

G.O Thrones 551

Chapter 551: The Golden Dragon Weeping Blood

The scarlet Dragonfire fell like a waterfall, splashing down on them. Sheepstealer's pupils constricted, sensing the imminent threat. Instinctively, without needing Aemond's command, it reacted.

Pop!

The withered dragon's head smashed into the Dragonfire, and its scrawny body shot straight up into the air. "Quickly, get out of the way, Sheepstealer!" Aemond's command came too late. They were already hit by the Dragonfire.

"Roar!"

Sheepstealer quickly ascended, its large brown wings flapping furiously to disperse the searing heat. "You fool! What are you doing?" Aemond shouted in frustration, his face covered in dust. Targaryens were more resistant to heat than the average person, but they were usually not immune to Dragonfire.

Sheepstealer turned and roared, signaling its rider to shut up and keep a wary eye on the Blood Wurm. Caraxes's pupils narrowed as it circled above the city, wings spread wide.

"Go after it, Caraxes!" Daemon commanded, a bloody smile on his face as he stared at his one-eyed nephew. The feud between uncle and nephew was far from over.

"Roar..."

Caraxes whinnied in excitement, eager to engage. To it, Sheepstealer was just a worthless mud dragon, gnawing on its patience.

Roar!

Sheepstealer, horrified, swiped its rough tail and plunged headlong into the clouds. Below, in Meereen, the Unsullied guarded the city walls while the Dothraki cavalry charged recklessly. All eyes turned upward, watching the two dragons chase each other with different expressions.

"By the horse gods!" Rao Khal's face was blank, and his white stallion trembled slightly beneath him.

"Roar..."

The scarlet dragon wound its way upward, Dragonfire painting the sky. From below, the Blood Wurm looked as big as a mountain, a cruel, bloodthirsty creature. The ugly mud dragon, even larger with pitted and pockmarked scales, fled like a coward.

"Roar!" Sheepstealer turned its head and spat out a dense cloud of mud-like Dragonfire. Aemond, swaying back and forth in the saddle, forced himself to calm down. "Listen to my command, Sheepstealer," he said sternly.

It didn't matter that they had wandered into the city. Daemon's daring to act on his own was the real issue. Aemond leaned down to look below and said coldly, "In that case, let's see who will win."

Sheepstealer surged upward with all its might, suppressing its wild instincts to treat the Blood Wyrm as a rival.

“Turn your head, Sheepstealer,” Amond commanded coldly, unsheathing the buckle at his waist and fastening it.

“Roar...”

Suddenly, the clouds churned and a burst of scarlet Dragonfire erupted. Caraxes, with a gust of wind, bathed in flames, lunged at Sheepstealer.

“Dracarys, Sheepstealer!” At the last moment, Amond smiled and gave the order.

Boom!

Sheepstealer turned around, unleashing a torrent of brownish-red Dragonfire, transforming it into a fiery rain. “Roar...” Caraxes, with nowhere to hide, endured the onslaught, its scales resisting the white smoke.

...

The Great Pyramid

Rhaegar rested his chin in his hand, speaking lightly, “If I can't see the Bastard Dragonlord, Meereen will never have a day of peace.” It was an insult to intelligence to produce a Valyrian imposter. After he finished, silence filled the room.

The Great Masters exchanged glances, guilt evident in their eyes.

Crack...

The old Great Master clapped his hands, signaling a servant to bring a tray, making a clear decision. “Your Grace, this matter is open to discussion.” A jug of summer red wine and two amber goblets were presented. Rhaegar frowned slightly as the old man poured the wine himself, savoring the scent.

What is this?

The old Great Master took two goblets and walked up the steps, smiling kindly. “Your Grace, I would like to toast you and thank you for not burning Meereen with your dragons.”

“I want that fake dragonlord,” Rhaegar responded coldly.

The old Great Master bent down and whispered, “If you accept my respect, you will get what you want.”

“Is that a threat?” Rhaegar asked, unimpressed, eyeing the wine with interest.

Poison? It's so obvious!

The other Great Masters watched, their bodies shaking like leaves. The old Great Master took a deep breath and said firmly, “The people of Meereen never refuse a good drink.”

Rhaegar sat up straight and smiled. “You drink first.”

“No problem.” The old Great Master agreed, picking up a goblet and downing it in one gulp. He wiped his mustache, urging, “This is a 30-year-old Summer Red, a rare and excellent wine.”

Rhaegar's eyes darkened, impressed by the old man's courage to drink poisoned wine. A hint of sadness flashed in the old Great Master's eyes as he handed the second goblet to Rhaegar. “Your Grace, the fake dragonlord is in the Great Pyramid.”

“I hope so,” Rhaegar said, showing no emotion as he took the goblet. He called up the system panel.

Rhaegar Targaryen

Talent: Dreamer (Gold)

Bloodline: Dragonborn (59%)

Runes: Bronze (Green), Serpent (Blue)

Blood Sorcery: Binding Spell (Blue), Reflections of the Moon...

Relics: Blood and Fire, Dreamscape, Pure Water...

Comment: “Ancient lineage, great or crazy?”

Rhaegar chuckled slightly, glancing at the “Pure Water” relic, which blocked toxins and purified impurities. Since obtaining its blessing, poisons and diseases were no longer weaknesses. If there were a god in the world, he was the only true god.

“You're very brave, old man,” Rhaegar rarely praised his opponents, raising the goblet to his lips.

The old Great Master ignored the murmurs, staring straight ahead.

“Your Grace, don't drink!”

“Rhaegar, you can't drink!” Sea Snake and Aegon shouted, thinking Rhaegar had been bewitched.

“Gulp~”

The wine went down his throat, leaving his lips red.

Clang!

Rhaegar casually dropped the wine cup and said sternly, “Tell me, where is the fake dragonlord?”

“You, you...” The old Great Master's face flushed with excitement, no longer hiding his anger.

“Daven Aethyrys is in the attic. If you're still alive, go find him.”

“Hmph, poof!” As soon as the words left his mouth, the blood vessels in his neck and face turned black, and a mouthful of blood spurted out. The poison was fast-acting.

Rhaegar smiled, stood up, patted the man on the shoulder, and said calmly, “I am a true dragon, with blood and fire flowing through my veins.”

“Ho~...” The old Great Master didn't understand, staring at him intently, expecting to see the horrible effects of the poison. Unfortunately for him, his life, like the poisoned wine, ended in tragedy.

Rhaegar's face remained calm, his purple eyes glowing with starlight. The blood in his body flowed faster, as if an ugly dragon was moving within, suppressed by the drumming of his heart. One second, two seconds... Gradually, the foreign matter in his blood was purified, turning into a nutrient that strengthened his body.

Plop!

The old Great Master could no longer hold on. Before he could witness the heroic Dragonlord dragged to his death, he fell backward in disbelief. Two streams of blood and tears rolled down the steps, his eyes wide open.

“Do it!”

The muffled sound of the corpse falling was like a signal. Suddenly, there was a low growl in the hall. A young Great Master with rough skin changed his expression instantly. He pounced on the nearest Aegon, pulling out a dagger from his bosom. Aegon, still shocked by Rhaegar's act of drinking the poisoned wine, was unaware of the danger.

“Long live the Harpy!” The young Great Master shouted, grabbing Aegon by the neck and stabbing him in the stomach with the dagger.

“You bastard!” The Sea Snake roared in fury. Another Great Master pounced on him, knocking him down with a powerful swing of his arm.

Clang!

Outside the hall, the Sons of the Harpy, wearing golden masks, swarmed in. They emerged from behind tapestries, curtains, and screens, springing out in an instant.

“Unsullied, charge!” Grey Worm roared, raising his spear and thrusting forward. A hundred Unsullied split into two groups, taking control of both the interior and exterior of the hall. Outside, there was no movement, indicating the enemies had already been eliminated.

“Aegon!?” Rhaegar exclaimed.

“Atone to the Harpy!” Several Sons of the Harpy pounced on him, their voices hoarse with accusation.

Swish! Swish!

In Rhaegar's eyes, they moved like snails. He swiftly decapitated them one by one with Truefyre. Without stopping, he broke through the siege to find Aegon.

The Unsullied formed a protective circle around both the Sea Snake and Aegon. Aegon, in a daze, slumped in Sea Snake's arms, touching his belly wound. Only when he put his bloody hand to his nose and sniffed did he realize he had been stabbed.

“Don't worry, the wound is not fatal,” Rhaegar said hurriedly, using the Serpent rune to burrow into the flesh of Aegon's abdomen, not yet covered in blood.

“Am I going to die?” Aegon's eyes were vacant as he lamented his fate. “I haven't ridden Sunfyre enough. I haven't even married or had a child to carry on Sunfyre's legacy.”

But no one paid attention to his lament. The Sea Snake, looking grave, said urgently, “This is the slave owner's territory. We have to retreat quickly.”

“I will heal Aegon. You go first,” Rhaegar commanded, remaining calm. He reached into Aegon's belly to repair the torn intestines.

“Ahhh~...” Aegon moaned involuntarily, his face twitching slightly.

“Take him with you and go!” Rhaegar ordered. After repairing the internal damage, he helped carry Aegon onto the back of the Sea Snake. Gripping Truefyre, he broke out of the protective circle.

The Sons of the Harpy were few in number but fanatical and unafraid of death. The Unsullied formed a defensive line, fighting back methodically while slowly retreating.

Sizzling!

With a single stroke, Rhaegar decapitated an obstruction, tore open a tapestry, and rushed into the hallway. The bastard Dragonlord must die, no matter what. He thought, Besides, I don't believe Daemon and the others can't handle the situation.

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Meereen, the fighting pits.

Syrax slowly crawled, its tail tip breaking through the iron fence gate.

“Come on, good girl,” Rhaenyra called, quickly climbing onto the dragon's back under the protection of the Unsullied.

“Sunfyre is out of control!” Daeron shouted as he ran up, sweat dripping down his face, smoke billowing behind him.

“I know, get on your dragon!” Rhaenyra urged, fastening the saddle and taking flight.

Above the city, Sunfyre spewed fire like a mad beast. In the distance, two dragons clashed, their Dragonfire painting the sky red.

“It's a mess, a complete mess!” Daeron muttered, dazed, as he backed away, searching for Tesseract.

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Ten thousand feet in the air.

“Roar...” Caraxes, fearless and bold, flapped its wide wings and swooped down on the ugly mud dragon.

“Dracarys!” A cold light shone in Aemond's single eye.

“Roar!” Sheepstealer spat out a burst of Dragonfire and turned to flee. The dried-up dragon's head glanced back, seeing the Blood Wyrms' wide, open jaws and the foul, slimy slobber dripping from its teeth. Faced with an opponent unafraid of death, a direct clash would be foolish. As a wild dragon tempered by hardship, cunning was instinctual.

“Stupid, show some backbone!” Aemond was eager to fight, but Sheepstealer's evasive maneuvers nearly broke his back.

“Roar!” Sheepstealer retaliated with another burst of Dragonfire before leisurely swooping down.

At that moment, Sunfyre trampled a house, spewing Dragonfire in agitation.

Pop! A ball of brownish-red Dragonfire fell on its head, blackening a patch of its golden scales.

“Roar!” Sunfyre roared in fury, its agitation turning into mania as it flapped its pale pink wings and rushed skyward. The sky and earth were divided by a layer of white clouds. Sheepstealer dodged the Blood Wyrms' pursuit, diving into the clouds and swooping down toward the ground.

“Roar!” A golden dragon suddenly burst out, its blood-red mouth biting into one of Sheepstealer's wings.

Crack! The dragon's teeth bit down hard, cracking the scales.

“Roar!” Sheepstealer, frightened, bit the attacker's neck and tore off a piece of flesh.

“Damn it, what is that thing!” Aemond's body shook violently as he suddenly recognized the golden dragon. “Sunfyre?” He was momentarily stunned, then said anxiously, “That stupid Aegon! He couldn't even keep an eye on a dragon.”

“Roar!” Sunfyre screamed in pain, which only stimulated its bloodlust. It bit harder and flapped its wings more wildly, looking as if it wanted to tear Sheepstealer apart.

“Get out, golden worm!” Aemond shouted, shocked and angry. “Attack it, Sheepstealer!”

Roar! Without waiting for the rider's command, Sheepstealer retaliated fiercely. The Targaryen dragons were ranked, except for a few like Vhagar and the Cannibal. Sheepstealer, a wild dragon,

was second only to Silverwing in size, reaching an astonishing 70 to 80 meters. It was definitely one of the top dragons in its prime.

In contrast, Sunfyre was only a young adult, barely over thirty meters in length. But despite the size difference, Sunfyre never lacked the courage to fight across generations.

“Roar!” Sunfyre clamped down on Sheepstealer's wing, determined to teach the mud dragon a lesson.

Boom! Sheepstealer unleashed a torrent of Dragonfire onto Sunfyre's brilliant pink wing membrane. In a swift move, its dry, sharp claws pierced Sunfyre's golden scales, leaving a bloody gash on its chest.

“Roar!” Sunfyre let out a piercing roar and instinctively released Sheepstealer.

Pop! Sensing an opportunity, Sheepstealer lunged and bit down on Sunfyre's neck.

“One-eyed, uncle is coming!” Daemon's playful shout echoed through the air as Caraxes plunged down from the clouds.

Aemond's expression tightened. “Let it go, Sheepstealer!” he commanded. Dragons were precious and should not be killed lightly, especially in a fight where their strengths were matched.

“Roar~” Sheepstealer, sensing the urgency, released Sunfyre's neck, turned, spat out a mouthful of Dragonfire, and retreated. It understood that a prolonged battle would exhaust its opponent more than itself.

“Roar!” Sunfyre, narrowly escaping, showed no fear and attempted to pursue.

“Dracarys, Caraxes!” Daemon ordered coldly, unwilling to show mercy.

Boom! Caraxes swooped down, unleashing a scarlet Dragonfire at the wounded Sunfyre.

“Roar...” Sunfyre, unable to dodge in time, was engulfed in flames and fell backward in panic. Caraxes, relentless, continued the chase, his tail swaying with lethal intent.

Boom! The sky dragons clashed, while chaos reigned on the ground. The Dothraki cavalry charged into the city, causing buildings to explode one after another. Pungent green flames rose, spreading with unstoppable momentum.

“Wildfire! Retreat!” someone shouted, recognizing the wildfire. But before they could retreat, enemies rushed out from corners, cutting them down.

The Sons of the Harpy, wearing golden masks, continued their attack on the outsiders within the city, adding to the carnage.

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“No! Daemon, Aemond...” Rhaenyra rode Syrax, watching the battle between the two dragons in disbelief. Caraxes was ferocious, and it pounced on the fleeing Sheepstealer, locking the two in a brutal struggle.

“Roar...” Sunfyre let out a piercing scream, plummeting to the ground in a charred mess and collapsing a large building. Instantly, a mushroom cloud of smoke rose.

“Rhaenyra, Aegon is hurt!” The cobalt-blue Tesseract hurriedly flew over, with Daeron on the saddle calling anxiously.

“Where is Rhaegar?” Rhaenyra managed to remain calm, asking urgently. The slave owners' counterattack had already thrown the city into chaos. Only Rhaegar could stop the fighting inside.

Daeron shook his head, distressed. “My brother didn't come out!”

“What a bad timing!” Rhaenyra sighed softly, then patted the dragon's back. “It's time for you to do your part, good girl.”

“Roar~” Syrax whinnied, sharing its intent, and flew into the sky. The slave owners were a lesser concern; the real test was the strength of the two full-grown dragons.

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Outside Meereen, a black dragon lay by the river, breathing slowly like a coal mountain.

“Sniff, sniff,” Its nostrils twitched, sensing something unusual.

Swish! The pupils suddenly opened wide, a faint green light flashing, full of cunning and cruelty.

Chapter 552: Sleeping Beauty

Tick-tock.

The corridor was dark and deep, with a brick-and-mortar color scheme and the sound of water dripping. Rhaegar observed his surroundings, searching for the hiding place of the Bastard Dragonlord.

Whoosh!

A gust of wind hit him from behind, passing close to his ear. Rhaegar's eyes flashed as he ducked to avoid the arrow, twisting his body and kicking with his leg. The crossbow bolt flew back, and a corpse fell behind him.

“Go!” a hoarse voice ordered from the shadows, and the figure moved quietly.

“A hidden arrow can only wound someone by accident very easily.” Rhaegar remained calm, his keen hearing gathering valuable information. The shouting and fighting in the palace had stopped, and Aegon should have moved to a safe place. He could faintly hear the roar of a dragon, accompanied by a loud explosion.

Rhaegar hesitated slightly and wondered, “Do the Great Masters have such means?” These slave masters, whose nature was only plunder and bloodshed, dared to fight against dragons. They might have some tricks up their sleeves.

As he walked, the silence around him grew deafening until the end of the corridor, where a glimmer of light appeared in the darkness.

Crash!

Rhaegar pulled down the curtains at the window, and the blinding sunlight chased away the darkness.

“Roar!”

The fierce dragon roar reverberated, causing a faint tingling in his ears. Rhaegar narrowed his eyes and raised his hand to shield himself from the glare. He saw two dragons speeding through the air.

"Roar!"

Caraxes was as domineering as ever, soaring through the sky and chasing after its target at will. Rhaegar was stunned until he saw the opponent and muttered, “Aemond?”

The Sheepstealer fled in all directions, never engaging in a fight with Caraxes. Even brief encounters were quickly over. This style of play perfectly illustrated the word “despicable.”

Boom!

A cobalt-blue Dragonfire flashed past, soaring in front of the Great Pyramid's entrance.

“Kill the Great Masters! Don't let them get away!”

“There's the Sons of the Harpy!”

Rhaegar looked up and saw the entire city in chaos, with various factions fighting each other. The four gates were sealed, and the Unsullied army began to attack. Dothraki cavalry clashed with slave soldiers, and the streets were filled with corpses.

“These Great Masters are truly mad,” Rhaegar muttered, his mouth twitching slightly in disbelief at the desperate fight of the Great Masters. They actually thought that poisoning and assassination would force the Targaryens to retreat.

“Roar!” In midair, Sheepstealer let out a shrill cry and once again engaged in close combat with Caraxes.

“Daemon, what are you doing?” Rhaegar's eyes were full of incomprehension. Aemond's sudden appearance and the Dothraki cavalry's entry into the city couldn't be mere coincidences. Daemon and Aemond must be fighting over a personal grudge.

Growing irritated, Rhaegar drew his dragon whip and stepped back. He couldn't allow these fools to harm the House's dragons.

Bang! He turned to run out, but collided head-on with a soft body, causing the person to fall unconscious without a sound.

“Daena!?” Before he could take a closer look, a young man with silver hair exclaimed.

Rhaegar stopped in his tracks, his eyes narrowing. Daven's silver hair was messy, and he was carrying a jingling silk package on his shoulder, with shackles on his hands and feet. The silver-haired girl who had just been knocked over also had bright silver hair.

“A descendant of Aethyrys?” Rhaegar smiled, not expecting the other party to walk right into his trap.

Daven froze, looking at the silver-haired man with purple eyes in front of him, and denied, “No, the fake Dragonlord ran away a long time ago.”

“Oh, then who is she?” Rhaegar kicked the unconscious girl and asked, “She's wearing silk and satin, which is not something an ordinary Valyrian could afford.”

Daven panicked and tried to defend himself, “She is my sister, the concubine of the Great Masters, and is very popular.”

Rhaegar listened with a smile, his right hand clutching the dragon whip, his knuckles turning white. A woman from the Aethyrys house had indeed married one of the Great Masters.

Daven backed away, begging for mercy, “Don't kill me. My sister has a great body. I'll give her to you.”

“Not bad.” Rhaegar's smile did not reach his eyes, and he whispered, “Unfortunately, you are the root of all evil.” Raising his hand, he whipped out the dragon whip like a serpent.

“No!” Daven's face turned pale and his crotch was already wet.

Crack! The black whip wrapped around his neck, the pale bone piercing the flesh, and his head flew into the air.

“Not worth the fight.” Rhaegar looked down on him with cold eyes. The headless corpse fell, and the silk-wrapped gold and silver tableware spilled onto the floor.

Clang!

A heavy thud echoed through the hall as the items hit the floor. Rhaegar lifted the silk covering to reveal a gray dragon egg, so dusty its true color was obscured. It was covered in a layer of stone skin and smelled of sulfur.

“A fossilized dragon egg,” Rhaegar muttered, his pupils shrinking. He detected a peculiar fishy smell and exclaimed, “Someone tried to hatch it using blood magic?”

He recalled finding a giant dragon skeleton in Sothoryos, near a destroyed evil blood magic portal in a cave. The gray dragon egg had uneven pits on its surface and had already shed some of its stone skin. According to blood sorcery records, this was a method of baptism with blood—the blood of the dragon washing away the slumber of life.

“Obviously, it failed,” Rhaegar observed, pocketing the defective gray dragon egg with a deep sense of vigilance. Blood mages sacrifices harmed themselves and

others, depriving living things of their vitality. The amount of knowledge required to master this blood magic was staggering.

Suddenly, he felt a gaze on his back. Rhaegar's senses were keen, and a chill ran down his spine.

"Who is it?" he demanded, turning swiftly to see a figure in a black robe and a blood-red mask. The man stood silently, like a dead man, watching him.

As Rhaegar noticed him, the man cut his pale wrist with a knife. A thick stream of blood spurted out, forming a pattern of tadpoles on the floor.

"Great Lord of Light, hear my call..." the black-robed man prayed in a mumbling voice, clasping his hands together. In his arms, he held a cloth bag containing two more fossilized dragon eggs.

"You're a fraud!" Rhaegar shouted in anger, swinging his dragon whip.

At that moment, something unexpected happened. The tadpole pattern came to life, wriggling into a mock toad that hopped and leapt at him.

Gulp~

Rhaegar pulled the woman to block the strange toad, but it passed through the body and dove into his forehead. In a blink, Rhaegar's dragon whip lashed out, its snake-like tongue piercing the air and severing the black-robed man's neck.

The severed head fell to the ground, the red mask shattering to reveal a pale, old face as dry as tree bark, blood pouring from its seven orifices. On the other side, Rhaegar felt a chill in his head, a dizziness filling his brain. His vision blurred, and he shook his head to stay awake.

A ball of thick black water oozed from the dead man's mouth, emitting a strong, strange smell. "Ghostly stuff, it's from Asshai again..." Rhaegar mumbled, his consciousness fading before he collapsed atop the woman's body. The last thing he felt was the dragon whip piercing the man's head.

The magical material of Valyrian steel mixed with special leather seemed to ignite upon contact with the thick black liquid, instantly spewing flames. As Rhaegar fell into a deep sleep, he faintly heard a mournful wail of resentment.

"Nightmare! Nightmare!" It sounded like the name of a blood mage incantation, but Rhaegar could no longer hear it. The midday sun shone brightly, illuminating the corridor starkly. The three and a half lifeless corpses lay out of place in the bright environment.

The woman, who had been on the verge of being awakened, was knocked unconscious again by Rhaegar's ruthless blow to the head.

"Chirp, chirp..." Birds flew to the window, looking curiously at the scene below.

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King's Landing, Red Keep.

Viserys lay in his bedchamber, breathing heavily as he took a long afternoon nap.

Bang!

A bird flew headlong into the window, shattering it. Viserys's eyebrows twitched slightly, his breathing became irregular, but he remained asleep.

Hum

Suddenly, a mysterious sensation overcame him. Viserys immediately entered a vivid dream, witnessing two dragons fighting fiercely, their blood and flames coloring the sky.

The next second, the dream shattered, turning into countless tiny grains of sand. Viserys woke abruptly, his eyes filled with mixed emotions, his lips trembling: "Rhaegar..."

...

Lys, Topless Tower.

"Black, green, the descendants of the dragon weave the blood of the dragon."

Helaena, with her silver hair cascading down her shoulders, slowly rocked a spinning wheel.

Hum

A faint sound reached her ears, like the ripples of a clear spring. Helaena stopped, confusion filling her clear eyes. It was as if she had heard or seen something.

Uncertain, Helaena climbed to the center of the carpet like a child and began sewing a new tapestry. In one corner, three cities in a row were burning, several dragons baring their fangs. Skillful with her needle, she added two little figures in black robes, chasing away an ugly toad.

"The maiden's song is sung, the descendants of the dragons weave dragon dreams..." she murmured, continuing her work.

...

Far away, overseas.

Rhaegar lay on the green grass, half asleep. He opened his eyes, and the sun's rays pierced them.

"Hiss!" Rhaegar gasped, feeling a splitting headache. He shook his head vigorously, as if a club had been shoved into his ear and stirred his brain.

"Oh~~" A wave of dizziness surged, and he couldn't help but dry heave.

"Croak." Rhaegar fell to his knees, a protesting toad croaking beneath him. The pain was so intense he felt he could spit out all the sour water in his stomach.

Rhaegar accidentally made eye contact with a pair of dark, dead fish eyes.

"What the hell!?" Rhaegar almost jumped three feet high at the sudden face-to-face encounter.

“Croak.” A gray, ugly toad lay on the ground, calmly shaking off the vomit covering its body. Rhaegar's eyes widened in surprise.

“What an ugly toad!” It had poor coloring, skin full of pimples, and bulging green eyes.

Suddenly, Rhaegar's mind cleared, and he remembered the scene before he fell asleep. The bastard Dragonlord and his sister were on the run, and he caught and killed them. The black-robed man was also fleeing, and when he saw him, he cast a curse in his rage.

“Damn it, where did you take me?” Rhaegar was confused and slapped his head hard. The key question suddenly slipped his mind. Looking around, he saw that the grassy field stretched as far as the eye could see, with snow-capped mountains in the distance. Rhaegar became more and more bewildered. He reached out, dug up a piece of dirt, and rubbed it. It was cool and moist, proving that the soil was not lacking in moisture.

Rhaegar was completely baffled. Everyone knew that the land in Slaver's Bay was poor. It was impossible for there to be such a pleasant and fertile area.

Behind him, footsteps and the cool call of a maiden echoed: “Gaemon, your father is calling you home.”

Rhaegar turned around and saw a maiden with purple eyes and silver hair in a delicate braid.

“Croak.” The toad croaked and jumped into his arms. Rhaegar was startled and quickly reached out to catch it. He looked down and suddenly realized that his large hands had shrunk, turning into a pair of small, white, delicate baby hands.

“What's going on?” Rhaegar froze and quickly checked his body. He was less than three feet tall, with short, thin arms that had no strength at all. He didn't need to look in the mirror to know that his body had shrunk.

“Gaemon, don't make me ask you a second time.” The silver-haired maiden's face was set in a frown, and her thin body was frail.

“Who is Gaemon?” Rhaegar held the toad in one hand and subconsciously reached for his face. He felt a scar on his left eye, running from the top of his cheek to the bottom, but not touching his eyeball.

Chapter 553: Dreaming of the Lands of the Long Summer
Meereen.

The city was ablaze, and countless slaves poured out of the dungeons.

“Unsullied, form up!” Grey Worm commanded, his face set with determination. He led the army in a counterattack. Five thousand Unsullied blocked the city gates, steadily

closing in on all sides. Anyone who resisted was swiftly killed by their spears. For a time, the slave soldiers, the Sons of the Harpy, and the Dothraki cavalry all retreated.

“Brother hasn’t come out yet, so we’ll suppress the resistance first,” Daeron said, riding Tessarion to escort the Unsullied.

Upon hearing this, Grey Worm looked towards the Great Pyramid and then at the bloody battlefield in the sky. Two dragons fought fiercely, their blood spilling and staining the air.

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“Roar!”

Syrax shot straight up into the sky, staring intently at the two battling giants. Rhaenyra, tense, whispered, “Be careful, Syrax.”

Syrax, ever clever, ascended above the clouds, resembling a stealthy predator. Not far away, the two dragons were locked in a fierce battle.

“Rip it apart, Caraxes!” Daemon's expression was grim as the Blood Wyrms under him bit into the other dragon's wing.

“Roar!” Sheepstealer screamed in terror, its dry, taloned claws tearing at Caraxes' scarlet scales and biting down on its neck.

“Well done, bite it to death!” Aemond grew more excited, wanting to join the fray himself. The two dragons, of similar size, competed to see which could be more ruthless.

Boom! The violent collision caused their bodies to shake. Daemon's eyes subtly changed, and he unconsciously reached for the hilt of his sword at his waist. He glanced at the two dragons, entangled and thrashing in one place. The one-eyed Aemond sat on his dragon's back, only a dozen meters away. Daemon's expression shifted to calm, his right hand repeatedly tightening and loosening around his sword hilt.

As he weighed his options, a third dragon descended from the sky.

“Dracarys, Syrax!” The hidden Syrax plunged down through the clouds, aiming a mouthful of golden Dragonfire at the two combatants.

Boom! Caraxes was hit in the neck, and with a burst of strength, shattered his opponent's bones. Sheepstealer was in a bad way, biting Caraxes' neck just as the Dragonfire fell from the sky.

“Roar!” Sheepstealer screamed, hastily releasing Caraxes' neck and retreating with pieces of skin torn off by its claws.

“Roar...” Caraxes' ferocity did not diminish. It shook its neck, slightly scratched, and rose into the air like a serpent.

“Stop it, do you hear me?” Rhaenyra's tone was a warning, aiming to deter both uncles and nephew.

Daemon glanced at her, abandoning the idea of drawing his sword, and his dragon slowly disappeared into the clouds. Aemond, however, did not heed the warning and rode Sheepstealer straight down, seeking cover for the next attack.

“Damn it, two idiot men!” Rhaenyra clenched her teeth, secretly relieved she hadn’t been attacked by them. “Roar!” Syrax snorted and quickly left the battlefield.

Rhaenyra looked down and her eyes widened in surprise. A hideous black dragon was hiding at the foot of the towering city walls, its nostrils slightly sniffing, as if waiting for a feast. Rhaenyra’s eyes widened in horror.

“Roar...” Cannibal seemed to sense something, slowly lifting its bloodshot eyes to reveal a piercing, intelligent gaze.

...

At this moment, the rider of the cannibal dragon was feeling persecuted.

“Croak.”

The toad’s face inflated into a ball as it croaked, nestled on the silver-colored short hair. Rhaegar hung his head, allowing a bare hand to twist his ear.

“Gaemon, you’re not being obedient again.” The silver-haired maiden’s voice was soft, but the force of her hand continued to increase.

Rhaegar paid no attention, immersed in contemplating the theory of reality and illusion. Is this a dream? Why does it feel so real? He touched the scar on his left eye and whispered, “It’s not a dream. How could a dream hurt?”

Having experienced nightmares since childhood, he could easily distinguish between a good dream and a bad one. The current environment didn’t resemble a shabby dream world. Dreams were fragile, like bubbles that burst at the slightest touch.

“Croak.” The toad croaked happily and closed its dead fish eyes.

Rhaegar ignored it and, holding his hands tightly, said, “Daenys, I’m getting angry.”

“Your father will be even more angry if you sneak out,” the maiden Daenys gently scolded him, but she eventually let go of his ear.

Rhaegar glanced at her, his heart full of helplessness. He seemed to recognize his identity and that of the maiden, and thus where he was. They were the children of the exiled Aenar Targaryen—the glorious Gaemon and Daenys the Dreamer.

“Then the land beneath my feet,” Rhaegar looked out at the distant snow-capped mountains and muttered, “is the Lands of the Long Summer of ancient Valyria.”

Daenys took her brother’s hand and said softly, “Let’s go. Father will be worried.”

“Going home?” Rhaegar raised his little face, inexplicably excited. Ancient Valyria! Although he didn’t know how he got here, this was undestroyed Valyria!

“Yes,” Daenys replied, her voice flat as she walked forward. “It’s been a bit unsettled lately, and Father has ordered us not to go out easily.”

“Why?” Rhaegar asked, curious.

“There is no reason,” Daenys turned her head and walked on in silence.

Rhaegar scratched his head, his mind seemingly absorbed in the child’s body. Pointing to the distant snow-capped peaks, he said, “The Fourteen Flames are very tall.”

From a distance, the snow-capped peaks looked to be no less than a thousand meters high, towering enough to be blanketed in snow.

“That’s not the Fourteen Flames,” Daenys corrected, turning to point to the misty fog far behind the snow-capped peaks. “The dragons are hidden in the Fourteen Flames, and the Fourteen Flames are hidden in the clouds,” she said seriously.

“But there’s nothing there,” Rhaegar stretched his neck to look, but the fog seemed like a barrier, obscuring the horizon.

“If you want to see the Fourteen Flames, you have to ride a dragon,” Daenys said nonchalantly, her frown deepening at the mention of dragons.

Rhaegar turned around, about to ask where the dragons were when—

Whoosh!

A gust of wind swept over the mountains and the sea, and clouds billowed up in the sky.

“Roar!”

A loud roar shattered the world’s silence. Rhaegar’s breath quickened, and a slight tremor ran through his soul. The fog churned, and several tiny dragon shadows intertwined violently.

“A dragon is coming,” Daenys said nervously, urging, “Hurry up!” It seemed she disliked the dragons.

“Roar...” Suddenly, the fog broke, and the dragon shadows became clear. Before Rhaegar could even cry out, a dragon with scales as dark as the night and wings as red as blood burst out, terrifying in its appearance like the Stranger itself.

"Roar!"

The black dragon turned and spat out a jet of black Dragonfire, halting the pursuing dragons mid-air. The other dragons, full of resentment, spat out various colors of flames. Rhaegar briefly saw three different Dragonfires: green, dark red, and grayish-brown.

Boom!

A deafening explosion rocked the air as the Dragonfires collided. The black Dragonfire was so hot and domineering that it engulfed the other Dragonfires, turning into a billowing cloud of smoke.

“Roar!”

The black dragon roared in defiance, shaking off its pursuers, and leapt over the snowy peaks to the flat grassland. Rhaegar watched in awe, his eyes fixed on the dragon.

“Don’t look, just go,” Daenys urged, worried. She was running, her body weak and panting. “The dragons have been restless lately, Dragonborns are also being attacked.” That was why their father had forbidden them to go out alone.

Rhaegar stood rooted to the spot.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

His heart pounded, his blood racing. Rhaegar began to feel dizzy, his pale skin flushing, and his head feeling hot. Suddenly, a small line of text appeared in his mind:

[Relic: Blood and Fire (Flame Resistance +100%)]

Time seemed to slow as the black dragon spread its wings and glided, its scales crushing the soft grass. The searing stench of burning flesh hit him.

Rhaegar’s eyes widened as he watched the hideous dragon’s maw grow larger and larger in his field of vision.

“Roar!”

The black dragon landed in front of him, its claws pounding the ground, and its neck stretched out as it roared.

Chapter 554: The Notes of the Dragon Horn

Rhaegar quickly held his breath as a torrent of searing heat washed over his body.

“Roar...” The black dragon stared at him with dilated pupils, as if inspecting a tiny insect. Rhaegar’s heart pounded, his body growing hotter and hotter, as if being boiled alive.

The black dragon, though not massive, was young. In Rhaegar’s estimation, it was no larger than Sunfyre, still on the cusp of adulthood. Yet, its impact on him was more intense than anything he had ever felt, reminiscent of his first encounter with Cannibal.

“Stop, Balerion!” Daenys rolled on the grass, calling out in panic. Rhaegar’s heart skipped a beat. He had already guessed the dragon’s identity from its appearance. The confirmation came when Daenys called out the name of the black dragon.

“The Black Dread, right before my eyes,” Rhaegar thought, his brain buzzing as he gazed up in awe.

“Roar...” The black dragon turned its head sideways, staring at the human cub with a suspicious glint in its eyes. It stretched its neck, nostrils twitching as it tried to discern the scent.

“Balerion,” Rhaegar asked, his heart pounding, “are you okay?” In his mind, Balerion had always been a legendary figure, living on through tales even after its death.

“Snort, snort...” The black dragon, proud and arrogant, raised its head in confusion and snorted heavily. Rhaegar, standing below, was hit with a foul, fishy stench. The dragon’s pupils narrowed before it turned away, lazily lying down on the grass, showing no interest in dealing with the human cub.

“Gaemon, come with me.” Daenys struggled to her feet and dragged her brother away without further ado. Rhaegar’s head spun, and his body steamed like a furnace.

It was hot, unbearably hot. Daenys seemed oblivious to the fact that even his hand felt like a hot coal, completely out of the ordinary. Rhaegar’s vision blurred as he realized his body was overheating. He had not felt the concept of “heat” for a long time.

“What’s going on?” Rhaegar muttered, sensing something was wrong. He turned his head back, curious about the situation.

The black dragon lay on the ground, its dragon tongue gently licking its wings, its long, thick tail swaying back and forth. As the tail swung, it revealed a five-foot-long scratch on its belly armor, with dragon blood dripping and burning the green grass.

“He’s hurt,” Rhaegar noted, his consciousness gradually becoming clouded.

“Croak.” A toad croaked in his ear as he slowly closed his eyes.

...

“How is he?”

“It’s not serious. The dragon’s blood is just overactive from the shock.”

“...”

The room was empty, with murals carved into the black Dragonstone walls. Rhaegar opened his eyes again, taking in a scene of Valyrian Lamb Men being attacked by a dragon.

“You’re awake.” A voice came from beside him, and a small hand helped him sit up. Rhaegar turned his head and saw Daenys spooning some soup into a bowl. “You’re sick. Drink some.”

“No...” It was useless to refuse, and the porcelain spoon was brought to his lips. Rhaegar was slightly taken aback, his body stiffening uncontrollably. Daenys continued to feed him, repeating, “Drink, drink.” Despite his desire to refuse, his body obediently drank the medicine.

“What’s going on?” His body felt numb, and his eyes were the only part that could move. Rhaegar was confused, feeling an unusual effect on his body.

“Croak.” The toad croaked in a daze, hopping to the edge of the pillow. Rhaegar was momentarily dazed, some memories in his mind triggered, and he asked cautiously, “Did you bring me here?”

“Croak.” The toad stared at him with lifeless dead fish eyes, croaking lifelessly. Its expression made one question if it had any intelligence.

“What are you, a puppet created by the Asshai sorcerers?” Rhaegar glared at it before asking, “Where am I?”

“This is home,” Daenys replied, tidying up the medicine bowl before silently getting up. Only then did Rhaegar realize he could move his body.

Bang! The door closed, leaving him alone with the toad in the room.

Rhaegar did a backflip, grabbed the toad, and demanded, “Where am I?”

“Croak.” The toad, almost squashed, still didn’t move.

“The seven levels of hell!” Rhaegar slapped his forehead and sighed. “A toad, no way to communicate.” He knew he was in trouble.

He got off the bed and groped his way along the Dragonstone murals. “Huh?” Rhaegar was slightly surprised. He didn’t feel any cool or warm touch. In fact, he couldn’t feel anything at all.

Rhaegar’s eyes flashed, and he stuck a finger in his mouth.

Ka!

The skin of his finger was bitten, and a trickle of blood flowed. Rhaegar blinked but felt no pain.

“This is not the real world,” he realized instantly. Rhaegar rubbed his face vigorously but still felt no sensation. He laughed helplessly, “It’s fake, it’s all fake.”

He remembered the Asshai sorcerer who had attacked him, though he had killed the sorcerer first. Before dying, the sorcerer had cast a curse on him.

Rhaegar tried to remember and wondered, “Nightmare, is this a dream?” A dream that transcends time and space, a dream that goes back to the past. This had happened once before—when Laena had a difficult birth, he had accidentally entered a dream that wasn’t his and witnessed his mother’s death in childbirth.

“But this isn’t a nightmare,” Rhaegar said, looking at his childlike body. “The death of the caster has an effect on the curse?”

If he were the caster, he would have cast a spell to send people into an endless nightmare. But Rhaegar himself was not afraid of nightmares. He was used to them and had the ability to disrupt the dream.

Unable to understand, he summoned the explorer system panel.

Rhaegar Targaryen

Talent: Dreamer (Gold)

Bloodline: Dragonborn (+59%)

Runes: Bronze (Green), Serpent (Blue)

Blood Sorcery: Binding Spells (Blue), Reflections of the Moon...

Relics: Blood and Fire, Dream Vision, Pure Water...

Comment: "You realize your situation, don't you? Your bloodline has increased."

Rhaegar looked at the "Bloodline" column, noticing a "+" in front of the number. This meant his bloodline was slowly being purified, waiting for the number to jump. Rhaegar thought for a moment and remembered the situation before he fainted. He had encountered an injured Balerion, and his body had been abnormally hot.

"Is this a dream?" Rhaegar pinched the tender flesh on his arm. "I've felt it clearly before, but why have I forgotten about it?"

It was precisely the clear five senses that made him lose himself in his dreams. After falling into a coma, he had experienced a loophole.

"Croak." The toad croaked once, its green eyes empty as death. Rhaegar repeatedly looked at the culprit, and his gaze fell on the panel's "Relics" section. He muttered, "Is this the Dreamscape effect?"

The ability to trigger the dream vision by daring to think and act.

Hum...

A loud buzzing sound filled his ears, as if a hammer had been smashed on his head. Rhaegar rolled his eyes and fell backward limp.

Plop.

He fell back onto the bed, landing at the feet of the toad.

"Croak." The toad croaked softly, completely calm.

...

"Uh..."

After an unknown amount of time, the dizziness returned to Rhaegar's brain.

"Gaemon, don't lie on the table," a voice lectured him through the noise in his ears.

Rhaegar looked up and tried to respond, but only managed a muted cry.

"Ho ho..." The sound barely passed through his vocal tract, and he suddenly came to his senses, covering his mouth with his hands. His teeth clenched his tongue, but he still felt no pain.

Rhaegar's heart tightened as he tried to speak again. The words were on the tip of his tongue, but they turned into another muted cry.

"I'm mute," Rhaegar realized, his eyes widening in alarm.

"Gaemon, sit up straight."

Daenys, looking haggard, removed her brother's hand from his mouth. Rhaegar didn't resist and immediately looked around. The sky was filled with mist, obscuring a peak that reached into the clouds. The siblings were at the foot of the mountain, on barren land covered in stones.

Rhaegar kept a sharp eye out, turning to look around. There were people all around him, wearing clothes made of linen or wool, and with various hairstyles. But one thing was the same for all of them, young and old, men and women: they were all Valyrian, with silver hair and purple eyes. At a glance, there were at least a few hundred of them.

A Valyrian group of this size was rare, even in Volantis. However, Rhaegar was surprised to find that he couldn't see the faces of these people. It was as if a fog obscured their faces, and all he could see was the white skin of their necks.

Rhaegar turned around and saw a tall man with silver hair and dark skin up close. He thought to himself, "Could this man be a Velaryon?" The combination of black skin and white hair made them the only ones of this type of Valyrian descent.

Suddenly, a solemn prayer was heard in the distance:

"Hen lantoti anogar, Va syndroti vāedroma (Blood of two, Joined as one)."

"Mēro perzot gihoti, Elēdroma iārza sir (Ghostly flame and song of shadows)."

The vow was recited in High Valyrian with perfect diction. Rhaegar followed the sound and saw a man and a woman in ancient dress performing the ceremony. Both had silver hair and shawls, leaning close to each other and touching foreheads. A red-robed wizard stood on a rock, waving a scepter and reciting the words.

"They are members of the House of Belaerys and Aurion," Daenys whispered unemotionally, her head lowered. "Cousins. You and I will do the same in the future."

Rhaegar tilted his head and saw Daenys's cheeks clearly. She was pretty, pale, and looked frail, just as she appeared in the books.

"Would you like to eat something?" Daenys' eyes were calm and unperturbed as she took a fresh red grape from her bosom.

Rhaegar hesitated slightly before accepting the offer. When he put it in his mouth, it was neither warm nor sweet. Rhaegar was stunned and swallowed it, finding it tasteless.

This time, he had not only lost the ability to speak but also his sense of taste and smell. His eyes wandered, and he leaned in to smell Daenys. There was no trace of the fragrance he remembered from before. Even in a crowd, he couldn't detect any scents.

Rhaegar lowered his head in silence, thinking, "With all five senses gone, does the dream still exist?" Had he escaped from a dream, or had his consciousness sunk into nothingness?

As he pondered, Daenys lifted her eyes and suddenly said, "Gaemon, you didn't like sweet things before." Rhaegar's heart skipped a beat, and he looked up innocently. Daenys looked away, whispering as if confiding in someone, "I was dreaming."

Rhaegar's lips moved, wanting to say that he was too.

"Hen jeny mazilarion, Qēlossa ozundesī (A future promised in glass, The stars stand witness.)"

"Syndroro oño jēdo, Ry kivia mazvestraksi (The vow spoken through time, Of darkness and light)," the red-robed wizard read the last words aloud.

Dong dong dong...

The next moment, drums sounded around them, the beats as dense as rain. Rhaegar suddenly looked back and saw the crowd dispersing in an intriguing manner.

"Woo-hoo-hoo..." A melodious horn sounded, like lightning in the night, shattering all illusions and confusion. Rhaegar's vision darkened, and his body once again lost control.

"Woo-woo-woo..." The horn continued, and upon listening closely, it was a complex tone, almost like a song.

"Listen carefully, don't think about it," Daenys said, her eyes vacant, as if she were a ghost.

Chapter 555: Rune: Dream-Eating Toad

Rhaegar closed his eyes, immersing himself in the haunting sound of the horn. His skin gradually turned red, his forehead beaded with sweat, and his breathing became heavy and erratic.

"Roar!"

"Roar..."

Accompanied by the sound of the horn, the fog slowly stirred, and the dragons roared in the clouds.

Whoosh!

A gust of wind swept over his head, causing Rhaegar's silver hair to fly about. He felt the wind but not its sting or burn. Deep down, Rhaegar knew better. A dragon flew out of the Fourteen Flames, gliding past him.

"That horn sound, it came from the dragon's horn," Rhaegar thought, wanting to open his eyes and see the Dragon Horn and the Fourteen Flames.

A gentle hand covered his eyes, and Daenys said calmly, "The dragons are restless, and the dragon horn helps to calm them."

Rhaegar was taken aback, beginning to doubt Daenys' actions. She continued, "The House's dragons are injured and may be banished from The Lands of the Long Summer."

Rhaegar's ears twitched, the sounds he heard slowly blurring.

"The family's ancestral property will be sold. Do you want to know where it is?"

Daenys described the location of the ancestral estate in detail, seemingly indifferent to whether those around her wanted to know.

Rhaegar's hearing was failing, but he still heard everything. It felt like she was telling him specifically. He had a thought: Daenys was the first clear Dreamer in the house. Could it be one dream for two people?

“Woo-woo-woo...” The horn continued to play, without any dramatic ups and downs, just a fascinating low tune.

After listing the family's holdings, Daenys paused and hesitantly asked, “Gaemon, are you doing well?”

Rhaegar’s face changed slightly, his doubts crystallizing at that moment. He couldn’t speak, his eyes were covered, and his hearing was fading. In desperation, he nodded his head lightly.

“That's good.” Daenys visibly relaxed, her tone a little lighter. “Balerion is the youngest dragon in the family, and you will definitely meet again in the future.”

Rhaegar remained silent, nodding again. In a way, he was very familiar with Balerion.

“Woo-woo-woo...” The horn gradually faded, and the tune became more indistinct.

Hum...

Rhaegar suddenly felt a ringing in his ears, and his vision changed from light filtering through his fingers to a blurry haze. All five senses were lost, leaving only a vague consciousness. At this moment, the world seemed to become illusory. He began to panic, and a trace of fear grew in his heart. Behind the fear, however, was an uncontrollable anger.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Rhaegar tried to use his dream vision, but the surrounding sensations became increasingly fragmented. Gradually, his forehead began to bulge, and blood oozed from his reddened skin.

“Gaemon, don't be afraid.”

All was silent, and then Daenys' voice suddenly rang out. Rhaegar felt a sense of relief at the sound, trying to suppress the negative emotions that had suddenly arisen.

“Croak.”

A wet feeling came from his neck, accompanied by the familiar sound of a toad. Rhaegar was not disgusted; instead, he was surprised to realize that his sense of touch had returned. Not only his touch but also his hearing, smell, taste, and sight were all restored.

Hula—

The blood on his body suddenly burst into flames, turning into a wisp of black fire. Rhaegar did not open his eyes, but he felt an unprecedented sense of ease, a pleasure that came from the depths of his soul. Everything around him became clear, as if seen from a gray, third-person perspective.

At the same time, the sky slowly cracked, the fog quickly dissipated, and the Fourteen Flames and earth rose and fell. Rhaegar had been plagued by nightmares since childhood and knew exactly what it meant: He was waking up!

"You have kindled the fire," Daenys crouched down and looked Rhaegar in the face, which was beginning to blur as it was wrapped in black fire. "Remember the sound of the horn. Only a Dragonborn can play it."

Rhaegar remained silent, absorbing the knowledge Daenys imparted.

"Dreams are always a source of confusion." Daenys' eyes were full of emotion as she cupped Rhaegar's face and kissed his cheek. "Goodbye, my brother."

"Croak."

With these words, the toad leapt up and into Rhaegar's brow.

Pop!

Like a dream bubble, it turned into a black and white snowflake.

...

Meereen.

The Great Pyramid, the Tapestry Gallery.

"Chirp, chirp..." Birds cocked their heads, curiously eyeing the few humans lying on the ground. A headless corpse in black robes lay alone on one side, blood slowly flowing from its severed neck.

Hum...

Suddenly, two silver-haired bodies piled on top of each other emitted an invisible, colorless gas.

"Chirp, chirp~" Startled, the birds jumped out of the window in a panic.

Hula—

The tall silver-haired youth's forehead sprouted scales and dragon horns, with black fire oozing from his pale skin. Rhaegar's fingertips twitched slightly as his consciousness gradually returned. His eyes didn't open, and he didn't even lift his head.

A soft touch squeezed into his arms, accompanied by the smell of something burning.

"Sssssssss..."

Rhaegar's body trembled, waking with a sharp intake of breath. "Daenys!" he called out softly, confused, suddenly realizing there was a delicate body in his arms.

Rhaegar immediately opened his eyes, thinking Daenys had escaped from his dream. He saw a woman with silver hair covering her face. His heavy body was pressed against her, and black fire burned through his clothes.

But the silver-haired woman seemed to be asleep, her skin burning red and hot but not causing any harm. Instead, her silver hair was burning vigorously.

Rhaegar froze for a moment, then raised his hand to call back the black flames.

No wonder it smelled burnt.

Plop!

Rhaegar stood up, and the silver-haired woman immediately fell to the ground, hitting her forehead again.

“What’s going on outside?” he wondered aloud, his feet unsteady, and his mind still a bit dreamy. Glancing around, he noticed the black-robed wizard’s decapitated body, with the dragon-taming whip having smashed the dried-up head.

Rhaegar's eyes narrowed as he muttered, "The corpse is destroyed and the curse is broken."

A flash of inspiration struck him, and an inexplicable force burst forth from his spirit. He slowly closed his eyes, and the world turned gray. Within a three-meter radius, everything was affected by an invisible force. Rhaegar thought of something, and the power turned into an invisible tentacle, picking up the fallen dragon whip.

Whoosh!

The dragon whip seemed to be summoned, flying into his hands instantly. Rhaegar was amazed and whispered, “This is the power of the spirit.”

“Croak.”

A gray toad appeared out of nowhere, croaking in his mind. Rhaegar opened his eyes in surprise and said, “You’re here too.” The gray world disappeared, and the real world came into view. The toad did not vanish with the gray world but instead jumped out of his head and sat on his shoulder.

“Croak.”

Its hollow, dead fish eyes seemed to have a hint of life. Rhaegar didn’t have time to investigate further as his right hand twitched slightly.

“Sssss...”

A wisp of black smoke emerged, turning into a black snake with no eyes or nose. As soon as the Serpent appeared, it climbed up his arm and onto the other shoulder, snarling menacingly at the toad.

“Croak.”

The toad remained unmoved, like a cold, lifeless sculpture. Rhaegar was puzzled, looking left and right. He called up the explorer system panel.

Rhaegar Targaryen

Talent: Dreamer (Gold)

Bloodline: Dragonborn (+60%)

Runes: Bronze (Green), Serpent (Blue), Dream Eater (Purple)

Blood magic: Binding Spells (Blue), Dragon Dance (Purple)...

Relics: Blood and Fire, Dreamscape, Pure Water...

Comment: “What you gain in dreams is not necessarily false.”

Chapter 556: Dragon Dance, Command the Dragons

"A rune and blood magic," Rhaegar murmured, letting out a sigh of relief as he touched the toad with his fingertips.

"Croak."

The toad was unresponsive, allowing itself to be squashed and pounded. Rhaegar's eyes softened slightly as he looked at it. "You're the one who pulled me into Daenys' dream and almost made me lose my way?"

This little creature was the Shadowbinder's death rattle, an ancient, incomplete rune altered into a curse that plunges people into nightmares. The moment Rhaegar was hit, the spirit of the Shadowbinder was strangled. As a result, the "dream-eating toad" that was the nightmare curse itself crashed on the spot and was unable to exert its full power. Instead, by combining the dreamer's talent and "Dreamscape," Rhaegar was drawn into a dream that spanned time and space. During this process, he gradually lost his five senses and almost became a living dead. Perhaps it was the Old Valyria and Daenys in the dream that further stimulated Rhaegar's bloodline power.

"What a dangerous little fellow," Rhaegar said, rubbing the toad while looking at the bloodline bar on the explorer panel.

Bloodline: Dragonborn (+60%)

From 59% to 60%, a significant leap. The "+" in front of the number indicated that the gains from the dream still had staying power.

"Croak."

The toad was squashed into a pancake and let out a feeble wail.

"I'll let you go just to show Daenys some respect." Rhaegar's mouth curled slightly, and he found himself growing fond of the new clownish creature. In the past, the dreamer's talents and dream visions could only exist passively. With the "Dream Eater" as a "runic spirit" existing between magic and spirit, it was equivalent to having the initiative.

"Ouch, that hurts."

A small voice came from behind, and the silver-haired woman got up, tears in her eyes. Rhaegar glanced back, and the Dream Eater and the Serpent both disappeared. One burrowed into his head, and the other crawled back into his palm, turning into runes of gray smoke and black gas, respectively.

"You killed him."

The silver-haired woman covered her face with her hair, nervously clasping her hands together.

"Who?" Rhaegar glanced at the corpse of the pseudo-dragon and frowned. "He was your brother?"

He doesn't look like a brother at all. The silver-haired woman gave a tiny "mm-hmm" and silently moved the corpse away on her bare feet. Rhaegar raised an eyebrow, and the dragon whip in his

hand seemed to move like a living thing. The bloodline of the Aethyrys House should be eradicated. But after experiencing the dreams of ancient Valyria, he felt a bit more... tolerant.

Pat!

A tear fell and shattered into several pieces. The silver-haired woman silently wept, bending down to pick up the head of the false dragonlord and placing it in the arms of the corpse. Then, she walked over to the corpse of the black-robed sorcerer and handed Rhaegar a package containing two fossilized dragon eggs. Rhaegar looked surprised, wondering what she intended.

"Sorry, please be quick about it." The silver-haired woman knelt on the ground, her hands trembling as she gathered her silver hair into a bun, sobbing softly. "I am a person without honor, and I hope that I will not be spat on when I die."

As she braided her silver hair into a bun, a delicate face with both beauty and ugliness was revealed. Rhaegar was slightly stunned, looking at her in a daze. Her fair skin and well-proportioned features made her appear like a delicate young lady. However, her forehead and half of her face were covered in fine, pale scales, and her left eye was ashen, giving her a shocking appearance at first glance.

Feeling Rhaegar's gaze, the silver-haired woman quickly lowered her head and said with a sense of inferiority, "I'm sorry, I've dirtied your eyes."

Hearing this, Rhaegar suddenly snapped back to reality and muttered, "No, it's not dirty."

The silver-haired woman was puzzled and timidly raised her head. Having had an ugly face since childhood, she had long developed the ability to read people's expressions.

"That's it, look at me." Rhaegar crouched down, lifting her chin with his index finger, and said seriously, "You are not a bastard, and you deserve to live."

"What?" The silver-haired woman was stunned.

"You don't have to die," Rhaegar said with certainty. "Get a good night's sleep and welcome a new life."

As soon as he finished speaking, his dragonborn state manifested. Dark scales appeared on his forehead, a sharp dragon horn stood upright, and a smile appeared on his pale face.

"Croak."

The silver-haired woman was transfixed, and then she heard a toad's croaking. Suddenly, her consciousness began to blur, and her eyes rolled back as she passed out. Rhaegar reached out and helped her limp, delicate body lie down on the floor tiles. Finally, she didn't have to hit her head on the ground.

"Croak."

The toad sat on his shoulder, opening its mouth wide to suck in a wisp of gray mist. Rhaegar put away the package containing the fossilized dragon eggs, and a flash of understanding crossed his eyes. He muttered, "Daena Aethyrys, she really is a descendant of a Dragonlord's house." He patted the toad encouragingly and said, "Well done, you clownish thing."

Dreams are the second consciousness of humans, where many memories are stored. The toad eats other people's dreams to grow and selectively feeds back to the owner. Just like the Serpent that eats the black gas from wounds, it slowly strengthens its healing power.

"Rune sorcery is not inferior to blood magic," Rhaegar praised, then got up and walked back to the window. He hadn't forgotten that there was a mess to clean up.

"Roar!"

As soon as he poked his head out, a dragon's roar echoed through the air, and Dragonfire streaked across the sky. Rhaegar looked down at the city and quickly assessed the situation. The city gates were sealed, and the Unsullied army was advancing, crushing the rebellion. The Great Masters were mingling with the Dothraki cavalry, making it hard to distinguish friend from foe.

"Roar..." A loud roar reverberated, and a blast of hot air rushed toward the Great Pyramid. Rhaegar looked up and saw three dragons battling above the city. Caraxes and the Sheepstealer darted through the clouds, spitting Dragonfire at each other. A golden beast rampaged through the sky, fighting alongside the ugly mud dragon.

"Defeat the enemy, Syrax!" The command was cold and delivered in High Valyrian.

Roar!

Syrax roared with a ferocity that belied its size and spat golden flames at his opponent. Caraxes, engaged with the Sheepstealer, felt the heat and quickly retreated, biting off a mud-flavored horn from the Mud Dragon as it left.

"Roar!" The Sheepstealer cried out in pain and spat out Dragonfire like a spoiled child. The melee was fierce and hard-fought. Rhaegar stared at the rider controlling the golden beast and said in surprise, "Rhaenyra, you're in the battle too."

When he said this, he couldn't help but smile. Rhaenyra on the back of the dragon was even more attractive than she was in the palace.

"Don't get too involved in the battle, Syrax." From hundreds of meters above, Rhaenyra's eyes were as sharp as a hawk, directing the battle with meticulous precision. Syrax was very smart and perfectly executed the rider's orders.

"Haha, there should be a limit to internal fighting," Rhaegar chuckled, looked around, and muttered, "Where's my dragon?" According to the nature of Cannibal, he shouldn't be so quiet.

"Roar..." Suddenly, a familiar scent wafted from somewhere. Rhaegar raised an eyebrow and noticed something strange in an area of the city where smoke was billowing. The smoke rose straight into the sky, and the flames spread far and wide. What was suspicious was that there were no slaves nearby to escape.

Rhaegar's eyes narrowed as he stared through the smoke. "Roar..." A gust of wind swept through, thinning the smoke slightly. A pair of copper-colored pupils the size of bells appeared, and a majestic silhouette like a small mountain crawled through the ruins.

"Cannibal!" Rhaegar whispered softly, his hands clenched around the window frame.

"Roar~" Sunfyre lay collapsed in the ruins, his chest bloody and his wings badly burned. But no wound was as serious as having the Cannibal by his side. The Cannibal's green eyes looked down on Sunfyre with indifference, and his scarlet tongue licked his maw.

The three dragons in the sky couldn't wait to descend and join the feast on the ground.

"What a piece of shit," Rhaegar muttered, his face turning cold. He knew it was unrealistic to expect a single dragon to stop the fighting. It was only natural to hope for casualties in the battle between the dragons and to take advantage of the situation.

"Let's stop here," Rhaegar muttered, his mood sour as he turned to search the hallway. In the room where the pseudo-dragon had escaped, he spotted a huge horn hanging on the wall.

Rhaegar didn't hesitate. He entered the room and took the horn. It was magnificent, made from a single piece of horn, inlaid with gold and red gems. Rhaegar played with it for a moment, satisfied. "It'll do," he said.

Back at the window, the battle outside continued to rage. Rhaegar stepped onto the windowsill and held the horn to his mouth with both hands. The horn was large, more than five feet long, and almost completely covered his body.

"Daenys, thank you for your gift," Rhaegar muttered. Then, he looked up and took a deep breath. Biting his red lips, he let the magic of the flames flow into him.

The next second...

"Woo-hoo-hoo..."

Rhaegar was completely absorbed in his music, and the horn sounded. The sound was rough and hoarse, like the passionate song of an old man. Black fire erupted as Rhaegar, entranced, revealed his true form as a dragonborn and played the long-lost dragon dance.

"Woo-hoo~"

The sound of the horn was like a spark, and in an instant, the fire spread, echoing throughout Meereen.

"Roar!"

In the air, the three dragons circled and fought. Suddenly, their pupils shrank at the sound of the horn. Sheepstealer panicked, as if it had seen its natural enemy, and slunk back into the clouds.

Roar!

Syrax's pupils returned to normal as it shook its head and left the battlefield. Only Caraxes, still restless, continued to writhe like a snake, spitting out Dragonfire.

“Woo-woo~...”

Rhaegar gradually closed his eyes, immersing himself in the rhythm of each note. Unbeknownst to him, the explorer's panel had changed.

Rhaegar Targaryen

Talent: Dreamer (Gold)

Bloodline: Dragonborn (+61%)

Runes: Bronze (Green), Serpent (Blue), Dream Eater (Purple)

Blood Sorcery: Binding Spells (Blue), Dragon Dance (Purple)...

Relics: Blood and Fire, Dreamscape, Pure Water...

Comment: “Blowing the ancient chapter, calling the roots of the bloodline.”

Rhaegar was so absorbed in the music that he didn't realize his blood was being refined. His chest resonated with a humming sound as he used his breathing technique to control it.

“Woo-woo-woo...”

The dragon dance shifted from low to high, as if the dragon had matured over the years, transforming into a weapon of war that covered the sky and earth.

“Roar!”

Cannibal, distracted from its thoughts of devouring Sunfyre, let out a long cry and leapt into the air with a powerful leap.

Boom!

The black dragon crashed through the smoke, landing in front of the Great Pyramid. Its wings supported its weight on the ground, and its back swayed gently, bringing its terrifying dragon head just below the windowsill.

Sensing something, Rhaegar stepped onto the windowsill with all his might and leapt out.

“Roar!”

Cannibal growled and caught the rider, standing like a colossal statue in front of the tower. Rhaegar stood firm, playing the final notes of the dragon dance.

Hum...

An inexplicable aura of power radiated from every dragon.

“Roar!”

“Roar...”

The cobalt blue Tessarion roared into the sky, carrying its rider to the Great Pyramid. Daeron, stunned, did not dare to stop the dragon beneath him.

At the same time, Syrax, Sheepstealer, and Caraxes, regardless of their emotions, put aside their fighting spirit and slowly descended with caution.

“Ha ha, a dance of dragons,” Rhaegar laughed, sitting down on the hard dragon's head. With his horn in his left hand and his whip in his right, he looked like the reincarnation of an ancient Valyrian Dragonlord.

Chapter 557: Aegon, Do You Want a Second Wife?

Roar!

“Syrax, what's wrong with you?” Rhaenyra, sweating profusely, lay on the dragon's saddle, concerned for her beloved. Syrax shook its head and lay down on the ground. It didn't know either, but the magic of the horn had calmed the ferocity in its bones.

“Sheepstealer, move!” Aemond gripped the reins tightly and urged the dragon on.

“Roar...” The Sheepstealer glanced at the Blood Wyrms and reluctantly moved. Caraxes snorted sharply, looking at the dragon cub with narrowed eyes.

“Quiet, Caraxes,” Daemon commanded, calm and collected. He sensed danger in the sound of the horn. He had already lost the chance to take revenge by not killing his one-eyed nephew initially. If he continued, his good nephew would not sit idly by.

...

“Cannibal, you never learn.” Rhaegar leaned back, elbows braced against the hard scales, teasing the dragon.

“Roar...” Cannibal let out a muted roar, as if in protest. It is a cannibal. Is it wrong to be greedy?

“You are very naughty, partner.” Rhaegar grumbled and stopped pursuing the matter.

Bang! The half-meter-tall horn was thrown away, tumbling to the ground and breaking into pieces like a melon rind. Under the scorching black fire, the horn material burned out large and small holes, and the yellow gold melted into a liquid. This is the side effect of the Dragon Dance, which is too much for the mortal world to bear. If Rhaegar were not a dragonborn, he would have been burned to death.

“Put me down,” Rhaegar patted the dragon's head and looked down at the other dragons.

“Roar...” Cannibal snorted heavily, and its body slowly slithered down, its head resting flat on the ground.

Daeron, who was closest to the dragon, swallowed involuntarily. “Gulp~” The black dragon crouched down, and at first glance, it looked as if a mountain of coal had collapsed and would bury them at any second.

The other adult dragons were much better off. Syrax obediently lowered itself to allow the rider to slide off its back.

“Rhaegar, are you okay!?” Rhaenyra rolled off the dragon and ran up to him, carrying The Realm’s Delight over her shoulder.

“I had a dream.” Rhaegar smiled, put the dragon whip back on his shoulder, and opened his arms to welcome her. “It was peaceful, not as good as your dragon fighting.”

“Nonsense.” Rhaenyra threw herself into his arms, her eyes misty with tears. “If anything happened to you, everyone would suffer.”

Still not satisfied, she clenched her fists and punched his chest.

Thud! Rhaenyra cried out in pain.

“Huh? What’s going on?” Rhaenyra was confused by the sight, first holding Rhaegar’s red, clenched fists, then examining his body.

Rhaenyra’s eyes widened as she lifted Rhaegar’s hem, revealing his dragonborn form. His skin was pale as paper, with angular muscles that were particularly defined.

“Rhaegar, you’ve grown,” she said, her eyes narrowing slightly. She pinched Rhaegar’s right chest, then moved to his left. The black scales were arranged like a stalwart shield. Rhaegar looked down to see seven black dragon scales growing from his chest, protecting his heart.

Rhaenyra quickly covered him with her body, turned around, and glanced back, whispering anxiously, “Has your bloodline been refined again?”

Rhaegar’s bloodline was too pure, and the dragon’s nature was hidden in his bones. Once the purity exceeds the upper limit, his spirit will also be affected.

“It seems so,” Rhaegar replied. He touched his chest. The scales were not smooth but rough and hot, like a metal shield exposed to the sun on a hot day. But he didn’t feel out of control; his mood was stable and peaceful.

“Rhaegar, don’t lie to me.” Rhaenyra was still very worried.

“Don’t worry, I’m fine.” Rhaegar was unusually serious, holding her hand and pressing it against his chest. The calm and orderly heartbeat proved he was not lying. He silently opened the explorer panel.

Rhaegar Targaryen

Talent: Dreamer (Gold)

Bloodline: Dragonborn (+62%)

Runes: Bronze (Green), Serpent (Blue), Dream Eater (Purple)

Blood Sorcery: Binding Spells (Blue), Dragon Dance (Purple)...

Relics: Blood and Fire, Dreamscape, Pure Water...

Comment: “Ancient bloodline, good at making up for deficiencies.”

Rhaegar’s bloodline bar had risen again, and his bloodline purity increased. From 61% to 62%, the “+” in front of the number still existed.

“The Dragon Dance greatly stimulated the blood,” Rhaegar mused, gratitude for Daenys rising to new heights. She must have sensed something and had gone to great lengths to get him to listen to the Dragon Dance.

“Are you sure you’re okay?”

“Of course.” Seeing Rhaegar’s confident expression, Rhaenyra let out a sigh of relief and whispered, “What are you going to do about Daemon and Aemond?”

The behavior of the uncle and nephew was extremely bad. She tried to mediate between them, but when that failed, she took sides, fighting whoever was winning to stop the dragons from making a last-ditch attempt.

“You’ve worked hard,” Rhaegar said, understanding his sister’s mind. He hugged her delicate waist, giving her a warm embrace. For some reason, perhaps the music of the Dragon Dance that soothed his dragon nature or it was the spirit he had gained after his dream, Rhaegar felt calm as a spring. He was not disturbed by the anger over the fake dragonlord and the internal strife in the house.

Rhaenyra listened to the sound and felt the pressure on her chest, leaning unnaturally into the embrace. The feeling of being pinched was both annoying and fascinating.

...

“Uncle, you started this, didn’t you?” Rhaegar’s voice was calm as he looked at Daemon, who had dismounted from his dragon.

Daemon placed his hands on his stomach and replied with regret, “Yes, I should have acted decisively.” He thought about the escape of the ugly mud dragon and calculated that he had a 70% chance of success with Caraxes.

“It’s good that you admit it,” Rhaegar nodded and then turned to Aemond, his expression cold. “You should be in the east of Essos, not leading Dothraki cavalry to invade Meereen.”

The source of the turmoil was essentially Aemond. If he hadn’t led the Dothraki cavalry to attack the city, the war wouldn’t have spread, and the three dragons wouldn’t have clashed. At most, it would have been a slave revolt, easily suppressed by the Unsullied.

Aemond listened to the accusations and retorted, “I wanted to help you, but Daemon attacked me!”

“Oh?” Daemon glanced at him and sneered, “Do you want to see the city walls that your dragon burned down? I was only attacking the invaders.”

“Daemon, you think you can threaten me because you’re older?” Aemond’s voice was cold, and his one eye flashed with anger.

“That’s right.” Daemon smiled, looking at his one-eyed nephew with a tilted head, deliberately provoking, “So, what do you want to do?”

Swish! Aemond’s anger flared, and he unsheathed the sword at his waist. The Scarlet Forger’s blood-red groove gleamed with a sharp edge, as if a bloody scent permeated the air.

Bang! “You can’t even hold a sword properly, you idiot.” Daemon showed satisfaction and suddenly kicked Aemond’s wrist, sending the Scarlet Forger flying.

“No!” Aemond was shocked, not expecting Daemon to play by the rules. The sudden move stunned both Rhaenyra and Daeron.

“Oh, two idiots,” Rhaegar sighed with regret. “Let’s all take a nap.”

“Gurgle.” The toad popped out of his head, its dead fish eyes glowing. Rhaegar placed his palm under his lips and gently exhaled.

Hoo— The invisible gas swirled up a wisp of gray sand, which drifted into the nostrils of the two. Daemon and Aemond felt their heads buzz and their bodies fall back.

Plop! Plop! Two muffled sounds as their heads hit the ground with pinpoint accuracy.

“Magic!” Daeron exclaimed.

“Mm-hmm,” Rhaegar smiled. “Take Aemond down, and I’ll teach you a few tricks when I have time.”

“Yes, brother!” Daeron, full of energy, carried Aemond’s heavy body away.

“Roar...” Sheepstealer, stunned and looking around at the people present, wanted to rescue its rider.

“Roar...” Cannibal saw its intentions and opened its mouth wide, growling. The Sheepstealer immediately became obedient and slumped back.

Rhaegar did not sit idle. He kicked the sleeping Daemon and sighed, "When he wakes up, tell him to go back to King's Landing. I wonder how he will face our father." Daemon had attacked Rhaegar before, and now he had done the same to Aemond. Rhaegar had no desire to judge his uncle; he would let their father handle it.

Rhaenyra hesitated but ultimately did not refute him. Daemon had become more agreeable in recent years, doing his best to respect her and Rhaegar, but Aemond had hired a killer to assassinate White Worm, and Rhaegar had protected his brother.

The conflict between Daemon and Aemond put Rhaegar in a difficult position. It would be better to leave it to their father in King's Landing to decide.

"Your Grace," the Sea Snake approached from afar, flanked by a group of Unsullied. Rhaegar glanced at them and asked, "How is it going?"

He was distracted, thinking about ancient Valyria. Reading Daena Aethyrys' dream memories had confirmed that there was a dragon horn in The Lands of the Long Summer. The dream dragon's horn had the power to calm the dragons of the Fourteen Flames. The House's internal strife stemmed from the dragons that gave House Targaryen the courage to fight. If he could obtain a horn, he would not have to worry about the dragons being used against the House.

The Sea Snake, sweating and with clenched teeth, reported, "The rebellion has been initially suppressed. The Great Masters and the slave soldiers have been arrested, and the Dothraki cavalry have all left the city." The 5,000 Unsullied were enough to sweep through Slaver's Bay. Meereen, with only 2,000 or 3,000 men, was insignificant.

Rhaegar nodded in response, then suddenly remembered, "What about Aegon?"

"Prince Aegon..." The Sea Snake was speechless for a moment, then said, "You should see for yourself."

Rhaegar's face changed slightly. He turned and mounted the Cannibal.

...

In the ruins, the broken golden dragon lay gravely injured, moaning weakly.

"Sunfyre, my Sunfyre..." Aegon couldn't hold back his tears as he called out to the blackened dragon horn.

"Roar..." Sunfyre's pupils were dilated, and his body was wracked with pain. Unable to move, he could only lift the tip of his tail. The tail, once covered with pale pink dorsal fins, was now burnt bare.

With a thud, the dragon's tail hit the ground and slid gently to the feet of its rider. Aegon looked at it, his heart sinking. "Sunfyre!" Both man and dragon were badly injured, huddled together to keep warm. This was the scene Rhaegar found when he arrived.

"Don't cry. It won't die," Rhaegar said, helping Aegon to his feet. "I have a way to help Sunfyre heal."

“Really?” Aegon’s eyes were streaming with tears, and blood oozed from his bandaged stomach.

“I’m not lying.” Rhaegar summoned the Serpent to carefully treat Sunfyre. Dragons were the most powerful magical creatures. As long as they didn’t die on the spot, they could heal even the most serious injuries. At worst, he would ride the Cannibal to Sothoryos and hunt some wyverns. The meat was good, and the wounds would heal quickly.

Hearing this, Aegon’s tense spirit relaxed, and he felt dizzy. He had been through a lot that day: entering the city, being attacked, chaos, and Sunfyre being injured. It had caused significant trauma to his fragile heart.

“Go to sleep. Get some rest.” Rhaegar sighed softly, putting Aegon in his arms and resting his head on his chest. What else could a brother do?

Aegon sobbed, mumbling in a daze, “Mommy~”

Rhaegar’s face darkened, his heart filled with mixed emotions. Alicent had not been a good mother. All the children lacked love. Of all the children, Aegon, the most spoiled, had the deepest affection for her and often visited Harrenhal, despite their frequent arguments and bad partings.

“Aegon is getting older, past the age of marriage,” Rhaegar thought silently, considering the danger Aegon had been in today. If the assassin’s dagger had pierced his heart or throat instead of his belly, he would have lost a brother, and a bloodline of the house would have been cut off.

His mind flashed to the obedient face of Daena Aethyrys. Pat! Rhaegar knew what he wanted to do. He slapped Aegon on the back of the head, and with a dazed look in his eyes, asked, “Aegon, do you want another wife?”

Chapter 558: The Hidden Dangers of the House

Meereen, Inside the City.

"Quick, catch them!"

"There's a son of the Harpy..."

The shouts echoed through the streets as Grey Worm led the Unsullied army, systematically hunting down the rebels. Any slave or Harpy sons found with a weapon was killed on the spot.

"Do not disturb the people. Seal off the pyramids and arenas of the Great Masters!" The Sea Snake commanded, his voice steady and authoritative as he oversaw the operation from a strategic position.

Meereen, with its towering walls, was a sprawling city dotted with more than thirty pyramids and numerous slave markets. The colosseums, thriving centers for both entertainment and commerce, were significant to the Great Masters' wealth and influence.

"Lord, there are many slaves in the arena," Addam reported, his voice low and his armor stained with blood.

"Continue to detain them and provide them with food and water," the Sea Snake replied, his tone measured. He then pointed to an ancient pyramid, rising a hundred feet above the ground. "His Grace wants to interrogate the Great Masters. You will lead a Velaryon squad to search for the Golden Word."

Addam's initial shock quickly turned to excitement. "Yes, my lord," he responded eagerly. He called over a group of soldiers, their armor emblazoned with the seahorse emblem, and they moved swiftly toward the pyramid.

As the Sea Snake watched Addam and his men disappear into the distance, a wave of mixed emotions washed over him. His thoughts wandered briefly to Laenor.

...

At the City Gate.

Cannibal crouched on the ground, its massive head raised high and its two wings spread wide like a menacing guillotine. Hundreds of Great Masters, their faces contorted in terror and stained with urine and feces, looked up at the black dragon in panic.

It was too immense. Even the 800-foot-high Great Pyramid, with its Harpy sculpture at the top, seemed like a mere broken house in front of the dragon's colossal form. The Great Masters, men and women alike, were bound together like common slaves, unable to escape.

"Gentlemen, any last words?" Rhaegar sat astride the Cannibal, his chest bare and his body unclothed.

"Please, let us go! We'll pay you in gold!" A young Great Master fell to his knees, tears streaming down his face. They had heard tales of the Good Masters of Yunkai paying for their lives and hoped to strike a similar bargain.

Unfortunately, they had misjudged their captor. Rhaegar chuckled and tilted his head to the side. "Listen, if I kill you all, your wealth will be mine as well."

"No, no!" The remaining Great Masters were completely panicked, begging for mercy. But Rhaegar had no intention of sparing them.

"Roar..." Cannibal sensed its master's intent, opening its hideous mouth as dragonfire began to accumulate in its throat.

"Dracarys!" Rhaegar commanded.

Boom.

The misty, greenish dragonfire erupted from the Cannibal's maw, pouring down on the heads of the Great Masters like a torrential flood.

"Ah! Help..."

"Kill me, kill me quickly..."

The land turned black as the dark green flames engulfed everyone, ravaging and tormenting them like maggots on a bone. The Great Masters did not die instantly; instead, they writhed in agony

under the flames. Some smashed their own heads in, while others used hidden daggers to slit their throats, desperate for the luxury of a quick death.

In the distance, a group of Unsullied were holding another Great Master captive. Almos, stripped of his magnificent robe and scepter, lay on the ground like a piece of rotten mud, his spirit on the verge of collapse.

“Roar...” Cannibal slowly turned its head, its green pupils flashing with mockery. The Unsullied flinched, lifting their spears and stepping back.

“No, not dragonfire...” Almos' pupils trembled, his face covered in terror as he crawled on all fours like a dog, trying to escape his inevitable fate.

“All right, Cannibal.” Rhaegar patted the pale dragon horn, his eyes glinting with interest. “How many wizards from Asshai have you hired?”

The Ghis descendant in front of him, Almos, was visibly flustered. He stammered out a half-truth, “No, I only bought a few wizards. Asshai uses this as a springboard to contact the outside world.”

“Are the Asshai wizards interested in the outside world?” Rhaegar's tone was skeptical.

“Yes, I'm not lying.” Almos waved his hands frantically, revealing more, “They study magic and use my ships to travel around the world.”

Rhaegar frowned at this news. A group of wizards with no interest but in causing trouble would only bring chaos wherever they went. As he pondered, Almos's eyes darted around, desperately seeking a way to save his life.

“How many pseudo-dragonlords are there in Slaver's Bay?” Rhaegar's question cut through his thoughts.

Almos hesitated, trying to evade, “Just that one family. The rest are of Valyrian descent, but we can't be sure.”

“Oh?” Rhaegar's eyes narrowed. Without a word from him, the Unsullied raised their spears and pierced Almos's thigh.

“Ahhh!” Almos screamed in agony, his pleas for mercy becoming frantic, “Spare me, I dare not lie anymore.”

Rhaegar remained calm, “Where are the bloodlines of the false dragonlords?”

Slaver's Bay, the closest Oldcastle to ancient Valyria, surely had other descendants of the Dragonlords. Perhaps their bloodline was diluted, or they had forgotten their ancestral glory. But they were still Dragonlord descendants.

Under the torture, Almos broke, spitting out names of small families suspected to be Dragonlord descendants. “I have many concubines, all of whom are pregnant with the blood of the false dragonlord,” he added desperately.

“Very good,” Rhaegar said with a faint smile. Four or five small families, possibly descendants of the Dragonlord, living in Slaver’s Bay amidst vast disparities of wealth. Without the Dragonlord surname, they were akin to herdsman before the pseudo-dragons’ rise.

“Your Grace, I’ve told you everything.” Almos, sweating profusely, begged, “You can keep me and let me manage Meereen for you.”

“Yes, you are very useful.” Rhaegar’s smile did not deny it, and Almos’s eyes lit up with hope.

“But you’re more useful to me dead.” Rhaegar’s smile faded, turning cold. “Dracarys, Cannibal.”

“Roar!” Cannibal responded, spewing Dragonfire that enveloped Almos in a blanket of flames.

“Ahhhhhhhhhh~” Almos’s screams echoed as the Dragonfire burned his skin inch by inch, his body writhing in agony.

The death of the Great Masters symbolized a new era in Meereen, a drastic shift in power and the dawn of a changed world.

...

At night, in the Great Pyramid of Meereen, Rhaegar sat in a chair that once belonged to the Great Masters, a scarf draped over his shoulders. The cool night breeze blew into the room, flipping the pages of the books on the table.

Rhaegar’s spirit was concentrated as he carefully made notes on an ancient map of The Lands of the Long Summer. Many topographical features had been marked by the false dragonlord, providing a detailed record of the region.

“Still studying the map?” Rhaenrya’s voice broke the silence. She emerged from the bathroom, her silver hair still damp, and approached Rhaegar with light steps.

Startled, Rhaegar rubbed his brow. “This map is much more accurate than the one in Dragonstone. I’ve been marking the territory that our house once owned.”

Rhaenrya glanced at the map and then back at Rhaegar, concern in her eyes. “Don’t strain yourself too much,” she said softly. She took a towel and gently dried his long hair. “Meereen has surrendered, and the entire Slaver’s Bay is under our control. We have been very successful.”

Rhaegar leaned back, finding a soft spot to rest his head. He sighed, “It’s not enough. The House has too many flaws.”

His father had been right; the Targaryens were a chaotic and disorganized bunch. Despite each member having a dragon, there was always internal strife. During his father’s reign, the king was weak, and the advisers were strong, creating a power imbalance. If it weren’t for Rhaenrya’s understanding and consideration, a second bloodshed of dragons would have been inevitable.

Today, the internal environment of the house had greatly improved. Rhaegar was strong enough to command respect with his Cannibal, but the combined strength of one man and one dragon was not enough to suppress the rest of the family. Daemon and Aemond were prime examples. They recognized Rhaegar's rule but also criticized each other. If Rhaenyra hadn't intervened, the two would have fought each other until the moment Rhaegar left the dream world.

"Daemon is gone," Rhaenyra sighed. "The uncle and nephew are both a worry. There will be a fight sooner or later."

"If a house wants to thrive, it must have a treasure that is important to the house," Rhaegar said, looking up at her. "I wanted to suppress the internal struggles and wait until our children grew up."

When their children grow up, the house will surely regain the splendor of the time when the Old King was alive, Rhaenyra frowned slightly, waiting for him to finish.

"But this is a temporary solution that doesn't solve the problem," Rhaegar said with a hint of disappointment. He continued sincerely, "Even if our children don't fight when they grow up, it's inevitable that their children will."

Controlling the dragons of House Targaryen isn't easy, and the family can't rely on feelings to maintain unity. Aegon the Conqueror was a legendary figure, but his family was a mess. His sister, Queen Rhaenys, was jealous and spoiled by her brother Aegon and sister Visenya. For every night Aegon spent with Visenya, he had to spend ten with Rhaenys. On the nights Aegon was absent, she would summon her male lover to spend the night singing and laughing.

Rhaegar boldly claimed, "If Queen Rhaenys hadn't been killed, the sisters would have fought sooner or later."

The descendants of the conqueror, Aenys and Maegor, were also at odds with each other. Maegor's kinslaying was not only cruel to his nephew but also a result of the grudges from the previous generation. Even in Aegon's family, there were already many hidden problems. Not to mention the larger and more complex family that Rhaegar alone was responsible for maintaining. There was his uncle Daemon, his aunt Rhaenys, five siblings of the same generation, and a large number of children in the next generation.

Rhaegar had always been relatively tolerant and gave them the utmost respect. He married Rhaenyra and Helaena to bring several half-brothers into his circle. As the eldest son, Baelon had his support and an almost smooth path. But what about the next generation and the one after that? The house is growing more prosperous every day. In a few generations, there won't be enough dragon eggs to go around, let alone dragons to ride.

"The problem is not scarcity, but inequality. What will happen then?" he wondered.

Rhaenyra understood what he meant and hugged him tightly, whispering, "Rhaegar, do you still want to go to the Smoking Sea?"

The Smoking Sea held the dragon horn, which could suppress the restless dragons. Rhaegar didn't deny it, saying, "I wanted to conquer Slaver's Bay and then take Daemon to the Smoking Sea." The accident came too soon, and Daemon had to make up for the mistake.

"Then wait a while before going to the Smoking Sea," Rhaenyra whispered. "You found an Aethyr's girl for Aegon, solving the problem of his marriage, there's only Aemond left."

Their Father Viserys valued the marriage of his heir. But Aegon didn't like his fiancée, Selina Hightower, and delayed the wedding. Aemond was of age but was also holding things up.

"Fine, let's go back and see our father," Rhaegar agreed.

Chapter 559: Who is the Killer?

Time flies, and days pass.

In Meereen's arena, the sound of clashing metal echoed, with occasional sparks lighting the air. Rhaegar sat on a high platform, observing the fight below. A rugged Dothraki Bloodrider wielding a curved blade faced off against a heavily armored knight.

Despite his armor, the knight struggled against the nimble Bloodrider. After a dozen rounds, the knight finally emerged victorious. Rhaegar turned and smiled, "Rao-Khal, see? Armor has its uses."

Rao replied in strained Valyrian, his expression blank, "Dothraki... never wear... iron clothes."

"Oh, suit yourself," Rhaegar said, respecting the Dothraki's traditions despite his good mood.

Rao glanced at the defeated Bloodrider, who angrily cut his braid, a gesture of disgrace among the Dothraki. He and Rhaegar shared a history. Rao-Khal had been hired by the Prince of Pentos during the siege of Myr and had received a generous gift from Rhaegar after the war, allowing his tribe to flourish. This time, the Great Masters of Meereen had employed him, only for him to be captured by Aemond at the Mother of Mountains. Under the threat of the Sheepstealer and Rhaegar's name, he chose to follow Aemond in the counterattack on Meereen.

As the two men conversed, the Sea Snake approached from the audience. He first looked at the victorious knight, who removed his helmet to reveal a young face with silver hair and dark skin. Then he walked over to Rhaegar and whispered, "Your Grace, the representatives of the various houses have all arrived."

"Do they agree?" Rhaegar asked.

The Sea Snake squeezed out a smile, "Don't worry, no one will refuse an extra asset."

Slaver's Bay had fallen, and the slave masters of the three Free Cities had been dethroned. The Targaryen dynasty couldn't extend its reach so far, at least not in Rhaegar's generation. The region was too distant, thriving on slave trading—a thankless task for any ruler. But after toppling the long-established Slaver's Bay, Rhaegar was unwilling to leave it as it was. With his knack for leveraging situations to his advantage, he devised a plan to benefit himself while disadvantaging others.

Rhaegar rubbed his chin thoughtfully, "In addition to the Hightowers and House Lannister, Crownlands nobles like Darklyn, Rosby, and Staunton will each receive an extra share of land."

If the Targaryens couldn't directly govern Slaver's Bay, they could grant it to nobles loyal to them, encouraging them to colonize and influence the region. Over time, Slaver's Bay would still fall under the Iron Throne's influence.

“You are very generous, Your Grace,” the Sea Snake remarked.

The Crownlands nobles, not being wealthy, would benefit from new lands overseas, sending their second sons to develop them. This would ensure the royal family’s favor and support from the nobles.

“It’s a necessary evil, Lord Corlys,” Rhaegar stood up, adding, “Rao-Khal has given the Iron Throne a hundred scorpion crossbows. Don’t forget to return the favor when he leaves.”

These scorpion crossbows, high-priced Meereenese defense devices from Qohor, had been confiscated in their original packaging. The Sea Snake understood the implication and said, “Qohor makes many weapons and is very resistant to the Iron Throne.”

Free Cities ruled by religion posed a potential threat at any time.

“When I have time, I will visit Qohor myself,” Rhaegar affirmed, intrigued by Qohor’s ancient heritage and knowing several top craftsmen there but never having set foot in the city.

Before leaving, he warned, “Prepare a large ship. I’m returning to Westeros.”

“Yes, Your Grace,” the Sea Snake replied.

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King’s Landing, Red Keep.

The Small Council convened in the dimly lit chamber, the weight of recent events hanging heavy in the air. Viserys sat on the Iron Throne, his weary body slumped as though the burden of the crown was too much to bear.

“Your Grace, Lady Cassandra of House Baratheon has passed away. Her sister, Lady Maris, has succeeded her as the Lady of Storm’s End,” Lord Lyonel Strong announced, his voice slow and gentle, as if he were speaking to an elderly man in his final days.

Viserys blinked, a frown creasing his brow. “Cassandra is dead?” he asked, his voice tinged with confusion and disbelief. She was his daughter-in-law; how could she die without a clear cause?

Lyonel sighed deeply. “Indeed, Your Grace. It is a great loss, and no one regrets the death of Lady Cassandra more than House Baratheon.”

“By the Seven, what terrible news,” Viserys muttered, his forehead beading with cold sweat. His already pale complexion turned ashen.

Before anyone could respond, Jasper Wylde, known as Iron Rod, suddenly spoke up. “Luck alone does not always determine a person’s fate, Your Grace.”

Viserys turned to him, puzzled. “What do you mean?”

The other advisors exchanged uneasy glances, clearly disapproving of Jasper’s boldness. Ignoring their silent rebukes, Jasper continued, “According to the testimony of Steffon Connington, the

captain of the guards at Storm's End, Lady Cassandra's death was not an accident. It appears to have been a deliberate murder."

Lyonel's frown deepened, his voice filled with warning. "Speak with evidence, Iron Rod. Such accusations are serious."

Viserys, sensing the gravity of the situation, interrupted, "Let him continue. We must uncover the truth."

Jasper gave Lyonel a sly look before explaining, "On the eve of Lady Cassandra's death, Storm's End hired a group of new servants. One of them was the maid who served Lady Cassandra her supper that night."

He had proof: this was indeed murder.

His animosity from House Baratheon was clear; they had never honored their marriage alliance with him.

The heir to Storm's End now seemed unlikely to ever secure the throne. Viserys was stunned by the revelation. He never imagined Cassandra would meet such a violent end.

Lyonel, concerned for the aging king's health, spoke cautiously, "Your Grace, this is a complex matter. Lord Jasper might be jumping to conclusions."

Reports from across the Narrow Sea suggested Prince Aemond had hired an assassin to kill the White Worm. White Worm was known to be Daemon's close confidante. It was widely recognized that Prince Daemon was notorious for his vindictiveness and womanizing.

Jasper pressed on, "I have a statement from Steffon Connington implicating Maris Baratheon in the murder."

Whether true or not, Jasper's tactic was clear: cast suspicion first.

Lyonel was silent, his face flushed with anger.

Tormund, the Master of Whisperers, with his hands hidden in his sleeves, spoke in a measured tone, "Lord Jasper, how can you be certain of Steffon Connington's testimony?"

Jasper replied confidently, "He was Lady Cassandra's most trusted captain in the guard."

"Oh?" Tormund drawled, his gaze fixed intently on Jasper. "Don't you think their relationship might have been too close?"

As Master of Whisperers, Tormund knew secrets even the king might not be privy to. He was privy to information that, if revealed, could destabilize the realm.

Jasper, caught off guard, suddenly recalled something and closed his mouth in anger.

As the meeting dragged on, the atmosphere grew increasingly tense. Viserys, sensing the evasion and concealment around him, burst out, "Who is the murderer? Do you all think I'm an old fool?"

"Your Grace..." Lyonel began, but his voice trailed off, laden with mixed emotions. After all, it was his brother accused of killing his son's fiancée.

“Tell me, who is it?” Viserys demanded, his rage causing his breath to come in short, erratic gasps.

Lyonel wiped the sweat from his forehead, feeling the immense pressure.

Bang!

The door to the council chamber flew open, and a cool breeze swept in. Viserys turned in surprise, squinting against the sunlight.

Daemon stood in the doorway, a calm yet determined look on his face, a hint of longing in his eyes. “Brother,” he greeted quietly.

Chapter 560: To Stay or to Go

Time flies, and summer has arrived.

King's Landing, Mud Gate.

The thick city gates stand wide open, and the bustling crowd tramples the moss-covered ground as they carry fruits, vegetables, and fish to the market stalls, their voices rising in a cacophony of shouts and haggling. The Seven Kingdoms have been unified for several years now, and the standard of living has improved significantly. However, the strong smell of fish still permeates the air, a reminder of the city's proximity to the sea.

It is noon, and the fishermen are pulling up their nets and heading home early. The vendors are more enthusiastic than ever, and the market is surrounded by three layers of eager customers.

"Roar!"

Suddenly, a deep roar reverberates like a massive bell, sending waves surging through Blackwater Bay. At the same time, a vast fleet of ships sails into the bay, stretching as far as the eye can see.

"Quiet, Cannibal!"

A black dragon leaps over the city walls, and a familiar voice echoes from the sky. The vendors and townsfolk look up, their eyes widening as they behold the dragon blocking out the sun.

"Roar!"

"Roar..."

Two more dragons burst into view, flying around the black dragon before soaring into the city.

"Syrax," someone smiles, recognizing the golden beast of the queen.

Most of the crowd admires the cobalt blue dragon, praising its beauty as they have done many times before. The Targaryen dynasty has ruled for over a hundred years, and the people have gradually become accustomed to the presence of dragons. They are regarded as gods, but not feared.

Suddenly, a dull, orderly drumbeat begins to sound.

Boom, boom, boom...

The fleet occupies the route to Blackwater Bay, with the blue seahorse flag flying high, demonstrating its ancient and noble heritage.

"Roar!"

Cannibal seems to be deliberately circling King's Landing, its roar drowning out all other sounds. Rhaegar smiles faintly and calmly opens his arms. He glances down at the harbor and notices a large ship flying the banner of the stag with the crown.

"The ship of Storm's End?" Rhaegar raises an eyebrow, pondering the significance of its presence.

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Red Keep

"Congratulations on your victory, Your Grace," Lyonel announced, leading the Small Council to greet Rhaegar. The crowd at the gate buzzed with excitement.

"The Seven Gods have blessed us indeed," Rhaegar replied, smiling as he returned to the palace after months away. He made his way to Maegor's Holdfast, his eyes scanning the familiar surroundings, searching for any sign of Daemon.

His uncle, Daemon, had returned to Westeros half a month ago. Yet, his whereabouts remained uncertain. Would he escape again, as he had before? Like when he abducted Laena and fled to the Free Cities or abandoned Lady Rhea and his title of King of the Narrow Sea? Daemon had a history of mistakes and a habit of running away.

"Your Grace," Lyonel called, his face jiggling with every step as he hurried to keep up.

Rhaegar sensed something was wrong from the look in Lyonel's eyes. "What is it?"

"It's about Daemon and Prince Aemond," Lyonel whispered, looking troubled. "Lady Cassandra of Storm's End has passed away, and Flea Bottom is rife with rumors that Daemon is behind it."

Rhaegar's eyes flashed with concern. "Where is Daemon?"

"He returned to King's Landing two weeks ago and had a private conversation with the old king," Lyonel explained, suspicion in his voice. "It seems that a cold war has broken out between them. Daemon is living in a brothel in Flea Bottom."

"He didn't leave?" Rhaegar asked, surprised.

Lyonel sighed. "It's just like a dozen years ago. One is furious, and the other is living it up in Flea Bottom."

Rhaegar nodded slightly, finding the relationship between his father and Daemon more complex than he had realized.

"Oh, yes, there is one more important thing," Lyonel added.

"Let's get it all out of the way," Rhaegar said.

"You'll have to forgive me," Lyonel continued, looking around to ensure no one else was listening. "Lady Maris is visiting King's Landing. Lady Jeyne of the Vale and Lady Margaery of House Tyrell both sent ravens at the same time to announce their visit."

"Under what pretext?" Rhaegar asked, trying to decipher the intentions of the three women. With Cassandra dead, Maris was the rightful heir to Storm's End. It was normal for a new heir to visit King's Landing to smooth relations with the royal family. But it was unusual for Jeyne and Margaery to come together.

Lyonel shrugged helplessly. "The news of you breaking the evil slavery in Slaver's Bay has spread throughout the Seven Kingdoms, and they have come to celebrate."

Rhaegar's head ached at the thought. "How long until the other two arrive?"

"Considering the roads, both parties are about half a month away," Lyonel said apologetically. "The Grand Maester received the ravens half a month ago."

"Seven levels of hell!" Rhaegar cursed, walking forward with his head down. "I'll see my father first, then Daemon. I won't see anyone else."

"Lady Maris has already arrived at the pier," Lyonel reminded him.

"Tell Rhaenyra to take care of her. It's the Queen's duty."

"But..." Lyonel hesitated, looking at the ground as if he wanted to say something but couldn't. After a moment, he sighed helplessly.

He turned and saw Rhaenyra standing behind him, accompanied by Sea Snake and Aegon. Aegon, who had just recovered from his injuries, was slumped over, his head hanging down. Sunfyre had been too badly injured to travel and remained in Meereen to recover. Aegon had been seasick the entire journey back.

Lyonel's eyes rested on the silver-haired woman supporting Aegon. Daena's face was hidden by a veil, and she held Aegon's arm like a gentle shepherd guiding a lost lamb.

"Slow down, I'm dizzy," Aegon murmured weakly, his head resting in her arms.

Lyonel tilted his head, looking dumbfounded at the scene before him.

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The King's Chambers

Rhaegar arrived in a hurry, immediately upset by the news. With a harem full of women and already complicated politics, the arrival of three women in King's Landing was an unwelcome complication. They weren't here for a marriage alliance—all three of his younger brothers were already married, and he certainly couldn't afford another marriage himself.

He stopped two Kingsguard from bowing and greeting him, and pushed open the door to his bedchamber with a creak. The familiar layout greeted him, but the smell of the medicine had changed.

"Ahem, ahem..."

Through a layer of bead curtains, a violent coughing sound emanated from the bedroom.

"Father," Rhaegar called, his nerves tightening as he hurried into the room. The smell of herbal medicine became stronger, mixed with the pungent scent of incense.

Viserys, sitting by the bed, looked pale and was gasping for breath. "Rhaegar, you're back," he said, his eyes scanning his eldest son for any injuries.

Rhaegar poured a glass of warm water and handed it to his father. "I'm fine. Have you been feeling unwell lately?"

“No, just a little sleepy sometimes,” Viserys replied, his frustration showing. “Daemon and Aemond are at each other’s throats, aren’t they?”

Rhaegar remained silent, unable to meet his father’s gaze.

“I knew it! Those two bastards!” Viserys’s anger flared. “One failed to assassinate his unborn cousin, and the other murdered his nephew’s fiancée. They’re both monsters.”

He paused, his frustration evident. “Why don’t you just pour a glass of horse piss down their throats and choke them to death?”

“What do you think?” Rhaegar asked, crossing his fingers and waiting patiently for an answer. He was too soft on his own flesh and blood, and he knew his father, a master of feigned ignorance, must have an idea.

“Rhaegar, you are the king now,” Viserys said with a solemn expression. “My reign has been less than a tenth as exciting as it could have been.”

Hearing this, Rhaegar fell completely silent. His father was no longer king. In other words, his thoughts no longer mattered.

“I...” Rhaegar began, as if contemplating something profound.

Viserys interrupted, exhorting him, “Don’t do any kinslaying. They’re still loyal to you.”

Rhaegar paused, his smile a little complicated. “Of course.”

“I’m sorry, my son,” Viserys said, taking his eldest son’s hand with a hint of guilt.

“Don’t burden yourself with the blood of your loved ones. It will shake the peace of the Targaryens.”

Once blood is spilled, it will only get worse. Rhaegar just smiled and promised, “I understand. Even trash has value for reuse.”

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It was Dusk.

A figure in a black robe slipped out of the King’s Landing sewers and headed down the path to Flea Bottom. As the sky darkened, the man quickened his pace, blending into the shadows.

Entering Flea Bottom, he searched for the brothel that stood out with its bright lights. Soon enough, a ragged orphan poked his head out and pointed to a three-story stone building.

"Lord, the person you are looking for," the orphan said eagerly.

Seeing the boy’s eager expression, Rhaegar tossed him a gold dragon coin. "Take it, and make sure no one robs you."

Compared to years past, the environment in Flea Bottom had improved somewhat. Yet the presence of orphans remained as inevitable as the urine and feces on the streets.

Rhaegar sighed and walked into the brothel.

The lobby was chaotic, filled with naked bodies lounging like pale fish.

"Guest," an old, faded madam approached, her eyes sharp and knowing.

Rhaegar glanced at her and whispered, "No need to serve me. I'm looking for Daemon."

The madam hesitated for a moment before stepping aside. Rhaegar brushed past her and made his way up to the second floor, moving quickly as if chased by a dog.

He had no choice. The madam was an acquaintance, in a way. His two younger brothers had been under her care for a time, and Aemond, in particular, had been quite taken with her.

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The Second Floor of the Brothel

As soon as Rhaegar stepped onto the second floor, he saw a group of half-naked prostitutes clustered around a private room.

"Oh... ha..." The sounds of coitus and heavy panting filled the air, making it impossible to ignore.

Rhaegar's face darkened slightly. He forced himself to endure the cheap perfume that permeated the air as he squeezed through the throng of prostitutes to reach the curtained doorway.

Inside the room, Daemon was in the midst of his activities, naked and panting. As soon as Rhaegar entered, the prostitute enjoying herself was startled and screamed, quickly scrambling off the bed.

Rhaegar was unprepared for the sight before him, and he suddenly felt dizzy.

After a moment, Daemon, sweating profusely, sat on the windowsill and took a sip of wine. "You never come to places like this," he said sarcastically. "What, Rhaenyra won't let you into bed?"

Rhaegar walked to the bed, almost sitting down before thinking better of it. He lifted his buttocks and, hearing Daemon's sarcasm, his eyes subtly changed. He smiled slightly. "Say it again, and I'll rip out your tongue."

Daemon was stunned, staring intently at his nephew's changing expression. With a poker face, he said, "What did my brother tell you?"

"He said I was the king," Rhaegar replied calmly. "There's no need to worry about his feelings."

Daemon's heart skipped a beat as he pondered the meaning of the words. He recalled his heated argument with his brother half a month ago, which had been so loud that it could be heard halfway across the Red Keep. The accusation of Cassandra's murder and the fight with his one-eyed nephew had brought old tensions to the surface. Despite the intensity, there was a sense of nostalgia—it had been a long time since the brothers had fought like that, a twisted form of emotional exchange.

"Daemon, I'll give you two choices," Rhaegar interrupted his thoughts coldly. "Stay in King's Landing and be the prince of the city again."

Daemon's face turned cold at the suggestion. How could he possibly agree to such a request?

"Or," Rhaegar's eyes flashed darkly, "leave Westeros. Never return to the house, and never see any of its members again."

"You want to banish me!?" Daemon's veins throbbed with anger, feeling his bottom line being crossed.

Rhaegar's expression remained emotionless, allowing no room for rebuttal. "Are you staying or leaving?"

He was not his father, and he had no intention of cleaning up Daemon's messes. Since Daemon was so ambitious, it was better to let him go. With Laena and House Velaryon in the mix, it would be difficult for him to stir up trouble.