

## G.O Thrones 441

### Chapter 441: The Greenblood River Dyed Red

Half a month later.

The Prince's Pass, exit.

"Whoa~~"

Rhaegar rode a white-maned warhorse along the path. The red, open canyon, its corners blocking the view, resembled the mouth of a giant beast. The cliffs, hiding arrow towers, accentuated the beast's fanged mouth.

"It's a real pain being stuck here," Rhaegar mused, his deep eyes reflecting his flowing thoughts.

Half a month ago, the Prince's Pass was placed under full martial law. House Fowler, known as the "Warden of the Prince's Pass," had retreated to Skyreach, digging in to defend their territory.

Behind him, the sounds of hooves grew louder as several horses approached. Ormund, stretching his neck to look ahead, joked, "House Fowler is known as the eagle, and eagles like to hide in their nests when in danger."

"Watch your words, Lord Ormund," Donald warned with a cold stare. Lady Jeyne of the Vale had bravely participated in the war, and many of her knights had died. She should not be made fun of.

Donald then silently observed the prince's expression. Rhaegar remained unaffected by the joke, his expression unchanged.

Being able to hide is also a skill, just like House Hightower always ducking when disaster strikes, Rhaegar thought.

After a while, Rhaegar asked with a sideways glance, "Lord Mors, what do you think of a heavily fortified Skyreach?"

Mors, with his unruly black curls and thin frame, looked like a nondescript monkey on a white horse. His small frame was always accompanied by a shrewd gleam in his eyes. He had been doing well since Kingsgrave's surrender half a month ago.

When the heir prince asked, Mors hesitated a bit before telling the truth. "Skyreach is easy to defend, but difficult to attack. Ordinary soldiers cannot breach the city walls. With the help of the dragons firepower, the defenses will be exhausted and the city will fall after three to five months of siege."

His answer was correct but short.

Rhaegar nodded and then shook his head. "It takes too long. If it takes three months to take a city, Dorne is too far away to put down the rebellion."

Mors quickly added, "With two dragons attacking in turn and soldiers attacking day and night, the city can be taken in a month."

Rhaegar continued to shake his head. The dragons could withstand it, but the soldiers couldn't. A victory achieved at the cost of human lives is a disastrous victory.

Seeing that he was silent, the others also fell silent.

"I have a plan, but I need Lord Mors' cooperation," Rhaegar suddenly spoke up.

The three of them looked at him, and Mors' heart skipped a beat.

"What is the plan?" Ormund couldn't wait to know.

Rhaegar glanced one last time at the blocked exit, tightened the reins, turned the horse around, and said in a profound tone, "Let's discuss it back at camp."

"Yah!"

The white-maned war horse, full of spirit, galloped away with a lithe posture.

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At noon, the sun was shining brightly.

Rhaegar and the others rode into the camp. The army was stationed at the back half of The Prince's Pass, with Nightsong and Kingsgrave serving as two transit stations to provide supplies to the front line in a stable and continuous manner.

At this moment, 30,000 allied troops were stationed on a wide red road.

"Roar..."

As soon as the horses entered the camp, the sound of a dragon's roar could be heard from afar. Dreamfyre glided back, the pale blue membrane of its wings blocking the sun and casting a cool shadow.

The dragon landed, and a petite figure in a beige plaid skirt deftly climbed down.

"Brother!"

Helaena smiled and trotted along, her long skirt fluttering. Rhaegar stepped forward to greet her, and the soft body of the young woman crashed into his arms like a cannonball. He smiled helplessly and said, "I told you to wear armor."

"The armor is too cumbersome," Helaena replied, standing on tiptoe and leaning in to whisper in Rhaegar's ear, sharing her joy: "I've finished engraving all my Bronze runes. They're much easier to use than armor."

"Really?" Rhaegar was surprised. "That was fast."

Helaena nodded eagerly and whispered, "I feel it has something to do with Dreamfyre. It has grown a lot recently, and it's very comfortable to be around it."

Rhaegar looked at her in surprise, then buried his head in her neck and sniffed, joking, "Yes, I can smell the dragon stench mixed in."

Helaena: ...

After a long pause, she said in a sullen tone, "I burned down the Vulture's Roost."

The EVulture's Roost was a fortress built in the Red Mountains, an outpost that oversaw The Prince's Pass. It was permanently manned by hundreds of soldiers and was very adept at mountain warfare.

"Well done, very Visenya-like," Rhaegar smirked, pinching her cheek before leading Helaena back to the tent for a meeting.

Half a month had passed. Several refugees had been appeased, Kingsgrave City was obedient, and the Dorne fortresses at The Prince's Pass were cleared one after another.

The army pointed his sword at Skyreach, ready to attack the Dorne hinterland in one fell swoop. Ormund and the others entered the tent together, and a discussion about Skyreach began.

Rhaegar focused on Mors and specifically formulated a plan. Mors, torn between two options, eventually agreed with a heavy heart.

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A few days later.

The Prince's Pass, Dorne

A steep city stood proudly, flying the banner of a blue falcon with a hood on a silver background—Skyreach, the ancestral castle of House Fowler.

"Roar!"

Suddenly, a thunderous dragon roar filled the air for miles, brimming with deep anger.

The black dragon hovered low in the sky, burning fortresses in its path and killing every Dornish person who dared to resist. "Run!"

"Avoid the dragon, don't stop!"

Deep in the road, a disarrayed Dornish cavalry unit, now reduced to a dozen men, fled desperately. Chasing them were Riverlands cavalry, their banners fluttering.

The two sides, locked in pursuit, entered the dragon's bombardment zone.

Boom!

Smoky green Dragonfire descended, melting fortress walls and incinerating fleeing men. It was a one-sided massacre. The Dornish scattered in all directions, wailing in terror.

The faster Dornish cavalry charged straight for Skyreach, leading the scattered soldiers toward the safety of the city.

"Roar!"

The black dragon, enraged, leapt over the fleeing soldiers and flew directly over Skyreach. Before the city's guards could react, the dragon spewed Dragonfire, rendering their scorpion crossbows useless.

The relentless Dragonfire melted the castle tower and city walls, twisting bricks and stones into deformed, glass-like shapes. Granaries and stables burned, destroying stored grain and horses. The black dragon finally flew away, satisfied, as the sun set.

The Reach's cavalry captured the fortress at the exit of The Prince's Pass, securing their defense line.

In stark contrast, Skyreach was enveloped in smoke, resembling the aftermath of an apocalypse. The steep hillside city faced the newly captured fortress.

At nightfall.

The Red Mountains fell silent, the stars casting their light over the scene. Dornish soldiers, who had hidden in the ravine, cautiously slipped out under the cover of darkness.

A cart descended from the top of Skyreach. Meanwhile, a black dragon perched on a distant mountain, its scales blending perfectly with the night.

Rhaegar's purple eyes flashed as he watched Mors and his son Duncan climb the walls, escorted by guards.

"Plant the seed and wait for it to sprout," Rhaegar whispered softly, patting the dragon's back.

Cannibal shook its massive body, spread its wings, and leapt into the night, disappearing into the darkness.

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Greenblood River, Planky Town

The once-thriving port was engulfed in flames, its gray-brown walls crumbling in large sections. The city echoed with endless wailing, shrouded in deep mourning.

"Prepare the catapults! Aim at the enemy ships!" The Sea Snake's eyes were full of murderous intent as he shouted orders.

Under the moonlight, the river was filled with three fleets of ships locked in a two-to-one attack. One side flew a reddish-brown fan-shaped golden hand, the other a black panther with three heads on an orange background—House Allyrion of Divine Grace and House Vaith of Vance.

House Allyrion, located at the intersection of the Vaith, Scourge, and Greenblood Rivers, and House Vaith, situated on the banks of the Vaith River, both noble families of Dorne, had docks. Hearing that the Sea Snake had attacked and captured Planky Town, they quickly gathered their fleets to launch a counterattack.

Roar...

A golden dragon circled the night sky, spewing dragonfire from its fierce maw. The dragonfire ignited the sails and masts of both fleets, burning soldiers on deck and severely damaging the enemy's morale.

"Don't let the Dornish scum escape! Tighten the circle of encirclement!" The Sea Snake's dark face was solemn, his voice hoarse from shouting.

The two small Dornish fleets were outmatched in both the quality of their ships and their soldiers. Under the personal command of the Sea Snake, and with the main force of the House Velaryon fleet bolstered by the Stepstones garrison, they were beaten back without being able to mount a significant defense. The presence of a dragon tipped the scales of victory from the start.

The war raged on until late at night. Gradually, dawn broke, revealing the devastation. The two Dornish fleets were completely destroyed, their sailors either killed or thrown overboard to feed the

fish. The sun rose, its warm light casting a bright sheen on the Greenblood River, now stained with an unremovable red.

"Roar..."

Aegon, riding Sunfyre, patrolled the river, assisting soldiers in cleaning up the battlefield and fishing for supplies. The Sea Snake sat on the deck, his eyes heavy, brows furrowed with fatigue.

Since the burning of Lemonwood and the fleet's crossing of the Greenblood River, Sunfyre had quickly taken over Planky Town. For the past two weeks, the coastal nobles of Dorne had been launching relentless attacks.

The first fleet came from the city of Salt Shore, located on the southern coast of Dorne near the Summer Sea, and capable of supporting the Greenblood River by sea in a matter of days. It was a fierce battle, with both sides fighting day and night.

In the end, Sunfyre's power proved to be too much for them, burning through the opposing fleet's command ship and allowing the Sea Snake to claim victory.

With the fleets of Divine Grace and Vaith destroyed, Dorne's sea power in the hinterland was shattered. The Sea Snake shook his head and laughed, looking up at the rising sun, now casting light towards Sunspear.

Planky Town lay close to Sunspear, reachable by foot in a day.

"Qoren, I really want to see your face right now," the Sea Snake thought, his eyes flashing with anticipation.

Occupying the Greenblood River had effectively cut off Dorne from the east and west, leaving Sunspear isolated. The next step was for the armies of the heir prince and the king to break through the Red Mountains and enter the heart of Dorne.

With Dorne's defenses breached, the Sea Snake could then press into the interior and surround Sunspear from all sides.

He took a slow, measured breath and called his deputy, instructing, "Write to The Prince's Pass and Boneway, urging the army to advance."

Chapter 442: The Goal is Sunspear

Time flies, and several days have passed.

Skyreach

Ten thousand allied troops from The Reach were arrayed on the slopes of Dorne, their eyes fixed greedily on the siege weapons. After many days of preparation, they were finally poised to attack this formidable city.

"Roar!"

Cannibal roared, its enormous body blocking out the sun and casting a shadow over the army as it rushed towards Skyreach.

Rhaegar's face was as cold as ice. As the dragon glided over the troops, he shouted, "The city is about to fall. Attack!"

"Charge!"

"Prepare the catapults to cover the army!"

Shield-bearers rushed forward, protecting the spearmen and archers behind them.

"Roar..."

Dreamfyre snorted loudly, spreading its massive wings like the blue sky, and approached Skyreach from another direction.

Boom!

Two dragons circled above the city, spewing Dragonfire at will. The defenders on the city walls suffered severe blows, their morale instantly shattered.

On the city walls, Lord Fowler personally commanded, shouting in anger, "Set up the scorpion crossbows and shoot the dragons down!"

Click, click...

Several heavy scorpion crossbows rotated, aiming at the dragons in the sky.

Whoosh!

The steel spear was launched, but it missed the dragon by a long shot.

"Cannibal, kill him!" Rhaegar sneered, riding his dragon down.

The Cannibal's green eyes glared, and a mouthful of Dragonfire engulfed dozens of soldiers manning the scorpion crossbow.

"Seven levels of hell!" Lord Fowler cursed, feeling dizzy as he faced the dragon, considering retreat.

He thought of how his ancestors had dealt with Targaryen invaders—abandon the city and retreat into the desert.

He probably shouldn't have defended the city. It was a huge mistake.

Unfortunately, it was too late.

Boom!

The closed city gates opened quietly, welcoming the Reach forces climbing the hill.

Mors, pale and missing an arm, blood soaking his armor, stood near the gates. Dickon trembled beside him, clutching a sword, surrounded by seven or eight personal guards.

"Attack!" Rhaegar roared, riding Cannibal across the battlements, forcing the defending soldiers to retreat.

"Roar..." Dreamfyre snorted and quickly descended into the city gate, sweeping the supporting soldiers away with a single breath of Dragonfire.

"Stop them," Helaena crouched on the dragon's back and spoke in High Valyrian.

Dreamfyre was fearless. Its pale blue wings were like two giant scythes, and its long, thick tail cleared a path through the defenders. The dragon's well-proportioned body transformed into a ruthless war machine, spewing intense light blue Dragonfire wherever it encountered resistance.

The dragon and its rider moved in perfect harmony, giving the Reach's army time to break through the city gates.

"Long live the Princess!"

"For the Iron Throne..."

Seeing this, the soldiers' eyes lit up with determination, and they rushed into the city. Fighting for the Targaryens felt like a sure victory.

On the city walls

Seeing the city gates being breached, Lord Fowler was filled with anger and fear. He still had a lot to do; the 3,000 soldiers and 2,000 mercenaries in the city had not yet played their part.

"Who opened the gates?" Lord Fowler muttered, then suddenly realized. "Damn Manwoody, how dare he openly rebel!"

The tide had turned, and his heart was filled with grief. "Traitor! I curse you..."

"Roar!"

Halfway through his sentence, a green flame of Dragonfire fell from the sky and landed squarely on his head. A crackling sound followed, and smoke billowed from his burning brain.

Rhaegar glanced at him with contempt. "What a lot of nonsense."

With the Lord dead, morale plummeted. The two dragons suppressed the defenders' firepower, and 10,000 troops entered the city.

At this point, Skyreach officially fell.

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After a period of chaos, the battle ended before the sun set.

Skyreach changed hands, and a new regime was implemented. Members of House Fowler were placed under house arrest, detained in the castle attic. Most of the 3,000 soldiers and 2,000 mercenaries who had defended the city surrendered after the battle.

Approximately 1,600 Dornish soldiers were divided into small groups and imprisoned separately. The mercenaries, however, were all beheaded, their heads impaled on spears and displayed on the castle walls.

Before nightfall, Rhaegar sat on the back of his dragon, the imposing figure of man and beast standing before Castle Black. Helaena followed suit, riding Dreamfyre to the castle gates. The two dragons faced each other across the air, with over a thousand Dornish civilians gathered in between. These were the subjects of House Fowler, who had retreated to the city at the start of the war.

Rhaegar surveyed the scene and made a perfunctory declaration, "House Martell started this war on his own, betraying the precious peace. But I know that you are just a group of poor, innocent

people. The Targaryens will not harm you. I hope you will live well and not get caught up in the war's meat grinder."

Afterwards, he gave a signal to Donald, who stood beside him. Donald understood and brought forward several Dornish officers, ensuring that the prisoners would not be killed and would be imprisoned until the end of the war.

The sincerity of this assurance was questionable, but it reassured the civilians significantly. Many of these soldiers were the sons and daughters of commoners, who naturally did not want the Iron Throne to execute the prisoners. Upon receiving the assurance, they immediately put aside their rebellious thoughts.

This was exactly the effect Rhaegar wanted. He didn't need the civilians to pledge their loyalty, but at least he wanted them to avoid causing trouble in the short term. There would be plenty of time to address their allegiance later.

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Inside the castle, in the hall of the cliffs.

After the victory, a meeting was held.

A sand table of Dorne was set up on the table, and Rhaegar pointed to Hellholt in the heart of Dorne.

"Hellholt is the seat of House Uller, located along the Brimstone River, surrounded by a barren desert with no natural defenses," he began. "To take Hellholt, you just have to break through its sturdy walls."

Helaena listened carefully and spoke carefully, "The walls of Hellholt are very strong, and there is Sandstone and Vaith on both sides. If a long war breaks out, our army will not be able to move an inch."

Hellholt may not appear to have any natural defenses, but the surrounding desert serves as a formidable barrier. Any army attempting to breach the city would face a difficult march across the vast desert, not to mention the long supply line from The Reach to Hellholt. An enemy army hidden in the desert could intercept supplies and deal a devastating blow.

Rhaegar nodded, looked at everyone present, and changed the subject: "I received news from Lord Corlys yesterday. He has already taken Planky Town and is waiting for the main army to join him."

Dong! Dong!

He tapped his fingers on the sand table and solemnly declared, "Skyreach and Hellholt are a reasonable distance apart. I have decided to take all the cavalry and bring enough food for ten days. We will head south immediately to attack the city!"

"Ten days!?" Ormund was stunned and said in surprise, "Even the fastest cavalry would take seven days to travel between the two castles, and that's if they don't get lost or caught in a sandstorm. After all the calculations, there are less than three days left for the siege. Which castle can be taken in three days?"

"Lord Ormund, three days is enough," Rhaegar interrupted, displeased. "Don't forget how the people of Dorne resisted the Targaryen attack during the First War of Dorne."



They abandoned their cities and fled into the desert, waging guerrilla warfare and assassinating nobles. They employed all kinds of nasty tactics. The fact that Kingsgrave and Skyreach did not abandon their cities can only mean that Qoren Martell gave them a direct order to resist, hoping to gain additional support from beyond the Narrow Sea.

"The Ullers of Hellholt have always been known as madmen, and their strength is no less than that of the Fowlers of Skyreach. They will not fight the Targaryen dragons head on. Most likely they will imitate their ancestors and leave the old, weak, sick, and disabled in the city to surrender while the soldiers hide in the desert to attack by surprise."

Rhaegar's plan was to take the castle quickly and use a dragon to control the area from the Prince's Pass to Hellholt.

Ormund frowned and said, "Since it's an empty castle, it's useless for us to take it. An empty town is not easy to defend. The people in the city could be spies, and there could be rat holes in every corner. If we're not careful, the supply line will be cut off and the army in the city will starve."

Rhaegar nodded slightly and said thoughtfully, "Hellholt is the main city in western Dorne. Controlling it will maximize the effect of containing Dorne's forces."

The Sea Snake had captured the Greenblood River, cutting off the connection between the east and west of Dorne. He sent an army to draw fire and hold back resistance in the west.

"What do you mean?" Ormund asked, his expression puzzled but thoughtful.

Rhaegar's finger traced the Boneway and then Sunspear on the map. He said directly, "We will open up The Prince's Pass and the Boneway, occupy Skyreach and Yronwood as bases, and march directly to Sunspear."

If the Dornish can abandon their castles, the Targaryens can abandon their hunt for the Dornishmen. They would control the Red Mountains, attack Sunspear, and strike at the heart of House Martell. Even if Qoren fled, he would be no more than a rat scurrying across the yellow sand. Let him eat sand with his disloyal bannermen.

The Iron Throne, on the other hand, would block the Prince's Pass and the Boneway. The Reach could support supply lines on both sides. Regular clearing of the Dornish lurking in the Red Mountains would keep those routes safe. It would take some effort, but within a few years the Red Mountains would be fully under the jurisdiction of the Iron Throne.

"Sunspear and Planky Town are equally important," Rhaegar continued. "Both are coastal towns, eliminating the dangerous land supply lines and allowing us to transport food by sea. Once Lys, Myr, and Tyrosh are under control, the combined dominance of the Stepstones and the Narrow Sea will be secured."

At that point, Dorne would be cut off from the Red Mountains by land and from the Summer Sea by sea. Add to this the Iron Throne's army and dragons burning and harassing, destroying wells and farmland. Within two years, the people of Dorne would be starving.

Without much effort, Dorne will collapse.

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The next day.

Boneway, Wyl

"Roar!" Vermithor soared above the city, spewing dragonfire at the towers.

But the castle lay silent and deserted. The empty streets echoed with the absence of life.

Viserys frowned as he looked down at the empty city. The Dornish had abandoned their castle once again, avoiding a direct confrontation with the dragon.

"Wyl, what a disgusting name," Viserys muttered, unable to suppress his disgust.

Tunnels had been dug under Wyl, connecting caves to strengthen defenses.

House Wyl had used this trick during the First War of Dorne to evade the conquerors and Balerion. In 12AC, Lord Wyl of Wyl, head of the house, had arrived uninvited at the wedding of Alys Oakheart, daughter of Lord Oakheart. He had killed Lord Oakheart and most of the guests, forcing the bride Alys to watch as her husband was castrated. Alys and her maid were then raped and sold to the slave traders of Myr.

"The shameless Wyls!" Viserys spat, rubbing the bronze scales under his saddle. He gave the order, "Vermithor, let's go."

Wyl was already deserted, and Yronwood at the Boneway exit was likely the same. Viserys had received a letter from Corlys, the Sea Snake, emphasizing the importance of attacking Sunspear. Since Wyl and Yronwood were not resisting, the Blackhaven army could pass through Boneway without trouble.

He needed to write to his eldest son and lay out a general plan.

"Roar!" Vermithor flapped his wings and flew away from the intricate terrain of Wyl, heading toward their next objective.

#### Chapter 443: Meraxes' Scales

Dorne, the Southwestern Desert

The wind and sand danced wildly, the scorching sun baked the earth, and the air seemed to sizzle with the souls of the damned.

At the end of the desert flowed a long, winding river. The river was covered with duckweed, its surface murky and green. Whenever the wind blew, the stench of burning spread for miles.

This river, called Brimstone, was one of the main waterways connecting the interior of Dorne to the Summer Sea. On its banks stood a tall, dark castle: Hellholt.

"Roar!"

The dragon's loud roar echoed halfway down the Brimstone, and a dark reflection appeared in the yellow sand, like a slowly moving mountain. The wind blew and the gravel made a dull thundering sound.

Cannibal revealed its true form. The green pupils of its eyes shone dangerously, and its fangs unconsciously emitted Dragonfire. Its huge body was enveloped in the yellow sand-covered road.

Suddenly, there was a loud neighing of horses. A cavalry of 5,000 men galloped at full speed under the wide, dark wings. Each soldier half-closed his eyes to prevent the sand from getting into his eyelids, and his face was tanned and rough.

"Hellholt!"

Ormund rode at the front of the group, his head protected by a scarf instead of a helmet. He shouted with joy, "Hellholt is just ahead! We've arrived!"

"Lord, be careful of traps!" his guards, wearing the Hightower emblem, hurriedly protected him.

Ormund's joy turned to sadness, and tears almost came to his eyes. He immediately began to complain, "We've been on the run for seven days, day and night, and my butt is almost worn out."

After settling the tens of thousands of refugees at The Prince's Pass, they had participated in the great victory of breaking through Skyreach. Finally entering the heart of Dorne, the heir prince had intensified the war. Donald led 15,000 troops to Yronwood at the end of the Boneway, while Ormund was forced to lead 5,000 cavalry to the remote Hellholt.

As he thought, Ormund reached into his pants and rubbed his crotch, his eyes red. "I don't even have a son. This is just a joke."

The guards looked at him strangely but dared not speak. Ormund wiped his eye and scolded, "There's sand in my eye. Keep it covered up. Don't let the wind and sand blow into my eyes."

"Yes, my Lord."

The guards bowed their heads, accustomed to the Lord's arrogance.

"Roar..."

A piercing roar echoed ahead as a pale blue dragon silhouette burst through the yellow sand, like a mirage in the desert. The soldiers looked up, understanding the warning in the dragon's cry.

Rhaegar, perched on the dragon's back, raised his eyes warily and said, "Cannibal, there is no need to lead the way anymore."

He spoke in High Valyrian, his words faint but clear, reaching the dragon's mind.

"Roar!"

Cannibal, no longer needing to control its speed, roared and flapped its wings, quickly soaring into the wind.

One kilometer outside Hellholt's city gates, a gruesome sight blocked the only way into the city.

The "mountain" wasn't made of stone or mud. It was a grotesque pile of hastily skinned sheep and cattle bodies. The flesh, deteriorated and solidified, had turned a blackish-red, striking fear into the hearts of those who saw it. From a distance of over a hundred meters, a terrifying swarm of flies buzzed, covering the mountain and making it completely air-tight.

Hoo-hoo!

Cannibal slowly descended, stirring up a gust of wind as it landed, alarming hundreds of thousands of flies that erupted in a buzzing frenzy. Rhaegar's brow furrowed, enduring the psychological discomfort of the sight.

Dreamfyre landed on the other side, carrying Helaena in a light dress. She gazed at the spectacle, her eyes flashing with curiosity. She said with a carefree expression, "The House Uller has fled. Are we still going into the city?"

She seemed unfazed by the "disgusting" sight, displaying more courage than the battle-hardened Rhaegar.

"You really don't mind being disgusted," Rhaegar said, recalling Helaena's former hobby of playing with insects. "We must enter the city and not be deterred by House Uller's intimidation."

A pile of rotten meat with a dead animal's body on top didn't scare him.

Helaena nodded and said with concern, "All the livestock taken into the city is here, and our army has no supplies."

During the First Dorne War, the madness of the Dornish people had come to the fore. They abandoned their cities, leaving nothing behind that they couldn't take with them. They burned grain to ash, slaughtered cattle and sheep and left them to rot, and poisoned wells. Such insane acts were frequent.

Aware of the army's food and drink issues, Rhaegar was prepared. "The Brimstone River connects to the Summer Sea, and I have already ordered Ormund to inform Oldtown to transport food."

The fleet of cargo ships from Oldtown travels the Summer Sea year-round, trading with the world. With Ormund stationed at Hellholt, Rhaegar wasn't worried about Hightower's willingness to supply.

"Let's go. We'll wait for the army to enter the city."

Seeing that Helaena had dispelled her doubts, Rhaegar patted the black dragon's back.

"Roar!"

Cannibal spat a mouthful of Dragonfire onto the carnage, flapped its wings, and flew away. Helaena also patted Dreamfyre, and they soared towards Hellholt.

When the cavalry arrived, they saw a green volcano in the distance. The dark green Dragonfire was highly adhesive and persistent, comparable to wildfire. In the barren desert, the green fire burned for seven days and seven nights, until it had consumed the last bone of the sheep and cattle.

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Hellholt

The banner of House Uller, "a flame of alternating yellow and crimson," was taken down and replaced with the three-headed red dragon of House Targaryen. The army from The Reach arrived, taking over the defense of the four city walls.

Throughout the process, the people of Dorne in the city watched intently, not making a sound. Rhaegar noticed that, just as expected, there were no strong and healthy Dornish men in this great city. The people standing in the streets and alleys were all women, children, the elderly, the weak, or disabled men.

Ormund approached with a smirk, "It seems House Uller will not let this go."

As everyone knew, this family had a unique reputation. Half of them were mad, and the other half were even worse.

Rhaegar, unmoved, gave him a sideways glance and spoke sharply, "Helaena and I will be leaving soon, so you'll have to defend the city."

"Huh?" Ormund was shocked, pointing at his own broad nose.

Rhaegar simply ignored him.

"Yes, that's right," Helaena said, giving a look of understanding and patting her uncle's hand.

As Ormund's heart sank, the siblings walked away hand in hand, heading towards the tower of House Uller.

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Along the way, many Dornish women and children secretly watched, their expressions a mix of cowardice and hidden resentment. War had brought disaster. There was no food, no livestock, and their fathers, husbands, and sons had been forcibly conscripted.

"This is the cruelty of war," Rhaegar accepted it calmly, even considering if he should massacre the city. He had seen more hateful stares. In such situations, talking about benefits was useless. Just kill them all, he thought.

Helaena walked beside him, her head slumped and looking distracted. Rhaegar noticed and wanted to comfort her, but the little girl suddenly looked up, her eyes clear and unclouded. "Beware of the beast under the floor!" she said.

"Helaena?" Rhaegar was stunned for a moment, reaching out to touch her head. Helaena sidestepped and quickly walked in one direction with her head down.

The siblings had entered the tower area. Rhaegar looked around warily, sending more soldiers to search the tower and keeping up with Helaena. The little girl bypassed the dark tower, leading them to a bare estate behind the castle. She walked confidently along the cobblestone path, finding a deep dungeon under a windmill tower.

The dungeon was five meters deep underground, with a few oil lamps hanging from the walls, covered in condensation. "Water droplets?" Rhaegar muttered, keeping an eye on Helaena's movements.

The water was cool and faintly smelled of burning. He had smelled this many times before; even the musty dungeon couldn't hide it. Rhaegar realized, "The dungeon is connected to the Brimstone River, and the walls are damp and watery."

"Brother, I found it," Helaena suddenly interrupted his thoughts.

"What did you find?"

"I don't know. I just came here in a daze."

Helaena stood in the interrogation room of the dungeon, surrounded by darkness, with only a dim oil lamp hanging overhead. Rhaegar stepped forward, stroking her long, curly hair, feeling both pain and relief. The little girl had talents similar to his, including the side effect of feeling empathy for each other.

Helaena's eyes sparkled as she enjoyed her brother's caress. She pointed to a corner of the room and said, "There seems to be something there."

"I'll go and take a look." Rhaegar waved his hand, and a ball of fire ignited, lighting up the gloomy dungeon.

In the corner, two items stood out.

A battered, decrepit woman's armor, badly damaged with only the breastplate and half of the skirt remaining. The breastplate, made of black steel, was painted a flamboyant red with a pattern of scales.

"Targaryen armor," Rhaegar's eyes widened.

He had seen similar armor before. The armor worn by his aunt Rhaenys was of this type, combining the red of the Targaryens and the scales of dragons to create practical protective gear. This design originated from the sisters of Aegon the Conqueror, Queen Visenya and Queen Rhaenys.

As he pondered the origin of the armor, Rhaegar felt a shock like a hammer blow and immediately turned his head to look at another object.

In the moss-covered, dark and dim corner of the wall lay a silver-white humanoid object on its side.

"Brother!" Helaena's eyes widened in surprise.

"Yes, I see it," Rhaegar replied calmly, his eyes fixed on the object.

It wasn't a corpse or anything grotesque. It was a loose armor made of silver-white dragon scales. Each scale was half the size of a palm, with holes punched in them and twine used to string them together, forming a suit of armor.

Rhaegar's mind raced as he stepped forward to touch the silver-white scales and the red remains.

"This exploration mission is now open. The target is the scales of Meraxes," a system prompt sounded abruptly, unexpected yet familiar.

The system panel automatically appeared.

Meraxes' Scales

Exploration progress: 0.5%

Rhaegar closed the panel, silently fumbling with the two pieces of armor, his expression dark and uncertain.

Helaena watched from behind, sensing her brother's labored breath. It was as if a volcano that had been dormant for many years was now releasing hatred and anger.

Chapter 444: The Fall of Qoren (2)

"Brother~"

Helaena called softly, trying to pull Rhaegar out of his negative state. Unlike her brother, who was consumed by rage, she still retained her full sense of reason. Maybe it was because she was emotionally detached, or maybe she only cared about the people she wanted to care for. She didn't want to disturb her own mind.

"Rhaenys..." Rhaegar murmured, his handsome face illuminated by the firelight, his expression twisted in the shadows.

Meraxes' dragon scales. A Targaryen woman's armor found in Hellholt. Which Targaryen warrior woman would have been at Hellholt and left behind her broken armor? The signs were almost explicit.

Rhaegar stood up abruptly, his eyes flashing with cold, restrained rage: "House Uller, that damned name!"

"Brother, calm down," Helaena stepped forward, gently persuading him.

"Stand back!" Rhaegar turned around and shouted, his anger reaching the heavens.

Helaena was startled and obediently stepped back, giving him space to vent his fury.

"Uller! You insolent bastards!" Rhaegar was so furious that he unsheathed Truefyre from his waist and swung it, slashing at the two pieces of armor.

At that moment, he didn't care about the relics. He wanted to cut everything in front of him to pieces, burn it to ashes, and vent his anger.

During the first war in Dorne, Queen Rhaenys led Meraxes to attack Hellholt. The scorpion crossbow on the castle wall accidentally hit the dragon's eye. Meraxes fell to the ground in agony and died on the spot. This was the first and only time the people of Dorne killed a dragon.

But Queen Rhaenys, who was on Meraxes' back, disappeared without a trace, and no one saw her remains. Not even a charred corpse, just a pool of what looked like meat paste. Some claimed that Queen Rhaenys did not die but was seriously injured in the fall and tortured in the dungeons of Hellholt. This theory had never been proven, and no one believed it. After all, Meraxes was killed by the fall, and it seemed unlikely that Rhaenys, the dragon's rider, would have survived.

The year was 13 AC. Princess Meria of Dorne, nicknamed "the Yellow Toad of Dorne," died. Her heir, Prince Nymor Martell, tired of war, sent his daughter, Princess Deria Martell, on a mission to King's Landing to negotiate peace. During the negotiations, she brought the skull of Meraxes as a gift to the king.

After some unpleasant negotiations, the peace talks were nearing an end. The Iron Throne's subjects cried out, "No peace without surrender," while Dorne insisted on being on equal footing with the Iron Throne. Conqueror Aegon was equally angry and dismissed Deria Martell's proposal. However, a letter changed his mind.

The conqueror opened the envelope in public and read the letter silently. After reading it, the usually calm conqueror showed signs of confusion and lost his composure. No one knew what the letter said. The people there talked about it.

After reading the letter, the conqueror clenched his hand around the envelope, his fingernails piercing his palm and drawing blood.

In the end, the Conqueror agreed to Dorne's terms of peace.

That night, the Conqueror was seen riding Balerion back to Dragonstone, returning before dawn. No one knew what he did on Dragonstone that night.

Two main rumors spread throughout King's Landing in the face of this sudden turn of events:

One: It was a threat. If the peace treaty was not signed, Dorne would hire the Faceless Men to assassinate the Conqueror's heir, and he would be forced to agree.

Two: Queen Rhaenys was not dead, but imprisoned and suffering in Hellhold. If the terms of the peace treaty were agreed upon, Dorne would end her suffering and return her remains.

Rumors are rumors, and no one can prove them.

Now, looking at the scales of Meraxes and the remnants of Rhaenys' armor, Rhaegar felt the weight of history's shameful compromise.

Queen Rhaenys was not dead! Her armor is still in Hellholt, where House Uller has imprisoned her.

Bang! Rhaegar swung his sword wildly, cursing non-stop. The silver-white scales of the armor were chopped to pieces, and the female armor was split into grooves. He stared at the two pieces of armor, his heart filled with indescribable anger.

For over a hundred years, House Uller kept Queen Rhaenys' armor, even using Meraxes' scales to make it. They hid it, afraid to let it out, and now it was thrown away like trash in a stinking dungeon torture room.

Rhaegar saw it all as a vulgar, despicable, and ugly provocation that left no room for compromise!

"House Uller!" Rhaegar's face contorted in a hideous grimace, his chest heaving as he shouted, "I will kill you all! I will break the neck of the last Uller and wipe that name from the face of the earth!"

He was a Targaryen and heir to the Iron Throne. But more than these two identities, he also had the blood of Queen Rhaenys flowing through his veins. Rhaenys was his great-great-great-grandmother! Every Targaryen alive today is a descendant of hers and the Conqueror.

After venting his anger until his body stopped trembling with anger, Rhaegar rested his hands on Truefyre and gasped for breath. In the dark corner, the two pieces of armor, already in a bad state, were in a terrible state.

Rhaegar's eyes went blank, and he muttered, "Mercy doesn't work on everyone. Then wait for the wrath of the sleeping dragon."

Even in the face of the Sealord of Braavos' ugly face and the sinister intentions of the Triarchy to detain Morghul, he remained rational. But House Uller's casual discarding of the two pieces of armor deeply irritated Rhaegar's nerves.

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Rhaegar's anger burned in his heart, and he felt his mouth go dry. Suddenly, a warm embrace came from behind, and the lotus-like arms under the white gauze firmly locked his waist.



Rhaegar was momentarily dazed.

The firm softness pressed against his back, and a gentle voice calmly persuaded him, "Don't let anger cloud your mind. You are the true dragon; they are the reptiles."

"Helaena," Rhaegar whispered, relaxing his tense body. The voice behind him was young and innocent, with a hint of worry and hoarseness, like a lotus flower in the mud.

Rhaegar sniffed, detecting a refreshing fragrance. "What are you smelling?"

Helaena blinked, reaching into her brother's black robe, and whispered, "I've changed my perfume. It covers the dragon smell."

Rhaegar: ...

Her interruption was perfectly timed. The little girl was still holding a grudge, patiently waiting for her chance to get her revenge.

"Don't be angry. The more anger you show, the more Uller will enjoy it," Helaena gently comforted him.

Rhaegar turned around to look at the familiar, pretty face. Her eyes were clear, and her face was lovely. If those little hands hadn't sneaked into his clothes, poking and pinching, he would have thought that the Mother Above of the Seven Gods had appeared.

"Get your hands out of there," Rhaegar said, flabbergasted.

"Oh~" Helaena looked innocent, taking advantage of the chaos to scratch her lower abdomen before withdrawing her small, white hands.

Rhaegar rolled his eyes and picked up the scattered female armor and silver-white dragon scales. When his palm touched a dragon scale, the system panel appeared.

[Scales of Meraxes]

Exploration Progress: 0.8% (Ongoing)

Rhaegar put away the armor and dragon scales, keeping only one in his hand to maintain the exploration progress. He muttered to himself, "I hope to discover an offensive relic so I can use it to kill the Ullers with my own hands."

In his eyes, the surname Uller was now on the list of The Stranger.

Rhaegar looked at the thoughtful Helaena and sighed, "Come with me. Help Ormund take care of Hellholt, and we'll leave."

"Sunspear?" Helaena asked in doubt.

"Yes," Rhaegar said, his eyes flashing. "If we can't find Uller, we'll burn Sunspear to the ground."

Someone had to pay the price with blood and fire.

"Let's go."

"Okay."

...

Sunspear, the Old Palace.

The palace is magnificent, with its Spear Tower, Sun Tower, and many other luxurious halls.

The Prince's study.

Qoren sat slumped over his desk, his expression unusually solemn as he constantly flipped through books detailing the First War of Dorne.

The latest news was dire.

Skyreach had fallen, and the armies of The Reach had entered the heart of Dorne.

Wyl and Yronwood in the Boneway were abandoned, with the two lords leading their soldiers into hiding to prepare for an ambush.

Lord Uller of Hellholt disobeyed orders and, without waiting for the combined forces of Blackmont and Starfall, headed into the desert toward Yronwood.

Unable to support him, the Blackmont and Starfall fleets changed course in The Summer Sea, attempting to break through the defenses of The Arbor and raid The Reach from Oldtown.

The war had officially begun, and all of Dorne was in chaos.

Qoren's plans were thwarted one after another, and the vassals abandoned their rescue of Sunspear, each with their own agendas.

Yes, the capital of Sunspear was forgotten by the Dorne nobles.

The centuries-old hatred had erupted, and the Dorne nobles didn't care about the consequences. They just wanted to fight the Iron Throne to the death.

They hoped that the lords would join them and recreate the glory of Dorne's resistance against the Iron Throne's invasion.

"Bastards, a bunch of brainless idiots," Qoren muttered, his face alternating between white and red as he cursed them.

The truth of what the Conqueror and Dorne had discussed was unknown, but as a Prince, he had some understanding.

Times had changed.

The Targaryens were at the height of their power, with six dragons alone on the battlefield.

The King rode the Bronze Fury, and the Prince rode the Deathwing, both of which were as powerful as the adult dragons of old.

Dorne would be better off with the help of Braavos and other forces beyond the Narrow Sea.

Now that Braavos was sitting idly by, what could Dorne do on its own?

Qoren felt a lump in his chest and couldn't help but think of the Triarchy, which had been the first to declare war.

He and the Sealord of Braavos shared the same attitude: to use the Triarchy to undermine the Iron Throne and then take advantage of the situation.

Unfortunately, the Targaryens had too many dragons, and they were sitting in the three Free Cities, giving him no chance.

When Dragonfire reached Dorne, he finally understood the powerlessness of the Triarchy.

He regretted not supporting them wholeheartedly.

Qoren slammed the book shut and sneered, "Braavos is sitting on its hands. If Dorne really falls, can you stop the dragons?"

He threw the book aside and called out to Davos Dayne, who was outside the study.

Crack!

The door opened from the outside, and Davos entered with his giant sword, Dawn.

"What is your command, my prince?"

"Inform the army in Sunspear to abandon all defenses and leave the city after dark."

Davos paused for a moment, then said solemnly, "We should follow our experience and sneak into the desert for a protracted battle."

This strategy appealed to the radicals but was little more than a desperate attempt.

For the conservatives, it was undoubtedly a preparation for a return to the Iron Throne once peace was restored.

Qoren jumped off the table with agility, his eyebrows and eyes bursting with defiance, and said solemnly, "Whatever, the army will depart by detour. Let's go to Yronwood."

"What about the Princess and the others?" Davos asked.

The prince had three children. In addition to his eldest daughter, Princess Aliandra, he also had a son and a younger daughter.

Qoren looked deep in thought and gritted his teeth: "Aliandra will travel with the army, Qyle will be sent to Braavos, and Coryanne will be sent to Volantis."

The eldest daughter was the heir and must stay in Dorne to rule. This was her mission.

The son and younger daughter would be sent to the Narrow Sea to preserve the Martell bloodline.

"Yes, Prince," Davos nodded and left quickly.

He was in a hurry.

Because he realized that the situation in Dorne was dire and that the Prince was going to make a desperate attempt.

Chapter 445: Dragonfire Burns Sunspear

In the corridors of the old palace, Davos hurriedly searches for the prince's heir.

Meanwhile, inside the palace, there is a chaotic flurry of activity. Servants hastily pack belongings while soldiers prepare to abandon the city.

Davos walks through the Sun Tower and then heads to the Water Gardens outside the city.

As night falls, the atmosphere grows tenser.

Sunspear, East Coast.

This coastal town, surrounded by the sea on three sides, transitions from a brief desert section to sandy beaches lined with reefs.

The moon shines brightly, with few stars in the sky, and dark clouds drift by.

Davos walks on the beach, holding a two- or three-year-old girl in his arms and guiding a five- or six-year-old boy by the hand.

The children are wrapped in silk, their faces tense and anxious.

"Lord Davos, does Father really have to send us away?" Qyle Martell asks timidly.

Davos's expression softens as he replies, "Don't be afraid. Dorne will win this war sooner or later, and you will return."

"Why are we fighting?" Qyle's eyes fill with tears, his young voice quavering.

Lacking the precociousness of his sister Aliandra, he instinctively hates the war that has shattered their peace.

Davos pauses, looks up at the crescent moon, and sighs helplessly: "This is a difficult question. There is a war every second of every day in the world. The difference is the number of people involved."

He recalls a story his grandmother once told him.

A farmer lost a mule and noticed that his neighbor had an extra one, leading to a fight between them.

The fight drew the entire village, with people taking sides.

In the chaos, someone got injured, and the injured person's relatives from a neighboring village got involved, causing a war between the two villages.

The war disrupted the harvest, affecting the taxes collected by the Lord.

Unable to collect taxes, the Lord went to war with other Lords for gold.

Eventually, the war spread like a plague, affecting every inch of the continent.

In the end, war is about plunder and capital.

The Iron Throne is strong, and Dorne will be beaten.

The stronger Dorne becomes, the more the Iron Throne's position will be threatened.

The two sides are on the same continent, making war inevitable.

Qyle half-understands, his black eyes flowing with tears as he is consumed by the sadness of separation.

Splash!

The evening wind churned the waves, sending them crashing violently onto the beach.

Outside the reef, a small boat bobbed like a child adrift, far from home.

"Children, it's time to go."

Davos removed his white cloak and, without further ado, carried the two children to the boat.

In the darkness of the night, two larger cargo ships floated on the sea, waiting to receive their precious "cargo."

Davos sat in the small boat and paddled towards one of the cargo ships.

Soon, the boat bumped against the hull of the ship.

"Mate, I'll throw you a rope. You bring the kids up."

A bearded man stood on the deck, speaking in Valyrian, and threw down a thick rope.

Davos glanced at the sail, seeing the emblem of a cold tiger's head.

Confirming it was the connecting ship, Davos held Coryanne in his arms and Qyle on his back.

Bang!

Leaping nimbly into the boat, Davos untied the silk around Coryanne's chest and reminded the man, "Take care of the little princess. The prince will be very grateful to Triarch Tesrio."

"Of course, the Triarch is the most hospitable person."

The bearded man smiled broadly and reached out to take the child.

"Good, I'll take Prince Qyle with me."

"Don't worry, the boat is coming."

"What?"

Davos was taken aback and turned around in surprise.

Suddenly, a dagger plunged into the back of his head, the tip piercing through to his jaw.

"Sorry."

"*Valar morghulis* (All men must die)."

The bearded man's tone changed, and he tore off a piece of his face, revealing a foreign visage.

Brown curly hair, weathered by the wind and the years, framed a face with a smile that never left his lips.

"Ah!"

The attack was swift. Blood sprayed onto the two children, causing them to scream.

Coryanne, held in the killer's arms, screamed until her throat was raw, her small body convulsing in terror.

Syrio looked at her with pity and said, "Don't cry. I won't you, little girl."

Then, kicking off the elevated bamboo leg, he stared at the dying Davos.

The dagger's thrust had left Davos's body rigid, blood gushing from his seven orifices, staining his silver armor.

"Hoo~..."

Davos's instinctive gasps were reduced to a hoarse rasp, his eyelids growing heavier.

In his final moments, he saw a small cargo ship approaching from the deep sea.

In a flash of insight, he retained a trace of thought.

The assassin had not lied. The ship was really coming.

"Prince, you have been betrayed..."

The remaining consciousness could not form the words, and Davos's body fell backward uncontrollably.

Bang!

His body landed heavily on the deck, kicking up a cloud of non-existent dust.

The great sword on his back clattered, breaking free of its straps.

The Sword of Dawn, a legendary weapon, fell silent.

The two children burst into tears.

Syrio sighed with a sense of loss, helplessly looking at the children, and bent down to pick up the great sword.

"The Sword of Dawn, a legendary weapon."

Syrio carefully examined the heavy sword, acknowledging the prince's foresight.

He would not have been a match for the Sword of Dawn in a fair fight.

But it didn't matter.

Dorne excelled in assassination, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

Splash!

Another cargo ship approached, with hundreds of people on deck.

Robb, who should have been in Myr, stood at the edge of the deck, his expression solemn: "Take care of the children. Lord Corlys' siege will begin before dawn."

"Leave it to me."

In the darkness of the night, the two cargo ships parted ways.

The sound of a child's heart-wrenching wailing could be faintly heard.

...

Sunspear, the old palace.

Qoren was alone in his bedchamber, sprawled out on his soft bed, his body encased in hard plate armor even as he slept.

It was midnight.

Qoren's face contorted in his sleep, as if plagued by a terrible nightmare. Gradually, beads of sweat formed on his forehead.

"Ah!"

Qoren jolted awake, his handsome face twisted with fear, his eyes wide and dilated, as if he had encountered something horrific.

"Dave, why isn't he back yet?"

Qoren gasped for breath, muttering to himself. Then he remembered he had sent the man to escort his two children to the Narrow Sea. They should be on their way by now.

He let out a sigh of relief and covered his forehead with a trembling hand. "The Stepstones are lightly guarded, so the cargo ships from Braavos and Volantis should not be intercepted."

As far as he knew, Corlys Velaryon had almost drained the Stepstones of its defense forces in his quest for revenge.

"If Braavos could send a fleet to attack, it would regain control of the Stepstones."

Qoren clenched his jaw, frustrated with the Sealord. "Stupid Sealord, he sees only the small benefits and forgets the greater good."

His mind wandered to Wyl and Yronwood. "The Blackhaven army will be stationed in Yronwood, with an empty rear and the King of the Iron Throne in front. No matter which side is attacked, the battle can be turned around."

The Dornish knew their own castles better than anyone else.

"Before the dragons arrive, we must leave the city before dawn and move the battlefield to favorable terrain."

Qoren shook his head to clear his thoughts, but the more he shook it, the dizzier he felt.

Before he knew it, he was fast asleep again.

...

The next day, before the sun had fully risen, the early morning sky was still a chaotic blend of dark and light, but a red sun began its slow ascent.

The sea rippled gently as the sun's reflection turned the horizon a fiery red.

"Roar..."

A loud dragon roar shattered the calm of the sunrise.

Above the Shadow City, Sunfyre soared in, releasing a stream of Dragonfire without hesitation.

As the sun reached halfway up the sky, Sunfyre, with its golden scales and pale pink wing membranes, appeared like a radiant sun that had gone astray.

Boom! Boom!

A large army emerged from the Greenblood River, surrounding the gates of the city and launching boulders from catapults.

In Sunspear's royal palace, Qoren jolted awake, startled by the commotion outside.

"What's going on? What's happening?!"

He tore aside the bed curtains and rushed out of his bedroom, grabbing a guard.

"The Sea Snake is attacking?" he demanded.

The guard, trembling, replied, "The army is blocking the entrance to Shadow City, and a dragon is attacking the buildings."

"Bastard!"

Qoren kicked the guard aside and staggered out of the room, muttering to himself, "There is a tunnel under Shadow City. Sunspear can't hold out."

As he spoke, dizziness overwhelmed him, and he almost collapsed. With sheer willpower, Qoren summoned his troops, understanding a harsh truth.

No wonder the people of Essos hated the Dragonlords and their dragons. Before the dragons, Westeros's power lay in its thick armor, mobile cavalry, and impregnable castles.

But the dragons changed everything. Thick armor was burned through, cavalry became mere playthings, and even the sturdiest castles, which once boasted natural defenses, crumbled under the might of dragons with air superiority.

Outside the city walls of Shadow City, a 3,000-strong Crownlands army marched proudly, maneuvering siege engines to attack.

The Sea Snake, with a grim expression, shouted, "Release!"

Boom! Boom!

The catapults launched boulders that smashed into the brownish-yellow battlements.

The defenders, numbering only a few hundred, couldn't withstand the dragon's onslaught and were quickly overwhelmed.

The Sea Snake waved his hand and commanded, "Break into the city!"

The soldiers pushed the siege weapons forward, easily crashing through the unblocked city gate.

At that moment, the sun rose fully, and the sky filled with fiery clouds.

The Sea Snake looked up, his face twitching slightly, an indescribable excitement welling up in his eyes.

...

"Run!"

"One by one, the exit is in the desert."

In a hidden corner of Shadow City, Dorne soldiers surged forward, scrambling to enter a secret passageway.

One mile outside the city.

Bang!



A muffled sound came from the sand, followed by a pop as a wooden board was pushed aside.

Qoren, covered in sand, crawled out of the hole on his hands and knees.

"Hurry up! The Water Gardens are ahead. Go around them and take the path to Ghost Hill."

A large number of soldiers climbed out, and Qoren led the way into the desert.

The road is impassable, so it's safer to travel through the desert.

Ghost Hill is the closest to Sunspear. We can get supplies there and then make a plan.

Hoo-hoo!

He labored through the sand, and a gust of wind blew past his head.

Qoren froze, his joy of escape extinguished, and he looked up with difficulty.

The sky suddenly darkened, and a shadow covered the earth, blocking the bright sun.

Above his head, the blue sky disappeared, replaced by a huge black dragon.

The dragon's pupils were a dangerous shade of green, and it was at the top of the food chain.

"Dracarys!"

Suddenly, a clear voice rang out.

The next second, green Dragonfire poured down.

Qoren's teeth clenched, and he only had time to see a silver-haired figure on the dragon's back looking down at him with contempt.

The hot air rushed towards him, and Qoren, like a lamb about to be slaughtered, let out a desperate cry:

"No!"

Chapter 446: Father and Son Reunited

A green fire ignited amidst the piercing screams.

Flesh and blood scorched, armor melted, life returned to death.

"Roar!"

Cannibal roared, and the misty Dragonfire spread evenly, like the grim reaper.

Rhaegar looked calm, playing with a silver-white dagger shaped like a dragon horn.

Calm and composed.

He watched the arrogant Prince of Dorne struggle and scream, reduced to a charred corpse.

"Arrogant wisdom is a form of unseeing stupidity," Rhaegar mused, surveying the devastation.

Qoren had been clever. He foresaw the Iron Throne's intentions to wage war against Dorne and sought to use the Free Cities beyond the Narrow Sea to weaken its power. Unfortunately, his cleverness had backfired.

From the moment the Triarchy was broken, Dorne was doomed.

Rhaegar shook his head at the charred, steel-like corpse. "None of the Free Cities are trustworthy. You chose the wrong allies from the start."

Dorne's involvement in the war caused Braavos to back down and shift the conflict to its allies. Qoren failed to control his nobles and hesitated to make the decisive move to destroy everything.

During the First Dorne War, Dorne's success in negotiations was due in large part to the unyielding spirit of the Yellow Toad. Without the courage to fight to the death, Dorne's military strength paled compared to The Reach. Even with such resolve, they couldn't stop the Targaryens at the height of their power.

Located in the desert, Dorne's development was slow, limited by its harsh environment.

"Roar..."

Dreamfyre flew in the distance, its body passing through the clouds.

Rhaegar saw it and patted the back of the Cannibal. The Cannibal knew the signal and slowly flapped its wings to land.

Dreamfyre flew closer, its hind legs stepping on the scorched corpses in the sand, and its rider leaning forward to reveal herself.

Helaena's face lit up with excitement. "Lord Corlys has taken Sunspear and has the situation under control," she said happily.

"What about the Dorne army?" Rhaegar asked, eyeing the hole Qoren had dug.

Hundreds had just been burned to death, but there were still more than a thousand standing soldiers in Sunspear.

"Aegon blocked the entrance, so they can't escape," Helaena pointed to the hole in the ground.

"There's a team in the secret passage. Lord Corlys asked me to block it."

"Oh?" Rhaegar's eyes sparked with inspiration, and he urged the Cannibal to the hole's exit.

The entrance was narrow, with a large amount of sand and gravel seeping in.

"Roar..."

Cannibal turned its head, green pupils peering into the darkness of the tunnel.

A hot breath was sprayed into the tunnel, and a moment later, there was a commotion inside.

A dragon is the crystallization of blood and fire.

Not only is Dragonfire terrifying, but the breath exhaled from its mouth and nostrils is also extremely hot.

As the Cannibal grew, the heat from his nose alone could burn the skin under his clothes.

Rhaegar's face turned cold, and he shouted, "Come out!"

Qoren had three children, and he had already captured two of them. He still needed one more heir.

"Roar..."

Cannibal let out a low growl, and the dragon's mouth opened wide, gathering the dark green Dragonfire in its throat.

"We surrender. Spare the Princess."

Hundreds of Dorne soldiers swarmed out of the tunnel, and a noble officer cradled a tearful Aliandra in his arms.

Having heard her father's painful screams, Aliandra knew that she had lost him forever.

Her heart was filled with grief and hatred.

"Dracarys!"

The girl's voice rang out, calm but resolute.

"Roar..."

Dreamfyre's eyes flashed with murderous intent, and a jet of orange and blue Dragonfire shot out.

The Dragonfire streaked past the Cannibal's eyes and landed precisely on the heads of more than a hundred Dorne soldiers.

Aliandra, with her blank expression, was incinerated along with the rest.

Rhaegar's eyes widened slightly, and he looked straight at Helaena.

Helaena said calmly, "She hates you."

"Yes," Rhaegar said, his eyelids twitching.

He had considered keeping Aliandra, which would have been beneficial for his subsequent rule.

Helaena lowered her eyes and said anxiously, "I am a girl and your Visenya, I will eliminate the difficult characters for you."

That Dorne girl is impossible to train!

Rhaegar was moved. "You're right. We still have two Martells."

Helaena looked up at him timidly.

They looked at each other and smiled.

"Let's go."

Rhaegar patted the dragon's back and said seriously, "With the collapse of the Martell regime, Dorne will fall into chaos, and the hidden rebels will all come out."

He was going to claim the throne in Sunspear and then head to Yronwood.

The Dorne nobles in Boneway are a tough nut to crack, so they need to concentrate their firepower.

...

Yronwood.

"Roar!"

The Bronze Dragon swooped down, shattering the spire of the tower with its tail and landing in the castle courtyard with wings spread wide.

"Your Grace..."

The Cargyll brothers approached, their silver armor and white robes making them look imposing.

"Hmm." Viserys carefully climbed down the dragon's back, saying, "Rhaegar wrote to me that he and Lord Corlys are attacking Sunspear today. We need to be on high alert."

Erryk, with a solemn expression, reassured him, "Your Grace, don't worry. Ser Cole has taken over the city's defenses with 3,000 soldiers. We have people stationed inside and outside the castle."

Arryk, always smooth and tactful, added, "We will protect your safety at all times."

Hearing this, Viserys nodded, feeling much more at ease.

Like Wyl, Yronwood was also empty.

In keeping with his strategic objective of controlling Boneway, Blackhaven, Bitterbridge, and Grassy Vale had gathered 3,000 soldiers, and he personally led the army to Yronwood, the gateway to Boneway.

Viserys twisted his body, his armor making it difficult for him to walk, and he couldn't wait to reach the tower.

"Roar..."

Suddenly, a strange, eerie sound came to his ears.

Viserys's heart leapt, and he turned around in surprise.

A brownish mud dragon came into view. The dried-up dragon's head had sunken eye sockets, and its vertical pupils flashed with cunning light.

"Aemond!"

Viserys exclaimed, his eyes immediately falling on the silver-haired boy on the dragon's back.

"Father, I'm here!"

Aemond smiled and waved his arms excitedly.

It had been more than a month since he left the Red Keep, and he was finally able to see his father.

"Roar..."

The Sheepstealer's pupils dilated, his bad intentions quickly subsided, and then he stopped mid-air.

The smile suddenly stopped.

Aemond lost his balance and fell forward, his freckled face slamming into the dry, scaly surface.

When he looked up again, a string of blood ran from his nose.

"Oh, seven levels of hell!"

Viserys had never seen anything like it, and his heart ached.

"Sheepstealer, that's too much!"

Aemond shouted, expertly wiping away the blood.

Seeing that his third son still had the strength to yell, Viserys let out a sigh of relief and joked, "This is a dragon with a mind of its own, as unique as its ugliness."

This was not a taunt.

Aemond had survived the Stormlands, and the mud dragon had protected him well.

Soon, the Sheepstealer landed slowly and bellowed at the wary Cargyll brothers.

"Your Grace, be careful!"

Erryk gripped the hilt of his sword and positioned himself between the king and the danger.

"Don't worry, Kingsguard."

Aemond jumped off the dragon's back and cocked his head to the side. "He's just hungry. Give him two goats, and he'll be fine."

"Roar..."

The Sheepstealer's eyes lit up, and it twisted its long neck back and forth, sniffing the air.

It smelled like a goat that had been rotten for days.

It had to be said, it had a keen sense of smell.

Outside the city, there was a mountain of dead cattle and sheep, which the Vermithor's Dragonfire had burned away.

"My child, come and let your father take a good look."

Viserys hugged Aemond as he approached and then looked him over, pleased. "You've grown strong. You look like your brother when he was just a boy."

He pinched his arm, and it felt a little muscular and strong.

Aemond lowered his head shyly and stole a longing glance at his father.

It had been a long time since he had heard his father praise him.

He longed for his parents' attention.

"Let's go back to the castle. I'll tell the chef to cook you a special welcome dinner."

Viserys put his arm around his son's shoulders and teased him, "But you have to ignore the taste. After all, he's a cook in the army, and the bread is so hard that it can crack your head."

"Heh."

Aemond just giggled and obediently followed.

He had rushed to his father after finishing off the remnants of the Stormlands.

The father and son walked quickly ahead, with the Cargyll brothers following behind.

Erryk and Arryk exchanged a glance, and the latter said, "Since it's a welcome banquet for the Prince, I'll go inform Ser Cole and step up patrols tonight."

"Good."

Erryk had the same idea and said, "I'll protect the king. Watch out for the kitchen and the well."

The people of Dorne are skilled in poisoning and murder, so they must be doubly careful in this strange castle.

The brothers understood each other and each went his own way.

...

With Aemond's arrival, the somber atmosphere of Yronwood was shattered.

The soldiers were busier than ever, not daring to let their guard down for a moment.

Soon night had fallen.

The tower was lit, the warm glow of the torches casting long shadows.

In the spacious hall, Viserys and Aemond dined together, the clatter of cutlery mingling with their subdued conversation.

Outside, soldiers patrolled diligently, and the torches flickered in the evening breeze.

Everything seemed normal, with the gentle wind whispering through the courtyard.

However, under the cover of darkness, shadows moved stealthily.

In the kitchen, the cellar, the stables, and even the dry well—subtle sounds could be heard.

First, the kitchen.

The kitchen, typically locked after dinner, was now a place of unexpected activity.

Bang! Bang! The muffled sounds grew louder, disturbing the quiet of the night.

The noise didn't come from the walls or floor but from beneath the earthen-brick stove.

Bang!

A final, louder bang sent ashes flying from the stove, scattering over the flour sacks.

An axe appeared in the dark hearth, its blade gleaming ominously.

With a few sharp blows, the hearth was breached, and a Dorne man wearing a scarf emerged from the darkness.

More figures followed, breaking the door lock and slipping out of the house with predatory smiles.

Similar scenes played out in other hidden corners.

The lights flickered, casting eerie shadows as venomous snakes revealed their fangs.

It was late at night.

Viserys, delighted by his son's presence, had drunk heavily. Aemond, too, had taken a few sips, choking and coughing, which made his father laugh heartily.

"Father, let me help you back to bed," Aemond suggested sweetly, enjoying the rare warmth of being alone with his father.

"Good, I'm sleepy too," Viserys replied, swaying unsteadily as he got up.

Aemond, though younger, struggled to support his father, who was noticeably heavier.

"Go and help," Erryk called to the guards in the hall, sensing the need for assistance.

In an instant.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Several arrows flew straight at Viserys and Aemond.

Pop!

The guards arrived just in time, shielding the king and his son with their bodies. They took the arrows in their backs, bleeding to death on the spot.

"Assassins!" Erryk shouted, horrified, drawing his sword with a swift motion.

Aemond looked up in panic. At the top of the stairs, a dozen Dorne men in brown leather armor stood with crossbows, their faces filled with murderous intent.

"Protect Father, retreat quickly!" Aemond yelled, his heart racing. He pulled his father back, the instincts honed in the Stormlands kicking in.

Outside the tower, chaotic shouts filled the air.

"Fire!"

"The barn is on fire! Come quickly!"

Chapter 447: The Runaway Dragon

As the sound of the fire crackled ominously outside, a heavy dread settled over everyone's heart.

The people of Dorne weren't mere rogues; they were orchestrating an assassination.

Aemond's mind reeled. Clutching his father's sleeve, he whispered in a quavering voice, "Father, what do we do now?"

Without his dragon, he was nothing but a frightened ten-year-old boy.

Viserys, gripped by terror, faced a dozen assassins. The gravity of the moment sobered him, and he tried to soothe his son, his voice strained but calm.

It was his first brush with death since claiming the Iron Throne, and he was at a loss.

"Don't just stand there, protect His Grace!" came a desperate shout.

Erryk, his face set in grim determination, wielded his sword like a deity of war, deflecting arrows with expert precision.

While the guards shielded the king with their bodies, Erryk shattered a sturdy chair and armed himself with a hefty wooden shard, ready to defend his king.

"Your Grace, it's chaos outside. We should seek cover," Erryk advised, pulling the king behind the hall's massive stone pillars.

"Don't let them escape," came a cold command from a Dornish assassin, his eyes devoid of life as he loosed bolts from his crossbow.

The guards, vastly outnumbered, fell one by one.

In moments, only five breathless guards remained.

Erryk, both shocked and enraged, scanned the hall for anything that could serve as a weapon, "Your Grace, we must escape,"

Aemond spoke, his voice trembling yet determined. "The dragons are outside."

Hope flickered in Viserys' eyes.

Not only dragons waited outside, but a well-equipped army.

Erryk faced the assassin and felt the pressure build. "Fourteen crossbowmen are positioned above. They'll cut us down before we reach the gate," he warned.

His eyes then moved to the remaining guards, clad in quality armor. Those who had fallen had been fatally shot in the neck, while the survivors nursed wounds to their limbs, still able to fight.

The three huddled together, discussing their options as the Dornish archers readied themselves above.

Their leader, his face obscured by a hood, his gray eyes wolfish, his voice raspy, commanded, "Move in, spare no one!"

Seven assassins, crossbows drawn, descended without a sound.

The five remaining guards, pale and trembling, drew their swords in a feeble attempt to defend themselves.

The assault was relentless, the archers' coordination impeccable.

"Your Grace, my brother Arryk is outside. He'll come when he hears the disturbance. I'll get you out," Erryk resolved, his face taut with determination.

With only five guards left, they had no choice but to fight desperately.

Further delay would mean certain death.

Viserys, clutching Aemond, sprinted from the room, seeking the protection of a Kingsguard's white robe.

"There! The King of the Iron Throne! Kill him!" an icy voice ordered from above as an arrow zipped through the air.

Clang!

Erryk countered, repelling the nearest assassin with a forceful kick, and yelled, "Run! Don't look back!"

Aemond's face was ghostly white as he glanced at the blood-stained Kingsguard, trembling in his father's embrace.

Stripped of his dragon, a crushing sense of vulnerability overwhelmed him, his sword hanging heavy and useless in his hand.

...

At that moment, fires erupted throughout the castle.

The blaze began in the barn and stables, fanned by the fierce night wind, spreading uncontrollably.



Soldiers shouted and scrambled to extinguish the flames, the scene a chaotic riot of activity.

"Hurry! His Grace is in grave danger!"

Arryk, watching the chaos unfold, was consumed with worry. He led a group of patrolmen toward the tower, his duty as a Kingsguard to protect the king foremost in his mind.

The fire seemed suspicious, a nefarious plot unfolding within enemy territory.

"Roar!"

A thunderous roar shattered the night, followed by a torrent of golden Dragonfire lighting up the sky like a volcanic eruption.

Arryk's expression shifted as he turned towards the outer walls of the castle, illuminated by the fiery glow.

Under the night sky, a bronze dragon's head emerged from the castle wall, its eyes wild with fury.

Rumbling—

The dragon's claws gripped the wall, and as it rose, sections of the castle crumbled beneath its massive feet.

With its fangs bared and mouth wide open, the dragon spewed golden Dragonfire like molten lava.

"Vermithor!"

Arryk's eyes widened in shock, his heart feeling as if it had been struck by a battering ram.

A dragon, driven mad by rage!

...

Outside the castle, under the vast and boundless night sky, the desert stretched endlessly.

An unsightly mud-brown dragon lay on its back in the sand, gazing vacantly at a blackened hillock. This grotesque mound, composed of the rotting corpses of thousands of sheep and cattle, stood as a grim testament to decay.

Vermithor's Dragonfire had only managed to scorch the surface, failing to reduce it to ashes.

In this desolate scene, the Sheepstealer found himself in a dire predicament. He eyed the charred peak, weighing his options.

The good news was the abundance of fat sheep within the pile. The bad news was their advanced state of decay, crawling with maggots.

Sometimes, the choice to eat or not to eat posed a true dilemma.

Bored and restless, the Sheepstealer hunched over and flicked his tail. For a dragon, eating rotten mutton was a humiliating prospect.

Boom!

A sudden explosion shattered the silence of the night.

"Roar?"

The Sheepstealer snapped his head back, his eyes reflecting the flames consuming the castle. He hesitated for a moment, then another...

"Roar!"

Realization struck. In a frantic scramble, the Sheepstealer sprang from the sand, his body moving with surprising speed and agility. He took to the night sky, almost tumbling over itself in urgency.

...

The Tower, The Hall

"Push, push harder!"

Aemond's face flushed as he leaned his entire weight against the door, straining to force it open.

Viserys growled, pushing with all his might, ignoring the death and destruction behind him.

But the solid wooden door didn't budge.

In Westeros, castle gates were designed to be impenetrable. The two three-meter-high, twenty-centimeter-thick wooden doors, reinforced with a thick layer of iron plating, were almost immovable.

Father and son, one old and one young, exerted all their strength, managing to open just a crack.

"Damn it, how can this door be heavier than the Red Keep's gate? Is it blocked from the outside?"

Viserys shouted, furious, as a wound on his hand burst open, blood streaming down his arm.

Pop!

A hidden arrow struck a guard in the forehead.

Casualties were mounting in the melee.

"Your Grace, the front door won't open. Let's go to the back door!" Erryk shouted, having just dispatched an assassin with his sword.

Viserys, already considering that option, pulled his son away from the door and headed for the back exit.

He realized this was a calculated assassination attempt. The people of Dorne had abandoned the castle, deliberately luring his army in and using secret passageways for their attack.

"Father, there's a dragon roaring outside," Aemond said, regaining his composure. He recognized Vermithor's roar, loud and angry, echoing outside the tower.

It wasn't the Sheepstealer. The Sheepstealer wasn't this close to their location.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Viserys had no time to respond as another volley of arrows shot towards them.

"Run!"

Father and son narrowly escaped, a bolt nearly grazing Aemond's head, cutting a lock of his silver-blond hair.

Viserys stumbled, panic gripping him. He heard Vermithor's roar, disturbed by the fire and chaos, and its fury growing.

The bond between him and Vermithor wasn't strong enough to calm the dragon from afar.

The situation deteriorated quickly.

The Dornish assassins from above rained down crossbow bolts before joining the melee below. Their leader charged Erryk, slashing at his breastplate, sparks flying as his sword struck the steel.

"Die!" Erryk shouted, slashing an assassin's throat and blocking another blow.

The Kingsguard's armor, some of the finest in Westeros, allowed him to maneuver effectively among the attackers.

The leader of the assassins, eyes blazing with fury, called out to his men: "Go, deal with the target first!"

"Yes!"

Two assassins broke away, heading straight for the Targaryen father and son.

"Father, let's go!" Aemond urged, pushing Viserys to move faster. With the dragons gone and the guards dwindling, he felt the weight of responsibility to protect his father.

Viserys's forehead was slick with cold sweat, pain etched across his face as he gritted his teeth, struggling to keep up.

"Kill him!"

The two assassins closed in, swords raised.

"Get away from me!" Aemond was small but fearless.

He grabbed a stool leg and hurled it at the assassins, then dragged his father and ran.

The assassins gave chase, and the father and son sprinted desperately.

The back door was blocked, forcing Aemond to pull his father back towards the front door.

Fortunately, the assassins had run out of arrows.

There was no need to worry about being shot in the back, but the price was two relentless pursuers, their curved swords flashing.

A slash across Aemond's back tore his green cloak. His heart pounded in his chest, and he instinctively clenched his muscles in pain and fear.

These Dornish assassins must be mad to dare attack him and his father so openly.

If anything happened to his father tonight, Rhaegar would ascend the Iron Throne by morning.

Given his brother's nature, Dorne wouldn't get away with it.

Had they forgotten Queen Rhaenys' death and the dragon's wrath that had plagued Dorne for years?

The assassins, faces hidden and eyes crazed, clearly didn't care.

The war was on; consequences be damned. Killing a king would be a monumental feat for all of Dorne.

Plop.

Just before reaching the gate, Viserys stumbled and fell heavily to the floor.

"Father!" Aemond cried out.

"One for each," one assassin said to the other as they advanced on the fallen king and his son.

"Stop!"

At the critical moment, Erryk charged in, knocking one assassin aside.

Aemond gasped and reached for his father's waist, feeling the hilt of Blackfyre.

Swish!

A flash of black steel as the ancestral sword was drawn. It didn't cut the assassin's neck or pierce his chest, but Aemond managed to block the curved blade, buying precious seconds.

"Aemond, leave me. Run upstairs!" Viserys urged, slumped on the ground, dazed and weak from drink and shock. He could no longer run, but he hoped his third son could survive.

"Father," Aemond whispered, tears welling up. He had always believed his father favored his eldest brother, never caring for him.

"Run! Find your brother. Rhaegar will avenge me," Viserys insisted. The whole city of Yronwood was unsafe, and he hoped his son would escape on his dragon.

"No one can escape," the assassin sneered, hearing their heartfelt exchange, and swung his sword again.

Nearby, Erryk was locked in combat with another assassin.

After breaking his opponent's neck, he turned to see the remaining guards slaughtered and more assassins closing in.

"Death to the Targaryens!" an assassin shouted.

#### Chapter 448: One-Eyed Aemon

Terrified and trembling, Aemond felt his legs turn to stone at the thought of his father standing resolutely behind him. With shaking hands, he drew his sword to defend himself.

Clang!

Aemond's blade, Blackfyre, clashed against the assassin's scimitar, only to be knocked aside. The assailant's grotesque face contorted as he swung his weapon relentlessly.

Aemond's horror deepened; he raised his arm in a futile attempt to block, stumbling backward.

Sizzling—

The scimitar's tip grazed his forehead, slicing open his eye with a merciless strike. Aemond froze, blood gushing from the wound, and screamed in agony.

"Ah!"

He collapsed to the ground with a heavy thud.

"My eye! My eye!"

His screams echoed as he clutched at his face, blood seeping through his fingers. The assassin paused, surprised by Aemond's partial dodge.

"Aemond!"

Viserys, seeing his son's plight, rushed to his side in alarm.

Aemond, overwhelmed by pain, shook his head violently, ignoring his father's cries. His body convulsed as darkness engulfed his left eye, the pain unbearable.

In his agony, he longed for the comfort of his mother and sister. The sound of battle approached, his father's voice a beacon of strength amid the chaos. Memories of his older brother's stories - his survival and dominance over the wildlings of Crackclaw Point - flickered in his mind.

Weakness was not an option; he must wait for the right moment to strike back.

Surrounded by enemies, the Targaryens - once considered demigods, the Dragonlords - now appeared to be mere lambs for the slaughter.

Gasping for breath, Aemond clung to his father, his surviving eye catching sight of the dragonhorn dagger at his father's belt. Blackfyre lay beyond his reach, disdainfully kicked aside by the assassin, who then thrust his scimitar forward in a deadly arc.

"Let's see how you dodge this time."

"No!"

Erryk, besieged and bloodied by other assailants, cried out in horror.

The scimitar inched closer, its cold gleam menacing. Driven by desperation, Aemond rolled over his father, seizing the dragonhorn dagger.

"Die!"

He rose unsteadily, lunging forward with the dagger aimed at the oncoming blade.

The light from both blades intertwined, casting a spectral glow over the hall, which then fell deathly silent. Erryk, aghast, stared at the unfolding scene, while the assassins, driven by bloodlust, hungered for the kill of a Targaryen.

Before emotions could shift, the unexpected shattered the tense silence.

"Roar..."

With explosive force, the doors burst inward, hurling the heavy wooden planks like deadly projectiles. The assassins barely had time to register the chaos before the planks struck, their deadly impact shattering skulls.

A cloud of dust and debris marked the entrance of an awesome creature. The dragon, Sheepstealer, thrust its aged head through the shattered doorway, its horns splintering wood and sending splinters flying. In the settling dust, its brown eyes glowed with a cold, tyrannical fury.

"Roar..."

The cavernous hall shook as dragonfire surged forth, a tidal wave of searing heat and light. One assassin, his back to the dragon, was engulfed before he could even turn - a loud explosion marking his instant demise as the dragonfire consumed him.

In that split second, the sound of steel cutting through flesh echoed. Aemond, his face splattered with blood, plunged his dagger into an assassin's groin just as the dragonfire reached him.

Whoosh!

The blast of fiery breath swept over him, knocking him to the ground.

Behind him, Viserys acted quickly, rolling to shield himself and hugging tightly as the dragonfire blazed past, leaving nothing but scorched earth and charred remains in its wake.

A wave of unbearable heat washed over Aemond. He struggled to his feet, his clothes and cloak incinerated, his skin blistered and tender. A singed lock of hair fell to his cheek, still glowing with the remnants of the dragonfire.

"Sheepstealer!" Aemond cried, a mixture of pain and relief in his voice.

Outside, the massive dragon, Sheepstealer, lay sprawled, its huge head filling the entrance as it surveyed the chaos with fiery eyes.

"You won't get away."

Erryk's voice rang out as he kicked an assassin leader aside, diving to the ground for cover.

"Roar..."

Dragonfire burst forth once more, enveloping the remaining assassins in a chaotic inferno. Erryk, fortunate in his quick reaction, remained unscathed on the floor.

"Haha, we're saved!" Aemond's laugh mingled with tears as he turned to embrace his father.

Viserys was in a terrible state. His back was scorched, his magnificent silver-blond hair on fire. He lay unconscious, his skin not badly burned, but flushed and feverish, his wounds oozing both pus and blood.

Aemond's relief turned to shock as he reached for his father, seeing him so badly injured for the first time. His hand hovered uncertainly over the frightening sight.

"Roar!"

The door burst open, the deafening roar of an enraged dragon piercing Aemond's ears. Gritting his teeth, he pulled his father under the table for safety before sprinting toward Sheepstealer.

As he reached the door, the clash of metal hit his ears.

Outside the tower, a swarm of masked men from Dorne had flooded the courtyard. Erryk rallied his men to face the invaders, but the enemy's sheer numbers overwhelmed the patrolling soldiers. A brave group even charged at Sheepstealer, aiming to slay the dragon while its neck was being wedged in the door frame.

Boom! Boom!

Chaos reigned outside the courtyard. Ser Cole, clad in silver armor and a blood-spattered white robe, led over a hundred men in a frenzied battle. Soldiers scattered, hastily engaging the enemy as hundreds of masked men ambushed those attempting to extinguish the fires.

"Roar!"

A bronze claw smashed through a house, Sheepstealer's massive body flailing wildly. Golden dragonfire erupted, falling indiscriminately into a crowded alley, setting Yronwood ablaze beneath the night sky.

Vermithor, eyes blazing with fury, leaped over the city walls toward the tower, spewing fire in every direction. Sensing the danger to its rider, it went into an uncontrollable rage, killing friend and foe alike.

Elsewhere, the city walls crumbled under the dragon's might, sending the defending soldiers fleeing in terror. More masked men emerged from the shadows and opened the city gates to let in a Dorne army of 2,000 men.

Leading them were two figures. One bore the emblem of the Black Gate, Olyvar Yronwood. The other, tall and corpulent, was Lord Harmen of House Uller, wielding a shield emblazoned with a "yellow and crimson flame."

Harmen Uller had foreseen that Kingsgrave and Skyreach at Prince's Pass would not withstand the dragonfire, so he brought his troops to Yronwood in anticipation. Despite the animosity between their houses, he respected Olyvar Yronwood's martial prowess.

With dragons in the skies, Dorne had reverted to the guerrilla tactics of old. The Prince's Pass faced the Targaryen regent, their most formidable adversary. Harmen, though arrogant, didn't underestimate the young conqueror of the Triarchy.

Their target was the King on the Iron Throne at Boneway—vulnerable and weak. Harmen and Yronwood devised a "siege plan," luring the enemy in to trap them tonight.

Eyes gleaming with madness, Harmen shouted, "Charge! Cut off the king's and the dragon's heads!"

Tonight, he aimed to become a dragon slayer. The soldiers of Dorne, driven by their leader's fervor, cheered and charged the burning tower, undeterred by Vermithor's wrath.

...

In the courtyard, Sheepstealer crouched, supporting the tower with its wings, shaking its head in agitation.

"Roar..."

Thirty masked men, armed with axes and spears, rushed forward to attack the dragon. One axe struck, barely chipping a piece of the dragon's tough scales.

"Roar..."

Sheepstealer, responding to the cries of the boy in the hall, flapped his brown wings wildly, sending masked men flying like insects. A single swipe of its wings scattered flesh and blood in all directions.

Unshaken, the masked men climbed onto the dragon's back, desperate to slay the beast.

Inside the hall, Aemond, impatient and desperate, tried to approach Sheepstealer's head, but was driven back by its fangs. The dragon refused to heed its rider's commands, determined to break down the door.

"Prince, take Your Grace away first. The people of Dorne have entered the city!" Erryk, struggling to his feet, urged Aemond.

The sounds of battle outside grew louder; the city gate had probably fallen.

"Impossible!" Aemond shouted defiantly. "Sheepstealer has come to save me. I will not abandon my dragon. It will help me put down the rebellion!"

The dragon was everything to Aemond. A Targaryen without a dragon was not worthy of the name.

Boom!

The courtyard gate shattered and a cloud of dust rose as Dorne soldiers rushed in. Aemond's expression froze, his left eye stinging.

"Roar..." Sheepstealer roared, slamming its head against the stone door frame, loosening the walls.

"Sheepstealer!" Aemond called, covering his left eye with one hand, a painful smile on his lips.

Outside the tower, Harmen Uller led his troops into the courtyard. Encircling Erryk's squad, he turned to the trapped Sheepstealer with excitement. A stationary dragon was a blessing from the gods.

"Charge! Restore the glory of our ancestors!" Harmen shouted, brandishing his double-edged battle axes. House Uller knew the sharp axes could sever dragon wings and spears could blind dragon eyes from dissecting a dragon's remains.

As cries to kill the dragon filled the air, Aemond, distracted, rushed to Sheepstealer, pushing its head. "Get out! Get out of here!" He didn't want to die, nor did he want his father or the dragon to perish. This ugly beast was his dignity.

"Hurry up! You came to save me, not to die!" A tear rolled down Aemond's right eye as he cried out in despair.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, a gust of wind carrying the scent of ash swept over Yronwood. The night sky darkened, the bright moon swallowed by an ominous force. Erryk, wounded and imprisoned, looked up. Despair gave way to hope as two green lanterns the size of bronze bells appeared in the pitch-black sky.

A silver-haired youth, standing against the night, surveyed the chaos with a frosty gaze, lips slightly parted: "Dracarys!"

A violent wind howled, dark clouds rolled in. A black dragon emerged, its green lantern eyes turning into vertical pupils, fangs stained with blood. The dragon's mouth opened in a cruel arc.

"Roar!"

Like a thunderbolt, the sky split open, and dark green Dragonfire, a harbinger of death, poured down on the crowd below. Harmen Uller was the first to be engulfed, a pool of Dragonfire landing on his shoulder.

"Ah!"

Green Dragonfire descended, filling the courtyard with wails of agony.



## Chapter 449: The Red Queen and the Blood Wyrn

From the center of the courtyard, a torrent of green Dragonfire erupted, spreading in all directions.

A large number of Dorne soldiers glanced up to see a flash of green light before being reduced to cinders in an instant.

At the tower gate, Dragonfire rained down, consuming the dozens of masked men attempting to slay Sheepstealer. The dragon, with his tail caught in the fire, reacted violently.

"Roar!"

A loud, shrill cry echoed as Sheepstealer, fueled by pain, pulled with desperate strength.

"Sheepstealer!" Aemond shouted in terror, fearing for his dragon.

Sheepstealer's pupils dilated with agony, and it slammed its head against the wall with tremendous force.

Crack!

The thick wall crumbled under the impact, stones shattering. Sheepstealer quickly freed its head, screeching in pain as it crawled out, its wings aiding his frantic movements. He smothered the flames on its tail and raised its head in fury, searching for the source his torment.

Its eyes widened in anger as he met the gaze of another dragon with green pupils.

"Roar!"

Under the bright moon, the Cannibal hovered in the air, its grotesque head surveying the castle. Sheepstealer, seeing the abyssal green eyes of the Cannibal, recognized the greed, cunning, and tyranny they held.

"Roar..."

Sheepstealer immediately ceased the attack, focusing its rage on the courtyard's remaining enemies. It opened his mouth and unleashed a torrent of Dragonfire, determined to rescue its master by incinerating the intruders.

With a thunderous crash, the Cannibal landed in the front yard, dragon saliva dripping from its maw. Rhaegar glanced at the scene and leapt off its back, perfectly in sync with his dragon.

"Prince, Your Grace is in the tower," Arryk called out, staggering forward in his blood-stained armor.

In the courtyard, the two dragons wreaked havoc, their green and brown flames shooting high into the sky. Dorne soldiers were slaughtered like hatchlings, crushed under the dragons' might.

Rhaegar, his face grim, walked through the flames and screams, heading for the tower as if he were alone in the world. A mountain of rubble lay before the tower, charred corpses strewn about.

Among the debris, Harmen writhed and screamed, engulfed in green fire. Rhaegar noticed the family crest on his chest, a cold light flashing in his eyes. He stepped over the gate and entered the hall.

Inside, the hall was a chaotic mess, the strong smell of burning filling the air.

At first glance, Rhaegar saw his father unconscious in Erryk's arms, and his anger flared. He stepped forward quickly and shouted, "Father!"

Turning to Erryk, he asked, "What happened? The castle was almost taken by the Dornish."

He had come to Yronwood without rest after the capture of Sunspear, fearing for his father's safety with Blackhaven's inadequate forces. But the Dornish had been so desperate that they had even plotted to kill the king.

Erryk, ashamed and weak, explained, "There is a secret passage in the city. If it weren't for Prince Aemond, Your Grace would have been in grave danger."

The timing of the Dornish attack was too precise. Erryk led the patrol while Cole guarded the city gates. They set fires to distract and weaken the defenses, then seized the opportunity to strike. No one had expected such a bold assassination attempt.

He had expected such a bold assassination attempt.

Rhaegar, furious, gently touched his father's wounds and used his Serpent Rune to heal him. Sunspear had just been breached, and news of Qoren's death had not yet spread. Yet the Dornish had dared to openly assassinate the king.

Lawless!

Rhaegar was relieved to find no other wounds on his father and suddenly thought of Aemond. He turned to see Aemond standing alone at the edge of the ruins, gazing anxiously in their direction. One eye averted in guilt, the other...

Rhaegar was momentarily stunned. A vertical bloodstain ran down Aemond's freckled face from his left eye to his chin. The eye was tightly shut, and the wound exposed soft flesh, blood flowing over his face. Aemond was trembling with pain and sadness.

"Aemond!"

Rhaegar's expression shifted, nearly losing focus on his healing spell. Aemond, like a lost child finding solace, met Rhaegar's gaze with his right eye and whispered, "I didn't run away. I stood in front of Father."

His voice was soft but filled with strong emotion. Rhaegar's heart tightened, realizing what his father and brother had endured. His lips trembled, "Come, come to me."

"Brother!" Tears welled in Aemond's right eye as he threw himself into Rhaegar's arms.

Rhaegar forced a smile, embracing his brave brother. The hall was filled with corpses. Erryk, covered in blood, seemed on the brink of death. Aemond's back was blistered, and he had lost his left eye to protect their father, who was miraculously unscathed.

"Sss!"

Aemond's movement tore at his left eye and back, making him cry out in agony. The pain, suppressed until now, surged through his body as he saw Rhaegar.

"Good boy," Rhaegar murmured, rubbing his head and resting his chin on Aemond's shoulder.

"Aemond, from tonight on, you are a real man."

In front of everyone, he had dared to protect his family, embodying the true spirit of a Targaryen.

"Mmm," Aemond choked.

At that moment, the unconscious Viserys frowned and muttered, "Aemond... Rhaegar... help him... Aemond... my son..." His body convulsed.

"Father, I'm here," Rhaegar soothed, using the Serpent Rune to swallow the black gas causing his father's pain.

Viserys, though not a perfect man, had shown great bravery by leading the dragons to Dorne. Now, weakened and injured, he was uncertain to survive. Gradually, Viserys calmed at his eldest son's voice, slipping back into sleep.

Rhaegar patted Aemond's back, then turned to the seriously injured Erryk, saying, "Hang in there." After ensuring his father's safety, he would attend to the others.

...

Outside the tower, the malevolent Sheepstealer wreaked havoc on the Dorne soldiers, thrashing them in a vengeful frenzy. Its impenetrable scales shrugged off even the sharpest swords and axes, rendering them useless.

Attempts to strike its eyes were futile; the dragon's head towered over ten meters high, far beyond the soldiers' reach. The Dorne soldiers were mere ants beneath the dragon's claws, their screams and curses swallowed by the chaos as they were crushed to pulp.

"Roar!"

The Cannibal unleashed a torrent of Dragonfire, casting a greenish glow over most of the courtyard. Its colossal body, as tall as a tower, smashed into the wall with such force that the stone crumbled.

Roar!

A furious roar echoed from outside the castle. The Cannibal slowly turned its head, green pupils slicing through the night and reflecting the fierce golden flames.

Hoo-hoo!

After a glance at the courtyard, now an inferno of carnage, the Cannibal took flight, leaving the scene behind. The rider's thoughts calmed the enraged dragon, guiding it away from the devastation.

...

Fires raged in the city, filling the night sky with smoke. Some of the fires were man-made, but most were the result of the dragons' fiery breath.

"Don't fall behind! Kill all the Dornish bastards!" Cole ordered, leading his soldiers into battle against the invaders.

The Dornish were numerous, scattered throughout the key areas of the city. Fortunately, the city's defenders had regained their composure and were rallying to the main force.

"Do not linger! Archers, prepare!" A voice shouted from above, in a brick and stone building.

Cole looked up in alarm. It was a three-story brothel, now occupied by Dornish men armed with crossbows.

"Take cover! Hurry!" Cole shouted, killing an opponent and running with his hands over his head. He was a skilled and strong fighter, but he couldn't save everyone. Hundreds of soldiers were shot and killed in a sudden ambush.

"Roar!"

A piercing roar echoed in the distance.

"Dracarys!" A cold female voice filled with rage rang out.

A scarlet dragon flashed past, unleashing red Dragonfire on the brothel. The Dornish men had no time to react as the Dragonfire scorched them.

"Roar!" The scarlet dragon swooped down again, its fiery breath slicing through the brothel's walls, breaking windows, and setting the entire building ablaze.

Roar...

Another dragon roar echoed, and a pale blue dragon flew in from afar. Helaena anxiously surveyed the burning town below.

She saw the scarlet dragon approaching, its neck outstretched, revealing its rider. Rhaenys's expression was cold but softened slightly upon seeing her long-lost niece.

"I just saw Rhaegar riding over there," Rhaenys said.

Without waiting for a response, she rode her dragon into the fray.

Helaena, stunned, finally gave the order. "Dreamfyre, burn the Dornish along the way."

...

In the endless desert, under the cover of night, a disheveled Dorne army of several hundred men fled in chaos. Olyvar Yronwood, his face blackened with soot, led the way, stumbling forward. Behind them, the city of Yronwood was ablaze, dragons circling overhead.

He had to run. The moment he entered the castle, a Bronze Dragon had attacked, nearly incinerating him on the spot. He had tried to assassinate a Targaryen, but now he couldn't even hold his ancestral home.

For now, he had to flee, contemplating a route south to Sunspear or north to the Boneway. As for Harmen Uller, that madman? Their families had been feuding for generations, each wishing the other dead.

Suddenly, Olyvar sensed something was wrong. He stopped abruptly, causing the soldiers behind him to halt. His adjutant approached, asking a question.

Olyvar's face grew tense as he sniffed the air. His acute sense of smell detected something unusual.

Boom!

In the distance, the heavy thud of something massive hitting the ground echoed. Olyvar stiffened, eyes wide with fear. In the darkness, a colossal figure moved, resembling a snake.

"Roar..." A shrill, piercing sound filled the air, penetrating eardrums like a sonic wave. Then, out of nowhere, red flames ignited.

A monstrous, blood-red creature with a snake-like body appeared, its cruel pupils glinting as it crawled forward. Olyvar's spine tingled with terror as he recognized the silver-haired figure on the dragon's back.

Daemon looked down on the fleeing soldiers with disdain, speaking in High Valyrian, the new language he had mastered: "Burn them all"

Caraxes obeyed without hesitation, unleashing a torrent of scarlet Dragonfire.

In the desert, a blaze erupted, and the screams of the Dornishmen were swiftly silenced, leaving only the snorting of the Blood Wym.

Chapter 450: Relic – Dagger of Grudges

The next morning.

In the tower bedroom, Rhaegar sat at his father's bedside. Viserys lay in a restless sleep, his forehead furrowed, his lips parted, his grunts pitiful. Rhaegar's face tightened with concern as he hurried to check on him.

Crack!

The door opened softly and Helaena entered. She was wearing a green dress, her long silver-blonde hair cascading unkempt over her shoulders.

Helaena looked down at the bed, her voice low. "How is he? Has Father woken up?"

Rhaegar shook his head, carefully giving his father a small sip of water. Viserys swallowed reflexively, easing his dry throat and making his breathing smoother.

Helaena looked sideways at the gauze-covered window. Outside, Yronwood lay in ruins, a burnt-out wasteland littered with broken limbs and shattered bones. Her gaze shifted down to the sill beneath the window and the wall at its base.

Aemond was curled up against the wall, sleeping fitfully and muttering. The previous night had been too much for him. He had lost an eye and was still in shock, insisting on staying in the same room as his father and older brother.

"Mmm..."

A cool breeze blew through the window, causing Aemond to wake in pain. He looked up sharply, glancing at the bed with his right eye.

Rhaegar met his gaze, gently wiping their father's mouth. Aemond sighed in relief, touched his stitched left eye, and struggled to sit up.

"Gently," Helaena whispered, moving forward to help him.

Aemond pouted, holding back tears. "Sister," he complained softly.

Rhaegar had treated him the previous night. The left eye was beyond repair, removed, and the wound stitched. Aemond had lost the eye permanently.

"Shh," Helaena said gently, kneeling to embrace him. "Don't cry. You're a man now."

Aemond sniffled, fighting back tears, fearful of being mocked.

Helaena stroked his head and cheeks with deep compassion. Rhaegar watched quietly, a smile forming. "Aemond is very brave. He saved Father and himself, even at such a cost."

"I know," Helaena replied, her eyes distracted as she looked at Rhaegar. "His strong will has always set him apart, and it will only make him stronger."

Aemond, not fully understanding but afraid of being ridiculed, pulled away from Helaena's embrace.

Crack!

The door opened again, revealing three figures. Cole stood solemnly, his posture impeccable. The Cargyll brothers, both seriously injured in the previous night's battle - one in the hall and one in the courtyard - stood with him. Cole, more skilled in the martial arts, had suffered only minor injuries and had taken over as the king's guard.

"His Grace is in a coma. Please be careful," Cole said in a hushed tone.

Rhaenys nodded, stepping into the bedroom first. Daemon followed, giving a sidelong glance and teasing, "Do a good job, former Commander of the Kingsguard."

Seeing them, Rhaegar managed a smile and greeted them naturally. Both had arrived the night before, just in time to help quell the rebellion in Yronwood and assist in defeating the attacking Dornish forces. Without their help, he wouldn't have managed, and Helaena would have been overwhelmed.

Daemon cast a casual glance at the bed and asked, "How is my brother?" His tone was ambiguous, betraying his uncertainty.

Rhaegar shook his head. "Not very good. I suspect he was so frightened that he refuses to wake up."

"Are all the Maesters dead?" Daemon asked, irritation creeping into his voice. He didn't understand how his weak brother could have ended up in such a dire situation, even while leading dragons into battle.

"The Maester is dead. He was the only one," Helaena answered calmly.

Daemon didn't acknowledge her, instead focusing on Aemond, paying special attention to his blind eye. "One eye," he said, "maybe it will make you see the world a little more clearly."

Aemond, sensitive and wary, felt the scrutiny of his uncle.

"Okay, don't be so hostile when you first meet," Rhaenys interjected, her impatience cutting through the tension.

Daemon looked up, feigning interest in the ceiling. Rhaegar, unwilling to escalate the situation, raised his hand to calm his sister and brother. He knew exactly what kind of person his uncle was—someone who might exploit chaos to knock a six-year-old nephew off a dragon's back.

Rhaegar shook his head and smiled, his eyes hardening with ferocity. As long as his father was alive, Daemon played the role of a good uncle and protector. But if anything were to happen to his father this time...

No one would be better off.

Rhaenys walked over to the bed and looked at her cousin, who was breathing weakly. She sighed and said, "Without a Maester's diagnosis, Viserys will be in trouble. It's time to escort him back to King's Landing."

"That's what I was thinking," Rhaegar agreed. "Father is not well, and he can't rest in Dorne."

The news of Qoren's death would soon spread throughout Westeros. When that happens, Dorne will fight back with all their might. At this thought, his expression turned cold.

Rhaegar took his father's hand and asked, "How many prisoners were taken last night? How many members of House Uller were among them?"

House Uller had provoked him, conspiring with House Yronwood to assassinate his father. Such betrayal could not go unavenged.

Rhaenys frowned slightly and answered truthfully, "There were over 500 prisoners in total, including more than a dozen from House Uller. The mastermind Harmen Uller, his five sons, and seven bastard children are among them."

Hearing this, Rhaegar drew a silver dagger from his back and sneered, "These pigs are quite fertile."

He threw the dagger at Aemond and said, "Harmen Uller is mine. The rest will be dealt with one by one with this dagger."

Aemond was stunned but picked up the dagger. It felt smooth and warm, like jade. He examined it closely. The dagger was a foot long, all silver and white, and very light. The handle was finely carved with dragon scales, far smoother than Sheepstealer's scales. The blade was half-moon shaped, with blood grooves on both sides and a rippling surface.

"Valyrian steel?" Aemond exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes," Rhaegar confirmed calmly. "It's yours. Use it to protect yourself."

"Really?" Aemond asked excitedly. "Does it have a name?"

"No, you can think of one yourself," Rhaegar replied, looking serious. "Use it to avenge yourself and kill the brutes of House Uller!"

This was no ordinary dagger. It was a relic, a dragon tooth dagger stained with blood, activated by the Explorer System.

System panel record:

[Scales of Meraxes]

Exploration progress: 100%

The relic discovered is a dragon tooth, stained with blood.

[The Fallen Dragon]

Quality: Rare (Blue)

Below epic level, relics can be activated directly, so...

"Congratulations, the fallen dragon has been successfully activated, and you have obtained..."

[Old Grudge]

Quality: Rare (Blue)

Function: Valyrian steel

Comment: "Contains the resentment of a dragon. Complete the backlog of grievances and you will receive a blessing from the dragon spirit."

Rhaegar had tried to uncover what the blessing of the dragon grudge was but never found out. Deciding not to dirty his hands with the blood of House Uller beyond killing Harmen, he gave the dagger to Aemond, thinking it might compensate for the loss of his eye and his bravery in protecting their father.

Aemond, hearing the dagger was for him, played with it lovingly, his eyes shining with admiration.

Valyrian weapons! Ten years ago, House Targaryen possessed only three:

The family sword, Blackfyre, Dark Sister, and a dragon horn dagger always carried by his father.

Even now, only Rhaegar, the eldest brother, wields a sword and spear, while the two sisters each have a sword.

Aemond smiled, imagining himself showing off to Aegon later.

"All right, I'll be right back." With his brother's orders in mind, Aemond left the house with a fierce and threatening air about him. Someone would have to pay for his lost eye.

As soon as Aemond left, the atmosphere in the bedroom subtly changed. Daemon's gaze drifted to the Dark Sister at Rhaenys' waist and he smacked his lips. That had been his sword, a gift from his grandfather Jaehaerys.

"It's time to scour the Free Cities and find a weapon worthy of my status," Daemon mused to himself.

Rhaenys, not caring about him, turned to her nephew and asked, "After you return your father to King's Landing, what will you do about Dorne?"

Sunspear had fallen, and Prince Qoren was dead. As always, Dorne would not easily submit.

Rhaegar looked directly at his aunt and said suddenly, "I am deeply sorry that Laenor was killed."

Rhaenys clenched her fists, a wave of grief and anger washing over her. Dorne!

Hearing this, Daemon refocused, watching his nephew with interest. He had come to Dorne to avoid boredom on the Narrow Sea, joining his cousin in battle.

He hadn't won any significant victories, but he had enjoyed the opportunity to compensate for taking Tyrosh in front of his brother.

"Haha," Daemon chuckled, eager to see what his nephew would say next.

Ignoring him, Rhaegar stared out the window, expressionless. "Father was almost killed. The only reason the Dornish nobles dared to rebel is that the Targaryens have not been ruthless enough."

Many Dornish nobles had been forced into submission during the First Dornish War. Even those who refused had secretly colluded with commoners against the Iron Throne.

Rhaenys's heart sank. She hesitated before asking, "What do you want to do?"

"What else can we do?" Rhaegar responded rhetorically, then smiled.



Rhaenys, Daemon, and Helaena all noticed something was off in his demeanor.

Rhaegar's smile faded. His gaze shifted from the window to the three people in the room. "I want to recreate the Dragon's Wroth!" he declared.