blood and Fire" and "True Dragon's Blood" had increased from (50%) to (100%).

"It seems like it's a complete metamorphosis."

Rhaegar felt a mix of emotions and some confusion about the changes to his body. There were no records of "Dragonborn" in Targaryen history, though ancient texts had mentioned it metaphorically.

The metamorphosis was most likely due to Morghul's lifeblood.

A sea breeze blew by, and Rhaegar felt the difference in temperature on his hot body. He looked down at his clean, white skin.

"Ahem..."

Coughing lightly in embarrassment, he took out a black robe from his space bracelet and covered himself.

Sensing a difference in his forehead, Rhaegar took out a mirror. A diamond-shaped pitch-black dragon scale had formed. With a thought, the dragon scale receded, blending seamlessly into his skin.

"Fortunately, no need to worry about exposure."

Rhaegar smiled, removing the blood-stained felt from the saddle and remounting the dragon.

"Roar..."

Cannibal glanced back at Rhaegar, its hunger abated, green vertical pupils deep as the abyss. The rider's transformation had brought about changes in the dragon as well.

"Dracarys!"

Rhaegar's voice was cold as he looked down at the tower still firing scorpion crossbows.

"Roar-"

Cannibal roared, its pitch-black body swooping down as Dragonfire blasted the ill-fated tower.

One man and one dragon seemed to have forgotten about the fallen Morghul.

...

Lys, Magister's Mansion.

Bambaro stood frozen in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, his shocked expression almost making him look foolish.

Witnessing Morghul's demise with his own eyes, he felt utterly defeated.

After a long moment, Bambaro collected himself and muttered, "We must go. That Targaryen madman... it will be too late if we don't go now."

If a dragon could be killed so easily, what hope did they have?

"Where are you going, my lord?"

A slightly amused, magnetic voice came from behind.

Bambaro's nerves tightened as he turned warily.

A man in black robes, with brown hair and skin, and a short sword slung across his body stood before him.

"Who sent you?" Bambaro demanded, his eyes wide with disbelief. He couldn't fathom where the mercenaries guarding the mansion had gone.

"You don't need to know that much."

As the words fell, a dagger appeared in his hand and quickly sliced Bambaro's throat.

"Hoo~"

Bambaro's eyes widened as he clutched his spraying throat, collapsing helplessly to the floor.

...

The same grim scene repeated itself across various parts of Lys.

The brunt of the chaos centered around the high towers of the garrison.

As crossbowmen concentrated on maneuvering their scorpion crossbows, their companions behind them suddenly raised swords, slashing their throats.

Within minutes, a third of Lys' high towers were engulfed in infighting.

The mutinous mercenaries were all marked by a strip of cloth intertwined with black and white roses on their collars.

...

Dome Dragonpit

"Run, the Dragonkeepers will catch up any moment!"

In the charred open area, two silver-haired figures sprinted, pushing and shoving their way into a narrow alley.

"Roar--"

Above the city-state, the black-as-charcoal dragon spewed Dragonfire, incinerating large swathes of the city center.

Denys bounced around, panting heavily as he carried a bag full of gold coins. "What are you hiding in your arms?" he asked breathlessly.

Hugh looked tense, his rough robe wrapped tightly around him, concealing a bulging stomach. At first glance, he resembled a tall, pregnant woman.

When Hugh ignored him, Denys rolled his eyes and provoked him, "Did you steal dragon dung from the Dragonpit?"

"Bullshit! I haven't even asked you what you're hiding in your bag!" Hugh snapped, glaring angrily like a dog whose tail had been stepped on.

Denys sneered, looked Hugh up and down, and then kept running.

The two fled through less crowded streets and alleys, heading towards the West City. The west side had just been scorched by the black dragon, leaving the guard force decimated and unlikely to face another attack soon. It was safer for the two fugitives.

Rumble...

As they ran, a crumbling tower overhead dropped stones, crashing down in front of them with a loud bang.

Denys was blown off his feet by the gust, rolling and crawling a long distance.

When he looked up again, his eyes widened in confusion.

A two-story-tall, immense, hideous dragon head came into view.

"Ah!..."

Denys, startled, scrambled backward in a frantic stomp.

Regaining his senses, he carefully observed.

The dragon's head drooped helplessly, its vertical pupils closed tightly, long devoid of breath.

Denys's heart pounded in his chest, nearly leaping into his throat.

Silver-black scales, exposed thick fangs, and a large puddle of dragon blood flowed from its jaw.

"Dead... dead..."

Denys swallowed hard and shakily rose to his feet.

Hugh crawled out of the rubble, his linen robe torn, revealing a familiar silver-black hue.

"Can you still run?" Hugh asked, wrapping his arms tightly around his bundle and glancing at Denys.

Denys's eyes widened in realization. "You stole a dragon egg?"

No wonder Hugh had risked his life to rush into the Dragonpit.

With his secret out, Hugh grinned. "This is the treasure Belle hid in the dragon's droppings, something I overheard."

Hugh slapped his chest proudly. "When the dragon egg hatches, we'll be rich."

Denys was skeptical. "You think the egg will hatch just like that? Besides, where are we going to run with it?"

Hugh grunted, "You have money, don't you? Let's hide in a small place in Essos. The dragon egg will hatch sooner or later."

Denys was speechless.

No wonder Hugh insisted on dragging him along. He wanted his money.

Hugh, feeling smug, scanned the black dragon hovering in the sky. "Don't dawdle. Are you coming with me or not?"

Denys hesitated but then clenched his teeth. "Let's go!"

"Then hurry up, there aren't any fishing boats left in the harbor."

Hugh chided, twisting his head and heading towards another alley.

Denys struggled to move his feet, glancing at the pitch-black dragon in the sky, his mind racing.

Should he go with Hugh or...

Making up his mind, Denys quickly followed Hugh. "Brother, I'll hold the money and see how long I can last," he whispered.

He pulled out the foot-long money bag, its bottom bulging with gold coins.

Hugh, not looking back, sneered. "What's the hurry? Wait until we're out of Lys."

"No hurry," Denys replied, his tone shifting. "You want money? I'll give it to you."

He swung the money bag, aiming the bottom filled with gold at the back of Hugh's head, and struck down violently.

Bang...

Blood splattered, and gold coins scattered to the ground.

Hugh's eyes rolled back, and he fell straight to the ground, his limbs spasming occasionally.

Cold sweat broke out on Denys as he picked up a rock and smashed Hugh's head, then pulled out the dragon egg from his robe.

The silver-black scaled shell, glowing ebony in the sunlight, matched Morghul's scales.

Ignoring the gold coins on the ground, Denys hugged the dragon egg tightly. Looking up at the pitch-black dragon in the sky, he muttered, "With this, I'll surely be able to earn a title."

#### Chapter 379: Black Swan, Dragon Egg Hatching

The setting sun at dusk.

A light silver and a light gray dragon hovered over Lys, playfully weaving through the red, fiery clouds.

The majestic city-state lay in ruins, black smoke billowing from the debris.

The harbor had broken down, and armies flying the banners of the three-headed red dragon, the seahorse, and the fierce tiger disembarked, pouring into every corner of the city.

"Roar..."

Cannibal's dragon head leaned forward, wings braced against the towering buildings, hind feet plowing through mounds of rubble.

Buried in the near-ruined debris were the remains of Morghul.

Cannibal had only ever eaten young dragons and eggs, occasionally scavenging the remains of adult dragons. This was the first time it had hunted an adult dragon alone.

A long-lost and cherished bloody meal.

The street was reduced to ruins, scorched black traces marking the devastation.

Rhaegar stood amidst the destruction, placing a dragon's head with closed eyes, behind him.

"Prince, have mercy!"

"We are innocent..."

The elite of the Second Sons Regiment surrounded the street, and dozens of lavishly dressed dignitaries knelt, snotting and crying.

Rhaegar ignored them, weighing a fresh dragon egg in his hand.

The egg was covered with diamond-shaped scales, pitch black with a hint of silver luster emerging as it moved.

Two elite members of the Second Sons stood by, detaining a bearded, silver-haired middle-aged man.

"Balerion blessed us, allowing Morghul to leave behind a dragon egg," Rhaegar said, his eyes softening, a smile curling his lips.

Morghul had come from the Smoking Sea, his bloodline distinct from the dragons of House Targaryen.

In the heat of the dragon fight, Morghul could not be saved. But he had laid a dragon egg, and when it hatched, it would be a young dragon of rare bloodline.

A young knight of the Second Sons reported, "Prince, this man was captured near a building carrying a dragon egg."

Rhaegar turned, his clear eyes glancing over.

"Prince, I was protecting the dragon eggs, not stealing them to escape," Silver Denys pleaded, his haggard, handsome face full of desperation.

He had not expected to be caught hiding in a building for shelter.

The Iron Throne's army had an uncanny ability to find him, leading to his capture and the seizure of the dragon egg he had risked his life to obtain.

Hearing his cries and pleas, Rhaegar seemed to ponder for a moment before laughing softly. "I remember you, Denys Waters, the supposed descendant from a bastard of Maegor I, with an eight-year-old daughter."

Morghul laying a dragon's egg was unexpected yet fitting.

On the eve of the attack on Lys, scouts had blocked all harbors, monitoring every move of the domed dragon's lair.

Even if Silver Denys had second thoughts, he wouldn't have escaped from Lys.

Rhaegar's words were a lifesaver to him.

Denys, anxious, nodded vigorously. "Yes, it's me. The dragon egg was hidden by Belle for his selfish reasons. I recaptured it from Hugh and wanted to offer it to you, Prince."

As a Dragonseed, Denys' original role was to tame dragons. Although he had never touched a dragon, he knew that a dragon egg was valuable enough to ensure a lifetime of wealth.

Rhaegar remained noncommittal and waved his hand. "Take him away, but don't treat him harshly."

The dragon egg was an unexpected prize, but Rhaegar didn't have time to interrogate a bastard at the moment.

Upon hearing this, the young knights of the Second Sons led Denys away.

Holding the dragon egg, Rhaegar walked towards the group of kneeling dignitaries, he looked around at the crying, begging men. None had the courage to stand firm.

"These people, they all supported Bambaro?" Rhaegar asked curiously.

"Yes, Prince," Syrio replied, standing in front of the group with a smile spreading across his face.

Rhaegar nodded, pondering their fate.

Syrio didn't remain idle. He called for the body of an old man to be dragged in and handed Rhaegar a parchment book.

The corpse was in a miserable state, having been stabbed a dozen times.

Syrio raised an eyebrow and said, "The Bloodmage that Magister Lys enshrined carried this ghostly book."

The old man had tried to flee and was hacked to death by soldiers.

Rhaegar gave a curious "Oh" and received the parchment book with interest.

His bloodline had changed, and he needed all the knowledge he could get, before he could look through it, two blood-soaked armies arrived.

"Prince, the harbor is completely captured," Sea Snake announced, his voice deep and full of vigor.

The other group was a team of soldiers with fierce tiger tattoos on their faces, led by "Tessrio", the Tiger Archon of Volantis.

Tessario's face was tough as he lowered his stance and saluted. "Prince Rhaegar Targaryen, it's been a long time."

Rhaegar exchanged brief pleasantries and instructed the two leaders to clear the streets and maintain order in the city-state.

The elite of the Second Sons then led the dozens of powerful dignitaries towards the Magister's Palace.

Another person was waiting for Rhaegar there.

...

As the sun set, the temperature plummeted.

Rhaegar was led by two sultry women to an elegant attic facing the setting sun in the Magister's Palace.

Creak—

Pushing open the door, he saw a silhouette in a white gauze skirt standing by the floor-to-ceiling window, gazing out at the sunset.

Rhaegar remained calm and silent, waiting. It was this person who had tipped him off, facilitating the inside-and-out attack on Lys. According to Syrio, this person wanted to meet him, claiming to offer solutions.

The silhouette slowly turned, revealing a beautiful face, and greeted him with a sweet smile. "Johanna of House Swann, sincere greetings to the prince."

Rhaegar frowned slightly, scrutinizing the woman before him. Her voice and appearance were vaguely familiar, but he couldn't remember her.

Johanna's eyes sparkled with charm. Her black curly hair cascaded down her chest, and she swayed her hips as she approached, exuding ample feminine allure. Knowledgeable and charming, she embodied the essence of a mature woman.

Rhaegar suddenly remembered a fragment of the past. His eyebrows knitted together, and he bluntly asked, "Are you the prostitute from three years ago?"

During the first Battle of the Stepstones, he had led the army to sack Lys. While searching for the Bank of Rogare, a pleasure house prostitute had dared to give him directions.

Johanna's beautiful eyes flashed with recognition, and she didn't deny it. "Including this time, I've helped you twice."

She closed the distance between them, stopping less than two meters away, her long white legs almost touching him.

Rhaegar's expression relaxed as he moved towards the floor-to-ceiling window. "Besides my people, whatever you want, just ask."

He had heard of Johanna's name—the plundered daughter of House Swann, forced into prostitution when her uncle wouldn't pay her ransom. A whore who had risen to meddle in Lys's politics was undoubtedly remarkable. But she couldn't have his body.

Slightly taken aback by the dry rejection, Johanna realized she had miscalculated. She thought the Targaryen heir prince, known to prefer mature women, would be attracted to her.

"Uh-huh," Johanna smiled warmly. "Prince, you will be Lys's master, and I can be a profitable housekeeper."

"Don't want to go back to Westeros?" Rhaegar asked, seemingly in jest. "I can help you get rid of Lord Swann, so you can be a Lady."

Johanna shook her head gently. "I'm a black swan; I don't attract sympathy."

Rhaegar smiled, saying nothing.

Johanna stroked her hair, her fingertips brushing over the white grease on her chest. "Leave me behind. I can help you manage Lys and make those powerful people truly loyal to you."

"Deal."

Rhaegar nodded. "First, get rid of those disobedient ones, then negotiate with Volantis and House Velaryon for me."

With Lys captured, the Triarchy was left with only one backstabbing Tyrosh. The three city-states would be divided—one under the crown's direct jurisdiction, one for Daemon, and the remaining one split between the crown and its allies. This preliminary strategy would need further discussion in King's Landing.

The Black Swan was clever; her help in controlling Lys would give Rhaegar an edge in negotiations.

"No problem," Johanna agreed readily, leaning against the doorframe. "Shall I call a few beauties for you?"

Rhaegar didn't bother to look at her. "Get out and do your job," he said with great disgust.



Unfazed, Johanna smiled, bowed, and retreated.

Communicating with smart people was simple and convenient.

Bang...

The door to the room closed, and the sky grew darker.

Rhaegar stretched and looked towards the pitch-black dragon sprawled in the ruins.

The voracious Cannibal had satisfied its hunger, methodically chewing and swallowing Morghul's remains.

A short time later, only a broken skeleton remained in the ruins.

Finally satiated, the Cannibal lay down and fell into a shallow slumber.

Rhaegar thought darkly, "He's digesting it."

Since his transformation into a Dragonborn, the bond between him and Cannibal had grown even stronger. Cannibal transmitted feelings of fullness and energy transformation through sleep.

Rhaegar cupped his chin with one hand and mused, "After ten years, Cannibal has finally had a full meal."

But the price of such a meal was high.

Swish swish...

Rhaegar placed the dragon egg on his lap and pulled out the Bloodmage's parchment book, flipping through it with one hand.

An old Bloodmage's book could contain a wealth of knowledge.

The sun set completely and darkness enveloped the sky.

Rhaegar's violet eyes glowed as he read the book in the dim light.

The pages contained information on medicinal herbs, medical experience, and geographical details of Essos, interspersed with special symbols and patterns that described unknown concepts of blood sorcery.

Halfway through, the content changed.

In Valyrian script, several paragraphs were clearly recorded: "Quiet," "Stop," "Loyalty"...

Rhaegar's eyes lit up with excitement. "Dragon Taming Spells?"

However, the spell was incomplete, missing the key word "Flying."

Rhaegar's excitement faded. Without the key word, the spell couldn't be performed, and only limited dragon taming techniques could be used.

No wonder Morghul was tamed; it likely involved the this spell.

Rhaegar licked his lips and continued reading.

The book contained speculations about dragons, knowledge of dragon breeding from a Dragonlord family, and the preparation and process of dragon taming...

He flipped through the pages faster, reaching the last page.

"Whew~, this unknown Dragonlord family had some useful knowledge about breeding dragons," Rhaegar said, satisfied.

The book detailed dragon habits, volcanic landscapes, and dragon egg preservation.

Targaryen had some of this knowledge, but not as detailed as the book's records.

"Dragon egg hatching..."

Rhaegar set the parchment aside and thoughtfully picked up the silver and black dragon egg by his leg.

Raising it above his head, he examined it closely in the hazy moonlight.

An idea flashed in Rhaegar's mind. He mobilized the fire magic power in his blood to gently nourish the dragon egg.

The book mentioned that dragon eggs were best kept in volcanic landscapes, like the dragon nests of the Fourteen Flames.

Such conditions increased the hatching rate and accelerated the growth of young dragons.

Rhaegar smiled and chanted, "Dragon egg, please hatch quickly."

He suddenly recalled his childhood.

Rhaenyra had placed a black dragon egg from Dreamfyre in his cradle.

After all these years, that dragon egg still lay unhatched in the Dragonpit.

Watching his nieces Baela and Rhaena successfully hatch their dragon eggs had always made him a bit envious.

Ka-ching...

Suddenly, the dragon egg made a crunching sound and a piece of silver and black scale fell away.

"Eh?" Rhaegar's eyes widened, and he instantly sat up straight.

The sea breeze blew away the dark clouds, revealing a bright moon that cast its light through the wide floor-to-ceiling windows, illuminating both the dragon egg and Rhaegar's face.

Click click click...

The dragon egg gently shook, and the cracks spread wider and wider.

Pfft...

With a final push, a small dragon head poked out of the eggshell, reflecting a silver-black luster under the moonlight.

Rhaegar's breath caught, and he held his hand up, not daring to move.

Incredibly, he had personally hatched a young dragon.

"Roar..."

The young dragon's black vertical pupils glanced around as it slowly crawled out of the eggshell, stretching its body like a small black cat.

In appearance, the young dragon was almost a replica of Morghul. Its slender silver-black body wasn't large, but its head was as big as a goose egg, with a head-to-body ratio of a staggering one to three.

The young dragon's tiny neck struggled to support its head, and it moved its body laboriously, its bushy gray wings wrapping around Rhaegar's arm.

Plop...

Unbalanced by its oversized head, the young dragon toppled over.

Rhaegar quickly caught it, preventing a tragic fall just after hatching.

"Roar..."

The young dragon roared weakly, bracing its wings against Rhaegar's arm as it stood up, looking at him with curious eyes.

"Sip sip sip! ~"

Rhaegar's eyes sparkled with joy as he smiled. "Little one, are you alright?"

Chapter 380: Young Dragon, Tyraxes

Two Days Later

The fishy, salty sea breeze blew as the smoke over Lys gradually dissipated.

In the eastern part of the city, near the harbor, countless slaves swarmed the streets. They wore tattered clothes and knelt on both sides of the road.

Among the throngs of people were men, old people, and women, all with miserable faces, huddled together in desperation.

As far as the eye could see, it seemed as if every slave in the city had gathered.

The stench of sweat mixed with the strong smell of perfume and smoke from the burning city-state turned the harbor into a sprawling slum.

Living in squalor was the main theme of their lives.

But today, something was different.

A crowd of male slaves huddled in front, their necks bearing bruises from shackles, their feet freed from heavy fetters. Female slaves, cowering in the back, huddled together for warmth, their formerly exposed skin now covered with an extra layer of linen to block the men's gaze. Elderly men prayed silently, while children watched timidly.

Tens of thousands of lower class slaves waited for a person or a signal.

Puh-ohh~

An elephant's roar suddenly rang out, followed by an elite army of a hundred armored men clearing the way.

The slaves looked up, clasping their hands in prayer.

At the end of the harbor, a gray and white war elephant, several meters tall, walked gracefully, its trunk spewing mist.

With all eyes upon him, Rhaegar rode the war elephant, his young and handsome face calm and serene.

He had shed his black war coat and wore a casual white shirt with a black skirt embroidered with three red dragons.

There was no deep meaning to it; he was simply expressing an attitude.

The war in Lys was over, and the reign of the Targaryens was about to begin.

"Roar..."

A shrill roar reached his ears, and a cool breeze whistled over his shoulder.

A young silver and black dragon the size of a house cat stood proudly on his right shoulder, its mist-colored wings outstretched in demonstration.

Rhaegar glanced sideways and smiled. "Tyraxes, be quiet."

Silver hair, purple eyes, and fluent High Valyrian. A lively young dragon on his shoulder.

A pure Targaryen roaming the streets of Lys.

"Roar..."

The young dragon raised its head, revealing a mouthful of fangs despite its youth, and stumbled into a crouch. Its oversized head made it difficult to adjust to the newborn period.

Rhaegar stroked the top of its head, which was sprouting horns, then turned his attention away from the little creature.

He had named the dragon "Tyraxes", after an ancient Valyrian deity symbolizing exuberance, vitality, and the ability to receive the dead. It came from the same faith as Morghul and was one of the minor deities.

Rhaegar had hatched the dragon, chosen a name for it, and kept it with him for the time being. He considered that his own children or Daemon's children might not be able to hatch the eggs, so he planned to tame this "unique bloodline" young dragon.

The war elephant Rhaegar rode on walked slowly through the alleyway, escorted by the elite of the Second Sons. Slaves lined the streets, admiring the victor of the battle.

"Prince, please help us..."

"Dragonlord of Targaryen, do not let the slavers return to Lys..."

"Prince..."

As Rhaegar rode his war elephant through the crowd, the slaves cried out, kowtowing and pleading miserably with tears in their eyes.

Lys had been defeated. The powerful nobles and most of the slave owners had been captured, and all the slaves were liberated. Despite this, the slaves remained apprehensive.

They hoped that the owner of the dragon would stay behind to ensure that they would not be enslaved again. The streets and alleys were buzzing as the slaves' pent-up emotions were finally released.

Rhaegar looked around, understanding their concerns. He raised his arm and declared, "I, Rhaegar of Targaryen, will break your shackles! Dragons do not allow slavery and oppression!"

Ding! Ding!

At the back of the procession, several Lys officials struck gongs to attract everyone's attention. Another procession, composed entirely of slaves, followed behind, holding stakes with living people or corpses nailed to them.

These individuals, dressed in rich attire, were local powerful figures who had enslaved hundreds, forcing men to labor and selling women into brothels. Most importantly, they had resisted Targaryen's rule.

"Long live the Targaryens..."

"Long live the Dragonlord..."

Seeing their former oppressors brought low, the slaves cheered, some even considering defiling the fallen lords.

Rhaegar scanned the area and rode out of the alley on his war elephant. The truly powerful people of Lys had fled, leaving behind only those who had resisted.

Lys's political groups could be divided into the rich, the commoners, and the slaves. The rich had been dealt with, and the compliant ones pacified. The civilian population, mostly hostile to the Targaryens, required soldiers to patrol and maintain order.

The slaves, despite suffering thousands of casualties during the city's burning, welcomed the invaders as liberators, granting them freedom.

...

Noon, the Magister's Palace

By noon, the procession returned to the Magister's Palace.

The city had been briefly cleared, with bodies removed and rubble from collapsed buildings blocking some passageways.

As they moved through the charred streets, white stone skyscrapers came into view.

Johanna, clad in a simple dress, looked on in anticipation.

The Sea Snake led an army repairing the harbor in preparation for the capture of Tyrosh.

The Volantis forces stormed the perfumed gardens, looting and enjoying themselves with impunity.

When Rhaegar walked in, Johanna bowed and smiled, "Prince, are you satisfied with my work?"

As her delicate figure sidled past, a dozen or so Lys officials stood in a neat row, heads drooping.

These were the ones who had succumbed and were now tasked with restoring the livelihood and management of Lys.

Rhaegar dismounted from the war elephant, smiling. "Good job. Many people were willingly submit to the Iron Throne."

The parade and punishment of the powerful and noble had been Johanna's idea—simple, rough, but effective.

It had significantly won over the hearts of the people.

The two walked into the Magister's mansion, talking as they went.

Johanna pointed to a mural of a goddess of lust on the wall and suggested, "Prince, faith is the best means of ruling. Supporting a faith will win the conviction of the civilians."

Rhaegar raised an eyebrow and quickened his pace.

The beliefs in Lys were diverse. Besides the default goddess of lust, there was a mixture of other faiths.

The Faith of the Seven Gods was indigenous to Westeros and wasn't too popular here. Moreover, he didn't want the Seven's influence to cross the Narrow Sea and potentially restrict the Targaryens.

After thinking for a moment, he said, "Let's leave it for now and reconsider after we conquer Tyrosh."

Myr and Lys of the Triarchy had fallen, leaving Tyrosh as the last of the three Free Cities.

Tyrosh had been under siege for several days, and a decisive battle was imminent.

Rhaegar pursed his lips, pondering, "It's suspicious that Dorne and Braavos haven't sent out their troops yet."

Lost in thought, he walked back to the attic to dine.

Creak-

The guards pushed open the door to reveal a figure dressed in red waiting in the room.

Rhaegar glanced at the figure, secretly sizing him up.

A tall man with pale skin, blue pupils, and a shaved head stood before him. What drew Rhaegar's attention were the man's deep eyes, seemingly full of wisdom, able to see through one's heart.

His face was covered in various tattoos, the most prominent being a twisted black dragon on the left side.

"Who is he?" Rhaegar asked, clearly displeased.

He had a particular aversion to certain fanatics, especially those rumored to practice dark sorcery.

Johanna, standing respectfully behind, replied, "Varys, an outcast of the Temple of R'hllor and a true blood sorcerer."

Rhaegar stared at Varys, his tone nonchalant. "You come from Volantis?"

"I lived there for a while," Varys replied, forcing a smile. The tattoos on his face twisted as he continued, "I was born in Braavos, found my way to the Temple of R'hllor in Lys, and am currently cast out once again."

Lys had a mixed faith, and though it had a temple of R'hllor, it was not as grand as the one in Volantis.

Rhaegar stepped towards the table, his tone indifferent. "What do you want, and what can you do for me?"

His attitude was cold, bordering on dismissive.

Varys remained unfazed, his voice smooth. "I heard that your sister is pregnant. I know some Bloodmage and Pyromancer abilities and would like to serve as a teacher for your heir."

Rhaegar's gaze sharpened with suspicion. "You think I would let a stranger near my child?"

"Prince, many of the Dragonlords of ancient Valyria were Blood Sorcerers and Pyromancers," Varys said, turning to face him. Feigning pity, he added, "I don't hold pure faith in the Lord of Light or any other deity. I swear on my full knowledge that my intentions are not malicious."

"I can't believe you," Rhaegar responded, unmoved. He turned his head to Johanna, who stood by the doorway.

Johanna smiled apologetically and stepped forward, maintaining her respectful demeanor.

Rhaegar's eyes narrowed slightly as he calculated his next move. Johanna, known as the "Black Swan," was skilled in manipulating politics and controlling people. She had managed Lys's affairs for him and now introduced Varys, a man with questionable faith.

"She's desperate for power," Rhaegar thought, seeing through her intentions.

"Roar..."

Tyraxes roared, flapping his wings as he leaped onto the table, nibbling on a piece of roasted meat.

Varys unabashedly scowled and introduced himself, "Prince, you can foresee the future through fire. The tide of magic is surging, and you need someone who understands magic by your side."

It was clear he was interested in the young dragon.

Rhaegar stroked Tyraxes's skull and murmured, "Prove your ability to me, and I will consider your proposal."

One statement from Varys had struck him: the magic tide was key.

Previously, he hadn't felt much, only a slight increase in the magic in the air. However, after his bloodline morphed into that of a Dragonborn, he became more sensitive to magic. The magical energy felt like waves converging, each surge higher than the last, churning powerfully.

Coupled with the conquest of the Triarchy and the dragon's footprints once again on the continent of Essos, Rhaegar thought it was time for his family to embrace the concept of magic to better protect their legacy.

"Prince, most of my skills have never been utilized, so I hope you will not be disappointed," Varys said.

He removed his hands from his sleeves, revealing fingers tattooed with strange symbols. He clasped his hands together, and wisps of flame emerged.

Narrowing his eyes, Varys picked up the half-chewed and discarded meat from Tyraxes, smearing the saliva onto a porcelain plate. With one large hand, he crushed the plate, cupping the crumbs in his palm and rubbing them together.

After a few seconds, Varys opened his hands, revealing a stone sculpture of a young dragon, solidified in black dragonite, in his palm.

Rhaegar's eyes flashed with recognition. "You really are a Bloodmage."

"Excuse me. I stole this blood sorcery from the Temple of R'hllor in Braavos, and I remembered it only after hearing about the Twin Castles," Varys explained.

He pushed the dragonite sculpture towards the jittery Tyraxes and said sincerely, "Prince, if you are willing to hire me, I can help you build a Topless Tower like those where the ancient Valyrian Dragonlords lived."