

## G.O Thrones 561

Chapter 561: Laena's Pregnant!

Late Night at Rhaenys's Hill

It is late at night. Rhaenys's Hill is quiet, with only the faint sound of a nightingale.

"Roar..."

A scarlet dragon, serpentine in its movements, bursts out of the Dragonpit and ascends into the dark clouds above Blackwater Bay. Suddenly, the Dragonpit is filled with the roars of dragons.

...

A Balcony in the Red Keep

Viserys, in his pajamas, leans against the railing and gazes up at the night sky. As he catches sight of the fleeting red dragon, his eyes fill with tears.

Bang!

A fist slams into the railing. "Daemon," Viserys mutters through clenched teeth, "why can't you ever stop, even for a moment?"

...

Slaver's Bay, Meereen

The two sides were in different locations as the sun had just set.

"Roar..."

A shrill roar echoed through the city as a brownish dragon flew out from behind the Great Pyramid.

Inside the city, slaves took off their shackles and joined the repair crew. Seeing the ugly mud dragon ascend into the sky, they instinctively panicked and ran.

"Roar..."

The Sheepstealer was smug, chewing on half a sheep with its blood-spitting mouth.

"Hurry up, Sheepstealer!"

Aemond's face darkened as he swung his sword to cut the shackles on his wrists. The sound of clanging filled the air as sparks flew in all directions.

Who would have believed that a Prince like him would be locked up for half a month? If it weren't for the guards' negligence, he would still be spinning in circles in his cell.

The Sheepstealer glanced at Aemond and flew west with a satisfied look. Despite being locked up, Aemond had fared well. The dragon was given special sheep to eat daily, a luxury compared to sleeping in the open.

Clang!

Aemond cut through the shackles and, looking in the direction, commanded, "Fly east, let's go to the Mother of Mountains!"

The west was all Rhaegar's territory. Heading east would lead them to the Dothraki cavalry, where Aemond hoped to reclaim some territory for himself.

"Roar!"

The Sheepstealer, initially reluctant, turned back towards the Great Lark Sea. Not long after taking off, Aemond's single eye flashed with determination, and he changed his mind again: "Fly west to the Disputed Lands!"

"Roar?"

The Sheepstealer groaned in displeasure but reluctantly turned around again. Aemond took a map out of his breast pocket, searching for the location of the nine Free Cities, pausing at the forest city marked in green.

"Qohor was once part of ancient Valyria," Aemond muttered, his one eye flickering uncertainly. "I need a reliable army. The Dothraki cavalry alone is not enough."

He couldn't help but think of his Paramour, Lady Celtigar. He guessed that Daemon was behind the murder of his fiancée Cassandra. First, he felt anger, then a surprising calm. Her death meant he no longer had to keep his promise to her.

Creak, creak...

Aemond clenched his fists and ground his teeth. "Just wait. No one can underestimate me."

He vowed to build a Free City of his own. If Daemon could do it, so could he.

...

Meereen, the Ruins

Grey Worm was herding a flock of sheep when he heard the sound and looked up at the sky. He muttered, "They've really gone."

Before Your Grace left, he had instructed to keep a close eye on them. For this reason, someone fed the Sheepstealer every day to ensure he was well-fed.

"Roar~"

The sheep ran into the ruins, and soon a faint dragon roar could be heard. Sunfyre lay on the ground, his chest and belly scarred, his dragon head hanging low as he munched on the sheep. The wound was indeed very serious, preventing him from even spitting fire before eating.

Grey Worm stayed away from the scene, ordering his subordinates, "Send more patrols. There's only one dragon left in the city."

The Sheepstealer was not imprisoned but was kept in Meereen as a deterrent. Now that the main deterrent was gone, the garrison must be strengthened. In particular, a seriously injured dragon lying in the ruins had weaker resistance than ever before.

...

King's Landing, Dragon Gate

Time passed slowly...

The road to the kingdom was smooth, except for the occasional pothole, which made a loud clattering sound as the wheels rolled over it.

"Hyah, Hyah!"

A group of Knights of the Vale opened the way and escorted a convoy of vehicles. When the procession entered the city, the people saw the a sky-blue falcon flag carried by the Knights of the Vale. The people whispered that the king was holding a celebration.

Slaver's Bay had been conquered, and the hypocritical slave owners had repented and surrendered. The king returned victorious, not only to celebrate the victory but also to hold a wedding for his brother, who was injured in the war.

The people were overjoyed. Whenever the royal family had a new addition, the common people in the city could get a share of food.

...

Red Keep, Council Chamber

Rhaegar sat at his desk, buried in paperwork. After two or three months of war, the pile of documents was as high as a floor.

"A sky-blue falcon."

Helaena leaned against the window, staring intently at the gate of the Red Keep. She whispered, "Jeyne is here."

Rhaegar: ...

Swish, swish, swish...

The quill pen moved, and only the sound of writing echoed.

"Shall I go and meet her?" Helaena asked, tilting her head.

Maris of Storm's End and Margaery of House Tyrell had already arrived in King's Landing, both being received by Rhaenyra. But Jeyne...

"No, Rhaenyra is not that petty," Rhaegar finally spoke, reluctantly reminding her, "Be careful, the floor is cold."

"Oh, okay."

Helaena pursed her lips, got up from the floor, and patted her skirt. It was the middle of summer, and the weather was humid and sultry. Lys was even hotter, and she had ridden Dreamfyre back to King's Landing.

Rhaegar glanced at her, his eyes lingering on her bulging belly. "How's your appetite lately? Any discomfort?"

Helaena touched her belly and tried to remember, "It's fine, except that I have nightmares."

She was four months pregnant, and the fetus had entered a stable stage.

"That's good. Father is looking forward to this child."

Rhaegar smiled warmly, thinking to himself, "I've brought Alicent back from Harrenhal."

Helaena's eyelashes trembled, and her hand that was stroking her stomach clenched into a fist.

"Don't worry, her main responsibility is to take care of Father," Rhaegar chuckled. "Aegon's wedding is coming up soon, and he can't do without his mother."

This was also Aegon's secret request. Helaena nodded vigorously, suddenly remembering something: "Daemon is gone. What about Aemond?"

"They can't go anywhere," Rhaegar shook his head and sighed. "Two stupid fools full of resentment."

It is better to let them go than to hold them in your hands. Once he has the Dragon Horn, even dragon riders will be managed.

Helaena's eyes wandered, and she lowered her head inexplicably, muttering to herself, "Red Dragon and Blue Dragon..."

...

Across the Narrow Sea, Lys

Caraxes glided low over the waves, the dragon's tail slicing through the sea like a knife. Daemon's hair was disheveled, his eyes shadowed with fatigue and the effects of heavy drinking.

"Hurry up, Caraxes!" he commanded, his voice rough and weary.

"Roar..."

Caraxes let out a piercing cry and accelerated toward the Free Cities, cutting through the air with renewed vigor.

...

Topless Dragonpit

Plop!

Daemon jumped off Caraxes' back and nearly fell to the ground.

"Be careful," a voice called out from the shadows. Mysaria emerged from the dark corner, her eyes filled with a mix of concern and irritation.

Daemon waved her off, catching his balance. "Don't worry about me. I'm not that fragile."

Mysaria rolled her eyes but said nothing. "So, what are you doing back here?" she asked, cutting to the chase.

"Just looking around," Daemon replied, his gaze shifting away. He didn't want to admit that he had been expelled.

"The war is over. It's time for you to fulfill your promise," Mysaria insisted, her tone sharp. Her belly was noticeably larger now, and she needed the security of a title.

Daemon's eyes flickered over her, taking in the swell of her pregnancy. "I will," he said, though his tone was perfunctory. He was stuck in King's Landing as the prince of the city, unsure where else to go. Tyrosh was an option, but it was an empty palace filled with hostility.

He suddenly realized both his wife and Mysaria were in Lys.

"Forget it. It seems you don't want to see me," Mysaria said, her voice heavy with disappointment. She turned away. "Go see your first wife. She needs you more than I do."

Daemon was taken aback. "What do you mean?"

Mysaria didn't answer. She walked back toward the Topless Tower, her distrust evident.

"Heh," Daemon chuckled bitterly.

He stared at the entrance to the Dragonpit for a while before finally climbing back onto Caraxes' back. "Let's go, Caraxes!"

Daemon was in a foul mood, craving solitude.

"Roar..."

Caraxes obeyed, soaring into the sky and disappearing over Lys.

As soon as Daemon left, a graceful figure emerged from the depths of the Dragonpit.

Roar!

Vhagar slowly climbed out, its pupils cold and emotionless, its body radiating a murderous aura.

"Quiet, Vhagar," Laena commanded, her expression conflicted as she watched the scarlet dragon fade from view.

She had heard many things and was prepared to comfort her husband, but as always, he chose to bear his burdens alone.

"Daemon," Laena murmured, touching her slightly swollen belly under the blue skirt.

"Roar!"

Vhagar's imposing presence softened, its head lowering as it gazed at its rider with a hint of concern in its eyes.

"I'm fine," Laena reassured, though she couldn't hide her disappointment. She reached out to stroke Vhagar's wing.

Vhagar blinked slowly, bowing its head in silent understanding.

Laena leaned her forehead against Vhagar's rough scales. "Only you have always been with me," she whispered.

Vhagar gently shook its head, offering silent comfort.

Chapter 562: It's Over! They're All Coming for my Children!

King's Landing, Red Keep.

Rhaegar woke early and made his way to the throne room, his eyes still half-closed. Today, he would summon his advisers to discuss the upcoming celebrations and his wedding.

"Your Grace."

As soon as he stepped out of his chambers, Erryk and Tormund followed him. Rhaegar, surprised, asked, "What brings my Kingsguard captain and Master of Whisperers together?"

These two rarely mingled, each being dedicated to their distinct roles.

"Your Grace, it's like this..." Erryk began hurriedly, glancing at Tormund.

Tormund, maintaining his friendly demeanor, said, "You go first, I'm in no hurry."

Rhaegar licked his lips, sensing trouble. "Your Grace, it's about the deployment of the Kingsguard brothers," Erryk said, pacing steadily and speaking in a serious tone. "There are seven Kingsguard in total. Excluding me, the five Princes each have one, leaving us short on manpower."

"Uh..." Rhaegar hesitated. Apart from Visenya, who was still a baby, his five children were free to move around. Ser Arryk had been assigned to Baelon as his overseer and trainer.

Ser Lorent had been transferred from Rhaenyra's side to protect Aemon. Ser Steffon had crossed the Narrow Sea to Volantis to protect Maekar. The remaining children, Daenerys and Lyanna, still had no personal guards.

"With so many children, there aren't enough resources to go around," Rhaegar said with some distress. "Can the three of them spare some time?"

Jeyne had arrived in King's Landing the previous day with her eldest daughter Dany and her companions Jessamyn and Skylar. All three sons had Kingsguard protection; it would be unfair to treat the daughters differently.

Erryk shook his head helplessly. "Cole is still recovering from his wounds, and the other two are assisting with patrols at the Red Keep. Besides, the workload of the Kingsguard is very heavy and varied."

"Can't Cole be reassigned?" Rhaegar asked, still hoping for the best from the former Kingsguard Commander. It wasn't unreasonable to have one Kingsguard protecting two daughters.

"I'm afraid that won't work," Erryk said, looking troubled.

Tormund, recognizing the need for timely intervention, spoke up. "Your Grace, this is also one of the pieces of information I wanted to report."

"Tell me," Rhaegar stopped in his tracks, contemplating the potential problems that persisted even after the war.

Tormund smiled shyly. "According to a report from Myr, Prince Aemond took Otto Hightower captive on his dragon and sent him to Claw Isle to propose marriage."

"Otto, that old fox?" Rhaegar thought he had heard wrong.

Tormund shrugged. "Yes, him. He's served on a dozen farms over the past six years, barely visible to anyone."

Otto had worked hard for six years, his hair almost completely white. "A cunning old fox, but unfortunately toothless," Rhaegar pondered. "Aemon is proposing to Claw Isle. Does Lord Celtigar have a cousin's daughter to marry?"

The late Lord Bartimos Celtigar had only one son and one daughter. At best, he had a nephew who had been raised as a child. Rhaegar had never heard of a girl of marriageable age.

"Your Grace, this is a rather complicated matter," Tormund said, a strange look in his eyes. "Prince Aemond has his eye on Lady Celtigar, the widow of Ser Laenor."

Rhaegar was stunned.

Tormund continued, "Otto sent a raven this morning on behalf of Prince Aemond, asking the royal family to approve the marriage and send someone to the ceremony."

Erryk quickly added, "The message said that Prince Aemond wants to develop overseas and has asked for Cole's help as a tutor."

Rhaegar thought for a long time before shaking his head and laughing. "Aemon wants to marry a widow and has also won over Cole." He paused, reflecting on the situation. "It's not that widows are unsuitable, but Laenor's preferences were so well-known that it was widely believed Celine was still a virgin. Marrying Celtigar's daughter, Velaryon's widowed daughter-in-law, is both chaotic and brilliant."

The key was Cole. He had taught Aemond the ruthless swordsmanship for many years, and it seemed the two frustrated men had found common ground.

Erryk, nervous, said, "Your Grace, I can guarantee the loyalty of every Kingsguard brother. Cole will never betray you."

"The white cloak is a badge of honor that must never be tarnished."

"It's all right. Cole hasn't had an easy life these past few years," Rhaegar smiled. Since his early days, Cole had first defeated the Cargyll brothers in a tournament, crushed Harwin's collarbone, and won the favor of Rhaenyra.

After the death of the previous Kingsguard captain, Harrold, he was elected the new captain at a young age. He was demoted to an ordinary guard after making a mistake with Tyland on the Stepstones.

He fought his way through a crowd of competitors at the Gods Eye tournament and was promoted to Kingsguard again. During the war in Dorne, Cole did not receive any credit, but he did his fair share of the work. After the war, he continued to teach Aemond how to fight. His life had been full of ups and downs, and as the son of a steward, he was often mocked by many nobles, both openly and secretly.

Tormund, always watching the king's expressions, asked, "Does Your Grace accept Prince Aemond's request in full?"

It's a big request—a self-arranged wedding and a Kingsguard who has seen a hundred battles.

Rhaegar did not answer immediately, weighing the situation. "What is Aemond up to?" he wondered aloud. The boy was arrogant and proud, not one to be left to his own devices.

"As you would expect, Your Grace," Tormund replied, pulling a letter from his white sleeve. "After leaving Meereen, Prince Aemond not only found Otto Hightower, but also recalled the Dothraki cavalry and ordered the tribe to migrate to the Forest of Qohor."

"Qohor," Rhaegar muttered, his eyes flashing. Qohor was a closed and rigid city-state, ranking in the middle and lower reaches of the nine Free Cities. Its only two distinguishing features were its mountainous inland location and its high level of craftsmanship.

"An arms dealer who is used to making a fortune from war," Rhaegar smiled playfully.

Erryk and Tormund stepped back, waiting respectfully for the next part of the conversation.

"It's not urgent to send the Kingsguard to the Princess," Rhaegar decided after a moment of thought. "I will not interfere with Aemond's marriage. Ask Cole if he wants to go."

"Your Grace!" Erryk was shocked. He did not want to lose a Kingsguard brother.

"No need to say more," Rhaegar waved his hand to interrupt, frowning. "Ask Cole if he wants to go. By the way, he can represent the royal family at the wedding."

A Kingsguard who is not concerned about the royal family and is deeply utilitarian makes the white robe seem particularly heavy. It is better to let him go than to keep him around. This decision could also serve to urge Aemond.

"Then that's it," Tormund said, never one to procrastinate, and left after following orders.

Rhaegar then looked at Erryk. Erryk had no intention of giving up any of his Kingsguard brothers, but he could not resist the complexity of human hearts. Reluctantly, he agreed. "Yes, Your Grace."

### The Throne Room

The empty hall was dark, with the Dragonstone floors glistening in the dim light. The Small Council advisers stood on the left, while the nobles and princes stood on the right. All eyes were fixed on the Iron Throne, a symbol of both majesty and loneliness.

The Iron Throne had been recast, its forest of swords melted down to form a majestic, towering seat of steel. With a loud boom, the doors slowly opened, and Erryk stepped forward, his expression solemn:

"Welcome, Rhaegar I of the Targaryens, King of the Andals, the Rhoynar, and the First Men, Lord of the Seven Kingdoms and Protector of the Realm, Lord of the Narrow Sea, Lord of the Disputed Lands, Liberator of the Slaves, and Dragon Shepherd!"

Applause crackled through the hall as the advisers turned to show their admiration. Between the grand doors, Rhaegar entered, wearing the black crown of the conqueror. His tall figure was straight, his cold face expressionless. The nobles and aristocrats exchanged glances, lowering their heads whenever they met the king's sharp gaze.

Rhaegar ascended the 18-foot-high steps and turned to sit on the cold Iron Throne. The seat was square with a wide, high back, and at its center was the emblem of a three-headed red dragon, with three dragons winding around the edges. It symbolized the three dragons of the Targaryen dynasty: Balerion, Meraxes, and Vhagar.

"My lords, the celebration is about to begin!" Rhaegar announced, leaning back and resting his hands on the dragon-shaped armrests. "Many have come a long way to be our guests." He stroked the dragon's head with his palm, the armrests modeled after the Bronze Fury and Silverwing, to commemorate King Jaehaerys and Queen Alysanne.

The advisers looked up at the Iron Throne, high above them, and offered their thanks. Compared to its previous dangerous appearance, the Iron Throne now exuded a majestic and solemn aura. A glance from afar was enough to inspire awe.

Next, the king's advisers took turns reporting on the affairs of state that had fallen behind during the war. These were trivial matters, but it was how they demonstrated their presence. Rhaegar's face remained expressionless, but his heart grew bored.



"Your Grace," a female voice called out after a long time. A figure stepped out of the crowd. Rhaegar turned to see Maris, well-made up and wearing a magnificent dress. She bowed respectfully. After her older sister Cassandra's death, she had become the undisputed Lady of Storm's End. In just two months, her situation had changed dramatically. She was in the prime of her life.

When Rhaegar saw her, he immediately thought of the people investigating Cassandra's death. He said politely, "Lady Maris, I am truly sorry for your sister's death."

"Thank you. My sister died without suffering," Maris smiled, then changed the subject. "Your Grace, my sister was engaged to Prince Aemon. This was a marriage between the royal family and House Baratheon. I hope it can continue."

She spoke calmly and directly. Rhaegar frowned slightly, suspecting Cassandra's death was connected to Maris and realizing just how ruthless she could be.

"I heard that your sister had found a husband for you before she died?" Rhaegar glanced at Maris, feigning confusion.

"Yes," Maris admitted, stating her purpose. "But I am not yet betrothed." With her sister's death, she intended to take her place.

Rhaegar's eyes flashed with understanding. "No wonder she hurried to King's Landing. She couldn't bear to give up the marriage," he thought. According to the agreement between their families, the firstborn would bear the Baratheon name. Per the Targaryen laws, Aemond's direct descendants would have the right to ride dragons. Even one dragon rider would ensure the prosperity of House Baratheon for decades.

Rhaegar's eyes narrowed slightly as he looked at the two other women in the hall.

As the Lady of the Eyrie, Jeyne stood like a proud eagle, leading her eldest daughter Daenerys and her second daughter Lyanna, representing the Vale faction. She noticed his gaze and nodded slightly.

Next to her was Margaery Tyrell, representing Highgarden and House Peake. In her early twenties, Margaery was in the prime of her beauty. She wore a light green dress that hugged her figure, her brown hair plaited and hanging down her chest, her eyes as bright as a fawn's. Margaery smiled, holding the hand of a young boy.

Rhaegar glanced at her and then looked away. Margaery's reputation was that of a beauty with little substance. Her stepmother had recently given birth to a son named Lyonel Tyrell, the worried-looking boy at her side.

This powerful woman had quickly arranged a marriage for Margaery with the Lord of Rowan. However, Margaery was not one to be easily controlled. Under the pretext of offering condolences, she traveled to the Dornish Marches, where she "happened" to meet the then Lord of Peake.

After Unwin Peake's death, his title and lands were inherited by his cousin, Lord Roman Peake. Roman fell in love with the "kind-hearted" Margaery at first sight and vowed to marry her. Margaery, in search of a suitable husband, found a perfect match in him, and the two hit it off immediately.

Then...

On the night of the wedding, Roman was drunk and died in the bridal chamber. Margaery became a widow and inherited not only her husband's fortune but also the three castles of House Peake. But the story didn't end there. Within six months, her stepmother died unexpectedly while embroidering in the middle of the night.

Margaery volunteered to move from Starpike to Highgarden to care for her infant brother, Lyonel, as Regent. She cared for him for six years. Feeling Rhaegar's gaze, Margaery smiled even wider and patted her brother's hand. "Little Lyonel, talk to the two Princesses more often," she said with a kind smile directed at Jeyne, who stood nearby.

Jeyne frowned slightly but remained silent.

"Sister," Lyonel Tyrell clung to his sister's hand, too scared to move.

"Don't be afraid, the Princesses are lovely girls," Margaery said gently. Little Lyonel looked timidly up at the two girls.

"Hmph, I'm not playing with you," Lyanna said, rolling her eyes and turning her head away in disgust. Daenerys, listless, leaned on her mother's lap, paying no attention to the exchange.

Rhaegar, with his keen senses, heard Margaery's whisper and was suddenly very confused. No wonder she was eagerly heading to King's Landing.

She is greedy for his daughter. For six years she had behaved like one, so she really thought she was a Lady Regent.

Before he could respond, Maris continued, "The marriage was arranged by King Viserys and my mother, hoping the two houses would work together."

Rhaegar smiled, but his eyes remained cold. "I'm sorry, but Lady Cassandra has passed away, and Aemond has already chosen a new bride. He cannot fulfill the marriage contract."

"When?" Maris asked in surprise. Her sister had just died, and the coffin had not yet been buried.

Rhaegar feigned regret: "It is a marriage with House Celtigar, and I was informed of this not long ago."

He thought, 'One is a bad woman, and the other is even worse. Cassandra was foolish but not evil, lacking the capacity for it. Maris, though not beautiful, was cunning and unsuitable for marriage into the royal family.'

Hearing that Aemond had already been promised in marriage, Maris' breathing became heavier, and she gritted her teeth. "Your Grace, I sincerely hope that the marriage between our two houses can be completed."

"There is no suitable candidate," Rhaegar spread his hands and smiled. "All three of my brothers are already betrothed."

Aegon was married, twice. Aemond was a widowed man. Even the youngest, Daeron, had a betrothal arranged with Rhaena. There was nothing they could do about it.

At this point, footsteps echoed from the side of the hall. Rhaenyra walked gracefully forward, holding Visenya in her arms, surrounded by Baelon, Aemon, and the sisters Baela and Rhaena. The council was taking a long time to finish, so she had come to see what was going on.

Maris looked over at the sound and her eyes fell on Baelon, who resembled Rhaegar. She was delighted. "Your Grace, the royal family is not without a male heir."

#### Chapter 563: Baelon Marriage

It was common knowledge in the Seven Kingdoms that the Dragonlord had twin sons who looked exactly alike. As the heir to the Iron Throne, the eldest son, Baelon, was a carbon copy of his father in every way. He was praised and favored by the nobles and advisers. Maris, however, had a discerning eye and immediately took a liking to the younger brother, recognizing his unlimited potential.

"Who are you talking about?" Rhaegar was shocked and sat up straight on the Iron Throne. Apart from his brothers, his sons were the only ones in the royal family.

Maris, enthusiastic and with sparkling eyes, looked at Baelon and said bluntly, "Your Grace, you have two other young princes."

Rhaegar's eyelids twitched, and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead. He looked in the direction of her gaze and saw his eldest son, who appeared confused. Baelon walked ahead, clearing a path for his mother and brother, his purple eyes surveying the advisers. He was completely unaware that he had been targeted by the cunning woman.

"Lady Maris, the royal family is grateful for your love, but the two young princes are much younger than you," said Hand of the King Lyonel, stepping forward with sharp words to reject her.

Rhaegar blinked and barely recovered from the shock. He looked at the plain Maris repeatedly, thinking, 'How dare you? Baelon is only six years old and the natural heir to the Iron Throne. How dare you try to marry him as an old woman?'

Rhaenyra, who had just arrived, was also surprised. Her almond-shaped eyes widened, never imagining that a woman would be so bold as to ask for the hand of a young prince in public. Even when Rhaegar was a sweet and lovable boy, he didn't get seduced by Jeyne until he was 13.

"Ahem," Rhaenyra coughed twice to remind them, quickening the pace of the two pairs of twins.

Maris stared at her, immediately forming a rebuttal in her mind: 'Lyonel, you're wrong.'

"The two princes are still underage, and it's not suitable for them to get married," Lyonel continued, standing loyally in front of the king.

Rhaegar looked at him with admiration but worried that he might not be able to refuse Maris too bluntly.

At that moment, Lyonel's bloated figure seemed like a heavy shield. Maris smiled and said, "I'm not in a hurry. I can wait until the Prince grows up." Then, with a glance at Rhaenyra and Jeyne, she boldly continued, "Your Grace and the Queen are eight years apart in age, and there is an even greater age difference between you and Lady Jeyne."

Jeyne's face darkened, and she glared at Maris. 'You're just bringing up the wrong things, aren't you?' Maris pretended not to notice and said with righteous indignation, "I am the same age as Prince Aemond, and I'm not yet old and faded."

In the Four Storms, the late Cassandra was 19 years old, and her three younger sisters were all younger than her. Maris, the second oldest, was under 16 years old, making her 10 years younger than Baelon. Her words were straightforward, and her goal was clear.

Rhaegar's brow furrowed into a knot. He didn't need Lyonel to refute her words; he said bluntly, "Lady Maris, marriage is based on mutual affection. Please pay more attention to the Knights of the Seven Kingdoms, not the heirs of the Iron Throne." 'She really wants to marry an old woman. Impossible, absolutely impossible.'

"Your Grace..." Maris's brain seemed seized by a cramp, and she still wanted to continue her argument.

"Lady Maris, you seem drunk." Before she could finish her sentence, Rhaenyra waved her hand to interrupt and called for the guards. "Take Lady Maris back to rest. If she speaks any longer, the people of King's Landing will have another topic of conversation."

"Yes, Your Grace." The two guards, expressionless, escorted Maris away on either side. Maris looked aggrieved, the tender grass on her lips having flown. As she opened her mouth to protest, she met the combined gaze of Rhaenyra and Jeyne. For a woman, age is a serious disadvantage. Maris had been indiscreet, naming names in front of the royal advisers.

"Pfft!" Margaery, who had been silent until now, couldn't help but laugh. She slumped her shoulders slightly, trying to maintain her dignified and elegant bearing. Maris was smarter than her sister Cassandra, but her intelligence was still limited.

She was used to being clever and couldn't control herself—a typical example of a failure in the education of the second daughter.

Rhaegar watched as Maris was dragged away, feeling a great sense of satisfaction. 'If she couldn't get his father, she would get his son. This woman must be stopped!'

"Baelon, come to me," Rhaegar said with a serious expression.

"Coming, Father." Baelon let out a sigh of relief and quickly climbed onto the Iron Throne. Rhaegar didn't say much but kept his eldest son by his side and listened to his advice, thereby raising his son's status. Baelon was smart enough to stand by his father's side. The two of them were in complete agreement. Heirs should act like heirs. The advisers looked at each other, and it was hard to miss the king's meaning. Even the most calculating opportunist knew that Baelon's position was unshakeable. After a short silence, the atmosphere returned to its lively state.

Before the other Lords could speak, Jeyne suddenly said, "Your Grace, King Viserys promised to restore Dany's family name. I would like to discuss this in detail."

Wow! The entire audience was shocked and fell silent. Lyonel was stunned, his eyes darting between Rhaenyra and Jeyne, unsure whether to intervene. The issue of the right to a family name had caused a great deal of commotion. The Crownlands and the nobles of the Vale knew there was bad blood in the king's court. There was a hint of a repeat of the old days of the Blacks and Greens.

Facing the subtle stares of the advisers, Rhaegar smiled and said, "Daenerys is my eldest daughter. The right to the family name is yours to decide." After that, he glanced at Rhaenyra, who was sitting next to him. Rhaenyra looked up at him, rolled her eyes, and nodded in tacit agreement. This was what she had promised, so, of course, she would not go back on her word.

Aemon stood by his mother's side, forming a human wall with his sister Baela. Rhaenyra rubbed their heads one by one, proudly raising her chin. With so many children, she could easily form a dragon knight corps. Jeyne saw this scene and frowned slightly. But if you are not as good as others, there is nothing to be jealous of.

Jeyne led her two daughters forward and got down to business: "Daenerys, is a Princess of the Seven Kingdoms and should be given the Targaryen name."

Rhaegar nodded to himself. Then he heard Jeyne continue, "When Daenerys inherits The Eyrie, she should take the name of House Arryn. In any case, the Vale must be ruled by House Arryn."

"No problem," Rhaegar was prepared for this and said sincerely, "We will hold the ceremony to give Daenerys her new name the day after tomorrow, before her uncle's wedding." It was a sure-fire deal to have his daughter inherit The Eyrie. When the next generation grew up, the authority of a Warden would be weakened, and it would be beneficial to control the Vale beforehand.

Jeyne smiled, stroked her eldest daughter's silky silver hair, and whispered, "Daenerys, go to your father and let everyone see you."

Daenerys's pale face showed surprise, and she hesitated, "But..."

"He will take care of you." Jeyne's expression was solemn, giving her eldest daughter enough confidence. Daenerys was torn, not knowing whether to listen to her mother.

Their conversation was not deliberately lowered, and everyone present could hear it. Rhaegar propped his chin in his hand, waiting for his daughter's decision. He loved all his children equally, but his position forced him to favor some over others. Yet, he could not deny that he wanted to know them better. Did his eldest daughter, who appeared to be a pale, fragile little girl, have the same courage as her father and brother?

"Mother," Daenerys said nervously, feeling the stares around her, and bit her lip. "I want to take Anna with me." Lyanna's spirit suddenly lifted, and she raised her hand. She wanted to go, and that iron chair looked very powerful.

Jeyne's eyes flashed, and she looked silently at Rhaenyra, who was staring at her, and then at Rhaegar on the Iron Throne. She had a thousand words to say, but she only said one thing: "Take good care of Anna."

Daenerys's pretty face broke into a smile, and she nodded firmly: "Yes." She lifted her skirt with one hand and took Lyanna by the hand with the other, moving her little feet like a flying bird. Jeyne watched the two girls as they ran up to the Iron Throne and looked defiantly at someone. Rhaenyra's face turned slightly dark, but she managed to hold back her temper.

"Father." Daenerys ran up with a flushed face and threw herself into her father's arms like a swallow returning to its nest.

"Come, my little Princess." Rhaegar smiled broadly, picked up his daughter, and placed her on his lap. "You have a family name now," he said happily. He knew that his bloodline would not disappoint. Daenerys looked weak, but she was actually gentle and strong-willed.

"I want one too! You left me behind," Lyanna puffed up her cheeks and held out her two little hands.

"Okay, little one," Rhaegar joked, holding each of his daughters in one arm.

Baelon stood aside, scratching his head. His father had never held him like that. Rhaegar didn't even look at him. Boys had to be strong.

"Father." Baelon's eyes were unusual as he tugged at his father's sleeve. Rhaegar looked down in surprise, receiving a serious look from his eldest son.

Glancing around, he saw Jeyne and Rhaenyra staring at each other from a distance, sparks practically flying from their eyes. Several of the royal advisers were standing in the way, leaning back silently. Lyman, old and weary, bowed his head like a chastened child.

Rhaegar pursed his lips, suddenly unsure whether to feel sorry for the advisers or for himself. The two women were locked in a battle, and in the end, it was he who would suffer.

"Alas," Baelon sighed for his father, like a little lord. Although still young, he understood a lot. Otherwise, he would not have given the dragon egg to Daenerys. It was just a coincidence that the dragon egg hatched in Anna's hands.

Rhaegar raised his eyebrows, noticing the sad look on his eldest son's face. The resemblance to his own young self was striking. 'Who was the first to suggest that Rhaenyra and I follow the traditions of the House?' he wondered, memories flooding back.

Rhaegar's eyes fell on Lyonel as he raised his hand to his mouth and coughed lightly. "Ahem!" The sound echoed through the hall, drawing attention. Lyonel turned his head, looking at the king with a questioning gaze.

Rhaegar had a flash of inspiration and nodded slightly towards Baelon and Daenerys in his arms.

"Hmm?" Lyonel was puzzled at first but then suddenly understood. "Your Grace, Lady Maris is speaking nonsense, but Prince Baelon is the heir and should be considered for marriage in advance."

Rhaegar's lips curled slightly.

No fool can become the Hand of the King, and Lyonel is no exception.

Jasper looked up in surprise. "Prince Baelon is only six years old. Who is he to be engaged to?"

Tormund smiled, understanding the cue. "According to Targaryen tradition, the heir should be chosen from within the royal family."

Lyman and Orwyle, slower to react, nodded in agreement. The topic of choosing an engagement partner for the heir struck a nerve with the nobles. The advisers began to consider it when the Master of Whisperers suggested following tradition.

However, some were determined to win. The Sea Snake straightened his back and, with his usual solemn expression, said, "Your Grace, Lady Baela is of both Targaryen and Velaryon blood and has grown up with Prince Baelon."

Chapter 564: Either One or Both

"I can't think of a better candidate, whether in terms of blood or affection," the Sea Snake puffed out his chest, as if it were only natural.

"Baela?" Rhaegar frowned imperceptibly, unconvinced. Baela was born into a privileged family. Not only was she Rhaenyra's adopted daughter, but she was also Daemon's designated heir. It was

clear that Baela would be the next Princess of Tyrosh. It is worth noting that Rhaenyra's title of Queen of Lys was unique. Referring to the system of male Princes and female Princesses in Dorne, the other Princes and Princesses were crowned with corresponding titles, avoiding the coexistence of a king and queen.

Upon hearing the Sea Snake's recommendation, Rhaenyra clenched her teeth but was the first to support it: "Baela was raised by me and will be a good wife in the future."

Baela suddenly looked up, flattered, and pointed at herself. She wasn't ready for this.

"Hee hee." Rhaena snickered and nudged her sister with her shoulder. Baelon and Aemon were like brothers to both sisters and would certainly be blessed by following the traditions of the house.

Baela's face fell. She was not happy. The feeling of not being in control of her marriage was as bad as being ignored by her father. Rhaegar was also displeased and declined politely, "Lord Corlys, Baela's future is in Tyrosh."

Baelon tilted his head, looking around, wondering if his future was being arranged already.

"Your Grace, isn't this better?" The Sea Snake frowned and said bluntly, "Daemon is the direct descendant of the brave Baelon, just like your father. The two bloodlines combined will help unite the royal family." Daemon had always been a problem as a wanderer. By starting with his heir, Tyrosh would remain part of the Iron Throne in the future. Besides, Baela is his granddaughter. Laena's failure to marry Viserys had weakened House Velaryon's influence on the Iron Throne. It is undeniable that House Velaryon was very powerful at the time, and there was suspicion that the advisers were suppressing the king. Now that the royal family is in the spotlight, it is time to embrace House Velaryon again.

Rhaegar narrowed his eyes and still refused, "Baela is also my adopted daughter, and I have someone else in mind for her marriage." As he spoke, he rubbed the heads of his two daughters and gently held them in his arms. Advisers have their considerations, and kings have their visions. Baela is not suitable for Baelon.

As soon as he finished speaking, the Sea Snake's face froze, and a hint of anger rose. Rhaenyra was quicker than him and said doubtfully, "Rhaegar, Baela is my foster daughter. How could she not be suitable?" In terms of upbringing alone, she was confident that Baela, whom she had taken care of herself, was not inferior to anyone.

Baela was also stunned, looking at her foster father and cousin with mixed feelings.

"She is not suitable," Rhaegar declared, looking Rhaenyra in the eyes with solemnity. "As the Queen, you should support me unconditionally."

Rhaenyra was stunned, not expecting Rhaegar to be so serious. Even his tone was unusually strict.

Rhaegar then turned his gaze to the Sea Snake. "Baela's excellence cannot be questioned. I will seriously consider her."

The Sea Snake's face darkened, not from his natural complexion, but from the anger burning inside him. He believed he had been loyal enough to the royal family, having nearly lost his life in the blockade of Volantis and during the war in Slaver's Bay. Wasn't that enough merit?

"Haha, what a joke!" The Sea Snake sneered, pointing angrily at Rhaegar on the Iron Throne. "I, the most honorable Lord of the Seven Kingdoms and the most loyal supporter of the royal family—are my bloodline and loyalty not worthy of the throne?"

"Lord Corlys!" Rhaegar's face instantly turned cold. "I said I would seriously consider it."

Corlys wanted to pressure him, but he couldn't. If advisers could demand something in return for their services, the throne would be unstable. Even House Velaryon at its peak would not have been spared his wrath.

"Hmph!" The Sea Snake snorted in contempt. "You, like your father, is filled with fear."

He wanted to accuse Rhaegar of being as weak as Viserys, afraid to marry Velaryon's daughter. But his body shook violently, and he restrained himself, leaving a margin of leeway.

Rhaegar, now calmer, said, "Sea Snake, take back what you said, or you will never speak again."

"You..." The Sea Snake was furious and ready to curse.

Rhaenyra stepped forward, standing between them. "Lord Corlys' words were inappropriate. I will have him apologize to you." After a pause, she added, "But as he said, I can't think of a better match for Baelon than Baela."

Rhaegar, facing Rhaenyra's questioning, frowned and signaled Lyonel, who promptly asked, "Your Grace, if you don't think Lady Baela is suitable, do you have someone in mind?"

When the Queen sided with the Sea Snake, the dynamic shifted. It was no longer just a disagreement between the king and his adviser.

"Yes!" Rhaegar ignored the questioning looks of Rhaenyra and the Sea Snake. He nudged Baelon with his foot. "Don't just stand there, look back."

"Father?" Baelon was confused.

Rhaegar patted his two daughters and smiled kindly. "What do you think of your two sisters?"

"Huh?" Baelon was stunned.

"Speak up!" Rhaegar demanded.

"I..." Baelon hesitated but, seeing the intensity in his father's eyes, he swallowed and said, "I think it's good."

Relieved, Baelon felt as if a mountain had been lifted from his shoulders.

"Very good." Rhaegar put down his daughters and revealed his fatherly kindness. "Between the two sisters, you can choose one or both."

"Is that okay?" Baelon asked, uneasy.

"Of course," Rhaegar said with certainty. "The Conqueror married his sisters."

As he spoke, his eyes swept over Rhaenyra and Jeyne, noting their shock. Rhaegar smiled and continued, "Baelon, you are my eldest son, and I haven't demanded much from you."

Baelon's eyes narrowed, his face showing signs of contemplation.



"But you are the heir to the Iron Throne," Rhaegar went on, "and with that comes certain responsibilities. Do you understand?" His eyes were filled with encouragement and hope.

Baelon first looked at his mother and Lady Jeyne under the Iron Throne, then at his two stunned half-sisters in front of him. After a brief moment of reflection, he seemed to understand.

After just three seconds, Baelon smiled and whispered, "Father, I will listen to you."

Rhaegar smiled back and asked softly, "So, have you made your choice?"

Daenerys and Lyanna looked at each other, their little heads full of question marks, and huddled nervously together.

Baelon glanced back at his mother's displeased expression and said wisely, "I admire the Conqueror. He founded the Targaryen dynasty."

"Oh?" Rhaegar's lips curled. He hadn't expected his seemingly obedient son to be so perceptive.

Baelon scratched his head and continued seriously, "I also admire my father. Your achievements are no less than the Conqueror's. You married my mother, and Dany and Anna's mother."

At this point, Baelon hesitated for a couple of seconds, then walked over and took the hands of the two little girls. Looking at Jeyne below, he said, "Lady Jeyne is the Lady of The Eyrie. The two girls she raised will surely make me the man that everyone in the Seven Kingdoms envies."

Daenerys and Lyanna: ...

The sisters turned to their father for help, but all they saw was a satisfied expression.

"Well said!" Rhaegar applauded with both hands, his joy evident. He glanced down at the princes and advisers, his eyes full of disdain. All these men in the hall were no match for a young son who knew what was right.

The king's many wives were potential threats to the unity of the house. By marrying Jeyne's two daughters, Baelon could minimize the potential threat of a split in the family. Neither Rhaenyra nor Jeyne would be able to influence their children any more. By marrying Dany and Anna, Baelon would win over the supporters of both mothers. Even if Rhaenyra and Jeyne wanted to fight each other, in the end, the power would go to the new generation. The supporters of both sides were not fools, and they could see the future trend.

Rhaegar was happy, but not everyone shared his sentiment. The Sea Snake glared at Daenerys and Lyanna, his eyes bulging with rage. Why couldn't Baela be given a place at the wedding? Even if she was second in line to the throne, it would be a sign of the two houses' shared glory.

Rhaegar couldn't help but smile as he took the two little girls from Baelon's arms. The choice of a wife for his eldest son was not something to be shared lightly. Dany and Anna, being sisters, were both eligible to inherit the nobility of the Vale from Jeyne. If the sisters were separated, the nobles of the Vale could choose to follow one or the other. Otherwise, why would Rhaegar bother to ask the eldest son if he wanted one or both?

Baelon watched his two sisters snuggle up in his father's arms, his mouth twitching slightly. He was very clever, but he was also jealous. He wasn't the only one feeling this way. Rhaenyra clenched her lower lip and stared at Rhaegar. Deep down, she didn't want her son to marry Jeyne's daughter. Jeyne was her humiliation!

Rhaegar glanced at her, but his mind was made up.

Baela was indeed a good choice, and both Rhaenyra and the Sea Snake were correct in their assessment. However, her background was too complicated. To be fair, Houses Daemon and Velaryon were both worthy of being courted, but the royal family could suppress both of them for the time being, ensuring their future strength.

Thus, the focus should be on the present. Baela naturally had the support of Daemon and House Velaryon, and she was a staunch supporter of Rhaenyra. If Baelon were to marry her, his power would grow to unprecedented levels. But even without marrying Baela, he would still retain all of these rights.

On the other hand, if Baela married Baelon, it would indirectly intensify the conflict between Rhaenyra and Jeyne. In that case, why not have Baelon marry Dany and Anna? This would stabilize the balance of power within the House in the short term and win the loyalty of the Vale in the long term.

As for Baela's partner, there was another consideration. Rhaegar's eyes were deep as he muttered to himself, "The political mistakes my father made should not be repeated with my children." He had put in much effort to win over his half-siblings. Helaena had been close to him since childhood, but it was hard to say that their relationship wasn't tainted by self-interest. By marrying Helaena, Aegon and Aemond, and Daeron and the others would always remain loyal to him. Even if Alicent was confined in Harrenhal, House Hightower fell from power, and Aemond was exiled, Aegon and the others would accept it calmly, trusting their brother.

"Rhaegar." Rhaenyra's face was grim. After a long hesitation, she turned and left. She and her brother would discuss the matter in private.

"Your Grace." Baela called softly and quickly caught up with her.

"Hmph!" The Sea Snake's face was ugly as he stormed away. Rhaegar saw this but didn't bother to stop him. They only cared about immediate gains and losses and didn't consider long-term stability. He was the king, and he had to be careful with every step he took. No one in the council dared to speak up after this.

Rhaegar looked around and patted his two daughters on the head, coaxing them, "How about going to play with your brother for a while?"

"Okay~" Dany timidly glanced at Baelon and agreed.

Anna was so happy that she jumped up and down, "Okay, let's go to the Dragonpit to find the baby dragon."

Rhaegar smiled and was about to ask the brothers Erryk and Arryk to escort them when Jeyne stepped forward and volunteered, "I'll take them. It's a good chance to meet Stormcloud." She didn't object to Rhaegar's plan. After all, the two girls would surely lose to Rhaenyra's many children. She would lead the three children to cultivate their relationship and, by the way, take a look at the silver baby dragon, who used to be quite close to her.

Chapter 565: Slippery Dragon – Grey Ghost

Leaving the throne hall, Rhaegar rolled his eyes and returned to his rooms with a shake of his head.

A few moments later, he hid his mouth and coughed lightly as he pushed open the door to his bedroom. In front of him was a softly lit room, with firewood burning in the fireplace on the right side. Rhaenyra sat on a soft cushion, holding a swaddled baby.

When she heard the sound of the door opening, she put on an angry look, clearly not wanting to talk.

"Is Visenya asleep?" Rhaegar asked softly as he moved toward the fireplace.

Rhaenyra turned away, leaving only the back of her head visible.

"Tsk." Rhaegar sighed, feeling helpless.

He noticed an incubator placed next to the fireplace and curiously opened it, revealing a bright green dragon egg. "The kids have taken the dragon eggs out of the Dragonpit again," he remarked. Unhatched dragon eggs were usually housed inside the Dragonpit. This particular egg was Visenya's companion dragon egg, but it was obviously not ready to hatch.

Hearing the container being opened, Rhaenyra rolled her eyes and said coldly, "Rhaegar, if you have nothing important to say, leave my room."

"Maybe there is something," Rhaegar responded with a sardonic smile as he closed the container lid.

"I advise you to keep it brief!" Rhaenyra warned, her expression showing she was ready to kick him out at any moment.

Rhaegar held back a smile, feeling at a loss. The king's rooms had always been inhabited by his father, and this room was formerly Rhaenyra's bedroom. Kicking him out was something she could easily do.

"Ahem." Seeing Rhaenyra's growing impatience, Rhaegar cleared his throat and quickly said, "I'm not belittling Baela; it's just that Dany and Anna are more suitable for Baelon."

Rhaenyra composed herself, gently put the sleeping Visenya down, and fumed, "Since you know Baela is a good girl, you should have chosen her over Jeyne's daughters."

"They are my daughters too," Rhaegar responded calmly.

"So what?" Rhaenyra raged, unable to comprehend. "I don't hate them, but I can't tolerate my son bonding with Jeyne's bloodline!"

Jeyne had betrayed their friendship, and Baelon marrying her daughter would only taint his own bloodline.

Rhaegar sighed softly, feeling a headache coming on. "Mother is also from House Arryn, and the fusion of the two houses would be beneficial, not harmful."

"No!" Rhaenyra was agitated, her volume suddenly rising. "You drew up a marriage contract for my son without my consent!"

Baelon was the oldest son, and she should have had a say in who he married. Rhaegar had not only betrothed Jeyne's daughter to their oldest son but had also shown no respect for her opinion. Especially when she saw Jeyne looking smug, it felt like swallowing a hundred dead flies alive.

Faced with Rhaenyra's sudden outburst, Rhaegar remained silent for a while. Her pretty face was almost in front of his, her eyes filled with anger and a strong sense of grievance. He slightly tilted his head sideways, his mood extraordinarily complicated.

He did not think his judgment was wrong, though perhaps his approach had been slightly inappropriate. He had expected Rhaenyra's complaint; she had never been one to temper her fiery disposition.

"Answer me, Rhaegar!" Rhaenyra's eyes were red, and tears were about to spill over. She couldn't endure this farce any longer.

Rhaegar turned back silently, a hint of apology in his eyes. He suddenly remembered the marriage between his great-grandfather, the Old King, and Queen Alysanne. The Old King was known as the Conciliator, and Alysanne was the Good Queen of the Seven Kingdoms, recognized for her kindness.

The two siblings had risen to prominence, supporting their house and pushing it into prosperity. Yet, despite their strong bond, their marriage had faced two significant breaks due to dissatisfaction over the inheritance of their children and disagreements over their children's marriages. Their union nearly ended when their youngest daughter, Gael, died unexpectedly in 99 AC. Thirteen children had predeceased their parents. Queen Alysanne couldn't cope with the shock and eventually died in 100 AC. The Old King lingered on for three more years, passing away in 103 AC. Their lives were legendary and filled with tragedy, a basket case that ended in regret. Every time he thought about it, Rhaegar's heart sank.

"Rhaegar, do you think I have wronged you?" Rhaenyra, unaware of his thoughts, asked tearfully, her voice full of pathos.

"No, of course not." Rhaegar snapped back to reality and hurriedly denied it.

Rhaenyra wiped away her tears and said sadly, "But you treated me harshly."

"Rhaenyra," Rhaegar's expression grew serious as he took her in his arms. "I have absolutely no such intention. Baela is fine, and I will help her arrange a suitable marriage."

"I don't want your promises," Rhaenyra struggled, her voice strained. "Baela doesn't need them either."

"Baelon is my oldest son; he must bear the burden of peace in the kingdom." Rhaegar spread his hands, hastily explaining, "Jeyne will soon return to the Vale. Dany and Anna are well-behaved. If you think this marriage hurts your pride, let's choose a son for Baela to betroth."

Truth be told, the tantrum-throwing Rhaenyra was harder to manage than a mother dragon hatching eggs. If Baelon's marriage irritated her, he would make up for it with another marriage to establish her confidence as Queen.

"What nonsense are you talking about? What do you take Baela for?" Rhaenyra stopped struggling, exasperated. "Even if we want a marriage, would both parties agree?"

Rhaegar raised an eyebrow and stated, "Baela has the ambition of any boy. A marriage is suitable for Aemon or Maekar."

Kids were Rhaenyra's bottom line. Every kid she raised was her proudest achievement. Rhaenyra sniffled and deflated, "Maekar is only three and usually only attaches himself to Visenya."

"Then change it," Rhaegar resumed his smirk and moved closer. "This marriage is yours to decide, and I fully support you."

"As in the throne room, you support me?" Rhaenyra questioned, plucking at him hard.

"Of course." Rhaegar's gaze gleamed with full affirmation. "I'm relieved that you're in charge."

"Hmph." Rhaenyra's cheeks reddened slightly as she hummed lightly. He knew just how to coax her, not a tyrant when it counts.

...

At the same time, outside the door of the bedroom, two little heads lay one on top of the other.

"What?" Baela whispered incredulously, her eyes moving down to meet Aemon's innocent gaze.

"It's unbelievable!" Baela exclaimed, her indignation clear. She jumped up and stormed off, fuming.

She had intended to check on her adoptive mother's well-being, but she had overheard more than she had bargained for. It seemed like her future was being decided without her input, and she wasn't having it.

"Don't go," Aemon pleaded, worried that they hadn't finished listening.

"Step aside, idiot," Baela snapped, not giving him a second thought as she stormed away.

"Ugh, what's it to me?" Aemon muttered, scratching his head in frustration.

...

Dragonpit

"Run, run, run!" As soon as they rounded the palace, Lyanna darted off like a joyful deer, her short legs sprinting with excitement. Jeyne watched, dumbfounded, letting the little girl scurry about.

Entering the Bronze Gate, the strong smell of dragons hit her nose.

"Lady!" A team of Dragonkeepers stepped forward, led by an elderly Dragonkeeper.

Jeyne nodded gently. "Take the kids around."

"I want dragons, my little dragon!" Lyanna raised her hands high, her excitement palpable. Daenerys' eyes twinkled silently with amusement.

The elderly Dragonkeeper, experienced and respectful, replied, "One moment." Then, turning to the young Dragonkeeper behind him, he commanded in High Valyrian, "The lady wants to see her dragon."

"Yes," the young Dragonkeeper replied seriously, retreating with his bamboo staff in hand.

Suddenly, a sharp dragon roar echoed inside and outside the Dragonpit, filled with a strong sense of resistance. Jeyne froze at the sound and inquired, "That sound is familiar, which dragon is it?"

"Lady, it's Stormcloud!" The elderly Dragonkeeper responded meticulously. "It's been very restless lately and is locked in the Dragonpit."

"That's a shame," Jeyne said regretfully, realizing the young dragon had already made its presence known.

While talking, the young Dragonkeepers returned. One carried a chain with a shackle cuffing a bronze-colored young dragon. The other two carried a hatching container that opened to reveal a blue dragon egg.

"Oh, Vermax!" Lyanna exclaimed, swooping down to pick up her young dragon.

"Roar~" Vermax, lively and active, broke free of its chains and jumped into its master's arms. The young dragon had grown rapidly, now the size of a small sheepdog, standing taller than its owner.

"Ouch!" Lyanna exclaimed as Vermax pounced on her, spreading its blood-colored, spiderwebbed wings.

"Careful, Anna," Jeyne said, holding her forehead helplessly. She then looked at her oldest daughter, who had been silent for a while, and asked softly, "Dany, aren't you going to check on your dragon eggs?"

"Huh?" Daenerys snapped back to her senses. "There's the sound of a dragon's roar, I was entranced by it." She turned around, her eyes as clear as white paper. There was no dragon in sight.

"The dragons are in the Dragon Pit," the elderly Dragonkeeper murmured. Daenerys frowned and walked towards the hatching vessel. The bottom of the vessel was lined with red-hot coals, warming the blue dragon eggs. Daenerys hesitated for a second and reached out her hand to touch it.

"Don't be hasty!" Suddenly, a plain hand held her wrist. Daenerys looked up in surprise and saw a clear, fair face.

Helaena's eyes flickered as she slowly withdrew her hand and cautioned, "The dragon egg is very hot."

A low roar came from the dragon pit as a huge light blue dragon head, followed by a silver dorsal fin, emerged. Dreamfyre's vertical pupils flattened as it slowly climbed out of the pit, finding an open area to rest.

Daenerys watched in awe. "It's beautiful," she marveled.

"It's very old," Helaena said, tilting her head. "It was once regarded as the auspicious birth of the Seven Kingdoms and was known as Dreamfyre."

Before Sunfyre was born, Dreamfyre was the most beautiful dragon. Daenerys nodded, comparing Dreamfyre to the Blue Dragon Egg, her eyes sparkling with admiration.

...

Not far away, Baelon approached the Dragonkeeper alone and quietly requested to view the dragons.

"Roar..." The Dragonkeeper had just retreated when a delighted roar echoed from above. Baelon looked up to see a light gray dragon hovering over the Dragonpit.

"Gray Ghost!" Baelon exclaimed in surprise, a smile spreading across his face.

Gray Ghost, the wild dragon renowned throughout the Seven Kingdoms, was known for its shyness and timidity. It perennially roamed between Dragonstone, King's Landing, and Harrenhal, earning the trust of farmers and fishermen who never feared its presence.

Chapter 566: Stormcloud Recognises a Master!

"Roar..." Gray Ghost hissed gleefully, gliding like a giant moth before diving into the Dragonpit.

Boom!

An adult dragon landed with a thunderous bang, sending dust flying in all directions.

"Cough, cough, cough..." Baelon choked on the dust, trying to shield himself.

"Roar..." Gray Ghost, indifferent to the chaos, enthusiastically pounced on Baelon, its huge dragon head nuzzling around him.

"Haha, Gray Ghost, stop it," Baelon laughed, unsteady on his feet as the dragon's thick nostrils sniffed him, causing him to fall backward.

Pfft...

Instead of hitting the ground, Baelon landed on the dragon's tail, which had cushioned his fall. For a moment, he froze, running his hands over the delicate scales. Unlike the usual rough and solid dragon scales, Gray Ghost's were fine and dense, light gray diamond-shaped scales that felt as light as seawater.

From afar, Gray Ghost's movements were almost ghostly, hard to distinguish against the background. The dragon's vertical pupils shone brightly as it lowered its head to Baelon, sniffing around to savor the familiar scent it liked so much.

"Gray Ghost, let me up first," Baelon gasped, struggling to breathe under the dragon's weight and slapping its light gray scales.

"Prince!" The Dragonkeeper suddenly ran back, holding his bamboo staff nervously aimed at the dragon.

"I'm fine, really," Baelon said, poking his head out from beneath the dragon's neck and smiling awkwardly. Gray Ghost was always so enthusiastic; it was overwhelming.

"Roar!" Suddenly, a loud and clear roar erupted, filled with thick wariness. Baelon glanced sideways, just in time to see a pitch-black dragon shadow flash past.

Plop—

Accompanied by the clattering of chains, the pitch-black dragon shadow shook off the Dragonkeeper and overwhelmed the defenseless Gray Ghost in one swift move.

"Roar..." Gray Ghost shrieked in shock, hurriedly rolling over and tearing at its attacker.

"Roar—" The pitch-black dragon retreated angrily, its scales cracked from Gray Ghost's bite.

Only then did Baelon see the dragon clearly. Its entire body was as black as night, with scarlet dorsal fins and wing membranes, and a horned crown on its hideous head.

"Iragaxys, you scared me!" Baelon exclaimed, wide-eyed.

"Roar—" Iragaxys held its head high, gazing provocatively at Gray Ghost, unmoved by the silver-haired child.

Gray Ghost climbed up nimbly, spreading its light gray wings in an uncharacteristic offensive stance. Though not as large as Iragaxys, Gray Ghost still outweighed him by more than three times.

"Quiet, Iragaxys!" The Dragonkeeper hurried over, shouting and brandishing his bamboo staff.

"Roar—" Iragaxys glanced over, snorted disdainfully, and slowly slumped to the floor.

Gray Ghost's vertical pupils burned with intensity as it closed its maw, brewing a ball of Dragonfire. Baelon, caught between the two dragons, awkwardly waved his hand at the Dragonkeeper. "Stand back for now, don't disturb them."

The Dragonkeeper looked around, hesitated for a moment, then said, "As you wish, Prince." He slowly retreated, cautiously holding his bamboo staff.

"Roar..." Gray Ghost crept softly, the initial enthusiasm gone, flicking the tip of his tail repeatedly. Baelon looked around and sat down on the edge of Gray Ghost's dragon wing.

"Roar—" Iragaxys glared angrily and moved up to Gray Ghost, making a show of squeezing Baelon out of the way.

Snap! Gray Ghost lashed its tail at Iragaxys' head. Iragaxys instantly behaved, reluctantly settling close to the ground. The bond between the two dragons was deep. Gray Ghost, though timid, had a firm hold over the temperamental Iragaxys.

...

The sudden appearance of the two dragons naturally caught Jeyne's attention. She pulled her two daughters close and asked nervously, "Where are these dragons from?"

"That's Gray Ghost and Iragaxys, a pair of rarely seen playmates," said the older Dragonkeeper, his eyes cloudy and voice thick. "The Prince and Gray Ghost are very close, and Your Grace is aware of this."

"What a great wild dragon! I'm going to see it," Lyanna exclaimed, her eyes glowing. She clamped her armpits around Vermax's dragon neck and ran off excitedly.

Since Cannibal and Sheepstealer were tamed, Gray Ghost was the only remaining wild dragon on Dragonstone. The hearts of the child who had heard about it were filled with longing.

"Anna!" Jeyne tried to stop her, but the mad little girl was already too far gone. The older Dragonkeeper, looking stoic, reminded her, "Gray Ghost never attacks humans, and Iragaxys is stable around it."

Jeyne glanced at Baelon, who was playing among the dragons, and asked in surprise, "The two dragons don't reject him. Why hasn't he chosen one to tame?"

Not to mention that the black dragon was an adult; the light gray wild dragon was also of considerable age. Visually, it wasn't much smaller than Rhaenyra's Syrax. An adult dragon like this could be much stronger than a young dragon hatched from an egg.

The elderly Dragonkeeper frowned, about to reply, but Helaena spoke first, cocking her head. "He wants an adult dragon."



"That wild dragon is already an adult," Jeyne said, her willowy brows furrowing. She didn't understand the age divisions of the creatures.

Helaena blinked, looking down and snapping her fingernails. Jeyne took a deep breath, knowing Helaena was different from the norm, and asked patiently, "Will Baelon tame one of those two dragons when he comes into contact with them?"

After all, it was her future son-in-law, and it was necessary to pay some attention. Helaena sniffed, her beautiful eyes glancing into the distance where she saw Baelon holding Lyanna's hand and touching the pitch-black scales of Iragaxys. Under Jeyne's expectant gaze, she bowed her head and contemplated for a moment. Then, Helaena, momentarily in a trance, brushed her palm over her slightly bulging belly and muttered, "Mother to mother, son to son."

Jeyne was confused and couldn't quite understand. At that moment, both of their attention was drawn to Baelon, and they ignored one crucial detail: the incubation container was emitting white smoke, and the blue dragon egg had quietly disappeared. Along with it, the petite Daenerys was gone too.

...

#### A Certain Dragon Pit

The tunnel was dark and stifling, and the stench of dragon droppings was amplified by the heat. Daenerys walked against the wall, clutching the dragon egg wrapped in cloth.

Click! Her foot crushed a piece of bone. Daenerys shivered, her already pale face turning ghostly white.

"I'm not afraid, I'm not afraid," she whispered, hugging the dragon egg tightly. "Baelor is above!" She didn't know why she had come, but the roar she heard upon entering the Dragonpit compelled her forward.

Tick! Tick! The tunnel grew deeper, the damp earth smelling fishy. Water oozed from the walls. Daenerys didn't dare look up, struggling to move her feet over the uneven ground strewn with broken bones, which hurt her raw feet.

"Roar!" Suddenly, a sharp, violent roar echoed through the tunnel, reverberating in the enclosed space.

"It's a dragon!" Daenerys' wide eyes stared into the pitch-black depths. A sense of being watched washed over her. Her heart thumped, and she swallowed hard. She was prepared, but she couldn't help feeling nervous.

Boom! A scorching torrent of heat erupted, and a silver firelight flashed in the shadows. Before Daenerys could react, an accident occurred.

"Roar!" A bright silver dragon shadow flashed by, its neck and hind foot chains clattering as it lunged out of the deep pit with tremendous force. Daenerys stiffened, gripping the dragon egg with all her strength. A gust of wind blew past her, and the enormous creature appeared before her eyes.

The silver scales cut through the tunnel walls, whipping up sand and dirt. Daenerys was so mesmerized that she couldn't open her eyes. Through the dust, she could vaguely see a silhouette and a pair of icy vertical pupils towering over her, flashing with a cold aura.

"Ah!" she screamed.

Dragonpit, Great Hall

"Ah!" Lyanna shrieked, her chubby hands covering her eyes.

"Roar!" The vertical pupils of Iragaxys blazed with rage as its sprawled body rose, exposing pitch-black fangs. Lyanna, terrified, scraped a gash on her fleshy arm. She had wanted to play with the black dragon, hugging and rubbing against its scales, but the dragon was not amused.

"Roar!" Iragaxys, intolerant of teasing, brewed dark dragonfire in its throat.

"Quiet, Iragaxys!" Baelon rushed forward, shielding Lyanna behind him, and held out his hand toward the dragon's menacing maw. Iragaxys hesitated at the sound, its vertical pupils showing a hint of confusion as dragonfire tumbled within its mouth.

"Prince, get back!" The Dragonkeepers rushed in, holding their bamboo staffs at the ready.

"No, don't provoke it," Baelon commanded, his small face tense as he locked eyes with the pitch-black young dragon.

"Roar..." Sensing the hostility around it, Iragaxys' anger surged, dragonfire nearly spilling from its jaws.

"No!" Baelon cried out, speaking in High Valyrian, "Stop the dragonfire, Iragaxys!" High Valyrian was the best choice for calming an enraged dragon, though it was a different story with a wild one.

Hearing the command, Iragaxys slowly retracted its dragonfire and lowered its head toward the human child. It had seen Baelon before but had not received a response.

Baelon's eyes flickered as he continued, "Back off, Iragaxys." He had forgotten how commanding High Valyrian could be with a masterless dragon, his desire to tame an adult one overriding his focus.

"Roar?" Iragaxys tilted its head, vertical pupils flashing with intense curiosity.

At once, the atmosphere was tense.

Baelon shielded Lyanna and took a step back, shouting, "Return to the dragon pit, Iragaxys!"

As he shouted, the Dragonkeepers slowly gathered around, raising their bamboo staffs to keep their distance from the dragon. A female Dragonkeeper, the most senior, rasped, "Back off, Iragaxys!"

The young dragons in the Dragonpit were usually short-tempered but obedient, often returning to the pit when ordered. However, this time was different.

Iragaxys stared straight at the human child, confirming that High Valyrian was not wrong, and a fury of being teased surged wildly. People choose dragons, and dragons choose their masters. The dragon felt abandoned and would do everything in its power to retaliate.

"Roar!" Iragaxys raised its head high, its maw brewing dragonfire and spitting it out cleanly.

"No, no, no!" The Dragonkeeper in the way was shocked and shrieked in fear.

The next second, boom—the pitch-black dragonfire engulfed one of the Dragonkeepers, incidentally scorching another, forming a puddle of dark swirls.

"Run, the young dragon is out of control!" The female Dragonkeeper's face changed drastically, and she fled with her bamboo staff. The rest of the Dragonkeepers protected Baelon and Lyanna, retreating backwards.

"Roar!" Iragaxys' retaliation did not stop; it continued to spray dragonfire at the humans.

As soon as the dragonfire was spat out, a violent impact came from beside it. The Gray Ghost's vertical pupils were fierce, and its tail swiped away the black flames, opening its fangs to pounce on Iragaxys. The two dragons tumbled and tangled.

Baelon, stunned, tugged Lyanna, who couldn't walk, to run fast.

"Aaaah!" The two Dragonkeepers initially engulfed by the dragonfire wailed and tumbled in the flames, letting out miserable screams. One suddenly stiffened his body, pulling an obsidian dagger from his pocket, and slashed his neck. No blood spurted as the wound burned instantly, but the carotid artery snapped, ending the Dragonkeeper's suffering.

...

Dragon Pit

"Ah!" Daenerys let out a shriek and instinctively closed her eyes. However, the imagined pain did not come.

"Roar..." Scorching hot airflow sprayed on her face, as if a smooth iron plate was grinding against her body. Daenerys quietly opened her eyes and her expression changed.

A handsome dragon with a shiny silver body, its neck and hind feet wrapped in chains, sniffed in her arms for a while. Staggered slightly, the giant silver dragon's vertical pupils opened wide, gazing icily at the silver-haired girl. Slowly, it kept closing the distance.

Chapter 567: Daenerys: Obey My Commands!

Red Keep, Godswood.

The branches of the Godswood were thick and luxuriant, and the fallen red leaves formed a dense carpet.

"Alas." The Sea Snake looked up at the slowly falling leaves, his eyes deep and still like a pool of stagnant water.

A hint of melancholy was visible on his darkened face. He was old, and his House seemed to be declining under his leadership.

"Corlys, it shouldn't be like this." His voice was low, communicating deep-seated resentment.

He was Corlys Velaryon, bearing the blood of the oldest and noblest House of Valyria. He had sailed across the Narrow Sea, married the Queen Who Never Was, and raised two children who were dragon riders. He had experienced wars and achieved many feats in his life. Few in the history of Westeros could compare with him. How did he end up in such a state?

Sasa...

A strange noise came from behind, and he heard shuffling footsteps. The Sea Snake's eyes narrowed as he turned his head silently.

"Grandpa!"

Baela's voice was clear and crisp as she trotted up to him. The Sea Snake was a little surprised and smiled. "Baela."

He was about to ask his granddaughter why she was there when another figure entered his view. Rhaenyra smiled, descending the low steps in a red tunic with gold thread. The Sea Snake wiped the smile off his face, looked at his granddaughter, and ran his hand through her hair. Baela pursed her lips and rubbed her cheek against his hand. The calluses on his hands were tender yet reliable.

"Baela said you might be here," Rhaenyra approached slowly, smiling. "She trusts you very much and admires her Grandfather's nine voyages."

"You flatter me, Your Grace," the Sea Snake responded in a neutral tone. What was there to say? He had just been publicly rejected by the king, who had refused his request for a marriage alliance.

Rhaenyra paused for a moment and whispered, "May I have a word with Lord Corlys alone, Baela?"

Baela was taken aback and looked up at her grandfather. The Sea Snake's eyes flickered, and he nodded lightly. He was curious to know what they could talk about in private. Baela saw this and said obediently, "I will leave you two alone."

After saying this, she took her grandfather's hand and quickly left under the Weirwood. Once she could no longer see her granddaughter's back, the Sea Snake returned to his usual solemn expression.

Rhaenyra gathered her thoughts and spoke first: "I've been thinking for a long time about why you're always spying on the throne."

The Sea Snake's face froze at these words. This was a direct accusation that cut to the heart.

Rhaenyra clasped her hands together and said frankly, "You supported my aunt in her bid for the throne, and you wanted to marry Laena to my father. Are you thinking of your wife and daughter, or are you thinking of yourself?"

The Sea Snake's face darkened, and he lost interest in the conversation.

"But after today's events, I suddenly realized something." Rhaenyra changed the subject, looking up at the swaying Godswood and saying solemnly, "The world is not fair. When you stand in that position, you will face many pitfalls."

"So?"

The Sea Snake's eyes flickered, and he became extremely vigilant. His intuition told him that the other party must have something to ask for.

"I'm sorry that Rhaegar said a lot of harsh things today."

Rhaenyra didn't respond directly but tried to repair the relationship between the two families. The Sea Snake shook his head silently. This was not what he wanted to hear. The Queen's apology might carry weight, but the word "harsh" wasn't an admission of guilt.

"This is an apology. I am sincere in our conversation," Rhaenyra said with a smile. "You have something to ask for, and I have something to ask for. This is not a conflict."

At least today, both wanted to see Baela on the throne. The Sea Snake didn't buy it and thought to himself, 'The king rejected Baela. He thinks Lady Jeyne's daughter has more potential to become queen.'

"But we both love Baela and want her to have a better future," Rhaenyra said calmly.

The Sea Snake's face remained expressionless, but inwardly he was growing more surprised. He had guessed correctly that she was trying to win him over.

Rhaenyra continued, "I have a proposal. Baela is my foster daughter. She spent most of her young life with me, and I can marry her to Aemon."

"Prince Aemon?" The Sea Snake's heart leapt, though he asked knowingly, "They are the heirs to Lys and Tyrosh, respectively."

"That's right," Rhaenyra nodded, speaking bluntly. "Aemon will take over Lys, and Baela will inherit Tyrosh. Their children can rule two of the Free Cities in the Triarchy."

Rhaegar had said that she would make the decisions about her children's marriages. Since he didn't want his eldest son Baelon to marry Baela, she would have her second son Aemon marry Baela to win over Daemon and Velaryons to the royal family.

She had also been heir to the Iron Throne and knew how to forge alliances. Rhaegar thought Jeyne was worth winning over to balance the internal conflicts in the royal family. But Rhaenyra didn't like being passive.

Reflecting on history, the two best queens, Visenya and Alysanne, stood in stark contrast. Visenya was shrewd and capable, protecting the Conqueror Aegon from assassination attempts by Dorne with her sword, Dark Sister. Her life story was not only exciting, but if she had been a man, she would have been called Viserys, a name that held great significance. Perhaps the title of Conqueror should have been hers. In her later years, Visenya encouraged her son Maegor to usurp the throne and push the descendants of her younger sister Rhaenys off the Iron Throne. She died of old age before Maegor's downfall, adding another regret to her legacy.

In contrast, the kind Queen Alysanne spent her life serving her brother and husband. She gave birth to children, won over noble women, and proposed the Widow's Law. But her end was not happy. Thirteen children, all of whom preceded her in death. Her breakups with the Old King were mostly about women's rights and the right of children to inherit. She believed the first successor should be her eldest daughter, Daenerys Targaryen, but the Old King disagreed. Unfortunately, Daenerys died of a tremor at the age of six. After that, peace was restored between Alysanne and the Old King's court, but the quarrels never ceased.

Rhaenyra sighed softly, "Queen Alysanne was a good woman, but her life was too exhausting."

The Sea Snake frowned slightly. He didn't know what Rhaenyra was thinking, but hearing about Queen Alysanne, he could guess the reason. The king had three wives in succession, securing Rhaenyra's concessions, the support of the Vale, and the loyalty of several half-brothers. A king could hold all the power, but the traditions of Westeros were different, and the disadvantages of having multiple wives were beginning to show. No one can sit idly by while their husband is shared.

Rhaenyra snapped back to reality and tilted her head. "What do you think, Lord Corlys?"

"It's a generous offer," the Sea Snake replied, stepping forward with emotion. "Across the Narrow Sea lies a pure land, where children can live a life of indulgence." The King oppresses his advisers, so joining forces with the Queen seemed like a wise decision. The Targaryens had already seen a Queen, Visenya, rule alongside their advisers. House Velaryon had fallen so far that their heir was now a Targaryen girl. Without a strong ally, their future would be bleak.

"Pleasure doing business with you!" Rhaenyra sighed in relief, smiling.

The Sea Snake's cold expression softened, though he remained serious. "The two children will be married, but there are still many things to consider."

Rhaenyra tilted her head. "Like what?"

"Daemon," the Sea Snake said, analyzing the problem. "Daemon is unpredictable, and White Worm is pregnant. As far as I know, Laena is also pregnant."

Rhaenyra frowned slightly, not seeing it as a threat. Daemon had not yet married White Worm, and the child in her womb was merely a bastard. Before Laena's pregnancy, White Worm could stir up trouble. Afterward, she could not even think about competing for power.

"That's true, but we still need to be careful," the Sea Snake reminded her. "Daemon and Aemond act recklessly, which is not good for the royal family or anyone else." The balance of power lies in the strength of different forces, but there are always people who stir up trouble and upset that balance. Daemon and Aemond are both typical destabilizing factors.

Rhaenyra seemed to understand but did not rush to answer...

...

Dragonpit, Great Hall.

"Roar..."

Black Dragonfire sprayed wildly like the night sky, slamming into the iron bridge at the top of the Dragonpit.

"Quiet, Iragaxys!"

The Dragonkeeper shouted from a distance, trying to calm the young dragon.

"Roar..."

The Grey Ghost lay on the wall, its pale gray scales on its chest stained with blood, roaring down at the ground below. Iragaxys was rampaging, its neck and hind legs flailing wildly, its body covered in blood. A sub-adult dragon was no match for an adult dragon.

"Baelon, Anna!"

The Dragonpit was in complete chaos. Jeyne looked worried, dragging the two children back under the protection of the Dragonkeepers.

"Woah woah woah..."

Anna's big eyes were overflowing with tears, and her face was ashen. She threw herself into her mother's arms, weeping. Baelon's face was pale, the tips of his silver hair slightly curled. He could still smell a hint of burnt air.

Jeyne hugged Baelon, carefully examining him. "Are you hurt anywhere?"

"No, no."

Baelon's cold sweat trickled down his face, his speech slurred. Dragonfire had passed behind him, almost sending him back into the childhood he had fled.

"It's okay, let's go."

Jeyne's heart was pounding, fearing something had happened to the children. She suddenly looked back and noticed one person was missing.

"Where's Daenerys!?"

She was clearly still next to the incubator. Jeyne's forehead broke out in a cold sweat. When she looked at the incubator, it was empty. Not only was Daenerys missing, but the dragon egg was also gone.

"Lady, take the Prince and Princess and leave the Dragonpit."

The elderly Dragonkeeper looked grave, making way for them.

"But..."

Jeyne was at a loss, looking around for her daughter.

Rumbling.

Suddenly, there was a strange noise from the underground dragon pit, as if a giant beast was charging recklessly. The old Dragonkeeper's face changed dramatically. "Be careful, the young dragon is frightened!"

Boom!

A dragon pit suddenly burst into smoke and dust, accompanied by a loud dragon roar.

Roar!

Pale Dragonfire spewed out like a pillar, dispersing the dark Dragonfire that had been spreading indiscriminately. The old Dragonkeeper turned back in panic, unable to believe his eyes.

Roar!

A handsome dragon head poked out of the smoke, followed by a long neck and a pair of silver-colored wings. Stormcloud's golden pupils were full of wildness. It quickly rushed out of the dragon pit, showing an elegant and slender posture.

Jeyne looked at the familiar silver dragon and the figure on its back, her pupils suddenly shrinking. "Dany!!"

Roar!

Stormcloud let out a loud roar, swinging its long neck back and forth, flapping its wings and soaring into the sky. A little girl with silver hair clung to the dragon's back, her hands clasped tightly around its scales, trembling with fear.

Whoosh!

The silver dragon, eager to reach the sky, burst out of the Dragonpit. Feeling the strong wind, the little girl with silver hair looked up timidly.

"Roar!"

Stormcloud was agile, leaping over the iron bridge at the top of the Dragonpit and spitting out a mouthful of Dragonfire.

"Ah!"

Daenerys exclaimed, burying her head and shouting, "Obey my commands! Obey my commands!" Her voice was high-pitched and weak, but it was spoken in High Valyrian. Although she lacked confidence, it worked on the baby dragon. Unfortunately, the little girl couldn't call out the dragon's name, hesitating to give the command.

"Roar..."

Stormcloud's golden pupils narrowed. It glanced back at the rider, turned playfully, and dove vertically.

"Ahhh!"

In the Great Hall of the Dragonpit, Jeyne looked up in panic, hearing only her daughter's scream of terror.

Chapter 568: A Mother's Temper

"No, Dany!"

Jeyne was horrified, as if someone had grabbed her heart and squeezed it. At the top of the Dragonpit, the chains were tightly woven.

"Roar!"

A young dragon with silvery scales and a slender body roared in a high-pitched voice, soaring around the Dragonpit.

"No! Listen to my commands!"

Daenerys's pale face was full of panic, her eyes barely open against the wind. Stormcloud was ill-tempered, and it flew faster and faster with its rider. It soared into the sky, the clouds obscuring Daenerys's mouth. She screamed loudly, gulping down clouds, choking and coughing.

"Roar!"

Stormcloud leapt above the clouds, the sun reflecting off its silver scales, making it look like a magnificent dragon made of white crystal. It gave Daenerys no time to catch her breath. Its golden pupils flickered, and the dragon tilted its head back, turning a full circle and plummeting straight down like a shooting star.

Hula—

The strong wind blew, Daenerys's little face turning red as she struggled to scream. She instinctively clutched the gaps between the scales with her small hands, not letting go of the dragon's back. Many in the Dragonpit witnessed this scene. Jeyne's eyes widened in horror, seeing her daughter's silver hair whipping in the air and half of her body hanging precariously.



"No!"

She cried out, her voice piercing. Unable to bear it any longer, Jeyne rushed out of the Dragonpit, desperation in every step.

"Wait a little longer."

A gentle hand grabbed her. Jeyne turned sharply to see Helaena, her eyes vacant as she looked up at the silver-white dragon in the sky.

"Dragons don't harm their riders," Helaena muttered.

No one can ride a dragon without permission. Of course, that doesn't apply to a certain brave boy who jumped from a great height as a child...

"Listen to my commands..."

Stormcloud plunged down from the clouds, his eyes full of excitement, ignoring the rider's shouts. The rider called out for a long time, but no command was given.

"Listen to my command!"

Daenerys opened her eyes wide, biting her lower lip, and suddenly shouted, "Stormcloud, Dragonfire!!"

"Dracarys... Dracarys..."

Her voice was clear and rang out with the wind. Stormcloud's golden pupils widened, and its body shook violently, slowing its descent. But the command had already been given.

"Roar!"

In the next moment, Stormcloud roared loudly, spewing a large ball of silver-white Dragonfire from its mouth.

Boom!

Dragonfire rolled and surged, and the man and dragon plunged into it, breaking free in an instant.

Roar!

Stormcloud's golden pupils narrowed, its wings closing slightly. With a crackling sound, the iron bridge creaked. Stormcloud glided smoothly, its belly touching the iron chains as it passed.

Inside the Dragonpit, Jeyne's jaw dropped at the sight of the young dragon's scales, as bright as silver foil, and then only the tip of its tail, which was growing a dorsal fin.

"Dany!" Baelon exclaimed, looking up and seeing the figure on the dragon's back.

"Roar!"

A roar like the cracking of a silver bottle, and the silver-white young dragon disappeared in a flash. In an instant, everyone's hearts were in their throats again.

"Hahaha~~"

Suddenly, the laughter of the little girl echoed in the air. Hoo—

The silver-white dragon soared once again to the top of the Dragonpit, its golden pupils shining brightly. The speed of its flight had clearly slowed down.

"Stormcloud, higher!"

Compared to the gentle back of the dragon, Daenerys finally straightened her back, her eyes full of surprise.

"Roar!"

Stormcloud let out a low roar, as if in response to his rider. Soon, Daenerys felt a gust of wind and the blue sky above her head getting closer and closer.

"Stormcloud, faster!"

Daenerys clasped her hands tightly on the scales, her face flushed with excitement. Her bright purple eyes, free of fear, glowed with a light of freedom. For some reason, when she was about to lose her grip and fall off the dragon's back, the name "Stormcloud" came to mind, as if it had been engraved in her brain.

"It's so hot," Daenerys muttered, her face turning redder, a faint sheen of sweat appearing on her forehead. She had almost fainted. Could it be a side effect?

"Roar!"

Stormcloud glanced back at the rider, flapped his wings, and flew up into the sky, circling a few clouds to cool down. Daenerys noticed this and felt dizzy.

"Thank you, Stormcloud."

What a thoughtful young dragon. Stormcloud's golden pupils flashed with a hint of doubt as it crashed into two clouds, slowly descending. If it didn't descend, the rider would fall...

Dragonpit, main hall.

"Dany." Jeyne muttered, looking at the suddenly friendly silver dragon with surprise. Even the old Dragonkeeper was stunned, muttering in High Valyrian, "The dragon has recognized its master..."

There was no denying it, as they watched the silver dragon slowly descend. Everyone let out a sigh of relief, their hearts settling back into their chests. However, one wave of trouble was followed by another.

"Roar!" Iragaxys roared angrily, its pupils fixed on Grey Ghost and Stormcloud in midair, its mouth spewing out jet-black Dragonfire. It was furious, and no one was safe.

"Roar!" Grey Ghost's pupils filled with annoyance, its wings pointed forward, ready to teach its disobedient little brother a lesson. The Dragonkeepers surrounded the two dragons, their faces tense, afraid to approach.

"Lady, leave now," the old Dragonkeeper urged, raising his hand to persuade her again. Jeyne, momentarily dazed, did not refuse his kindness.

"Suppress them, Dreamfyre!" A gentle voice came from her ear as Helaena silently gave the command.

Boom! The light blue dragon in the corner suddenly opened its eyes, standing up with its wings supporting the floor, shaking. Helaena glanced at it and whispered, "It's coming."

"Who's coming?" Jeyne looked at Dreamfyre blankly, not understanding what she meant. Helaena turned her head away and reinforced the command: "Suppress them!"

"Roar..." Dreamfyre's pupils narrowed, and it growled angrily. Its huge body rushed out like a collapsing mountain.

Bang! Iragaxys didn't have time to resist, and was pinned down by the light blue dragon's claw that fell from the sky. The claw gripped its neck tightly, the sharp edges piercing through the black scales.

"Roar!" Dreamfyre, enraged, swayed its massive body, its long tail lashing out into the air. Grey Ghost was about to flee, but the light blue tail, as thick as its neck, came flying at it.

Boom! Grey Ghost didn't even have time to scream, knocked unconscious, flapping its wings and falling.

Helaena watched quietly, directing from the side: "Gently, Dreamfyre."

After swallowing the Dragon's Essence, Dreamfyre's size had broken the age limit, reaching an astonishing length of over 100 meters. Among its peers, only Cannibal could keep up with it. Even Vermithor was only slightly inferior.

"Amazing." Baelon was very surprised, admiringly saying, "Aunt, Dreamfyre is amazing."

"It's not ready to be ridden yet," Helaena tilted her head, saying frankly, "I still have many years to live. You'll have to find another dragon to tame."

"Uh..." Baelon was so shocked by this that he almost peed his pants. He didn't mean that!

Suddenly, a voice called out from the Dragonpit.

"Baelon!"

Baelon turned around to see two white chariots pull up simultaneously. Rhaenyra jumped off her chariot and ran into the Dragonpit, worry etched on her face.

"Baelon, are you okay?" she asked, her eyes filled with concern.

From the other chariot, Rhaegar, looking anxious, helped Viserys down slowly.

"Don't worry about me. Look at them first," Viserys gasped, waving his hand.

Rhaegar didn't delay, handing his father over to Erryk, the captain of the Kingsguard, and quickly entering the Dragonpit. Rhaenyra was even faster, grabbing Baelon, who was covered in dust and dirt.

Rhaegar looked around and saw Dreamfyre holding down two dragons, with two charred corpses on the ground.

Anna's tears flowed freely, and she shook her head vigorously.

Rhaegar could do nothing but hold his sobbing daughter in his arms. He asked the old Dragonkeeper, "What happened? Why did the young dragons riot?"

"Your Grace, the young dragons have been very restless lately," the old Dragonkeeper replied, trembling with fear. "To help them get through this period of restlessness, they were put in shackles and chains."

"Stupid!" Rhaegar shouted angrily, "Since I was a child chains were forbidden in the Dragonpit!"

"I'm sorry, Your Grace," the old Dragonkeeper lowered his head in shame, not daring to contradict him.

Rhaegar searched back and forth, restraining his anger. "Where is Maester Maynard? Where is the Dragonpit Maester in the middle of such a big event?"

"Maester Maynard is not here," a young Dragonkeeper whispered, "The Maester is teaching at the royal academy. It's Maynard's turn in the last two weeks."

"Damn it." Rhaegar was furious. He had heard the dragon roaring at the Red Keep and accidentally let a silver dragon hatchling fly out. He had been discussing taxes with his father when they both rushed to the Dragonpit.

"Roar!" A neighing came from the sky as Stormcloud floated past, landing outside the Bronze Gates.

"Stormcloud?" Rhaegar was taken aback. Then he saw the small figure on the dragon's back and suddenly realized, "It's Dany, she tamed Stormcloud."

At this moment, Stormcloud obediently lowered its head, allowing its rider to dismount. Daenerys was reluctant to leave, looking at the people inside the Dragonpit, her face full of nervousness. She had snuck into the Dragonpit and almost been eaten by a dragon. She was going to get scolded.

Rhaegar looked at his eldest daughter, who was safe and sound, and let out a sigh of relief. He then turned to Baelon and asked, "Are you hurt?"

"No," Baelon replied, his face full of apprehension.

Rhaenyra frowned slightly and lifted her eldest son's sleeve to reveal a row of blisters. "How could this happen?"

Jeyne was shocked and reached out to touch Baelon's wound.

Pop! Rhaenyra slapped her hand away, warning, "Don't touch him, or the next slap will be in your face."

"I didn't know, Rhaenyra," Jeyne panicked and hurriedly explained, "Anna startled the baby dragon, and Baelon tried to stop it. It was an accident."

Anna huddled in Rhaegar's arms, her little body trembling as she repeated, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry."

Chapter 569: Viserys: My Dragon Can Be Yours

"Don't be afraid, Anna."

Rhaegar's face was a study in mixed emotions as he tried to piece together what had happened. The young dragon had become agitated and attacked the brother and sister who had come to see it.

"Jeyne, is this how you care for my children?" Rhaenyra's eyes were full of doubt, and her anger at her eldest son's mishap was palpable.

"No, it was an accident," Jeyne explained helplessly. "Dany almost had an accident too." She turned her head to the side, gesturing for Rhaenyra to look outside.

"Roar!" Stormcloud raised its head and snorted, carrying its rider slowly into the Dragonpit. Daenerys' eyes were blurred, her face unnaturally flushed in a state of drunken confusion.

"Stormcloud, slow down." The little girl's eyes were unfocused, her thin figure swaying back and forth as the scene before her spun. Stormcloud glanced at her with its golden pupils and lowered its back as much as possible to prevent her from falling off.

Jeyne, eager to prove her point, pointed at Stormcloud and said, "Dany was carried on the back of this dragon and almost died."

"Don't you think it's funny?" Rhaenyra snorted, grabbing her eldest son's burnt arm. She glared at the docile Stormcloud and asked, "My son was burned when he touched the dragon, but your daughter got a dragon?"

"Mother..." Baelon's face froze, and he tried to explain.

"Shut up!" Rhaenyra shouted angrily. "You were always the most behaved child, and this is the first time you've been hurt by a dragon."

Dragons are like the most dazzling roses in a garden, their charming appearance concealing endless danger. Everyone who has come into contact with a dragon has been scarred in some way. Not to mention Rhaegar and Aemond, who tamed a wild dragon and were injured by its resistance.

Like the Dragonkeepers who guard the dragons, everyone has scars left by the dragons. For this reason, every Dragonkeeper must have a dragon crystal dagger. If they encounter Dragonfire, they should use this to quickly end the pain.

Rhaenyra's eyes were full of murderous intent as she carefully examined her eldest son's entire body. His hair was slightly singed, his back red and hot, and his knees bruised and scraped. She took a deep breath, glaring at the innocent-looking Jeyne, and gritted her teeth. "How do you explain this?"

She couldn't believe that Baelon would be attacked by a dragon. Since his birth, her eldest son had been very popular with the dragons. No dragon had ever tried to harm him.

Faced with the accusation, Jeyne also became angry and said coldly, "Anna angered the black dragon. Baelon was protecting his sister. That's all I know." The implication was that she had deliberately tried to harm Baelon. This was ridiculous and incomprehensible.

"Grey Ghost and Iragaxys get along well. They have been in contact with Baelon longer than any other Dragonkeeper!" Rhaenyra raised her voice and approached menacingly.

"Mother." Baelon was flustered and hurriedly tried to stop her.

"Rhaenyra, I already said I did nothing!" Jeyne's face was ashen as she argued back.

The two women drew closer and closer, with only a six-year-old child standing between them. The old Dragonkeepers were stunned, their eyes recoiling in fear. They were lucky that the Dragonpit was a royal place and that outsiders were not allowed to enter. Jeyne had come alone, without her friends Jessamyn, Skylar, and the others. Rhaenyra, needless to say, had hurried to the Dragonpit, calling only one Kingsguard to bring her here.

Inside the Dragonpit, the empty surroundings were unusually lively. On one side, Dreamfyre growled lowly, using its enormous size to suppress the two restless dragons. At the Bronze Gate, Stormcloud crawled slowly, the little girl on its back drowsy.

In the center of the Dragonstone floor, Rhaenyra and Jeyne, both furious, nearly lost their heads and collided.

"Stop!" Rhaegar, watching from the sidelines, intervened just in time. What a joke—a trivial misunderstanding could ignite a fire in the harem.

"Rhaegar, look at Baelon!" Rhaenyra snapped, pointing at the little girl in Jeyne's arms. "I've been looking after Anna for so long, and the children have always gotten along. Jeyne has only been looking after Baelon for a day."

"If Jeyne had wanted to hurt Baelon, he wouldn't have only been hurt." Rhaegar sighed, trying to diffuse the tension. "This is all a misunderstanding!"

Jeyne's eyes widened, knowing that Rhaenyra was biased. "Stop it, both of you, right now!" Rhaegar's headache was throbbing, and he quickly stepped between the two women to prevent the conflict from escalating. The two women, still very angry, were forced to separate, staring at each other with cold eyes.

"You need to stop arguing and tell the truth." Rhaegar frowned, pulling Baelon, who was caught in the middle, out of the fray. Baelon's eyes were red and he was panicking.

"Don't be afraid, my child," Rhaegar cooed gently. "They are both prejudiced. Tell me what happened."

Women protecting their children can be completely irrational; they are not as reliable as children.

"Father, it's not like that." Baelon wiped away his tears. "Iragaxys lost control. I spoke High Valyrian, but I didn't accept its goodwill."

"Iragaxys showed you goodwill?" Rhaegar looked sideways at the struggling black dragonlet, surprised. "That's why it attacked you."

A dragon acknowledging a Dragonlord's bloodline is a significant gesture. Baelon's rejection of Iragaxys led to the attack.

"Yes," Baelon said, lowering his head and weeping. "I wanted to protect Anna, so I spoke High Valyrian without thinking."

Hearing this, Rhaenyra and Jeyne were both stunned. No one expected the young dragon attacked out of revenge. Rhaenyra, in particular, looked at her eldest son with a complex expression, unsure what to say.

"No!" Anna, lying in Rhaegar's arms, poked her head out, teary-eyed. "It was because I wanted to ride on the dragon's back that the dragon got angry." She shook her little body and apologized with a sob.

Jeyne, seeing this, took out a handkerchief to wipe her daughter's tears and tore off a corner of her skirt to bandage Baelon's arm. This time, the two women were silent. Both children were at fault, pushing the accident to the edge of a cliff.

Rhaegar shook his head and said slowly, "Listen carefully, this was an accident."

"I always knew that," Jeyne said in a low voice, gently bandaging Baelon's arm.

"Sssh!" The silk touched the wound, and Baelon gasped in pain, tears welling up.

Rhaenyra glanced at him, then looked away, gritting her teeth. "Serves you right!" She thought, 'You had to be a hero, and in the end, you're just a crybaby.'

Knock, knock! The misunderstanding cleared up, but the atmosphere remained oppressive. With the sound of his crutches hitting the ground, Viserys walked over with great effort.

"Father," Rhaegar said, stepping forward to help him.

"No, I can still walk." Viserys's face was gloomy as he pushed his eldest son away with his crutches. His old, clouded eyes swept over the three women present. Rhaenyra and Helaena were his eldest and second daughters, and Jeyne was the niece of his late wife, Aemma. Helaena was the most innocent, standing alone on the edge, watching Dreamfyre taking care of the two dragons.

Viserys glanced over at his second daughter, who was always quiet and reserved. Rhaenyra and Jeyne both felt a chill in their hearts when they met the old king's gaze, and they quietly drew away from each other.

"Ahem, ahem, ahem..."

Viserys suddenly coughed violently, his dry hand grasping his eldest son's arm. His face was grave. "Rhaegar, I have heard much. As a father and former king, I must tell you that running a household is not easy."

"I understand," Rhaegar said with a forced smile.

"No, you don't." Viserys shook his head and called Ser Erryk, who was accompanying him. "You must know that a household represents many factors, and it cannot be managed by wisdom and bravery alone."

Erryk stepped forward, cradling the unconscious Daenerys in his arms.

"Dany?" Rhaegar was taken aback, then he saw Stormcloud already at the door. Viserys brushed his granddaughter's silver hair aside and touched her hot cheek with his finger. "My poor, sweet granddaughter, a brave dragon rider, and yet her parents have forgotten her."

In fact, this was not the first time the two had met. After Daenerys was born, Viserys had arrived at The Eyrie on Vermithor at the end of that farcical wedding. It was also after that that his health had deteriorated, and he had rarely ridden a dragon for many years.

"Father, I'm sorry," Rhaegar said, taking Anna in one arm and Dany in the other.

"There's nothing to apologize for." Viserys was very open-minded, and a smile appeared on his pale face. "Both girls are good girls. They often come to talk to me, their grandfather."

Jeyne's eyes flickered slightly at this. 'Was the old king trying to protect her two daughters?'

Rhaenyra clenched her fists, feeling a bitter wave well up in her heart.

Viserys sensed his eldest daughter's thoughts and took her clenched hand in his, wrapping both hands around it. Rhaenyra looked back in surprise.

"Rhaegar has done nothing wrong." Viserys' eyes were gentle, pouring all the love of a father into his words. "Baelon is a good boy, and this marriage will certainly strengthen the family."

Rhaenyra felt wronged, and she tugged at her palm, but couldn't break free. She pouted, "Maybe."

If it weren't for Jeyne, those two children wouldn't exist. She had already backed down step by step.

"My daughter, you have suffered injustice, and I have always been aware of it." Viserys looked up and said sincerely, "But you are the older sister, and occasional patience is necessary."

"Father~~" Rhaenyra's heart trembled, and she couldn't help but shed tears. After so many years, only her father remembered her contributions.

"Be good." Viserys smiled, a thousand words condensed into a single reminder.

Rhaegar watched silently as his father resolved conflicts for him one by one. In the early days of his reign, the family was weak, and he had to use his wits to survive. But now, with so many people in the family, the shadow of internal strife was beginning to loom.

Viserys patted his eldest son on the shoulder and then pulled the disheveled Baelon to him. "You gave up a young dragon. Can you tell your Grandfather why?"

Baelon looked up and glanced at his father. Rhaegar nodded, encouraging him to speak freely.

Baelon sniffed and said sheepishly, "Iragaxys is fine, but I want an adult dragon."

"Oh?" Viserys thought for a moment. Baelon pointed to the light blue Dreamfyre and said frankly, "I want this kind of dragon. I have a hunch that I need such a dragon."

Hearing the word "hunch," Viserys's face darkened, and he said sternly, "There are very few dragons in the House, and most of them already have owners."

"I know." Baelon lowered his head in disappointment. Dragons all have owners, and he didn't want a dragon without one.

Viserys thought for a moment, then said to Rhaegar, "Take Baelon to see Silverwing. It is an adult dragon, too. Although not as large as others, it is old enough and strong enough to suppress three generations of dragons in the House."

"I will," Rhaegar promised.

Baelon was less than enthusiastic. Silverwing was only slightly larger than Sheepstealer, and compared to the Cannibal, Vhagar, and Dreamfyre, it was far inferior.

"You don't like it?" Viserys noticed the expression on the little one's face, and a flash of inspiration crossed his mind. He smiled and said, "If you don't have a dragon when you become an adult, it may prove that you have another destiny."

"What do you mean?" Baelon didn't understand.

Viserys shook his head, laughing as he stroked Baelon's head. "When I die and if you still haven't found a dragon you like, my dragon can be yours."

Chapter 570: The Wall and the Night's Watch

Bronze Fury - Vermithor



Baelon was stunned by the news, and tears welled up in his eyes. Viserys reached out to wipe them away, smiling. "Why are you crying?"

"I don't want your dragon." Baelon's face tightened, and he choked up.

Viserys, puzzled, leaned down to look at the little boy. Baelon wiped his tears and muttered, "If I ride your dragon, it means you're already dead."

Viserys' heart softened.

"I don't want you to die." Baelon's head hung low. "I don't want anyone to die either."

To Baelon, if riding an adult dragon meant the death of a loved one; he would rather only ride a horse for the rest of his life.

"You have raised a fine child," someone remarked.

Viserys, moved, took his eldest son and eldest daughter's hands. "Don't disappoint the children's kindness."

Rhaegar and Rhaenyra exchanged glances, satisfaction evident in their eyes.

"My promise has always been valid," Viserys declared, propping himself up and gasping for breath. "But I will live well and watch our house continue to prosper."

Rhaegar smiled and reached out to help his father. He whispered, "Of course, you are still in your prime."

"Oh, don't try to comfort me," Viserys gasped, his laughter sounding harsh.

"No, I'm serious," Rhaegar said resolutely. "I've found a way to heal your damage to the Spirit."

The runes—Dream Eater—specialize in the Spirit. 'If my father can learn them, he should be able to heal', he thought.

Viserys, skeptical, changed the subject. "Let's go back to the Red Keep first. My grandchildren are still injured."

"Good," Rhaenyra said, wiping her eyes and helping her father to his feet.

Rhaegar, carrying his two daughters in his arms, found it inconvenient. Baelon tried to get closer, but his father gave him a look. Rhaegar assessed him. "Starting tomorrow, until the end of Aegon's wedding, you and Aemon will be staying at the royal school."

"Grand Maester Orwyle will be teaching us?" Baelon asked in surprise.

"No," Rhaegar shook his head firmly. "You won't learn anything new at the Red Keep. Maester Munkun at the Royal School will broaden your horizons."

Since its founding, the Royal School had been attended by both nobles and commoners. The only royal member to attend was Aemond, representing House Targaryen. It was time to focus on the education of future generations, especially in terms of emotional development.

"Fine," Baelon replied, dejected, wishing his burns were more serious. With Maester Munkun's strictness, visiting the Dragonpit would be difficult.

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## The Next Day

The weather was clear and cloudless over the Red Keep. In the princess's bedroom, the ticking of a clock punctuated the silence. The branches of the Godswood tree reached out to the balcony, its red leaves dripping with dew, creating a crisp, pleasant sound.

Rhaegar lay on the edge of the bed, his head buried in his arm. On the bed, Daenerys lay with her eyes closed, her cheeks still flushed from her dragon ride. The little girl's temperature had risen the previous day, and the Maester had been unable to help. Rhaegar had sat by her bedside all night, sleeping in his clothes.

"Dragons..." Daenerys' eyebrows furrowed, and she muttered something in her sleep. Rhaegar immediately sensed his daughter's unusual state and he woke with a start.

"Dragons... burn them all..." Daenerys' face gradually turned pale, and she shook her head as if trying to escape. Rhaegar hurriedly woke his daughter: "Dany, wake up."

"Burn them all... burn them all..." Daenerys repeated this phrase over and over again, still in a daze. Rhaegar, anxious, resorted to extraordinary measures.

"Croak." A gray light flashed from his brow, and a gray toad leapt out. Rhaegar stroked his daughter's forehead and muttered, "The toad eats dreams, nibbling away at them."

"Croak." The toad, with its dead fish eyes, lay motionless by the pillow. Rhaegar was shocked but relieved as Daenerys slowly opened her eyes and woke from her dream.

"Father." Daenerys' eyes were confused, like a lost fawn.

"I'm here." Rhaegar dispelled the toad with a wave of his hand and hugged his frail daughter. "Are you awake? How do you feel?"

Daenerys, still dazed, snuggled into her father's arms and muttered, "I had a dream."

"What did you dream about?" Rhaegar asked, puzzled.

Daenerys blinked, then suddenly started. "I don't remember." She covered her head, trying to recall. "I dreamed about it."

"What did you dream about?" Daenerys' eyes were unfocused, her head aching as she frowned. It seemed like she had dreamed of something terrible, but she couldn't remember what it was.

Rhaegar witnessed this and patiently persuaded her: "Don't think about it. Don't let the nightmare haunt you."

Perhaps it was a premonitory dream, but a dream that cannot be recalled is like a flower in a mirror or the moon in water.

Knock, knock! The door was rapped upon, and Erryk's voice came through: "Your Grace, someone is visiting from The North."

Rhaegar frowned and replied, "I know. Wait a moment."

"Yes, Your Grace." The footsteps outside the door grew distant and quiet.

"Father."

Rhaegar looked down, meeting Daenerys's timid gaze. She hesitated for a moment and whispered, "Is Stormcloud okay?"

She must have tamed the silver dragon. Rhaegar smiled. "He's fine. When you've recovered, you can go to the Dragonpit to see him."

"Okay," Daenerys agreed.

"Before that, the Princess needs to get up and wash up." Rhaegar winked and picked up his soft daughter. "You are already the master of Stormcloud. You will be just like Anna."

"Where is Anna?" Daenerys thought of her sister, who was very close to her.

"They went to the royal school." Rhaegar put a coat on his daughter and walked out holding her. "You will have to go there too."

"Ah?" Daenerys was stunned for a moment.

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The Council Chamber at Noon

The sun was high in the sky, casting its light over the Council Chamber as Rhaegar entered with a blank expression. "Your Grace, Your Grace..." Two middle-aged Night's Watchmen in black robes and unshaven faces bowed. Rhaegar nodded lightly, his eyes falling on Lyonel, who was entertaining an elderly man with graying hair from the North.

Lyonel introduced, "Your Grace, this is Lord Roderick Dustin of Barrowton." Before he could continue, the elderly Roderick bowed and said in a deep voice, "Your Grace, I come on behalf of my liege, Lord Cregan Stark of Winterfell."

Lyonel, interrupted mid-speech, licked his lips in irritation. "The people of the North are really rude and unreasonable", he thought.

Rhaegar smiled and said teasingly, "Please rise. This is not the first time we have met, old Roderick."

"Ha ha, yes, Your Grace." Roderick, a large man, laughed like thunder from the Flatlands.

Rhaegar sat at his desk, covered with a letter bearing the seal of a direwolf. He opened it and said, "Cregan is a very busy man. What trouble has he encountered that requires you to come in person?"

After the Gods Eye tournament, the young Cregan had become famous and gained much popularity in the North. In 126 AC, at the age of 16, Cregan became an adult. His uncle, Bennard Stark, refused to relinquish power and insisted on continuing as Regent.

Cregan, strong-willed and embodying the indomitable spirit of House Stark, quickly staged a coup, summoned his vassals, arrested his uncle Bennard, and sent him and his descendants to the Wall to serve as the Night's Watch. Rhaegar admired his decisive actions and wrote to him to express his condolences. Over time, the two men became reluctant pen pals.

Roderick stared at Rhaegar and spoke loudly, "Your Grace, Lord Cregan is a kind man, but he is in too much trouble."

"Just tell me what you want," Lyonel said, pouring a glass of red wine. "I believe Lord Cregan has already given you his instructions."

Rhaegar glanced at the two men and opened the envelope. Roderick, choked with emotion, pulled two Night's Watchmen forward and said in a low voice, "They know the specific problems better than I do."

"Night's Watch?" Lyonel's eyes flashed with curiosity. "The guards of the Great Wall, what is the matter that has disturbed you to come south?"

"Lord, the situation is critical," a middle-aged man spoke up, his weathered face serious. "We are in the North, and I don't know if you in the South have discovered a problem."

"What?" Lyonel asked curiously.

The middle-aged man walked to the window and pointed at the golden sun, saying solemnly, "The Kingdom has been through seven summers since the Gods Eye Tournament in 121 AC."

Rhaegar's eyebrows raised at this. Lyonel continued, "Westeros has a changeable climate, and it is not uncommon to have several consecutive summers."

The climate of the continent of Westeros is unpredictable and does not follow the rules. Except for the North and Dorne, which are perpetually cold and hot, the rest of the land experiences indistinguishable seasons. Sometimes it's spring, with warm and pleasant weather. Sometimes it's summer, which is good for farming. In the North, there have been long winters lasting more than a decade, taking the lives of many nobles and commoners.

The middle-aged man shook his head and said bitterly, "We don't dislike summer. The long summer has warmed the temperature of the Wall, and the Night's Watch brothers have been much better off. But this long summer is unprecedented, and we fear what it portends for the future."

The middle-aged man wiped his face, his eyes filled with hatred. "Seven years of summer allowed the wildlings beyond the Wall to regroup and attack us in an organized manner. We've lost many men."

Rhaegar finished reading the letter and closed his eyes in deep thought. Roderick pushed the Night's Watchman aside and said earnestly, "Your Grace, the wildlings are attacking in large numbers, and the North needs the Kingdom's assistance."

Rhaegar nodded slightly, already aware of the situation from the letter. Cregan had made three requests: to plunder the dungeons of the Red Keep and send the prisoners to the Wall to serve as Night's Watchmen, to call on the second sons of the nobility or commoners to join the ranks of the Night's Watch, and to send an army to support the Wall against the wildlings. Additionally, he requested funds from the treasury to help with equipment and food for the Night's Watch.

Rhaegar thought for a moment, then gestured for Lyonel to come closer and asked, "How much did my father provide the Night's Watch with during his reign?"

Lyonel straightened up and replied in a serious tone, "During the reign of Viserys I, supplies were provided to the Night's Watch three times, each time no less than 2,000 gold dragons. During the reign of the Old King, supplies were provided 17 times, and two pieces of land within the Great Wall were given as gifts. The brave Baelon, who served as Hand of the King, also provided supplies twice and patrolled the Wall once on a dragon."

Roderick and the two Night's Watch members listened, their hearts pounding. The kingdom had provided so much help to the Night's Watch, and now they were asking the new king for more

supplies. High investment, zero return. If this continues, it will be hard for the new king not to think they are greedy.

The three of them were speechless, waiting for the new king's decision. Rhaegar pondered for a moment and then decided with a clap of his hands, "My ancestors all helped fund the Wall, so I can't be an exception. The prisoners in the dungeon can be taken with you, and the supplies in the letter will be doubled and paid directly from the treasury."

In any case, the Wall cannot be compromised.