

GAME OF THRONES: I AM THE HEIR FOR A DAY

Chapter 6: Ancient Valyrian

"Let's start exploring!"

Faced with another exploration mission, Rhaegar could not resist the opportunity. The silent urge within him flared as the progress panel for the Dragonhorn Dagger appeared.

[Valyrian Steel Dagger]

Exploration progress: 2.5%

"Alright!"

Rhaegar cheered inwardly, a broad grin spreading across his face.

Declining Rhaenyra's request to see the dragon's horn dagger, Rhaegar feigned fatigue, claiming he needed to sleep.

"Fine, snuggle up with your dagger, you miser," Rhaenyra scoffed.

Rubbing the dark circles under his eyes, Rhaegar nestled into his sister's embrace, yawning as he pleaded with his father, "I'll return the dagger before we disembark, I promise."

"Sure, just don't start wielding it in your dreams," Viserys teased, relieved to see his son's improved energy.

Has it really been so long since I've seen my eldest? He seems more animated these days, not out of breath after a few words. Viserys relished his role as father.

...

The wagon rumbled on, the hours ticking by until the sun was high in the sky.

"Exploration complete, please claim your reward."

The carriage stopped just as Rhaegar was awakened by the system prompt, a tickle at the tip of his nose.

He opened his eyes to find Rhaenyra playfully tickling his nose with a strand of silver hair.

"Sis, you're such a bore."

Pushing himself upright, Rhaegar realized he was resting on a chair, his head in Rhaenyra's lap.

"We have arrived at the camp. The ministers are waiting outside to greet us," Rhaenyra informed him, urging her brother to wake.

Rhaegar snapped to attention and quickly checked the system panel.

[Valyrian Steel Dagger]

Exploration progress: 100%

He focused on the dragon horn dagger in his hand, a blue light ball sticking to the handle of the dragon horn.

Looking around the carriage, he noticed that no one else seemed to see the sudden blue glow.

"It seems I'm the only one who can see it."

Regardless of his mood, Rhaegar breathed a sigh of relief, secretly enjoying this unique ability.

He liked the feeling of exclusivity.

When he touched the blue ball of light, it disintegrated into tiny specks of light and sank into his hand as before.

"Father, here's the dagger," Rhaegar said as Viserys, accompanied by Alicent, straightened his clothes.

"Ask your sister to smooth the folds of your dress, you cannot be rude before the ministers."

Viserys tied it neatly around his waist and admonished him to be presentable.

Not exactly gentle, Rhaenyra pulled him over to her and smiled as she brushed his silver hair, frizzed from sleep.

Seizing the moment, Rhaegar glanced at the system panel.

"The relic has been successfully retrieved and the evaluation is underway..."

"The evaluation is complete, the relic is rated excellent, "A Sage's Warning"."

"Would you like to activate this relic?"

"Excellent, huh?"

Rega pondered the different ratings on the panel.

The previously explored dragon's legacy was considered legendary, its relic halo red.

This exploration, rated excellent, had a blue relic halo.

"It seems that relics are graded differently, from low to high. The legendary level taps into the bloodline of the ancient Valyrian Dragonlords, a truly precious find."

Recognizing the changes wrought by [Blood and Fire], Rhaegar silently thanked Balerion for his kindness.

"Activate the relic."

He thought silently, and a line of text appeared on the system panel.

"Congratulations, the Sage's Warning has been successfully activated. You have received..."

[Old Valyrian Language Proficiency]

Level: Excellent (Blue) Function: Proficiency in the Old Valyrian Language

Evaluation: "Learning a language will never be a disadvantage."

As he read the text, a wave seemed to shoot up from his tailbone to his crown.

Rhaegar shivered as his mind filled with knowledge of Old Valyrian, from basic to advanced.

The language seemed to take root and blossom in his brain, as natural as breathing.

"Rhaegar, are you all right?"

Noticing his discomfort, Rhaenyra inquired quietly.

He shook his head vigorously. "No, I'm fine," he insisted, slapping his chest to emphasize his well-being.

"Come on, we've kept the ministers waiting long enough. Show some grace."

Viserys, with Blackfyre at his waist, stepped out of the carriage first, greeted by cheers from the crowd.

"Let's go, children," Alicent whispered, leading the way.

Rhaenyra frowned at the term, uncomfortable with being addressed as a child. They had been childhood friends, confidants, until the death of their mother in

childbirth caused Alicent to marry their father. Now she spoke to them in the same tone she used with her own children. It was utterly repulsive.

Scowling, Rhaenyra pulled Rhaegar from the carriage with her.

Compared to the adulation showered on the king, the reception for Rhaenyra, the rightful heir, was lukewarm.

Meanwhile, Alicent, accompanied by the three princes and princesses, smiled and exchanged pleasantries with the noblewomen, some even whispering "Long live Prince Aegon" in a show of ingratitude, drawing a crowd of supporters for the younger prince while ignoring the legitimate heir, Rhaenyra, and the king's eldest son, Rhaegar.

Forced to smile, Rhaenyra followed Viserys, feigning indifference.
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Beneath Rhaegar's exterior, a sweet smile masked his turmoil. Though pale with dark circles under his eyes, he maintained his composure.

"I'm fine, Rhaegar," Rhaenyra assured him in a hushed tone. "I know the Targaryens never back down."

Rhaegar agreed quietly, but his eyes turned to the source of the disrespectful remarks.

Within seconds, he identified the culprit: a man with curly blond hair and a prominent nose, and an elderly woman standing beside him.

He appeared to be a knight, adept with a bow and a horse.

"I'll remember you, big-nosed fool," Rhaegar swore silently. Who asked him to have such a big nose? Just looking at it made him want to throw a punch!

...

As the warm welcome faded, the camp erupted in celebration.

Tables groaned under the weight of assorted drinks, fruit, and cakes for the nobles and their families who had participated in the hunt.

Viserys took his seat in the main tent and accepted greetings from the ministers.

Rhaenyra and Rhaegar joined him, but Rhaenyra was interrupted by a white-haired, well-dressed elderly woman who turned the conversation to the rumors of the Stepstones.

Apparently, a noblewoman had been kidnapped by pirates and fed to crabs.

As Rhaenyra approached, she was drawn into the conversation, only to find herself questioned about Daemon's private war and her claim to the inheritance.

"Mrs. Gilra, Daemon is only to blame, the princess is more suited for the position of heir." Alicent intervened and sat down beside the old woman.

The current king was Viserys, her husband.

Whether the position of heir goes to Rhaenyra or her children is a matter of family competition.

Since Daemon had long been excluded from the line of succession, Alicent refused to consider his claim to the throne.

Mrs. Gilra turned her attention to Daemon's war, blaming him for dragging the kingdom into conflict.

"For the sake of this unnecessary war, the kingdom was dragged down by your uncle to send fleets and soldiers to completely eradicate the Three Daughters."

"This required countless manpower and resources, and sacrificed the lives of many soldiers."

It looks like this conversation is far from over.