

G.O Thrones 511

Chapter 511: Night Visit to the Dragonpit

Godswood, Red Keep.

The moon shone brightly, the stars were few, and all was quiet.

Under the sturdy heart tree in the Godswood, a sloppy girl with black curly hair paced back and forth, circling the trunk. The ground was covered with fallen red leaves that rustled under her steps. Nettles marveled; it was the first time she had seen such a place.

After a while, the sky grew darker.

Grumble~

Her empty stomach rumbled. Nettles tightened her belt and sat down on the ground.

Tap, tap...

From the Moon Gate, light footsteps approached. A small figure with silver hair poked its head out, bathed in the moonlight.

“Baelon!”

Nettles noticed him at once and called out excitedly.

Baelon was startled by the sudden shout and quickly looked around, putting his finger to his lips. “Shh, don't make a sound.”

Nettles patted her bottom and stood up, her eyes shining. “I'm starving. Did you bring any food?”

“Of course.” Baelon looked pleased with himself and took out a bag from behind him. Then his face fell slightly. “It's all leftovers from the kitchen. There's bread and bacon.”

He scratched his head and handed it over with a sheepish look.

“It's good to have something to eat,” Nettles said, grabbing the bag and quickly crouching at the base of the wall to eat. The food was good; besides the bread and bacon, there were pickles and fruit.

Baelon squatted down beside her, watching curiously. “Nettles, is it good?”

Nettles glanced sideways and said, “I've never eaten such soft bread in my life.”

She slammed her fist into her chest, stretching her olive-colored neck, and swallowed it down with a gulp.

“Belch~~”

The discomfort disappeared, and Nettles let out a long belch, mumbling, “Eating so well, I'm afraid I'll be punished by heaven.”

Baelon rested his hands on his chin, a look of novelty flashing in his eyes. Nettles was a new friend from the common folk. Her mother was a prostitute, and she was an illegitimate child and a thief.

Because she had helped him avoid an assassination attempt, he had agreed to help her sneak into King's Landing.

Nettles continued to eat, savoring every drop of juice from the fruit, chatting as she ate. "Have you had a chance to console the two sisters?"

Naturally, she was referring to Baela and Rhaena.

Baelon watched her eat the yellowed apple, core and all, and replied, "Baela is asleep, and Rhaena is still crying."

In many ways, Nettles and his two foster-sisters seemed to inhabit different worlds.

Despite her small size, dark complexion, and plain face, Nettles was actually 13 years old—seven years older than Baelon and four years older than Baela and Rhaena.

According to Nettles, her mother was getting old and struggling to earn money. Nettles was used to living on nine meals spread over three days. If she hadn't been so clever and learned to steal, she might have been even shorter. But being short had its advantages—it made her harder to catch.

Her crooked nose and scars were the result of a failed theft attempt, where she was beaten by a brothel client.

Under the moonlight, the two of them squatted by the wall. Nettles, like a big rat, sniffed out every last bit of food. She even ate the crumbs off her hands.

Baelon was silent, thinking about how to repay her for her help.

Finally, Nettles finished eating and casually put the silk bag into her arms, saying, "Hey, do you have any money on you?"

"My name is not 'Hey.' That's rude," Baelon frowned, but honestly handed over two gold coins. "It's just a little. The Red Keep doesn't need money."

Nettles snatched the coins, her dark eyes full of greed, and laughed, "Of course the Red Keep doesn't need money, but you can't live without it outside."

Two gold dragons were worth a year's earnings for her mother. The royal family was rich!

Baelon reacted. "You're leaving, but you don't have any friends in King's Landing?"

He wanted to ask his mother to let Nettles stay on as a maid.

"Forget it." Nettles stood up and packed her things. "The Red Keep is wonderful, but it's not for me."

She paused, thinking for a moment. "I heard that His Grace has opened a royal school for orphans to study in."

Baelon was taken aback by the question and answered honestly, "Yes, but the curriculum is very demanding."

And the Maesters are not very welcoming to girls. Even though father has repeatedly requested it, very few women have been admitted.

"That's it then," Nettles said, patting Baelon on the shoulder with determination. "You help me get out of the Red Keep, and I'll try to get into the academy."

She had sneaked out of the Driftmark to change her fate. Staying in that dark, dank alley would mean a life of beatings and theft, or worse. The pride in her bones told her that stripping for money was too humiliating. Inexplicably, that pride had always carried her through.

Seeing Nettles so determined, Baelon sighed but agreed, "Okay, you can come with me."

He had already bribed Ser Arryk, so getting in and out of the Red Keep wasn't difficult. The two of them walked out of the castle through a secret passage. Arryk had been waiting for a long time, his cold face making Nettles feel uncomfortable.

Bang!

After a long time, the secret door closed. Arryk's expression was stern, contemplating how to warn the Prince against such actions in the future. He was now the personal Kingsguard of the heir to the throne, a position of great importance, as his brother Erryk had previously protected the young king.

Baelon was still recalling the image of Nettles being crammed into a crate and carried on a boat to be smuggled into King's Landing. It was a very inspiring decision, much like Baela training hard with the crossbow, constantly striving to improve.

Baelon took a deep breath and made his decision, paying attention to Arryk's gaze. "Ser Arryk."

"What is your command?" Arryk asked, his expression serious.

Baelon looked up and said, "Starting tomorrow, you'll teach me how to practice martial arts."

Just like Ser Cole had taught Uncle Aemond. Arryk was filled with a sense of honor at the news, and without hesitation, he said, "No problem!"

He paused, then reminded Baelon, "We should go to bed early so we can get up early for morning practice tomorrow."

Arryk had taken on the responsibility of a fencing teacher. Baelon nodded and added, "We'll have to get up early tomorrow and check on Maekar. He was really scared today."

Arryk, who never said no, responded decisively, "I'll speak to Ser Steffon tomorrow and take you to see Prince Maekar."

Baelon tilted his head. "Ser Steffon?"

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The Scene Shifts

"Ser Steffon, you mustn't run around."

At the Bronze Gate of the Dragonpit, Maekar slipped through the open gate, turning to give the Kingsguard, who was holding a horse, a few last words of advice.

Steffon, his face dark with fatigue, tied up the horse and followed the Prince in silence.

Seven hells! Why did he have to go through this? He had been on patrol all night and worked overtime during the day. Finally, when evening came, the little Prince insisted on going to the Dragonpit.

Steffon sighed inwardly, rubbing his swollen, dark-circled eyes. His already mature face looked even more weathered.

Maekar, seeing the Kingsguard following him, scrunched up his face and entered the Dragonpit first.

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Inside the Dragonpit

“Roar...”

A young emerald dragon climbed the iron bridge on the roof, roaring at the full moon. Maekar, with his short legs, looked up in awe at the dragon above him.

“Prince!”

Suddenly, a greeting sounded from the side. Maekar was startled, his face turning pale.

Maester Maynard of the Dragonpit stood nearby, his pale face showing signs of humility. “What brings you here at this late hour?”

Maekar, recognizing the man, patted his chest in relief. “Maynard, you scared me.”

Maynard, the head of the Dragonpit and a long-time acquaintance, looked apologetic. “It's getting late. Is the little Prince out to see the dragons at night?”

“Yes!” Maekar replied, looking around at the empty, dark surroundings. “I want to see the young dragons without owners.”

Having lost his dragon egg, Maekar was determined to tame a baby dragon.

Maynard hesitated for a moment but reluctantly agreed. “I'll show you around, but then you have to go back to bed.”

“Okay!” Maekar agreed eagerly.

At this point, Ser Steffon, looking exhausted, arrived. Maynard nodded respectfully to the White Knight and ordered the Dragonkeeper on duty to bring the young dragons.

Currently, the Dragonpit housed several young dragons. There were the Trickster, Moondancer, and Morning, all with owners, and three unowned dragons with bad tempers.

“Roar!”

“Roar!”

Suddenly, two different roars echoed throughout the Dragonpit.

Hoo-hoo!

Maekar looked up to see a silvery dragon emerge, shining in the moonlight like a crystal carving. The Dragonkeeper ran out, clutching a staff, soothing the restless young dragon in High Valyrian.

Before Maekar could take in the sight, the moon was obscured by a pair of scarlet wings.

“Roar!”

Like the deep black of the night, Dragonfire cut through the sky. Thick, pungent smoke filled the air, burning the already old walls. In the blink of an eye, a young dragon with black scales and blood-red dorsal fins and wing membranes burst out.

“Bloodwing, be quiet!”

The old Dragonkeeper, his face calm, slowly approached with a bamboo staff in hand.

“Roar!”

Iragaxys roared, the chains on its neck and hind legs rattling as the furious dragon struggled against its restraints, creating a scene of chaos.

“Prince, get back!” Steffon’s spirit lifted as he quickly covered Maekar, retreating with him.

Maekar didn’t resist, hiding under Steffon’s white robe while watching with wide eyes.

Creak, creak...

The shadow of the silver dragon crashed into the wall, its claws piercing the stone and revealing its true form: a young dragon with a silvery white body and a lithe posture. Its golden pupils contracted, fixed on the black dragon below.

The Dragonkeeper struck his staff and spoke soothingly, “Stormcloud, return to the nest.”

“Roar!”

Stormcloud obediently jumped to the floor, confronting Iragaxys from a distance of several dozen meters. Iragaxys’s pupils were cold and unemotional, thin streams of Dragonfire escaping its snout. It crouched, ready to fight.

The two young dragons, one silver and one black, both had violent temperaments. Whenever they met, there was a risk of losing control.

Maynard hobbled over, introducing them one by one, “That’s Stormcloud, a hatchling from Dragonstone.”

Maekar chimed in immediately, “That one is Iragaxys, the young dragon my father caught. It’s the most ill-tempered dragon in the Dragonpit.”

Maynard was momentarily stunned and then laughed helplessly, “That’s right.”

"Roar!" "Roar!"

The two young dragons continued their standoff, their arrogance growing. Stormcloud was older, over ten meters in length, and had officially entered sub-adulthood. Iragaxys, who spent most of its time in the dungeon, grew even faster and was now about the same size as Stormcloud.

Maynard crouched down and said with concern, “Prince, the two young dragons are dangerous. You should go back to the Red Keep.”

The two dragons, full of fighting spirit, were indifferent to the Dragonkeepers, but Maekar was still young, and even a small scratch could be significant.

Maekar held Ser Steffon's white robe tightly, his eyes flicking back and forth between Stormcloud and Iragaxys. He shook his head. "There's another dragon. I want to see that one."

"Are you sure? That dragon is still sleeping." Maynard groaned.

Maekar nodded vigorously, "I don't want to miss it."

The two young dragons in front of him were too restless to pay him any attention. His intuition told him there was a more suitable young dragon waiting for him.

Chapter 512: Tyraxes Recognizes a Master!

Maynard reluctantly agreed, ordering the Dragonkeepers to separate the two young dragons before leading the little Prince into a dragon pit.

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The passage outside was lined with rough masonry, and soon the surroundings transitioned into a cave. Maekar looked closely, stepping carefully over the broken stones.

Click!

Steffon lit a torch and walked ahead, carefully clearing a path. Maynard, with a bitter expression, cautioned, "That young dragon is sleeping. It's best not to disturb it."

A young dragon, though not fully grown, was still formidable. When angered, it was a force to be reckoned with.

Maekar said nothing, his big blue eyes filled with curiosity about everything around him.

Crack!

Steffon froze, having stepped on a bone resembling a sheep's rib. Maekar wrinkled his nose and sniffed the air. "I smell dragon."

The scent of sulfur mixed with the stench of dragon dung was unmistakable and hard to describe.

"We need to be more careful from now on," Maynard advised, grabbing the little Prince and cautioning Sir Steffon. "Young dragons are fierce. Don't go near them."

He could already see that the little Prince was eager to tame a dragon, reminiscent of the first time His Grace had entered Dreamfyre's lair many years ago. Maynard, now in his middle years, did not want any more accidents.

Steffon's muscles were tense, his long sword half-drawn at his waist. He kicked the skeleton blocking his way aside. Maekar, caught between the two, promised obediently, "I won't disturb it."

Before long, the stench of dragon permeated the air, and the torches flickered in the oxygen-deficient underground. Maekar held his breath and stared intently into the depths of the dark cave.

Clang!

A dragon's silhouette emerged, and the chains rattled. Through the dim light, a large figure could be seen lying on the ground, surrounded by various leftovers. Nearby, piles of dried excrement lay hard and dry, resembling stalactites, protecting the young dragon in the middle.

"Don't be nervous," Maekar said, taking out a torch and boldly stepping forward.

"Prince..." Steffon was shocked and tried to reach out to stop him.

"Shh!" Maekar whispered, ducking to the side.

He felt it—the big dragon, the sleeping giant, had awakened.

"Roar!"

As if receiving some kind of guidance, the shadow of the dragon in the depths suddenly burst forth, pulling at the chains and making them rattle. Maekar stopped in his tracks, looking hopefully at the angry beast.

A young dragon with silver and black scales, green scales on its side, and a misty coloration on its wing membranes emerged. The young dragon was not small, over seven meters from head to tail, and it had grown faster than its peers.

At that moment, the young dragon poked out its huge head and opened its mouth, spraying Dragonfire at the stone wall.

"Roar!"

The gray Dragonfire, like smoke or mist, clung to the charred stone wall, scraping off a layer of stone skin. Maekar raised his hand to shield his eyes, watching with one blue eye, unblinking.

"Stay calm, Tyraxes!" Maynard stepped out from behind, picked up the little Prince in one arm, and spoke to the dragon in High Valyrian. Steffon waved a torch to protect the two behind him.

"Roar..."

Tyraxes growled, the sound of chains scraping against the ground as the dragon crawled out of the crypt, using its wings to support itself. The gray Dragonfire clung to the stone ceiling above, intensifying the light in the confined space.

Tyraxes' pupils were cold and unfeeling, its fangs jagged, staring at the three intruders. Maekar, held under Maynard's arm, struggled to get a better view. Soon, he saw clearly—a silver-black dragon with rare sticky Dragonfire.

Most importantly, the young dragon's head was huge!

Maekar's eyes widened as he repeatedly examined the unusual young dragon. Tyraxes' head was large and wide, like a steel gate with a spear inserted. Dense thorns and horns grew from the back of its head, lower jaw, and neck, giving it a formidable appearance. At first glance, this young dragon was born to fight.

Maynard and Steffon looked at Tyraxes nervously, stepping back with each cautious movement. Suddenly, Maekar shouted, "Tyraxes!"

The two men were so scared they were sweating, bracing themselves for the young dragon's wrath. Fortunately, the dragons in the pit were all chained to prevent them from fighting each other. Only when His Grace tended to the dragons were the shackles removed.

Maekar's shout startled the aloof Tyraxes. It blinked slightly, its ferocious dragon head facing Maekar, and its amber pupils revealing a hint of doubt.

Maekar broke free of his restraints and trotted towards the young dragon, extending a hand. "Tyraxes, you belong to me!"

"?" Tyraxes, cautious by nature, backed away slightly. Maekar, displaying extreme bravery, approached the young dragon and looked up at it. "Come with me. Leave the Dragonpit."

Tyraxes lowered its head, and their pupils met. The dragon and the boy looked at each other, and a faint bond gradually formed. Maekar clenched his lower lip, his eyes glowing. His father had said that to tame a dragon, one must be bold. Either you ride the dragon, or the dragon rides you.

Tyraxes relaxed its guard, lowering its head until it was parallel with Maekar. Inheriting the bloodline of Morghul, its dragon head was exceptionally large—three times the size of an average young dragon. Maekar stood in front of it, and with its mouth slightly open, Tyraxes could have swallowed him whole.

But Tyraxes didn't. Sniffing the familiar scent, Tyraxes was overcome by a sense of memory, and the irritability that had awakened in it disappeared. The amber pupils, representing the anger and cruelty of the beast, softened.

Instead of a fierce creature, Tyraxes saw a cute boy with platinum hair and blue eyes.

Maekar involuntarily shuddered, feeling an inexplicable connection in his heart. The strength of this connection rose rapidly as he and Tyraxes locked eyes.

"Tyraxes," Maekar muttered, his eyes glazed over.

"Roar!" Tyraxes stood up, its huge mouth approaching, fangs piercing Maekar's clothes and gently lifting him up.

Plop!

The dragon's neck turned, and Maekar's legs spread apart, firmly seating him on the dragon's back.

"Wait, the chains..." Maynard's expression changed as he saw the young dragon about to leave the pit.

"Roar!" Tyraxes ignored him, spitting a mouthful of gray Dragonfire at the chains holding its hind legs.

Zilalaa~

The Dragonfire quickly melted the thick chains into molten iron. Then, Tyraxes spread its misty wings.

Maekar clung to the dragon's back, his little legs straining, his face flushed with excitement.
"Tyraxes, fly!"

The command, given in a pure accent of the binding spell, was immediately understood. Tyraxes knocked Maynard and Steffon aside as it flew through the narrow tunnel, its wings flapping wildly, dislodging loose rocks.

Maekar clutched his head, feeling the strain against the scales on his small chest, but he wasn't afraid. He laughed, his mouth wide open.

"Tyraxes, go!"

"Roar!"

Tyraxes burst out of the tunnel, its silver-black body like a chariot, crashing into the brazier in front of the dragon pit. Stormcloud and Iragaxys, whose emotions had calmed, held their ground. The appearance of Tyraxes instantly broke the stalemate.

Without waiting for the two young dragons to react, Tyraxes flapped its wings and flew out of the Bronze Gate, ignoring the Dragonkeepers' attempts to stop it.

The night was dark, the moon bright.

Tyraxes soared into the sky, with Maekar's cries of joy and surprise echoing behind. Maekar giggled, instinctively hugging the dragon's neck, looking down at King's Landing bathed in moonlight.

"Dracarys!" he commanded. Gray Dragonfire spewed forth.

Maekar was so excited that he circled the Dragonpit several times with Tyraxes. He knew Balerion would not lie to a child. If the dark red dragon egg couldn't hatch a dragon, he would tame one himself.

From now on, he would also be a great dragon rider.

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Dragonpit

The Dragonkeepers were alerted and ran out of the gate, looking at the young dragon soaring in the night sky.

Maynard, leaning on his walking stick, hopped out and sighed in relief, "Thank the gods, the little Prince is safe and sound."

His last lesson from His Grace matter had cost him a leg, but he couldn't afford to lose another.

Steffon clutched his chest, his face pale. "Hurry and inform the Red Keep. Don't let the queen worry." Tyraxes's impact had been forceful, and it was a close call—he almost threw up his dinner.

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Red Keep

Rhaenyra had said goodbye to Elinda and was lying in bed, tossing and turning. A piercing dragon roar caught her attention. She rolled out of bed and stood at the window, looking out.

On Rhaenys's Hill, clusters of firelight lit up. A dragon, perfectly blending into the darkness, soared through the clouds, carrying a little boy with silver hair.

"Maekar!?" Rhaenyra's eyes widened as she immediately recognized her child.

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The Next Day in Myr

Rhaegar, shirtless, sat at his desk, facing the first rays of the morning sun, and wielding his brush. The huge glass floor-to-ceiling windows in front of him offered a clear view of the beautiful landscape outside the Magister's Palace.

After years of renovation, Myr had officially entered a period of vigorous development. Various crafts flourished, and the port collected a significant amount of tax revenue. With the fertile land of the Disputed Lands as a backdrop, large and small plantations, farmland, and fruit groves had been developed, making it easy to support the millions of people living in the Free Cities.

Fruit farmers and vendors could be seen everywhere on the streets, haggling and conducting business—a stark contrast to the slavery and oppression of the past.

Rhaegar glanced at the bustling scene, not particularly interested, and continued writing his message. He opened the letter he was writing and found three more letters waiting to be sealed.

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Swish, swish, swish...

The quill stopped, and Rhaegar signed the letter with a flourish. Slipping it into the envelope, he smiled with satisfaction. In total, there were four letters, each destined for a raven heading to Winterfell in the North, White Harbor, The Eyrie in the Vale, and Gulltown.

In the letters, he requested White Harbor and Gulltown to send patrol ships to monitor Braavos' every move. As lords of Winterfell and The Eyrie, it was imperative they paid attention to this matter. A war against Volantis was imminent, and sometimes, agreements were worthless. Braavos, rich and potentially dangerous, needed to be watched.

"White Harbor and Gulltown will contain Braavos, which should have a greater deterrent effect than a real one," Rhaegar analyzed, replacing his quill with a graving knife.

He selected a piece of stone and carefully began carving an inscription resembling the one on the Spatial Necklace. His skill in stone carving had never waned. On the round wooden desk in his office, various sculptures were meticulously arranged.

The most conspicuous set was a damaged map of The Lands of the Long Summer. The collapsed Fourteen Flames were clearly visible, as well as the vast, fertile plains. In a corner by the sea, a stone carving of a dragon stood out. Upon closer inspection, the dragon's head resembled Balerion.

The area beneath the stone sculpture marked the Targaryen territory, once claimed by the exiled Aenar. Rhaegar had repeatedly surveyed it. That remote area, adjacent to The Gulf of Grief, might not have been completely destroyed. If necessary, it could be possible to return to the ancestral

lands and retrieve some of the treasures left behind by their ancestors, such as special minerals and Soul Restoring Orchids.

Hum...

The engraver carefully carved the stone, the inscription glowing faintly. Rhaegar became more serious, holding his breath and concentrating. With each stroke of the knife, he ensured his pressure was neither too light nor too heavy. The magic of fire transmitted in a steady stream.

Chapter 513: Baela's Inheritance

The inscriptions became clearer as the blade cut through them. The magic of fire was infused into the stone, connecting the inscriptions like a thin thread.

Rhaegar's expression was tense, a drop of sweat appearing on his forehead. After a few seconds, he was completely absorbed in his work, cutting the final stroke to complete the sequence of the inscriptions.

Pop!

Suddenly, the fire magic went haywire, and a burst of fireworks exploded. The stone instantly shattered, turning into a pile of dust.

"Huh! It still didn't work," Rhaegar sighed, his face tensing slightly. He let out a long breath. Despite years of imitating spatial inscriptions, he had yet to successfully create them.

"Without the knowledge of the past, it is difficult to replicate the Dragonlord's great work," Rhaegar muttered to himself. If this didn't work, he would find a smith and learn more skills.

As he pondered, a pair of white, delicate arms wrapped around his neck from behind, pressing lightly and softly on his back. Feeling the touch of skin like condensed milk, Rhaegar grabbed the mischievous little hand on his chest. He didn't need to turn around to know who it was.

"You failed again," Helaena's voice was hoarse as she rested her chin on Rhaegar's shoulder, rubbing it gently and intimately.

"Yes, I'm used to it," Rhaegar replied, holding her hands and leaning his head back.

Through the glass window in front of him, the bedroom scene was clearly visible. Helaena's long hair was loose, and she wore a nightgown. Her slender body lay on top of him, her hair falling over her temples, her eyes slightly tired. She yawned gently, her face looking languid and serene.

Rhaegar admired her beauty, feeling his mood calm. Cannibal and Dreamfyre were excellent long-distance flyers, and the siblings had arrived in Myr after midnight. Free from the constraints of King's Landing, they had indulged in pleasure together.

Rhaegar had not slept a wink, getting up early to write letters. Helaena hadn't gone to bed until dawn, so it was still less than two hours later.

Rhaegar closed his eyes slightly, savoring the warmth of the night. A quiet, little beauty can always soothe the heart of a restless man, giving him time to replenish his energy.

“Is it the material?” Helaena tilted her head, trying to help her brother. “Would it be better if it were made of Valyrian steel?”

Rhaegar chuckled, “It’s not the material.”

“But your carving skills are already better than the best craftsmen in Westeros,” Helaena frowned slightly, picking up a handful of stone shavings. “The Space Bracelet and Necklace are both made of Valyrian steel.”

Her eyes glanced at a bamboo basket under the table, filled with similar bits of stone. This was not the first failure, and it was certainly not the closest to success.

Rhaegar patiently explained, “Valyrian steel is hard to find, and the problem lies with the control of fire magic.”

A mature inscription sequence is like a unique pearl. Comparing the magic of fire to a thread, all the pearls are strung together. For half a year, Rhaegar had been stuck at this step. After much reflection, he realized that the problem was the restlessness and instability of the fire magic. Even if twisted into a thread, it could not be used to connect each inscription.

Helaena looked at her brother with a puzzled expression, noticing the fine sweat on his forehead. She suddenly realized, “Not enough spirit?”

“Yes!” Rhaegar nodded slightly, showing a look of satisfaction that his sister was teachable.

Helaena's expression darkened, and she muttered, “Then it’s probably a problem with the material. Maybe I can find you a piece of Valyrian steel.”

Spirit was a rare word. In Westeros, knights trained their bodies and built their strength. The Dragonlord family chronicles mentioned the existence of bloodmages and pyromancers.

Especially after Rhaegar's succession and the unification of the Binding Spell, the royal family learned to mobilize the fire magic in their blood. However, the manifestation of the spirit only existed in their weak-minded father, Viserys. For many years, Viserys' mental state was very poor. At best, he was weak, and at worst, he slept for days at a time.

Now that her brother had mentioned Spirit, Helaena felt powerless to help, even if she wanted to. Rhaegar saw her distress and gave her a gentle nudge with his head, laughing. “Don’t worry, I’ll succeed sooner or later.”

Helaena pursed her lips and silently stared at the stone sculptures on the round table. The Smoking Sea, The Lands of the Long Summer, the Dragon... She knew that her brother was always thinking about returning to the Freedhold land to find the relics from his dreams.

The brother and sister kept quiet, leaning on each other.

After a while, Helaena noticed a few letters on the desk and suddenly said, “Aemond.”

“What’s wrong?” Rhaegar asked curiously.

“Nothing, just a little observation.” Helaena tilted her head, not hiding anything. “Aemond has been very moody lately, and I’m a little worried about Cassandra.”

Aemond was already an adult, and the marriage contract had not been fulfilled for a long time. She was concerned for her brother, as she had heard some troubling rumors.

Rhaegar frowned. It was an issue that needed careful thought. Aemond's sexual proclivities were influenced by Aegon and Alicent. One had deliberately done him a disservice by choosing a brothel for Aemond to lose his virginity. The other often ignored the second son, causing Aemond to prefer the company of older women.

Helaena knew the truth and said in a low voice, "He is very anxious. If he continues like this, he will wear himself out."

Rhaegar thought for a moment and said seriously, "Don't worry. I'll go to Storm's End when I have time and talk to both sides." If Aemond really dared to fall ill, he would "reason" with him and persuade him.

Helaena nodded in agreement and then got down to business. "Shall I ride Dreamfyre back to Summerhall?"

Rhaegar paused for a moment, then said thoughtfully, "Not yet. We can't spare any troops from Oldtown, so a raven will be enough to send a message to House Redwyne."

Helaena let out a "huh" and continued to rest her cheek against Rhaegar's.

After conquering Dorne, the garrison continued to increase. Aegon, Helaena, and Aemond, the three siblings, were the backbone of the border defense. Summerhall was built in the Dornish Marches, and the nobles of The Reach were mobilized. Stonehelm governed the Sea of Dorne and oversaw the Stormlands and all of Dorne. The Stepstones blocked the lower half of the Narrow Sea, cutting off the Narrow Sea from the Summer Sea.

In this way, half of the continent of Westeros was under the remote control of the Iron Throne. The diehard faction in Dorne could not break through the sea route and was waiting to die like a frog in a pot of warm water. In time, the royal family's influence would replace that of the nobility, and the power of the Iron Throne would continue to grow.

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Driftmark

The Sea Snake stood alone in the front courtyard, leaning on a walking stick. His broad back was slightly stooped, and with the dead leaves on the ground beneath his feet, he looked a little forlorn.

He looked up and out. Three headless bodies hung from the castle tower, gently swaying in the salty sea breeze. He lowered his head and looked down. Two skeletons, still with flesh and blood, were nailed to two gallows.

The Sea Snake's eyes were complex, a mixture of hatred, satisfaction, and a deep sense of worry. Since His Grace ascended the throne, his methods had become increasingly cruel. Especially in recent years, his actions had been directed against the great nobles of the realm. Although it hadn't been House Velaryon's turn yet, they must remain on guard. This severe punishment might well be a warning to him.

“Alas!” The Sea Snake sighed deeply, reflecting on to handle the heir situation and growing uncertain of right and wrong. Loyalty to such an inconsiderate ruler had already caused him unease.

“What are you thinking?” Rhaenys asked, coming from behind.

Without turning his head, the Sea Snake replied with a huff, “I was thinking about whether it was a good idea to encourage Rhaegar to replace Rhaenyra.”

Under the new king, the Targaryens were becoming more prosperous—more so than during the reign of Viserys I, even more than during the Conqueror’s time, and almost like during the time of the Freehold.

However, the Targaryens' prosperity did not help Velaryon achieve a class leap. Despite Lys’s membership in the council and the port taxes of the three Free Cities, Velaryon lost a direct dragon rider, and his daughter Laena’s marriage was unhappy.

He and Rhaenys were aging, and one day they would pass away. By then, House Velaryon's decline would be inevitable.

Rhaenys, with her arms folded, looked at the few broken corpses and smiled. “Corlys, at least Rhaegar respects you and hasn’t specifically targeted House Velaryon.”

She understood her husband’s dissatisfaction. The tragic death of his nephew had only strengthened his resolve to protect the family. But first, there was one thing to remember. Murdering a member of the royal family is a capital crime.

The Sea Snake understood this. And precisely because he understood, he was all the more saddened. The power of the royal family completely overshadowed House Velaryon's influence.

“I only hope that my good nephew will show mercy and not take the lives of those who have served him well,” he said with a sigh.

“Corlys, you are my husband.” Rhaenys was firm and outspoken. “No one would dare to harm the Lord of the Tides. Neither Meleys nor I would allow it.”

“Rhaenys...” Upon hearing this, the Sea Snake's unease was completely dispelled, and he rarely showed a tender gesture.

There were two things in his life that he was proud of. The first was the nine voyages that brought House Velaryon to unprecedented prosperity. The second was the honor of marrying a virtuous wife.

Rhaenys sighed, raising her hand to her forehead. “That's enough. The Corlys I know is not so childish.”

“What's on your mind?” the Sea Snake asked, noticing her troubled expression.

“Laena wrote back to me. She’s sorry she couldn’t come to Rhaena's defense,” Rhaenys explained.

“That’s only natural. The children are all grown up,” the Sea Snake nodded in agreement.

Rhaenys raised her eyebrows and dropped a bombshell, “White Worm is pregnant, and it’s probably a boy.”

The Sea Snake's face suddenly turned pale. White Worm’s pregnancy would have far-reaching consequences. It could mean that Daemon would have to marry more women, shaking Laena's position. If White Worm gave birth to an heir, would there still be a place for House Velaryon in Tyrosh?

Moreover, the issue of multiple marriages and inheritance had been a major source of discord in the royal family in recent years.

The Sea Snake realized the gravity of the situation and said perceptively, “The eldest Princess in the Vale has never had a surname. I’ve heard that His Grace often can't sleep at night because of this.”

“Are you saying that Rhaegar will also be involved in this matter?” Rhaenys was quick-witted and understood immediately.

The Sea Snake nodded slowly. “No matter what White Worm says, we must first stabilize Laena and not act rashly.”

Daemon’s permission to marry multiple times had been granted by Viserys. It was difficult not to see that the marriage between Daemon and Laena was not harmonious, and that the royal family might have orchestrated it. Lady Jeyne of the Vale, who married into the royal family, had once been tricked by Rhaenyra. White Worm’s pregnancy would certainly become a second flashpoint for dispute.

It was not only a marital issue between Daemon and Laena, but also a challenge to the rules. With Volantis and Slaver's Bay eyeing each other, war was imminent. With his keen political sense and understanding of Rhaegar’s rule since he came to power, the Sea Snake knew Rhaegar would surely use the war to exact his revenge.

Laena and House Velaryon might step into a trap Rhaegar had set for them if they acted without thinking it through. They must first consider the pros and cons, what is important and what is not.

Rhaenys said solemnly, “What are you going to do? Tyrosh has a share of Laena, and we can't just sit back and do nothing.”

“No hurry, let me think about it.” The Sea Snake felt a headache coming on. “First, send a raven to the Red Keep to win Rhaenyra's support.”

Rhaenyra and Laena were close friends, and Rhaenyra was the adoptive mother of Baela, their granddaughter. With her help, Baela could at least fight for her position as heir.

“Just sending a letter to the Red Keep?” Rhaenys thought that was not enough.

The Sea Snake pondered for a moment. “There's also the Celtigars of Claw Isle, Baratheons of Storm's End. Daemon wants a son, but he must be born in Laena's womb. Only then could the next ruler of Tyrosh be of Velaryon blood. We need to unite the various families and prepare to pressure Daemon.”

“Fine, I'll write a personal letter to Cassandra.” Rhaenys agreed immediately, but then thought of House Celtigar and said in a low voice, “That child Celine...”

Celine Celtigar, Laenor's new wife. After Laenor was killed, she did not return to Claw Isle but stayed alone in High Tide.

The Sea Snake felt sorry for her. “Celine is a good girl. Our son owed her a debt,” he said. “Ask her if she has any letters she wants to write to her family.”

Rhaenys sighed, “I'll ask, but I don't think there's any hope.” Celine hated her family for forcing her to marry a man with a different sexual orientation. After Laenor's death, she had almost cut off all contact with House Celtigar.

“Take good care of her. It's a way of making up for what happened to Laenor,” the Sea Snake said, shaking his head and turning away.

He was going to Hull to check on the progress of the Sea Snake's repairs and to visit an old friend. The assassination attempt of Rhaena had given him a different perspective on the issue of succession. That young man, Addam, could be promoted.

Chapter 514: The Roar of Vhagar

Claw Isle

A small island nestled in the middle of the Narrow Sea, adjacent to Crackclaw Point, had been home to House Celtigar for generations. The Celtigars, also of Valyrian descent, had built a large town and harbor on the island, which buzzed with activity early in the morning.

In the bustling port, merchant ships passed through from both sides of the Narrow Sea. Meanwhile, on a remote beach, fishermen disembarked from their boats, retrieving fishing nets set earlier. Women and children, trousers rolled up, bent down to pick up oysters and crabs left behind by the tide.

Suddenly, a shadow fell over their heads.

“Roar...” A piercing scream rang out, and the fishermen looked up in fear.

The sky was blue and white with clouds, and a hideous, monstrous, huge mud dragon soared from afar.

“A dragon!”

“Run...” The fishermen, who rarely saw dragons, panicked and jumped into the sea. On the beach, the women were terrified and fled, clutching their children.

“Roar...” Sheepstealer lowered its body mockingly, as if to tease, causing the fishermen to cry out in fear.

“Stop messing around and hurry up!” an impatient shout came from the back of the dragon.

Sheepstealer swung its tail angrily and suddenly accelerated.

...

In the center of Claw Isle, a small mountain range rises prominently, housing the fortress of House Celtigar. The fortress, with its white marble exterior and red rubble, resembles a giant crab lying on its back.

“Roar...” The sun dimmed as the shadow of a dragon covered the sky, enveloping the entire castle in gloom. The guards were alarmed, but no matter how strong the forces on the ground were, they could only watch helplessly as the dragon soared above.

The Sheepstealer flew around the castle twice, circling the mountain range, before slowly descending into the castle courtyard. As the dragon landed with a thud, kicking up a gust of wind mixed with the smell of sheep, the castle gates opened and several figures in splendid attire hurried out.

Aemond sat firmly on the dragon's back, looking down at the men with one eye, his posture arrogant. “Lord Celtigar, it's been a long time.”

In the courtyard, the young Clement Celtigar looked displeased, covering his disheveled hair with one hand. Beside him, a bald, silver-haired old man glared at Aemond with a gloomy expression. He was Bartimos Celtigar, Clement's father and the former Lord of Celtigar.

Aemond noticed Bartimos and tilted his head slightly, glancing at his sleeve. The cuff was empty, with no hand sticking out. Early in the Narrow Sea War, Bartimos defied the ban on the sea and smuggled supplies to Essos. When the matter was exposed, he was imprisoned in King's Landing for a year. His son, Clement, and daughter, Celine Celtigar, repeatedly pleaded for clemency, reducing the crime of treason to smuggling, and his hands were amputated as punishment.

Bartimos raised his head, his green eyes hiding a hint of coldness, and said in a lukewarm tone, “Prince Aemond, I wonder what brings you here with your dragon?”

Aemond, still arrogant and condescending, did not answer directly. Instead, he patted the dragon's back, which was pitted with scars.

“Roar!” Sheepstealer understood and roared at the group, spewing a stream of hot, sulfurous air. Bartimos, old and frail, could not withstand such treatment. He covered his ears and groaned in pain. Clement, shocked, went to help his father.

The snarling soon stopped. Sheepstealer's eyes narrowed, it snorted heavily, and slowly lowered itself to the ground. Aemond untied the chains and smiled. “Lord Clement, I heard that young people have more things in common. Are you not welcoming me?”

As he finished speaking, the Sheepstealer shook its tail, as if excited to see some toys. Clement, filled with trepidation, watched the shadow of the dragon loom over him. He dared not say, 'No.'

...

Lys's Waters

Under a clear sky, the sea lay like a hanging mirror. A common merchant ship drifted with the wind, gradually approaching Lys's controlled waters.

Suddenly, a rough horn sounded, echoing across the vast sea. The lookout on the merchant ship raised his heart to his throat and scanned the horizon in a panic. He spotted several warships rapidly approaching from both sides.

Upon closer inspection, he recognized the sails of the Harpy ship from Meereen. His eyes widened in terror.

“Pirates! Helm, full speed ahead!” he shouted, scrambling down the ladder in a frenzy.

On deck, chaos erupted. There was only one possibility for a ship flying the Harpy flag—a slaver from Slaver's Bay.

The lookout's warning came just in time, and the helmsman skillfully steered the ship. Unfortunately, the speed of a large merchant ship could never match that of a small warship.

As the slave ships closed in, archers on deck prepared to shoot without warning.

The battle for plunder was about to begin.

“Ahhh...”

“No, jump into the lifeboat...”

“Help, don't run...”

The slave ships surrounded the merchant vessel, and arrows soaked in oil flew, quickly defeating the sailors' defenses. In less than half an hour, the slavers would reap a rich harvest.

“Roar!”

Suddenly, a thunderous roar reverberated through the sky. The sailors who had jumped into the sea looked up in panic. A massive figure was reflected in their wide eyes.

“Vhagar, Dracarys!”

A heroic female voice echoed from above, commanding in Valyrian.

“Roar...” An old green dragon swooped down, its sagging skin flapping, and orange Dragonfire spewed from its maw in billowing black smoke.

Boom!

The Dragonfire struck a slave ship, engulfing it entirely in a single, devastating blow. The deck and masts burst into flames, sending fiery debris raining down. Pirates, armed with crossbows, were thrown into disarray as the shattered mast collapsed like a felled tree.

In the blink of an eye, flesh turned to ash, and iron melted into molten slag. The entire ship sank, leaving only thick black smoke rising into the sky.

It all happened so quickly that the surrounding slave ships didn't have time to react.

Laena, clad in red armor, leaned over and shouted, “Vhagar, do it again.”

“Roar...” Vhagar, responding to the call, twisted its ancient body, flapping wings riddled with holes. The old dragon soared into the sky, unleashing another torrent of Dragonfire.

Boom!

Another blast engulfed a slave ship, and Vhagar's thick tail smashed the mast, sending it flying. The pirates, who had moments ago been aggressors, now screamed in terror.

“No!”

“The dragon, the dragon is coming!”

“Damn it, shoot the arrows...”

Most pirates lost their will to fight at the sight of the dragon. The pirate leader glared at his men, kicking and punching them, shouting orders in a hoarse voice.

“Roar...” Vhagar swooped down again, its massive body casting a shadow over the ship. Black smoke mixed with Dragonfire enveloped the sea. The waves of searing heat rolled in, and the pirate leader's mind went blank. The last thing he saw was the enormous dragon wings covering the sky. The membranes were riddled with holes, bearing witness to the old dragon's many battles.

Boom!

There was no time to scream. Black smoke obscured his vision, and the entire ship was consumed by flames.

Vhagar raised its head and spread its wings, demonstrating that even an aged body could still fight fiercely. These maneuvers, difficult for any dragon, were the result of more than 170 years of accumulated experience.

Laena smiled and encouraged, “Well done, Vhagar!”

They had been together for many years, from her maiden days to wife and mother. Vhagar had never let her down, always providing a strong sense of security.

“Roar...”

Vhagar growled, like an old grandmother responding to her granddaughter, her cold pupils revealing a hint of pride.

Without waiting for further commands, Vhagar dived again and again.

With each breath of Dragonfire, the slave ships turned into floating candles on the sea.

When the battle was over, Vhagar shook its head and let out a mighty roar from its thick neck. Then, it turned around and flew back to Lys.

Laena didn't need to give any extra orders. She was content to benefit from the old dragon's experience and instinct. Compared to Vhagar, Daemon was nothing.

If he truly dared to insult her, she wouldn't hesitate to respond in kind.

Laena couldn't help but laugh at the thought.

If it were that simple, she wouldn't have sent ravens to Driftmark and King's Landing.

Wars are fought not only with dragons, but also with ravens and pens.

...

King's Landing, Red Keep

"Hurry up and pack. The ships at the Mud Gate are waiting."

"Handle them with care, don't mess up the clothes of the young princes."

Elinda moved briskly around the room, folding clothes while directing the flustered maids.

"You don't have to do this yourself, Elinda," Rhaenyra said, trying to persuade her from her task.

Elinda glanced up briefly and quickened her pace. "I'll fold your things myself. Don't worry, it won't take long."

Rhaenyra's eyes were filled with helplessness and warmth. Having a caring lady-in-waiting was almost as valuable as having a good husband.

Knock, knock!

The door opened, and Sara entered, holding a baby. "Your Grace, Baelon and Maekar have arrived."

"Good," Rhaenyra said gratefully. "Thank you for taking care of Visenya."

Sara nodded and said calmly, "It's my duty."

She stepped out of the crowded room, allowing the two princes to make their appearance.

Baelon greeted his mother and waited at the door with good manners. Maekar slumped his head and crept into the room.

"Maekar!"

Halfway through, Rhaenyra called out, and the little one shivered.

"Mother, I know I was wrong." Maekar grabbed the hem of his shirt with both hands and quickly apologized in a soft voice.

Last night's successful taming of the dragon had disturbed half the people in King's Landing, keeping them awake. He knew it was dangerous to tame dragons in secret, and he expected his mother to scold him.

In fact, when she called him, Rhaenyra was very angry. However, seeing her tearful little son, her heart softened immediately. "Maekar, do you really know what you did wrong?"

"Huh?" Maekar looked up, seeing his mother wasn't angry, and said softly, "Yes, I shouldn't have tamed the dragon on my own."

“No, there’s nothing wrong with taming dragons,” Rhaenyra shook her head and lectured. “The mistake was that you sneaked into the Dragonpit without telling anyone. Not only did you put yourself in danger, but you also dragged Ser Steffon into it.”

The three young dragons in the Dragonpit were all very ill-tempered. Her youngest son was only three years old, and Maekar didn’t seem to care about his own life. Ser Steffon had come to her room last night to apologize for the incident.

Maekar was taken aback and stammered, “But Father also tamed dragons without permission.”

He was just following in his father's footsteps and had succeeded as well. His father loved him the most and always held him while telling him stories.

Rhaenyra sighed and picked up her youngest son. “Your father is your father. He is not the same as you.”

Rhaegar had been different from other children since he was a child, but her children were not.

“Where is the difference?” Maekar asked, a question mark on his forehead.

“This...” Rhaenyra hesitated, not wanting to give him a wrong answer. “He is my brother, and you are my son. I have loved him since he was a child, and I trust him more.”

Maekar tilted his head and asked innocently, “When will you start trusting me more?”

Rhaenyra pretended to think for a moment and smiled lightly. “When you grow up and can take some of your father's worries off his shoulders.”

There were many things that couldn't be explained fully to a child, so it was better to change the topic. While her son's behavior had been reckless, he had successfully tamed a dragon. She needed to encourage and guide him rather than just criticize.

Maekar thought about it for a long time and said sweetly, “Okay, when Tyraxes and I grow up, we'll be even better than Uncle Aemond.”

“Why do you always want to use Aemond as a role model?” Rhaenyra frowned and then put her son down. She turned to Baelon at the door and said, “Take your brother to the Dragonpit. We'll leave for Lys in a moment.”

Noticing Maekar's hopeful little look, she sighed and added, “Let him ride the dragon. Tell the Dragonkeeper to secure the saddle and the waist chain.”

Her friend Laena had sent a letter asking for help, and she couldn't ignore it. Lys was her own territory, and she had been stationed there for several months every year, so she knew it well. But the journey was long, so it was best to take all three sons and her two foster daughters with her.

“Oh, yes!” Maekar jumped up and down, overjoyed.

Baelon shrugged and led his brother by the hand. “Come on, Aemon and the others have already set off.”

Chapter 515: Fooling Daemon

Tyrosh

Prince's Palace, Water Bridge.

A graceful figure stopped by the bridge, gazing down at the calm surface of the water. The bridge, the first in Tyrosh, spanned the estuary from east to west. The Prince's Palace, located on the east side of the bridge, was flanked by green willows, all completed during the reign of the new prince.

Plop!

The figure threw a small stone, causing ripples to spread across the calm water. Mysaria sighed and placed her pale hand on the Dragonstone fence.

From afar, her appearance was striking. She wore a long dress with a floral pattern on a blue background, and a thin, snow-white neck wrapped in a silk scarf, covering as much of her pale skin as possible. Because of her skin color, she was called the "White Worm." She stood alone by the bridge, lamenting the unpredictability of fate.

Behind her, she heard a familiar sound of footsteps—steady and powerful. Mysaria turned her head slightly and saw Daemon, dressed in black.

"You're here again. You're wasting your time as a mistress," Daemon said calmly, leaning against the railing of the bridge, observing his mistress's changing moods.

Mysaria turned her head away in disgust, her emotions running high. "I want to be left alone. Don't make things difficult for the others."

"Don't think so badly of me," Daemon leaned forward, his voice carrying a hint of meaning. "Why is that? Why have you suddenly changed so much, as if you were a different person?"

Mysaria felt a surge of helplessness at his pointless question. "Who leaked the news of my pregnancy?"

After her first unexpected miscarriage, she had broken up with Daemon. In the years that followed, they maintained a business relationship. She also had contact with Otto Hightower, playing both sides to her advantage, which allowed her to buy her first house and stone building in the flea bottom.

When Daemon conquered Tyrosh, he approached her again, asking her to become the Master of Whisperers. The reason she had broken with Daemon in the first place was that he didn't have a stable position and was at the mercy of his brother, the king.

But now, Daemon was the Prince of Tyrosh, and she was naturally willing to join him. Their relationship was rekindled, and after years of hard work, they confirmed she was pregnant a few months ago. However, she didn't want the news to get out so quickly.

Daemon looked away from her questioning gaze and admitted, "I'm the one who leaked the news."

Mysaria's careful efforts to keep her pregnancy secret had been for naught. Infuriated, she raised her voice, "Daemon, I'm just your mistress. Have you ever thought about me?!"

Who was she? A foreign dancer, once a prostitute and an intelligence agent, with a background as lowly as could be. In contrast, Daemon's original wife was the only daughter of the most powerful

lord of Driftmark and a rider of the great dragon Vhagar. In Daemon's circles, he was the highest-ranking presence. Laena was close friends with the current queen, with the entire House Velaryon and its allies behind her. What could Mysaria possibly compete with?

Daemon was silent for a moment, clearly understanding the weight of her words.

Mysaria was furious, grinding her teeth. "Why didn't you wait until my baby was stable and everything was settled before you spread the news?"

Once she gave birth to a son, he would immediately be the next heir to Tyrosh. How could Laena and her family tolerate this? She was just a commoner, without the protection of a dragon or high status, vulnerable to any assassin.

"Unmarried and pregnant, the child would be a bastard," Daemon said, leaning his head to the side, resting his elbows on the fence. "I had to spread the news first, and then I'll marry you in a dignified manner."

For years, he had slept with many women, even delaying Tyrosh's development, earning a bad reputation. Of course, his reputation wasn't any better in the past—Prince of the City, Rogue Prince, Lord Flea Bottom.

But that was when he was the second son and couldn't change his situation. He didn't care what others thought, enjoying life to the fullest. It was not a different from a kind of self-deception.

Today, he ruled Tyrosh, one of the nine Free Cities. As the bloodline of Baelon, The Spring Prince, he had established another branch of the Targaryens. In the past, he had no chance, but now he had one. He had to prove to his brother, nephew, and parents, who favored his brother, that he could do better.

Daemon Targaryen did not make things worse. He only pretended to be a failure, but he was actually more capable of greatness than his brother. For this reason, a qualified successor was the most important thing in his grand plan.

Seeing Daemon so confident, Mysaria felt a sharp pain in her heart and was unable to speak for a moment. Daemon saw this and said seriously, "You and the child will be safe. I won't give in."

"Then you should marry me immediately and give me a title!" Mysaria breathed heavily and used the opportunity to make her request.

Daemon had already anticipated this and said calmly, "I'm already planning a wedding, so don't worry about the status of your name."

His brother had given him special privileges before he abdicated. Even his good nephew Rhaegar could not go against it.

Mysaria was still not satisfied and emphasized, "I said right away, a ceremony, a wedding room."

A formal wedding takes at least a month to organize. She was afraid that there would be more complications.

Daemon frowned and said coldly, "I am a prince, not a poor boy from Flea Bottom. I don't have to hide when I marry a woman."

“But I'm a prostitute,” Mysaria shot back angrily, revealing her background. “Your whims will drag me into danger.”

She was a third party who had risen to power. If she didn't act in secret, she would be suffocated in her sleep. The lower one's social status, the more sensitive one's sense of danger. Mysaria could feel countless pairs of eyes staring at her. It was Daemon who had exposed her, the White Worm, to the public.

Daemon, annoyed by the argument, said with great patience, “Then you should also understand that after marrying me, you are no longer a lowly prostitute.”

He didn't care about a woman's background, but his children could not be humiliated because of it. No matter how lowly a worm is, if it hides under the protection of a dragon, no vulture or hyena will dare to look at it.

“Forget it. You and I don't see eye to eye.” Mysaria sighed again, truly wanting to leave. When the baby was born safely, she would come out from the dark.

Daemon ignored her and leaned against the edge of the bridge, quietly watching the boats of all sizes coming and going on both sides. The two of them didn't speak for a while.

Mysaria, feeling uncomfortable, took a deep breath. “I want to be alone. Do you have anything else to do?”

Daemon glanced at her sideways and said bluntly, “Waiting for someone.”

“Who is coming?” Mysaria's eyes instantly sharpened, and she became extremely alert.

Daemon opened his mouth, just about to answer.

Whoosh!

A gust of wind with an ash-like smell swept through the sky, blocking his words. Daemon looked up and said lightly, “They're here!”

As soon as he finished speaking,

Roar!

A pair of black dragon wings slowly enveloped the harbor, each flap sending a wave of searing heat through his clothes.

Mysaria's eyes widened in surprise, and she almost dropped her jaw.

“Cannibal, land!” A cold voice echoed, like a drop of jade falling on a plate.

The black dragon circled the sky once, then slowly landed at the end of the gangway. But that wasn't the end.

“Roar...”

A slightly smaller pale blue dragon leisurely flew over, like a blue sky spirit, lowering its body gracefully.

When the two dragons landed, Mysaria finally recovered from the shock. She had seen dragons before. She had even had the pleasure of riding with Daemon's in Caraxes.

But dragons as large as the Cannibal and Dreamfyre, she had only seen in the shadows when Laena ran to Tyrosh to question Daemon.

Mysaria took a deep breath and said with emotion, "I heard in my early years that Your Grace on the Iron Throne tamed the world's largest wild dragon when he was young. It is truly worthy of his reputation."

In her former life, she was too lowly to have the chance to see it.

"Let's go. I'll show you around." Daemon's mouth curled up slightly, and he was looking forward to the purpose of his nephew's visit.

...

A few minutes later, Rhaegar and Daemon met at the end of the bridge.

Rhaegar stood tall, his long silver-gold hair flowing naturally, his purple eyes surveying the scene with an air of calm authority. Daemon, holding the hilt of his sword at his side with one hand, looked up at his nephew with a calm and collected expression.

Neither spoke at first, and the atmosphere grew so tense that it was hard to breathe.

Mysaria, wrapped in a silk shawl, stood quietly behind Daemon, watching the two men as they faced each other.

Noble. Arrogant. Not just noble, but arrogant to the extreme. It was a trait that came from their otherworldly bloodline and unyielding spirit.

In contrast, Helaena stood next to Rhaegar, occasionally straightening her pleated skirt or looking down to pick at dirt from under her fingernails. The confrontation between uncle and nephew? She didn't care and didn't even seem to notice it.

Finally, the stalemate was broken.

Rhaegar's lips curled up in a smile, remaining silent. Daemon sighed in resignation, and with evident reluctance, knelt down and bowed, saying, "Your Grace."

As he spoke, he raised his head high and looked straight into his nephew's eyes. This was his last show of defiance.

Rhaegar immediately smiled and reached out to help his uncle up. "Don't worry about the formalities."

"Heh," Daemon snorted, clearly not buying his nephew's words.

Rhaegar, suppressing his uncle's arrogance as usual, went straight to the point: "I heard you're getting married."

He looked sideways at Mysaria, sizing her up. "Is this Lady Mysaria?"

A closer look revealed she was a striking woman. Her hair was tied up at the back of her head, her figure was slender and charming, and her pale skin added to the allure of a delicate beauty.

Just standing there, without explaining her background, she exuded a more noble temperament than the average lady.

Feeling the king's gaze, Mysaria forced herself to remain calm and gave Daemon a secretive glance.

Rhaegar withdrew his gaze and waved his hand dismissively, "Don't be nervous, I have no ill will."

He was merely curious about the woman who had captivated his uncle and even driven him to steal a dragon egg. Seeing her today, he couldn't help but draw a parallel to Lys's Black Swan. Perhaps both women had risen from humble beginnings to their current status through their own resourcefulness.

Daemon, with a stern expression, declared possessively, "She is pregnant with my child. I want to marry her."

It was as if he feared his good nephew would disrupt his plans.

Rhaegar smiled reassuringly. "It doesn't matter who you marry. My father made an exception for you, and I have no objection."

After all, marrying the White Worm didn't betray his father's plan of solidifying the royal family's absolute rule.

Daemon's eyes narrowed as he pressed, "Then what is your purpose in coming to Tyrosh?"

He couldn't imagine any reason beyond the marriage.

"Smoking Sea," Rhaegar responded, his tone serious. "Volantis and Slaver's Bay intend to disrupt the order of the Disputed Lands. I plan to take this opportunity to send troops and reintegrate Volantis and the Smoking Sea into the territory of ancient Valyria."

Volantis and Slaver's Bay were not the primary concerns. It was the wild young dragons of the Smoking Sea, the ancestral lands of the Lands of the Long Summer, and the dragon horn that haunted his dreams that mattered.

Daemon's vigilance began to fade as he processed the new enemy: "The Tiger Party and Elephant Party in Volantis are allied, and there are remnants of the Triarchy in Slaver's Bay."

"You, me, and Helaena are enough to end the war," Rhaegar said confidently, speaking for Helaena as well. "The Smoking Sea is dangerous. After we take Volantis, you and I will explore it together."

"How will the spoils be divided?" Daemon asked directly, not hesitating to seek his share of the benefits.

Rhaegar was prepared. "House Velaryon's fleet will accompany us. The royal family will get 50% of the harvest, and I will claim all the special items."

"That's too much," Daemon objected, frowning at the mention of special items.

Rhaegar's expression remained unchanged as he raised a finger. "If we capture a young dragon, you will have priority in taming it for your descendants."

Taming a young dragon was always easier than hatching an egg.

Daemon considered this and then added his condition, "I want you to suppress Rhaenyra and not interfere with my plans."

"I'll do my best," Rhaegar replied smoothly, knowing full well the implications. Suppressing Rhaenyra was out of the question; he had planned to be the one pulling the strings from the start.

Dear Uncle, you are the pioneer of this power struggle, he thought, a faint smile playing on his lips.

Chapter 516: Wandering Seasmoke

Time flies. Half a month later.

Lys, outer sea area.

Small islands surround it, with palm trees and other tropical vegetation growing vigorously. The rippling ocean is teeming with jumping fish.

On the shipping lanes, merchant ships drift back and forth, like pieces on a blue chessboard.

"Roar!"

A pitch-black dragon glides down, its thick tail sending a gust of wind that makes the sails of the ships billow.

Before the sailors could even shout in alarm, the pair of wings that covered the sky flashed past.

Peering out.

Lys is getting closer and closer to the black dragon.

...

Rhaegar looked down and saw the bustling activity of the Free Cities, with their gray stone buildings alive with motion.

"Hey, partner, stop playing around," he called out.

The dragon circled above the city, causing a commotion among the local residents. Rhaegar urged the dragon beneath him to put away its playful attitude.

Cannibal slowed down and flew deliberately towards the tallest black stone building in the Free Cities. This flat-topped tower, a relic of ancient Valyrian and Dragonlord lore, symbolized the sky and dragons.

The tower was colossal, rising eight hundred feet into the air.

Boom!

The dragon folded its wings and landed on the flat top of the building, as if it were a landing pad.

Rhaegar rolled off the dragon's back and laughed. "Wait for me at the Dragonpit. I'll see you soon."

"Roar..."

Cannibal raised its head proudly, its dragon's snout curling up to its rider. With a flap of its wings, he soared into the sky, heading towards a domed building.

Rhaegar stepped onto the Dragonstone floor and walked into the elevator with ease.

The flat-topped tower, thanks to the design plans of the red priest Varis, involved blood magic. The tower was strong enough to withstand the weight of a dragon.

...

Dragonpit Without a Roof

The wide open space on the ground was comparable to a quaint palace. The Bronze Gate blocked the front passage, and the open ceiling bordered the blue sky and white clouds.

“Roar...” Several young dragons were playing in the Dragonpit with their respective masters. Under the supervision of the Dragonkeepers, Aemon and Baela played together, comparing their young dragons.

Morning was weak and fragile, curled up in her master's arms. Trickster and Moondancer stayed far apart, as if they were two green leaves that could be rolled up into a ball at any time.

“Enter the Dragonpit, Cannibal!” Baelon stood at the edge of a brazier and could hear the Dragonkeeper's shouts clearly. “Father is coming!” Baelon smiled happily and called out, “Maekar, look at the big guy in the sky.”

He looked up and was able to catch a glimpse. “Roar~” A low, soft growl came from the dragon, full of a sense of leisurely laziness.

Maekar crouched in the corner, with a half-asleep, half-awake silver-black young dragon in front of him. A quick look around the Dragonpit revealed something strange. Aemon and Baela were in the best position, playing happily, while Maekar was alone at the edge, keeping the sleepy young dragon company.

As the eldest brother, Baelon took the initiative to talk to Maekar, who was somewhat isolated. The reason was unknown; perhaps Maekar was a loner or maybe he was too young.

When he heard his brother's call, Maekar stopped finger-painting and muttered, “Baelon, you love adult dragons too much.”

“Roar!” Tyraxes roared in agreement. What's wrong with a baby dragon? They're cute even when they're small.

Baelon was furious and lectured him, “Don't be ungrateful.” He spoke in a sarcastic tone, like a little lord.

Besides, what's wrong with his love for adult dragons? When he was a child, he fell in love with Cannibal at first sight.

Maekar tilted his head and rolled his eyes. “Are you sure your egg won't hatch?”

Baelon took a step back and asked tentatively, “What do you mean, little brother?”

Maekar's eyebrows arched in a figure of eight, piercing his best friend's heart: "Where are your dragon egg? Can I see it?"

Baelon's mouth twitched slightly, and he said in disbelief, "You, you..." How does he know everything? No wonder Aemond doesn't like playing with him.

Maekar gave a mischievous smile and asked in a low voice, "Tell me! Where did you put your dragon egg?" The little smug expression on his face was like a celebration of his easy victory over his older brother.

"Shh!"

Baelon stepped forward and quickly covered Maekar's mouth.

"Mmm-mmm!"

Maekar fell to the ground, his eyes betraying a hint of grievance. Seeing his master being restrained, Tyraxes' spirit lifted, and the young dragon stared at Baelon with a proud and dignified look.

"Silence, Tyraxes!" Baelon glared at the dragon and uttered an enchanting command.

"Huh?" Tyraxes, confused by the shout, looked around in bewilderment before slowly crawling back to its original position.

Baelon snorted, grabbed Maekar by the ear, and whispered urgently, "Brother, you should understand my predicament."

"Mmm-hmm!" Seeing that Tyraxes had given up on the rescue, Maekar's eyes widened, and he nodded vigorously.

"Good." Baelon let go of his ear and said sternly, "Don't ask, don't mention it."

Maekar whined, "I was going to say that if I have no dragon egg, there's a adult Silverwing in Dragonmont."

Baelon's binding spell was superior, and he was bullying him because he was younger.

"That's better." Baelon crossed his arms and looked at him with the protective gaze of an older brother. "Unless the dragon egg is lost, you will be a bit mute from now on."

He was joking. If he wasn't strong, how could he be the oldest brother? That bastard Aemon was the first to rebel against him. His father had given him special training!

Maekar, who had obviously never been treated this way, dragged Tyraxes by the tail and moved to a different spot angrily. As he passed by Aemon and Baela, he aroused the suspicions of Trickster and Moondancer. They all shouted simultaneously at the dragon and the boy.

"Roar!" Tyraxes instantly became enraged, and its serrated dragon mouth opened wide as it roared fiercely and viciously.

The Trickster and Moondancer immediately quieted down, spreading their wings to create distance between them. In terms of size, the two young dragons were only half the size of Tyraxes. It was clear who was stronger.

“Hmph!” Maekar shook his head and continued to tug at the dragon’s tail to change position. Tyraxes calmed down and obediently cooperated with its young master.

From afar, Baelon watched the scene, and a flash of envy crossed his eyes. All his peers had dragons, and he was the only one without one. Although, he would much rather have an adult dragon.

“Baelon, what are you looking at?” Suddenly, a familiar warm voice came from behind.

Baelon turned around in surprise and exclaimed, “Father!” Rhaegar opened his arms and smiled. It was as if he were saying, “Have you missed your father?”

“Father, I missed you so much!” Baelon smiled broadly and threw himself into his father’s arms. Rhaegar had been drifting at sea for more than half a month. It wasn’t until yesterday evening that he finally arrived in the port of Lys. Unfortunately, King’s Landing is too far from Lys to cross the Narrow Sea in a short time. Except for his mother dragon, Syrax, the other children couldn’t fly for long.

Rhaegar picked up his eldest son and held him close, their foreheads touching. He asked softly, “Do you want a dragon?”

As they entered the Dragonpit, he saw Baelon watching his two younger brothers interact with the dragons. As the father, he had to show some support.

Baelon’s eyes flickered at the question, and he hesitated. “I haven’t chosen a suitable dragon yet.”

“Oh, is that so?” Rhaegar looked surprised, sensing his eldest son’s little thoughts.

By then, the other children had come running over. Rhaegar put down Baelon, greeted everyone, and then looked at Maekar, who was watching him with eager anticipation.

The little one had a round face and a small, pouting bottom, like a pug wanting its master’s praise. Rhaegar found this amusing and decided to tease his youngest son. “Maekar, I hear you tamed a dragon?”

“Yes, it’s Tyraxes.” Maekar’s excitement was palpable as he asked, “Did Mother tell you that?” He looked up at his father, his big, watery eyes shining with stars.

“Rhaenyra wrote to tell me.” Rhaegar bent down, grabbed his son’s face, and pretended to threaten him. “But she also told me to give you a good beating.”

“Huh?” Maekar was taken aback and pointed at himself. “Beat me up?”

His mother had already praised him for his achievements, so he was confused.

“Yes, you.” Rhaegar’s face was stern, and he was about to stretch out his hand.

“No!” Maekar threw a tantrum and ran away.

“Hee hee, you’re blushing.” Aemon laughed and teased him.

Rhaegar looked at his second son and said, "You want to get beaten up too?"

Of the three sons, Aemon got the most beatings.

Aemon:...

"No, thank you," he muttered, turning around and retreating.

Baela and Rhaena bowed and withdrew gracefully.

Soon, only Rhaegar and Baelon were left.

Rhaegar continued the conversation, suggesting, "If you want to tame a dragon, I can take you with me when I visit Storm's End later."

Baelon frowned and thought for a moment. "Seasmoke?"

"That's it." Rhaegar admired his eldest son's intelligence and said, "Seasmoke is great. You can outride your peers on it."

After Laenor was killed, Seasmoke had been wandering around the Sea of Dorne for years, wild and untamed. A dragon in the wild is not something that can be taken lightly. But Seasmoke was a good choice.

As the dragon with the most battlefield experience among the four generations, its actual combat power even exceeded that of Syrax and Sunfyre. He was proud and brave, and most importantly, loyal. Additionally, Seasmoke's appearance was also remarkable.

Soon after breaking out of its shell, it was discovered by fishermen who called it "the smoke of the sea," charming and dangerous. Its potential was very high!

Baelon heard this and lowered his head in thought. "Father, can I think about it some more?"

Rhaegar did not press him but looked at him curiously. "Do you really want an adult dragon?"

Baelon continued to lower his head and remained silent.

Rhaegar was surprised, staring at his eldest son. Could it be that he has his eye on Vermithor or the Cannibal? My father is weak, but he doesn't seem like he will die soon. If not Vermithor, then only...

Rhaegar's eyes flashed with amusement as he remembered a moment when Aemon was three years old. He had excitedly claimed he wanted the Cannibal, asking, "Father, when will you die so that I can inherit your dragon?" That night, the Red Keep echoed with the cries of the inquisitive child. If not for his grandfather Viserys, Baelon might have been an only child.

Rhaegar thought for a moment and then said, "Well, since you want an adult dragon, you'll have to be patient."

Baelon looked up in surprise, not expecting his father's response.

Rhaegar's eyes were warm as he said, "Remember, you are my eldest son, the future heir to the Iron Throne, not the cruel Maegor."

Maegor I was a proud and arrogant king. He despised the dragon eggs and young dragons on Dragonstone and was often criticized by his sister-in-law and advisers.

After Aegon the Conqueror died, Maegor tamed the world's most powerful dragon, Balerion the Black Dread, in one fell swoop. Though inspiring, many years of patience drained a lot of his mind. Once he usurped the throne, he committed many acts that angered the gods and people.

He didn't want his eldest son to follow in Maegor's footsteps, waiting for him or his father Viserys to die to inherit their dragons. Rhaegar feared he might lose control and beat him to death with his own hands.

Baelon, scratching his head and smiling, said, "I won't, Father."

He didn't reject Silverwing or Seasmoke. He just had a feeling that he should wait.

"I'm glad you understand," Rhaegar said, rubbing his head. "I'm going to see your mother."

Baelon nodded and stayed where he was, watching his father leave the Dragonpit. After a long time, Rhaegar's figure disappeared completely. Baelon bit his lower lip, hesitating over something. He looked around at Aemon and Maekar, who were playing.

Baelon slipped into a giant dragon pit, using the excuse of relieving himself to avoid the Dragonkeepers' gaze. It was dark at the bottom of the pit, and it was hard to see anything.

"Rrrr... rrrr..."

Baelon groped his way along the wall, faintly hearing a dull grunting sound coming from deep within the dragon pit. Gradually, the outline of a huge dragon came into view. Vhagar's eyes were tightly shut, and its slack jaw rested on the uneven ground, like a decrepit old woman asleep on its bed.

Baelon gasped at the sight of the ancient beast, his blood rushing to his head. Three seconds later, he spun around and ran away as fast as he could. This is the dragon he had in mind!

Chapter 517: Black Swan and White Worm

Rhaegar left the Dragonpit, and a long-awaited reunion was taking place in the tower.

...

The curved conference room was simply decorated. Rhaenyra, wearing a long black dress with a gold dragon pendant on her chest, stood with her hands placed in front of her belly. Her noble bearing exuded a queenly demeanor.

Crack!

The door opened, and two Kingsguard stood guard.

"Rhaenyra, it's been a long time!" Laena exclaimed, visibly excited, as she walked in with open arms.

Rhaenyra pursed her lips and embraced her friend tightly. Upon closer inspection, Laena was covered in dust and wore red leather armor, indicating she had just returned from outside.

Laena pressed her cheek against her friend's and apologized, "Sorry, the slave ships in Slaver's Bay have been getting more and more brazen lately, so I couldn't welcome you home last night."

Lys implemented a council system, a semi-monarchical and semi-parliamentary body where the queen and three councilors made decisions.

This system shared the queen's power with council members, potentially leading to a power vacuum, but it was advantageous for Rhaenyra, who lacked systematic training in ruling a country and had lived in King's Landing for many years. Rhaegar handled major decisions, while councilors dealt with minor issues.

As one of the House Velaryon's appointed councilors, Laena's job was to maintain the shipping lanes. Rhaenyra understood and smiled, "It's fine. I've prepared a welcome banquet for you."

She instructed the Kingsguard outside to inform the others, and then the two women sat down next to each other at the conference table. Laena, still in a daze from the dragon battle, had a delicate olive complexion flushed with excitement.

Rhaenyra took her friend's hand, her expression serious. "What are you going to do, Laena?"

Laena was stunned for a moment, and her expression gradually fell. Rhaenyra remained quiet, waiting patiently for her friend to think it over. She felt for Laena's misfortune, but that didn't mean she had lost her mind. This was a private matter between Daemon and Laena, and the two could discuss it whenever they wanted. If Laena didn't provide an answer, there was nothing Rhaenyra could do to help.

Laena understood this, too.

After a while, Rhaenyra poured two cups of sake. Laena finally spoke up, "I don't know what to do about the unborn child, but Lady Mysaria must pay the price."

As she said this, it was as if a huge stone had fallen from her heart. The exhaustion from the past few days of patrols was swept away.

Rhaenyra let go of her friend's hand and whispered, "Are you planning to kill the mother and keep the child?"

Laena nodded firmly. "The fault lies with Daemon and Lady Mysaria. I don't want to hurt an unborn child."

She was also a mother who had almost died in childbirth. She had an inexplicable sense of compassion for the unborn child.

"Laena, you've really given me a problem," Rhaenyra pondered. "Have you thought about who will inherit if the child is a boy, and how?"

A bastard born of a prostitute inheriting Tyrosh, which Daemon and Laena had built together? Even if Laena agreed, the Sea Snake would not.

Laena was silent, not knowing how to respond. She knew the consequences of a boy born of White Worm and had been hesitant for half a month.

Seeing this, Rhaenyra did not press further and promised, "If this is all you want, I can promise that I will share the burden with you when you need it."

She could not and did not want to speak for Rhaegar, but she could offer help in her own capacity. If Laena had a request, Lys would mobilize all of its resources.

“Thank you, Rhaenyra.” Laena was moved to her core and said with a determined look, “I will talk to Daemon about the inheritance. If it doesn't work out, I can always decide later.”

Having been raised by the elite of House Velaryon, she was not one to hesitate. When it came to rooting out weeds, she would not be soft.

As soon as she finished speaking, the voice of the Kingsguard rang out: “Welcome, Rhaegar the First of House Targaryen, King of the Andals, the Rhoynar, and the First Men, Lord of the Seven Kingdoms and Protector of the Realm!”

With a thump, a figure appeared at the door.

Rhaenyra and Laena rose in unison.

Rhaegar entered the council chamber and looked at the two women in surprise. “Am I interrupting?”

“Hmph!” Rhaenyra snorted, her lips curling. The two siblings had agreed to meet in Lys beforehand.

Laena, feeling she was an outsider right now, bowed respectfully. “Your Grace.”

Rhaegar waved his hand with a smile. There was no need for such formalities between acquaintances.

Except, of course, for his good uncle.

After taking their seats, Rhaegar said, “I've seen Baelon and the others. Maekar has tamed Tyraxes. It's a very promising dragon.”

Rhaenyra, with a hint of pride, responded, “Of course, it's no surprise when you look at who his father is.”

Rhaegar found this amusing and tried hard to hold back his laughter.

Rhaenyra casually mentioned, “On the way to Lys, several children rode dragons, but only Baelon...”

She stopped mid-sentence, worried about her eldest son's potential feelings of inadequacy.

Rhaegar smiled reassuringly. “We've talked about it. It'll be fine.”

Baelon had inherited his father's perseverance and had his own ideas.

Rhaenyra nodded gently, acknowledging Rhaegar's greater capability in handling such matters.

Laena, feeling like she was sitting on pins and needles, found an opportunity to interrupt: “Your Grace, the Tiger Party members of Volantis stationed in Lys have secretly left. It seems that Volantis and Slaver's Bay have concluded an alliance.”

Rhaegar asked seriously, “What's the situation?”

Laena replied truthfully, “Slaver's Bay's ships have blocked the Smoking Sea, forming a line of defense with Volantis that cuts off the Disputed Lands and The Summer Sea.”

Blocking the shipping lanes and cutting off trade has always been a key part of naval warfare.

Rhaegar had a general understanding of the situation and said with great momentum, "Troops from all over the world are being mobilized, and the Kingdom will find an opportunity to fight them."

"I'll leave you to it." Laena let out a sigh of relief and turned to leave.

The meeting room suddenly felt empty with only two people instead of three.

Rhaegar rested his hands on his chin, enjoying the sight of Rhaenyra's beauty. He wanted to see what his dear sister had to say to him.

Rhaenyra took a sip of wine and coughed lightly. "Did you encounter any danger when you were causing trouble in Braavos?"

If there had been danger, he wouldn't be sitting in the hall. It was just idle chatter.

Rhaegar smiled. "The Sealord is generous. He lent me a large amount of gold dragons."

At this point, Helaena was checking the accounts in Myr. There was too much money to be collected at once, and half of it was secured by goods.

Rhaenyra nodded absently, clearly not interested in the details of the loan.

Rhaenyra lifted her eyelids and bit her lower lip, whispering, "Laena asked me for help, and the bottom line is Baela's inheritance."

"So?" Rhaegar asked knowingly.

Rhaenyra couldn't stand it anymore, rolled her eyes, and said frankly, "Daemon is an asshole, but Baela and Rhaena are my foster daughters. At the very least, I have to guarantee that their rights will not be shaken."

"Uh..." Rhaegar was speechless for a moment. "The two sisters are in different situations. Daemon has the right to have another male heir."

Rhaena was adopted into House Velaryon and was officially the daughter of Laenor. The Sea Snake line had no male heirs, so it was legitimate for them to inherit Driftmark.

Daemon can still have children, and the heir can change at any time.

"Rhaegar!" Rhaenyra gritted her teeth, her voice tinged with resentment. "Baela and Rhaena are my and your foster daughters. We must protect her."

When Rhaegar heard the word "daughter," his eyes sharpened. In a neutral tone, he replied, "I do have daughters, three of them."

Rhaenyra was suddenly speechless, her expression shifting between guilt and frustration. She realized that Rhaegar was expressing his dissatisfaction, still upset about her revenge on Jeyne.

The atmosphere grew tense and awkward. Rhaegar, having ridden the dragon all the way, was already impatient. "I'll go wash up first," he said.

It wasn't that he couldn't say anything more; it was that they had different perspectives. He intended to use the White Worm's pregnancy to stir up conflict between Daemon and the Sea Snake, thereby weakening their influence and ultimately strengthening the Iron Throne's central power. Once the

war against Volantis was over, he planned to strike a blow against the opposition in the Vale. His logic was clear, his goal obvious. Helping Laena and Baela fight for their interests would be a thankless task, only causing trouble. If things went wrong, Daemon and the Sea Snake would make a big fuss, leaving Rhaegar, as a participant, in an awkward position.

Rhaenyra nodded silently, understanding that Rhaegar was right. The best option was to stay out of the storm. She just wanted to protect Laena and Baela and couldn't stand the idea of White Worm as a third party.

"See you later," Rhaegar said.

"Okay!" Rhaenyra forced a smile.

As Rhaegar walked to the door, his tall, slender back suddenly stopped. He thought for a moment, not wanting to hurt Rhaenyra's feelings. It was hard to broach the subject, but he needed to say something.

"I can't do anything about Baela's inheritance, but I can guarantee that Laena won't be treated unfairly." He recalled the battle of Tyrosh, where Laena, heavily pregnant, rode Vhagar into battle and gave birth to a stillborn child.

Rhaegar had a plan, but he didn't want to hurt this good woman who was gentle on the outside but strong on the inside. If necessary, he could kill Mysaria, the White Worm, and give the child to Laena to raise. All Daemon needed was a son.

Rhaenyra was surprised to hear this. But when she thought about Laena's original idea, she realized it aligned with Rhaegar's plan.

Rhaenyra smiled and whispered, "Let's do it."

...

Rhaegar left to wash up in the room he shared with his sister.

Rhaenyra sat in a chair, absentmindedly playing with a goblet.

Soon, two figures, one young and one adult, emerged from the secret door of the meeting hall.

"Rhaenyra!"

Baela, full of grievances, called out to her foster mother and rushed over, burying her head in Rhaenyra's lap.

Rhaenyra looked up at the other person, her expression darkening. "Who told you to bring Baela here!?"

"Sorry, I took matters into my own hands," Johanna replied, crossing her arms and maintaining an elegant demeanor.

Rhaenyra's tone was sharp. "You are a Grand Master of Lys. Don't you have other responsibilities?"

"It's about Lady Laena," Johanna said gently, a look of sadness in her eyes. "White Worm is a worthy opponent, but even the most cautious worm can't stay hidden forever."

She implied she had a way to deal with the situation.

Rhaenyra's face hardened. She covered Baela's ears and said sternly, "Get out! Leave immediately!"

The woman in front of her was too clever, always coming up with tempting ideas.

Johanna, realizing her power was useless here, silently returned through the secret door. Since the last incident in the Vale, the trust between them had been broken beyond repair.

Chapter 518: The New Dragonlord of Slaver's Bay?

Three days later, the Dragonpit was in chaos.

"Roar!"

Tyraxes rampaged, the chains around its neck clanging loudly.

Several Dragonkeepers, holding bamboo staves, shouted in tense voices, "Stop! Tyraxes!"

Boom!

Tyraxes' anger flared, and it opened its mouth wide, unleashing a blast of gray Dragonfire that resembled smoke or mist. The attack was aimed at the Trickster, who was flying in the air.

"Roar..."

The Trickster let out a shrill cry, flapping its wings to evade the attack before retaliating with its own Dragonfire. Its tail, resembling a scorpion's, straightened and quivered gently, as if sensing the impending danger.

Trickster dodged left and right, narrowly avoiding Tyraxes' relentless onslaught. Tyraxes steadily advanced, the gray Dragonfire spreading and continuously reducing the Trickster's range of evasion.

For a time, the two young dragons were locked in a fierce struggle, each maneuvering with precision and intensity.

...

"Fly, Tyraxes!" Maekar called out, his hand on his hip and the other cupped around his mouth like a trumpet.

Bang!

Rhaegar gave him a firm kick on the rump, saying sternly, "Don't interrupt. Let the dragons fight it out."

Maekar's little face fell, and he twisted and turned, backing away dejectedly.

Rhaenyra stood next to him, along with his brothers and sisters, including Baela. The family stood on the edge of the Dragonpit, watching the fierce battle between the young dragons.

"Roar!"

Tyraxes roared and lunged at the Trickster mid-air, revealing a mouthful of thick fangs. The gray Dragonfire spread over ten meters, forming a misty fog.

The Trickster barely escaped the Dragonfire, screaming in pain. It dove, trying to escape the encircling mist.

Plop!

Tyraxes arrived in a flash, knocking the Trickster out of the air and pinning it to the floor.

“Stop!”

Suddenly, the binding spell appeared just in time.

Rhaegar had approached unnoticed, drawing out the dragon whip and wrapping it around Tyraxes' neck.

“Roar!”

Tyraxes was about to attack but was forced to interrupt, growling in anger.

Rhaegar ignored him and signaled to the Dragonkeepers, “Drag him back to the dragon pit!”

“Yes, Your Grace!”

The Dragonkeepers, not daring to neglect their task, pulled on the chains around Tyraxes' neck. The bamboo sticks they used to calm him made a rhythmic sound as they hit the floor.

After a long struggle, Tyraxes calmed down and left unwillingly.

“Roar?”

Trickster, lying on the ground pretending to be dead, opened its eyes. After confirming that Tyraxes was gone, it flew away.

Rhaegar smiled faintly and commented, “It’s a peculiar dragon.”

Dragons have all sorts of personalities. A young dragon being timid and trouble-prone is not unusual. It’s fortunate that it hatched in a cradle, or it might have been eaten by Cannibal on Dragonstone.

Looking back, Rhaegar saw his two sons arguing.

Maekar looked up at them, nostrils flared. “Tyraxes won!”

Aemon, looking unhappy, retorted, “Trickster can't fly high in the Dragonpit. Try it in the wild.”

The root of the dragon fight lay in the fact that the two young dragons were roaming freely. Trickster had insisted on biting Tyraxes' tail, provoking Tyraxes to chase after him despite the Dragonkeepers’ attempts to stop him.

Rhaegar picked up his younger son, Maekar, and said with a smile, “Stop arguing. I’m the best one here.”

“Shame on you,” Aemon grumbled, slumping his shoulders and kicking away a pebble at his feet.

In contrast, Maekar, who was grinning mischievously, hugged Rhaegar’s neck and said, “Father, take me out to play with the dragon.”

The two brothers had very different personalities. Maybe Maekar had won!

Rhaegar, feeling the warmth of his youngest son, said, “Okay, but at a different time.”

“Pinky swear,” Maekar insisted, sticking out his little white finger.

“No problem.”

Rhaegar didn’t think it was childish and treated it as a game to entertain his child.

He looked down and froze.

Baelon and Aemon:...

The brothers pouted, feeling a sense of betrayal as they watched their father and younger brother with envy.

This was not the way their father treated them.

“Hmmm...” Rhaegar felt a bit embarrassed and held his younger son away from him.

Each son is taught differently according to their own abilities.

Baelon is the eldest son, so he is more strictly disciplined.

Aemon is a troublemaker who gets a big beating every seven days and a small beating every three days.

Maekar is very well-behaved.

He can sit in the corner and watch ants crawl for a whole day without crying or making a fuss.

It seems he has inherited some of Helaena’s gift for precognition, making him a bit of an eccentric child, just like Helaena was when she was little.

Rhaegar can’t help but favor him a little.

“Father, put me down.”

Maekar twisted his waist and broke free from his embrace like a wiggly worm.

Rhaegar patted his head and then poured another bowl of water to wash the heads of his first and second sons.

The brothers had the same face, and it was quite fulfilling to touch it.

Rhaenyra’s eyes filled with tenderness as she basked in the warmth of the family moment.

Beautiful things are always short-lived.

Johanna arrived in a hurry, clutching a piece of paper.

“What’s wrong?”

Rhaenyra hurried to meet Johanna, sensing something significant had occurred.

Johanna glanced at Rhaegar and urgently relayed the news. “Urgent message from Slaver’s Bay. The remnants of the Triarchy have allied with the Good Masters, blockaded the Smoking Sea, and announced that there are dragons within it.”

Rhaegar listened quietly, not appearing anxious. The presence of dragons in the Smoking Sea was a widely accepted theory since Morghul’s appearance. Fishermen had reported sightings of young dragons there, spreading the rumor further.

Rhaenyra shared a similar thought and asked Johanna for more details.

Johanna handed over a piece of paper, her expression solemn. "According to whispers from some small slave owners, many slaves with Valyrian blood have volunteered to join an expedition into the Smoking Sea to find dragons."

Concerned that the news might not be taken seriously, she added, "There are even claims that some are descendants of certain Dragonlord families."

"They want to tame dragons?" Rhaegar snorted in derision. "Slaver's Bay is courting disaster, reminiscent of the Three Whores."

But who could resist the allure of becoming a dragon rider?

Rhaenyra's eyebrows rose, and she asked, "Is it true that there are descendants of the Dragonlords?"

"It's hard to discern truth from fiction," Johanna admitted. "The Doom was over 200 years ago, enough time for six or seven generations to pass. Even if there are descendants, the bloodline would be significantly diluted by now. Besides, anyone with Valyrian features and a last name from a Dragonlord family could claim such heritage."

"A bunch of impostors!" Rhaegar declared, turning to walk into the dragon pit where the Cannibal slept. Whether the claims were true or not, anyone daring to use the Dragonlord family's name would not be forgiven. Slaver's Bay dared to provoke them; they would face blood and fire.

As he left, the others stood in stunned silence.

Johanna sighed, reporting, "The Lys merchant ship sent to trade with Slaver's Bay was seized, and the goods taken were quite valuable."

Rhaenyra felt a headache coming on. "First, suspend all maritime trade with the east and gather as much food and fodder as possible."

"Yes, Your Grace." Johanna left as swiftly as she had arrived.

Rhaenyra was deep in thought. The family dispute between Daemon and Laena paled in comparison to the looming war.

"Mother."

Maekar's soft voice shook Rhaenyra from her reverie. He took her hand and shook it gently.

Rhaenyra looked down at her children. Baelon and the others were gazing at her, their eyes bright with anticipation.

"Roar..."

A deep rumble came from the dragon pit behind her. Syrax raised its head, topaz-colored wings supporting its body as it slowly crawled out. The dragon's pupils were filled with restlessness, mirroring the rider's distraction.

Rhaenyra pursed her lips and gently touched Syrax's chin.

...

A moment later, a pitch-black dragon burst out of the Dragonpit, its powerful wings propelling it swiftly towards Tyrosh.

“Roar!”

The dragon's mighty roar echoed through the sky, signaling the impending storm. Soon after, a dark flock of ravens took flight from the tower, their cawing loud and chaotic as they dispersed across the Narrow Sea.

The horn of war had sounded.

Half of Westeros's nobles were destined for a sleepless night as the fragile peace of recent years was shattered by this ominous wave.

All the Lords who received the summons immediately began preparations, rallying their troops and readying their defenses.

By the king's command!

...

Two days passed in the blink of an eye.

The Summer Sea.

In the vast waters between Volantis and the Smoking Sea, the hot sun hung high in the sky, and the blue sea shimmered under its intense heat. The tropical climate was scorching, with a dry sea breeze blowing like waves of heat against the shoreline. Fish swam in the depths, occasionally breaking the surface to breathe.

The steady beat of drums echoed across the sea.

Ten warships, equipped with scorpion crossbows and flying the fierce tiger flag, sailed forward, carrying 1,500 elite mercenaries hired at a high price. Their destination was the Smoking Sea, where they would join the blockade fleet from Slaver's Bay. If the opportunity arose, they would intercept the small patrol ships of House Velaryon.

On the deck, the mercenaries watched as the drums beat steadily.

A young, rough-skinned mercenary approached the captain and muttered, “Captain, is there really a dragon in the Smoking Sea?”

“I don't know,” the captain replied curtly.

The young mercenary persisted, “Is the dragon in Slaver's Bay real?”

“Don't ask me,” the captain snapped.

The young mercenary scratched his head, looking uncertain. “Captain, when we go to the Smoking Sea, will we meet a dragon? The brothers are not sure what to do. Please give us a clear answer. How should we fight?”

Being a mercenary was about making money, not risking one's life for gold.

“No...”

The mercenary captain began to dismiss the question, but his words suddenly caught in his throat. His eyes widened, pupils dilating as he stared into the distance.

The next second, he shouted, “Dragon! There's a dragon! Find cover!”

Panic erupted as the mercenaries, gripped by fear, quickly and fiercely lay down on the deck.

However, it was too late.

"Dreamfyre, Dracarys!"

A pale blue dragon descended from the sky, releasing Dragonfire like a torrent pouring into the sea.

Boom!

The Dragonfire struck the ship, engulfing the mercenaries on deck in an instant, their wails echoing as they burned.

“Counterattack! Scorpion crossbow ready!” someone shouted, turning the winch of the scorpion crossbow.

In the sky, four dragon shadows flashed.

Rhaegar, dressed in black with a frosty expression, commanded, “Leave no one alive!”

"Roar!"

Cannibal swooped down, its massive wings enveloping half of the warship. Dark green Dragonfire filled the entire area.

The mercenaries caught in the Dragonfire didn't even have time to scream. Their eyes, ears, mouths, and noses withered and died, their scalps burned inch by inch until they were reduced to dried-up corpses. Eventually, they disintegrated into a pile of ash.

On the other side, Daemon, wearing a black steel helmet and a crimson cloak, directed Caraxes. The dragon let out a piercing cry, like a war horn, and unleashed a continuous stream of scarlet Dragonfire.

“Vhagar, Dracarys!”

The old dragon flew in from the side, spewing out black smoke and Dragonfire, setting off an endless storm. Laena half-reclined in the saddle, casting a cold glance at Daemon, who deliberately avoided her.

Four dragons at once were enough to destroy any force.

“Ahhh...”

“It hurts. Jumping into the sea is useless...”

“...”

Ten brand-new warships and a mercenary army of nearly 2,000 men were obliterated. In just a quarter of an hour, they sank to the bottom of the sea to feed the fish.

Rhaegar sat on the back of his dragon, not looking down but studying a crude map. The lines on the map were simple, depicting the Narrow Sea, Volantis, and the Smoking Sea along with the area of Slaver's Bay.

At the bottom of the map, in some ugly, illegible script in a dialect of Valyria, were a few lines:

“Good Masters... Aethyrys...Family Revival...

“Alliance... Qohor...”

Chapter 519: A Group of Bastards Without a Dragon

Afternoon, temporary base.

A flat, barren hillock stretched out for miles, devoid of grass, with a hot wind constantly blowing, mixed with sand and gravel.

“Roar...”

Vhagar's muddy pupils narrowed slightly, the massive dragon's body lazily sprawled on the ridge, its horse-sized throat occasionally emitting a low growl.

The sky was clear and cloudless.

Three dragons of different colors hovered above, casting shadows over the three sheepskin tents below.

Bang!

Inside the central tent, a rough map was placed on the table.

Rhaegar leaned over it, his hands propped on the table, speaking seriously, “A detailed map of The Lands of the Long Summer, along with information on a supposed descendant of a known Dragonlord family.”

His fingers traced an illustration of a red dragon with a crown, and he licked his lips. “Quite a mess, isn't it?”

On either side of the table, the three dragon riders gathered.

“Aethyrys! A name known even today!”

Daemon's eyes were sharp, his voice low: “Of the forty Dragonlord families, only a few are still remembered by the world.”

The uncle and nephew exchanged a knowing look, everything said without words.

Rhaegar touched the space necklace, the sun pendant of which was carved with the crowned red dragon.

Daemon glanced at the black whip in his nephew's hand, recalling the binding spells he had mastered.

All of it came from the Aethyrys family.

Rhaegar spoke first, his tone unwavering: “There can only be one Dragonlord family, and that is House Targaryen!”

Daemon immediately agreed, his voice cold: "There are four of us and four dragons. I propose we go straight to Slaver's Bay tomorrow morning and burn that filthy place to the ground."

The uncle and nephew reached a consensus, their opinions strikingly aligned.

The Targaryens' long reign was due to two main factors.

First, the slow breeding of dragons.

Second, their unique noble bloodline.

Before the destruction of Old Valyria, the Targaryens were merely a mid-ranking Dragonlord family.

After the Doom, the remaining Dragonlord families were all wiped out.

As the sole survivors, House Targaryen rose to the pinnacle of the world.

A newly revived Dragonlord family would threaten the Targaryens' very foundation.

Watching the taciturn uncle and nephew, Laena frowned and rationally analyzed, "The authenticity of this news is unknown, and attacking without proper information is unwise."

"Foolish, It's not a matter of truth or falsehood!"

Daemon retorted bluntly, "If anyone dares to claim the Dragonlord name, the prestige of House Targaryen will plummet."

Moreover, the Aethyrys family was not a recorded Dragonlord family.

No one had ever heard of this name before the semi-ruins of Myr appeared.

The uncle and nephew had kept their secret well, and it had never reached as far as Slaver's Bay on the far eastern continent of Essos.

There must be a reason for the news to spread.

Laena's eyes narrowed, and she looked away in disgust.

Helaena, who had been quiet until now, looked around and hugged herself.

She sensed the tension in the air, and her sensitive nerves were on edge.

"Take a break."

Rhaegar noticed his sister's discomfort and took off his black robe, draping it over her shoulders.

"I'm fine," Helaena said, shrugging slightly but appreciating the warmth. She asked, "Where did this news come from? A Dragonlord family with a stable heritage wouldn't hide its name for centuries, would it?"

After the Doom, the Targaryens had taken root on Dragonstone for decades, passing through generations. It wasn't until the Black Dread, Balerion, reached the age of one hundred and crossed the threshold of adulthood as a dragon that the Targaryens began their conquest.

Meraxes and Vhagar had found their masters and reached the prime of their lives. Only then did the Conqueror and his two sisters start their war, thrusting the Targaryen and Valyrian bloodlines into the spotlight of the world.

Laena's throw a skeptical look at Daemon. Daemon, avoiding his wife's gaze, looked directly at his nephew, his expression cold. His spies had not yet reached Slaver's Bay.

Rhaegar, no less direct, said, "The news came from a Red Priestess of the Red Temple. Her followers are everywhere in Meereen."

She was a difficult woman with strange methods. When Volantis was selecting the a councilor to be stationed in Lys, the Red Priestess was on the shortlist. Rhaegar, disliking witches, had secretly removed her from the list.

Daemon snorted derisively, "Great, maybe there really is a bastard Dragonlord family!"

Whether Aethyrys' bloodline was real or not, Dragonlords without dragons were considered bastards.

Rhaegar raised an eyebrow and said, "According to intelligence, a bastard Dragonlord named Aethyrys has received hospitality from the Good Masters of Meereen. It is said he was a former herdsman."

"Any family members?" Helaena asked, her voice light.

Rhaegar nodded. "Yes, the whole family was admitted to the Great Pyramid in Meereen. A girl from the family became a concubine of the Good Masters."

"No wonder they're bastards!" Daemon continued to mock.

"Cut the crap," Laena interjected, irritated. "A fake family is not worth mentioning. The key is the wild young dragon in the Smoking Sea."

Rhaegar agreed. "The young dragons haven't yet left the Smoking Sea, but someone wants to seize the area to catch them."

The warships of Slaver's Bay had already blocked the Smoking Sea, sending the first group of "dragonlords" of unknown origin to find the young dragons.

Daemon proposed, "I suggest we first burn down the Great Pyramid in Meereen and eliminate the threat of a bastard Dragonlord family."

"The impostors are afraid of death. It's not worth the risk to use the dragons," Laena added. "We don't have a fleet, so we should first use the dragons to destroy the fleet blocking the Smoking Sea and cut off their access."

Even if the fake Dragonlord family were real, they would be just like any other human without going into the Smoking Sea to find the dragons.

First, they must eliminate the enemy's wings. Then, they could wait for the naval forces of Westeros to arrive and destroy the enemy in one fell swoop.

Bang!

"Foolish woman!" Daemon slammed his hand on the table, sneering, "Our reputation is more important than a young dragon."

Helaena flinched at the sudden noise, her pretty face turning pale. She had seen her parents disagree often, leaving her with a psychological scar. The quarrel between Daemon and Laena made her even more anxious.

Rhaegar glared at his uncle and pulled the fragile Helaena into a comforting embrace. He made a decisive call: "Tomorrow morning, we will gather to destroy the defenses of the Smoking Sea."

"After that, we'll wait for the fleet of House Velaryon to arrive."

Westeros is far enough from the Stepstones. Beyond the Disputed Lands, the journey would take months each way. And with all the supplies along the way, it would be a real problem. This was one of the main reasons why Rhaegar didn't like fighting across the sea. The front line was in a mess, and half of his advisers were still on their way. If the ships were caught in a storm, the entire crew would be fed to the fish.

Daemon frowned, his expression darkening as he considered Rhaegar's decision.

Rhaegar continued, "Uncle, you don't want the young dragon to be taken away by some bastard, do you?"

"As you wish," Daemon finally conceded, his tone bitter.

The tragedy of Morghul was a scar on all Targaryens.

"Very good!" Rhaegar nodded, guiding Helaena out of the tent.

"Oh, you're so short-sighted," Laena said, glancing at her husband before walking away with a swagger.

Daemon was left alone in the tent.

...

Outside, on the barren hillside, the wind howled softly.

Rhaegar glanced back and saw Laena entering a separate tent with Helaena.

After a moment of silence, Laena headed towards another tent, with Vhagar following close behind.

Four people, three tents.

...

The next day.

The Gulf of Grief.

Located on the southern coast of the continent of Essos, it connects to Slaver's Bay. To the south, it meets The Summer Sea, while its western shore holds the ruins of Valyria, and its eastern shore is home to the ancient Old Empire of Ghis. From above, it resembles an open trumpet, attracting merchant ships from all over the world for trade.

At noon, the weather is clear. A fleet, manned entirely by slaves, sets sail from The Gulf of Grief, passing the almost black Isle of Cedars on its way to the Smoking Sea.

The fleet, flying the golden banner of the Harpy, consists of more than thirty ships, capable of carrying five thousand men.

The lead ship is a three-masted galleon. On deck, a black-armored Unsullied stands straight and expressionless on guard.

Deep in the hold, the dark, cramped space is damp and smelly. A dozen Valyrians with silver-blond hair and fair skin, dressed in rags, huddle in the corner, shivering.

"Mother, I want to go home," a little girl sobs softly, her dirty face buried in the arms of a plump woman. The woman's eyes are dull as she mechanically strokes her daughter's long hair, pulling out a few unruly strands.

They are all slaves, crammed into the hold by their hypocritical Good Masters, treated like livestock. Their purpose is to be pushed into the Smoking Sea to die.

"Stop crying!" A scruffy man with a mouthful of hard black bread shouts an intimidating order from the hatch. He has taken over the only dry area, but has defecated and urinated on the others' territory. His hair is dirty and gray, and he has indigo eyes that are unmistakably of Valyrian blood.

The little girl stopped crying immediately, freezing at his command.

The slovenly man spits and curses, "Stop crying. If we find a dragon, we can escape our slave status."

"The Smoking Sea is dangerous. Anyone who goes there is cursed," replies a skinny silver-haired youth from the corner, shyly.

"Hmph!" The slovenly man drops a piece of black bread, missing a back molar, and says indistinctly, "I'd rather die than be a slave."

Then he changes his tone, his eyes glowing with a sinister light, "If we can really ride a dragon, we would be more noble than anyone living in the Great Pyramid."

A Dragonlord who emerged from some alleyway would receive special treatment from the Good Masters. If he had known, he would have claimed to be a Dragonlord too, enjoying the privileges of a superior.

In Westeros, those who ride dragons are called Targaryen and Velaryon. He would call himself Dayne Daeryon!

He starts to laugh in a strange way. The skinny youth hears the noise and his face turns pale. He quickly covers his sore buttocks.

...

The same scene is repeated in the hold of every ship.

Hundreds of descendants of Valyria, captured and sold, are kept in the bottoms of the ships as supplies for capturing young dragons. Whether they are useful or not, they are sent to the Smoking Sea first. The Good Masters, who are merciless, do not care if the slaves live or die.

...

Splash... splash...

As the sun sets, the waves grow rougher. The fleet sails out of The Gulf of Grief, around the smoky sea, and into The Summer Sea.

“Steer! Take in a sail!”

The lookout sticks out his tongue to test the wind direction and gives orders to the sailors below. It is getting dark, and the wind is growing stronger. On the moody sea, it symbolizes the approach of danger.

The slave army, lifeless and weary, joins the ranks of those steering the ship. The Unsullied patrol back and forth, monitoring the large slave army, as if they were superior to the slaves.

Hoo-hoo!

A gust of stinking sea wind blows, and the half-hoisted sails shake violently.

“It's windy!”

Someone shouts, warning the fleet to navigate carefully.

However, the wind and waves are not the only threats arriving. The sky has become overcast and dark, with clouds packed tightly together.

Crack!

A silver flash of lightning splits the sky like a silver vase.

“Roar!”

The roar is louder than thunder, and rain begins to fall. A huge figure stirs the wind and clouds, causing countless sailors to look up in fear.

“Dragon!”

“Scorpion crossbow, hurry!”

The commander of the Unsullied shouts, killing the slave soldiers who cower in fear and barely stabilizing the situation.

In the midst of the chaos, the slave soldiers act as if they have accepted their fate. They furiously tear off the huge curtain on the deck, revealing the newly built scorpion crossbow.

Click! Click! The winch creaked, and steel spears were loaded as the crossbowmen aimed at the misty sky.

Whoosh!

A black dragon shadow flashed past, its wings like the scythes of death cutting through the rain-soaked black clouds. The next moment, a cold voice rang out.

“Dracarys!”

The black dragon turned and swooped down, its dark body blending into the storm clouds, leaving only a pair of green eyes gleaming like bronze bells.

“Roar!”

Green Dragonfire rained down, igniting every ship in the fleet. Cannibal's cunning and tyrannical pupils darted left and right, flapping its wings with an agility surprising for its size.

Boom!

Warships caught fire one after another, and screams echoed through the chaos.

“Fire! Hurry!”

“It hurts... run...”

The contrasting voices of commanders and slave soldiers created a symphony of panic and despair. The fleet was in complete disarray, with a few steel spears futilely shooting into the air.

“Roar!”

“Roar...”

The counterattack was met with a series of dragon roars. Dreamfyre plunged through the clouds, its light blue Dragonfire fantastically beautiful as it engulfed lifeboats attempting to flee. Vhagar and Caraxes emerged together, black smoke and red flames in tandem, extinguishing the last vestiges of courage in the slave soldiers.

Crackling... drizzling...

Lightning flashed, thunder roared, and the wind howled. Rhaegar's silver hair flew wildly in the storm, and the rain soaked his handsome face. He looked back and shouted, “Quickly finish the battle! Pay attention to your altitude!”

His voice, amplified by the skill of a binding spell, reached the ears of the other three dragonriders. Daemon's eyes were cold, rainwater flowing down his collarbone and into his chest, his scarlet cloak resembling a tongue of fire.

Caraxes reveled in the thunderstorm, roaring maniacally as it spewed endless Dragonfire. The combined destructive power of the four dragons overwhelmed the enemy fleet.

In no time, the sea was dyed red with blood.

“Go! Return to the base!”

Cannibal skimmed across the blood-red sea as Rhaegar leaned forward to give his orders. In just one day, the four dragons had surrounded the Smoking Sea, destroying dozens of warships and patrol ships from Slaver's Bay.

Exhausted in both spirit and body, they were no longer fit to fight in the rain.

“Roar...”

Caraxes, exhilarated, swayed like a snake across the sea, devouring the surviving enemies. Daemon looked around and saw many silver-haired figures, ordering them to be burned.

Anyone who dared challenge the Targaryens' uniqueness, innocent or not, deserved to die.

Rhaegar watched from afar, signaling Helaena and Laena to go ahead. He had captured some special slaves and wanted to interrogate them for information.

Daemon, meanwhile, could stay and vent his anger.

Chapter 520: The Treasures of the Lands of the Long Summer

It was night.

The sky was dark, and the campfire cast a warm glow over the camp.

“Hurry up and dry off. Don't catch a chill,” Rhaegar said, his wet hair clinging to his forehead as he draped a black robe over his shoulders and walked into the tent.

Helaena, pale and drenched, her hair sticking to her skin, followed him. She boldly and unashamedly entered the tent to change into dry clothes.

Laena, her expression serious, walked into her own tent, wringing out her long, wet curls.

Outside, the three dragons, including the Cannibal, panted heavily, their scales steaming as they dried in the campfire's heat.

The camp was a safe distance from the Smoking Sea. After a grueling day of battling multiple fleets from Slaver's Bay and braving the storm, even the dragons were exhausted.

Dreamfyre lay sprawled on the hillside, and a new tent had been set up on the edge of its light blue wings. Inside the tent, people moved about, and faint, sorrowful prayers could be heard.

...

In the dead of night, the dark clouds began to clear, allowing the moonlight to wash away the desolation of the land.

“Roar...”

In the stillness, a slender scarlet dragon appeared, its large wings beating the air as it descended.

Boom!

Caraxes, brimming with energy, landed with a jolt, sending a plume of dust into the air.

Plop!

A figure tumbled from the dragon's back, rolling across the ground and alerting the camp.

Rhaegar, bare-chested and startled, pulled aside the tent curtain and peered out.

At that moment, a white figure dashed past him.

“Daemon!” Laena, having emerged from her tent, spotted Caraxes and the figure sprawled on the ground. Without hesitation, she rushed over.

“I'm here,” came a playful voice as Daemon, in full battle armor and unharmed, leapt off Caraxes. With a grin, he scooped up the fallen figure and said, “You all left too soon. Look who I've brought back.”

“Woo-hoo~~”

In the moonlight, the figure's face came into view—a tall, disheveled man with white hair.

“A dragon seed?” Laena's brow furrowed in confusion.

Daemon, holding the ragged man by the collar, headed toward the tent with a calm demeanor. “Not just any dragon seed. I believe he may have valuable information.”

Nearby, Rhaegar hastily donned his clothes.

Helaena, her face flushed, had buried her head in her chest, her hands clasped behind her back, just as she was about to settle down for the night.

...

A few minutes later, the group gathered in Daemon's tent.

Rhaegar surveyed the scene. In one corner, huddled together, were the Valyrian slaves they had yet to interrogate. They shivered in fear, unlike the confident Daemon, who sat with one foot on the table and the other on the ragged man.

“What’s going on?” Rhaegar asked, his curiosity piqued.

Daemon chuckled, kicked the slovenly man, and said, “This thief claims to have seen the bastard Dragonlord. He might have some useful information.”

Rhaegar studied the man. His hair was so filthy it was impossible to determine its original color. He knelt on the ground, trembling with fear, a far cry from the strong man he pretended to be. At first glance, Rhaegar’s interest waned. It was evident that this man bullied the weak and feared the strong, making him an unreliable source.

“Nephew, don’t underestimate the small ones,” Daemon said with a sinister smile. He stepped on the scruffy man’s fingers, crushing them as he coldly demanded, “Tell me everything you know. Everything you think is useful information!”

“Yes, I’ll tell you everything,” the slovenly man stammered, clearly terrified by the dragon. “The new Dragonlord is a shepherd who raises sheep. I even bought wool from him. His family lived in the countryside and originally had no last name. When the ships of the Triarchy entered Meereen, the Good Masters began recruiting Valyrians. It was only when he heard about the dragons that the new Dragonlord was taken seriously.”

Bang! Daemon took off his helmet and smashed it onto the ragged man’s head. “Tell me something useful, or I’ll lose my patience.”

“I’ll tell you! I’ll tell you!” the ragged man cried, his head bleeding. “The new Dragonlord said that if the Good Masters could find him a dragon, he would be able to ride it and become its rider. The Good Masters believe in him and even invited a sorcerer from Asshai to do a divination. Although the results are unknown, the Good Masters set out in search of the dragon, which must have something to do with the new Dragonlord.”

He spoke rapidly, his breath coming in gasps. Exhausted and in pain, he fainted.

Daemon looked at the unconscious man with disdain. "Useless."

"The information he provided is somewhat useful," Rhaegar said, crossing his arms and maintaining his composure.

"Well, I have some information," In the corner, a thin man with brown curly hair raised his hand.

Helaena, brushing her hair, glanced at him.

Laena met his gaze directly and said encouragingly, "Don't be afraid. Tell us what you know. No one will hurt you."

"Thank you."

The thin man thanked her profusely and began, his voice trembling, "I was a cleaning slave in the Great Pyramid before being sent to the ship."

"When I was cleaning the toilets, I overheard the Good Masters talking."

"They said... they said..."

"What did they say?" Rhaegar asked, his interest piqued.

"They said they were collecting maps of the Lands of the Long Summer."

The thin man swallowed to moisten his dry throat and continued, "It seems it was the new Dragonlord's idea. He claimed the Lands of the Long Summer held treasures left by his family."

"Where exactly?" Rhaegar's interest deepened as he leaned forward.

The thin man glanced longingly at the red wine on the table and forced a smile.

"Drink."

Laena, showing kindness, poured the half-drunk glass of wine from Daemon and handed it to him.

"Thank you so much."

The thin man thanked her repeatedly and drank the wine eagerly, wiping his chin with his hand and licking it clean.

Daemon glared at him coldly, clearly displeased.

Laena ignored Daemon and prompted gently, "Continue."

"Yes, kind lady."

The thin man, satisfied, spoke in detail, "I don't know the exact location, but it's near the Isle of Cedars. The Smoking Sea is dangerous; the Good Masters only send slaves to explore it. I suspect the treasure's location is even more perilous, and even the fleet's slave soldiers don't know its exact spot."

Hearing this, Rhaegar and the others exchanged glances.

The information was useful but lacked specifics, leaving them frustrated.

Rhaegar signaled, "You all can go out."

The thin man immediately stood up, dragging the slovenly man with him, and left with the others.

Soon, the camp was quiet.

Rhaegar mused, "The Aethyrys family, known for their fertility, were keen on leaving legacies for future generations."

The ruins of the Dragonlord in Myr are one such legacy. The information provided by the thin man is likely true. The Lands of the Long Summer probably do have Aethyrys treasures.

Helaena ran her fingers through her hair and remarked, "Without a specific location, it's all for nothing."

"But it's very valuable." Daemon leaned back in his chair, his eyes deep with thought, "The treasure of a Dragonlord family is priceless."

"We don't know where it is," Laena countered.

"Then we'll find out. The Good Masters and the Bastard Dragonlord of Meereen must know." Daemon's mind was clear.

Rhaegar thought it over and analyzed, "This fleet is searching for the young dragon, which means they consider it more valuable than the treasure itself."

This suggests that the treasure is hard to find. Moreover, the new Dragonlord claimed he could ride a dragon, so he might have inherited some special power from his ancestors, such as a binding spell.

Daemon pondered how to uncover the treasure's hiding place.

In the end, Rhaegar decided, "The Smoking Sea blockade has been broken, our mission is accomplished, and we shouldn't waste more time here."

"Are we going back?" Helaena's eyes lit up with excitement.

"Yes," Rhaegar nodded. "Instead of staying here, we should return to Westeros and rest for a while."

During this time, both humans and dragons have been unable to eat or hunt, and they've been working at high intensity. The fleet is late and doing useless work.

Daemon thought for a moment and said, "That's fine. We'll wait for the fleet to gather, then go to Volantis first, and finally to Slaver's Bay."

Rhaegar nodded to Daemon and Laena and returned to the tent with Helaena.

The possibility of the dragon hatchlings being tamed was eliminated, removing a major worry. The rest was to completely eradicate the new bastard Dragonlord. Otherwise, it would always be a thorn in his side.

...

Seven days later.

Lys, the tower.

Four dragons landed in succession and entered the Dragonpit.

Rhaegar slid off the back of his dragon and asked Daemon, “Don’t you want to rest a bit?”

Daemon walked up to Caraxes, rubbed his hands on the scarlet dragon’s snout, and said lightly, “No, I’ll go back to Tyrosh after feeding Caraxes some sheep.”

“Roar...”

Caraxes's long, snake-like neck bent forward, and the dragon’s head followed Vhagar as it disappeared into the Dragonpit.

Soon, the Dragonkeepers drove a flock of sheep to feed the hungry dragons.

When Caraxes had eaten and drunk his fill, Daemon climbed onto the dragon’s back.

Laena, holding her left arm in one hand, looked at her husband, who said nothing.

Daemon couldn’t stand the reproachful look and turned his head to leave on the dragon.

“Daemon!”

Suddenly, Laena called out his name after a moment of hesitation.

Daemon turned around and looked down at her.

For a moment, they locked eyes.

Laena saw a hint of indifference and a trace of helpless boredom.

She wanted to say something but couldn’t find the words.

“...”

After a few seconds, Daemon’s cold expression returned, and he gave the command: “Fly, Caraxes!”

“Roar...”

Caraxes obeyed, its body undulating like a snake, and its large, fleshy wings flapped as it took off.

He came and went in a hurry.

Rhaegar watched the entire scene, his emotions extremely complex, unsure of what to say.

Compared to Daemon, he was no better off.

After all, Rhaenyra, as his sister and wife, was more tolerant of him.

The two had a child early on, so they didn’t have to fight over succession.

The heir is always a hurdle that “power” cannot overcome.

“Let’s go, Laena.”

Helaena, understanding the situation, took Laena’s arm in silence and led her back to the tower with heavy footsteps.

Rhaegar followed closely behind.

...

Lys Tower

At that moment, someone arrived at the harbor ahead of them and was greeted by the queen and the council.

The Council Chamber

Rhaenyra wore a black off-the-shoulder dress adorned with a gold and silver filigree dragon ornament. Sitting alone in the main seat with one leg crossed, she gazed down at the people below her with a faint expression, exuding a cold and noble demeanor befitting a queen.

In front of the conference table, a man stood there, dressed in a brown suit. His dark hair and olive skin complemented the shrewd look in his eyes. He stood boldly, squinting at the scene before him.

His thin chest was adorned with a badge of the Harpy, marking him unmistakably as a merchant from Slaver's Bay.