

## G.O Thrones 531

### Chapter 531: Priestess of R'hllor

“Attack!”

The allies' small boats crossed the Rhoyme, their archers unleashing a volley of arrows under the cover of dragons. Robb led the Second Sons as the main force, their arrows swift and deadly accurate. Though the enemy had more ships and soldiers, they were nearly overwhelmed.

Dragonfire lit up the river, turning it into a sea of green fireflies. The wailing of the wounded and the crackling of burning flesh filled the air.

On one of the boats, an elderly crone in a gray robe hunched over, her hands folded, and her face as white as paper, reaching into a basin of water.

“Grandma, let's retreat! The dragon is too strong. We can't stop it,” pleaded a young man and woman in white robes, their foreheads sweating profusely, their olive-colored faces contorted in pain.

Their magic was nearly exhausted, and they were in agony.

“Wait a little longer. If we can't kill the Dragonlord, we'll at least keep the enemy from crossing the river,” the gray-robed crone said, lowering her eyelids. Her hoarse voice carried a sense of grim determination.

The two apprentices could do nothing but obediently continue to mobilize their magic.

...

Splash, splash...

The already turbulent Rhoyme suddenly surged with a magnificent wave. In an instant, several small boats capsized.

“Be careful, watch out for the current!” Robb shouted, alarmed, grabbing the boat's edge tightly and warning his younger brother.

The small boats, makeshift replacements for fishing vessels, were unstable. As the waves pulled them under, they quickly sank, leaving the soldiers struggling in the water.

The second group was from the Riverlands, and most of them could swim. But the Knights of the Vale, mostly landlubbers, would sink if they fell into the water.

Whoosh!

The surviving forces on the enemy ships seized the opportunity to counterattack, raining arrows down on the struggling men below.

“Roar...”

Caraxes soared in, sweeping through the dense arrows with its scarlet wings, and unleashed Dragonfire to suppress the enemy's firepower.

“Charge through!” Daemon shouted coldly, splitting the battlefield from atop his dragon.

“Charge! Charge!”

“Cross the river and you won't die!”

The army's morale surged. They rowed faster despite the waves, their faces flushed with excitement, as if fueled by sheer adrenaline.

...

Rhaegar's face remained calm as he observed the battle below.

“Roar...”

The Serpent wrapped around his finger, sucking the black mist from his shoulder. The wound healed, and the Serpent drifted back into his palm.

“Cannibal, let's cross the river!”

Rhaegar's eyes locked onto the small sailing ships hiding in the rear, a cold light flashing in his eyes. The Cannibal's green eyes were dark and deep, and its massive body cast a wide shadow as it crossed the river, calmly passing the burning ships.

Rhaegar's goal was simple: to take advantage of Daemon's morale-boosting charge and cross the river in one go. By occupying Volon Therys and Sar Mell on both sides of the Rhoyme, they could cut off Volantis's inland support. With the army then heading south, Volantis would be a city in isolation.

...

In the boat.

With the waves crashing outside, the cabin felt as damp as if it had rained indoors.

Gurgling...

The water in the basin bubbled, surrounded by scattered water stains. The gray-robed old woman, pale and trembling, rose unsteadily and said in a weak voice, “Let's go.”

She could smell the dragons approaching.

The white-robed man and woman lay sprawled on the floor, their faces expressionless, their once smooth skin now shriveled and aged. The Rhoynar's characteristic black hair had turned gray at the temples.

The gray-robed old woman glared at them, shouting, “Get up! What time is it?”

But they were too weak to respond. Despite her repeated calls, the white-robed pair remained dazed, struggling unsuccessfully to rise. Their magic was exhausted, their vitality drained, and the backlash on their bodies was severe.

“What a pair of failures.”

The Crone seethed with anger at their lack of progress. She retrieved a fist-sized sapphire from her bosom, absorbing a wisp of its aquamarine luster. The sapphire dimmed slightly as the Crone's strength marginally improved.

She grabbed the man and woman in white robes and dragged them out with difficulty.

"We can't stay any longer. The dragons won't spare any ship."

The gray-robed Crone smashed open the cabin door. The smell of ash and burnt flesh filled the air, choking those inside.

...

At this moment, a shadow fell from above.

"Roar!"

A greenish flame descended, filling the air with smoke and mist.

The old woman looked up in panic as the green fire engulfed her face, burning off her eyebrows and skin.

"Ah!"

Her scream was piercing, echoing along the edge of the Rhoyme.

Cannibal hovered in the air, stretching its neck to aim at each boat and spewing out green Dragonfire.

Rhaegar's eyes were cold, and he held a glass candle in his hand, its flame illuminating the Crone's last moments.

Attacking in the shadows? Do you think the Targaryens are the last dragonlords who don't know magic?

Rhoynar's water wizards were legendary, daring to challenge the invincible Freehold Empire and boasting the glory of killing three Dragonlords.

But there's a saying in ancient Valyria: "Wizards are not scary. They die if you cut off their heads."

Rhaegar's fighting spirit blazed as he looked across the Rhoyme to Sar Mell and shouted, "Break into the city!"

"Roar!"

Cannibal slowly flew up to the top of the city, contemptuously looking down at the poorly equipped defenders, and unleashed a jet of Dragonfire.

Boom!

The dark green Dragonfire swept across the city walls, shattering the gates.

...

It was late at night, with the moon and stars shining brightly. The Sar Mell gate had fallen, and a new army was now stationed there. Two dragons soared low in the sky, cloaked in the night as they savored the bloodshed of the day.

Inside the camp, within the general's tent, Rhaegar leaned back in his chair, his head resting on his hands, eyes closed as he listened to Robb's report on the battle.

"Your Grace, 90% of the casualties in this battle occurred during the crossing of the river," Robb, covered in blood, reported. "The Second Sons lost 200 men, and the Knights of the Vale lost 1,800 men, either killed, drowned, or seriously injured. In total, we killed 3,400 enemies."

Rhaegar nodded silently, waving him away. He had a good sense of the situation. Sar Mell had stationed 5,000 mercenaries and prepared hundreds of boats, oil, and bows and arrows in advance to maximize the loss of manpower as the Iron Throne's army crossed the river.

A dragon could burn a city, but it couldn't conquer the Free Cities alone. Without soldiers, the Iron Throne's initial attack on Volantis would fail. After all, gathering a new army would take more than half a year.

"What do you think? Should we rest up for a few days?" Daemon asked from across the tent, his black steel armor removed, revealing gauze wrapped around his arm. A thick layer of gauze, with blood oozing through in a plum blossom pattern.

Rhaegar glanced at him and said, "No need. Our supplies won't last for more than a few days." The attack on Volantis required a swift land and sea siege, much like the tactics used in the Myr siege. The Second Sons and the Knights of the Vale had traveled lightly, carrying only half a month's worth of food and supplies across the Disputed Lands, appearing as swift as the wind. They aimed to occupy the two towns on either side of the Rhoyme River as a supply base.

Volantis wasn't entirely foolish; they had taken advantage of the Rhoyme River. Volon Therys adopted a policy of non-resistance, moving their army out of the city before it was occupied. Sar Mell made a desperate attempt to burn the granary before the city fell.

Without a supply base, the army needed to capture Volantis quickly. Daemon, gauze tied around his mouth, took a sip from his wine cup. "The soldiers have suffered greatly and are not suitable for continued combat," he noted. Not only the soldiers but the dragons were also weary, especially with the appearance of the Rhoynar water wizard, who was as insidious as a snake in the dark.

Rhaegar shook his head and smiled wryly. "Instead of thinking about that, we should be thinking about how to attack Volantis." He didn't care much about the soldiers' lives; the main force consisted of the Vale faction, and it was they who had borne the brunt of the casualties. The Second Sons had supported them for so many years, it was only fair they made sacrifices now. When the war ended, the fertile lands of the Disputed Lands could be divided up and given away.

Daemon's interest was piqued immediately. "It's easy to attack a city; it just depends on whether you want a ruin or a Free City," he remarked.

Volantis' outer walls weren't very strong, except for the formidable Black Wall. However, burning a city had severe consequences. The loss of lives and the astronomical costs of rebuilding the Free Cities were daunting. When Rhaegar conquered Myr and Lys, both cities were severely damaged by dragons, requiring extensive and costly reconstruction financed by loans from the Iron Bank.

Daemon had faced similar challenges. To suppress rebellion, Caraxes repeatedly burned parts of the cities, earning him a reputation as a "murderer" and "invader." Without sufficient funds, the Free Cities would remain in ruins. Even today, only the eastern part of Tyrosh, the most prosperous area with its port, had been restored, while the rest of the city remained a burnt-out wasteland.

Rhaegar was acutely aware of the high costs associated with taking Volantis. He wondered if confiscating the Tiger and Elephant parties' properties would suffice.

"Your Grace, someone is here to see you," a messenger announced from outside the tent.

Rhaegar and Daemon exchanged curious glances. After suppressing the rebellion, unexpected visitors were rare.

"Send them in," Rhaegar ordered.

A few moments later, the sound of rustling footsteps was heard, accompanied by a strong scent of perfume. The tent curtain was lifted, revealing a beautiful red priestess in a red robe.

Rhaegar frowned. "Priestess, why are you here?"

The red priestess removed her hood, revealing two tattoos of tears on her cheeks, and smiled charmingly. "Of course, I welcome His Majesty the Emperor back to Volantis." She stepped forward, her long, slender legs visible, and bowed respectfully.

Daemon chuckled, "The emperor of Volantis is attacking his own Free Cities."

Rhaegar's face darkened. "Priestess, make yourself clear."

The red priestess looked around before speaking. "Your Grace, Volantis is not a monolithic entity. Many people are looking forward to your return."

Rhaegar didn't buy it. "The faction of the old nobles or the faction of the party of the people, just say it."

The red priestess, smiling, said, "I don't rule out the possibility that they admire you."

Rhaegar's displeasure was evident. The red priestess quickly adjusted her demeanor, regaining her composure. "The Lord of Light told me that he does not want Volantis reduced to ruins. He hopes a benevolent king will rule and allow the people to live in peace and security."

"Do you have a plan?" Rhaegar asked directly.

The red priestess' eyes narrowed, and she said bluntly, "Tesrio of the Tiger Party has formed an alliance with Slaver's Bay. He has Braavos mercenaries under his command, Qohor-made scorpion crossbows, and water wizards hired from Asshai. These wizards who manipulate water magic are heretics who do not respect the Lord of Light."

She then added in a low voice, "I can take you to the Black Wall, where the Elephant Party will hold a meeting to eliminate Tesrio and the heretical wizards."

Chapter 532: Rhoynish Relics

Rhaegar remained silent, glancing at Daemon across from him. Both were analyzing the feasibility of the proposal. Daemon looked at the red priestess and said to his nephew, "If I remember correctly, you are very repulsed by witches."

The implication was clear: she could not be trusted.

The red priestess did not refute him, waiting quietly for an answer. Rhaegar thought for a moment and said calmly, "Yes, but this method is effective." Minimizing losses and taking the city from within and without was a tempting strategy.

"It could be a trap," Daemon warned.

"This possibility cannot be ruled out," Rhaegar admitted.

"I don't oppose it, but you have to think it through." Daemon frowned slightly, having little trust in the people of the Free Cities.

Rhaegar looked directly into the eyes of the red priestess. He saw no trace of guilt, only the serenity of someone facing death. After a moment of hesitation, he asked tentatively, "How many people can you bring?"

The more people she brought, the less trustworthy she would appear.

The red priestess looked at the uncle and nephew and revealed the truth: "It's best to go alone, and he must be a Targaryen." Without a Targaryen, the old nobility and the Elephant Party would not be at ease.

Daemon tapped his fingers on the table and said calmly, "I'll go for you."

As a good nephew, the king should not take unnecessary risks.

Rhaegar shook his head. "I'll go myself."

"You should think carefully. There is a possibility that you will not return," Daemon warned.

"Uncle, you know me. It's hard for ordinary people to hurt me."

Rhaegar made his decision. "I will enter the Black Wall, and you will command the army from the outside."

Daemon's eyes flashed, and he drained his cup in one gulp.

...

The Summer Sea.

"Roar..." Vhagar growled, and with a mighty flap of its wings, the massive dragon soared into the sky, protecting a warship as it returned to the Disputed Lands.

Laena felt extremely depressed, unwilling to leave the battlefield. The old dragon's temper had worsened with age, and it would brook no offense, especially when faced with the water wizard from Rhoynar.

It was as if it had encountered its natural enemy, making it easy for it to lose control again.

Behind them, the Velaryon fleet sailed in the opposite direction.

On the deck, the Sea Snake stood beside Rhaenys, who gazed at the night sky, watching her daughter return home, guided by the stars.

"It's cold at night, Aunt," Daeron said, approaching with a lamp in hand to comfort her.

Rhaenys tightened her cloak and said casually, "You're right. A dragon is not afraid of fire, but it is afraid of the cold."

The Summer Sea, located in the tropics, had extreme temperature differences between day and night. The damp sea breeze at night could penetrate even the thickest armor.

Rhaenys watched the shadow of Vhagar slowly disappear and suddenly remembered something. "What was the name of the young man who saved Corlys during the day?"

"Addam," Daeron replied, smiling. "He also saved Rhaena and Maekar."

It was clear from his tone that the two had a personal relationship.

Rhaenys frowned slightly, suspiciously asking, "A bastard of Valyrian descent?"

A bastard born in Hull, whose grandfather was a retired shipwright, and whose father was unknown. It felt a bit strange.

At this point, she had to admit that women have a sixth sense.

Daeron scratched his head and said honestly, "Addam has another brother, both of whom are good sailors."

"I see," Rhaenys said, stopping her line of thought. "The fleet is approaching the port of Volantis. We may have to attack first."

Rhaegar and Daemon would take the land route, which would take longer. Before Volantis received news of the fleet's destruction, they needed to catch them off guard.

"Yes, my lady," Daeron replied, descending the stairs with a serious expression on his face.

...

The next night in Volantis, under the shadow of the Black Wall, a red priestess in a hood walked with a confident stride toward the city gate.

"Stop! Your token!" A guard with a tiger face pattern on his armor stopped her and asked the usual questions.

The red priestess tossed a token at them and said coldly, "I'm here to attend Lord Tesrio's meeting."

The guards exchanged glances, checked the token, and returned it to her.

The red priestess raised her head and strode into the Black Wall.

"Wait!"

She turned back, her face impassive. "What?"

The garrison members looked at each other in embarrassment, then pointed to the red priest beside the red priestess, hesitating, "Who is he?"

The red priest turned his head, revealing a weathered and sagging face.

"He is one of the priest of the Red Temple. What more proof is needed?" The red priestess approached the guard, her presence completely overwhelming him.

The garrison member bowed his head, hurriedly saying, "Let them pass!"

"Hmph!" The red priestess snorted, and her figure gradually disappeared into the night.

...

The headquarters building.

The red priestess successfully infiltrated the building with her token. Finding a hidden corner, she turned and said hurriedly, "The Triarch of the Elephant Party hasn't arrived yet, so things may change."

The red priest removed his hood, revealing a strand of silver hair as his cold voice replied, "What difference does it make?" He wiped his face, removing a human skin mask, and Rhaegar's true face emerged.

He had learned this technique from Syrio, but the materials for making the mask were hard to find.

The red priestess looked around warily, her voice sharp, "The old nobleman and the Elephant Party's Triarch will both bring teams of soldiers. Without similar support, escaping unscathed will be difficult."

"It's a piece of cake," Rhaegar replied, scanning the area before putting his hood back on. "I'll make my move when the council begins." With that, he climbed the stairs to the top of the tower.

He had learned to kill at the age of six.

The red priestess, impatient and puzzled by the confidence of a dragon rider without his dragon, hesitated for a moment before following the instructions and heading to the banquet hall.

Tesrio, the Tiger Party's Triarch, was a flamboyant character who never left the company of wine and women, always accompanying meetings with banquets.

...

Rhaegar didn't bother to explain and slipped in unnoticed. When the water wizard from Rhoynar appeared, the Tiger Party, Elephant Party, and Tesrio were all secondary. He had to eliminate the threatening water wizards first.

On the top floor, deep in the corridor, a footman carrying a tray of food descended the stairs with steady steps. Suddenly, a pair of hands reached out from behind.

Snap!

The neck snapped, and the corpse lay on the ground, eyes wide open.



"Sorry, you're out of luck," Rhaegar sighed and closed his eyes briefly in remorse.

He then entered the room the footman had just left. The wooden door emitted a faint scent of condensation, and the cool touch of the doorknob was incongruous with the sultry climate of Volantis.

Rhaegar smiled and muttered, "I've got you."

He gently pushed open the door. The room was empty, with only a set of tables and chairs. The doors and windows were all closed.

"Ahem..."

A weak cough came from the bedroom. An old man's voice followed, "Didn't I say I couldn't eat?"

Rhaegar's eyes darkened slightly. He walked lightly to the bedroom door and, through the gauze curtain, saw a frail old man in a gray robe. The old man's eyes were cloudy, his sparse black hair barely covering his scalp, and he lay on the bed with no strength.

At first glance, he looked very much like the old woman who had burned to death—both were Rhoynar with black hair and olive skin.

Clatter...

The curtain lifted a corner, and a figure in a red robe walked in. The gray-robed old man realized something was wrong, looked up at the door, and immediately turned pale.

"Mmmph!" He tried to call for the guards but was quickly silenced by a hand covering his mouth.

Rhaegar smiled playfully, pinching the old man's neck like a baby bird, and whispered, "Be sensible, and you won't suffer."

The gray-robed old man's eyes bulged, and he shook his head vigorously, attempting to free himself.

"If you don't want to toast, you'll have to drink the poison wine," Rhaegar said coldly.

Crack!

The old man's eyes widened in disbelief as his neck snapped. Rhaegar rubbed his hands in disgust and walked to the small dining table in the corner.

A small table held a wine bottle and three low-ball glasses. Sniffing each cup, he noticed the smell of wine mingled with the stench of something foul.

"Three people, at least two water wizards," Rhaegar muttered, glancing at a strange device on the table. It was a bronze vessel carved with the Rhoynar River and an old turtle in the middle.

It looked like a basin and was filled with water. Rhaegar's expression grew serious as he reached into the bronze basin and fished out a blue clam.

Suddenly, two system alerts sounded simultaneously.

"This exploration mission is now open. The target is the sacred object of Rhoynar, the water bowl."  
"This exploration mission is now open. The target is the gift of the Rhoyme, the essence of the river."

The system panel automatically appeared.

[Water Purification Bowl] Exploration progress: 0.2% (suspended)

[Essence of the River] Exploration progress: 0.5%

Rhaegar quickly scanned the information, pleasantly surprised to find two relics to explore.

Bang!

The door burst open, and hurried footsteps echoed in the hallway. Rhaegar swiftly turned around and slipped the bronze basin into his space bracelet.

Chapter 533: Volantis, Your Emperor is Back!

"Who's there?"

The door burst open, and two guards rushed in.

Rhaegar glanced at them and smiled crookedly. "Just the two of you?"

"You... it's you." The tiger-faced guards stared in astonishment at the man before them, their sword-wielding hands trembling.

Rhaegar's eyes gleamed as he smiled. "You recognize me."

The guard's eyes were filled with confusion, and he swallowed hard, slowly backing away behind his companion.

"Coward! Kill him!" The first guard pushed his partner aside and charged forward, knife in hand, a murderous look in his eyes.

"Reckless," Rhaegar muttered, picking up a shard of glass from a broken cup and throwing it back at him.

The guard took two steps forward before the shard slashed his neck. He clutched his bleeding wound, horror spreading across his face.

"Ho ho..." He turned to see his partner staggering out the door, already fleeing.

Rhaegar pulled up his hood and pursued the other guard, saying indifferently, "No one else wanted to do it, but you had to show off."

The first guard collapsed with a thud, blood pouring from his seven orifices as life drained from him.

...

The banquet hall was a scene of opulence and tension. Tesrio, nicknamed "Tiger," sat at the head of the table, his eyes scanning the gathered guests. He was one of the old nobles and a Triarch of the Tiger Party, representing the powerful elite of Volantis. Around him were several high-ranking officials of the Elephant Party, who controlled the affairs of the Free Cities.

"Bah!" Tesrio spat a mouthful of phlegm onto the floor, cursing the cook for the poor meal. He stretched out his large, calloused feet, slick with sweat. A slave girl knelt under the table, opening her arms to embrace his feet tenderly. Despite the prickly sensation of his sweat-soaked skin, she forced a smile, not daring to show any reluctance.

Tesrio grunted in dissatisfaction and twisted his toes, grabbing two peaches and crushing them with a cruel twist. His feet, like his upper body, were covered in tattoos that gave him a ferocious appearance. Born from the lower rungs of society, he treated those beneath him even more harshly.

"Tesrio, let's get down to business!" An old nobleman, his face sour, rapped his fingers on the table inlaid with gold thread. The powerful naturally looked down on the common people.

Tesrio's face darkened, and he kicked the slave girl back under the tablecloth, causing her to yelp in pain. "Where is the Triarch of the Elephant Party? Why isn't he here?" he muttered.

The old nobleman shook his finger disapprovingly. "Who knows? Perhaps he's afraid you'll kill him."

"Hmph, that's just cowardice," Tesrio replied arrogantly, showing no respect. He often mocked the old nobleman when he felt like it.

The old nobleman's face remained gloomy, but he dared not react, fearing retribution. The red priestess stood behind the old nobleman by a pillar, occasionally glancing at Tesrio's back. Two gray-robed water wizards flanked her, their hands crossed in their sleeves, surrounded by an unpleasant mist.

Tesrio's arrogance was bolstered by the support of Slaver's Bay, other Free Cities, and the water wizards recruited from Asshai. Wizards were rare in any era, and with a few water wizards to protect him, he felt invincible.

...

In the hall and corridor, a figure in a red robe stood silently, watching the scene unfold. Ignoring the passing servants, he observed the growing tension in the room. As the conversation continued, emotions escalated.

The old nobleman stood up and shouted, "Are you out of your mind? You're pitting all of Volantis against the Iron Throne. Remember what happened to the Triarchy!"

Tesrio's eyes narrowed. "Rhaegar the Cruel. He conquered the Triarchy, and sooner or later he will strike at Volantis."

"That's nonsense!" the old nobleman retorted, his mustache bristling. He resorted to foul language, his frustration boiling over. The discussion had reached an impasse; war seemed inevitable.

One side was an ambitious war party, the other cautious fence-sitters clinging to their territory. It was hard to tell who was right.

Pop!

Tesrio lunged at the old nobleman, smashing his head against the table. The nobleman's eyes widened in shock and disbelief before his head burst like a watermelon, adding a gruesome new dish to the table.

Several Elephant Party officials recoiled in terror, pushing their chairs back, fearing they might be next.

Tesrio wiped the blood from his face with a grim expression. “Who is for and who is against Volantis fighting the Iron Throne?”

The hall fell silent.

The Elephant Party officials trembled like quails, fearing the outcome. Volantis's defiance of the Iron Throne had turned it into the battleground together with the Slaver's Bay, and everyone knew war would bring disaster.

Tesrio, a mercenary who had long been exploiting Volantis and the Free Cities, would still live comfortably even if Volantis was reduced to ruins. But the wealthy Elephant Party officials, native-born Volantians, would become lackeys if their city turned into a wasteland.

Bang!

Tesrio slammed his fist on the table. “Speak up! Do you hear me?”

The Elephant Party officials trembled, on the verge of crying out. They realized they were nothing more than cannon fodder, and now even the old nobleman, a genuine Triarch, lay dead.

As the situation crumbled, a figure in a red robe stepped forward.

“Tesrio, do you remember me?” Rhaegar smiled, walking out leisurely.

Hulala...

A group of guards rushed out, surrounding the hall.

Tesrio looked at Rhaegar in surprise, his tiger-tattooed face showing signs of panic. He shouted, a mixture of anger and surprise in his voice, “Rhaegar Targaryen, you think this is the rat's nest of King's Landing, where you can come and go as you please!”

Despite his bravado, his legs were shaking. He had not forgotten who had put him in his position as Triarch.

“Everyone, go! Catch the traitor!” Tesrio motioned for the guards to arrest Rhaegar, silently stepping back to hide behind the two water wizards.

The guards, numbering no less than 20 or 30, all elite soldiers with tiger tattoos on their faces, surrounded Rhaegar, who stood alone.

“Surrender, Your Majesty...” the captain of the guards began, but froze, quickly swallowing back the words “Your Grace.”

Swish!

The remaining guards drew back their swords and shields slowly, their expressions tense.

Rhaegar glanced at the Elephant Party officials and then looked sideways at the red priestess, calmly saying, “The allies you chose are really hard to describe.”

The red priestess, cornered by two guards, barely managed to remain calm. “You are the true dragon. A hint of dragon's might is not something mere mortals can touch.”

Internally, she was cursing the chaotic turn of events.

Rhaegar snorted and shook his head. "Then let me show you what a true dragon is like."

His manner was relaxed, his tone gentle. He was calm and collected, as if he were facing a chicken or a dog.

Plop!

Rhaegar's eyes narrowed, and the hanging lantern above his head crashed down, the candlelight spreading like a living spirit.

"Be careful!" Tesrio was startled and called out to the water wizards to fight the enemy.

"It's useless." Rhaegar smiled faintly. With a flick of his wrist, he drew Truefyre and drove the blade into the floor.

Boom!

Two red tongues of fire shot out from the center of the blade, enveloping the entire hall in an instant. The entire hall was sealed off by flames.

"Mother Rhoyme, give us your power..." The two water wizards' expressions changed drastically as they hurriedly cast their spells. First, they overturned the wine jugs, and the spilled wine began to change shape, summoning water magic to counter the restless fire.

"It's too late."

Rhaegar, as if he were in his own world, unsheathed his blade and dragged it across the floor, leaving scorch marks and trailing sparks. The surrounding guards, unable to withstand the intense heat, began to suffer from oxygen deficiency. Weapons clattered to the ground as the guards fell to their knees, rolling their eyes in agony.

Rhaegar paid them no heed and walked straight toward the two water wizards. He was no novice Dragonlord without a dragon. His mercy and reason had led him to abandon the dragons and avoid burning the city. But the moment he infiltrated the ruling building, the outcome was sealed.

"Old man in the river... river spirit..." The gray-robed wizard chanted fervently, and the liquid shapes of the spirits began to move in strange, twisted ways. Another water wizard was also struggling, attempting to draw water magic from the air to counter the heat wave.

"In the name of the Lord of Light, punish the heretics!" The red priestess suddenly emerged, taking a handful of powder from her chest and throwing it into the fire circle, causing the flames to intensify.

Pop!

The gray-robed wizard spat out a mouthful of blood, and the liquid humanoid he was conjuring crumbled into a puddle of water. Rhaegar glanced at him sideways and, with a swift motion, beheaded him with a single stroke. The black-haired head rolled to the ground, and the flames devoured the deathly expression.

"No! Don't come any closer!" The remaining water wizard was extremely nervous, desperately trying to intimidate Rhaegar by concentrating two ice spears in his palms.

Clang! Clang!

Rhaegar quickened his pace and shattered the ice spears with two swift slashes. "Die, bastard!" he spat. The black blade pierced through the wizard's mouth and out the back of his head. The corpse fell, blood sizzling and evaporating on the floor.

Rhaegar then turned his gaze to the last remaining adversary, Tesrio, a kind smile spreading across his face. "Rhaegar the Cruel?"

"Gulp..." Tesrio swallowed hard and drew his curved knife, trembling in fear.

...

Volantis, Outer City Wall

"Roar..." Caraxes crouched on the ground, perpetually on guard.

Robb approached the Blood Wyrn and shouted, "Your Grace, the King has been in the city for too long. We can't wait any longer."

Daemon sat on his saddle, his eyes fixed on the distant Black Wall. According to the plan, his nephew would take control of the government building and release the signal. It was already past noon, and there was still no news.

Robb, concerned for the king's safety, continued to plead, "Volantis is a tiger pit. We can't leave His Grace alone."

"Shut up, bastard," Daemon snapped, irritated by the incessant noise.

Robb fumed, tempted to throw House Blackwood crest in the prince's face.

Daemon's gaze remained fixed on the night sky over Volantis. He often wondered just how powerful his nephew truly was. The strength Rhaegar displayed at the tournament seemed too restrained, probably not even half of what he was capable of. Taking a city without the aid of a dragon would be a miraculous feat.

Suddenly, a burst of fire shot up into the sky. Within the Black Wall, the ruling building burned fiercely, illuminating the midsummer night of Volantis.

"Prince!" Robb exclaimed, instantly excited.

"Attack, Caraxes!" Daemon commanded.

The Blood Wyrn writhed into the air, a fearsome sight against the night sky.

Boom!

Dragonfire consumed the city gate, and Robb led the 600 men of the Second Sons into the city, their determined charge marking the beginning of the assault.

...

Inside the Black Wall

The fire blazed, illuminating the night like a second sun. Garrison soldiers and guards scrambled into action, while old and new nobles, along with wealthy merchants, fled in panic. A crowd began to gather near the building.

Bang!

The tightly shut door burst open, and several disheveled figures emerged, covered in dust and dirt. Behind them, Rhaegar strode forward, expressionless, brandishing his sword Truefyre, and dragging a half-dead body, its entrails trailing behind.

Someone with sharp eyes immediately recognized the body: "Tesrio! He's dead!"

Tesrio had lost an arm, his lower body was missing, and his eyes were wide open in terror. Rhaegar dragged him by one arm, leaving a trail of intestines on the floor.

More and more people gathered, drawn by the unexpected fire. Among them were senior officials and wealthy merchants, their hearts pounding as they stopped to watch. There were hundreds of them.

Rhaegar walked towards the crowd, his eyes unruffled. He flung the remains of Tesrio's corpse to the ground, every movement radiating arrogance.

Wow!

The crowd took a few steps back, their eyes finally recognizing the figure with silver hair and purple eyes. An uproar ensued.

Rhaegar tilted his head, wiped the blood from his cheeks with his fingertips, and said calmly, "Volantis, your emperor is back!"

Hoo-hoo!

A black dragon's shadow whistled past, descending upon the burning tower behind him. Its green pupils glowed like lanterns, guiding the souls of the dead.

Chapter 534: Helaena is Not a Fool

"Roar..."

The shrill roar of the Blood Wurm echoed around the Black Wall as it descended.

Clatter...

The crowd knelt in unison, their faces filled with fear as they gazed at the man and dragon before the tower. Rhaegar stood silently, accepting their reverence.

From the moment he encountered the first guard, he knew the people of Volantis had not forgotten their former emperor, even if his reign had been brief and fleeting.

Among the crowd, an old man crawled forward, tears streaming from his eyes. "Your Grace, I am grateful to you for killing Tesrio," he said, his voice trembling with emotion.

With this proclamation, the power dynamic was clear. The garrison and guards, seeing the tide had turned, abandoned their weapons and knelt in respect.

Though the title of emperor might have once been considered a joke, the influence of the emperor's authority had left a lasting impact on Volantis. The reduction of the division between the eastern and

western districts, the cleanup of the harbor, and the suppression of deep-rooted crime were all Rhaegar's initiatives, carried out by the Triarch of the Elephant Party for ten years. Even if the Triarchs had been lazy, these policies still left a significant mark on the common people and the slave class.

Rhaegar, with Truefyre with both hands, declared resolutely, "From this day forth, Volantis is under the protection and jurisdiction of the Iron Throne!"

Boom!

Cannibal leaped from the building, landing with a resounding thud and looking up at the sky with its large, green eyes. With a single leap, the already precarious power collapsed, exploding into a different kind of fireworks.

"Long live Your Grace, the Emperor!"

"Long live the Dragonlord!"

The crowd erupted with emotion, shouting for the emperor at the top of their lungs, gazing at the man and the dragon with a mixture of fanaticism and worship.

From the beginning, the people of Volantis had never wanted war. The Free Cities had once been purged of corruption by Rhaegar, allied with the Triarchy to trade and prosper together. Turning against each other was less appealing than uniting under a true Dragonlord.

Rhaegar's stern face finally revealed a hint of a smile.

On the Black Wall, Caraxes crawled slowly, like a large blood-colored snake. Daemon looked down at his nephew, who was receiving the worship of the people, with a complex expression. What truly defines kingship?

Boom!

The Black Wall gate opened, and warriors in red robes rushed in. Each bore a tattoo of a flaming sword, armed with spears and round shields. They were the Hand of the Holy Fire of the Temple of R'hllor.

Rhaegar glanced at them, thinking, Here come the ones who will clean up the mess.

With an inside ally and an outside army, Volantis had changed hands.

...

The Next Day

The Triarch of the Elephant Party, His Residence

In the serene garden, birds chirped harmoniously. Rhaegar reluctantly woke up, his eyes still half-closed.

A system prompt echoed in his mind.

"This exploration is complete. Please pick up the lost treasure."

"..."

Two beeps followed in succession.



Rhaegar rubbed his eyes and reached for the flat surface of the bed. There lay a bronze basin and a blue clam shell, along with two halos of different sizes, one red and one blue.

Bo~

The red and blue light points exploded, transforming into small balls of bright light that eagerly nestled into his palm.

“Relic successfully retrieved, testing in progress...”

“Detection successful. Determined to be a legendary relic: the Attachment of Rhoynar.”

“Detection successful. Determined to be a rare relic: the Spiritual Orb.”

Rhaegar glanced around, finding himself in a cleared tower. He whispered, “Legendary and rare. The Rhoynar really have something.”

A blue drop of water and a blue crystal ball materialized in front of him. The water drop, “Rhoynar's Attachment,” was soft and cool to the touch, resembling a sapphire ornament.

He called up the system panel and recorded the trigger word for the relic.

“The Water wizards of Rhoynar are the stalwarts shields against the Dragonlords, destined to carry the waters of the Rhoyme in their veins.”

Rhaegar tilted his head in confusion and dropped the blue water drop into the bronze basin.

Drip drip...

The water rippled, and light rain fell along the edge of the basin. But nothing changed.

Undeterred, Rhaegar ordered his servants to fetch something. He then examined the bronze basin, the blue pearl, and the spirit pearl. The bronze basin, a “sacred object,” reminded him of the fiery red heart inlaid at the end of the Truefyre sword.

Using the basin to wash his face, he felt refreshed and invigorated. On a whim, he scooped up a spoonful of the water and drank it. The water was cold and slightly sweet, dispelling his fatigue.

“It's delicious,” Rhaegar said approvingly. Whether the basin held any other powers was uncertain, but the water it contained was definitely extraordinary. It seemed to possess a trace of magic, promising to nourish the Spirit and repair hidden wounds in the body with prolonged consumption.

After securing the bronze basin, Rhaegar declared with certainty, “It's a treasure. I wouldn't trade it for a Free City.” He intended to take it back to share with his wife and children.

Next, he turned his attention to the blue clam shell and the spiritual pearl. The clam shell appeared ordinary, but upon closer inspection, Rhaegar noticed it contained a hidden reservoir of water magic.

“A magic clam's pearl?” Rhaegar mused, recalling the legends of the Rhoynar. During the Age of the Free Cities, magical tides surged, filling the world with mystical

creatures. In Westeros, the children of the forest and giants lived together. In the North, the Iron Islands, and the Vale, direwolves, sea monsters, and shadow cats roamed freely.

Over time, as the tide of magic ebbed, humans became dominant, and these magical beings faded into history. Before the Battle of the Rhoyme, Dragonlords had hunted a giant turtle called the "Old Man of the River" in the Rhoyme, sparking a bloody battle that shook the world. This indicated the abundance of magical creatures in ancient times compared to now.

"Another valuable find," Rhaegar concluded, tucking away the magic clam. He regretted slightly that while the Magic Pearl could store magic, it seemed suited only for water magic. Being a fire mage, it wasn't compatible with his abilities.

Finally, he examined the spirit orb. Rhaegar scrutinized it repeatedly before concluding, "A one-time relic." The orb was small, about the size of a fingertip. His eyes gleamed as he lightly squeezed it. With a crack, the orb shattered, releasing a wisp of blue silk-like magic that quickly turned fiery red.

Whoosh! The magic penetrated Rhaegar's chest. His spirit was invigorated as the fire magic in his blood surged and poured into his chest. Thud! Thud! His heart pounded wildly, and a small vortex formed, devouring all the fire magic in his blood. Rhaegar was astonished; he had never experienced anything like this.

Thump! Thump! With each heartbeat, the vortex rotated, purifying the fire magic and mixing it back into his bloodstream. This process continued until the amount of fire magic in his blood vessels had decreased. However, the previously restless fire magic had become unusually docile, like a hunting dog that had been tamed.

Creak! The door opened, and a servant entered, carrying a black-haired human head. The head was olive-skinned, and the brain cavity was empty.

...

Lys, Topless Tower.

Knock, knock!

The door was knocked on, and Helaena called out, "Who is it? Come in."

Creak. The door opened, and Mysaria, the White Worm, stood there with her slightly swollen belly.

"What are you doing here?" Helaena asked, seated on the floor, busy sewing little clothes. The two of them had no common ground and couldn't get along.

Mysaria, the White Worm, appeared calm. "Laena is back, with Corlys Velaryon, who is seriously injured."

Helaena turned around instantly, her nervousness evident. "How is he?"

"Don't worry, he's fine, better than anyone else," Mysaria replied as she walked into the room, her eyes fixed on Helaena. She said tentatively, "You care a lot about your brother, even more than you care about other people's opinions."

Helaena frowned, suspicious. "What are you trying to say?" Her brother was fine. Why was Mysaria here?

Mysaria stroked her stomach. "We are both second wives. We should help each other."

Helaena's frown deepened, and she gripped the long knitting needles in her hands. Mysaria sat down on the floor, maintaining a calm expression. "We can't compete with the first Lady. You are a thorn in Rhaenyra's side, aren't you?"

"No!" Helaena retorted with contempt. "My brother loves me more than Daemon loves you, and I have no intention of undermining Rhaenyra's position."

Mysaria was speechless. She hadn't expected the usually talkative Helaena to be so sharp-tongued.

Helaena turned her head and issued a curt command. "Get out and don't come back."

Did Mysaria really think she was a fool? Rhaenyra had a firstborn and a secondborn as heirs, so she didn't care about Helaena's children. And for some reason, Rhaenyra's resistance to her was far less than Lady Jeyne of the Vale's.

When Rhaenyra learned of her pregnancy, she had a room specially fitted out for her in Summerhall and brought all her usual female companions and courtiers to Lys. Her attitude was clear: she was happy to accept the birth of the child in Helaena's womb. Under these circumstances, and since she had no intention of competing for favor, why bother with the precarious White Worm? The dragon has three heads and they don't bite each other.

Mysaria, the White Worm, froze in place, unable to move. Daemon was leading the dragon on a campaign, and she felt like she was in constant danger.

She had tried to contact Lady Jeyne in the Vale, hoping for some camaraderie as they were both third parties rejected by the original wife. Unfortunately, The Eyrie did reply, but the letter was written to Princess Lyanna, ending with a special message: "An eagle does not associate with worms."

Early that morning, Laena had returned to Lys on Vhagar, bringing with her the badly injured and dying Lord of Driftmark. Mysaria, the White Worm, thought her chance had come. She took a risk and tried to win over the young princess Helaena, but was rejected even more decisively.

Helaena clenched her long needle, muttering, "Go away, don't bother me," as she tried to keep her composure. She was afraid that if Mysaria stayed any longer, she would lose control and lash out. Pregnancy had made her nerves very sensitive.

Mysaria, the White Worm, stared at her for a long time, then got up in a daze. Born lowly, inferior to everyone, she couldn't even find a decent ally.

Creak!

The door opened, and two figures happened to block the way.

"White Worm?" Rhaenyra frowned immediately and checked to see if Helaena was all right on the carpet. Helaena only glanced at the three of them and then resumed sewing her little dress as if it were none of her business.

Rhaenyra glared at Mysaria, the White Worm, and demanded, "Mysaria, what are you doing in Helaena's room?" Rhaegar had entrusted her with Helaena's care before he left, and she was determined not to fail him.

Mysaria, the White Worm, was nervous but forced herself to look the two people in front of her in the eye. Laena, in her red armor, gazed at her coldly and steely.

...

As dusk fell, the sun began to set. In the bedroom where the model sailboat hung, the Sea Snake, with lips as pale as blood, lay on his back on the couch.

"How is it?" Laena asked impatiently.

Helaena looked up at her, locked eyes, and said, "He's not the type of Velaryon who would die in his bed." A serpent with no eyes or ears crawled across her palm, hissing.

#### Chapter 535: Blood Purification

Laena's heart skipped a beat at Helaena's bare stare, and she couldn't help but take a half step back. She hesitated for a second, her lips parted slightly, but no words came out.

Helaena looked away and said, "Lord Corlys will recover soon. I'll be going now." She left without waiting to be stopped.

Laena's hand, which was halfway raised, froze in mid-air. She said awkwardly, "She's still so shy."

"Helaena has only ever been close to Rhaegar since she was a child," Rhaenyra, feeling a twinge of jealousy, remarked. "Don't disturb Lord Corlys's rest. Tell me about the battlefield."

"Okay," Laena replied, shifting her focus.

...

They moved to a different bedroom. After sending the children out to play, Rhaenyra and Laena sat down to chat. They talked about the battlefield, and Rhaenyra was shocked. She also wanted to go to war, but Rhaegar had arranged for her to stay in Lys because Helaena was pregnant. Syrax was not as big as Vhagar or Meleys and had not fought in many battles.

Creak! Johanna pushed open the door and entered, carrying a tray with wine. Laena looked at Rhaenyra, who nodded slightly in preparation.

Laena was relieved and asked Johanna, "Has the White Worm made any moves recently?"

Johanna lowered her eyes and replied, "The White Worm sent a letter to Tyrosh summoning some of her old subordinates."

"Is that all?" Laena was doubtful. As far as she knew, Mysaria, the White Worm, had a group of orphans and many other partners in the shadows.

Johanna thought for a moment and whispered, "The White Worm also sent a letter to The Eyrie in secret, but never received a reply."

Laena was taken aback and looked sideways at Rhaenyra. Rhaenyra took a sip of wine and said, "House Arryn has always been proud, and they choose their allies carefully. If Jeyne were to ally with Mysaria, the White Worm, she would not be worthy of the title of Lady of the Vale."

Laena quickly understood the reason. Rhaenyra looked at Johanna and asked, "What else do you know? Tell me everything." She wanted to reassure her friend.

Johanna replied truthfully, "The White Worm's roots are shallow, and her intelligence network is limited to King's Landing and Tyrosh."

Rhaenyra thought for a moment and then said, "She went to Helaena to win her over as well?"

"Desperate times call for desperate measures," Laena said helplessly. Don't look at Helaena, who is always so dazed and confused, like a little transparent. She is the only sane person in the entire House Targaryen. It's not possible to drag her down.

Johanna's eyes flashed, and she volunteered, "The White Worm's belly is getting bigger every day, and the Maester thinks it's probably a boy."

Laena's expression tightened, and she clenched her fingers around the wine cup.

Johanna continued in a low voice, "Lord Corlys is injured, and the White Worm will not miss the opportunity to get an ally. Prince Daemon has not yet named Lady Baela as his heir."

The reason is that the White Worm has a boy in her belly. Laena's eyes darkened as she retorted, "My father will recover soon, and the White Worm is nothing more than a clown."

Johanna tilted her head slightly, and a flash of light appeared in her eyes. The other party's words focused on the Sea Snake as a father, not on Daemon as a husband. This was already very telling.

Rhaenyra could hear the allure in Johanna's words and reached out to hold her friend's hand, noticing how pale it had become. Laena looked up blankly, seeking reassurance.

Rhaenyra's eyes were firm, and her voice was resolute: "Think carefully about your decision and never regret it."

Laena lowered her head, falling into deep self-doubt. Before she saw the face in front of her, her decision had been to keep the child and stay with deal with the mother. But when she saw the White Worm, she knew what she would feel.

Johanna's reminder was almost imperceptible: "White Worms have many enemies. If you're not careful..." She was being very concise. Johanna pursed her lips and looked at Laena with a piercing gaze. Both were members of the Lys parliament, and they knew each other very well. They understood what she meant.

Laena's face paled at the news. Once and for all, she seemed more reliable. Rhaenyra quickly squeezed her hand and reminded her, "Be reasonable. Don't be a fool and go against the tide."

Anyone who kills the White Worm is a fool. Laena suddenly realized and was shocked, "You're right, I can't go back on my word."

To murder an unborn child is against honor and belief. It was Daemon's fault for pointing the blade at the innocent. Rhaenyra let out a sigh of relief and turned to Johanna with a warning, "Get out and don't disturb us."

Johanna was quiet and quietly left the bedroom. Laena was puzzled and wondered about Johanna's attitude. Rhaenyra sighed softly and explained, "Johanna is from House Swann in Stonehelm. The previous Lord Swann was reluctant to pay the ransom and let her go astray, but she still longed to return to her family to prove herself."

"After House Swann was destroyed, her vision for the first half of her life was shattered. For this reason, she is very hostile to Aemond, Laenor, and the Stormlands, who caused the destruction of her house."

Laena was shocked and hesitated, "But Laenor..."

Rhaenyra shrugged and said helplessly, "She also resents Rhaegar for harboring Aemond, so she feels justified in taking care of Lys for me."

She told it like it was, and the Black Swan's talent and skill were rare in the world. She was reluctant not to use her, yet afraid to use her to the fullest. She was just right for the position of a housekeeper.

...

Across the Narrow Sea, at Storm's End.

"Ga-ga-ga..." A black raven cawed and flew into a tower. In the bedroom, two intertwined bodies stirred. The raven landed on the headboard of the bed, flapping its wings.

"Ha~" Aemond gasped, struggling to rise from the bed, his one eye clearing as he came to his senses. "Where did the raven come from?"

A soft, tender voice emerged from beneath the covers, filled with dissatisfaction. Aemond did not reply, but instead cast a cold glance. The sapphire in his eye glowed with a sinister light.

Floris immediately lowered her head and pulled the thin quilt over her body.

"Ga-ga..." The raven continued its cawing as Aemond calmly took the letter box and swatted the bird away. It flew out of the room in a rage. He opened the box and pulled out a letter.

Aemond read it carefully, his expression growing more incredulous with each word. "Sea Snake is wounded, Volantis has surrendered," he muttered. More intriguingly, Laena had left the battlefield for unknown reasons.

Aemond's spirit lifted, and he rolled out of bed, rummaging through his pockets. Soon, he pulled out a roll of paper—Daemon's reply from the day before. The response had rejected his offer of dragon-riding assistance and was laced with sarcasm.

Aemond held the two pieces of paper side by side, murmuring, "By the time Daemon replied, Laena had already withdrawn, and Volantis had surrendered." The raven had taken at least half a month to deliver the message across the sea. The Battle of Volantis was only the first major engagement of the war, with subsequent attacks on Slaver's Bay and the Smoking Sea also planned.

Daemon had known that Laena had withdrawn and that there were not enough dragon riders on the front, yet he had still refused Aemond's offer and mocked him in his letter.

Aemond's eyes blazed with rage, the humiliation too much to bear. He punched the bed with all his might. A muffled thud resounded, and a trickle of blood ran down his fist. The one-eyed man glared, teeth clenched. "Daemon, you're a good uncle!" he spat.

Floris, frightened by his sudden outburst, screamed, unsure of what her lover was thinking.

"Get out of here!" Aemond's anger clouded his mind. He hastily dressed, then pushed open the door and stormed out. Floris reacted belatedly, asking in surprise, "Where are you going?"

"Lys!" Aemond said through gritted teeth. The door slammed shut, and Floris, left alone, shuddered again, tears brimming in her eyes as she muttered, "Daemon, Lys..."

...

Volantis

In a sunny mansion, beside a stream and a garden, Rhaegar sat in the pavilion fishing.

Splash! The hook sank to the bottom of the water.

"Good hook, accurate and steady," Rhaegar murmured with a smile. He placed the green bamboo fishing rod on his lap and reached into the bronze water basin to stir the water. The basin was clear, and two three-inch silver fish jumped about energetically.

After a hard morning, he had two small fish to show for his efforts. Rhaegar was pleased with himself. He picked up one of the fish and examined it closely. "Hmm, the damage to the scales is gone, and it's even more spirited."

When he first caught it, it had looked like a dead fish, belly up. But after two hours in the water basin, it was full of life. Rhaegar snapped his fingers, and a small flame enveloped the little fish. In a short while, the sizzling sound of the fat was gone, and the live fish had become a grilled fish.

After making sure there was nothing unsavory in the fish's belly, he threw it into his mouth. Rhaegar's eyes were full of anticipation. After a slow and careful bite, he gave his verdict: "It's delicious, but it doesn't taste like anything special."

But that wasn't the point.

Rhaegar closed his eyes and felt his heartbeat. A small whirlpool slowly rotated, circulating the fire magic in his blood, purifying it to the tips of his fingers. The fish entered his stomach and broke down into a wisp of magic. The magic entered his bloodstream through the digestive system and was refined by the beating of his heart until only a trace remained. At this point, the process of growing magic was complete.

Rhaegar opened his eyes and let out a breath. "Spiritual Orb, you have helped me open up a new channel to master the power of fire." The small vortex in his heart had appeared, and he realized how out of practice he was with fire magic. It was like comparing a toddler to a hyena—one was in

heaven, the other in hell. Even using the seven-fireball technique, he could not muster even a tenth of his fire magic.

"A qualitative leap," Rhaegar murmured, his joy barely contained. "Now, I am a true Pyromancer. Before, I was just a pretender."

He reached for the second fish, but a voice interrupted him. "Your Grace, the Velaryon fleet has docked at the harbor and the ministers are waiting for you," his attendant announced from behind.

Rhaegar paused and responded in a low voice, "I know. Tell them I'll be there as soon as possible."

As the attendant left, Rhaegar smacked his lips, threw the second fish into the stream, and retrieved the bronze basin and fishing rod. The basin's power was limited; it couldn't nourish the little fish indefinitely, nor could the thin magic it provided sustain them. However, the fishing rod was handmade and worth keeping.

The moment the bronze basin disappeared into thin air, a blue drop of water fell. Rhaegar reached out to catch it, and a system prompt sounded in his ear.

"Congratulations, the Rhoynar's Attachment has been activated, and you have obtained..."

[Pure Water]

Level: Legendary (Red)

Effect: +100% toxin resistance

Comment: "The purest water in the world, purifying all imperfections and diseases."

The blue water droplet shook, its shell shattered like dust, and it flew away with the wind. With a pop, it turned into a full, real water droplet.

Before Rhaegar could react, the water droplet trembled and entered his mouth, sliding down his throat into his stomach. The sensation was strange and slippery, reminiscent of what Rhaenyra had described as an uncomfortable experience between the sheets.

Rhaegar didn't have time to ponder it. He closed his eyes and let out a faint groan, feeling a tremor from the depths of his soul, as if washing away the dirt from his body. Unconsciously, his Dragonborn form manifested.

Black scales appeared on his forehead, and black fire burned in his eyes. A deformed horn emerged, shaking as if a worm gnawed at it, and then it fell off naturally.

Chapter 536: Blood and the Cook

Rhaegar felt a lightness in his head and froze for a moment. He reached out and touched it. The scales were smooth, leaving small rough pits.

"Is something wrong with me?" Rhaegar was stunned, and for the first time, he felt a sense of regret for the deformed horns. Suddenly, a sharp point poked out from his head.

Rhaegar quickly turned around, and the reflection in the stream showed his face. A pitch-black horn was growing back at a speed visible to the naked eye. Hard, curved, forked... It looked like a real dragon horn.

Momentarily distracted, Rhaegar touched the new horn again and again.

Pop! A small silver fish released from the water swam out, causing a slight ripple.



Rhaegar finally came back to his senses and immediately checked the Explorer's System panel.

Rhaegar Targaryen

Talent: Dreamer (Gold)

Bloodline: Dragonborn (+57%)

Runes: Serpent (Blue), Bronze (Green)

Blood Sorcery: Seven Fireballs (Green), Binding Spell (Blue)

Relics: Blood and Fire (Fire Resistance +100%), Pure Water (Toxin Resistance +100%)...

Comment: "An ancient lineage, in a noble house."

Rhaegar's eyes widened in shock. The bloodline column had increased from (53%) to (+57%), and more numbers were likely to come.

"Pure water, Is it purifying my bloodline?" he whispered, stroking the three-inch long black dragon horn, his heart filled with awe.

It wasn't just the improvement in his bloodline. After reaching 50% or more, every jump in the numbers was a difficult feat. This purification was also unexpected. What surprised him was that the bloodline seemed to have been refined.

The original deformed horns had fallen off, and real dragon horns had grown back. The bloodline's restlessness and negative emotions did not manifest themselves in the dragonborn form again.

Rhaegar touched his chest. His heart beat steadily and powerfully, without any sign of a side effect.

The pure water suppressed the negative state of the dragon blood. Or, it purified the impurities in the blood.

Rhaegar thought about it and whispered, "Impure blood?"

It couldn't be! If his bloodline was impure, there would be no pure-blood Dragonlords in the world. Baelon and Aemon were conceived before his transformation into a dragonborn, and their natural talents were already very superior. The youngest, Maekar, was conceived after his transformation into a dragon and was born with an ambiguous ability to foresee things. It can be seen that his bloodline is stable and unproblematic.

Rhaegar thought deeply and said in a daze, "If it's not my problem, then is it the source of the bloodline?"

If there is a problem with the source of the bloodline, then the offspring will have side effects. But how did the Dragonlords obtain their dragon blood? The story that a group of Valyrian shepherds discovered dragons and were able to tame them is a far-fetched historical account. The real situation is probably another source.

Plop! A little fish leaped out of the water, splashing a puddle on his cheeks. Rhaegar suddenly realized that he was dreaming awake and laughed, "You're thinking too much."

Ancient Valyria had already been destroyed, and the truth could no longer be ascertained. The bloodline had been purified, so he could continue to refine it with confidence. What would it be like if one day the bloodline was purified to 100%?

Rhaegar smiled in relief and turned to walk onto the bridge: "I'm sure I'll find something interesting on my trip to the Smoking Sea."

He was determined to take the Slaver's Bay. The Smoking Sea would also be brought under the rule of the Iron Throne. Whoever dared to resist would not escape Dragonfire.

...

Lys, off the Coast

"Roar!"

An ungainly mud dragon leapt across the Narrow Sea, sneaking into the Free Cities. Its behavior was furtive, almost as if it feared being discovered by humans.

Aemond scowled and slapped the itchy scales of his dragon, shouting, "Stop fooling around, Sheepstealer."

"Roar~~"

Sheepstealer grumbled in protest and landed clumsily in the Dragonpit. It whinnied, resembling a disgruntled young dragon barely seven or eight meters long.

...

Topless Tower, Bedroom

Helaena, exhausted, was sewing a little girl's dress.

Knock, knock!

The knock on the door was familiar.

Helaena turned her head, confused. "Aemond, is that you?"

Creak!

Aemond pushed the door open and entered, head bowed. "It's me, sister."

"You're supposed to be patrolling the upper part of the Narrow Sea." Helaena stood up, tilting her head in confusion. "Why did you come back? Playing the little brat again?"

She knew her brother's personality all too well. He was just like Uncle Daemon, always acting like a spoiled child.

"Nothing, just came back to see you," Aemond replied impatiently, walking into the room and sitting on the carpet, flipping through pages.

Helaena did not stop him, but stood at the door with a stern look on her face. He hadn't done his duty and had come to her room to hang out. And he claimed he wasn't in any trouble.

Feeling uncomfortable under her gaze, Aemond took a small garment from the basket. "This is a boy's style. Am I going to have another nephew?"

"Your royal nephew," Helaena emphasized the order of birth and seniority, growing even more confused. "Laena is back, and you're going to the battlefield?"

She could help write a recommendation letter, but the front line might not approve. Laena couldn't leave Lys for a while. The Braavos and Qohor alliance in the upper part of the Narrow Sea required an experienced dragon stationed there.

Aemond hesitated several times before finally speaking. "You should go back to Myr and take a look."

"Why?" Helaena asked warily.

Aemond looked away and whispered, "No reason. I heard that Myr recently received a shipment of fine lace."

He actually wanted to ask about the whereabouts of the White Worm and the personal attendant, but he feared his sister would report him, so he swallowed his words.

The more he thought about it, the more annoyed he became. Aemond hurriedly got up and walked straight out.

Helaena let him pass, her eyes full of confusion. "Where are you going?" she asked.

"Just wandering around," Aemond replied, feeling much better as his expression returned to its usual coldness.

...

In the Evening, as the Sun Sets

In a dark corner by the gutter, a burly, fat man dressed as a red-armored guard leaned against the wall next to the rushing rainwater. The red glow of the setting sun cast shadows on his face, and he squinted in disgust. He hated twilight, when everything looked blurry in the dark.

Footsteps echoed not far away.

The fat man's ears twitched slightly; he judged there were two people, both thin men.

"Are you here?"

"Sorry to keep you waiting."

A figure in a black robe appeared, followed by a cowering man in tattered clothes. The fat man walked forward, his broad shoulders and massive frame making an imposing sight. He spoke in a low voice, "Prince, what can I do for you?"

Crash!

A money bag was thrown, smashing into the fat man's chest. The figure in the black robe looked up, revealing a sapphire eye under the hood, and said softly, "He is the cook of the Topless Tower and one of the White Worm's little spiders."

"Huh?"

The fat man took the money and grabbed the cook by the collar, staring menacingly. The cook's legs buckled, and he clasped the other's big hand, begging for mercy.

"No, I'm just a insignificant person. If I hadn't been paid, I wouldn't have dared to come!"

"That's enough. He's your helper."

Aemond stopped him in time, took a dagger from his sleeve, and said coldly, "Bring me the head of the White Worm. There will be a reward for you after the job is done." He then threw the dagger to the fat man.

The fat man caught it firmly, his face darkening. He said in a muffled voice, "The Topless Tower is easy to enter but hard to leave. Everyone who lives there is an important person."

Aemond snorted, his single eye scanning the medal and the scar on the other man's chest. "So what?" he asked.

The emblem was two griffins facing each other, the sigil of the Griffin's Roost of House Connington.

The man before him was one of Lord Connington's many bastards, a knight stripped of his title and his family crest trampled on after deserting during the invasion of Dorne. Reduced to mediocrity, he had become a guard at the Topless Tower, clinging to a shred of his former vanity. Aemond only tolerated him because he had access to the tower and was a familiar face from the war.

The fat man stuck out his neck, his voice filled with righteous indignation. "The price we agreed on is not enough!"

Aemond laughed coldly, taking out five more gold coins from his pocket and tossing them onto the ground. "After the job is done, you'll get double that amount."

He turned and walked away, leaving the fat man and the cook exchanging nervous glances. They hesitated for a long moment.

The fat man tucked the money bag away, handed the dagger and sack to the cook, and pushed him forward. "Follow me. We can't let the Prince down."

The cook looked like he was about to cry, but he quickly hid the dagger in his crotch.

Chapter 537: White Worm Assassination

It is night, and dark clouds are gathering.

Topless Tower.

"Be careful, you idiot," the fat man growled as he approached the back door where the fruits and vegetables were transported. He assumed the guise of a patrolling guard, glaring at the cook who was pushing the cart.

The cook, swallowing his nerves, kept silent and pushed a cart loaded with fresh vegetables covered in straw through the door.

The surrounding guards, recognizing the two men from their usual routines, let them pass without suspicion.

...

The corridor was dark and smoky.

The fat man found an excuse to leave the guard and met the cook waiting at the entrance to the pantry.

"Woof, woof..." A dirty little gray dog emerged, whimpering twice.

"Shh, don't make a sound," the cook whispered, kicking the dog and glancing around furtively.

“What are you doing with it?” the fat man demanded, staring at the dog with cold eyes.

The cook shrank back but responded with a sense of entitlement, “This is the watchdog. It has the best nose.” Thanks to the dog, he had secured the job of a cook.

“Cut the crap and find someone,” the fat man ordered, ignoring the dog as he headed towards a seldom-used long corridor.

The Topless Tower was very tall, and the nobles used a winch ladder to go up and down. There were many passageways, but no one used them.

The cook didn't waste any time. He found a torch to light his way and led the dog behind him.

Everything was for the golden dragons promise.

...

Myr, Realm's Estate

It was a dark night, with not a single star in the sky.

Hoo-hoo

A skinny, muddy dragon descended slowly, its claws trampling the grass in the field.

Aemond dismounted and strode purposefully toward the solitary mill.

...

At this moment, a figure was busy in the mill. The walls were dry and peeling, the windows paper-covered and broken.

A dirty table held a candle burning in a waxy holder, with a book propping up one of the table legs.

Otto lowered his head, taking a baked potato and butter from the fireplace, and began to mash and stir them carefully.

"Dinner is ready," he muttered to himself, pulling out a piece of hard black bread to eat with the sticky mashed potatoes.

Otto had aged significantly over the years. His temples were lined with gray hair, his forehead wrinkled, and his once straight back now bent.

He stood at the table, hastily finishing dinner without the precious etiquette he once adhered to. He was a criminal advisor, sent by the king to the Disputed Lands under the rule of Myr, where he spent years cultivating the wasteland and managing the manor.

Life in the countryside was not as comfortable as the life of a nobleman in the High Tower in Oldtown. He had to work hard to earn his food and drink.

Day after day, the hard work eroded Otto's pride. The once deep and penetrating eyes now held a dullness to them.

Creak

The old wooden door creaked open, and a figure with silver hair and one eye entered.

Otto heard the noise but continued making the bed without looking up. The pillow was covered in messy hair.

"Grandfather!"

Aemond looked on with cold eyes and spoke up.

Hearing this, Otto stiffened for a moment and said awkwardly, "After all these years, only you still remember this old man."

Aemond walked around to the dining table and looked down at the leftovers. "It seems you've been doing well. You're not as poor as I thought."

"Just getting by," Otto replied, turning his back to his grandson. He straightened his messy collar before turning to sit down. "How is Alicent?"

He hadn't seen his daughter in a long time and wondered how she was doing.

Aemond tapped the spoon on the plate and replied, "Alicent lives in the chapel at Harrenhal, praying to the Seven Gods for forgiveness every day."

Otto frowned and sighed, "House arrest in disguise, not bad at all."

Aemond did not respond, staring at his grandfather with one eye, trying to peer into his decadent exterior.

Otto let him look and asked bluntly, "What do you want with me? I have to get up early tomorrow to grind wheat for someone." He was not a man to sit idle, working hard from dawn to dusk. As an old man, he could barely endure the hardship.

Aemond sat down, his one-eyed gaze piercing. He placed a dagger on the table and said coldly, "I want a Free City, and I need an opportunity."

"You've come to the wrong place, boy," Otto replied helplessly. "My information is too limited to help you."

"There's no one here, only me," Aemond said, his eyes dark and uncertain. "I know you're not well-informed, so I've devised my own plan."

Otto was stunned and then realized, "You don't have a clue, so you want my advice?"

"Tell me," Aemond demanded, reluctant to admit his worry. He explained his plan to assassinate the White Worm.

The more Otto listened, the deeper his frown became until he interrupted, "If the White Worm is killed, Daemon will turn against the royal family and House Velaryon. Be careful. You can't get back what you've lost."

The White Worm was staying in Lys to have her baby, and Daemon had arranged it that way. Laena had just returned to Lys, If the White Worm was killed under mysterious circumstances. Regardless of the truth, the royal family and the Velaryons would be blamed.

“Isn't that great?” Aemond's lips curled up with conviction. “Daemon is old, and House Velaryon is spoiled by his favor. Everyone will be in chaos, and my brother will trust me more.”

“No wall is impenetrable,” Otto warned. “Rhaegar is not easily swayed. Don't push him too far.”

“Are you afraid?” Aemond challenged.

Otto laughed, “I've already come this far. What's there to be afraid of?” He was only concerned that his grandson would act recklessly and go astray.

Aemond sneered, “You lost a power struggle and now lack the courage to rise again.”

He had hoped Otto would be a key advisor. Seeing this, Aemond angrily got up and left. When he reached the door, he turned around and sneered, “Your heart has aged along with your wrinkled old body. Both are useless and superfluous.”

Bang!

The door slammed shut, sending pieces of plaster falling off the wall. Otto sat down on the edge of the bed, his head bowed, hands crossed. He muttered, “Son of a bitch.”

All he knows is how to act recklessly. He will never accomplish anything in his life.

...

Lys, Topless Tower.

“Hoo~” The fat man and the kitchen helper climbed the stairs, sweating profusely.

“We've finally arrived,” the cook panted, smiling. “This floor is where the important people live. I heard the maid who delivers the food say so.”

“Lead the way, you idiot,” the fat man snapped, tightening the scabbard at his waist and adopting a more serious gaze.

Tap, tap, tap... A figure in the dark corridor, clad in silver armor and white robes, patrolled back and forth.

“Woof woof~” The dog whimpered, biting the cook's pant leg.

The two quickly retreated, hiding in the corner to spy on the hallway. Steffon, a Kingsguard, was meticulously patrolling with his sword in hand. Behind him was the bedroom where the Prince lived.

The fat man peered closely and whispered, “No, that door leads to the king's son.”

“Let's try another way,” the cook suggested, hugging the dog as they climbed another floor. Inside the Topless Tower, the Queen lived on the top floor, while the female guests and Princes resided on the middle floor.

As they ascended to the upper floor, a distinctive aroma of women wafted through the air.

Whoosh! The fat man's figure disappeared around the corner, and a strange shadow flickered behind him.

"Hmm?" The fat man quickly turned around but saw nothing.

"What's wrong?" the cook asked nervously.

"Nothing, I must have been mistaken," the fat man replied, still suspicious as he continued to climb the stairs with his torch.

"Woof woof~~" The two men didn't notice the dog curling up in the cook's arms, shivering with fear.

...

Creak—

In the hallway, the wooden door opened. Maekar, half asleep, stepped out, hugging a small blanket in his arms. His watery blue eyes were full of confusion.

"Prince, did you have a nightmare?" Steffon immediately approached and asked tenderly.

"No, Ser." Maekar shook his head and handed the small blanket to Steffon. "It's cold at night. You must be tired, Ser."

Steffon took the blanket, which still smelled of baby food, and was touched. "Prince, go to bed early. Don't worry about me."

"Good night." Maekar tilted his head to the side, waving his chubby hand, but kept his eyes on the dark corner of the stairs. After making sure there was nothing there, he stumbled back to his room.

...

The fat man and the cook climbed the stairs, noting the absence of Kingsguard on this floor. They exchanged a glance, then looked around at the several tightly closed wooden doors lining both sides of the corridor.

"Which door?" the fat man asked in a low, murderous voice.

"Don't worry, I'll take a look." The cook stroked the dog's head and took a silk scarf out of his pocket. "Smell it. Where is it?"

"Woof woof~~" The puppy whimpered softly, not daring to look up.

Bang! The cook gave him a kick, scolding, "You useless thing, I've been feeding you for nothing."

The dog whimpered pitifully and crawled away in a panic.

The fat man pointed to the nearest wooden door with a cold face. "This is it."

"Are you sure?" The kitchen helper was stunned.



“It’s all the same anyway. Hurry up.” The fat man grabbed his partner by the collar and squatted down to start picking the lock.

Creak.

The door opened.

...

In the bedroom, Helaena was sleeping soundly when a sudden feeling of discomfort rose up in her heart. Her eyebrows furrowed slightly, as if she had just had a nightmare.

“Phew!”

Helaena woke up with a start, panting and covered in sweat. The candlelight flickered, casting eerie shadows on the walls, and the bedroom was silent.

“Rats, worms...”

Her heart pounded in her chest as she quickly grabbed the two small clothes by the bedside, hugging them tightly. She hurriedly got out of bed, her instincts screaming that something was terribly wrong.

...

Meanwhile, in the next room, Mysaria was half asleep and half awake, tossing and turning restlessly. Suddenly, the sound of a door lock being picked came from the adjacent room. Mysaria's eyes snapped open, her sleepiness immediately vanishing.

Coming from a humble background, she was always on her guard. Quickly tying her scarf, she went to the door barefoot and peered through the crack. She saw two figures, one fat and one thin, prying open the door to the next room and sneaking in.

“Damn it,” Mysaria muttered, realizing they were likely coming for her. Her brain raced, trying to come up with a plan. Slipping out through the crack in the door, she moved silently downstairs in the darkness, unnoticed.

She knew there were Kingsguards downstairs and thought she could call out to them for help. But as she passed a half-open wooden door, she recognized it as the bedroom of the princess Helaena.

“Where did everyone go?” Mysaria wondered, perplexed. She guessed that Helaena might have escaped downstairs before her. With the assassins close behind, there was no time to lose. Mysaria hurried down the stairs barefoot, her heart pounding with urgency.

Chapter 538: Daemon’s Return

“Run faster, run faster...” Helaena muttered, her heart pounding as she sprinted up the stairs with Maekar in her arms.

“Auntie,” Maekar murmured, feeling listless and slumping against her.

“Don’t worry, we’re almost there,” Helaena reassured him, glancing back frequently.

Ser Steffon followed closely, his face tense as he remained silent, not daring to disturb the Princess and the Prince.

The hall was eerily quiet, save for the crackling bonfire that cast flickering shadows, dispelling the night's darkness. Helaena rushed inside, dropping to her knees at the edge of the fire altar.

Maekar looked around, his confusion deepening as he saw the red priest Varys lighting candles nearby.

"Princess," Varys greeted her calmly, as if this were an ordinary occurrence.

Helaena remained silent, gently rocking Maekar back and forth as if to lull him to sleep. She adored her nephew and had instinctively woken him, seeking refuge in what she believed to be the safest place.

"I'll stand guard," Steffon announced, positioning himself resolutely at the door, his expression helpless but determined.

Varys offered a sweet smile, suggesting, "You should inform the other Kingsguard that there is no danger here."

Steffon hesitated, glancing between Varys with his intricate tattoos and the anxious Princess and Prince. Deciding against leaving, he straightened his back, ready to protect Maekar at all costs.

"Well, that's fine then," Varys said with a shrug. He lit two sticks of calming incense, his gaze drifting to the doorway.

Whoosh!

A shadow flitted past, moving like a ghostly wraith.

Varys' smile remained undiminished as he shook his head in quiet amusement.

"A family of petty minds," he mused softly.

...

Mysaria ran downstairs in a panic, but the Kingsguard who should have been on duty was nowhere to be seen.

"Seven levels of hell!" she cursed under her breath.

The corridor was dark and desolate, her footsteps echoing in the emptiness. A sense of powerlessness invaded her chest as she realized how alone she was. Who had ordered the assassination? She wasn't sure. But someone had been near her room, and the Kingsguard supposed to be on duty had vanished.

The coincidences seemed to remind her that there was no one she could trust in the Topless Tower.

"Woof woof~~"

A dog limped out, whimpering at the corner of the stairs. Mysaria's face changed as she heard the faint sound of men scolding and cursing.

Without hesitation, she turned and continued running downstairs. She didn't trust anyone else, but she knew of a safe haven.

...

It was late at night. Mysaria curled up in the cold, damp cellar. The space was filled with radishes and potatoes, and she rubbed her hands together, trying to find some warmth. If she could just get through the night, she would board Myr's merchant ship to Tyrosh in the morning.

"Damn it, where is that bitch hiding?"

"Keep your voice down. How should I know?"

Just as she let her guard down, she heard familiar voices outside. Her eyes widened as she hastily covered herself with sackcloth, her nerves more on edge than ever. Why would someone be in the pantry? She had checked earlier, and no one but the cook should be in the cellar.

"Woof woof~~"

The dog whimpered, slipping into the kitchen to find something to eat in the slop bucket. The man and the dog were separated by a door, but they could hear each other breathing.

Splash!

The slop bucket was kicked away, and a rough voice yelled, "Eat shit! If we can't cut off the head of the White Worm, you won't get a penny."

The dog was being bullied, and the cook was also angry: "What are you so angry about? You can't get into the white worm's place."

Behind the door, Mysaria heard this and dared not breathe. Sure enough, someone had put a bounty on her head.

Suddenly, a mangy rat poked its head out, jumped onto Mysaria's lap, and then jumped out of the door.

"Ooh!"

Mysaria was shocked and quickly covered her mouth to stifle her voice. The mouse squeezed through the crack in the door and scurried into the kitchen to find food.

"Woof woof~~"

The puppy, who was licking the slop, was the first to notice the rat. Soon after, the sound of something moving in the pantry was heard.

The fat man and the cook froze, turning their heads to look at the closed cellar door. There were many rooms in the Topless Tower where they could hide until dawn, but the White Worm did not call the guards to arrest them. Could it be...

Bang!

The two men looked at each other, and the fat man kicked open the cellar door, revealing the pale woman hiding under the torn sack.

“Haha, it was easy to get her,” the cook chuckled and reached into his pants. After two fumbles, he pulled out a dagger.

The fat man snatched the dagger and said with a gloomy face, “You hold her down, I’ll do it.”

“Who are you, and how much is the reward?” Mysaria gasped for breath and tried to bribe them: “I’ll give you ten times the price if you let me live.”

“Ten times?” The fat man’s eyelids drooped, and he seemed to be tempted: “That’s a lot of money.”

Mysaria followed up, swallowing her saliva: “With the money, I can find a ship to Pentos and ensure your safety.”

“Oh, what do you think?” The fat man looked expressionless and glanced at the kitchen helper.

Mysaria silently stepped back, clutching a carrot in her hand, waiting for the two to discuss the results.

Pop!

A slap hit her face hard and fast, causing her cheeks to swell up. Mysaria felt a sharp pain and fell to the ground, dizzy.

“Bah!” The fat man spat and said disdainfully, “Lying words, I’ve been able to do that since I was a kid.”

The cook grabbed Mysaria by the hair and urged him, “Hurry up and get it over with so we can leave.”

“I know.” The fat man raised his dagger and aimed it at the pale neck.

At the last moment, a dog barking was heard.

“Woof woof~~”

The fat man froze at the sound and angrily shook his head: “Damn stupid dog, can’t you stop barking!”

In a flash, there was more than one dog at the door of the vegetable cellar. There was also a slender shadow holding a crossbow.

Whoosh!

A crossbow bolt flew through the neck of the excited cook. His body stiffened, and blood gushed from the wound. Mysaria was splattered with blood and suddenly snapped back to reality, smelling the stench.

“Who!” The fat man was startled, and because of the light, he could only see a vague shadow.

Shoo! Shoo!

Two more arrows were shot, piercing his arm and thigh.

“Ahhh!” The fat man let out a scream, and the dagger fell out of his hand. His eyesight was poor, thanks to the attack by a runaway frenzy silver dragon when Dorne invaded the Stormlands. His comrades died before his eyes, and the firelight hurt his eyes. He panicked and deserted.

“Die!” Mysaria was ruthless, picking up the dagger and stabbing it into the fat man's beer belly. She rolled and crawled out of the room.

At the door, the shadow with the crossbow was still there.

“Who are you?” Mysaria didn't trust anyone and didn't dare to get too close.

The shadow glanced at her, removed the black scarf covering her head, and revealed a face with an exotic style. Sara's expression was cold, and she casually said, “Don't worry, you're safe.”

“The queen sent you. Who are they?” Mysaria was confused and couldn't tell friend from foe.

Sara loaded the crossbow and said calmly, “I don't know. They're just little thieves.” The Topless Tower is not a rat's nest like King's Landing. It's not a place where people can just come and go as they please.

Seeing that she was about to shoot the crossbow again, Mysaria quickly stopped her: “Leave them alive to interrogate the mastermind behind this.”

Sara paused, and thought it made sense.

Suddenly, a sound of small objects rustling came from behind.

“Woof woof~~” The puppy lay on the ground, covering its head with its paws and not daring to look.

Another ghostly figure appeared, holding a bamboo skewer in his hand.

Whoosh!

The bamboo skewer shot out, heading straight for the fat man's neck.

Sara's eyes narrowed, and she kicked the bamboo skewer away, coldly saying, “What are you doing?”

“Don't be so excited, little girl.” The ghost tilted his head and said in a soft voice: “Believe me, he shouldn't be alive.”

“You're just pretending to be a ghost.” Sara raised her crossbow.

The ghost sighed softly and slowly walked out of the darkness. Unkempt brown curls, rough skin, and a sloppy appearance. Syrio glanced at Mysaria and said in a calm voice, “The teachings of the Faceless Men are that you should not leave any loose ends behind.”

He had seen the assassins enter the Topless Tower. But the assassins' origins were hard to fathom. It would be bad for the royal family's reputation to leave a survivor.

Sara's eyebrows rose in anger, and she said unceremoniously, "He must be kept alive. The queen will interrogate him herself."

The two assassins had sneaked into the Topless Tower, intending to assassinate the Prince's Paramour. If the truth is not uncovered, the dirty water will be splashed on the queen and Lady Laena.

"Doesn't make sense?" Syrio's eyes were as sharp as a hawk's.

Sara did not back down, calmly saying, "There has to be an explanation."

The two top assassins exchanged a fierce look. Mysaria's face tightened, and she walked out of the room step by step.

In an instant, two dark shadows collided, the clanging sound of metal clashing reverberating through the cellar.

"Guards, where are the guards?" Mysaria shouted as she ran out the door, her voice echoing in the hallway.

Clatter...

The guards, alerted by the noise, hurried toward the cellar.

Inside the cellar, Syrio, with a bloody mark on his cheek, moved gracefully, his steps precise and measured.

Sara stood her ground, two daggers poised in her hands, her eyes locked on Syrio.

"You've lost," Syrio said, his tone dripping with sarcasm as he looked for an opening.

Sara remained silent, covering the bloody gash on her left thigh, her breathing steady despite the pain.

"Someone, hurry!"

"Assassin! Hurry up!" The commotion outside grew louder as a group of guards rushed over.

Syrio lowered his gaze, picked up a radish, and tossed it toward Sara as a test.

With a swift motion, Sara waved her hand, slicing the radish cleanly in half.

Whoosh!

Seizing the moment, Syrio rolled sideways, grabbed the crossbow from the ground, and shot an arrow at the fat man.

Pop!

The arrow pierced the fat man's eye socket before Sara could intervene.

The two assassins exchanged a glance, understanding passing silently between them. They quickly gathered their equipment and prepared to leave, knowing the man was dead and the cleanup was no longer their responsibility.

...

That night, the entire Topless Tower was abuzz with activity. Lights blazed in every window, and the hallways were filled with a throng of people.

The search for the assassin's accomplices and the truth behind the assassination was in full swing. Rhaenyra, roused from her sleep, joined the frantic efforts.

White Worm could be a target, but not on her watch. She knew Daemon would not let this go unpunished.

...

A few days later, in Volantis, within the grand mansion...

"Volantis and the surrounding towns have surrendered. Our next strategic objective is Slaver's Bay," Rhaegar announced, his voice echoing in the large, bright hall as he moved a large wall map.

Daemon and Rhaenys, each standing on opposite sides of the map, stared intently at the three slave Free Cities.

Rhaegar, full of vigor, declared loudly, "I propose that we attack Yunkai first and use the strategy of encircling and attacking the reinforcements."

"Slaver's Bay is too vast for three dragons and a naval fleet to conquer in one swoop. We must wear them down first, then destroy them piece by piece. Only then can we defeat the remnants of the Old Empire of Ghis and the bastard Dragonlord."

Knock, knock! The sound of knocking came from outside.

A servant quietly entered and whispered two words in Daemon's ear.

Rhaegar took a deep breath and watched quietly.

Bang! Daemon suddenly exploded, slamming his hand on the table and kicking the chair away. He cursed as he stormed out, "Damn bitch."

Rhaegar and Rhaenys exchanged puzzled glances, unable to understand why Daemon had suddenly lost his temper.

"Brother," Daeron rushed over, clutching two letters in his hands.

Rhaegar opened the first letter, which contained the details of the assassination attempt on Mysaria, the White Worm, sent by Rhaenyra.

The second letter was from Maris Baratheon of Storm's End.

Rhaegar tore off the seal and read the letter. His face darkened like a stormy sky, his breathing becoming heavy with anger.

"Aemond!" he growled.

Chapter 539: Pulling the Strings

"Roar..." Caraxes let out a loud neigh, and like a snake, it soared into the sky, leaping over the Black Wall.

Inside the mansion, through the glass floor-to-ceiling windows, it was clear to see Daemon riding the dragon away. Rhaenys frowned in disbelief, "White Worm was attacked?"

“Yes, fortunately someone was guarding the Topless Tower,” Rhaegar's face darkened, but he let out a sigh of relief. The fact that White Worm was unharmed meant there was still room to maneuver.

Rhaenys looked at a piece of paper and said with certainty, “It couldn't have been Laena. She has her own pride.”

Rhaegar glanced at the paper and said nothing. Daeron lowered his head, eyeing the second note in his brother's hand. If his guess was correct, that letter probably contained the name of the real culprit. His brother had just become angry and said Aemond's name.

Rhaenys, unaware of the second note, had already prepared for the worst: “I'll ride back to Lys with Meleys to prevent Daemon from making a scene.”

“I'll go back instead,” Rhaegar interrupted, calmly saying, “The real culprit is someone else. We have to give Daemon an answer.”

Rhaenys sensed something was wrong and asked suspiciously, “Who would want to kill White Worm and for what purpose?”

“Whoever it is, we need to calm Daemon down first,” Rhaegar didn't care about the process, only the result. With the war ongoing, the family could not afford to be at odds with each other. Aemond had done something stupid, and someone had to clean up the mess.

Rhaenys narrowed her eyes, trying to guess who would benefit the most from the murder.

“Keep an eye on Volantis. Don't do anything rash,” Rhaegar patted Daeron on the shoulder, his demeanor completely natural.

Daeron nodded silently, taking it to heart. Rhaegar said no more and left.

Rhaenys stared out the floor-to-ceiling windows, her arms folded, deep in thought.

...

Lys, the flat-topped Topless Tower.

Since the assassination attempt on White Worm, the Topless Tower had been under strict security. Mysaria stayed in her room around the clock, her presence never waning for even a moment. She spoke to no one, except for brief interactions during meals and trips to the toilet. For added security, Ser Lorent of the Kingsguard was assigned to guard her door, ensuring her safety day and night.

...

The meeting hall.

A group of women gathered together, their conversations hushed and tense. Helaena sat quietly in a corner, sewing small clothes. Occasionally, she would glance up, then quickly lower her eyes back to her work.

Rhaenyra stood in front of Johanna, her voice stern and demanding, “Did you do it or not?”



Johanna looked genuinely taken aback, her hands raised in a gesture of innocence. “Your Grace, I have never acted on my own,” she replied helplessly. “I truly didn't do it. If I had, I wouldn't have been so careless.”

Rhaenyra's piercing gaze fixed on Johanna's eyes, searching for any sign of deceit. Deep down, she suspected it wasn't Johanna. Based on the success of Johanna's previous trap for Jeyne, the Black Swan's methods were far too sophisticated for such a clumsy attempt. But she needed to be sure.

“Mother, is he coming back?” Baela asked, glancing nervously at the scene, her voice trembling slightly.

Laena, who was sitting on a chair holding her leg, felt a wave of mixed emotions wash over her. She hadn't orchestrated the assassination, but the blame had somehow fallen on her. With Daemon's paranoid personality, the aftermath would not be easily resolved.

Rhaena, clinging to Laena's other leg, tried to offer comfort. “Lady Mysaria is fine. We will catch the real culprit,” she said softly.

“Bullshit,” Baela retorted, her voice filled with bitterness. “He only cares about his son. He doesn't care about right and wrong.” Years of neglect had turned the word “father” into something unbearable for her.

Laena's head ached from the bickering between her two daughters. She sighed, “Don't jump to conclusions. Let's wait until Daemon returns.” After all, it was their side that had saved Mysaria, the White Worm. She believed Daemon wouldn't act rashly without a reason.

Rhaenyra turned her attention to Sara and asked, “Have you found any clues?”

Dressed as a maid, Sara shook her head, her voice low and unwavering. “No,” she replied.

“A guard and a cook. How could they assassinate someone without being hired?” Rhaenyra frowned, skepticism in her voice.

“They were both working alone. There's nothing more to find,” Sara insisted, her attitude resolute. For her, the nature of the incident had changed the moment the assassin died. Syrio was right—the true identity of the mastermind could not be revealed. If the truth were uncovered, it would be the king who ultimately suffered.

Rhaenyra put her hand on her forehead, feeling extremely helpless. The incident had happened on her territory, and it was a hot potato she didn't want to handle. She turned her head and met Laena's eyes, seeing the same helplessness reflected back.

Rhaenyra had a bright idea and opened her mouth to speak, but Laena cut her off, saying, “Daemon has too many enemies to count.” She knew her husband all too well. He was eccentric, loud, brash, and always exuded a dangerous aura. In just a few words, he could offend a large number of people.

Rhaenyra was so angry that she could hardly stand it. She spat out, “He's just an asshole.” But then, her concern shifted. “What are you going to do? Daemon will come and hold you accountable?”

She wasn't afraid for herself, but Laena was alone in this.

Laena was silent for a long time, her face gradually becoming solemn. She spoke quietly, almost to herself, "If he doesn't even have the most basic trust, it's time to make a clean break." She was tired of this life. How different was she now from the late Lady Rhea?

Rhaenyra looked surprised, taking her friend's hand, unsure whether to encourage reconciliation or support Laena's resolve.

Throughout the conversation, Helaena remained quiet, lost in her own thoughts. In her hands was a green silk tapestry embroidered with two dragons, one red and one green, entwined with each other. They appeared to be fighting, but also looked like they were making love. The red thread of dragon blood dripped down the side of the tapestry, leaving a white space.

...

Time flies. Three days later, the port of Lys was bustling with merchant ships. Pedestrians strolled by as two dragons whizzed past overhead, their powerful wings creating gusts of wind that blew away street vendors' goods and lifted the skirts of startled ladies.

In the Topless Tower, Daemon stormed into the meeting hall, his expression cold and threatening.

"Prince, Your Grace has not yet summoned you," Arryk, the Kingsguard on duty, said, reaching out to block him.

"Out of my way, white robe," Daemon snapped, pushing him aside without a second thought.

Everyone in the hall witnessed this scene. Rhaenyra's lips tightened as if she were swallowing her anger. Laena and Johanna sat in their seats as councilors, waiting to see what Daemon would do next. Helaena, seated off to the side, carefully played with a sapphire.

The usual attendees were present, but surprisingly, Aemond was there beside Helaena. Ever since Daemon had burst in, Aemond had glanced sideways, sat up straight, and a faint smile curved his lips. Perpetrators often liked to return to the scene of the crime, admiring their own handiwork. The look of panic on the good uncle's face excited him a little.

Daemon, after days of traveling on the dragon, was in a state of suppressed anger that could erupt at any time. His patience was exhausted. He first gave Laena a cold glance.

Laena looked up at him, unconcerned. Daemon narrowed his eyes and glanced at Johanna and Helaena but didn't see any motivation in their expressions.

Finally, Daemon's gaze settled on his niece, Rhaenyra.

"Queen, Mysaria was attacked on your territory. You owe me an explanation!" Daemon's tone was icy, the coldness cutting through the room.

Rhaenyra met his gaze with a calm, cold look. "According to tradition, you should call me Your Grace."

"Oh, Your Grace," Daemon sneered, his voice dripping with sarcasm. He suddenly erupted, "I'm fighting for the kingdom while women and children are languishing in prison. Where were you then?!"

"How dare you accuse me!" Rhaenyra shot back, unafraid and unwavering. "Don't forget, it was my people who rescued White Worm and sent you the raven."

Daemon's sneer deepened. "Who knows if this wasn't a farce of your own making?" His eyes sliced through Laena like a blade.

Laena took a deep breath, clenched her skirt, and prepared to stand up. Suddenly, the Kingsguard at the doorway shouted, "Your Grace!"

Creak.

The heavy door slowly opened, and a slight breeze blew away the heat in the room. Rhaegar strode in, and the room fell silent as everyone turned to look at him.

Rhaenyra's face lit up with joy, feeling reassured. Helaena rested her hands on her cheeks, staring at him.

Rhaegar's glance swept the room, pausing briefly on Aemond. His face showed no emotion, but Aemond, who had been enjoying the spectacle, suddenly felt exposed and vulnerable. He had believed he was safe, that the two assassins had died without revealing him as the mastermind. But Rhaegar's stare made him feel naked and ashamed. He avoided Rhaegar's gaze, taking back the sapphire from Helaena, his eyes empty and insecure.

Daemon, still glaring at his nephew, said sarcastically, "You came back to investigate the real murderer?"

Rhaegar ignored the sarcasm and said calmly, "I just saw Lady Mysaria. She's fine."

Daemon frowned, not understanding his nephew's meaning. Rhaegar was blunt, saying, "I thought you would be more concerned about the pregnant woman."

Daemon had made a big fuss about returning but hadn't seen White Worm, who was pregnant. Instead, he had barged into the conference room, venting his anger at everyone. Rhaegar wanted to ask if the life of the White Worm was more important than his prestige being challenged.

Daemon understood and said bluntly, "I want the murderer. The real murderer must be hiding in the Topless Tower."

Rhaenyra interjected, "The Topless Tower has been searched repeatedly. There is no real killer."

"Stop your tricks. You wouldn't fool a three-year-old," Daemon retorted, laughing mockingly.

"You're still not willing to admit it, but I taught you those tricks."

He dared to assert that the real murderer was in this conference room. Rhaenyra was furious, feeling that the other party was being completely unreasonable.

"Okay, everyone, sit down," Rhaegar interrupted the escalating argument, pulling out a chair and taking a seat.

Daemon remained standing, his eyes scanning the room with a penetrating gaze. Most of the women looked indifferent, but Aemond, chin slightly raised, had a playful, almost provocative glint in his eyes.

Sensing something off, Daemon narrowed his eyes, recalling the one-eyed kid's earlier letter to Rhaegar, mocking him and asking for a fight. Daemon, experienced in the art of intrigue, felt a familiar scent of conspiracy.

Rhaegar noticed this shift and, without warning, picked up a wine cup from the table, hurling it with precision.

Bang!

Aemond, caught off guard, took the cup to the forehead, the impact sending wine and blood streaming down his face.

Crack!

Helaena's eyes went wide, and she leaped out of her seat in fear. Aemond, stunned, stared at Rhaegar, blood streaming from his good eye.

"I told you to patrol the Narrow Sea. What are you doing back in Lys?" Rhaegar's eyes were like spears, pointing to the door. "Get out and finish your duty, now!"

After the assassination, the real killer's identity was still a mystery. Rhaegar knew Daemon couldn't learn the truth, as it would inevitably lead to chaos. Aemond had loyally played his part as a dutiful brother, and Rhaegar intended to protect him, just as his father had always protected Daemon.

The tension in the room was palpable. Despite the calm facade since Rhaegar's arrival, his first harsh words were followed by a decisive act of violence against Aemond.

Daemon's eyes widened in surprise. "Are you going to protect him?" he asked, already convinced of Aemond's involvement.

Rhaenyra and Laena were equally taken aback, Rhaenyra especially, her expression one of clear-eyed disbelief, as if silently questioning Aemond's motives.

Aemond turned his head, wiping the blood from his forehead with his hand. Rhaegar's expression remained unchanged, but his actions spoke volumes. "Get out! Do I have to repeat myself a third time?"

Aemond hesitated, then finally conceded. "Yes, Your Grace," he muttered, kicking the chair away and heading toward the door.

"Stop, one-eye!" Daemon couldn't let it go, drawing his sword and rushing straight at Aemond.

In the next second:

Clang!

Sparks flew as swords clashed. Rhaegar stood up simultaneously, Truefyre pushing aside Daemon's steel blade. His sword aimed squarely at his impulsive uncle from a distance.

"Rhaegar!" Rhaenyra gasped, shocked to see uncle and nephew drawing their swords against each other.

Rhaegar, ignoring her, fixed his gaze on Daemon, his tone serious. "There is a limit to everything. It's time to stop."

Daemon, slightly surprised, quickly sneered. "If someone tried to kill Rhaenyra, would you be able to stop?"

"White Worm is White Worm, and you know it best," Rhaegar countered, not backing down. He advanced his blade slowly. "If you marry White Worm, I will give you a grand ceremony."

Rhaegar was determined to save Aemond, even if it meant compensating Daemon by involving himself in his murky business with the Sea Snake and making sacrifices.

"What if I say no?" Daemon retorted.

Rhaegar's eyes remained calm. "You can try."

Daemon tilted his head slightly, his right hand gripping the sword so tightly that his knuckles turned white, a dangerous aura emanating from him.

As the uncle and nephew faced off, it seemed a fight could break out at any moment.

At some point, Helaena had packed her things and stood behind Rhaegar. Aemond wiped the blood from his face, his hand on the dagger at his waist.

The three siblings and Uncle Daemon were clearly at odds. Aemond had misjudged the assassination of White Worm, and he was gravely mistaken. Daemon was the victim, even if his sarcasm had triggered the incident.

But Aemond had been right about his own position from the start. He wanted to make a name for himself and unite his siblings to defend Rhaegar's rule. Even if Aegon and Daeron were present, they would choose to side with their brother.

Rhaegar, maintaining his composure, said, "Uncle, I have a duty to protect Lady Mysaria." His dedication was evident; otherwise, Daemon would have already received news of her death.

Daemon's face darkened further, and he seemed ready to swing his sword. Rhaegar, however, glanced at him and was the first to lower Truefyre. "Go see Lady Mysaria, and let's end this here," he said.

At this moment, Helaena and Aemond silently stepped back, creating a passage. Daemon was momentarily dazed, a sense of disappointment washing over him.

Looking at the three siblings standing together, he suddenly thought of his brother Viserys. It had been a long time since he had seen his brother. This confrontation wasn't truly Rhaegar's doing. It was the relentless tide of time, crashing against the wandering prince who had once led a life of debauchery.

#### Chapter 540: Exiled Dragon

It was evening. The gates were open, and people were leaving in an orderly fashion. Rhaenyra walked slowly, while Daemon passed her from behind, his steps quick and forceful. He accidentally knocked her off balance.

"Be careful," Laena said, helping her up. "Sorry to get you involved."

Rhaenyra rubbed her shoulder and sighed. "Forget it. You be careful."

The confrontation between uncle and nephew had ended with Daemon backing down. No one knew what he was thinking at the time, but he had suddenly fallen silent.

Laena's face was a mixture of emotions as she whispered, "I want to have a good chat with him."

"Are you sure Daemon can listen to you now?" Rhaenyra asked, rolling her eyes. She knew her uncle's temper well.

Laena smiled faintly. "There are some things that can't be put off."

Marriage should not be a torture, she thought.

Seeing her friend's determination, Rhaenyra gave her a hug and said solemnly, "I can't give you advice, but as long as I am queen, Lys will always have a place for you."

"Thank you," Laena replied, returning the hug, her tall frame enveloping her friend completely.

...

In the conference room, Rhaegar stood alone before the floor-to-ceiling windows, gazing at the red dye of the setting sun.

Knock, knock!

Aemond returned, standing there at a loss.

"Come in," Rhaegar said, his voice cold and unemotional.

Aemond's heart pounded as he slowly approached, his neck stiff with apprehension. It's just a beating. If Aegon could take it, so could he.

Rhaegar turned abruptly and lifted his leg.

Bang!

A sudden kick to the chest, delivered with all the hatred Rhaegar could muster, sent Aemond flying backwards. His face turned pale, and a suffocating pain shot through him, as if someone had locked his throat.

"Po!"

A mouthful of blood splattered on the floor, and his one good eye bulged as he crashed into a row of chairs, hunched over like a shriveled prawn.

"How dare you!" Rhaegar's voice was icy as he lectured, "You have such a small heart, using such despicable means for revenge?"

Assassinating a pregnant woman—how could Aemond even conceive of such a thing?

Aemond collapsed in a pile of chairs, then slowly rose and knelt down, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth.

The more Rhaegar looked at him, the angrier he became. He hated Daemon for being so weak.

"Daemon has struggled for so many years and finally has a child, but it's still our blood relative!"

"Cough, cough..." Aemond gasped for breath, his contempt evident. "A child conceived by a whore."

In a way, he and Daemon were the same kind of person. They discriminated against everyone who was not a Targaryen. Mysaria, the White Worm, was born into a lowly family and was not taken seriously at all.

"Get out!" Rhaegar laughed, his voice dripping with condescension. "Take your so-called Second Sons followers and get out of Essos."

“Why?” Aemond was stunned, unable to believe his ears.

“Yes, why?” Rhaegar repeated, his tone scornful. “If you want to make a name for yourself, then go east and conquer a territory that belongs to you.”

“No, I don’t want to leave.” Aemond shook his head repeatedly. He didn’t want to leave. He still harbored ambitions of becoming the Hand of the King and expanding the power of his family.

Rhaegar spoke sensibly, “I can protect you once, but not for the rest of your life.”

Daemon may outwardly tolerate this, but behind his back, he will surely plot revenge. Aemond staying by his side would only make him a target for attacks and family infighting. If he has to leave, let time heal the wounds. In the meantime, he should sharpen his edges.

Hearing that it was for his own good, Aemond no longer resisted and struggled to sit up. The two brothers looked at each other, one tall and one short.

After a long silence, Aemond asked, “Where should I go?”

“Wherever you want.” Rhaegar’s eyes flashed with a hint of brilliance. “Qohor, the Great Grass Sea of the Dothraki, Slaver’s Bay.”

The sky is high and the birds fly, the sea is wide and the fish leap. Whether it’s a dragon or a worm, you’ll know if you let it out to explore.

“Okay, I’ll do as you say.” Aemond looked stubborn but reluctantly agreed. “Take care of yourself.”

Rhaegar turned his back and said lightly, “Mmm.”

...

Meanwhile, Daemon left the house with a heavy heart, wandering aimlessly. He found himself near Mysaria’s room but hesitated, choosing to walk past. His emotions were a tangled mess. Was it shame? Or was it reluctance to face his Paramour, who had never truly trusted him?

One thing was certain: Mysaria’s fears had been justified. She had nearly paid for his arrogance with her life.

“Fate is always cruel,” Daemon muttered, continuing his aimless walk.

The Topless Tower wasn’t that large, and soon the scenery began to repeat itself. As he walked, a familiar voice called out from behind him.

“Daemon, let’s sit down and talk.”

Daemon turned, surprised to see Laena. She knew her husband’s stubbornness well and leaned against a doorframe, waiting.

“Don’t wander around. Come in,” she said, turning to enter the room.

Daemon hesitated briefly before shaking his head with a laugh. He followed her, wondering if she was going to berate him. He entered the room and found Laena already seated at the table.

The room's exotic decor, with its murals and simple elegance, felt both familiar and distant, reminiscent of their time in Pentos.

"You come and go in a hurry, don't you?" Laena said flatly. "You always choose to run away, leaving me to clean up the mess."

"When did that happen? I've forgotten," Daemon replied, feigning nonchalance, though his eyes roved over the familiar surroundings.

"It's okay, I'll help you remember," Laena said with a touch of sadness. "You lost the love of your brother and niece because you tried to murder your six-year-old nephew out of jealousy."

Daemon flinched but said nothing.

"In order to return to your hometown, you fought with your nephew, who was the heir prince, again and again."

Daemon clenched his fists.

"And, longing for a Free City of your own, you betrayed your allies and failed to take it," Laena continued, connecting the dots of his reckless life.

Her eyes were sad as she accused him, "Have you ever thought that there is someone waiting for you?"

Daemon was deeply moved by her words. He remembered conspiring with Alicent to murder Rhaegar, only for Laena to rescue him on Vhagar. When he was imprisoned in the Red Keep dungeon, it was Laena who used her daughters' custody to negotiate a truce. And during the final assault on Tyrosh, she nearly died coming to his aid.

At that time, Daemon realized the harm he had done to his brother by declaring he had a "one day heir." His heart tightened, and the anger drained from his face, replaced by a flood of memories.

Laena's loyalty was unmatched by any woman. He stood speechless in the face of her rebuttal.

"I was once obsessed with your uninhibited nature, and I saw loving you as a challenge," Laena said, her eyes filled with bitterness. "But I'm tired. I'm not up for the challenge anymore."

Daemon looked around in confusion, a bad feeling creeping into his heart. As expected, Laena said decisively, "Daemon, let's let each other go."

"No!" Daemon was shocked, his eyes reddening. "I just want an heir. I never thought of shaking your position."

Laena stood up proudly. "Don't let people look down on you. End this tragedy." She would not stoop to compete for his affection with a prostitute. She would not drag her family and friends into it. Her bloodline came from the dragons, and the sky and sea belonged to her.



"No, never." Daemon shook his head and took a step back, as he always did. Like his brother Viserys, he was an ostrich with his head in the sand when faced with an insoluble problem. Right now, he would rather go to war and behead a thousand enemies than face his feelings of guilt.

Laena's eyes misted over, and she gritted her teeth. "If you don't want to, I have a way." At worst, she could ask Rhaenyra to witness the couple's breakup. She believed Rhaegar would want to see her and Daemon end up like this.

"I won't allow it." Daemon seemed to have lost his soul, his voice choking up.

Laena's anger rose, her voice loud and firm: "Daemon! If you don't want to break up, you should give me the respect I deserve!" If he couldn't cut it off decisively, then he should give her love, not the torment of mistrust and neglect.

After being yelled at, Daemon's eyes suddenly cleared, and his stiff body regained some vitality.

Plop! He stumbled awkwardly and fell on his butt on the bench.

Daemon's mind was in turmoil, but he seemed to have made up his mind. "Baela, I will name our daughter as the heir, and you will always be the hostess of Tyrosh."

"Are you sure?" Laena was stunned.

"There is no one more suitable to be the heir than Baela," Daemon said, silent but firm. "She has always been a good child, and you and I both know it."

Laena was stunned, disbelief evident on her face. "What about Lady Mysaria's child?"

"He will be the most powerful ally of his sister," Daemon said, rubbing his face with a smile. "I shouldn't be obsessed with a boy. He would be too temperamental."

"Daemon..." Laena was momentarily lost in thought, and the emotions that had been lost and regained filled her heart. She never thought that her husband, always so self-centered, would give up his own opinion.

"Laena," Daemon said, stroking his wife's cheek, "perhaps you should give me a boy."

"What?" Laena was stunned.

Daemon's lips curled up, and he picked up his wife and carried her into the house. "It's getting late. It seems like I haven't tasted you in a long time."

"..."

It was getting dark, and the night owl was scratching and calling.

...

It is midnight. The moon shines brightly, casting a faint halo on the floor.

Creak.

The door opens, and Daemon, his silver hair disheveled, steps out of the bedroom. His white shirt is open at the collar. He glances back and sees the slender figure lying on the bed, her white body

perfectly curvy, and her long legs gleaming in the moonlight. He touches his forehead, wiping away a sweat stain, and lowers his head with a smile.

He had agreed to Laena's request, giving her his full trust and love. Baela's inheritance is proof of this. The child in Mysaria's belly... if it is a son, then the two siblings can follow the family tradition, as long as the child is not adopted. He believed that Baela's strong personality would be able to suppress her unborn brother. This inspiration came from his good nephew and niece. Rhaegar and Rhaenyra are also eight years apart.

There was a slight noise in the corner. Daemon's eyes flashed, and he slammed the door shut to stop the erotic scene in the room from being seen. A small maid tiptoed out, looking down and not daring to look up.

"White Worm's little spider?" Daemon's eyes flashed with evil light as he looked her up and down.

"Yes, Prince," the skinny maid shivered.

Daemon looked away in disgust, took a letter from his open breast pocket, and warned, "Give this to Mysaria. She'll know what to do."

The skinny maid nodded vigorously, taking the letter and disappearing like a scared rabbit.

"An eye for an eye, a son for a son," Daemon whispered softly, his eyes as deep as water. The moonlight cast a distorted shadow.

Since the one-eyed man dared to assassinate his woman, he wouldn't hesitate to retaliate in kind. His nephew Rhaegar had said he would do anything to protect his brother. But Rhaegar couldn't control everyone.