

## G.O Thrones 541

### Chapter 541: The Evil Wizard of Slaver's Bay

The same night, in the open Dragonpit, Rhaenyra sat by the campfire, watching the children play and laugh. The warmth of the fire and the sounds of their joy brought a rare moment of peace. After a while, she felt drowsy and gently massaged her temples, her thoughts drifting to Laena's situation.

To be fair, she hoped her friend had made a clean break. Daemon was not a man to be trusted; she had known that ever since she had almost fallen into his hands as a maiden. Laena deserved a happy ending. Even if she married Rhaegar, Rhaenyra wouldn't mind. Laena was a thousand times better than that Jeyne bitch.

"Roar..."

A low growl came from the dragon pit behind them. Rhaenyra listened intently and recognized the sound as the Cannibal's low growl. Rhaegar was in the dragon pit, and the siblings had come together.

Her younger brother had made too many difficult decisions and needed to digest them alone. As an older sister, she knew her role was to be there for him, providing silent support and comfort in these challenging times.

...

In the main hall, the atmosphere was lively as the children played wildly, with several young dragons involved in their games. Maekar, however, stood apart in a corner, diligently cleaning Tyraxes' scales with a small brush. Tyraxes, not entirely pleased, slapped its tail on the floor with a loud crack.

"Look at my dragon. Its name is Vermax," Lyanna said proudly, her arms folded. Perched on her head, the bronze dragon Vermax hissed softly, trying to spread its blood-red wings. It was a handsome little devil.

"Hmph, a little dragon cub, what's so great about it," Aemon snorted, pushing Lyanna aside roughly.

"You hurt me," Lyanna protested as she stumbled but was quickly steadied by Baelon.

"Roar~~" Vermax, defending its master, roared at Aemon.

"Roar!" The Trickster leapt out from the side, letting out a hot, fishy breath. Vermax immediately retreated, obediently returning to Lyanna's side.

"You bully people!" Lyanna cried, stamping her feet in anger.

Aemon crossed his arms with a smug look, "Pfft, little girl."

The Trickster mimicked his arrogance, tail held high.

"You, you..." Lyanna's eyes widened with fury, unable to find the words.

Baela and Rhaena watched from the sidelines. Rhaena wanted to intervene, but Baela held her back, shaking her head. It wasn't their fight to get involved in.

"You're a bad person!" Lyanna's voice trembled with distress, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Wuwuwuwuwu..."



"All you know is how to cry and blush," Aemon mocked.

"Aemon, that's enough," Baelon interjected, unable to bear his brother's cruelty any longer.

Aemon wasn't convinced, "Did I say something wrong?"

"Do you want to get beaten up?" Baelon rolled up his sleeves, taking a step forward.

Aemon quickly retreated, his neck shrinking in fear. His brother's fists hurt.

"You won't behave unless you're beaten," Baelon said, rolling his eyes. He helped the crying Lyanna sit down, whispering, "Don't cry. I'll teach him a lesson."

"No!" Lyanna pushed Baelon's hand away, resisting, "Don't touch me, you're all bad."

Tears streamed down her face, her nose red from crying. Baelon withdrew his hand, scratching his head awkwardly. The scene left him at a loss, trying to find a way to comfort his sister without making things worse.

It's not surprising that the little girl refused. After all, Baelon and Aemon looked the same, and Lyanna often confused the two of them. Now she was crying, and Baelon found himself implicated.

The commotion quickly attracted the attention of the adults. Rhaenyra looked up and saw the children surrounding Lyanna, who was crying her heart out. The sight of her little tongue wagging in her throat was heart-wrenching.

"Seven hells!" Rhaenyra muttered, rubbing her temples as she moved to break up the fight. With many children around, noise and chaos were inevitable. In the past, Maekar had been a loner and often clashed with Aemon. Lyanna's arrival added a wild, fearless girl to the mix, escalating tensions.

"Baelon, tell me what's going on?" Rhaenyra's stern face exuded an air of authority.

Baelon's face froze, and he glared at Aemon, the troublemaker. As the eldest, he often bore the brunt of their conflicts.

"Mother, it's not Lyanna's fault," Baelon said, ignoring Aemon's pleading eyes. He proceeded to explain everything his brother had done.

"Brother!" Aemon wailed, feeling betrayed.

"Shut up!" Rhaenyra's face darkened as she bent down to pick up Lyanna, who had stopped crying momentarily. "It's always you! Do you take pride in bullying girls?"

"Oh~.." Lyanna's eyes flashed, and she began crying again, tears quickly soaking Rhaenyra's clothes.

"No, you!" Aemon stammered, pointing at Lyanna in frustration.

Pop!

Rhaenyra slapped his hand away, her voice cold and stern. "Who gave you permission to point at your sister?"



“Oh~~” Lyanna howled even harder, her little head bobbing back and forth like a tumbler.

Pop! Rhaenyra gave Lyanna a firm swat on the butt, her voice stern, "Tears are not a weapon. Hold them back."

“Ooh~~” Lyanna's body jerked from the slap, and her crying stopped abruptly.

Rhaenyra's gaze shifted to her second son, her emotions conflicting. “Whoever caused the trouble is responsible. Apologize to your sister!”

Lyanna cowered, her head down and eyes downcast. She couldn't believe that her father's first wife was so fair. Hmm... It seems I should call her aunt. The more Lyanna thought about it, the more confused she became. She held her hands up and covered her head, her scalp itching as if her brain was about to grow.

Aemon looked sad and said reluctantly, “I'm sorry.”

Bang!

Rhaenyra lifted her skirt and kicked her second son in the butt with her small shoes, scolding him, “Apologize properly!”

“Oh, oh~~” Aemon was on the verge of tears, but he shouted, “Anna, I'm sorry!”

Rhaenyra looked at the confused Lyanna and said slowly, “What about you?”

“I'm sorry?” Lyanna asked hesitantly.

“No.” Rhaenyra sighed, exhausted. “You have to decide whether to forgive him or not. This is your right.”

“Can I not forgive him?” The little girl was vengeful.

“Yes,” Rhaenyra said, placing the little dog's plaster back on the ground. “You can choose to fight him or wait to get revenge later.”

Aemon's eyes lit up, and he silently rolled up his sleeves. Even the Trickster, who had been scolded for causing trouble, straightened up, its dragon's maw curving into something that looked like a smile.

Lyanna wasn't stupid. Comparing Aemon's height to Vermax's, she turned around and hugged Rhaenyra's leg. “Fighting is not right. I'll get revenge on him later.”

“You're the boss.” Rhaenyra sighed, grabbing Baelon by the ear. “Watch over your younger siblings and don't cause me trouble.”

“Yes, yes,” Baelon gritted his teeth and glared at Aemon.

“Hmph.” Rhaenyra snorted, shaking her head as she returned to her original position.



Lyanna tried to hug her leg again, but was dragged away by Baela and Rhaena. The commotion was finally over.

In the corner, Maekar glanced over a few more times before continuing to clean the scales of Tyraxes.

...

Rhaenyra held her head high, like a victorious general returning home.

Crack, crack, crack...

Rhaegar leaned against the edge of the dragon pit and praised, "You're good at managing people. You've got a handle on those little ones."

"Of course. Someone who also was spanked as a child and couldn't escape it."

Rhaenyra gave a mischievous smile and made a playful, empty slap.

Rhaegar was dumbfounded. When he was a child, he hadn't been spared from being "disciplined" by his sister.

But Rhaenyra truly is capable. After the two siblings had a heart-to-heart talk, they became more open-minded, treating their children impartially and giving them enough care. This maternal radiance is intoxicating.

Rhaegar's eyes fell on Rhaenyra's red lips, and he was lost in thought. Rhaenyra tilted her head to the side, and her silver braided hair fell to her chest. Rhaegar's gaze lowered further, catching the faint scent of milk from under the tear-stained hem of her dress. Her heart is indeed broad, too big to be measured with one hand.

"Sister~" Rhaegar's voice was very soft, like a spoiled child.

"Mmm-hmm." Rhaenyra smiled lightly, and the atmosphere became a little more delicate.

"I'm a little hungry." Rhaegar, always honest, walked up to her and picked her up in his arms.

"How old are you to be fighting over food with your daughter?" Rhaenyra teased.

"Visenya has a wet nurse."

"..."

Rhaenyra looked up, her eyes gleaming with pride. As long as she lived, her position would be irreplaceable. Rhaegar could never escape her grasp.

Without the children knowing, the two of them had already slipped out of the Dragonpit.

...

Time passed, and the summer grew hotter and hotter.

In Meereen, within the Great Pyramid, chaos reigned.



“Damn it, can't they move faster?”

“Send a message to Qohor to build another hundred scorpion crossbows.”

“...”

The hall was a cacophony of voices, with the Good Masters arguing among themselves.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

A man holding a scepter pounded the floor, drawing everyone's attention.

“Almos, what is it?” asked one of the young Good Masters.

In the center of the hall stood a thin, gray-haired middle-aged man, straight-backed and imposing. His dark curly hair and dark brown skin were typical of a Ghis. Almos, dressed in magnificent attire, held a golden scepter carved with a Harpy.

“The Dragonlords of the Iron Throne are coming, and our preparations are far from adequate,” Almos declared with authority.

“What else can we do?”

“The craftsmen in Qohor worked through the night, but they can only make 400 scorpion crossbows.”

“Yunkai and Astapor have already declared martial law and completely sealed off the sea.”

Dozens of Good Masters were gathered, each voicing their opinions.

At this moment, the importance of the system became apparent. Meereen, a slave city, relied on the Good Masters of the Free Cities to govern it. When faced with major challenges, their cohesion was put to the test.

Almos, who owned the most slaves and commanded significant respect, said, “Braavos and Pentos refused to send troops to help us. We need to find other external support.”

“Qarth?”

“Qohor is definitely out. Their Unsullied were bought by Astapor.”

“...”

The Good Masters continued their heated discussions, searching desperately for solutions.

“Gentlemen, there's the Dothraki cavalry!” Almos thumped the floor and spoke solemnly.

“I've contacted the largest Dothraki nomadic tribe in the Great Grass Sea. They have the best archers, and ours scorpion crossbows are even more powerful.”

There is no shortage of dragons that have been slain in Targaryen history. With the wealth of Slaver's Bay and the Dothraki's bravery, it is not impossible to fight the Dragonlords. A thousand



years ago, the Old Empire of Ghis, with its land forces, was able to resist the Freehold Empire for decades.

“Can the Dothraki be trusted?”

“If we let the Dothraki into the city, we'll be inviting a wolf into our home.”

“I think it's fine. The Dothraki only care about money.”

Most of the Good Masters agreed, though a few remained skeptical. After all, the Dothraki are notorious for their brutality and lack of honor. On the other hand, they do what they say they will do.

After a heated discussion, the final vote was unanimous in favor of hiring the Dothraki to fight in the war. The decision was made. The Good Masters were betting their survival on the savagery and skill of the horse lords.

...

At noon, the flames were high. Almos was alone, quietly walking through the hallways. As he passed a lavish room, the loud breathing of a man and multiple women engaged in a carnal act could be heard. The unmistakable sounds of pleasure echoed through the walls.

“Heh, a bastard Dragonlord?” Almos's stiff face broke into a smile. “Whether it's a real dragon or a bastard dragon, as long as it can be used, it's a good dragon.”

He continued on until he reached his destination.

Sasa...

A loft with a wide view came into sight. Inside, a black-robed figure with a red painted mask was shaking an hourglass. The hourglass was reset, and the sand flowed slowly.

A copper basin filled with red-hot coals sat on a shelf, emitting pungent smoke and sparks. Almos stood in the doorway, his eyes fixated greedily on the copper basin.

Three petrified dragon eggs were buried under the coals, their presence radiating a subtle, ominous energy.

Chapter 542: A Poison That Kills Dragonlords

Crackling...

The sparks crackled, and the bottom of the dragon egg turned a bright red. Almos closed his eyes and took a deep sniff, as if he could smell the dragon.

“Don't get your hopes up, master,” the black-robed wizard said, his deep voice resonating through the red lacquered mask as he mixed a potion.

Almos, momentarily entranced by the wizard's enigmatic smile, replied, “There's always a chance, isn't there?”



"Who knows," the black-robed wizard responded, pouring a blood-red potion onto a gray-scaled dragon egg. The black eyes under the mask were faintly visible. "Things are always changing, like the magic tides."

"I started out selling slaves girls, and I believe that everything is possible if you put your mind to it," Almos said, approaching with his scepter, his eyes shining with excitement.

The black-robed wizard's calm expression did not change as the blood-red liquid touched the hot dragon egg, causing a pungent mist of sulfur to form.

"What is its effect?" Almos asked, his attention riveted on the egg.

The black-robed wizard whispered, "Dragon blood potion, just like you recruiting me from Asshai, it's nothing but a gimmick." He extended his five pale, bony fingers to touch the gray-scaled dragon egg soaked in the potion.

Thump! Thump!

The knuckles made a dull sound like stone. "It's still useless," the black-robed wizard said, turning to flip through a yellowed ancient book. "Blood sacrifice, a blood sorcery that deprives vitality. Why is it incomplete?"

This blood sorcerer came from the distant Lands of the Long Summer, but his work was prematurely destroyed. If the blood sorcery were complete, it would have set off a new wave in the sorcerer world.

"It's useless?" Almos was impatient. He reached out to touch the dragon egg but withdrew his hand quickly due to the heat.

Suddenly, he smelled a sweet and fishy scent and asked in a doubtful tone, "What is the main ingredient of the dragon blood potion?"

The black-robed wizard didn't even look up, responding in a bored tone, "It's obvious."

"Aethyrs' blood?" Almos asked tentatively.

The black-robed wizard paused in his flipping through the pages and snorted. "Is he even worth?"

Hearing this, Almos's eyes widened, and he burst into unprecedented enthusiasm. "Is it true that the legend says dragons come from the Shadow Lands?"

There are many different legends about dragons. The Dothraki believe that there were originally two moons in the sky. One of them was too close to the sun and exploded, giving birth to countless dragons. The mainstream legend says that dragons were born in the Fourteen Flames of ancient Valyria. That is why they were discovered by the herdsmen of ancient Valyria and tamed and bred.

The black mage remained calm in the face of Almos' sharp questions, answering lightly, "Things are always changing."

"Is that true?" Almos, growing increasingly agitated and anxious about dealing with the dragons of the Iron Throne, urged, "Tell me, Quaithe, tell your master."



The black-cloaked wizard's dark eyes flashed with a hint of gloom beneath his painted mask. He said half-truthfully, "Who says there's only one place in the world where dragons live? It's just that humans are too weak to set foot there."

"Where is it?" Almos's eyes lit up with curiosity.

The black-robed wizard turned his head, continuing to mix a blue potion. "The Lord of Light told me that there are three dragons in the Smoking Sea. You can try your luck there."

"What?" Almos was stunned, processing the idea that there might be more than one young dragon in the Smoking Sea.

Zilla!

A half-pipe of scarlet blood was poured in, and the potion turned from blue to transparent, a mournful dragon roar seemingly echoing in the air.

Almos, puzzled, asked, "What is it?"

"The dead," the black-robed wizard replied, seeming to read Almos's mind. He examined the potion carefully, muttering, "A poison made using Aethyrys' blood as a base."

The name of the potion is "Cry of the Dead".

Almos couldn't help but take the potion, asking curiously, "Dragonlord's blood as an ingredient, what is its effect?"

"To kill a Dragonlord," the black-robed wizard answered seriously, bending down to look for something. "There is the blood of a Firewyrms in it. If a Dragonlord drinks it, it will act like a parasite, causing his body to dry up and die."

With that, he took out a wooden box and said, "To deal with Dragonlords, you can't fight them on the front lines."

Almos opened the box and found three neatly arranged potions inside.

"Take it!" The black-robed wizard's voice was luring. "Find a way to get the king on the Iron Throne to take it without anyone knowing."

After a while, Almos walked out of the room with the wooden box in hand, stumbling past the bedroom where the music was playing.

...

Storm's End.

Drizzling...

Rain poured down, soaking the ancient castle that stood tall and proud. Cassandra stood expressionless at the window, gazing out at the long line of wagons carrying goods to and from the courtyard.

Crack!



A flash of lightning illuminated a second face in the dimly lit room.

“The treasury is half empty. From now on, we'll all have to tighten our belts,” Steffon Connington, the guard and lover, looked gloomy, his dissatisfaction evident. The goods should have been his and Cassandra's. Half of their wealth had been lost because of a single word from Aemond, the one-eyed man.

Cassandra sighed and asked, “Did you get the results I asked for?”

Steffon was taken aback and stammered, “I hired a witch from Pentos to put a curse on him.”

“Curse?” Cassandra turned her head slowly, her displeasure clear. “Do you think it will work?”

“Maybe it will take a little time to settle,” Steffon looked away, trying to find an excuse for his incompetence.

Cassandra shook her head, exasperated. “I should never have trusted you.”

She walked out, leaving Steffon standing there, embarrassed and angry.

...

"Sister."

Outside the door, Maris had been waiting for a long time, bowing respectfully to greet her.

Cassandra glanced sideways and asked, “How much money is left in the treasury?”

Maris replied without hesitation, “In recent years, the climate has been favorable, and Storm's End's finances are very good. There are still 30,000 gold dragons left.”

Cassandra nodded. “If Aemond sends another letter asking for money, you should give it directly to the Small Council in King's Landing.”

Her friend in Lys had sent word that Aemond had been exiled by the king. As his fiancée, she had given him the money he asked for. But if he wanted more, House Baratheon could not afford it.

“I will, sister,” Maris, like a good housekeeper, took note of her master's requests.

Cassandra was in a bad mood and wanted to go back to her room. She had taken two steps when she suddenly remembered something important.

With a puzzled look on Maris' face, Cassandra said, “Of the four of us, Ellyn and I are already engaged, and Floris...”

She paused, deciding not to mention it.

Maris' expression changed slightly, and she whispered, “Has someone asked for her hand?”

Cassandra smiled. “There are two good options. Father promised Master of Laws Jasper that one of his daughters would marry his son. But his son got married a few years ago, and he himself has been widowed for several years.”

Maris' eyes twitched slightly, and she wanted to say something but stopped herself. Jasper was over forty, fat, and bald. Moreover, he was nicknamed “Iron Rod.” This nickname was not a compliment



to his strict law enforcement, but rather to the fact that he was a widower of many wives and was rumored to have an iron rod under his crotch that destroyed women by making them give birth.

“He's not a good choice. My mother also advised me to decline the promise appropriately,” Cassandra whispered.

Maris was overjoyed and let out a sigh of relief. But then Cassandra reached out and touched her sister's not-so-pretty face and said with a smile, “You're very lucky. Lord Rowan of The Reach has also proposed to you, You'll be a Lady to a Warden of the Realm.”

With that, she left with a brisk step.

Maris' face was stiff, and her eyes revealed a look of disgust. Lord Thaddeus Rowan, was the Warden of the The Reach. But he was a fat old man, widower of two wives, and had a large number of children. At this age, he was already half buried in the grave. Even the late Lord Borros, their father, would have called him “Uncle” Rowan.

Drizzling...

The rain was getting heavier and heavier, like a bucket of water. Maris took a long time to descend the stairs to the attic. If she remembered correctly, the castle had hired a new group of maids yesterday.

“My dear sister, I love you so much,” Maris muttered to herself, feeling the damp and cold air, wrapping her arms around herself.

...

Across the Narrow Sea, Lys.

Sailors bustled in the harbor, loading various supplies onto the ships. On the blue sea, several fleets set sail, flying the flags of the roaring lion, the burning tower, the purple grape, and more. The delay of half a month had been used to gather a large army in preparation for the invasion of Slaver's Bay.

In the Dragonpit without a roof, the Dragonkeepers were in high spirits, holding their bamboo staves and spreading out on both sides.

Boom!

Cannibal's green pupils were deep and sinister, and its hideous dragon head slowly emerged from the pit, crawling out. As it moved, a hot current of ash-smelling air surged. Even through their woolen clothing, the Dragonkeepers felt their skin tingle, as if they were being scorched by flames.

“Get down, Cannibal,” Rhaegar commanded, walking straight up to the dragon, wearing a loose black robe.

“Your Grace,” the Dragonkeepers hurriedly bowed their heads.

Rhaegar waved his hand dismissively and asked, “Where is Maekar?”

The old Dragonkeeper stepped forward and replied, “The Prince and Princess are playing behind the Dragonpit.”



“Very well, you may leave,” Rhaegar instructed. He then turned to the Cannibal, giving it a stern command to wait where it was.

...

At this time, the Targaryen children, who regarded the Dragonpit as a playground, were gathered together as usual. When Rhaegar arrived, the children were scheming and plotting.

Lyanna was sitting on the floor with her legs apart, frowning. Baelon was saying all the right things, cradling a listless Bronze dragon cub in his arms. A few meters away, Aemon, arms folded, glared at his brother, who wouldn't play with him. Baela and Rhaena stood behind Aemon, holding hands. Only Maekar, as usual, was sitting in the corner with Tyraxes, amusing himself.

“Maekar!” Rhaegar called out, beckoning to his youngest son.

Maekar turned around and exclaimed in surprise, “Father!” He quickly got up and ran over to him.

“You've grown a little fatter, little one,” Rhaegar laughed as he picked up his young son, who was as light as a swallow returning to its nest. “Are you brave enough to go with me to Volantis to find your great-grandmother Rhaenys?”

“Really?” Maekar's eyes widened, and he nodded like a chicken pecking at rice. “I want to go.”

He had heard that his father was the emperor of Volantis and that he alone had subdued the rebellious city. Of course, he wanted to go.

Rhaegar pinched his cheek and reminded him, “Volantis is still a bit dangerous, so I'm allowing you to bring your own dragon.”

Volantis was a remote place that needed a ruler. Just as Aemon, the second son, would one day inherit Lys, Maekar should become familiar with his own fiefdom early on.

“Father, where are you going?” Baelon ran over at the sound of the voice, his eyes full of hope.

Chapter 543: Rhaenyra: I'm Applying to War!

The children swarmed around him, their eyes shining with curiosity and eagerness. Rhaegar rubbed his eldest son's head and sighed, “This time, I'm only taking Maekar. You need to stay in Lys.”

“Why can't I go?” Baelon asked, disappointment clear in his voice. “I can take care of Maekar.”

Rhaegar shook his head gently, “Not yet. Maekar is only going for a brief visit.”

Baelon's face fell, and he muttered, “Is it because I don't have a dragon?” He pointed to Tyraxes, who was yawning in the corner, and his eyes were full of stubbornness. “All my younger siblings have dragons. They flew here with Mother when we came to Lys. You must be ashamed of me for not having one.”

Rhaegar was taken aback by his son's words. He squatted down in front of Baelon and asked, “Do you want a dragon?”



Baelon turned his head, whispering, "If I'm a disappointment, maybe you should choose a better dragon yourself."

"No, you're not a disappointment," Rhaegar said firmly, lifting Baelon's chin. "Dragons aren't tools; they're creatures we should respect and bond with."

Baelon remained silent, still yearning for a dragon to join his father on adventures to the battlefield and the new lands they were conquering.

Rhaegar took Maekar in one arm and his eldest son in the other, pressing their foreheads together. "Think about it. If you truly want a dragon, I'll do everything I can to help you bond with one."

Rhaegar favored Maekar, but he had never neglected Baelon. The eldest son was the heir and needed to be a strong leader.

"Take care of your younger siblings and keep your mind focused," Rhaegar advised, gently rubbing Baelon's shoulder before standing up and walked away.

"Roar~~"

Tyraxes followed its young master, leaving the field together. Baelon lowered his head, staring at his father's retreating figure.

"Brother, don't be upset." Lyanna approached, holding the small Vermax in her arms, and offered, "I'll lend you Vermax."

Baelon glanced at her, a hint of a smile tugging at his lips as he rubbed her frizzy head. "No need, Anna."

He had given away the dragon egg that eventually hatched into Vermax. It seemed ironic that the egg hadn't hatched for him in six years but quickly did so in his sister's care.

"Move over, little girl." Aemon pushed Anna aside, draping an arm around Baelon's shoulders. "Come on! I'll take you back to Dragonstone. We'll find Silverwing together."

If anyone understood Baelon's heart, it was Aemon. Baelon glanced at him, then pushed him away with a hint of irritation, "Forget it. You'd probably wet your pants."

"Go ahead and play. I need to go for a walk."

Baelon didn't want any comforting words and left the Dragonpit in silence.

Comfort is something only the weak need, he thought. His father had always told him he was born to be strong. And a strong man needs an adult dragon with overwhelming superiority.

...

"Roar..."

"Quiet, Syrax," Rhaegar called as he returned to the Dragonpit. His attention was immediately drawn to the golden beast.



Syrax lay sprawled on the floor, playfully shaking its head. Nearby, Rhaenyra, dressed in her black dragon harness for the first time in a long while, gently rubbed the dragon's chin.

Rhaegar was taken aback. "Rhaenyra, are you going on patrol?"

"No!" Rhaenyra smiled, then announced, "Wherever you go, I will go."

"But I'm going back to Volantis. Lys can't be left unguarded," Rhaegar protested, sensing trouble.

Rhaenyra walked forward and took Maekar from his arms, her demeanor calm. "I don't want to stay behind. Laena will be my Warden in Lys."

Laena had been removed from the battlefield, Helaena was home pregnant, and Aemond was exiled. The war lacked frontline dragon riders, and Rhaenyra was ready to fill that void.

"The battlefield is dangerous," Rhaegar said bluntly.

"You're in danger. How is that different from me being in danger?" Rhaenyra's eyes shone with determination. She took Rhaegar's hand and placed it on her chest, pleading, "I'm your sister. Let me be Visenya for once."

Since the Battle of the Second Stepstones, it had been her dream to fight alongside her brother. Unfortunately, she had been pregnant and giving birth repeatedly over the years. As her mother had predicted, the birthing bed had become her battlefield. Now, the great battle over family honor had begun again. She didn't want to back down and hoped to make a contribution.

Rhaegar turned his head, but he couldn't avoid Rhaenyra's burning gaze. He warned, "When you get to the battlefield, you and Syrax will have to follow orders."

He couldn't refuse Rhaenyra's request, just as he had refused Baelon's. Rhaenyra had the ability to ride a dragon into battle. Hiding her and burying her abilities would only ruin her.

"Puff!" Rhaenyra was overjoyed. She kissed his cheek, affirming, "Don't worry, I'll never be a hindrance."

"You'd better be right." Rhaegar wiped the wet saliva from his cheek and pressed his lips together. "Let's go!"

...

Over Lys.

"Roar..." The dark wings of the dragon cast an ink-like shadow over the Free Cities, its thunderous roar echoing across the sky.

Cannibal led the way, diving into the clouds.

"After them, Syrax!" Rhaenyra's crisp High Valyrian command sent the topaz-colored dragon soaring, neighing in delight.

Following behind, a young dragon with silver-gray scales and misty wings flew slowly, trailing the larger dragons.



In an attic of the Tower, Laena, clad in a light nightgown with her shoulders and legs exposed, stood before the windows, gazing into the distance. She noticed a small boy tied to the back of the silver-gray dragon.

"What kind of parents are these?" she muttered, shaking her head in disbelief. Tying a child to the back of a dragon—who would think of such a thing? Do they really have so many children just to play with?

Gurgle~

The sound of her stomach rumbling surprised her, and she covered it with her hand. "I'm hungry again," she sighed, shaking her head. The shoulder strap of her nightgown slipped off her smooth shoulder as she turned to find something to eat.

She walked lightly, her round, swaying figure below her waist half-covered in the white hem of her clothes. The nourishment of love had made her already plump figure even more mature and charming.

...

In the same attic, Mysaria leaned against the windowsill, holding a curly-haired puppy in her arms.

"Woof, woof~~" The little dog, clean and white, licked its tongue eagerly.

Mysaria quietly looked out, her eyes filled with a hidden tangle of emotions. "Daemon, you always give me a hard time," she murmured, her voice tinged with frustration. She stroked the puppy's head gently, finding some solace in its warmth and loyalty.

If only that man were as docile and faithful as this dog, she wouldn't be in this situation.

He had left without a word, leaving her in Lys with an order to be carried out, treating her like a disposable tool—important only when needed.

...

Summer had come to Slaver's Bay. A fleet of ships bearing various flags blocked the entrance to the bay, severing sea communication with the outside world. On the banks of the Worm River, the massive Free City of Astapor, built of red brick, stood under the scorching sun, its towering walls bespeaking the city's grandeur and impending trouble.

On the majestic city walls, several Good Masters looked anxious, occasionally whipping slaves to vent their anger.

Crack!

"Damn it, what did Meereen and New Ghis say!?" A bald Wise Master brandished his whip, his frustration palpable.

A whipped slave knelt on the ground, trembling, and replied, "The sea of New Ghis is blocked, and a wooden box was sent by the envoy from Meereen."

New Ghis, an island city-state at the mouth of Slaver's Bay, was built on the ashes of the Old Empire of Ghis. After the fleet from Westeros attacked, it immediately raised the flag of neutrality.



“Damn it, they don't care about our lives!” The bald Wise Master, enraged, whipped the slave across the face, shouting, “If they don't support us, the slaves in the city will open the gates and surrender.”

“No! No!” The slave, his face covered in open wounds from the whip, waved his hands in fear. “We rely on the Good Masters for our lives and would never dare to betray them.”

“You worthless bones, get out of here!” The bald Wise Master's mood slightly improved, allowing the messenger slave to leave. He then turned to see the other Good Masters wandering around, each one distracted and lost in thought.

A young Wise Master fell to his knees, his hands touching the blackened parapet. In a trance, he muttered, “Dragon, such a beautiful golden dragon.”

The Iron Throne's fleet was stationed at the Worm River, effectively cutting off Astapor's access to the outside world. For several days, a golden dragon had been sent to burn the Free City, inciting panic and fear among its inhabitants.

Ignoring the other Good Masters, the bald one opened the wooden box sent by the messenger. Suddenly, a hoarse cry rang out.

“Dragons! Run for your lives!”

The bald Good Masters were shocked. Before they could react, they were already knocked down by a black-armored soldier.

“Roar!” A magnificent golden dragon burst through the clouds, and dragonfire, as intense as the sun's surface, surged forward.

“More fire!” Aegon, clad in black battle armor, commanded in a mix of High Valyrian and the common tongue.

Boom!

Sunfyre's pupils widened with excitement as it soared from one end of the city wall to the other, unleashing torrents of dragonfire.

“Roar!” Sunfyre spit a round of fire into the air, its pale pink wing membranes shimmering like a rainbow.

Thousands of Unsullied stood on the city walls, but some were too slow to dodge and were consumed by the dragonfire.

“Go, hurry!” The Good Masters, with their shaved heads and smoky makeup, scrambled down the ramparts, escorted by the Unsullied.

The Unsullied, well-trained and disciplined, did not back down in the face of the dragon. Under the command of their leader, identifiable by the three spikes on his helmet, they aimed their scorpion crossbows to fight back.



“Roar!” Sunfyre spit out several more mouthfuls of dragonfire and quickly escaped before the scorpion crossbows could be fired.

Aegon’s face turned red with exhilaration. He raised his arms in celebration: “Well done! Today’s mission is complete.”

...

The man and the dragon departed in style, leaving the Good Masters of Astapor with their hearts racing. As the golden dragon flew away, the Unsullied breathed a collective sigh of relief and, as they were accustomed to doing, began carrying away the charred corpses of their comrades.

Beneath the city walls, two Unsullied flanked the bald Wise Master on either side. He trembled, his face pale. “No, we can’t go on like this,” he muttered.

The enemy had blocked the riverbank and sent dragons to attack every day. Astapor was now an isolated city, its thousands of Unsullied troops unable to exert their full power.

As he spoke, several Unsullied with heavy faces descended from the city walls. One of them carried a body adorned with luxurious jewelry, the stench of burning flesh still lingering.

"This, this..." The bald Wise Master's eyes widened in disbelief, his voice catching in his throat. The sight of the fallen, once-proud master, now a charred husk, left him speechless.

...

On the other side, Aegon returned to his camp after the successful attack. He dismounted from Sunfyre and looked around, searching for someone.

Frustrated by the disarray, he stormed through the camp, overturning supplies and barking orders. Finally, he called for the Maester who accompanied the army.

The Maester hurried over, his face a mix of concern and curiosity. Aegon, not known for his patience, snatched a parchment and quill from the Maester’s satchel. He bit down on the quill in frustration, then hastily scrawled a few lines of barely legible scratch.

#### Chapter 544: Pampering Maekar

One day and night later.

Rhaegar held the letter in his hands, barely recognizing the High Valyrian script on it. "A letter from Aegon?" he murmured.

Rhaenyra leaned closer, her fragrant presence enveloping him. "Who else could write such terrible handwriting?" she teased.

Rhaegar's face darkened. He handed the letter to Maekar, who was nestled in his arms, and threatened, "If you write like this, I'll chop off your paws."

Maekar withdrew his hand quickly and replied, "Grand Maester Munkun said that my handwriting is quite good."

Rhaegar rolled his eyes and tried to decipher the contents of the letter. It could be summarized in one sentence: Astapor's defenses are weak. Can we attack the city quickly?



Rhaenyra rolled her eyes, leaned over Rhaegar's back, and hugged his neck. Biting his ear lightly, she whispered, "Do you want to?"

"The child is still here," Rhaegar replied, pursing his lips in mock annoyance.

Maekar silently turned his head to look out at the bustling city below the Black Wall.

The family of three was in Volantis. Aegon, who was far away on the Stepstones, was now the main force attacking Slaver's Bay.

Rhaenyra smiled and asked, "I said, should we attack Astapor?" She paused deliberately, adding to the tension.

As the Queen of Lys and Queen of the Realm, Rhaenyra was always under high pressure. Not only was she busy with government affairs, but she also had to guard against any rivals who dared to climb into her husband's bed. The duty of bearing children almost deprived her of her freedom.

Not to mention the long-established Slaver's Bay, even the newly conquered Volantis was her first step. She couldn't wait to fight and repeat the feats of Queen Visenya.

Rhaegar broke free from her soft embrace and leaned against the parapet. He had already made up his mind. "Wait a little longer. Astapor will be ours."

The sky above was blue and white, and the Black Wall towered beneath their feet. Rhaenyra looked up and down at Rhaegar, enchanted by his commanding presence, and whispered, "Oh?"

In her heart, she whispered to herself. She was already thirty years old. Even though she had received some kind of blessing, her appearance still remained around twenty, and her figure was still slender and graceful. But she still had to deal with anxiety.

After all, Helaena, who had fought many battles with Rhaegar, was younger and more beautiful, and had more achievements than she did.

In contrast, Rhaegar was only twenty-two years old, in the prime of his life. His good looks were celebrated throughout the Seven Kingdoms and beyond. Of course, the tales of the ruin maker may have spread even further.

Rhaegar did not know what she was thinking. He placed Maekar on the parapet, where his small body could be overturned by a gust of wind.

Rhaenyra's expression tightened, but she chose to trust him.

Maekar sat on the cold black stone, his legs dangling over the edge of the wall, his pale face taut with anxiety.

Rhaegar leaned over the parapet, his elbows resting on the stone, and asked his young son, "Are you afraid?"

"No," Maekar replied, leaning back slightly, though his voice lacked conviction.

Rhaegar chuckled, "Anyone who isn't afraid is a fool. Only your brother Baelon would dare to do this."

Maekar remained silent, thinking that father could be hard to understand at times.



Rhaegar's expression turned serious. "Look down below. There are all kinds of people, some dressed in fancy clothes, others carrying baskets."

"Mm." Maekar nodded emphatically and stared intently.

Under the Black Wall, the wealthy district sprawled out. The streets were wide, with all kinds of shops, inns, and brothels, bustling with people of all classes. Luxurious slave owners walked alongside ragged slaves. In a few secluded alleys, clients could be seen slapping the round, perky breasts of prostitutes.

Rhaegar pointed at a greasy merchant sitting on a low elephant cart, along with the old slave who was driving it, and said coldly, "Remember, these are mine for the time being, and one day in the future, they will be yours."

"Mine?" Maekar pointed to himself, wide-eyed.

"Yes." Rhaegar made a sweeping gesture, including the blue sky above and the gray tiles below. "You are my son, the future prince of Volantis, and everything here will be yours." Then, in High Valyrian, he said solemnly, "*Zaldrīzo ānogar iksan*. (You are the blood of the dragon.)"

Maekar was stunned, half-comprehending. The sudden bestowal of a fiefdom and title left his quick mind a bit overwhelmed.

After a moment, Rhaegar smiled and said, "Don't worry, your brothers all have their own territories. You're not the only one."

"Isn't it a bit early to talk about this with him?" Rhaenyra asked in surprise.

"Too early?" Rhaegar repeated, unfazed. "When you were heir to the Iron Throne, I had no interest in it." He paused, then added sternly, "Even now, it's still the same."

Power is scary? Yes and no. To guide his children down the right path, Rhaegar believed they first needed strong minds. They were Targaryens, the last dragonlords of ancient Valyria. From the moment they were born to the moment they rode their dragons into the sky, power was within their grasp.

Rhaegar wasn't worried about his children fighting for power. What could be more important than family and dragons? Whether it was Baelon or Aemon, Maekar or Lyanna... when they rode their dragons, the world was at their feet. Power was nothing more than an ignorant desire when the heart was broken.

Like Daemon, Aegon, Aemond, and even the submissive little Daeron, all were troubled by what they lacked in their youth. If they didn't break free, they would never be at peace.

Rhaenyra heard this and said nothing. In a way, she too was troubled by being abandoned by her father and losing her status as heir. Proving herself was the fate of every generation of Targaryens.

Rhaegar patted Maekar on the head, confident that he wouldn't fall from the wall. "Enjoy yourself. This is your birthright," he said. "But never forget to have a healthy respect for life. Cruel people don't necessarily go to hell, but those who kill innocents for no reason will not have a good ending."



Maekar was puzzled. Looking at the people below the Black Wall, he asked, "How do I rule them?"

The question was straightforward, showing no hint of indecision. Rhaegar admired this about his youngest son. He was decisive and unembarrassed, unlike his eldest and second sons. He laughed and said, "The best way to manage them is to set rules and let them fight among themselves."

Maekar tilted his head, indicating that he didn't understand.

Rhaegar explained patiently, "What is the system of Myr and Lys?"

Maekar squinted, trying to understand.

"Myr has a three-chamber parliament, with representatives elected by the old nobility, the commoners, and the slaves," Rhaegar began. "After the identity cards were issued, new factions, such as the Artisans' Guild, the Healers' Guild, and the Maesters' Guild, gradually emerged. Each layer is divided and controlled by another. Even if I don't live in Myr, the Free Cities function effectively under this vast system."

He continued, "Lys has a Topless Tower system, with a queen and three councilors. Rhaenyra is a hands-off leader, and Johanna and Laena, one inside and one outside, manage the city well. Johanna is a native of Lys, and Laena is a noble from outside. The two sides counterbalancing each other is the best check and balance."

Maekar still looked confused, his thoughts not quite coming together.

Rhaegar smiled and said, "Think about it slowly. You'll understand later." He decided to keep Maekar in Volantis for a while to observe the cruel rules of the Free Cities. Baelon and Aemon's personalities were already set, with no major changes expected in the future. Maekar was still young and more malleable.

"Okay," Maekar agreed, even though he didn't fully understand.

The child didn't grasp it, but Rhaenyra, who was listening, did. Thinking of Johanna's struggle with the foreign powers and the three Free Cities of Slaver's Bay, Rhaenyra suddenly realized, "The three Free Cities will attack each other?"

"They won't have a chance," Rhaegar shook his head. "Aegon harasses Astapor, and Daemon holds Yunkai in check. With two of the three cities under attack, Meereen is alone and cannot risk sending help. Slaver's Bay has no chance to unite and fight against the enemy together."

Rhaenyra frowned slightly and guessed, "There will be problems within Astapor?"

"Aegon's dragon harassment has already established an implicit rule of oppression. The Good Masters in the city won't be able to withstand the pressure for long," Rhaegar smiled, not denying her assumption.

According to the Red Priestess's intelligence, Meereen is the main force that worships the bastard Dragonlord. Just like the Triarchy in the past, when Lys controlled Morghul.



The other two Free Cities are just taking advantage of the situation. A group of despicable slave traders, without any sense of honor or decency. Without the substantial benefits brought by the bastards Dragonlords and the Smoking Sea young dragon, how could they be willing to die?

At that moment, footsteps approached from behind. Rhaenys, dressed in red armor and looking exhausted, walked over quickly and said in surprise, "I just returned from patrol and heard the news of your visit."

"Aunt," Rhaenyra said, smiling. The three of them had first traveled to the Worm River to see Aegon and then returned to Volantis. In total, they had only been there for a day.

Rhaenys was happy to see her family and asked, "How is Laena?"

"She's fine. Daemon has already named Baela as his successor." Rhaenyra's expression was mixed, and she said it with some reluctance. She had thought Laena would break off the relationship, but she had blossomed. Mysaria, the White Worm, was in an awkward position, and Daemon had not said when he would marry her. Rhaenyra was not happy about being involved in this.

Rhaegar glanced at her and took her hand. Rhaenyra was taken aback for a moment, but then she smiled.

"Your Grace, Your Grace!" A voice called out urgently, and a blond figure came running. Tyland, with his back hair combed and stubble visible, panted, "The finances of Volantis have been handled properly, and the Tiger and Elephant parties have confiscated a lot of money."

"Thank you, Tyland." Rhaegar noticed the redness in the other's eyes and gave him proper encouragement: "I plan to let you stay in Volantis and serve as the chief advisor."

"Really?" Tyland was both surprised and delighted, and quickly said, "Sorry, I'm just too excited."

With the Tiger and Elephant parties out of power in Volantis, the management was left with only low-level officials. If he becomes the chief advisor, he will be comparable to the Hand of the King in Westeros. It's much more valuable than being a Master of Ships with no real power.

Rhaegar nodded slightly in agreement. "You are the right man."

He then grabbed Maekar by the collar, placing him at Tyland's feet, and said solemnly, "He's yours. From now on, you'll be his teacher."

"Huh?" Maekar was stunned. Tyland also reacted similarly, dumbfounded as he pointed at the little prince, who was no taller than his knees. "Isn't the Prince too young?" he asked helplessly.

"He is just a bit small," Rhaegar admitted, his tone calm.



Tyland's heart sank. He didn't want to be a nanny for a child, no matter how noble. But before he could voice his thoughts, Rhaegar continued, "But Maekar is a little genius, and he won't give you too much trouble."

Rhaegar's confident demeanor reminded Tyland of stereotypical parents who believe their children are prodigies. Tyland wanted to refuse but dared not speak up. He forced a smile that looked more like a grimace. "Your Grace trusts me, so I... I'll give it a try."

"I'll try too," Maekar said, his voice sullen as he grabbed Tyland's pant leg. He could sense the other man's reluctance. He was a flatterer who always had to be on his best behavior in front of his father.

Chapter 545: I Will Ride Him Over Again

Qohor

One of the nine Free Cities, a rare inland city.

"Roar!" The brown dragon's wings cut through the sky as the ugly mud dragon shrieked.

"Steady, Sheepstealer," Aemond commanded, displeasure evident in his voice. He held a trembling, delicate figure in his arms.

Celine's face was pale, and she whispered, "I'm fine."

Aemond frowned and slowed Sheepstealer's pace. He probably shouldn't have brought his paramour along. A Celtigar, with their typical sea-faring background, was not accustomed to the dragon of blood and fire.

"Prince, are we almost there?" Celine asked, her eyes dizzy and barely open.

Aemond looked down at her and said confidently, "After crossing the Thenn River, Qohor is not far away."

Celine nodded in relief. The destination of this trip was Qohor.

"Close your eyes for a while. I'll wake you when we get there." Aemond hugged Celine's slender waist, resting his pointed chin on her silver-blond curls, fully enjoying the moment of tranquility.

Celine was the best woman he had ever shared a bed with. She was younger than the brothel madam and more mature than Floris. When he spent his first night in High Tide in Celine's bed, she was still a virgin. Thank the Sevens for the late Laenor, his cousin.

It was his alternative orientation that allowed him to pick up a Valyrian woman who looked so much like his sister.

Such a good catch.

"Roar!"



Sheepstealer leapt through a vast forest, suddenly lowering its head to roar in warning. Aemond opened his eyes wide, peering down with great caution.

Below lay the Forest of Qohor, the largest primeval forest on the continent of Essos. Among the lush, towering trees, the noise of people and horses was evident. A cavalry unit advanced slowly along a winding path that stretched for more than ten miles.

Aemond's one eye widened, focusing on the barbaric attire of the cavalry. They wore animal skins and carried curved swords and bows. Men, women, and children all rode tall horses, following the procession in an orderly manner.

"These are the Dothraki!" Celine opened her eyes and said weakly.

"Yes, a bunch of wild men from the Great Desolation," Aemond replied, his expression grim. He suddenly noticed the carts mixed in with the cavalry. Several horses were pulling carts covered in rags. From their towering bulges and the shape of the crossbows, it was not difficult to guess what they were.

"Scorpion crossbows from Qohor, escorted by Dothraki?" Aemond's eyes lit up with excitement. "The weapons were purchased for Slaver's Bay, and the wildlings were hired."

He had been exiled for half a month and had heard nothing about the war. But judging by this Dothraki tribe of over 10,000 people, the family must have declared war on Slaver's Bay.

"Should I take this news back?" Aemond's eyes flashed with excitement but quickly dismissed the idea. He patted the dragon's back and urged, "Hurry up, Sheepstealer!"

"Roar!" Sheepstealer snarled, flapping its tattered brown wings and disappearing into the forest in an instant.

Aemond smiled and muttered, "First, I'll have the Crab Claws remade, then I'll gather a group of mercenaries. Who can stop me now?" He was determined to make his name known throughout the continent of Essos.

...

Time passes slowly...

Slaver's Bay, Astapor.

The city walls are in a terrible state, blackened by fire and death, and the air is thick with the stench of burning. Inside the Free City, the ancient streets are filled with the sound of people, and the ground is covered with garbage and excrement. The Wise Masters are hiding in the pyramids, calling on the Unsullied to protect them in every way.

The slaves are kept in stables like livestock, chained around their necks. Occasionally, one or two slaves escape, but they are so emaciated that they can barely walk. They don't get far before they fall into a puddle of mud. The patrols quickly catch them, cutting off their necks with a single blow and feeding them to the beasts in the arena like dead dogs.



“Roar...” A yellow jade dragon soars through the sky, plunging into the thick clouds. The sound of the dragon's roar makes the Wise Masters of the Free City tremble.

In the western district, a 400-foot-tall pyramid stands. At this moment, the Wise Masters are flocking to the site. Without exception, they discuss how to deal with the inevitable war.

The fleet has blockaded the Worm River, and there is a shortage of food in Astapor. The dragons harass them every day, and the people in the city are in a panic. The Wise Masters are going mad without a solution.

...

Worm River, the garrison.

"Roar..."

At the entrance to the camp, a yellow dragon slowly landed. Rhaenyra rolled off the dragon's wing, lifted her hand, and bit off her glove, exclaiming, “Well done, Syrax.”

"Roar..."

Syrax's pupils were gentle, and the dragon's snout arched to nuzzle its rider, just like a spoiled little girl.

"Today's mission is complete, good girl." Rhaenyra rubbed the dragon's chin and turned to enter the camp.

"Your Grace," two Kingsguard in silver armor and white robes, one tall and one short, greeted her.

"Thank you, Ser," Rhaenyra replied, walking briskly. She was already familiar with the two new Kingsguards.

One was tall and handsome, with silver hair and blue eyes, Bael Dayne of House Dayne of Starfall. The other was short and stocky, with gray curly hair and green eyes, and a harmless baby face, Hall Reed from Greywater Watch, known for its archery.

One was the Lord of Starfall, the other was the second son of a lord. They had earned their places in the Kingsguard through their strength and skill.

...

Rhaenyra moved quickly through the camp. Before she reached her destination, she saw a group of people in rags and hemp clothes rushing out.

“Huh?” Rhaenyra looked closer and recognized Grey Worm, the leader of the Unsullied, among them. The others appeared to be low-ranking officers or former slaves.

Inside the tent, Rhaegar was playing with a gold coin engraved with the image of a Harpy. With a flick of his finger, the coin flipped through the air.

"Back already?" Rhaegar looked up suddenly, his concern evident. "How was it? Did you encounter any resistance?"

"No," Rhaenyra replied, pouring herself a cup of wine. "Did you give Grey Worm a mission?"



After more than a month of siege, Astapor had gone from initial resistance to complete collapse. Rhaegar had only requested ships and food from the rear, never mentioning an offensive.

Rhaegar smiled mysteriously, got up, pushed Rhaenyra back into her chair, and whispered, "The Wise Masters in the city can't take the pressure anymore. Someone came to me asking for peace."

"What are the terms?" Rhaenyra looked at him sideways, trying to guess his intentions.

Rhaegar laughed, "The Wise Masters want money, and I want an army."

Rhaenyra was shocked. "They'll sell you their weapons?"

The Unsullied trained in Astapor were world-renowned. In the midst of war, how could the Wise Masters sell their strongest army?

"They didn't say how many, but I don't think it will be more than half of the city's total," Rhaegar half-sat on the table, his eyes slightly narrowed, and said slyly, "But I want them all."

...

At night, the sky was pitch dark.

At the base of the red-gray wall, burnt and dismembered corpses were piled haphazardly, forming a gruesome mound. Grey Worm's face was pale as he sidestepped a few bodies with blackened armor fused to their flesh, making his way to the base of the wall to search with the others.

"Here," a fellow Unsullied called out, digging into a muddy drainage hole. The hole was not large, resembling a dog hole rather than one made for humans.

Grey Worm took out a chisel and began hammering away at the drainage hole, enlarging it to a size that could fit a person. The light flickered as a group of Unsullied soldiers patrolled the city walls. The night wind blew, and the moon was covered by dark clouds.

"Hurry up," Grey Worm urged. He first shoved a jingling sack into the hole, then led the way through it. Back in this old purgatory, he never thought he would have to find another way.

A moment later, several figures moved through the city under curfew, skillfully avoiding the patrolling soldiers. After a while, they blended in with a pyramid's shadow. Shortly after, they quietly slipped out.

Grey Worm lifted the sack, which was more than half empty. "Next," he whispered, his voice low but filled with excitement.

...

For three days, everything seemed calm.

The Wise Masters, after careful deliberation, opened the city gates and requested negotiations. With a bang, five thousand Unsullied marched out of the Free Cities, accompanied by three thousand mercenaries paid for by the Wise Masters. A dozen Wise Masters, dressed in their finest attire, set up a temporary pavilion outside the city gates. Behind them, a huge bronze statue of a Harpy loomed over the city gate, its talons appearing to clutch hundreds of huddled slaves like prey.



“Roar!” A thunderous roar echoed through the sky as a black dragon the size of a mountain slowly took flight. Two golden dragons of similar size flanked the black dragon. The Second Sons cavalry followed, escorting a convoy of carts loaded with boxes.

After a while, both sides took their seats. The Wise Masters sat at the head of the pavilion, each one plump and well-fed, resembling well-dressed pigs. The leader was a mature woman with dark skin, wearing only a light beige veil that highlighted her long, bouncy legs.

“Wow, she's a real beauty,” Aegon smiled, his eyes fixed on the woman.

The mature woman tilted her head and suddenly spread her legs, revealing a generous patch of black hair. Aegon was shocked, his smile vanishing. Rhaegar brushed past him, completely ignoring the rip in his sackcloth.

Rhaenyra's eyes narrowed, and her voice was low: “You're a disgrace.”

The first meeting between the two sides was obviously not very pleasant. The three siblings stood in the center of the gazebo, looking up at the Wise Masters gathered there. Each Good Master had a slave girl at their side, occasionally holding a whip. The mature woman sat in the middle, staring straight at Rhaegar.

Rhaegar, with his silver hair braided into a plait, looked around with interest. The mature woman was clearly intrigued by him. Regardless of his status, he was nothing more than a tall, handsome man to her. The inhuman beauty of the Targaryens was perfectly embodied in him. She wondered how comfortable it would be to ride him.

“Take your eyes off him, slave master!” Rhaenyra's face grew cold as she warned in High Valyrian.

The mature woman looked at her in surprise and replied in the same language: “Your husband is very handsome. When you were brother and sister, did you ever ride him secretly?”

Slaver's Bay was built on the ruins of ancient Ghis, which was once a slave of ancient Valyria. Today, people of status were proud to speak fluent High Valyrian.

Rhaenyra smiled, her most gentle expression delivering the most ruthless words: “When I cut off your head, I will put it by the bed so you can watch me ride him.”

“Puff!” Aegon couldn't help but laugh.

Chapter 546: Subduing the 5,000 Unsullied

Rhaenyra glanced sideways, her eyes cold and piercing.

Aegon quickly covered his mouth and coughed, recalling the saddest moments of his life.

The mature woman shifted her gaze to Rhaegar, who had not said a word. With a doubtful expression, she said, “Your Grace of the Iron Throne, don't you think a jealous woman is boring?”

She leaned forward, her deep-necked blouse exposing more as her upper body pressed down on her raised legs, revealing her ample chest. The posture was more seductive than that of the best bed slave.



Rhaegar remained calm, his expression unchanged. He looked at the Wise Masters next to the woman and said lightly, "We have come to negotiate with you, but where is your sincerity?"

His voice, still in High Valyrian, was full of a different kind of nobility.

"We have prepared two thousand Unsullied, as long as you can afford the price," the mature woman said, her eyes flashing with displeasure as she pulled up the collar of her blouse.

Rhaegar ignored her, continuing to stare at the silent Wise Masters. "The premise of the deal is that you surrender the city and release all the slaves," he said coldly.

"You may call yourself the Breaker of Chains, but we will not agree to your unreasonable demands," the mature woman retorted angrily.

The other Wise Masters remained silent, pretending to be deaf and dumb.

Rhaegar lowered his gaze to the woman and said coldly, "I'm talking to them, don't interrupt me."

With just one glance, the mature woman felt a lump in her throat. Her long legs subconsciously closed together, and she was embarrassed in public, wanting to refute him. But seeing his handsome, cold face, she found herself unable to speak. It was as if she were a female slave, afraid to disobey the orders of the Wise Masters.

The scene froze for a moment, and finally, several male Wise Masters began to speak.

One of them, with triangular eyes and a shaved head, weighed the whip in his hand and said sternly, "Astapor is a slave city-state. Losing slaves is no different from killing us."

"That's none of my business," Rhaegar said indifferently. "You worship the false Aethyrys Dragonlords, and you must pay the price."

The bald Wise Masters looked at each other coldly. "We can sell you more Unsullied to kill the false Dragonlord."

"How many?" Rhaegar immediately responded.

"Two thousand five hundred, no more," the Good Master said through gritted teeth.

"We only have five thousand trained Unsullied, and we can't sell them all to you."

"Not enough." Rhaegar held up three fingers and said firmly, "Five thousand Unsullied, five hundred gold dragons each."

"You're robbing us!" the bald Good Master shouted, furious.

The normal price for an Unsullied is 800 gold dragons, with a discount for buying in bulk. The price of 500 gold dragons per person was far too low to buy all the Unsullied. It was just wishful thinking.

Rhaegar laughed, pointed at the sky, and asked, "With three dragons overhead, what do you think I'm doing?"

"Roar!"



Cannibal, in perfect sync with him, soared through the air and spat out a stream of miserable green Dragonfire, obscuring the blinding sun.

The sight of the Dragonfire, combined with the roar, left not only the bald Wise Masters but everyone present in shock. They looked up at the blue sky and saw the three dragons circling overhead, like three ominous war machines.

“By the Harpy!” The mature woman’s eyes went vacant, and her crotch was wet.

It took a long time for the Wise Masters to recover from their shock. After some careful consideration, they made a decision.

The bald Good Master looked miserable: “We agree, but your fleet must withdraw from the Worm River.”

As long as the slave trade was restored, money would always flow in.

Rhaegar smiled slyly and said, “No problem. The money is right behind us.”

He then stepped aside to reveal the caravan escorted by the Second Sons.

The bald Wise Masters saw this and their faces brightened a little: “Deal.”

“Wait!” Rhaegar stopped them and held out his hand: “Give me the whip that commands the Unsullied.”

One of the Wise Masters immediately interrupted: “We need to finish counting the money first.”

The other Wise Masters hesitated, rubbing the whip in their hands.

Rhaegar sneered, “Do you think I would bother to fool with three dragons at my command?”

Upon hearing this, the Wise Masters looked up at the sky again. The three dragons circled slowly, the largest of them, a pitch-black dragon, was comparable to a large pyramid.

The bald Wise Masters gave in and ordered a slave to fetch a whip. The whip was beautiful and placed on a tray. The mature woman got up of her own accord, holding the tray in both hands and walking down the steps, bowing respectfully as she handed it over.

“Thank you,” Rhaegar took the whip directly.

The whip was similar to a dragon-taming whip, with a golden statue of the eagle-goddess Gwyllion as its handle. Rhaegar gave Rhaenyra and Aegon a look, then walked out of the pavilion with the whip in his hand.

On the barren land, 5,000 Unsullied in black armor stood in perfect formation, like a dark cloud.

Boom!

Cannibal descended slowly, raising its head high. Rhaegar climbed onto the dragon's back, overlooking all the Unsullied from a high vantage point, and shouted with his whip in hand, “Unsullied, obey my command!”

Swish!

The 5,000 Unsullied moved at the sound of the whip, forming a single column in a single direction.



“This thing is no better than a dragon tamer's whip,” Rhaegar looked on with a complex expression. “Unfortunately, the price is the loss of humanity.”

The Unsullied, to put it plainly, were a group of mindless zombies. Whoever holds the whip commands them.

In the pavilion at the back, the Wise Masters sent someone to check the money and drink a celebratory toast in advance.

“Unsullied, who is your master?” Rhaegar stood on the back of the dragon, his voice spreading far and wide with the help of a spell that amplified his words through the dragon.

Swish!

Five thousand Unsullied struck their round shields with their spears, silently pledging their loyalty. Rhaegar's lips curled up, a sense of accomplishment welling up in him.

On the other side, the slave who was checking the money opened the boxes one by one, finding not a single gold dragon coin. All that could be seen were lumps of worthless rock.

“They're fake!” The slave hurried back to the pavilion, breaking the harmonious atmosphere of the Wise Masters.

“What? No gold coins?!” The Wise Masters' faces turned pale, their wine cups shattering to the ground.

Roar!

Cannibal raised its head and roared, turning its long neck towards the pavilion. Rhaegar's face was solemn, and his voice was loud and clear: “Unsullied, kill the Wise Masters in front of you, kill the soldiers, and kill everyone who carries a whip!”

“No! This is a trick!” The Wise Masters were stunned and fled in a panic.

However, it was too late.

Swish!

The 5,000 Unsullied received their orders and without hesitation, pointed their spears at the very beings who had oppressed them in the past.

Pop!

The spears pierced the mercenaries' bodies and the slave soldiers' chests. The pavilion was surrounded, and the fleeing Wise Masters were swiftly eliminated. The negotiation had instantly turned into a massacre.

Rhaenyra's purple eyes were sharp as she spotted the mature woman fleeing in panic. With a single motion, she unsheathed her sword from her waist.

Clang~~



The Realm's Delight was unsheathed, its sun-carved pattern glistening in the light. "Ha ha, don't run," she muttered, her excitement barely contained.

Aegon, equally exhilarated, shouted, "Dracarys, Sunfyre!"

Roar!

The golden Sunfyre descended, smashing through the roof of the pavilion. Simultaneously, the Cannibal soared into the air, carrying Rhaegar, and unleashed Dragonfire upon the confused mercenaries. Syrax followed closely behind, targeting the slave soldiers on the city walls.

"No! Don't!" screamed a Good Master.

"Run! There's a rebellion!" shouted another.

Inside the Free Cities, a fire broke out, and the chaotic cries of battle filled the air. In an instant, the scene transformed into a gruesome scene of blood and fire.

...

It was getting late; dusk was falling over Astapor.

"Roar..."

Syrax stood on the city wall, intimidating the countless slaves who bowed down in worship. Smoke filled the air of the Free Cities, and two dragons soared through the sky.

Rhaegar stood beside the dragons, with 5,000 Unsullied standing straight at the foot of the city.

"Unsullied, step forward!"

Rhaegar held a whip in his hand and shouted.

Swish!

The 5,000 Unsullied moved forward in unison at the sound of the whip.

Rhaegar wiped his bloodied cheek and shouted, "You have been slaves your whole lives, but today you are liberated!"

The Unsullied's faces were numb, and they raised their heads slightly.

Rhaegar threw the whip down from the city wall and boldly declared, "Anyone can leave freely without being harmed. I promise!"

The Unsullied's eyes, which were like pools of stagnant water, began to waver, unable to believe their ears. Perhaps, it was another test of loyalty from the slave owner.

"Roar..."

Syrax roared, and the dragon's head reached out to Rhaegar.

Rhaegar did not look away, clenched his fists, and shouted, "The ancient Valyrians enslaved life, and they destroyed for it. Astapor enslaved life, and today it is also in ruins. No one can enslave another, and those who do so will surely die!"

Rhaegar looked around and said bluntly, "Who will fight for me, for Rhaegar Targaryen the First? Today, as free men!"



Silence followed—deadly quiet, you could hear a pin drop. The 5,000 Unsullied saw him, heard him, and fell into a deep silence.

Suddenly, several figures walked out of the city gates. Grey Worm, wearing rags and carrying a three-pronged black helmet under his arm, walked forward step by step. The rest of them were either wearing black armor or carrying broken shackles. Their faces were solemn as they walked towards the army of Unsullied.

One step, two steps...

When they were less than 100 meters away, Grey Worm suddenly turned around and knelt on one knee:

“Rhaegar Targaryen, King of the Andals, the Rhoynar, and the First Men, Lord of the Seven Kingdoms and of the Narrow Sea, Settler of the Disputed Lands, Breaker of Chains, Shepherd of Dragons...”

The endless list of titles dwarfed the great deeds of the present.

Grey Worm's eyes were wild with devotion as he said, “Wherever your sword points, we will follow you!”

Clang!

The rest of the men fell to their knees and threw off their shackles and chains like they were worn-out shoes.

Rhaegar silently looked down, drew Truefyre, raised it high, and shouted only one word: “Blood and Fire!”

The 5,000 Unsullied were all moved, and their numb faces were infused with new life.

Dong dong!

A figure stepped forward and struck the ground with a spear. Like a single spark igniting a prairie fire, the action spread through the army.

Swish!

More and more Unsullied stepped forward, banging the ground in a cathartic manner. The force was so great that it sounded like the beating of a dense drum. The ground trembled for miles around.

Aegon stood in the ruins of the pavilion, dumbfounded, his jaw hanging loose. Within the Free Cities, tens of thousands of slaves surged forward, all shouting the same thing: “Blood and fire!”

"Roar!!"

Cannibal roared wildly, and the wings of death enveloped the Free Cities, dispersing filth and resentment.

Rhaegar stood with his head held high, his eyes closed, and his mind lost in the chant. The Targaryen rule would last forever.

“Rhaegar.”



Rhaegar's head tilted slightly as he heard the soft call. Rhaenyra, her long, silvery-gold hair stained with blood, walked silently to his side and whispered, "Well done."

Rhaegar's nostrils flared, and he smelled the rich, bloody scent. He opened his eyes and saw two beautiful faces. Rhaenyra's eyes were like waves, and her eyebrows were full of pride. Her hands hung down naturally, holding a woman's head covered in terror.

"Do you like it?"

Rhaenyra smiled and tilted her head to the side: "Come with me and look at it slowly on the bedside table."

Rhaegar was momentarily dazed, and then immediately laughed.

Chapter 547: Valyrian Steel Sword – Scarlet Forger

The next morning arrived early.

Swish!

The Unsullied legion of 5,000 marched out of Astapor, kicking up clouds of dust as they went. Behind them, the city smoldered with a few wisps of smoke drifting in the air.

"One, two, three..."

Thousands of slaves broke free from their shackles and worked together to bring down the huge bronze statue of the Harpy on the city wall.

Crashing—

The statue of the Harpy collapsed, its bronze pieces shattering into the sky.

"Roar!"

The black dragon roared past amidst the slaves' joyous shouts of celebration.

Rhaegar looked down, feeling a deep sense of satisfaction. Thousands of Good Masters, along with their blood relatives, had been hanged on the execution platform. They had sold slaves and enjoyed immense wealth, only to face the slaves' vengeful backlash when the city fell.

"Astapor is a thing of the past," Rhaegar whispered.

The Good Masters were all dead, and the slaves had been liberated. When the war ended, they would take the craftsmen, scholars, and other talents with them, leaving behind a ruined and decaying Free City. He wouldn't rule here. Slaver's Bay was beyond the jurisdiction of the Iron Throne. For this reason, Slaver's Bay would be erased from history.

"Roar!"

"Roar..."

Syrax and Sunfyre flew out one after the other, escorting the Second Sons and the naval fleet. The three Free Cities of Slaver's Bay were evenly spaced in a line from south to north. With Astapor fallen, the army headed north to join Daemon at Yunkai.



Rhaegar glanced at a necklace, then took out a colorless glass bottle of potion. It was warm to the touch, like a bottle of transparent mucus. He sniffed lightly, and his blood boiled involuntarily.

“A dangerous scent.”

Rhaegar’s eyes flashed, and he said cautiously, “Another wizard’s work.”

The potion was found on the Good Masters, exuding a strange familiarity. Slaver’s Bay was really going all out to take on the Iron Throne.

...

Yunkai

The city walls crumbled as fire spread unchecked.

“Run! The dragon is coming!”

“How dare you! No one is allowed to flee!”

Chaos reigned. Thick black smoke billowed into the sky, and slave soldiers scattered, fleeing for their lives.

“Roar...” The scarlet dragon’s shadow pierced the smoke, accompanied by a shrill, sonic-like roar, as its massive body crashed down.

“Attack, Caraxes!” Daemon’s voice was cold and indifferent, like a god looking down on the scurrying ants below.

“Dragon! Run!”

“No, no, no...”

Caraxes’ pupils flashed with cruelty. Its snake-like body slithered over the ruins, spewing out scarlet Dragonfire freely.

“Shoot! Shoot!”

The mercenaries in the city, emboldened by desperation, hid behind buildings and shot arrows.

Crackling...

Thousands of arrows rained down. Daemon tilted his head slightly, calmly facing the tide of sharp arrows.

Bang!

Caraxes, in sync with Daemon’s thoughts, opened its scarlet dragon wings, shielding its rider. The arrows clanged against the membrane harmlessly.

“Leave no one alive, Caraxes!” Daemon smiled, his eyes full of unruliness. How dare a slave Free City resist a Dragon!

Whoo-hoo-hoo!



A mournful horn sounded, marking the siege battle's peak intensity. The army, bearing the flags of the three red dragons and the blue seahorses, rushed into the inner city, slaying any slave soldiers who dared to stand in their way.

"Retreat!"

Realizing their arrows were useless against the dragon, the mercenaries' eyes filled with bloodshot desperation. They dropped their bows and fled in panic.

"..."

The battle raged for several days.

In the end, Yunkai lay in ruins, and the Blood Wym, Caraxes, slept soundly on the ashes.

...

The sky was clear, and the sun shone brightly over Yunkai's Glory Square.

"Roar..."

Caraxes, with narrowed eyes, crouched atop a pile of corpses and let out a piercing roar.

Clatter...

Thousands of Wise Masters fell to their knees, their eyes glazed over as if struck in the spine.

"You once enslaved people and deprived them of their freedom."

Daemon, seated on the dragon's back, listed their crimes with a calm expression. His black steel armor bore scars, and his long silver-blond hair hung messily over his shoulders. It was clear he had been through a bloody battle.

At the sound of his voice, the Wise Masters buried their heads even lower, some even sobbing in fear.

Among the three Free Cities in Slaver's Bay, Yunkai was the weakest. Meereen was the largest, with extensive trade and a population larger than the other two combined. Astapor was famous for its Unsullied legions, with a history of 3,000 Unsullied repelling an attack by over 50,000 Dothraki, even beheading the Khal of the Dothraki cavalry. Yunkai, in contrast, relied on slave soldiers and mercenaries, making it unimpressive on paper.

For half a month, it faced high-intensity attacks from the scarlet dragon. Unable to withstand the pressure, the city finally burned to the ground.

Daemon placed his hands on the dragon's saddle and said calmly, "I am a merciful man and can forgive the sins you have committed."

Suddenly, the Wise Masters' eyes lit up, fearing they had misheard.

Daemon's face remained expressionless, but his voice took on a seductive tone: "Whoever wants to live, pay with your money. Everyone needs to contribute a part."

Crack...

A soldier with the three red dragon emblems on his breastplate brought a box.



“Put your money in there.”

Daemon's lips curled up.

The Wise Masters looked at each other, not expecting to have to pay to save their lives. But in the face of death thousands of gold coins meant little.

They hurriedly took out their money and paid the price of their lives. The cost was steep, and many of the Wise Masters emptied their pockets, yet still didn't have enough.

Daemon sighed lightly, feigning understanding. “If you don't have enough money, you can use your slaves as collateral.” He added that craftsmen, healers, and scholars were valued higher, while bed slaves, laborers, the elderly, the infirm, and children were cheaper.

The Wise Masters, desperate and without time to think, handed over all the slaves they owned. Daemon profited immensely without lifting a finger. Gathering wealth and absorbing skilled individuals were the true benefits of war. Tyrosh, lagging behind, needed both the money and talent.

Once stripped of these resources, Yunkai would quickly decline and no longer pose a threat. After a prolonged exchange, the best slaves were almost all taken. In the end, more than 60% of the Wise Masters paid the head tax and retreated to the pyramid with their remaining slaves.

Daemon glanced at the few hundred Wise Masters who failed to buy their lives. Without mercy, he commanded, “Dracarys, Caraxes!”

Roar!

The Wise Masters had no time to escape. The Blood Wyrms pounced on them, raining down scarlet Dragonfire.

“No! I curse you!”

“It's hot, it's burning...”

The Wise Masters wailed in agony. Those who tried to flee were killed by the surrounding soldiers, while the rest perished in the Dragonfire. Daemon, with calm eyes, looked at a silver-haired, dark-skinned sailor and ordered, “Use House Velaryon's ship to send this money and slaves back to Tyrosh.”

Addam frowned and said nervously, “Prince, this is a time of war...”

The fleet could not be withdrawn for private use during wartime.

“Don't make me repeat myself, bastard!” Daemon's tone was sharp and warning.

“Send the goods back, or I will send a message to the Sea Snake to get up from his bed and come to Slaver's Bay.”

He then shook his blood-stained cloak. Caraxes, nibbling on a charred corpse, slowly left with the rider.

Addam's eyes were dull as he ordered his companions to follow Daemon's instructions. As he turned, he glanced at the back of the scarlet dragon, concealing a hint of envy.

The remaining slaves of Yunkai were in tears, worried about how they would survive the days ahead.



...

On the other side, in the Dothraki Great Grass Sea, the sun hung high in the sky, and a light breeze dispersed the lingering stench of horse manure. The vast grasslands stretched endlessly, like a thick green blanket. Horses walked on it, blending seamlessly into the blue sky and verdant expanse.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa!”

A Dothraki tribe moved across the grass, leaving a winding, muddy trail in their wake. This nomadic tribe of over 10,000 people looked pale and hungry, clearly not in a prosperous state. At the head of the group rode their stern-looking Khal, Rao Khal, a man with a waist-length braid adorned with bells.

“Khal, the wagon wheels have sunk into the mud again.” A scar-faced Bloodrider rode up, impatience evident in his tone.

Rao Khal glanced back, observing the tribal warriors dismounting to push the cart. He said in a low voice, “The Mother of Mountains is right in front of us. I will ask the priestess to divine the weather.”

The Great Grass Sea, a vast and fertile region in central Essos, had a warm climate but often unpredictable rainy seasons.

The scar-faced Bloodrider scowled and gruffly responded, “We should have gone straight to Slaver’s Bay. Going to Qohor was a waste of time.” The lack of sheep villages along the way meant they couldn’t gather enough supplies, leaving many in the tribe starving.

Rao Khal’s expression remained stoic as his hand moved towards the curved knife at his waist, his gaze deadly.

The Bloodrider continued to complain but fell silent under the Khal’s threatening stare. In Dothraki tradition, the authority of the Khal was inviolable. Offending him left only one option: a fight to the death.

“Push the cart out of the mud and find a place with water to rest.” Rao Khal commanded in a low voice.

“Yes, Khal.” The scar-faced Bloodrider dared not disobey and retreated reluctantly to carry out the order.

...

Before long, it was noon. The Dothraki tribe found a water source and dismounted from their horses, their spirits lifting.

Hoo- A shadow swept over the stream, carrying the stench of sheep offal away. Rao Khal suddenly looked up, his pupils constricting.

“Roar!”

A huge dragon with a hideous appearance and muddy scales flew overhead.

“Dragon!” Rao Khal stammered.



A silver-haired figure on the back of the dragon tilted its head. Rao Khal's sharp eyesight caught the glint of silver hair reflecting the sunlight.

“Go away, Sheepstealer.”

Aemond looked down and gave a small smile.

“Roar!”

Sheepstealer, drawn to the scent of sheep, hesitated to leave.

“Hmm?” Aemond's single eye narrowed.

After a moment, Sheepstealer reluctantly obeyed and flew away. Aemond snorted, casting a final, covetous glance at the Dothraki horde.

Swish! With a flick of his wrist, a one-handed sword was unsheathed. The blade was slender, covered in the rippling patterns unique to Valyrian steel, and featured a long, narrow blood groove down the center. The hilt, a full foot long, resembled a dragon's tail, adorned with black scales and feathers that seemed almost alive. The blade was shaped like a ferocious dragon's head, modeled after the withered head of Sheepstealer. The entire sword symbolized a dragon snatching food from its mouth.

Celine huddled in his arms, looking very pale, especially when she saw the sword.

Aemond paid no attention to her, instead examining the sword carefully with his one eye, muttering to himself, “The craftsmen of Qohor are truly worthy of their reputation.”

The Crab Claw of House Celtigar had vanished, replaced by a Valyrian steel sword from House Targaryen - Scarlet Forger.

Chapter 548: The Surrender of Meereen

Time flies. Half a month later.

Slaver's Bay, on the banks of the Skahazadhan River, where the three Free Cities of the slave trade are located.

Roar!

Outside the towering multicolored city walls, a black dragon slowly soars, its melancholy green pupils surveying the entire city. The garrison on the city walls is on high alert, with scorpion crossbows ready to strike at any moment.

Hoo—

After a while, the black dragon lost interest and disappeared above the clouds.

...

On the other side of the river, a large village encircled the city. Five thousand Unsullied occupied the area, driving the farmers into concentration camps and cutting down trees to build their camps. Two dragons, one red and one gold, circled the sky, sniffing the scent of ash before quickly avoiding it.

Boom!



Cannibal plunged down through the clouds and landed quickly and steadily.

"Roar?" Syrax lay in the flowers, like an oversized curious baby, rolling to get some distance.

Rhaegar smiled and dismounted from the dragon's back. The natural environment was beautiful, with mountains, rivers, and herbs growing everywhere. Meereen was only fifty miles from Yunkai, and the army would be there the next day. Along the way, villages of all sizes had already been adorned with the banners of three red dragons.

Back at the camp.

"How is the defense of Meereen?" Rhaenyra immediately got up and went over to remove Rhaegar's black robe.

Rhaegar shook his head. "It's very well fortified. It'll take a lot of effort."

"Meereen is the largest city in Slaver's Bay. The city walls are at least 100 feet high, and there are bronze statues of Harpies at every corner that can spit boiling oil," Sea Snake Corlys spoke in a low voice, sitting at the round table and looking at the sand table. After two months of recuperation, his injuries had healed. He went to the battlefield as soon as possible.

Rhaegar responded with respect, whispering, "These are not the real problems. The key is to ensure that the bastards Dragonlords and Great Masters do not escape."

"Just burn it all down," Aegon said, playing with a wine cup in a lackluster manner. "War is so boring. I already miss the salty sea breeze of the Stepstones and the Lysian beauties in the brothels."

"Think carefully before you speak," Rhaegar glanced at him and gave a lukewarm warning.

Rhaenyra rolled her eyes and took the black robe back to her seat.

The Sea Snake analyzed the situation carefully. "Meereen is in a difficult position. There is no choice but to go to sea." He took a dragon sculpture off the sand table and placed it in the northern wasteland of the Great Pyramid. Meereen is located on the banks of the Skahazadhan River, with a rocky beach to the north, and the estuary and mountains to the east and west are blocked.

Daemon leaned back in his chair and smiled faintly, denying, "Who knows if there are secret passages in the city? Those scum understand the truth of the saying: Don't put all your eggs in one basket."

Astapor and Yunkai had fallen one after the other, and the forces of the Iron Throne had converged.

The Sea Snake glanced at him and retorted, "Where can a lost dog escape to?"

Daemon straightened his posture, and his eyes suddenly became sharp.

Dongdong!

Rhaegar knocked on the table, interrupting the brewing tension. "Okay, let's get to the point." He glanced between Corlys and Daemon, sensing the undercurrent of resentment. It was becoming unbearable.

Rhaenyra smirked, hiding her amusement with a drink. Unlike Daemon, she and Rhaegar had no issues with in-laws, and couldn't fully grasp the challenges their uncle faced.



“Brother, you must be thirsty.” Sensing the need to lighten the mood, Daeron hurried forward to pour Rhaegar a drink. Rhaegar smiled and accepted it gratefully.

Five dragon riders from the same family gathered in a small tent, strategizing the attack on Meereen, a city now defending itself in isolation. Daeron poured the wine and stood obediently behind his brother, while Aegon looked on enviously, raising his own cup to his lips. Daeron pretended not to notice.

“Haha,” Rhaenyra laughed, wiping Rhaegar's mouth with her handkerchief. Rhaegar enjoyed the moment, catching the faint scent of milk and glancing back to see her smiling eyes.

“Your Grace, Meereen is not a monolithic city,” Corlys interrupted, producing an envelope sealed with beeswax from his sleeve. The wax bore the Harpy symbol of Meereen.

Rhaegar frowned, took the envelope, and opened it. Inside was a thin sheet of paper, written in High Valyrian. “Showing off with words,” he muttered, sneering.

High Valyrian was typically concise, but this letter was ornate, full of pretentious flourishes mixed with a few useful sentences. It was clear the writer was either uneducated or very arrogant.

Rhaegar read through it and noticed the signature: “Sizir Loraq.” He passed the letter to Rhaenyra, who exclaimed, “House Loraq, one of the oldest slave-owning families in Meereen.”

“Yes, representatives of the peace faction,” Rhaegar noted. “They want to negotiate peace and are willing to offer the bastard Dragonlord.”

“Quite a good idea,” Rhaenyra smiled, soon, everyone read the letter

Rhaegar pondered, “Slave owners cannot be trusted. They are too insincere.”

“Not necessarily,” Daemon argued. “Meereen is rich. They don't want to follow in the footsteps of Astapor and Yunkai, do they?”

The passage of the army was like the passage of locusts through the two slave Free Cities. The Good Masters of Astapor were all executed, and half of the slaves were relocated to the Disputed Lands. The Wise Masters of Yunkai survived, but the slaves were almost completely wiped out. Rhaegar issued a decree to close the sea, making it impossible to restart the slave trade. All that awaited the two Free Cities was a steady decline.

Before Rhaegar could respond, the Sea Snake mocked, “If they really wanted peace, they should have opened the gates.”

“What do you think would happen if they opened the gates to Astapor?” Daemon gave a knowing glance at his nephew.

Rhaegar let out a “tsk” and leaned back in his chair. War is all about deception. The nightmares that had tormented him since childhood had taught him that only a ruthless attack could achieve the desired effect.



“Don't be angry.” Rhaenyra patted his head, as if comforting a child. Rhaegar rolled his eyes and turned away in silence. After the baptism of blood and fire, Rhaenyra seemed a little overexcited. The siblings seemed to have returned to their childhood.

The Sea Snake ignored the king and queen's intimate behavior and spoke out against Daemon: “Compared to your victory in Yunkai, Astapor has been better at winning the hearts of the people.”

Daemon was too ruthless. In Yunkai, he burned and looted, torturing everyone equally, regardless of their status. Both slave owners and slaves alike cursed his cruelty. In contrast, the reputation of the Iron Throne in Astapor was beyond compare. Your Grace the Dragon killed all the slave owners, liberated the suffering slaves, and provided jobs and land for those without work. Although they had to move to the Disputed Lands, at least they were alive and free. Without the slave owners, the liberated slaves achieved class revenge. They were grateful to Rhaegar and recognized only him.

Daemon didn't like what he heard and impatiently said, “If they don't accept the peace offer, then let's just ride the dragons and burn Meereen to the ground.”

The Sea Snake snorted and continued, “Dragons can solve 70% of the problems, but 30% require the expenditure of troops.” As a qualified Lord, if you can avoid sacrificing your soldiers, you should naturally try to preserve them. Taking a city without a single soldier is proof that a military strategist has talent.

Rhaegar rested his hand on his forehead, watching the two allies argue. For a moment, he realized why his father had been so keen to keep the peace when he was in power.

“Enough! We won't get anywhere arguing until the sun goes down.” Rhaegar slapped the table, interrupting the quarrel. “House Loraq is a point of entry. Take the opportunity to contact the slave-owning families in the city and minimize the chance of fighting.”

“I'm in!” Aegon immediately stood up, eager to find a girl in the village.

Rhaegar gave him a disapproving look and emphasized, “The rest is secondary. First, make sure the bastard Dragonlord doesn't escape. It would be best if the slave owners could deliver the bastard Dragonlord to us.” The source of the war was nothing more than the unusual lineage of the Dragonlord. In any case, the entire house must be wiped out.

“Yes!” Aegon's enthusiasm was contagious, inspiring Rhaenyra and Daeron to raise their hands as well. Daemon's eyes flickered with interest, though he merely swirled his glass indifferently, as if to say, “That's it.”

The Sea Snake slowly rose to his feet, his tone solemn. “Slaver's Bay is within our grasp, but we must remain vigilant against other forces.”

“Such as?” Rhaegar asked.

Sea Snake's thick lips parted as he listed, “Qohor and the Dothraki cavalry.”

Braavos and Pentos were manageable, having been warned by Rhaegar beforehand and now only daring to engage in small-scale, covert activities. Qohor, however, was a different matter. Its remote



location had allowed it to become a significant arms dealer, supplying Slaver's Bay with weapons funded by various factions.

Rhaegar pondered for a moment before recalling, "Aemond went to Qohor, right?"

At this, Daemon's eyes gleamed with interest.

Sea Snake nodded, adding, "Prince Aemond traveled to Qohor to borrow funds from Storm's End and recruited a mercenary army of 2,000 men."

He paused, puzzled. "However, Aemond didn't travel with the mercenaries. Instead, there were sightings of an ugly dragon in the Dothraki grasslands."

"Oh, Aemond wants to conquer a Dothraki cavalry?" Aegon's eyes lit up, and he leapt from his seat.

"The Dothraki are very stubborn," Daeron reminded in a whisper. In the books, they were described as bloodthirsty savages, and reality reflected that.

Rhaegar considered this and realized, "The Dothraki are formidable. They might be hired by the Slaver's Bay."

"Exactly my concern," Sea Snake agreed, pointing to the vast Grass Sea on the sand table. He traced the mountains east of Meereen with his fingers and speculated, "According to Dothraki tradition, they will first loot the sheepmen of Lhazar and then enter the Khyzai Pass after obtaining supplies."

On land, Dothraki cavalry were a formidable challenge, especially with the protection of scorpion crossbows.

Rhaegar, however, was confident. "Let them come," he smiled. With five dragons surrounding the city, even the resurrected Old Empire of Ghis or the Yi Ti Dynasty would have to submit.

In contrast, Aemond's movements across the Great Grass Sea seemed wild and unpredictable. Rhaegar suggested, "Let Aemond attempt it and see what he can do."

If Aemond succeeded in assembling a Dothraki cavalry, he would indeed earn respect.

"That makes sense," Sea Snake agreed, fulfilling his role as an adviser.

The meeting concluded quickly. Rhaegar led the way out, leaving Daemon alone in the tent. Daemon sipped his wine thoughtfully and murmured, "Qohor, the one-eyed boy."

His good nephew seemed to have forged a Valyrian steel sword, but Daemon himself was in need of a suitable weapon. And there was also the matter of his niece-in-law, far away in Storm's End.

"Ask Mysaria for an update," Daemon ordered, a cold light flashing in his eyes.

Chapter 549: The Secret of the Bastards Dragonlords

King's Landing.

Red Keep, the Council Chamber.



“Gentlemen, Lady Cassandra of Storm's End has sent a letter requesting the royal family to replenish half of the assets that Prince Aemond took from the castle,” Lyman announced, his friendly face scanning the room inquiringly.

Jasper, with a sneer, spun the orb of identity and retorted disdainfully, “You are the Master of Coin, Lyman. It’s your decision to make.”

Lyman’s old, clouded eyes narrowed in displeasure. “His Grace is on an expedition, and every gold dragon coin in the treasury is precious.”

“Then don’t give it to them. It was the Prince who took it anyway,” Jasper scowled. “The women of House Baratheon are unreasonable, and we shouldn't bother with them.”

The Small Council fell silent at these words.

Hand of the King Lyonel, sitting at the head of the table with his brown hair turning gray at the temples, spoke decisively, “Let’s wait until His Grace returns from his campaign before we discuss this matter further.”

Jasper snorted, blurting out, “His Grace is still playing war games. Otherwise, we could ask the Old King in the Red Keep.”

The "Old King" Viserys was still residing in the Red Keep.

Grand Maester Orwyle was the first to object, "His Grace Viserys is not well. It would be best not to disturb him."

"Hmph," Jasper snorted again. He could not stand the Lady of House Baratheon. Lord Borros had promised one of his daughters in marriage to his son, but Cassandra had flatly refused. Recently, word had come that Lord Rowan of the Reach had proposed to House Baratheon. He felt like a fool.

Hearing Jasper's insolent remarks, Lyonel frowned deeply and prepared to rebuke him. But before he could speak, Tormund, who had been silent, moved. He took a letter from his black cuff and said solemnly, "Unfortunately, Lady Cassandra may not live to see His Grace's solution."

Lyonel took the letter with a puzzled look, and his face changed drastically as he finished reading it.

“Yesterday morning, Lady Cassandra died unexpectedly. The cause of death was bacon choking her throat...”

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Storm's End

The rain fell heavily, and lightning pierced the heavy clouds.

Inside the chapel, two Silent Sisters attended to the body.

The castle was damp, and a chill wind nearly blew out the candles. Maris, her eyes red from crying, stood alone at the edge of the altar, watching. The corpse was as pale as paper, and the Silent Sisters wiped it patiently, inch by inch, from cheeks to neck, from chest to toes. After a cycle, they meticulously wiped the seven orifices again. Lowering their eyes, they lifted the corpse's long black hair, carefully cleaning the black blood flowing from the ear holes.



“Be gentle, she's afraid of pain,” Maris murmured, her voice light and vacant.

Before her lay Cassandra's ashen corpse, blood oozing from her red lips.

Tapping, tapping...

Behind Maris, the Regent, Lady Elenda Caron, walked slowly, her expression unreadable. “The murderer was a newly recruited maid, and she has been punished,” she said.

“What a pity.” Maris lowered her head, her sadness evident.

Elenda glanced coldly at her second daughter. “Prepare well, and you will get what you want.” With that, she left without a moment's delay.

Maris kept her head bowed, staring deeply at Cassandra's lifeless face. “Life is always fragile, isn't it?”

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Across the Narrow Sea

Meereen, the Great Pyramid.

In the luxurious hall, a man with a black face choked himself, convulsing wildly. The delicacies on the table crashed to the floor, breaking the warm and harmonious dinner. His forehead veins bulged, his eyes nearly popped out of their sockets, and his face contorted in agony.

“Hizdahr Loraq, your life is so fragile,” Almos remarked, standing nearby with his scepter, watching the guest writhe in agony.

Hizdahr's eyes gradually lost focus, his lips turned blue, and blood spurted from his mouth. His head fell to one side as he succumbed to the poison.

“Someone, clean this up,” Almos ordered, his voice tinged with disgust. Slave soldiers entered to drag the dead man away, blood from his seven orifices dripping onto the floor tiles.

Almos covered his nose and mouth, muttering, “Stupid fool, the enemy is at the gates and you still want to make peace.” Disgusted by the smell of blood, he walked to the end of the corridor.

As he walked, faint music reached his ears. Almos straightened his robe and opened a gauze curtain, too thin to keep out flies. The spacious inner room was filled with the pungent aroma of incense.

A handsome silver-haired man thrust his hips, never tiring of pounding the object of his desire. Several naked beauties of all colors lay beside him, laughing and teasing as they watched and commented.

“Daena, come help me,” the silver-haired youth called to a silver-haired girl in the corner.

The naked girl slowly climbed onto the bed and pushed the other person's large buttocks with both hands.

“Ahem.” Almos coughed to interrupt the scene.



“Ah!” The silver-haired girl cried out and scrambled off the bed. She was about to cover herself with a thin, gauzy dress but was suddenly embraced by the panting silver-haired youth.

“Don't be afraid, you've seen it before,” the silver-haired youth said with a smug smile, looking up at Almos. “Good sister, he is still your husband.”

The silver-haired girl trembled, sobbing in shame. “Oh, oh...”

“Shut up, you idiot!” The silver-haired youth pushed her away and threatened, “Don't you dare cry. Do you want to provoke the Dragon's Wrath?”

“Oh, no!” The silver-haired girl shook her head repeatedly, quickly covering her mouth and stifling her sobs.

Almos watched quietly, as if the crying girl were not his concubine.

The silver-haired youth, having vented his anger, sneered, “Almos, your concubine is better than the most depraved prostitute.”

Several naked beauties got up, some offering massages, others pouring wine. Almos remained unfazed. He said calmly, “As long as you give me what I want, you can play with as many bed slaves as you like.”

The silver-haired youth was taken aback by this and avoided responding directly.

“You all leave. I want to talk to His Grace alone,” Almos commanded, waving his hand dismissively. The beauties left on their hands and knees. The silver-haired girl put on a veil and passed by with a trembling heart. She lifted her head slightly, revealing her beautiful, white face marred by fine, pale scales that moved like a snake's skin from her left eye to her forehead, giving her a ghostly appearance.

As the room cleared, the silver-haired youth, displeased, mocked, “How was my sister? Was it tight down there?”

Bang! The scepter smashed into his chest before he could react. The youth turned pale, hunching over in pain.

“Daven, I don't want to discuss this nonsense,” Almos said coldly, pressing the scepter against his throat. His voice was hoarse with anger. “Tell me something useful, or go back to the countryside and herd sheep.”

“I'm sorry, I'm really sorry!” Daven stammered, terrified. “I'll tell you whatever you want to know.”

“Remember what you said, you idiot.” Almos slowly withdrew his scepter. After months of working tirelessly, all of his ten concubines were pregnant. It was well known that once they had offspring, the seed-sowing tools were no longer needed. If



it weren't for the deformed female dragon still waiting to conceive, the siblings would have been killed long ago.

Daven breathed heavily, as if just released from a prison. Almos urged, "Speak!"

Daven, stunned, didn't know where to start. Seeing the danger in Almos's eyes, he made up his mind. "I have a dragon-taming spell, passed down in my family!"

Almos narrowed his eyes, listening intently to the so-called dragon-taming spell.

"Fly, land..." Daven's mouth opened, spilling the key words in the binding spell.

Almos remained calm on the surface but thought, 'It's a real dragonlord, passing down knowledge not known to the world.'

"Not enough, continue!" Without giving Daven a chance to stop, Almos ruthlessly squeezed out all the knowledge he could.

Daven looked miserable and said in a panic, "The only useful knowledge I have is this. The rest is all unfounded legend."

"Speak!" Almos demanded relentlessly.

Daven looked around nervously and whispered, "My great-grandfather's grandfather said that the Lands of the Long Summer have a lot of fertile soil, and that it is in the hands of the strongest Dragonlord family."

On the eve of the Doom, his ancestor was one of the many bastards of the Aethyrys family. In ancient Valyria, polygamy was permitted, and Dragonlord houses like the Aethyrys, which adopted the "child-rearing victory method," were very tolerant of bastards. His ancestor was lucky enough to break into the Fourteen Flames and tame an unknown young wild dragon. As a result, he learned to fly and land binding spells. The Dragonfire spell, however, was offensive and only taught to true family members.

His ancestor moved to what was then known as Slaver's Bay to escape his status as a bastard and to take on the Aethyrys name. There was a property of the Aethyrys family, and the bastard had the right to apply for management. If he managed to run the business well, he would have the opportunity to return to the family. Frankly speaking, it was a tacit agreement. After all, as a dragon rider, it was only a matter of time before he received the surname.

Unfortunately, man's plans are not as good as God's. Not long after his ancestors had migrated, the Fourteen Flames suddenly erupted, and ancient Valyria was reduced to ashes. Slaver's Bay erupted into a riot, launching a pincer attack on the remnants of the Dragonlord's house. His ancestor survived by relying on a dragon.

Unfortunately, the dragon was too young to withstand the powerful arrows of the crossbowmen. His bastard bloodline was reduced to ordinary Valyrian descent. However, many secrets were passed down from mouth to mouth.

Daven touched his nose and whispered, "I have a map of the Lands of the Long Summer in my family, which includes all the Dragonlord houses. Anyone who enters the Lands of the Long Summer will surely be able to unearth lost treasures."



Almos frowned, skeptical. "The Smoking Sea is full of dangers, and the land is already desolate."

"No! You don't understand!" Daven suddenly became agitated, speaking with conviction. "My ancestors said that the Lands of the Long Summer are vast, and many Dragonlord houses have hidden fortresses that even the explosion of the Fourteen Flames could not destroy."

The Fourteen Flames were located in the far south of the Lands of the Long Summer. It was the most crowded place, and there were traces of the Dragonlord families fighting each other everywhere. To ensure the continuation of the lineage, many unknown fortresses were built far away from the Fourteen Flames in the north. Even in the nine major Free Cities, there were hidden plans left behind by the Dragonlords.

No one could have imagined that the Doom would be so devastating, destroying the entire ancient Valyria in one fell swoop. The hidden ruins were thus hidden from the light of day.

Daven pointed to his chest and swore, "The map records the location of an ancient and noble Dragonlord city, which may very well contain a dragon horn."

Chapter 550: Blood Wyrms vs. Sheepstealer

The next day, the sun shone brightly over Meereen.

Rumbling and roaring—

A large army of tens of thousands approached the city gates, smoke and dust billowing like thunder.

Roar!

A dragon soared through the sky, snarling with malice.

At the city gate, a white flag slowly rose. The slave soldiers guarding the city lowered their weapons and opened the gates. A dozen Great Masters in splendid attire emerged, raising the white flag in surrender.

"We've captured the fake dragonlord!" one of the Great Masters announced, carrying a wriggling sack with a silver-haired youth inside.

After a tense silence, the 5,000 Unsullied entered the city, replacing the guards on the four-sided city wall. Several dragons slowly descended to accept the surrender of the Great Masters.

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Rhaegar dismounted from the dragon's back, his eyes fixed on the tallest pyramid in the city.

"Heh, they know how to be reasonable," Aegon said, removing his helmet and looking around proudly. The entirety of Meereen spread out before them like a vast maze, its streets meticulously clean, the ancient architectural style still intact.

"No sign of anyone?" Daeron asked, scanning the surroundings for slaves or commoners. But the city appeared deserted, resembling a ghost town.

One of the Great Masters, bowing low, explained, "The slaves and commoners are hiding in their homes, afraid of encountering the honorable Dragonlord."



“Where is Hizdahr Loraq?” Rhaegar's eyes were sharp as he searched for the leader of the peace faction.

The Great Masters bowed their heads. “Hizdahr was assassinated last night, and we decided to surrender,” one of them said.

“Your Grace, please enter the Great Pyramid to discuss the details,” another elder added humbly, bowing with respect. The other Great Masters followed suit, creating a path on either side. Their high status starkly contrasted with their servile behavior now that the slaves were locked up.

“Lead the way,” Rhaegar commanded, though he couldn't discern their true feelings. The Great Masters obediently led the way into the Great Pyramid, an imposing structure standing 800 feet high, rivaling the height of the Great Wall of the North.

“Your Grace, the tongue of the false Dragonlord has been cut out,” the Sea Snake said cautiously as he approached. “Some of these Great Masters belong to slave-owning families, but none from the House Loraq are present.” His words hinted at underlying treachery.

Rhaegar's eyes flickered with suspicion. “Keep an eye on the bastard Dragonlord, and have someone investigate privately. There's something odd about Meereen.” The sudden surrender after more than a month of stalemate was too convenient, especially with the Bastard Dragonlord rendered mute.

“Your Grace, you should still be more careful,” the Sea Snake urged. “Leaving the dragon outside could provoke unwanted ideas.”

“It's fine,” Rhaegar replied, shaking his head lightly. He then addressed Rhaenyra and Daemon, who were approaching. “Aegon and I will go in. The rest of you stay outside and control the city.”

“Ah?” Aegon's face fell. Why does he always get the dangerous tasks?

Daemon looked around, still puzzled by the situation. Rhaenyra, uneasy, said, “I'll go too.” She touched the hilt of The Realm's Delight at her waist, her eyes determined. She had practiced swordplay in her spare time.

“No need. They wouldn't dare to do anything,” Rhaegar said firmly. He took the Sea Snake and a reluctant Aegon and set off with the Grey Worm-led escort into the Great Pyramid.

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The Great Pyramid

With its 33 floors richly decorated, the Great Pyramid boasted fountain pools, statues of Harpies, and gauze curtains. The slave owners had gone to great lengths to create a paradise on earth.



“Your Grace, I heard that Harrenhal is the largest castle in Westeros. How does it compare to the Great Pyramid?” one of the old Great Masters asked, introducing each opulent feature with a hint of pride.

Rhaegar crossed his arms, silently observing the surroundings.

Aegon scoffed, “Harrenhal is big enough for giants and is considered one of the ten wonders of the world.” It was a building on par with the Great Wall of the North and the Long Bridge of Volantis. In comparison, the Great Pyramid seemed unimpressive.

The old Great Masters were momentarily speechless, struggling to maintain their composure.

The Sea Snake growled lowly, “Hizdahr was assassinated. Who is in charge in the city now?”

“No one,” the old Great Master replied, pointing at the others. “Meereen has always been a fair and just place where the council votes.”

“Puff!” Aegon couldn't hold back his laughter. The notion of fairness from a city built on slavery was laughable. The Great Masters' faces darkened, as if they had been slapped.

The atmosphere shifted sharply from one of forced harmony to tension. In silence, both parties ascended to the top of the Topless Tower, where the top floor was used for governing and office work. The palace was empty except for a bronze throne in the shape of a Harpy.

Rhaegar stepped up the stairs, looking down at the Great Masters. “Tell me, where is the real Aethyrs?” he demanded, his voice calm but commanding. He then sat down on the bronze throne, awaiting their response.

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Slaver's Bay, Khyzai Pass

“Roar!” An ugly mud dragon whizzed past, heading for Meereen on the banks of the Skahazadhan.

“Hyah, Hyah, whoo~...” Over ten thousand Dothraki cavalymen charged through the mountain pass, brandishing curved swords and screaming. The cavalry moved at tremendous speed, with ropes tied to the rear of the column, dragging thousands of ragged slaves behind them. These slaves, with their dark skin, short stature, and flat faces, were typical Lhazareen Lamb Men.

“Faster, Sheepstealer!” Aemond's one eye glowed with excitement as he lashed his whip at the dragon's uneven back. The Sheepstealer let out a strange cry and accelerated, diving downward.

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On the other side, 5,000 Unsullied troops were controlling the city's defenses and searching for suspicious individuals within Meereen.



At the arena, the clatter of chains echoed as hundreds of slaves emerged from the dungeon, their shackles removed.

“Tell me, where is the slave owner's army hiding?” Daemon, astride Caraxes, demanded from above. He was certain something was amiss in the city. Some bloodshed would be inevitable if he were to conquer Meereen.

“Roar!” Suddenly, a piercing dragon roar echoed through the sky, and golden Dragonfire erupted. Within the city, several charred corpses were reduced to ashes. Sunfyre's pupils narrowed in anger as he spat Dragonfire at nearby buildings, his fury consuming everything in its path.

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Meereen, surrounded by four imposing walls.

The Unsullied army had taken control of the city's defenses, removing the Harpy flag, the symbol of the slave masters. Suddenly, the thunderous sound of a thousand horses galloping filled the air.

“Hyah...” The Dothraki cavalry charged in, brandishing their curved swords and shouting in protest.

“Dragonfire, Sheepstealer!” Aemond's lips curled into a smile as he gave the order without hesitation.

Roar! Sheepstealer obeyed, unleashing a torrent of Dragonfire on the bronze statue of the Harpy atop the city wall. The city quickly filled with smoke. Meanwhile, Sunfyre rampaged through Meereen, burning buildings in a fiery rage.

“Aegon is here?” Aemond was surprised, suspicion flashing in his single eye. He had heard that Meereen had hired Dothraki cavalry to defend against the army of the Iron Throne. For over a month, he had pursued the dragons to the Dothraki's Mother of Mountains, burning buildings and driving the Dothraki away before recruiting some of the horsemen for his own use.

But now, with Aegon and Sunfyre in Meereen, it seemed the army likely already took the city.

“Ah, you fool!” Aemond exclaimed, punching the dragon saddle in frustration.

In the city, a long, snake-like scarlet dragon soared into the air, its gaze fixed on the intruders.

At the same time, “Hyah...” The Dothraki cavalry, seeing the wide-open city gates, rushed in.

“No! Stop!” Aemond shouted in horror, trying to halt them.

In the next moment, the scarlet dragon took to the sky, spewing a raging flame.