

## GAME OF THRONES: I AM THE HEIR FOR A DAY

### *Chapter 4: Request for Aid from the Stepstones Islands*

The next day dawned with the first rays of sunlight on the Red Keep, signaling the start of another busy day for the servants.

After their customary breakfast of milk and bread, Rhaegar and Rhaenyra made their way directly to the council chamber.

The servants and knights along the way dared not impede them, allowing them to pass unhindered.

Upon entering the great council hall, they were greeted by a lively scene.

King Viserys, in his thirties, wore a broad smile as he chatted amiably with several ministers.

Known for his tolerance and mercy, Viserys greeted everyone with a smile.

"Rhaenyra, we were just discussing the Kingswood hunt. You're just in time," Viserys remarked as Rhaenyra entered the hall, immediately catching his attention and inviting her to join the discussion.

"Father, do you remember me?" Rhaegar interjected, holding his sister's hand and looking at his father with melancholy eyes.

"Oh, Rhaegar, why is your sister dragging you around?" Viserys exclaimed, his eyes widening as he saw the thin figure at the door. He immediately rose from his seat.

"Your Grace."

The king left his seat, prompting the other ministers to rise and greet Rhaegar. After all, he was the king's eldest son, born into the privilege of being respected. Had the frail prince not lapsed into a coma at birth, Rhaenyra would not have been the heir.

Surveying the ministers, Rhaegar gestured for them to relax and offered a gentle smile.

The display momentarily distracted the ministers. Indeed, Prince Rhaegar seemed cast in the same mold as King Viserys, exuding calm and kindness.

As Rhaenyra and her brother made their way, she explained, "Yesterday was Rhaegar's birthday. Neither of us were there. He wanted to come and see father."

Moved by her words, Viserys hurried over and knelt before his children. "I'm sorry, son. As king, I always have a mountain of work. I hope you don't blame me," he said ruefully.

Rhaegar and Viserys met eye to eye, their smiles intact as they exchanged a look. Rhaegar, feigning annoyance, interjected quietly,

"It's all right. How could I blame my king? I just wanted to see my father as a son."

Since you use your royal status to evade responsibility, I'll do the same and appeal to your conscience.

As expected, Viserys' expression softened with a hint of guilt. He lowered his gaze and reached out to touch Rhaegar's pale face. "As you grow, you resemble your mother more and more," he remarked with a mix of emotions.

"Perhaps. I just hope my father doesn't forget me and leave me behind in my lifetime," Rhaegar added, continuing to pluck at Viserys' wounded heart.

No longer a three-year-old, he knew the power of his words and how to evoke emotion.

Viserys felt a slight trembling in his hands, noticing especially the frail appearance of his eldest son. It was as if his heart was being hammered.

Taking a deep breath, Viserys rose, lifted Rhaegar and settled back into his seat. He ruffled his son's silver hair and said, "You never took the initiative to see me. Can I make it up to you as a father?"

During the exchange, Viserys glanced discreetly at Rhaenyra, curious about their intentions.

Rhaegar shook his head gently and leaned into his father's embrace. "No."

The fewer words spoken, the fewer mistakes made. He who strikes first in the hunt becomes the prey.

Viserys smiled and turned his attention to Rhaenyra. "Why was I unaware of the strong bond between you two?" he asked.

"He's my brother, closer than Aegon," Rhaenyra replied curtly, her voice choked with emotion.

Viserys' smile faltered as he avoided further engagement with his thorny daughter. Instead, he turned to the ministers, displaying the magnanimity of a king. "Today Rhaegar is granted special permission to attend the political discussions. Where were we?"

"There are some minor matters. There's no harm in the prince listening in," Lyman Beesbury, Master of Coins and Treasurer, chimed in, agreeing.

Rhaegar watched him - an older man with black and white hair, his demeanor friendly and approachable. Rhaegar caught Lyman's nod of acknowledgment and returned the gesture with a smile.

The brief exchange between them passed quickly, and Lyonel Strong, Hand of the King, steered the discussion back on track. "Your Majesty, the Kingswood Hunt is scheduled for two days from now. Allow me to outline the itinerary and expenses..." freewebnovel.com

Though Lyonel's appearance seemed ordinary, his demeanor was serious as he presented his report. He meticulously detailed the requirements for the royal forest hunt.

After he finished, Viserys pondered for a moment before agreeing to the plan.

Since the resignation of the queen's father, former Hand of the King Otto Hightower, Lyonel had become King Viserys' most trusted advisor. He was diligent, disciplined in his work, and acted without personal bias, earning Viserys's respect.

Silently listening to their discussion, Rhaegar tugged at Viserys' sleeve and whispered, "The Kingswood Hunt sounds exciting. Can I join you?" freewebnovel.com

Having never ventured beyond the Red Keep, he longed to explore the world outside.

Viserys considered this, his expression troubled. The journey to Kingswood might prove too much for his frail son.

Glancing at Rhaenyra, he silently sought her support.

"I think Lord Lyonel's plan is excellent and I have no objections," Rhaenyra interjected, pretending not to notice her father's plea.

As heir to the Iron Throne, though she had no decision-making power, seconding and praising were essential formalities.

Unable to secure his daughter's help, Viserys felt somewhat embarrassed. "I had hoped to take you both hunting in the Kingswood, but..." he trailed off.

"Aegon's going, so why can't I?" Rhaegar feigned confusion.

"Because of your health. I don't want anything to happen to you," Viserys replied seriously.

"No, I want to go. My health is improving, and there will be no danger," Rhaegar assured confidently. "Even if there is danger, I want to see the world outside and not be confined like a caged bird."

Viserys looked grave, unwilling to give in.

At that moment, Rhaenyra interjected, "Our family will be hunting in the Kingswood. Rhaegar cannot be left alone in the Red Keep."

Viserys looked displeased at Rhaenyra's interference, but she met his disapproval head-on.

As father and daughter fought in silence, Rhaegar tugged at Viserys' sleeve and pleaded, "Please, Father, I really want to go."

"Gods, you always get me into trouble," Viserys muttered in exasperation, but finally gave in to his children's wishes.

"I can take you on the hunt, but you have to promise to behave yourself and not run off with Rhaenyra," he warned.

"No problem, I promise," Rhaegar agreed without hesitation.

Just then, a hurried figure burst into the hall with urgent news.

"Your Grace, there's a request for help from the Stepstone Islands. You may have to consider it!"

Viserys, always hesitant, greeted everyone with a smile despite the exhaustion that weighed heavily on him. He tried tirelessly to please everyone, but his efforts failed to quell their thirst for power.

Unable to please everyone.

As Daemon once remarked, his only real weakness was his indecision.