

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

### *Chapter 5: The Second Exploration*

A visitor eagerly approached Viserys and placed a letter in his hands.

Rhaegar watched the newcomer unflinchingly. With his neatly trimmed beard and slicked-back blond hair, he exuded an air of respectability.

Viserys took the letter and mused, "A plea for help - sounds like something Daemon wouldn't do, does it?"

Tyland Lannister nodded solemnly. "It's a letter from Ser Vaemon Velaryon, the Sea Snake's brother. He's the one who sent it."

"I knew that with that bastard's pride, he wouldn't take the initiative to write to me, his brother."

The contents of the letter were soon revealed.

Viserys' expression changed slightly as he addressed the ministers present, "The Stepstone Islands are at a stalemate. The cowards who feed the crabs avoid confrontation. Daemon and the others are hindered."

The ministers exchanged glances and made various suggestions-from sending troops to waiting for Daemon and the Sea Snake's army to falter.

Viserys rubbed his temples, feeling a headache coming on. He detested war.

This conflict in the Stepstones was privately instigated by Daemon under the Sea Snake's leadership. Now, in dire straits, they were looking for help.

Should he clean up the mess left by these crownless men?

"Rhaenyra, take your brother away, the discussion won't be over for a while, don't tire him." freewebnovel.com

Viserys kissed Rhaegar's forehead and left him in the care of his daughter.

Knowing the matter was more complicated, Rhaenyra didn't object and walked out of the hall holding her brother's hand.

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Once outside the Council Hall, the siblings reached a corridor lined with floor-to-ceiling windows.

As Rhaenyra looked out through the stained glass, she asked, "Do you think Uncle Daemon can defeat the Crab Feeder?"

"Dear sister, I just turned six," Rhaegar replied, casting a melancholy glance at his shorter stature.

After a moment of silence, Rhaenyra slapped her forehead in realization. "I'm so stupid. I always treat you like a miniature adult, forgetting that you may not even know who the Crab Feeder is."

Rhaegar interjected, "If Uncle Daemon hadn't mentioned that I was a heir prince, I wouldn't have even known he was my 'uncle.'"

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Turning to his sister, Rhaegar whispered, "I noticed Father is missing two fingers."

"He is unwell and the Grand Maester is attending to him," Rhaenyra reassured him, stroking his head gently. She suspected her brother was unnerved by their father's injuries.

But Rhaegar remained calm, holding his sister's hand and pressing a fingernail into her skin.

"Ouch! What are you doing? That hurts!" Rhaenyra cried, pulling her hand away to reveal a red mark.

Undeterred by his sister's reaction, Rhaegar spoke seriously, "A small wound makes you cry out, but Father has lost two fingers. Perhaps he has other wounds..."

He paused and added, "As king, he cannot afford to show weakness. As his children, we must focus not on personal vendettas, but on strengthening ourselves and helping our father."

Rhaenyra was taken aback by her brother's wisdom. Pointing at him, she stammered, "You... you just said you were six years old, and now you're lecturing me?"

Rhaegar replied matter-of-factly, "My age limits my knowledge, but books inspire my wisdom."

"Sister, you should read more and not spend all your time riding dragons and getting caught up in rumors and trouble," he advised, pretending to pat her on the shoulder, though he could not reach her even if he stood on tiptoe. Settling on her slender waist, he turned and walked gracefully away.

Rhaenyra stood frozen for a moment before a gust of wind brought her back to reality. Then she roared, "Rhaegar, you dare disrespect your sister? Prepare to face the sleeping dragon's wrath!"

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Two days later, a luxurious carriage, accompanied by guards and servants, made its way to the Kingswood.

Inside, Viserys sat between Queen Alicent and Rhaenyra, while Aegon and Helaena sat across from them, nursing a suckling baby.

Rhaegar, seated next to his sister, eyed the infant boredly and remarked, "Such a tiny thing, yet it cries as if in agony. Quite disturbing."

Alicent chuckled and explained, "Aemond isn't used to carriages yet. He cries a lot."

Viserys added with a smile, "A remarkable cry-he'll make a brave warrior one day."

Alicent smiled sweetly and handed the small infant to Rhaegar, saying softly, "Would you like to hold him?"

"Might as well try."

Rhaegar hesitated before taking the infant, amusing himself for a while with the baby's antics.

Rhaegar pinched both of the baby's armpits with both hands and let him flap and kick and lift and play for a while.

'If you little thing dares to mess with me in the future, you will definitely not be spared.'

Rhaegar curled the corner of his mouth, already thinking of the image of teaching him a lesson in the future.

It wasn't long before Aemond was devastated and returned to his mother crying loudly.

Viserys couldn't help but relax at the sight, basking in the joy of his family's company.

A wife to keep him company, a luxurious carriage to transport him, and children to surround him.

Is there anything better than that?

Noticing Viserys' happiness, Rhaegar said at the right moment, "Father, is that Aegon the Conqueror's Blackfire beside you?"

Viserys smiled and picked up the sheathed longsword beside him and said with a proud face, "Yes, the Blackfyre, the symbol of kingship with which the Conqueror swept away the Seven Kingdoms."

"May I admire it?"

Rhaegar's eyes glowed as he gazed eagerly at the Blackfyre.

Viserys presented the sword, but pulled it back halfway.

Looking at Rhaegar's thin bones, he said regretfully, "Not yet, the Blackfyre is a sharp weapon full of blood, wait until you're a bit older before you pick it up."

"But I want to try it."

An inherited sword with enough age and experience to rival Balerion's Skull, Rhaegar didn't want to give it up.

Viserys shook his head and sheathed Blackfyre again, refusing his request.

Rhaegar was filled with disappointment and lowered his head.

"If you want to see a sharp blade, this would be a good choice."

Seemingly unable to see his eldest son unhappy, Viserys unhooked a dragonhorn dagger from his waist and threw it at Rhaegar with a mysterious expression.

Rhaegar caught it with his hands and looked at his father in confusion.

Viserys laughed, "This dagger once belonged to the same Aegon the Conqueror, and before him to Aenar."

"Wow, old enough."

Rhaegar expressed his amazement and drew his Dragonhorn Dagger.

Swiss...

The dagger came out of its sheath as if a cold light shone from it.

Rhaegar blinked slightly and saw that the dagger was patterned and the material and workmanship was impeccable.

"This is a Valyrian steel dagger?"

Rhaenyra asked in surprise.

Viserys nodded, "Everything passed down from our ancestors has its own unique characteristics."

At the same time, a system message sounded in Rhaegar's ears.

"Lost treasure found, contains trace of magic."

"Magic?"

Rhaegar's mind was revived.

The system sounded again.

"Detection successful, the dagger records the Song of Ice and Fire, do you wish to proceed with the exploration?"