

G.O Thrones 521

Chapter 521: The Provocation of Slaver's Bay

Rhaenyra took a sip of her wine and asked, "What is your name, foreigner?"

"Chazar!" the foreign merchant replied arrogantly, looking down at the people with his nostrils. "You can also call me the wealthy Chazar, the arena manager of Meereen."

The arrogance in his voice grew as he spoke. Rhaenyra could smell the foreigner's characteristic stench from afar. She covered her nose and mouth with her fingers and thoughtfully said, "Oh," under his arrogant gaze, sarcastically adding, "I've never heard of you, so you're nobody."

Chazar was instantly angry and said bluntly, "Your Grace, I come from the largest arena in Meereen and have been sent here by a group of Good Masters."

"Well, that sounds good," Rhaenyra nodded slightly, pleased with herself. "State your request, this... um, unknown guest."

Then she gave a sidelong glance. Johanna stood at her side, her legs crossed beneath her gauze dress, like a beautiful sculpture. Receiving the queen's signal, Johanna stepped forward: "Chazar from Meereen, The Queen of Lys will hear your plea."

The word choice was changed to directly label the visitor as a "beggar."

Chazar took a deep breath and said with a stiff neck, "Your Grace, I am entrusted by the Good Masters to announce the rise of the Aethyrys family in Slaver's Bay."

He paused and added with a serious expression: "An ancient and noble family of Dragonlords, newly revived."

"A bastard Dragonlord family?" Rhaenyra dismissed it lightly, not even batting an eyelid.

"No!" Chazar could not contain his anger and emphasized, "It is an ancient Dragonlord family, one of the Dragonlords who, along with your family, is a bastion of freedom."

"In fact, the Aethyrys family is even more noble than yours." At this, Chazar snorted: "As everyone knows, the Targaryen name was not strong in the Freehold."

Upon hearing this, Rhaenyra's narrow eyes narrowed, and her aura of self-assurance and authority radiated.

Bang!

A loud noise echoed from the door, causing Chazar to nearly jump out of his skin. Rhaenyra's hand, poised to land on the table, stopped mid-air as she looked toward the door in surprise. She hadn't even hit the table!

The door had been kicked open, and two Kingsguard stood at attention.

“Welcome, King Rhaegar of the Targaryens...” began one of the Kingsguard, only to be interrupted by a wave of the hand. “That’s enough. He doesn’t deserve to hear the rest.”

Rhaegar entered, his face expressionless, clad in a brand-new black robe with his hands behind his back. He wore two weapons at his waist: one for Truefyre and the other for the dragon taming whip. His tall, imposing figure exuded authority. His long, silvery-gold hair cascaded over his shoulders, and his cold, purple eyes were devoid of emotion.

“Gulp...”

Chazar couldn’t help but take a step back, swallowing nervously. He had seen countless Valyrians with silver hair and purple eyes and had even met the new Dragonlord enshrined in the Great Pyramid. But none had ever made his chest pound so violently. It was as if he were looking at a true dragon of ancient and noble blood.

Rhaegar passed Chazar and said, “Are you stinking?”

His words were vulgar and direct. Chazar bowed his head in silence, subconsciously arguing, “Your Grace of the Iron Throne, your family...”

"Stop! I don't want to listen to you anymore and put up with the smell of dung." Rhaegar interrupted, his purple eyes cold and fierce. Turning his back on Chazar, he beckoned to Ser Steffon and said, “When you send off the visitor later, keep his tongue as a souvenir.”

“Yes, Your Grace!” Steffon responded, looking serious and unwavering as he drew his sword.

Chazar was stunned, looking at the two in disbelief. They were so savage.

Rhaegar ignored him and walked straight to his seat at the conference table. Having just burned the entire fleet of Slaver’s Bay, he was pondering how to eliminate the new Dragonlord, retrieve the young dragon, and secure the treasure.

As he walked past, Rhaenyra’s eyes never left him, a hint of resentment mixed with joy. She hadn’t heard from him in half a month, not even a letter. She had been worried sick.

Rhaegar sat down, poured himself a glass of wine, and relaxed. “Don’t worry about me. You guys go ahead.”

Lys was under Rhaenyra’s rule, and he would never presume to take over her role. Besides, he was curious to hear what kind of nonsense the messenger from Slaver’s Bay had to say.

Rhaenyra gave him a sideways glance, adjusted her queenly composure, and said with a slight smile, “Chazar, you mentioned a Dragonlord’s name. Are you just trying to get attention?”

“Of course not.” Chazar wiped the cold sweat from his brow and forced himself to remain composed. “The Great Pyramid voted that the House Targaryen should be informed of the rise of the new Dragonlord family.”

“Hmm?” Rhaenyra rested her hand on the table, looking ready to listen. She found that the other party was indeed interesting.

Chazar continued, his heart pounding, "As fellow Dragonlords, with bloodlines from the ancient Freehold, I believe your family will recognize the legitimacy of the Aethyrys family."

"Puff, haha..." Rhaegar laughed, as if he had heard the funniest joke.

Rhaenyra's face darkened, feeling her dignity challenged. She sneered, "Since when have there been dragons in Slaver's Bay?"

"No, no, no. There are no dragons in Slaver's Bay for the time being." Chazar let himself go completely and tried to prove, "But there is a young dragon in the Smoking Sea, and I believe it will live in the pyramid in Meereen one day."

"What if I don't agree?" Rhaenyra's eyes were cold, and she played with the diamond ring on her finger, resisting the urge to slap him.

Chazar raised his chin and said haughtily, "Shouls your houses agree that Westeros and Slaver's Bay will be the closest allies. If not, Slaver's Bay will cut off trade with Westeros and maintain a rigid non-interaction with each other."

Rhaenyra sneered, "The Targaryens control half of the resources of the Narrow Sea. Do you think we care?"

Chazar was unconvinced. "I'll tell you what. Before I set off, the ships of Slaver's Bay had already blockaded the Smoking Sea, and the rise of the new Dragonlord House is unstoppable."

Crackling sound...

Rhaegar clapped his hands in delight and said with a smile, "Then I might as well tell you that before I returned with my dragon, the fleet that had blockaded the Smoking Sea was all burned and fed to the fish."

"What!?" Chazar was shocked and nearly fainted.

Rhaegar looked at Rhaenyra and said helplessly, "I didn't mean to interrupt, but I couldn't help it." A clown who doesn't applaud is rude.

"Do as you please." Rhaenyra rolled her eyes, thinking that she was being overbearing. Ignoring the yelling Chazar, Rhaenyra waved her hand. "Take him away. According to the king's order, keep the envoy's tongue and send him back to Slaver's Bay."

It would be a waste of time to get angry with someone so mentally deficient.

Johanna did as she was told and called in the guards.

"No!" Chazar screamed and threatened, "Do you know what will happen if you destroy the fleet in Slaver's Bay?"

Rhaegar, who was eating a red grape, looked at Rhaenyra as if to ask what the consequences would be.

Chazar then shouted, "Slaver's Bay is the largest slave market in the world. The power it hides is beyond your imagination!"

“Guards, take him away!” Rhaegar couldn't stand it anymore and called out for the guards.

“Kill him. He's too annoying.”

But just as the Kingsguard entered the meeting hall, Chazar suddenly sprang up.

He thrust his hand into his bosom and shouted, “Long live the Harpy!”

In the blink of an eye, a black shadow flew past, hitting him squarely on the wrist.

Bang! A crisp crack of bone, and his wrist snapped.

Then, a glass wine cup shattered, spilling countless fragments.

“Ah!” Chazar screamed in pain and dropped the object in his hand.

It was a golden mask of the Harpy.

Rhaegar's eyes were as sharp as an eagle's, and he maintained the throwing motion of the wine cup.

Chazar then clenched his teeth, making a crunching sound.

Within seconds, his olive-colored face turned pale, and a mouthful of black blood spilled out of the corner of his mouth.

Plop. His body fell backwards, dead on the spot.

Steffon hurriedly went forward and tested his mouth and nose: “Your Grace, he's dead.”

Rhaegar was stunned. He had never expected the other man to commit suicide by poison.

Rhaenyra widened her eyes, lowered her long, white legs, and carefully covered them with her skirt.

She thought of a profession – a suicide soldier.

Johanna quickly reacted, hurried out of the hall, and soon returned.

Her face was very subtle, and she panted, “Your Grace, he is the head of the Meereen arena. He gambled away a large sum of money and was sacrificed by the Good Masters.”

In other words, he was here to die.

Rhaegar's mouth twitched as he smiled: “Declaring war on the Targaryens by dying?”

He was curious to know what kind of trump card Slaver's Bay had up its sleeve.

How dare they be so arrogant.

He turned his head and looked at Johanna: “When will Lord Corlys' fleet, as well as the fleets of House Celtigar and House Redwyne, cross the Narrow Sea?”

They dared to challenge the authority of the Iron Throne, and he could not tolerate it for even a moment.

Johanna raised her peach-colored eyes and replied, “It will be at least a month. The sea is unpredictable.”

“Fine, then a month!” Rhaegar angrily got up and ordered, “Take the body out and feed it to the dragons!”

After saying that, he walked out the door.

The appearance of a new Dragonlord family had seriously irritated him.

The people of Slaver's Bay had come to provoke him, and that had really touched his bottom line.

Once the army is assembled, he will make sure that the Good Masters who sell slaves are all bled to death.

Behind him, Rhaenyra watched his angry back, and a hint of worry flashed in her eyes.

She was afraid that Rhaegar would become extreme. Many members of the Targaryen family had this problem.

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Night falls.

Rhaegar's eyes narrowed as he leaned back in the tub, feeling the heat of the boiling water envelop him.

Knock, knock!

“Who is it?”

“It's me, Rhaegar.” Rhaenyra's voice came from the door, which she gently pushed open.

Rhaegar opened his eyes at the sound, looking at her with a mix of suspicion and slight hostility.

“I've come to see you.” Rhaenyra was still wearing the beautiful dress from earlier that day. She walked slowly to the bathtub and sat down on a stool beside it.

Splash...

Her bare hands reached into the boiling water, gently stroking Rhaegar's tense shoulders and neck.

She leaned forward, lifting her hair. Her chin rested on Rhaegar's shoulder, their cheeks close together, their breathing synchronized.

The sudden tenderness caught Rhaegar off guard. He coughed lightly, saying, “I'm fine. There's no need for this.”

“Baelon and the others are furious. Maekar fed that corpse to Tyraxes.”

With the sound of splashing water, Rhaenyra leaned over Rhaegar's back, her hands reaching out to grab his chest, muttering, “Baela is a hot-tempered woman. She even challenged to burn down Slaver's Bay.”

“Hmm!”

Rhaegar took a deep breath and leaned back, his body softening. “They're all good kids, aren't they?”

Having many children is also one of his strengths.

The children are all very smart, and their personalities are developing in a good direction, which makes him feel even more at ease.

“Mmm!”

Rhaegar’s lower abdomen tightened, and he leaned sideways into Rhaenyra’s neck, letting his guard down a little too much.

Rhaenyra rubbed her cheek against his and kept her hands busy, asking softly, “A new Dragonlord family is not a good sign, but don’t put too much pressure on yourself.”

The surging tide of magic brings countless possibilities.

Who knows if a dragon will fly out of some alley and into the arms of some bastard Dragonlord.

“Be gentle, don’t pinch.” Rhaegar shook his head and breathed lightly: “I will conquer Volantis, find the young dragons of the Smoking Sea, and burn down Slaver’s Bay.”

“Good boy.” Rhaenyra’s eyes softened, and she pulled him into her arms, unbuttoning his shirt.

“No, not here.”

“Then come out.”

They pushed and shoved, falling into the soft bed.

Rhaenyra’s lips curved up, and like a valiant knightess, she pinned Rhaegar down.

“I have to go to the Vale tomorrow.”

At this critical moment, Rhaegar suddenly spoke up.

Rhaenyra froze, her eyebrows furrowing. “This is a very bad time to say this.”

“I’ve just noticed that too.” Rhaegar tilted his head and gave a wry smile.

He had go to the Vale, discuss the handling of the opposition there, and take a look at his two daughters.

Rhaenyra remained silent for a long moment.

Outside, clouds obscured the moonlight, causing the room to gradually darken.

Gritting her teeth, Rhaenyra finally spoke, her voice strained, “Rhaegar, I’m... sorry for what I did to that child.”

The hidden conflict between the siblings had simmered for too long. Day after day, year after year, they had clung to their resentment, mistaking it for satisfaction and revenge. But as time passed and the girl grew up, news of her loneliness reached Rhaenyra’s ears. She saw her own children, lively and cheerful, and her heart softened with guilt.

Tonight, she thought, why not try to mend things?

Rhaegar's eyes were vacant as he held Rhaenyra by the waist, moving back to rest his head on the pillow. He wasn't the one who had been hurt, and he had nothing left to say. He could only blame himself.

"I'll take the child back to King's Landing," he said quietly, "and give her the name she deserves."

Rhaenyra bit her lower lip before speaking again. "Baelon sent his dragon egg to the Vale, thinking I wouldn't find out."

It was Joanna who discovered Baelon's dragon egg was missing. A child trying to mend relationships between parents and siblings, and Rhaenyra didn't want to disappoint her eldest son's good intentions. At least, it was a start.

Plop!

Rhaegar suddenly rolled over, gazing at her with deep affection. "You will always be my beloved, Rhaenyra."

"I don't like to be called that way," she replied with a smile, rolling him back down and leaning over him. "What should you call me?"

Rhaegar was stunned, then whispered, "Sister."

Chapter 523: A Maiden Is No Match for a Widow

The mention of the word "ally" made the wound in Corlys' back ache.

Sea Snake, in no mood for pleasantries, replied politely, "Your proposal is not perfect. I don't need to take any risks."

He had allied with Daemon to conquer Tyrosh, only for Daemon to turn around and occupy the Free Cities himself. A few years later, even House Velaryon's future heir was disinherited from their bloodline.

Rhaegar on the Iron Throne was no different. The War for the Stepstones, the War of the Narrow Sea, the War of Conquest in Dorne—each conflict shed Velaryon blood. In the end, the royal family grew stronger, while Velaryon found little peace.

The past was a warning to the future. The Sea Snake didn't want to be a gambler at his age.

"Lord Corlys, don't make a rash decision," Aemond said, his expression unchanged and unembarrassed.

Sea Snake frowned slightly, wondering what Aemond was up to. Ever since he entered the room, Aemond had exuded an aura of determination, giving the impression of being in control.

Clang!

Aemond reached back and drew an axe, smashing it onto the floor. Suddenly, the guard at the door rushed in, sword drawn in a defensive stance.

"Get out!" Sea Snake commanded sternly, "This is a Prince of the Targaryens, do you understand?"

Rhaenys rolled her eyes at this. The guards, confused, looked at each other before withdrawing. Only then did Corlys lean forward to examine the short-handled axe lying on the floor.

“Huh?”

At first glance, the Sea Snake’s sharp eyes immediately spotted the clues.

The axe was about three feet long, resembling a standard lumberjack's tool. It was designed for chopping and splitting, durable enough to handle both wood and enemies.

Examining it closely, his expression turned odd. “Celtigar's axe.”

“Yes, a gift from Lord Celtigar,” Aemond confirmed, picking up the axe. He gazed at it with one eye, saying with emotion, “A divine weapon, hung on the wall as a decoration, gathering dust.”

The axe was silver-gray, with clear ripples on the surface, like an exquisite piece of art.

Rhaenys’ face changed instantly. “Celtigar’s Axe? That’s a Valyrian steel axe!”

Valyrian steel weapons were rare treasures. Apart from Rhaegar, who possessed one hand and one in the other, many ancient houses, including House Velaryon, had none to pass on to their descendants.

Sea Snake was even more shocked than his wife. The three ancient houses that had fled to Westeros from ancient Valyria were all too familiar with each other.

Members of House Targaryen were known for their dual nature: if not mad, then great. House Velaryon was loyal and dependable, with a fearless fighting spirit. But House Celtigar was different. Many of its men had shrewd minds, adept at weighing pros and cons and making hard decisions.

When Aenar, the exile, moved to the continent of Westeros, the Lord of Celtigar made the boldest choice, selling off the family estate to follow him. However, a family good at calculating was not popular, which is why the Targaryens married into the Velaryon family for generations but rarely chose a Celtigar partner.

Looking at the Valyrian steel weapon he had always coveted, the Sea Snake took a long time to recover. “What kind of conditions did you offer to get this axe into your hands?”

Aemond smiled. “A proposal comparable to the one I made to House Velaryon's, plus a marriage to win them over.”

“What!” Rhaenys quickly approached, unable to believe it. “You broke your engagement to Cassandra Baratheon and married a daughter of House Celtigar instead?”

“This is not a wise choice,” the Sea Snake said, taking a deep breath. “As the Lady of Storm's End, Cassandra has the power to call the entire Stormlands to her side. Giving up that marriage for an uncertain Volantis makes you look like a conceited fool.”

Aemond remained unperturbed. “Sometimes, the greatest rewards require the greatest risks.”

"You're wrong, Aunt."

Aemond looked at the agitated Rhaenys and explained with a smile, "It's undeniable that I have no interest in your foolish niece. But I will still honor the marriage contract."

Rhaenys was completely flabbergasted.

Aemond turned his head and continued, "I will marry Cassandra as promised and secure the allegiance of the Stormlands nobles."

He wouldn't dare break the engagement; Rhaegar would break his legs if he did.

"To be honest, I'm probably too old to understand the language of young people," Rhaenys said, looking confused as she retreated to her husband's side. Her nephew's few words had almost left her speechless.

Sea Snake was different. His eyes were sharp, fixed on Aemond.

Aemond shrugged. "If I get Volantis, I can marry another wife."

"Boy, Daemon is not a good example!" Sea Snake's face darkened, his tone full of warning. Daemon's actions had become a thorn in his side.

Aemond remained unfazed. "Through friendly conversation, I gained the support of House Celtigar, and with the influence of House Baratheon, we have enough to fight a good battle."

Sea Snake scoffed, "I don't think Bartimos and his son are that stupid."

"The truth is, they agreed." Aemond looked him in the eye and turned his axe as if to prove it.

He had indeed tried to flatter House Celtigar, but it hadn't worked, so he had resorted to a little fire-breathing trick with Sheepstealer. The Celtigars reluctantly agreed and gave up his family axe, the Crab Claw.

The Sea Snake said nothing more, thinking that the one-eyed boy might have used a series of threats and enticements against House Celtigar. The cunning old crab Bartimos might have really been tempted by greed.

"So, what's your decision?" Aemond's eyes burned with anticipation as he awaited the Sea Snake's response.

"Impossible!" The Sea Snake snorted, his voice sharp. "Targaryen men are not trustworthy."

Aemond was taken aback, not expecting the old Sea Snake, who was usually so ambitious, to reject him so decisively. After a moment's thought, he changed the subject, still hoping to win him over. "I received an invitation to Daemon's wedding."

"So what?" The Sea Snake, clearly angered, didn't want to discuss it.

Aemond's eyes flickered as he said slowly, "To be honest, White Worm is just a whore, not worthy of marrying into the royal family."

"Just say what you want to say," the Sea Snake replied impatiently.

“Let’s make an alliance. I’ll help you out,” Aemond proposed, his eyes flashing with a murderous gleam. “As long as White Worm is dead, all difficulties will be resolved.”

A whore, dead or alive. Who would know if he did it?

Upon hearing this, the expressions of Sea Snake and Rhaenys changed dramatically.

“Nonsense! What do you take me for?” The Sea Snake felt insulted and ordered Aemond to leave. “One-eyed! If you don’t have the king’s order, you can leave.”

Why would he need a young man to assassinate White Worm? He was the lord of the tides, his veins filled with noble salt blood. Aemond’s proposal was simply not taken seriously, as if he were a dog that any Targaryen could summon and dismiss at will.

When the rage had passed, the temperature in the hall seemed to drop to freezing. Aemond stared at the Sea Snake for a long moment before standing up silently. Without a word, he turned and strode away.

The Sea Snake, realizing he might have been too emotional, tried to offer an olive branch. “Your dragon can eat and drink to his heart’s content before flying. The guards will feed him enough cattle and sheep.”

“No need, my lord,” Aemond’s voice was flat and cold. He continued out the door with his axe, not looking back.

...

In the Hallway.

Aemond’s face was ashen as he quickened his pace. His plan was on the brink of collapse, thwarted by the Sea Snake’s harsh rebuke. If Corlys Velaryon refused to ally with him, Aemond decided he wouldn’t bother being polite anymore. He had promised House Celtigar a marriage, so he might as well support Daemon’s union with White Worm to pave the way for his future.

“Prince, please wait.”

A maid’s voice called from behind. Aemond pretended not to hear and rounded a corner quickly. The maid, in a hurry, caught up with him, saying, “Princess Rhaenys asked me to tell you that it’s getting late, and you can stay at the castle for the night.”

Sea Snake had driven Aemond away on impulse, but Rhaenys, understanding her nephew had no ill will and was merely trying to forge an alliance, spoke to her husband to smooth things over.

Aemond scoffed. “A prince’s heart cannot be won over with a meal and a night’s stay.”

He viewed his aunt’s offer as insincere; Driftmark, after all, was not Targaryen territory. Without further words, he turned a corner.

As he did, he collided with a soft, delicate body.

“Ah!”

The woman let out a small cry and hurriedly backed away. Before Aemond could see her face, she quickly held up her skirt and retreated. Glancing back, he saw a small, delicate figure with long,

silver-blond hair in braids and a pale yellow dress with a sash. Her partially revealed face showed milk-white skin with a few freckles.

Aemond was momentarily distracted, almost mistaking her for his sister Helaena. Once she had disappeared, he grabbed the maid's hand and asked, "Who is she?"

The Sea Snake didn't seem to have any unmarried niece.

The maid, trembling, replied honestly, "It's Lady Celine."

"Celine..." Aemond muttered, his eyes flashing with a strange light. "Laenor's widow, the previous Lord Celtigar's daughter."

He remembered her. Laenor had attended a dinner party with his new wife many years ago—a not-so-beautiful wife, probably now in her twenties.

"Prince, may I leave now?" the maid asked, terrified, with tears in her eyes.

Aemond laughed, disinterested in her. "No hurry. First, show me to a guest room. I can't let my aunt down."

"Huh?" The maid was stunned.

"Find me a guest room. Don't you understand?" Aemond, somewhat moody, shook off the clumsy maid and walked away. "Don't worry about me. I'll just wander around the castle."

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The Vale, The Eyrie

The Eyrie's seven slender white towers of varying heights created an imposing silhouette against the sky.

"Roar!"

A jet-black dragon soared at high speed, leaping over the towering Giant's Lance and circling The Eyrie. Its massive body descended, vanishing into the surging sea of clouds.

The dragon's wings, spread wide like scythes, sliced through the turbulent waters of Alyssa's Tears.

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The Maiden's Tower

Plop!

A small door flew open as if a wild boar had broken it down.

A series of magpie-like giggles followed, and a little girl with a bright smile ran out. She had short, brown hair, big dark eyes, and skin that glowed white in the sun.

"Jessamyn, don't chase me!" she cried, her short legs pumping beneath an orange skirt.

Fiery-haired Jessamyn chased after her, threatening, "Stop, or I'll spank your little bottom."

“No! No!” the little girl protested, trotting along and slipping into the lush backyard with ease.

Bang!

She bumped into a pillar, her small nose turning red. “Ouch~~” she cried out in pain, backing up and muttering, “It hurts, my nose is crooked.”

“Really?” A gentle voice sounded, and a tall figure blocked the sunlight overhead.

The little girl froze and looked up in surprise. She saw a handsome older brother with long silver-blond hair and a beautiful appearance. His eyes were smiling, and he looked at her tenderly.

Lyanna tilted her head and clenched her small hands into fists, pretending to be a little lord.

“Hello!” she greeted, thinking, “Silver hair and purple eyes, he looks just like my sister.”

Rhaegar leaned down and smiled. “Hello, little one.”

“Mm,” the little girl nodded but didn’t say anything, her big eyes rolling around as if thinking about what to say next.

“Little one, do you remember who I am?” Rhaegar asked, delighted, itching to touch the little girl’s furry head.

The little girl, only up to his knees and no more than three or four years old, looked up at him with a confused, adorable expression.

“No!”

The little girl looked up at Rhaegar and asked, “Do you remember who I am?”

“Of course,” Rhaegar replied, unable to hold back any longer. He scooped the little girl into his arms and said with a smile, “You’re Lyanna, Lyanna Targaryen.”

Lyanna’s eyes widened in surprise. “You know me?”

Though she felt a faint familiarity, the warmth and coziness of being in his arms reassured her. She looked around, then leaned her head close to Rhaegar’s ear and whispered, “Then who are you?”

Rhaegar smiled, feeling her breath on his ear. His heart warmed and he felt a twinge of sadness. The last time he had set foot in the Eyrie was for Lyanna’s second name day. Children have short memories, and it had been so long that she didn’t recognize him.

Holding Lyanna’s small bottom, Rhaegar carried her toward the main tower. “You’ll know when we meet your mother,” he said.

“Oh,” Lyanna responded quietly, allowing herself to be held.

She looked at the passing flowers and plants, a look of intimacy flashing in her big eyes. Tentatively, she slowly rested her head on Rhaegar’s chest.

“Huh?” Seeing that Rhaegar didn’t react, Lyanna’s eyes sparkled and she happily nestled closer.

She was like a little sun, warming people's hearts with her bright smile. Rhaegar, feeling exceptionally cheerful, couldn't help but reach out and rub her furry head.

"Humph!" Lyanna pretended to be modest, like a spoiled kitten, raising her hand to rub her head a few times.

Rhaegar looked at her again and again, his heart filled with joy.

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Main Tower, Lobby

As Rhaegar entered, he nearly collided with a hurried-looking Jessamyn.

"Jessamyn, what are you doing?" Lyanna poked her head out and asked softly.

Jessamyn was taken aback but quickly recovered. "Your Grace, Lady Jeyne is in the hall."

"What do you want?" Rhaegar asked, noticing her flustered demeanor.

"Nothing, I was just looking for the Princess," Jessamyn replied smoothly, glancing at Lyanna.

"Hmph!" Lyanna snorted, then turned around and hugged Rhaegar's neck, ignoring her strict foster mother. Jessamyn was always controlling her, and Lyanna resented it.

"Try to control your temper," Rhaegar said, amused. He enjoyed the opportunity and continued walking with Jessamyn.

Main Hall

Jeyne sat in the main seat, her elbows propped on the armrests. Her long chestnut hair hung down to her chest, and her expression was indescribably complex.

Her female companion, Skylar, stood nearby, holding an incubator from which white smoke billowed. Inside was a bronze-colored dragon egg.

Chapter 524: There's a Dragon in the Distance!

Main Hall, The Eyrie

"A dragon egg from King's Landing?"

Jeyne didn't show any emotion, but it was clear she was troubled. Skylar, standing beside her, remained calm. "This dragon egg originally belonged to heir prince Baelon, but it was given to Dany."

"The Vale accepts no charity." Jeyne's eyes softened slightly as she firmly rejected the gift. Rhaenyra undermined her position and stripped her daughter of her family name. No results, no acceptance of generosity.

"Do you want to send it back?" Skylar asked, regret evident in her voice. Her brother, the current Master of Whisperers, Tormund, had men just outside the Bloody Gate.

Jeyne did not hesitate. "Send it back."

“No! Don’t!” A young, anxious voice interrupted, sounding like a small puppy guarding its food.

Jeyne frowned at the sound. With a steady pace, two figures appeared, one large and one small. Lyanna wrapped her arms around Rhaegar’s neck and thrust her upper body forward. “The dragon egg is mine! Don’t throw it away!”

Rhaegar was surprised and looked at the little sun in his arms, who was making threatening gestures. He recalled that when Lyanna was a month old, a dragon egg had been placed in her cradle—a beautiful, brilliant blue Dreamfyre egg, personally selected by Helaena as an apology.

Lyanna waved her tiny hands and begged, “Mother, don’t throw away my dragon egg.”

Unfortunately, no one paid attention to the energetic little girl. Rhaegar looked at Jeyne, and Jeyne looked back at him. She intended to say something sarcastic but found herself unable to: “Baelon sent me his dragon egg, and I was just about to return it to Rhaenyra.”

Her voice was muffled, and her tone was sarcastic. Rhaegar smiled faintly. “Don’t bother. Baelon’s little scheme is no secret to the King.”

Jeyne had nothing to say in response. She was a reasonable woman and didn’t want to get involved with the next generation. Baelon wasn’t bad; he was a gentle child.

“Anna, stop jumping around,” Rhaegar gently held the little girl down. “Keep the dragon egg for Dany.”

“Mine! Mine!” Lyanna protested, holding tightly onto Rhaegar’s hand.

Jeyne looked at Skylar helplessly. “Take Anna down to rest.”

Anna was Lyanna’s nickname, used by those close to her. Skylar nodded and approached Rhaegar, respectfully saying, “Your Grace.”

“Mm.” Rhaegar handed the child to her, not forgetting to pinch Lyanna’s cheeks and tease, “Little girl, even the pigs in the countryside are easier to catch than you.”

Lyanna was indignant as she was taken away by force. The hall quieted, leaving only Rhaegar and Jeyne.

Rhaegar, honest and straightforward, said, “I came here to give Dany a proper family name.”

Jeyne stood up in surprise.

“I’ll listen to your opinion on what surname to give her,” Rhaegar smiled.

“Good news always comes in succession,” Jeyne remarked, though she seemed at a loss for words. “The troops in Gulltown are ready to move at any time.”

“These are all trivial matters. All you need to do is decide on a surname for Dany.”

Rhaegar remained calm, treating the opposition as if they were merely fish on a chopping board. With his father Viserys secretly backing him, the opposition in the Vale was negligible.

For a moment, Jeyne was silent. The matter of her eldest daughter's surname had always weighed heavily on her. She harbored a deep resentment towards Rhaenyra and her children, especially since she had two girls in a row while Rhaenyra had three boys. It felt like a cruel twist of fate.

Rhaegar waited patiently, not disturbing Jeyne.

After a while, Jeyne came to her senses, lowered her head, and whispered, "Dany misses you very much. Go see her." She waved her hand lightly, signaling her desire to be alone.

Rhaegar picked up the incubator and left with the dragon egg. Jeyne's lack of refusal signaled her acceptance of the dragon egg—a gift from one child to another, there's no reason for a Lord to refuse such a gift.

...

The Maiden Tower

Through the willow trees in the back garden, a window panel can be seen high up in the tower. The Eyrie's environment is relatively barren. The windows are not made of glass but are made with iron bars and wooden boards.

Creak-

The window board is lifted, revealing a shaggy head with a pointed nose.

Bang, bang, bang...

Lyanna ran up to a closed wooden door, pounding it with her fists. "Sister, I met someone with silver hair just like yours."

"..."

There was no response.

Lyanna didn't give up. She sat down on the ground and continued knocking on the door. "Open up, open up."

Her sister never came out of her room. Every time she wanted to see her, she had to knock for a long time.

After a while, Rhaegar appeared at the end of the corridor and stood behind the little girl.

"Sister, open the door!" Lyanna was still knocking, unaware of Rhaegar's presence.

Knock, knock!

Rhaegar reached out and knocked on the door, whispering, "Dany, are you okay?"

"Huh?" Lyanna looked up in surprise and realized someone was there.

At that moment,

Creak-

The door opened a little, and a small head with long silver-blond hair poked out. She was a little girl, about six or seven years old. Her fair face was hidden behind the door, peeking out timidly. Her purple eyes were full of anticipation and anxiety.

“Father~” The little girl let out a surprised cry the moment she saw Rhaegar. Bang! The door flew open, and the girl flew into Rhaegar's arms like a swallow returning to its nest.

“Be careful!” Rhaegar was quick on his feet and caught his eldest daughter.

Lyanna, still sitting on the floor, looked up with big, confused eyes.

“Father?”

“Yes.” Hearing his second daughter's mumbling, Rhaegar smiled and replied.

He hugged his eldest daughter and set the incubator down. Then he turned to pick up Lyanna and closed the door behind him. The Eyrie is so high up that even in the middle of summer, you can feel the cold wind.

...

Inside the House.

Rhaegar, Daenerys, and Lyanna sat in a row, with two identical incubator placed in front of the girls. Rhaegar opened one container to reveal a blue dragon egg. “Dany, did Anna give you this?” he asked softly.

Daenerys leaned against her father, resting her head on his lap. “Anna put it here and said she wanted to hatch it with me,” she whispered.

Rhaegar rubbed Lyanna's head and praised her. “Anna is wonderful. She knows how to share good things with her sister.”

“That's right!” Lyanna puffed out her chest, proud of herself.

Rhaegar smiled, pushing the two incubator toward his daughters. “Now you each have one. In the future, you'll each have a baby dragon.”

Daenerys hesitated, reaching out to touch the watery blue dragon egg in the container. This dragon egg belonged to Lyanna, but she was sharing it with her. It felt like a gift.

Rhaegar stroked her gaunt face and reassured her. “Take it. In the future, no one will dare criticize you, just like Anna.”

Daenerys turned to look at her sister. Lyanna spread her legs, the bronze dragon egg nestled between them, and pretended to bite it.

“You can't eat this, Anna,” Daenerys whispered.

Lyanna was taken aback, not expecting her sister to speak up. “I'll try it. Dragon eggs are hard,” she said happily.

Daenerys sat up and found a handkerchief in the embroiderer's basket to wipe her sister's drool. Lyanna closed her eyes contentedly, like a lazy kitten. She adored her sister, who had silver-blond hair and amethyst eyes, and was beautiful and smart.

Rhaegar smiled as he watched the two sisters interact. Dany had inherited his dominant genes, with silver hair and purple eyes—the Targaryen look. Lyanna had inherited her mother Jeyne's features,

with chestnut hair and black eyes. Rhaegar did not discriminate; he thought both daughters were lovely.

He looked around the small room, noting its tidy organization. It wasn't that Jeyne was mean to her daughters; it was just the way things were done in The Eyrie. There were seven white spires, and the rooms were frugal, unlike the opulence of the Red Keep in King's Landing.

Suddenly, Rhaegar noticed the basket of embroidery. He reached in and pulled out two particularly conspicuous white handkerchiefs.

"Father?" Daenerys hugged her sister and kept a watchful eye on Rhaegar.

"It's nothing. I just want to see your work," Rhaegar replied with a smile, though his eyes grew serious as he examined the handkerchiefs.

On the first handkerchief, a red dragon with its head cut off was depicted, still in a flying position with its neck split in two and blood spraying. Next to the gruesome dragon's head lay a conspicuous golden crown.

"A red dragon with a crown?" Rhaegar whispered, immediately thinking of the Aethyr's family.

The embroidery on the second handkerchief was also familiar. "Daeryon!" Rhaegar's brow furrowed as he recalled the illustrations in ancient texts. The intertwining of two green dragons symbolized the endless power of reproduction, a theme valued by a Dragonlord family called Daeryon, though not as openly as the Aethyr's family.

"Father, don't you like it?" Daenerys crept up to him, clutching a handkerchief in her hand.

Rhaegar looked down and saw the embroidery on it. It depicted a green dragon with a well-proportioned body, a long tail like a scorpion's sting, and a body that spiraled into a circle with the tail connecting to the head.

Rhaegar's eyes narrowed as he recognized it. "Trickster," he muttered. The iconic long tail was the best balance for aerial combat. From the battle between the Trickster and Tyraxes, it was evident that the dragon's tail also had sensing capabilities.

This was the family crest of the Belaerys family. No, it wasn't just a family crest—it was a totem. For a Dragonlord family, a totem symbolized their glory and unique breeding of dragons.

"The Targaryens was not a high-ranking family," Rhaegar thought, "and apparently did not have such a privilege."

Rhaegar, feeling a mix of emotions, crouched down. "Dany, tell your father how you came up with these embroideries."

Daenerys, a little scared, whispered, "In my dreams, I always see a continuous stretch of volcanoes."

"What's in the volcanoes?" Rhaegar's interest piqued.

“There are dragons, dragon eggs...” Daenerys’ voice trembled as she spoke, her body shaking slightly. “So many dragons, fighting and bleeding.”

Her face turned pale, and her breathing quickened.

“Okay, okay, don’t think about it anymore,” Rhaegar quickly stopped her, seeing her distress.

Daenerys shivered, her eyes gradually going blank, and muttered, “Dragons! There’s a dragon in the distance!”

“Dany, wake up.” Rhaegar hugged his daughter and gently rocked her. “Don’t think about it anymore. Relax.”

His eldest daughter had inherited his Dreamer talent and had been plagued by visions since childhood. It was hard to imagine that her talent seemed to surpass even his.

Click! Click!

Rhaegar was worried about his daughter when a crisp sound came from behind. He turned and was momentarily distracted.

Lyanna was panicking, clutching her skirt. The bronze dragon egg seemed to come alive, shaking and covered in spider web-like cracks.

“Ka~~”

The dragon egg cracked open, and a bronze dragon head with a shell on its horn poked out. The baby dragon had broken out of its shell.

Rhaegar was momentarily awestruck and muttered, “A dragon in the distance, or a dragon right in front of me?”

Chapter 525: Encountering an Adult Wild Dragon

“Roar!”

The young dragon stretched its neck and let out a roar to announce its birth. Its body was covered in bronze-colored scales, its horns were a fiery red, and its wings were a bright yellow with blood-red veins. At first glance, it looked like it was made of gold inlaid with rubies.

“Ka-boom!”

Hungry and eager, the young dragon bit down on the shell, nearly shattering its fine dragon teeth. It cried out in frustration and broke through the hole in the shell, as if to say, “This is not what dragons eat!”

“Father, a baby dragon!” After the initial panic, Lyanna’s eyes sparkled with excitement. She quickly got up and reached out to grab the baby dragon.

“Roar!” The young dragon glanced at her with its red pupils and flew away.

Pop!

It smashed into Lyanna's little head as she pounced, flapping its wings and bouncing back and forth. Lyanna was taken by surprise and was trampled by the baby dragon, her already unruly chestnut hair now even more like a bird's nest.

"Roar... Roar..." The young dragon was so excited that it stomped and called out, as if laughing at her.

Seeing this, Rhaegar wanted to put down the weak Daenerys and rescue his clumsy daughter.

"Yah!" But then Lyanna suddenly exploded with energy, and one of her chubby little hands grabbed the young dragon by the neck. The dragon's neck was slender and unable to fight back when pinched.

"Ga!" The baby dragon's neck was almost broken, and it rolled its eyes in pain.

Lyanna's eyes were teary as she indignantly scolded, "Bad dragon, even my mother never hit me!" Her small fat hand flailed, and the young dragon was forced to flail in the air.

"Ga~"

The young dragon let out a weak cry, feeling the imminent threat of death.

"Lyanna, stop!" Rhaegar called out, his worry evident. From his perspective, the baby dragon was flailing around like a rag doll, dangerously close to dying. He even called out his daughter's name in desperation.

Plop!

Startled by his shout, Lyanna threw the baby dragon away like a rag doll. The young dragon tumbled through the air, landing with a series of somersaults.

Rhaegar was momentarily stunned, then said in amazement, "Anna, you're amazing." His three-year-old daughter was showing the strength of a true warrior. If he hadn't intervened, the baby dragon might have perished before fully hatching.

"Wa wa wa..." Lyanna's mouth pouted, and tears fell like confetti. "Oh, my head hurts," she cried, holding her head with both chubby little hands. Her head was a bit too big, and her arms too short and fat, barely covering her ears. This realization made her even more sad.

"Don't cry, don't cry. The dragon likes you and is just playing," Rhaegar said, flustered. He took his eldest daughter in his arms to comfort his youngest.

"Really?" Lyanna sniffled, her big eyes filled with innocence.

"Yes, when has Father ever lied to you?" Rhaegar reassured her, picking up the confused dragon and placing it in Lyanna's arms.

Lyanna looked down at the baby dragon, then up at her father. "It seems like he hasn't lied to me," she pouted.

Rhaegar forced a smile, feeling both helpless and amused. 'Of course I haven't. Before today, you silly girl, you didn't even remember you had a father.'

"Roar..."

The young dragon suddenly woke up, finding itself in the arms of the little devil king. It hugged its head and shivered in fear.

Lyanna, with tears in her eyes, said softly, "Don't be afraid, I won't hit you."

"Roar..." The baby dragon remained scared, lying on its soft little belly, not daring to move.

Rhaegar placed Daenerys on the bed and said, "Anna, the baby dragon hatched in your arms. Give it a name."

It was a curious situation. The Bronze Dragon Egg, laid by Syrax, had been placed in Baelon's cradle by Rhaenyra herself. For six years, it did not hatch. Lyanna had the blue egg for three years, yet it never hatched either. But within a short time of being with Lyanna, the Bronze Dragon Egg hatched. It seemed that the hatching of dragon eggs truly depended on fate.

Lyanna sobbed, pinching the baby dragon's wings with both hands, her clumsy brain working hard. "How about calling it Fluffy?" she suggested.

The castle's dog breeder had a sheepdog named Fluffy, black and white, known for tricking children into ditches.

Rhaegar was at a loss for words and said tactfully, "No, a dragon deserves a name that befits its grandeur."

Lyanna lowered her head in disappointment. "I can't. You do it, Father."

Rhaegar thought for a moment. "Let's call him Vermax."

"What does it mean?" Lyanna asked, her wide eyes reflecting Rhaegar's face.

"It comes from the Valyrian god of freedom," Rhaegar explained. "Vermax represents freedom, flight, and enlightenment, and is also known as the god of wisdom."

Vermax, although idealistic and not very powerful, was a subordinate god of the goddess of fertility, Syrax. The god of battle, Arrax, and the god of thunder, Tyraxes, served as the shield and sword of the goddess of fertility when she was threatened.

Captivated by the story, Lyanna rubbed her cheek against the baby dragon, saying happily, "Good, his name is Vermax. He's my little dragon."

"I'm glad you like it," Rhaegar said, relieved to see his daughter happy. He hesitated before adding, "Dany needs to sleep for a while. Let's not disturb her, shall we?"

Lyanna looked at her sleeping sister and reluctantly agreed. "Okay."

Rhaegar, satisfied, picked up his daughter and the baby dragon and left the room.

...

Evening

In the hall, the dinner party began.

Daenerys, having just woken up, sat down in a chair, looking exhausted. Rhaegar naturally took the seat next to her, with Lyanna, his little shadow, by his side. Jeyne sat across from them, with Jessamyn and Skylar standing as her companions.

As the meal was about to begin, Jeyne turned to her companions. "You should go and eat as well."

The two women exchanged a glance and tactfully excused themselves. The four didn't need them for dinner.

Rhaegar smiled and cut the roast for his two daughters. Lyanna, a glutton for everything, not only ate for herself but also took time to feed Vermax, who looked like a dragon-shaped doll clamped around her waist.

"Father, I've had enough to eat," Daenerys said, her cheeks flushed.

Rhaegar shook his head. "Eat more. You've lost a lot of weight since the last time we met."

Daenerys reluctantly opened her mouth and accepted her father's feeding. There's a kind of hunger that only comes out when her father is around.

Jeyne sipped her wine, her eyes never leaving the three of them. Since the dinner began, her lips had been curling up into a smile. Rhaenyra was truly amazing, giving birth to three sons in one go. But she wasn't bad either. Both of her daughters were very much loved by Rhaegar. This affection could even be called pampering.

Rhaegar looked at her and continued to dwell on his daughters. Before he knew it, he had many children. Compared to the others, his two daughters and his youngest son, Maekar, were his favorites.

Dany was born in winter, pale and fragile. She inherited his talent for dreaming and was plagued by nightmares. She was a very obedient child. Even when Rhaegar didn't come to the Vale for long periods of time, she understood and didn't complain, treasuring every moment they had together.

Lyanna, on the other hand, was a bundle of charm and personality. Who doesn't love a little girl who loves to laugh?

Baelon and Aemon were twins, but their personalities were very different. The eldest son was calm and honest, talking and acting like a little lord. When Rhaegar discussed business with him, it felt like he had another father.

The younger son was mischievous and often got caught and beaten up by the older son. Every time Rhaegar saw him, he felt like he had a grandson. What a nuisance!

The atmosphere was harmonious when Rhaegar suddenly suggested taking his two daughters back to King's Landing to meet their grandfather.

Daenerys and Lyanna both stopped, the latter still chewing on a piece of meat. Three pairs of eyes fixed on Jeyne across the table.

Jeyne, unperturbed, thought carefully. "Dany still needs a last name, so it's not good for her to leave The Eyrie," she said, implying that Lyanna could go with them.

Rhaegar's eyes twinkled, understanding the unspoken meaning. Lyanna had been given the Targaryen name at birth, linking her to the royal family. Jeyne wanted an heir, so Daenerys would need to take the name of Arryn to inherit The Eyrie.

Rhaegar nodded. "When the war is over, I'll take Dany to King's Landing."

"I don't want to be separated from my sister," Lyanna whispered, lowering her head.

Daenerys blinked her purple eyes, her small hands clasped together in a conflicted expression. She didn't want to be separated from Anna, nor did she want to miss seeing her father for a long time.

Jeyne, seeing the sisters' reluctance, said softly, "I promise you'll see each other again soon."

The two little girls nodded in unison, not wanting to contradict their mother.

Jeyne sighed and turned to Rhaegar. "The troops in Gulltown have assembled. They are waiting for your command."

"Thank you," Rhaegar replied.

Jeyne, feeling slightly awkward, added, "I've heard about Daemon and the events in Slaver's Bay. You need to be careful."

"Don't worry," Rhaegar said reassuringly.

"I mean, there are many things to be cautious about," Jeyne continued, her tone serious. "Daemon has the right to marry more than once, and Sea Snake and Laena will not let it go. You have to be careful that Rhaenyra doesn't get involved."

She paused, then added, "And the new Dragonlord—if you can eliminate him, don't hesitate."

Though no longer at the center of politics, as a female Lord, she remained informed about everything happening. She understood many things at once.

Rhaegar was very pleased and said gently, "Don't worry, I'll pay extra attention."

...

Seven Days Later

Time flew by, and it was time to say goodbye.

Rhaegar mounted the Cannibal, holding a weeping Lyanna close, and flew towards the Stormlands.

He had tasked Aemond with recruiting troops from the Stormlands, but there had been no response from him yet. Remembering Helaena's last words before he left, Rhaegar wanted to ensure Aemond wasn't slacking off.

...

The Afternoon, Sea of Dorne

Roar!

Cannibal soared through the sky, carrying Rhaegar and his weeping daughter, Lyanna, through a sea of clouds.

Rhaegar looked calm, taking the opportunity to inspect the Sea of Dorne and the rebuilt city of Yronwood. Everything seemed peaceful and normal.

“Let’s go, partner,” Rhaegar said, patting the dragon’s back as he prepared to return to Storm’s End.

Roar!

Suddenly, a piercing scream echoed through the sky, and a dragon crashed through the sea of clouds. Rhaegar, stunned, looked back.

Roar...

A light silver dragon, its wings flapping wildly, fell unsteadily from the clouds. After much tossing and turning, it barely managed to regain its balance, soaring beneath the clouds in an agitated state, whinnying up and down.

“Seasmoke?” Rhaegar recognized it instantly, surprised. Seasmoke was known to wander near the Sea of Dorne, familiar to local fishermen for its loyalty. Though not a battle-hardened dragon, it was no ordinary beast either. How could it fly so unsteadily, almost falling into the sea?

Roar...

Cannibal’s green pupils turned cold as it suddenly looked into the distance. Rhaegar’s face changed slightly as he hugged Lyanna tightly. Cannibal sensed danger, its mouth emitting a green flame as it entered a state of alertness.

Man and dragon stared intently in the same direction—from which Seasmoke had come.

Roarr!

Suddenly, a muffled roar like thunder reverberated, causing the sea to tremble.

Hoo—

In the sea mist, a dragon as big as a mountain emerged. Its thick, powerful tail pushed aside the misty clouds. Rhaegar’s eyes widened as he glimpsed a flash of moss-like dark green scales.

A dragon! A wild dragon he had never seen before!

Chapter 526: The Influence of the Magic Tides

"Cannibal, go after it!" Rhaegar commanded without hesitation, snapping the dragon whip like a poisonous snake.

Roar!

Cannibal could no longer hold back and charged out at full speed. The sun shone brightly, and the waves surged below. The dark green wild dragon disappeared into the clouds, with fog billowing and concealing its shadow.

Rhaegar’s eyes were as sharp as a hawk’s, fixed on the churning clouds, tracking the wild dragon’s every move. A wild dragon is comparable to a walking natural disaster. He no longer cared where the wild dragon came from, only that it be captured or killed.

“Over there, I see it!” Lyanna, in her father's arms, pointed urgently at a relatively flat area in the clouds. Vermax shivered slightly, hiding in his master's embrace. The sight of the Cannibal was terrifying—a dragon that eats dragons, an old, stinking beast.

“Cannibal, don't let it get away!” Rhaegar trusted his daughter's guidance implicitly. The Sea of Dorne, an inland sea between Dorne and the Stormlands, was always hot and humid, with thick clouds forming from the steaming sea. The wild dragon hid in the clouds and soared, making its whereabouts difficult to detect.

Roar!

Cannibal's pupils focused on a cloud of foul-smelling mist. He swallowed his saliva and roared, charging in. The mist and clouds scattered at the first impact, turning into cool, refreshing wisps. Rhaegar looked left and right, searching for the wild dragon's trail.

Boom!

Cannibal, a veteran of many battles, spat out a mouthful of dark green dragonfire, dispersing the large cloud blocking their view. However, the sky remained blue and clear—there was no dragon in sight.

“Roar...” Seasmoke let out a loud cry and plunged into the sky. The light silver scales blended perfectly with the clouds and mist as it searched for the old dragon that had attacked it.

“It's helping,” Lyanna whispered, burying her little head and peering at the rampaging Seasmoke.

Rhaegar patted her on the head, his mood immediately darkening. Alone, he dared to fight the dragon, but with Lyanna in his arms, he was obviously not fit for battle.

“Roar...” Seasmoke poked its head out again, its pupils filled with hatred, but it found nothing. It finally had a backer, but the old dragon had vanished.

“Roar...” The Cannibal, with its green pupils, sniffed around.

“How could it be gone?” Rhaegar murmured, suspicious and unable to believe it. At a quick glance, the black and green wild dragon was enormous, with a head and tail stretching no less than a hundred meters—the length of an adult dragon.

The reflection in the clouds and mists had made it appear smaller. In reality, it was slightly larger than the newly adult Dreamfyre. Even if it wasn't as formidable as Vhagar, it was not inferior to Vermithor. How could such a dragon disappear before his eyes?

A dragon species that is suitable for the sea or excels at flying and hiding, Rhaegar thought, still perplexed. Caraxes excelled at naval battles and had an endless supply of Dragonfire. Grey Ghost mastered the art of concealment and hid in the clouds for years. It was not uncommon for a wild dragon to have special survival skills.

Suddenly,

“Roar...”

The deep and powerful roar of the dragon reverberated ten miles away. Rhaegar turned in surprise, seeing only a sea of clouds. The clouds stirred gently, as if something huge had swum through them.

“Roar!”

Seasmoke reacted violently, smashing through the clouds and fog as if venting its frustration, its body moving up and down nimbly.

“The dragon has escaped,” Lyanna said timidly, clutching her father’s clothes tightly. She seemed to feel a sense of fear and was less lively than usual.

“It’s okay. We’re already very lucky to have seen it,” Rhaegar said, managing to keep his expression neutral as he ran his fingers through her unruly chestnut hair.

“Roar...”

Cannibal hung in the air, its neck turned to face its rider, its green eyes clouded with uncertainty. It seemed to be asking if it should go after the wild dragon. The Cannibal was bigger, faster, and younger. If it pursued and fought with all its strength, the wild dragon might not be able to escape.

Rhaegar hesitated for a moment, then said, “Let it go for now. Let’s go back to Storm’s End first.”

Hoo-hoo!

Cannibal snorted heavily and turned back towards Massey’s Hook. The rider took his cub with him, along with a small snack. As everyone knows, you can’t take children and food into a fight.

...

As they passed through the sea of clouds, Seasmoke continued to roar and writhe restlessly.

Rhaegar cracked his dragon-taming whip, speaking in High Valyrian, “Seasmoke, leave this place!” An unknown adult wild dragon was wandering around, and it was not suitable for Seasmoke to face it, it had just become an adult.

Crack!

The whip lashed out, striking the light silver dragon's back.

“Roar!” Seasmoke cried in pain, dodging back and forth. Rhaegar’s eyes flashed with anger, and he shouted, “Seasmoke, get back to Dragonmont!” He slowly rolled up the dragon whip, preparing for the next lash. If you don’t obey, you’ll get a whipping.

“Roar!” Seasmoke hesitated for a long time but eventually gave in. The dragon’s head swung, and it soared towards the Gullet.

"Let's go too," Rhaegar said, slightly relieved to see Seasmoke disappear completely. Losing a dragon with battlefield experience to the jaws of a wild dragon was unacceptable.

He knew the magic tides were surging, bringing many unknowns.

...

Evening at Storm's End.

Cannibal landed in the front courtyard of Storm's End, crushing a large area of masonry beneath its massive weight.

"Roar..."

A shrill squeal echoed, carrying with it a slightly mischievous temperament. Rhaegar glanced sideways to see the Mud Dragon, Sheepstealer, hiding in the corner, gnawing on the remains of a sheep.

"Aemond is here after all," Rhaegar muttered, looking at the overcast sky. The weather was as bad as ever.

"What an ugly dragon," Lyanna said, sticking her head out, her cute little face scrunched up in distaste. Cannibal was hideous, but at least it was easy to look at. The pale silver dragon they had seen on the way was even more impressive. She never thought there could be such an ugly dragon with such a small head. It was so ugly!

"Roar..." Sheepstealer, seemingly hearing the girl's grumbling, spread its wings to reveal its scrawny, skeletal appearance.

"Don't look, you'll dirty your eyes," Rhaegar rolled his eyes and slid down the dragon's back, carefully helping his daughter to the ground.

...

The father and daughter entered the castle under the escort of guards. Lyanna broke free from her father's embrace, jumped to the ground, crossed her arms, and looked up at him proudly. "Father, I'm not afraid."

Rhaegar laughed, "What are you not afraid of?"

"Not afraid of the dragon in the clouds," Lyanna replied matter-of-factly. "I saw it. It had dirty scales, brown wing membranes, and it was very long and fierce."

Rhaegar raised his eyebrows, intrigued. "You could see it?"

He had just wondered how Lyanna had known which way the wild dragon went.

"Yes, it was clear," Lyanna pouted, as if to say, "Come on, praise me!"

"How did you see it? With your eyes?" Rhaegar crouched down and gently guided her.

Lyanna, confused, said, "I just know. It's like I can see it in my head," holding her cute little head in her hands.

“Anna, you're a little genius,” Rhaegar exclaimed, pleasantly surprised. He gave his daughter a big kiss. His bloodline was truly extraordinary. Baelon and Aemon were blessed from birth, Daenerys was a Dreamer, and Maekar seemed to have the gift of foresight. Now, Lyanna, his fifth child, had proven to have remarkable abilities as well.

Rhaegar smiled, feeling proud of his talented children.

“Hmph, I'm awesome, aren't I?” Lyanna said, not entirely understanding her father's praise but knowing she had impressed him. She crossed her arms, beaming with pride.

As the father and daughter were talking, an attendant hurried over.

“Your Grace, welcome to our humble abode,” the male servant said, bowing and coughing slightly. The arrival of a dragon, and the king on the Iron Throne, brought an inevitable pressure.

Rhaegar looked around and frowned. “Where are Lady Elenda and Lady Cassandra?” It was improper for the widow of the former Lord and the current Lady to be absent when the King was visiting.

The manservant's face froze, and he stammered.

Sensing something was wrong, Rhaegar asked, “Where is Aemon? I saw his dragon.”

“The Prince... he's upstairs,” the manservant replied, on the verge of tears. “Lady Elenda is ill, and Lady Cassandra is coming down the stairs.”

“You have a poor command of the art of conversation. You are a poor host,” Rhaegar said, shaking his head before walking straight upstairs.

Lyanna tilted her head, standing there in a daze. “Huh?” Vermax lay on her head, its own head tilted to one side.

Rhaegar stepped onto the stairs and waved back. “Come on, you'll get lost in a minute.”

“I'm coming!” At the sound of her father's call, Lyanna sprang into action, like a horse that had broken free.

...

Rhaegar ascended the stairs, climbing all the way to the top. The sound of footsteps echoed through the hall.

Clatter, clatter, clatter...

As he reached a corner, he bumped into a beautiful figure.

“Your Grace, Your Grace,” Cassandra said, her red eyes still wet with tears. She wiped her eyes in panic and bowed in apology.

Lyanna, holding her father's leg, looked curiously at the young lady, not understanding why she was crying.

Rhaegar had the same question. "Are you worried about Lady Elenda's condition?"

"No... yes," Cassandra hesitated before answering, then forced a smile. "Your Grace, thank you for your concern. My mother's illness is not a serious problem."

Rhaegar frowned inwardly, not believing her. A noble lady ruling over the Stormlands would not lie so easily. He thought of Aemond, who was in Storm's End, and guessed the reason behind her tears.

Rhaegar sighed and said bluntly, "Take me to Aemond. I want to talk to him."

"Your Grace, he is busy," Cassandra said, lowering her head and twirling the fabric of her skirt with her fingers.

"Take me there," Rhaegar repeated in a serious tone. "This is an order."

Cassandra dared not refuse. "Yes, Your Grace," she replied, turning to lead the way up the stairs.

Lyanna, always curious, muttered, "It's an order."

Rhaegar heard her and rubbed her head affectionately. "Yes, Your Grace," Lyanna repeated, enjoying the moment and imitating her father crisply.

...

Soon, the three of them stopped in front of a wooden door. Rhaegar stepped forward, intending to knock.

"Oh... uh-huh..." Suddenly, a series of ragged breaths emerged, accompanied by obscene words and lewd talk.

Rhaegar's hand, which was halfway to the door, froze. He turned his head stiffly, directing a complex expression towards Cassandra.

"I didn't want to come," Cassandra said, stepping back and avoiding eye contact.

"You! How could you..." Rhaegar was momentarily speechless. With a flick of his sleeve, he withdrew his hand, incredulous at the scenario unfolding before him. A female lord sinking to such a low level was unbelievable to him.

Chapter 527: Between Green and Being Green

Cassandra burst into tears, unable to speak. Inside the room, the sounds of music continued.

Rhaegar's forehead throbbed with veins as he tried to suppress his anger. "Stay away from here. I'll handle this."

"Yes," Cassandra replied, her eyes red. She took a curious-looking Lyanna by the hand and silently retreated to the end of the hallway.

Bang!

Rhaegar kicked the wooden door, which flew open with a loud bang.

“Ah!”

A scream rang out, accompanied by the sound of bedsheets being pulled aside. Rhaegar stood in front of the door, taking in the scene inside.

A woman with silver-blond curls had climbed out of bed on her side, her milky white skin on full display. She had been the one to scream. Aemond lay on the couch, his face buried in the woman's chest. He turned his head in panic at the noise.

Their eyes locked for a brief second. Rhaegar's face was dark with fury. Aemond's pupils constricted, and he felt a surge of panic.

Thump, thump, thump...

The silver-blond woman threw the bedsheet over her head and covered her face with her hair, rushing out of the room, seemingly afraid of being recognized. Rhaegar let her pass without stopping her. A fleeting glimpse revealed her identity: Lady Celine of House Celtigar, the widow of Laenor.

As she hurried away, Rhaegar nearly called out her name but stopped himself.

At the end of the corridor, Cassandra shielded Lyanna's eyes as she watched her fiancé's unfaithful lover walk away.

“I'm sorry, I'm really sorry!” a faint female voice suddenly came from inside the room.

Rhaegar turned back, his thoughts in disarray. A petite maiden appeared from beside the bed, trembling and apologizing. Like Celine, she was naked, her hands clasped around her small breasts. Her waist-length black hair and fair skin created a stark contrast.

“What?” Rhaegar was stunned. He hadn't expected to find another girl.

The maiden looked down, avoiding eye contact. Her petite figure showed that she was not very old, and she appeared helpless, like a frightened lamb. Her skirt lay discarded at the door, and the only thing covering her body was the sheet that her companion had removed, her body trembled with a sense of shame.

Rhaegar closed his eyes, untied his cloak, and threw it to the maiden, saying coldly, “Get out!”

“Thank you, thank you,” the maiden whispered, wrapping herself in the cloak like a treasure before running out barefoot. As she left, she cast a worried glance at Aemond.

Aemond, naked, quickly shifted from lying on his side to curling up with his knees drawn up, his long silver-blond hair covering his tense face. He was terrified. How could he not be? His brother had caught him in the act of adultery.

Rhaegar hadn't opened his eyes yet, too furious to deal with him. The maiden's scent lingered in the air, but Rhaegar remained unmoved, holding his breath in protest.

One second, two seconds...

When he counted to eight, a loud slap came from behind. Rhaegar frowned slightly as Cassandra's scolding filled the room.

“You seduced your own sister fiancé, and you’re not even sorry!”

“I’m sorry...”

“Get out of my sight! I don’t have a sister like you!”

In a few words, the family's moral values were shattered. Rhaegar remembered the maiden's identity: Floris Baratheon, the youngest daughter of the late Boremund Baratheon, the youngest of the Four Storms, and the most beautiful. No wonder her soft voice sounded familiar.

His temples swelled with a feeling of exhaustion, which soon passed. Rhaegar opened his eyes, turned around, and closed the door. With a blank expression, he said, “Aemond, you’ve had a lot of fun, haven’t you?”

Aemond shuddered, his fingernails digging into his calf.

“Haha, are you embarrassed now?” Rhaegar walked over to him, his eyes flashing with a dangerous light. “Aegon didn’t play as much as you did, did he?”

Aemond had seduced his cousin's widow and then slept with his fiancée's younger sister. It was a situation so sordid that it left Rhaegar at a loss for words.

Plop! Unable to withstand the pressure, Aemond rolled to the edge of the bed, hiding his head. As his brother slowly approached, he felt a thorn of anxiety prickling his back. All the comfort he had felt moments before was gone.

“Come here, come to me,” Rhaegar commanded, his gaze fixed as if calling out to someone else.

Aemond hesitated. He didn’t dare move closer. Rhaegar closed his eyes in frustration and sighed, “It’s all my fault for not teaching you well, little brother.”

Aemond’s ears twitched slightly, touched by the unexpected admission, and he glanced sideways.

The next second—bang! A sharp pain shot through his head as someone yanked him by the hair. “You really are a fool, kid!” Rhaegar sneered, pulling Aemond off the bed.

“No! No! No!” Aemond’s face contorted in fear as he flailed his legs, staring at the ceiling. He fell to the ground like a dead dog, the impact even more painful than having his hair pulled.

As Rhaegar released him, Aemond was left with the burning pain of his scalp, as if it had been stuck in a brazier. “I told you to control the Stormlands troops, and you, you animal, controlled them in bed!?”

Rhaegar’s eyes darkened. He pressed his knee into Aemond’s chest and slapped him hard, then again. Crack, crack, crack... He slapped him a dozen times, his fingers like steel rods.

Aemond’s mouth bled profusely. He struggled to speak, “I’ve completed my mission...” A tooth loosened and fell out of his mouth with a bloody splash, ticking crisply as it hit the ground.

Rhaegar’s eyes changed slightly for an instant, and he forcibly suppressed his anger. He grabbed Aemond by the neck with one hand, saying through clenched teeth, “You haven’t even gotten

married yet, and you're living with another woman in your fiancée's castle. Who are you humiliating?"

His voice was barely audible, full of disappointment at his brother's failure to meet expectations. Aemond's eyes rolled back as he was strangled, his hands clenching around Rhaegar's iron grip, his long legs kicking furiously. He couldn't breathe; he was going to die.

Rhaegar slowly increased the pressure, sneering, "You're good! Instead of going to the brothel in King's Landing, you're going after your own people?"

Celine was the widow of Laenor, the daughter-in-law of Sea Snake and Rhaenys. Once the Sea Snake discovered that his daughter-in-law was Aemond's paramour, they would not let it go with the royal family. Not to mention Floris, who had sneaked into the corner. Not only was she his sister-in-law, but she was also just thirteen years old, likely not even having had her first period.

"Ho ho..." Aemond's face turned pale, his pupils gradually dilated, and he began to twitch spasmodically.

Bang!

Rhaegar grabbed him by the neck, slammed him to the ground, then let go and cursed, "Stupid! Are you an animal who thinks with your lower body, or a brain-damaged idiot?"

Aemond had offended two key advisers in a row. Even Aegon wasn't this foolish.

Aemond gasped for air, his lungs greedily taking in oxygen as if he had been forgiven.

Rhaegar stepped back, leaning against the door, and shouted, "Get out! Leave Storm's End tonight!"

He was relieved that Cassandra was an ordinary woman without malice. After chasing Aemond away, he would have to clean up the mess himself. He turned the handle and left Aemond to his fate.

Cassandra stood at the end of the hallway, her eyes swollen like two walnuts, her head bowed and shoulders shaking. Betrayed by her fiancé and her sister, the psychological damage was evident.

Lyanna pouted, seeing her big sister cry, and she felt like crying too. She sniffed and went back inside.

"Cassandra, about this matter..." Rhaegar began, but Cassandra interrupted him, shaking her head resignedly.

"I will abide by the marriage contract, Your Grace," she said, her voice firm.

Rhaegar didn't know how to persuade her. "If there is nothing else, I will take my leave," Cassandra added, wiping away a tear and running downstairs without hesitation.

This left Rhaegar completely confused. His eyes flashed with doubt. It was sad enough, but where was the anger? He frowned and muttered to himself, "Did she lure me here to teach Aemond a lesson?"

"Father, what did you mean by 'lure me here'?" Lyanna asked, looking up, confused.

Rhaegar rubbed her head and said helplessly, "Nothing. Let's go to dinner."

The little girl immediately cheered and jumped up and down at the mention of food. As they walked down the stairs, Rhaegar glanced back at the half-hidden door one last time, still feeling something was wrong.

Lady Elenda wasn't present, likely angry with Aemond. Cassandra had conveniently bumped into him, deliberately exposing Aemond's shameful behavior. They both knew it.

Rhaegar took her side, saving some face for the royal family. But Cassandra left so quickly, without the usual display of being aggrieved, crying, and asking for help.

It didn't add up.

...

It was getting late, and the sun was setting. The dragon-taming arena at Storm's End was deserted, with only the ugly, muddy Sheepstealer flying away as if escaping.

In the attic of the castle, behind a hidden wooden window, Cassandra stood, looking out.

"He's gone?" she asked softly.

A pair of large hands reached out from behind and embraced her slender waist. Cassandra looked down at the hands and slowly leaned back.

"I hate him," she murmured.

"A conceited man who thinks he's better than everyone else. Who wouldn't hate him?" The man's tone was sarcastic as he turned Cassandra to face him.

Cassandra looked up at her companion with a depressed expression. Yellow curls, green eyes, handsome and young, tall and slender—the young man was dressed in rich robes, wearing the white cloak of the Storm's End guards, with a red and white griffin emblem hanging from his chest.

"Steffon, this is not the way to go," Cassandra said, lowering her head.

The young man smiled helplessly. "He's a prince. Do you want to break the contract?"

His name was Steffon Connington, the second son of the current Lord of Griffin's Roost. He was a master of riding and swordplay and had participated in the guerrilla war to clear the remnants of the invasion of Cape Wrath in Dorne.

Cassandra broke free of the hands around her waist, her eyes staring at him like a fawn's, and said softly, "I won't break the contract, but there's always a way, isn't there?"

Steffon was stunned by her words, then fell silent.

...

The Hall.

Rhaegar was having dinner with his daughter when a third party intervened. Maris Baratheon, dressed in a revealing black dress, walked gracefully to the seat across from him. She was the second oldest of the Four Storms, known for being the smartest despite her lack of conventional beauty.

Rhaegar glanced at her, scooped some soup for Lyanna, and asked casually, "Is there something wrong?" He had thought the members of House Baratheon would avoid meeting him.

Maris glanced at Lyanna discreetly, then lifted the hem of her low-cut dress and said with a smile, "House Baratheon can't afford to miss a visit from the king."

"Sit down," Rhaegar said, not even looking at her as he continued eating.

Maris sat down and took the initiative to speak. "Mother is too sick to get out of bed, and my third sister, Ellyn, is crying in fear. My eldest sister and youngest sister..." She smiled apologetically, explaining the situation clearly and subtly promoting herself.

Rhaegar shook his head and laughed, too lazy to engage with her little tricks. "I have limited patience."

"Sorry, Your Grace. This may seem hasty," Maris said, standing up and looking proudly. "Cassandra is not suitable to be a leader. She can't even get along with her fiancé. If you like, I can be your own person at Storm's End."

Rhaegar paused in the middle of feeding Lyanna and looked up. "Can you represent your House?" As a second daughter, you really have some nerve, he thought.

Maris maintained a straight face. "Cassandra doesn't even know how many people are in the guard, and Aemond won't be trusted by the nobles of the Stormlands. I am the second daughter of Boremund, and I still have some use."

Chapter 528: The Confrontation Between the Sea Snake and Daemon

Rhaegar raised an eyebrow and smiled. "Let's eat."

He didn't reveal whether he agreed or not, leaving Maris to speculate. Her eyes lit up as she quickly sat down, occasionally serving food to Lyanna.

It wasn't about a direct answer. The fact that they could sit and share a meal together spoke volumes.

...

Night had fallen. The king had retired to his room to rest, leaving Maris to her own devices. She approached a door, her long, sweat-soaked dress still damp and unwashed.

Knock, knock!

She knocked twice, then once more. The door opened to reveal Floris, her red eyes and sad face betraying her distress.

"My dear sister, you've been wronged," Maris said, hugging her younger sister tightly.

Floris didn't say a word, simply hugging Maris's waist and sobbing quietly. The sisters closed the door and entered the room.

Maris waited expectantly. "Did you hear anything?"

"Aemond is going to marry that woman," Floris whispered.

“Well done. I knew you wouldn’t let your sister down,” Maris replied, reaching out to hug her younger sister again. She gently stroked Floris’s tear-stained face, occasionally kissing away the tears.

...

Early summer was approaching, and the temperature was rising day by day. In the harbor of Lys, a Velaryon warship bearing the blue seahorse flag was anchored, and a grand procession was underway.

“Roar!”

“Roar...”

The Sea Snake, with a determined expression, strode forward. Two dragons flew overhead, one red and one blue, gliding with their wings spread, intertwining and hissing.

The guards, heavily armored, held high the flag of the seahorse. The Lord was being escorted to the Topless Tower to attend the Supreme Council.

"Roar!"

A scarlet dragon, resembling a snake, whizzed past, forcing the two dragons to disperse and fly ahead to the Dragonpit. The two dragons nearly went mad, but Rhaenys and Daeron calmed them down.

The Sea Snake continued walking, his gaze fixed on the scarlet dragon that had flashed past. A cold light flickered in his purple eyes. Daemon Targaryen, the unfaithful Prince, would pay the price sooner or later.

...

Topless Tower, Meeting Hall

The Topless Tower’s meeting hall buzzed with activity as the sailors finished unloading the equipment. Sea Snake, accompanied by Daeron, who served as his cupbearer, entered the hall.

"Father, had a good trip?" Laena greeted him at the door and offered him a hug.

Sea Snake embraced his daughter and scanned the hall with his piercing eyes. The seating at the conference table was divided into three small groups.

Rhaegar and Rhaenyra sat at the head of the table, bathed in sunlight from the window. Surrounding them were their seven children, including the three brothers, the sisters Baela, Rhaena, Lyanna, and the infant Visenya.

On the right side of the table sat the three siblings from the original Greens. Aegon was smiling, trying to tease Aemon, who stood straight, staring at the mural on the wall, not daring to look away with Rhaegar nearby. Helaena was tilting her head, sewing baby clothes.

Sea Snake gave Aemond a second look, noting that the one-eyed boy had toned down his attitude. Daeron was also welcomed by Laena and walked excitedly to the meeting table.

The battle had begun, and the family meeting was held in an unusual manner. Daeron walked around the left side of the round table, passing Daemon, Rhaenys, and a pale-skinned woman, heading to his eldest brother, Rhaegar.

Rhaegar, holding Maekar in one arm and Lyanna in the other, smiled, "Was the journey smooth?"

"No problems at all," Daeron replied, holding his head high, showing his manly side.

The brothers exchanged pleasantries, and Daeron politely greeted Rhaenyra, spending some time with Rhaena. Quietly and uncomfortably, he walked back to his seat on Aemond's left.

Rhaegar saw this and smiled without saying a word. After all, they were four siblings from the same mother and subconsciously trusted each other more.

"Look over there," Rhaegar nudged Rhaenyra with his shoulder, his eyes fixed on the Sea Snake, who was walking towards the left side of the table.

Rhaenys sat in the middle, the Dark Sister sword on the table. Daemon leaned back in his chair, holding Mysaria, the White Worm, by the hand, staring at his father-in-law with interest.

Sea Snake walked over to his wife, resting one hand on the table, and said coldly, "Is this the woman you want to marry?"

"Watch your words. She's pregnant with a Targaryen's child," Daemon replied, his lips curling up as he reached out to touch Mysaria's stomach.

Mysaria, caught between the two men's gazes, dug her fingernails into her palm, her face turning green with anxiety.

Sea Snake glanced at Mysaria and said indifferently, "A whore who rides a thousand men. Pray that what's in her belly isn't a bastard."

Daemon's smile froze, his voice turning cold. "She will give birth to a true dragon, I'm sure."

"Haha, who knows." Sea Snake slowly sat down. "The birthing bed is another battlefield. The Lady's life is in the balance. You'd better have a successor with a pure bloodline."

"Are you threatening me?" Daemon heard the unspoken meaning and his face turned cold.

Sea Snake remained unfazed. "I made Rhaena the heir to Driftmark, and Baela should have the same rights."

Baela and Rhaena, who had stopped playing, all looked over.

Daemon glanced at his two daughters and replied, "I will consider the heir, so you don't need to worry about it."

"Then do it quickly. Who knows which will come first, an accident or tomorrow?" Sea Snake's eyes were cold as he stared at Mysaria, who remained silent.

Bang!

Daemon stood up, his eyes filled with malice. "I swear I will rip off your dirty, smelly dick and put it in your mouth if anything happens."

"Daemon!"

"Daemon, stop!" Two voices rang out at the same time. Laena rushed to stand in front of Daemon, blocking her father and husband.

Rhaegar remained calm and unruffled.

Daemon stared at Laena for a moment before looking away with a sullen expression and sitting back down. Laena turned away with a dark face, calming the Sea Snake, whose eyes were full of malice.

Knock, knock!

Rhaegar lightly knocked on the table, warning, "The war in the Smoking Sea is about to begin. Today, we will only talk about war."

Daemon and Sea Snake exchanged a look, then both turned away in disgust. Rhaenys took Laena by the arm and sat her down next to her, giving Mysaria a brief glance.

She didn't say a word, but it seemed like she had said everything.

Rhaegar put down his children and told Baela, "Take your brothers and sisters to play."

Baela glanced at Daemon one last time, disappointment clear in her eyes. "Yes, Your Grace," she said, then left the table with the younger children, accompanied by Baelon and Rhaena.

As the children exited, the atmosphere in the hall grew tense.

"Ahem..." Aegon, the most mischievous of them all, noticed the shift and coughed to cover his guilt, adjusting his posture as if to pretend innocence. He glanced at Aemond, puzzled by his silence.

Creak.

The chair scratched the floor loudly as Mysaria broke free of Daemon's hand. "I'm not feeling well. I'm going downstairs," she excused herself.

Rhaegar could see the inferiority complex and deep fear in Mysaria, the White Worm. Daemon did not stop her and allowed her to leave.

As Mysaria passed Rhaenys and Laena, she hesitated when she reached the Sea Snake. "When I came to King's Landing, I had nothing, and I exchanged my body for bread and gold," she said, her voice trembling slightly.

The Sea Snake looked up but didn't bat an eye.

Mysaria took a deep breath and continued, "Later, I realized that selling my body didn't make me any better off. Selling information was the way to get ahead."

The Sea Snake snorted and ignored her, deeming her unworthy of his attention.

Mysaria glanced at Laena and insisted, "I'm saying that I stopped working a long time ago, and I'm not as dirty as you think."

Having said her piece, she pulled the scarf over her head and quickly left the hall. The air in the room, thick with tension and judgment, felt suffocating to her.

...

With everyone else having left, Rhaegar's eyes flashed with a mix of emotions. He sighed, silently admiring his father's skill at creating division.

Can't Daemon and the Sea Snake see it? No! They are not fools; of course, they understand their own situation. But Viserys had accurately grasped Daemon's desire for an heir, presenting a clear and open conspiracy.

"Your Grace, you have summoned us here to discuss strategy?" Rhaenys asked, her mood visibly sour.

It was only natural, and Rhaegar laughed it off. After a pause, he said, "Regarding the war in the Smoking Sea, Volantis is our first target. Myr's army and the navy assembled by the Kingdom are in place."

The Sea Snake interrupted, "The Velaryon fleet commands all the naval forces. Your Grace need not worry."

Rhaegar's smile faded, and he adopted a serious tone. "The deployment of the army has already been decided. What I want to discuss is the allocation of the dragon riders and the dragons."

Following the strategy of a quick victory, the army and navy would attack Volantis from both land and sea. Counting the garrison left behind in the Narrow Sea, the dragon riders would have to be divided into three groups.

The Sea Snake heard this and, for some reason, looked over at Aemond.

Aemond stood up silently and volunteered, "I can participate in the naval battle. The Sheepstealer will burn the Volantis fleet to the ground."

"No." Rhaegar's response was immediate and firm.

Aemond was taken aback. "Why? I can do it very well."

"There is no why." Rhaegar looked straight at him, his eyes like a deep pool.

Aemond frowned, realizing that this was his brother's punishment. His fists clenched, and he felt a lump in his chest.

Rhaegar looked around the room and said, "I will lead Daemon and the dragons to attack the city with the army. Rhaenyra and Aegon will defend Lys and the Stepstones. Helaena and Laena will work with Lord Corlys to destroy the sea defenses."

"What do I do?" Aemond leaned forward, resting his hands on the table.

Rhaenys and Daeron mirrored his action, their expressions tense.

Rhaegar stared at Aemond for a moment before saying, "You will patrol the upper part of the Narrow Sea and guard against Braavos breaking the treaty."

"I can go to the front lines. Sheepstealer and I will not let you down," Aemond argued.

Rhaegar remained firm. "Four riders attacking Volantis. Do you think that is not enough?"

"Wait a minute."

While the brothers were arguing, Helaena, who had been watching the scene unfold, put down her sewing and raised her hand.

Rhaegar looked at her in confusion.

Overwhelmed by the attention and a little unsure of herself, Helaena hesitated and said, "I can't go to war. Give the spot to Aemond."

"Why?" Rhaegar's eyes flashed with suspicion.

Aemond also looked at Helaena, a warm light flashing in his one eye. As expected, his sister loved him the most.

Helaena, not noticing Aemond's gaze, scratched at the little dress she was sewing and whispered, "I'm pregnant."

Chapter 529: Vhagar Injury

Helaena lowered her head, lovingly holding the little clothes in her arms. Rhaegar was momentarily distracted, a feeling of joy welling up in his heart, causing his lips to rise unconsciously. No wonder Helaena had been so focused on weaving recently; he had thought it was for Visenya.

Rhaegar couldn't help but ask, "How long has it been?"

Helaena looked puzzled and said in a low voice, "I don't know, but he's already in my belly."

Aemond was stunned. Instead of helping him out, his sister had been holding back a significant revelation. No one paid him any attention at this moment.

Rhaegar's thoughts raced, and he made a decision right away: "Helaena will stay in Myr, and Rhaenys will take her place and join Laena in the naval battle."

"No problem," Rhaenys said calmly, unafraid of the battlefield.

Helaena nodded in silent approval of the change in plans.

Rhaegar's brows lifted with a hint of joy, and he said, "The battle will be three days from now. Helaena and I will hold a ceremony before we leave, and the location will be Lys." He then looked at Rhaenyra, who was standing next to him.

Rhaenyra took a small sip of wine and looked back at him with a dazed expression. She didn't object, looking at him as if he was in charge. Her clear purple eyes seemed to say, "Why are you looking at me? I'm not stopping you."

Rhaegar smiled and said, "We don't have much time, so let's keep it simple." It might mean that Helaena would have to put up with a less grand ceremony in Summerhall.

Helaena let out a sigh of relief, with a hint of joy, saying, "That's fine. It's just right." Too many people would make it difficult to get around.

The atmosphere of the meeting relaxed with a few words. This was a good sign before the battle. It seemed they were on the path to a great victory.

Only one person was unhappy. Aemond glared with his one good eye and said, "The battlefield is full of danger. Why don't you let Rhaenys hide behind you and inspect the Gullet?"

Before Rhaegar could respond, Rhaenys, with her eyebrows raised, calmly replied, "Kid, when I was riding a dragon and exploring the world, you were still crying over a dragon."

Aemond retorted angrily, "I've been in wars with Sheepstealer, not just sitting around."

"The war you're referring to was the annihilation of House Swann and the murder of Laenor?" the Sea Snake interjected, his gaze piercing as he spoke out the grievances that had been in his heart for many years. Laenor's death was undoubtedly the result of the other side deliberately dragging out the battle.

If only they didn't give him trouble... He died for the sake of the royal family.

A stifled laugh echoed through the hall, jarring and harsh. Aemond's eyes darkened instantly, and the culprit was still laughing. The laughter felt like a sword stabbing straight into Aemond's heart.

Sensing the tension, Daemon lowered his voice and took a tactical sip of wine. Aemond's clenched fists creaked, and he fixed his gaze on his older brother Rhaegar, eyes full of longing for a chance to prove himself.

Rhaegar ignored him, saying indifferently, "Patrol the Narrow Sea. That's your mission."

Bang!

Aemond slammed his hand down on the table, knocking over his chair, and stormed out of the room in a fit of anger. Helaena, standing nearby, was startled by the sudden noise.

Rhaegar's face darkened, and for the first time during the meeting, he stood up from his seat. That bastard, he still has the nerve to give me a cold shoulder.

"Rhaegar," Rhaenyra whispered, tugging his sleeve as a reminder. The atmosphere was growing increasingly tense, and someone needed to pour a bucket of cold water on it.

Creak—

Helaena also stood up, gathered her belongings, and hurriedly left the room, slightly nervous. Seeing this, Aegon rubbed his cheeks with both hands, looking a bit helpless. No one would believe that he had just called his younger brother and sister a waste and a fool.

Daeron, restless and saddened, watched his brother and sister leave the table.

"Rhaegar, let him vent his anger," Rhaenyra soothed, whispering, "Aemond is still obedient." At least he listens to his king and hits where he's told to.

Rhaegar's anger subsided a little. The strategy was clear: four dragons would attack Volantis from land and sea, Rhaenyra would sit in Lys, and Aegon would block Dorne. Additionally, at least one dragon must patrol the upper part of the Gullet and the Narrow Sea.

Rhaenys should have been in charge of the Gullet, and it made sense to replace Helaena. A dragon of considerable strength had to be placed in the Narrow Sea, and Aemond with Sheepstealer was the obvious choice. If Aemond didn't understand this, he wasn't fit to be on the main battlefield. Once on the battlefield, he would need to follow military orders precisely.

As the meeting drew to a close and the dragons' deployment was finalized, Daeron reached out hesitantly, "Brother, can I go into battle with Lord Corlys?"

Rhaegar, still in a bad mood, replied casually, "As you wish. Be careful of stray arrows."

"Okay, thanks brother." Daeron raised his smiling face, pleasantly surprised by his brother's unexpected willingness.

...

On the rooftop of the Topleless Tower, the ceremony began.

Rhaegar and Helaena stood opposite each other, both dressed in red and white linen robes. They were conducting the ancient Dragonlord ceremony of Valyria under the auspices of the gods. The rooftop was crowded with representatives from various families who had come to witness and fight.

Helaena's eyes glowed with emotion. She placed her hand on Rhaegar's waist and shared a drink with him. Both had "Blood" and "Fire" tattoos on their foreheads. Their silver hair was tied in long braids, and their purple eyes locked in a silent exchange.

For a moment, the brother and sister looked at each other, understanding passing between them without words. Their foreheads touched, mingling their blood. A silvery thread stretched out, marking the end of the ceremony.

Crackling applause broke the silence. Aegon was the first to clap, laughing and toasting everyone. Sea Snake and Rhaenys stood at the forefront, displaying the poise of elders. Rhaenyra, her eyelashes lowered, also clapped along with the crowd. The Baelon and the children surrounded her, their little heads leaning together in curiosity.

“Hmph!” Aemond snorted in the corner and walked away, having stayed only to witness the ceremony. He had seen it with his own eyes and sent his blessings, but he couldn’t bring himself to stay longer.

“Roar!” Cannibal whirled in, circled the Topless Tower once, and then clamped its feet to the edge of the roof.

“Rest well and don’t stay up sewing,” Rhaegar said, his eyes lighting up as he stroked Helaena’s pretty face. He gave her the most sincere of reminders.

Helaena nodded and gave her brother another hug. After a long moment, Rhaegar mounted the dragon’s back, his red and white linen robes shining in the dust. He raised his arm and shouted, “Army, set out!”

“Roar!” At the command, the Cannibal roared into the sky.

Roar! Roar...

One dragon roared, and the others followed. Vhagar, Bloodwurm, Red Queen, Blue Queen... The five dragons roared together, carrying their riders into the sky.

In the harbor, a large fleet of ships set sail, flying colorful flags. Above Lys, several dragons of different sizes flew out of their Dragonpits, as if cheering them on. The silver-gray Tyraxes, the light green Moondancer, the emerald green Trickster...

Dreamfyre, Syrax, and Sunfyre also carried their riders, escorting the fleet to the Disputed Lands. The full-scale war had begun.

...

After a long journey and a few hurried days, they reached the Summer Sea.

Rhaegar bid farewell to the Sea Snake and mounted the Cannibal, heading straight into the heart of Volantis.

Daemon cast a brief glance at Laena, who regarded Vhagar's back with a steely gaze, and chose not to disturb her.

“Keep up, Caraxes,” he ordered.

...

The Sea Snake, holding a map of the sea, said solemnly, “There must be a garrison in this area. The first battle will be here.” He pointed at a curved dotted line on the map, representing the defense line at the mouth of the Volantis estuary.

Daeron, wearing armor and a helmet, responded with seriousness, “My lord, shall I ride my dragon to test the situation?”

“Roar...” Tessarion, curled up on the deck, its huge cobalt blue body shaking with anticipation, seemed eager to go into battle.

The Sea Snake considered it carefully. Tessarion's relatively small size made it suitable for high-altitude reconnaissance without being easily noticed. Daeron's eyes were full of hope, eager to prove himself and make a contribution.

“No need. We'll attack with full force.” The Sea Snake refused, giving the order, “You will ride the dragon and lead a fleet to attack the enemy's flank. When the battle begins, attack the enemy's flank to crush their morale.”

“Yes, my lord,” Daeron eagerly accepted the order.

...

At noon, the sun blazed high in the sky. A large fleet patrolled the waters of Volantis, the scorpion crossbows on the bows glinting coldly. Roughly estimated, there were no fewer than fifty warships, and the number of troops was countless. The scorpion crossbows alone numbered more than a hundred. The soldiers were tense, knowing every patrol was a gamble with their lives.

Hoo-hoo!

A gust of wind whistled, splashing waves against the ships. The lookout raised his head and squinted at the sky. A small black dot appeared, gradually growing larger.

“A dragon!” the lookout shouted, seeing an old, dark green dragon moving slowly.

“The dragon is here! It's an enemy!”

Panic spread through the fleet as soldiers quickly deployed air control measures. The dragon drew closer, and Laena, with a cold look, shouted, “Dracarys!”

“Roar...”

The next second, Vhagar fell from the sky, black smoke and roaring Dragonfire sweeping across the sea.

Roar!

Meleys flew out from the side like a red lightning bolt, unleashing Dragonfire on the unsuspecting ships.

Boom, boom, boom...

Drums beat, and screams filled the air. The Sea Snake led the way, followed by a dozen warships, like an arrow shot from a bow, cutting through the chaos.

Boom!

Dragonfire rained down, and crossbow bolts were fired in rapid succession. The two dragons burned fiercely, causing the enemy army to temporarily lose its resistance and fall into disarray.

“Attack!” the Sea Snake seized the opportunity, and the warships broke through the siege, engaging in a more brutal battle of the drawbridge. Soon, the conflict became one-sided.

In the air, Vhagar glided slowly, leaving a trail of Dragonfire in its wake. Laena, pleased with their progress, couldn't help but smile.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, a water arrow shot out of the sea, aiming at Vhagar's pupil with invisible speed. The water was sharp, mixed with the blood of soldiers on both sides, erupting like a mountain collapsing into the sea.

At that moment, Laena was still immersed in joy and hadn't realized the danger approaching. Vhagar shook its head and spat fire, his bloodshot pupils gleaming like ice. The next instant, its eye reflected the incoming water arrow.

Pop!

A shrill, piercing sound followed, and hot dragon blood splashed. At the last moment, Vhagar sensed the danger and swung its head sideways to the limit.

“Roar...” A furious roar of pain echoed as a scale on its chest burst open, flesh and blood spurting out.

Chapter 530: Rhoynar Water Wizard

Vhagar felt a pain it had not experienced in years. Its old body struggled to support the extra movement, its large wings flapping desperately. Its chest heaved, nearly causing it to fall from the sky.

“Vhagar!” Laena was shocked, unable to believe that the old dragon was hurt. The feeling of weightlessness made her light-headed, proving the reality of the situation.

“Roar...” Vhagar flew higher, ignoring the blood spilling from its body to maintain balance.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

In an instant, several streams of water struck again. Vhagar's pupils dilated in panic. With its extensive battlefield experience, it dodged left and right.

Pop!

The dragon's tail whipped back, sending a spray of water flying. Laena, still processing the attack, shouted, “Vhagar, soar!”

No matter how powerful an attack, there was always a certain distance.

Sniffing the scent of dragon blood after a long absence, Vhagar ignored the rider's commands and dove toward the source of the attack.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Water arrows and scorpion bolts fired in unison.

“Roar...” Vhagar unleashed a torrent of Dragonfire, burning everything in its path. Its massive body swayed, dragon wings blocking out the sun and moon, breaking through black smoke to reveal the gaping maw of the abyss.

In this moment, the old dragon showed its true power, living up to its name as the godness of war.

Crack!

A mast snapped, and an entire ship was overturned by the dragon. Vhagar ignored it, tearing the planking of a warship with its claws and using the momentum to take off.

Boom!

Black smoke obscured the view, dragonfire burning the warships. The fleet, unable to target Vhagar, was pursued by the old dragon and nearly collapsed.

Pop!

Suddenly, a jet of water pierced through the black smoke, shooting through one of Vhagar's wing membranes.

“Vhagar, don’t be impulsive!” Laena shouted, panic rising as she sensed the dragon losing control.

As expected, Vhagar was completely enraged.

“Roar...” The old dragon let out a roar that reverberated for hundreds of miles.

...

On one of the enemy ships, below deck, an old man in a gray robe knelt, his hands immersed in a wooden bucket filled with seawater. His face was haggard, and each time his fingers moved through the water, cold sweat appeared on his forehead.

“Vagana, Rhoynar Mother...” he chanted, intoning an ancient incantation in praise of the Rhoyme, revered as the "Mother."

Drip, drip, drip...

The water in the wooden bucket began to boil, spilling onto the deck and flowing into the surging sea.

...

Vhagar was in a frenzy.

The massive dragon, a hundred meters in length, glided slowly over the turbulent sea, spewing fire indiscriminately at the enemy ships below.

"No, no, no..."

Laena maneuvered deftly, dodging steel spears, her back drenched in sweat. "Vhagar, obey!" she commanded.

But the dragon, overtaken by madness, paid no heed.

"Roar..."

With a mighty roar, Vhagar shattered a barrage of incoming spears, chasing the currents, his breath a deadly stream of fire. Yet, something unusual occurred. Whenever the dragon targeted a flowing water surface, new streams emerged mysteriously from elsewhere.

Pop!

Suddenly, a rogue spear soared through the air, striking the ancient dragon's exposed chest wound.

Splash!

Lacking scale protection, the spear buried deep into his bone, unleashing a torrent of dragon's blood.

The blood poured like rain, scorching those unfortunate enough to be beneath, their cries ending abruptly as they turned to desiccated husks.

Weakened by its injuries, Vhagar's strength ebbed.

"Laena, run!" Rhaenys, witnessing the dire situation, called out for her daughter to fall back.

"Roar!"

Elsewhere, Meleys unleashed its own fury, spitting fire and weaving agilely between the enemy ships, dodging the deadly precision of the steel spears. Its scales, hardened from years in its prime, resisted the deadly sting of scorpion crossbows—though each broken scale was a grave loss.

From afar, Laena could barely hear her mother's frantic cries, lost in the chaos. The once-controllable dragon now thrashed wildly under her. Heart racing, she anchored herself by digging her heels into the saddle's chains, desperate to regain control. "Vhagar, halt!"

"Roar..."

Unhearing, Vhagar continued its assault, igniting ship after ship. A sudden swell caught it off-guard.

Pop!

A chunk of scales from its underbelly detached, revealing yet another vulnerability.

On the other side, the Sea Snake boarded an enemy ship, slashing and hacking at the enemy with his curved blade. Suddenly, he heard his wife and daughter screaming and instinctively looked up.

Zila!

Distracted for a moment, he was stabbed in the chest, causing sparks to fly.

Swish!

Before the Sea Snake could react, another knife cut across his neck.

Sea battles are different from land battles. Infantry and cavalry are heavily armored with all-around protection, with throat armor covering their throats and protective gear for their eyes. Naval battles prioritize being light and mobile; if you fall into the water, you can still save yourself. The Sea Snake, a conceited old sailor, found the throat and face armor cumbersome.

Pop!

A horizontal cut across his throat made his skin feel a sharp pain. The Sea Snake's eyes widened as he summoned all his strength to desperately throw himself backward. A drop of blood oozed out, forming a blood line on his neck.

Plop!

The wound stung to the bone, and he stumbled and fell into the sea.

“My Lord!”

“Lord Corlys!”

The sailors were stunned and cried out in grief.

“I'll go!”

A young but determined voice was heard, and everyone saw a silver-haired figure leap into the sea, swimming towards the Sea Snake who had fallen into the water. But it failed to restore the morale of the crew after the loss of their captain. The sailors on the dozen or so vanguard ships led by the Sea Snake panicked and began to think about running away.

Looking up, they saw two dragons soaring in the sky, but they were held back by enemy firepower. A sense of oppression spread.

"Roar..."

At this moment, a piercing dragon roar erupted. Some looked up and saw a cobalt blue dragon rushing at them at high speed.

Daeron leaned forward, his silver hair flying in the wind, and shouted urgently, “Dracarys!”

Tessarion shot like a blue beam of light into the enemy ships' encirclement, and the cobalt blue Dragonfire surged.

“Shoot the dragon!” someone yelled, mobilizing the scorpion crossbows, aiming at the third dragon that had suddenly appeared.

“Don't worry about them. Burn the sails!” Daeron commanded, clear-headed and never lingering in a fight.

Tessarion's pupils flashed with arrogance as it leapt up and down with great agility, ignoring the scorpion crossbows. The advantage of being small was fully brought into play.

A fleet of more than a dozen warships emerged from the side, beginning to encircle the Volantis fleet, which was now in complete disarray. The situation was suddenly reversed.

Rhaenys swooped down on the enemy ships, repeatedly bombing them, shouting, “Meleys, burn them all!”

Before they knew it, the limitations of the scorpion crossbows disappeared. Even the unpredictable currents of the sea were silenced by the enemy's defeat.

Vhagar remained suspended in the air, its massive body covering half the sky and casting a shadow over the surrounding waters.

"Roar..."

Dragonfire and black smoke raged, burning the enemy's remains.

...

Time passes slowly. It is late afternoon, and the sun is setting. The wreckage of the ships burns, staining the sea red with blood. Three dragons slowly circle overhead as the fleet bearing the seahorse flag gathers in one place.

Sea Snake's cabin.

Thump, thump, thump...

The sound of hurried footsteps echoed as the cabin door was pushed open. Daeron, looking anxious, asked, "How is Lord Corlys?"

A bed was laid out, and the Sea Snake lay there, pale and bloodless. Rhaenys and Laena stood by the bed, their eyes filled with worry.

Daeron saw a bandage wrapped around the Sea Snake's neck and said with concern, "Lord Corlys, he..."

He had been ordered to flank the enemy and had just burned their ships to the ground. As soon as he boarded the ship, he heard the news that the Sea Snake was seriously injured and in a coma. The news hit him like a bolt from the blue, just as the battle had begun.

Rhaenys placed a hand on her forehead and shook her head. "Don't worry. The wound didn't cut an artery. The Maester said he can still be saved."

Daeron hesitated for a moment but then reluctantly shut up. If it didn't cut the artery, it must have cut his throat. In any case, it was a serious injury.

Rhaenys sighed and turned her attention to Laena, asking, "How did Vhagar suddenly lose control?"

If it weren't for Vhagar's almost indiscriminate attack, there wouldn't have been any trouble.

Laena lowered her head in self-reproach and said, "Vhagar was injured and angered by a Water Wizard's sneak attack."

"Water Wizard?"

Rhaenys was stunned and asked, "The Water Wizards of Rhoynar, who has long been lost to history!?"

Hundreds of years ago, the Freehold Empire invaded the Rhoynar River Basin. Three Dragonlords were killed by a water tornado controlled by the Rhoynar Water Wizard. The aftermath of this incident triggered the mobilization of 300 Dragonlords, who burned the Rhoynar River dry.

Since then, the Water Wizards have disappeared. Even when Nymeria, the Warrior Queen of Rhoynar, sailed across the sea with her army, there was no record of any Water Wizards accompanying her.

Laena nodded and said in a low voice, "When I traveled with Daemon to the Free Cities, I heard rumors of water wizards in Asshai."

The couple had considered traveling to Asshai, but the journey was too long, even for a dragon. Asshai itself was also full of dangers, and they abandoned the idea. Who would have thought that there would be a water wizard today, one capable of injuring Vhagar, one of the strongest dragons? Daeron was stunned and asked, "If Vhagar can be injured, why didn't the opponent attack Meleys?" "He couldn't hit her," Rhaenys replied flatly, glancing at her nephew.

Laena added regretfully, "Vhagar is too slow, and in the eyes of the enemy, it's a sitting target."

Rhaenys looked at her daughter and then at her husband, who was seriously injured. She made a decision on the spot: "Laena, take a ship back to Lys and find Helaena to treat your father."

Rhaegar had mastered mysterious magics, one for defense and one for healing. This was no secret within the royal family, which studied binding spells. Helaena and Rhaenyra had both studied more advanced magic, although Rhaenyra's pregnancy had slowed her progress. Helaena, however, was gifted and already able to heal the injured.

Laena immediately looked up, "Why not send a ship to escort Father?"

"No, you and Vhagar are no longer fit for battle," Rhaenys rejected the idea, still hearing Vhagar's roar outside. The old dragon could still get out of control.

Laena wanted to object, but it was useless. She thought to herself, it was all the fault of that despicable water wizard. The main fleet of Volantis was burned to the ground, and the naval forces were completely annihilated. They had achieved a great victory, crippling Volantis' ability to send a single ship to sea. But the water wizard seemed to have vanished. All the ships were burned, and the prisoners were all killed, but they couldn't find a trace of him.

The mother and daughter discussed their strategy, while Daeron, standing at the door, was deep in thought. After a long time, he suddenly said, "We were attacked by a water wizard of Rhoynar. What about my brother?"

Rhaenys and Laena were both filled with renewed urgency. If there were water wizards lurking in the naval battle, how could the main city of Volantis not be on guard?

Rhaenys calmed herself and hurried to the table to write: "Notify the Maester and immediately send a raven to inquire about the main battlefield."

...

At the same time...

"Roar!"

Cannibal roamed the battlefield, its black wings casting a shadow over the turbulent river, incinerating hundreds of small boats on the surface. The wide river split the battlefield in two. The small boats, packed with Volantis mercenaries, rained arrows down on the Knights of the Vale as they attempted to cross.

The Knights of the Vale, constrained on their large ships, found their strength greatly limited.

Pop!

Rhaegar clenched his teeth as he pulled a shard of ice from his shoulder, staining his white linen robe red. A hum resonated as the Bronze rune activated, covering his body with blue rune scales resembling dragon scales. His only injury was on his shoulder, where a large hole had been torn in the dragon scales, and the surrounding area was unstable.

Rhaegar exhaled deeply, using the Serpent rune to heal the wound. Looking down, he saw the river below filled with green fire.

“Roar...”

Bloodwyrn soared above, scorching and destroying the small boats that dared resist. The river, called the Rhoyme, was a crucial battleground.

Three thousand Knights of the Vale had set out from Myr, traversing the Disputed Lands to reach the river. The Rhoyme flowed through the continent, dividing Volantis on the other side. There were several towns north of Volantis. Rhaegar had captured the town of Volon Therys on the west side of the Rhoyme in half a day. However, when he attempted to cross the river to attack Sar Mell, he encountered fierce resistance and was injured by a sudden torrent of water.