

G.O Thrones 691

Chapter 691: The True Face of Quaithe

Shadow Lands, Asshai.

Dark clouds hung low over the city, casting an oppressive gloom on the low stone houses scattered throughout. A faintly foul odor clung to the air. The streets were filthy and disorderly, lined with homeless beggars kneeling on either side, their hollow eyes fixed on the ground.

The passersby moved through the streets, cold and indifferent. Each one wore a scarlet mask covering their face, their figures draped in black robes that hid their identities. To the world, Asshai was as it appeared—forsaken and sinister.

In a corner of the city, closer to the coastline, there was a bustling pocket of life. Street shops still thrived here, and a few taverns and inns had taken root. Among them stood the Red Grape Inn.

Its door stood bleak and unwelcoming until a figure cloaked in a red robe entered, her steps quiet, her face concealed beneath the shadow of a black-haired hood.

Creak!

The red priestess moved purposefully up the stairs, heading to the second floor, where she pushed open a door.

“What’s happening outside?”

Varys, his bald head glinting faintly, stood by the door, tattooed hands braced to close it as his watchful eyes scanned the corridor beyond. Here, in the Shadow Lands, caution was second nature.

“No one’s ever seen injuries like these,” she replied, a note of resignation coloring her otherwise charming face. “They refuse to enter and help.”

Varys shrugged, unsurprised. “Figured as much,” he said, nodding for her to enter.

The room reeked of must and was crowded with their party. Daeron, his silver hair tied back with a rough hemp rope, prepared a bowl of herbal medicine and placed it on the table, gesturing for his brother to drink.

“No need to trouble yourself,” said Rhaegar, his face pale as he leaned against the side of the bed, utterly undeterred.

Reaching Asshai had only reaffirmed the prophecy’s accuracy. Whatever tricks the Night King had up his sleeve, they hadn’t succeeded in killing him.

The red priestess watched the king, her expression hesitant before she spoke. “Your Grace, Asshai has an Alchemist’s Guild—a place where wizards from across the world come together.”

“Is it dangerous?” Rhaegar asked, understanding her unspoken concern.

The red priestess nodded. “Many who delve deeply into the occult are haunted. Their spirits suffer from years spent lurking in the shadows, cut off from daylight.”

To put it plainly, they might encounter madmen.

Rhaegar's gaze shifted as he contemplated the risks, his thoughts drifting to the idea of a dragon's fire razing Asshai. Three days of confinement in this inn had left him detesting the place.

If Westeros was the winter that had exiled the Targaryens, and Valyria the volcano that had forged them, then the Shadow Lands were sewers infested with rot. Every breath he took felt like a heavy paste coating his throat, clogging his senses.

The red priestess and Varys waited in silence, respecting the king's deliberation. Daeron stood nearby, helpless, a stranger to magic and unable to offer guidance.

A heavy silence filled the room as the sky outside the window darkened, sinking further into night.

Knock, knock!

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door.

"Who is it?"

Varys removed his hands from his sleeves, cast a glance at the unperturbed king, and slowly moved toward the door.

Rhaegar, expressionless, pushed himself up from the balcony railing. Asshai was filled with danger; no one would knock on the door without a reason. The interruption served as a reminder of his need for vigilance.

There was no answer from the other side, so Varys pulled a short dagger from his robes, advancing cautiously before swiftly opening the door.

A woman, scantily dressed and wearing a golden mask, stood on the threshold.

Rhaegar's eyes flickered with recognition. "Quaithe!"

The Golden Mask Witch of the Great Meereen Arena.

"I'm glad you remember me, Your Grace." Quaithe's gaze was intense, and she inclined her head, her demeanor far more respectful than during their last meeting.

"You're here... but don't tell me it's to help?" Rhaegar ventured, recalling their last encounter. He gestured for Daeron to stay back and, dragging his half-stiffened body, slowly approached her.

"I have come to aid the Prince That Was Promised."

A slight smile played across the golden mask of Quaithe, giving her the air of a noble lady. "With winter and darkness coming, we need a flame."

Rhaegar stared at her for a long moment, then fastened his sword to his waist. He believed her; he felt she was telling the truth.

"Your Grace!" The red priestess raised her hand, stepping forward, suspicion plain in her eyes as she scrutinized the golden witch who had appeared so unexpectedly.

"It's fine," Rhaegar assured her. "She, too, hails from Westeros."

He tugged at the corner of his mouth, attempting a smile, though his expression barely shifted. Instead, he chose to be direct. "Isn't that right, Lady Elissa Farman of Fair Isle?"

"What?" Daeron interjected, his eyes narrowing.

Elissa Farman—a name known well within House Targaryen’s history. She had been the companion and close friend of Rhaena Targaryen, the “Queen Mother,” only to betray her at a critical time.

She had stolen three dragon eggs birthed by Dreamfyre and sold them to finance a ship large enough to explore beyond the known world. Because of her actions, Daeron’s great-great-grandfather, Jaehaerys, had nearly waged war against the Sealord of Braavos in pursuit of those eggs.

Bearing this family grudge, Daeron’s gaze hardened as he regarded the Golden Witch. By now, the traitor should have been long dead. Yet, the mysterious woman before him had skin as fair and smooth as a Maiden’s.

"Calm yourself, Daeron," Rhaegar commanded, his voice steady as he halted his companion. He studied the witch, as if attempting to read her mind.

He spoke with confidence for a reason. Her prophecy had hinted at a purpose behind her arrival, a purpose aligned with aiding him now. Her familiarity with House Targaryen’s legacy could only have been cultivated through years of close proximity.

And combined with her faintly concealed Westerlands accent, there were only a few plausible answers.

Quaithe bowed her head in silence for a moment, then whispered, “Your Grace, it seems my disguise has been uncovered.”

She had confessed her identity.

Rhaegar’s thoughts raced, though he forced himself to remain calm. “So, you truly have traveled the world and found a way to prolong life?”

No one could remain ageless without magic.

“You need not guess—I am not granted the lifespan of an immortal,” Quaithe murmured as she slowly removed the golden mask from her face. Beneath it, her once fair skin visibly aged, transforming her into a hunched, crone-like figure with a hoarse, rasping voice. “But I am a prisoner, lingering on in vain.”

As she spoke, her body shriveled quickly, as though deflating with each breath. Rhaegar couldn’t hide his surprise.

Replacing the golden mask, Quaithe gradually returned to her youthful appearance and bowed again. “Your Grace, I know of a treasure left behind by the Dragonlords that can aid you in your trials.”

“Lead the way,” Rhaegar replied crisply.

His perception of Quaithe was shifting. Whatever resentments remained over the stolen dragon eggs had softened, especially after he’d recovered Iragaxys and Thunderstrider.

As they stepped outside, Quaithe rested her hands on her stomach and spoke, “Rhaena was my dearest friend after the fall, and I never wanted things to end as they did.”

Rhaegar kept walking, uninterested in his elders’ old grievances.

Quaithe looked up, her gaze softening. “The dragons that perished did not rot in the earth but were reborn in fire. I have recovered the last dragon egg for you.”

“Aemon?” Rhaegar’s face flushed with a trace of color as he thought instantly of his second son, who had been lost at Shipbreaker Bay. That child had fulfilled the prophecy.

“The young dragon has emerged from its shell and has already grown,” Quaithe said, bowing as she passed the king. She didn’t spell it out, but her words left little to doubt.

...

Under the shadow.

The barren mountains surrounding Asshai loomed darkly.

“Roar...”

A deep, muffled roar parted the rolling dark clouds as a great black wing sliced through the sky. The dragon landed with a powerful thud, exerting its massive weight on the summit.

With a rumble and a roar, rocks tumbled down the mountainside, and red-hot lava oozed through newly formed cracks, creating a smoking cavern.

The Cannibal’s green eyes glowed faintly as it lowered its snout to catch a familiar scent, twitching slightly as it did. It sensed its rider’s approach; they were bound by a primal understanding.

The dormant volcano beneath its claws reeked of Firewyrms.

Chapter 692: A Dominant Return!

The barren mountain range stretched endlessly, its jagged peaks silhouetted against the dim sky. The caves carved into the mountainsides exuded an ominous stillness.

“Are you certain the solution lies here?” Daeron’s voice echoed faintly as he glanced around, his tone laced with doubt.

The red priestess surveyed their surroundings, her crimson robes flowing lightly in the heated breeze. “I can only sense danger,” she replied solemnly, her gaze hardening.

The natural cave ahead yawned open, its darkness impenetrable to the naked eye. A thick, scorching scent emanated from its depths, unmistakable evidence of volcanic activity beneath their feet.

Quaithe stepped forward, her voice as detached as ever. “Opportunity and danger are inseparable,” she stated, her golden veil glinting faintly in the dull light.

Rhaegar, leaning heavily on Daeron’s shoulder, interrupted the exchange with a soft but firm command. “Save your strength for the journey. Focus on the task ahead.”

Quaithe turned her head slightly, her veiled eyes regarding him. She nodded in silence.

The young king’s condition was grave. His body fought against the cold poison coursing through his veins, with his fiery blood serving as his only defense. Yet, he grew weaker with each passing moment.

The group pressed onward, a tense silence enveloping them as they navigated the treacherous path. Suddenly, a low chant echoed from the cave's depths, the haunting sound reverberating through the darkness.

Rhaegar's weakened frame stirred, his senses as sharp as ever despite his state. "Something's wrong," he murmured, his voice faint.

Quaithe raised a hand, her expression darkening. "It's the Fallen Warlocks of Asshai," she said gravely. "This volcano provides the minerals they covet. They often conduct sacrifices to the evil gods here."

In Asshai, a place steeped in shadow and arcane knowledge, sorcerers of every kind abounded. But where light flourished, darkness thrived, and many succumbed to its allure.

"Can we avoid them?" the red priestess asked, her voice carrying a hint of hope.

Quaithe's veiled head tilted slightly. "No. The treasure lies deep within the volcano. They won't let us take it without a fight."

"But..." The priestess hesitated, torn between reluctance and necessity.

Rhaegar's sharp gaze swept over the group. Despite his frailty, his voice carried a chilling authority. "Approach quietly. Kill them all."

The others exchanged uneasy glances. The king's ruthlessness remained unchanged, even in his weakened state. Yet, his suggestion left little room for debate.

"Be careful, brother," Daeron said softly, his arm steadying Rhaegar as they prepared for the inevitable clash.

Rhaegar's lips curled into a faint smile, his breath shallow. "Take care of yourself. Or you'll have to answer to Rhaena."

With a sudden burst of heat, the red priestess conjured a flame, igniting a torch and hurling it into the cave. Its flickering light revealed a chilling sight: a dozen black-robed figures standing in a circle. At the center, a blood-drenched altar bore the mutilated remains of their latest victims. Fresh blood flowed freely, pooling at the warlocks' feet.

"Who dares disrupt the Lord of Light's sacrifice?" one of the warlocks shouted, his voice trembling with a mixture of rage and fear.

Their reaction was swift. Daggers gleamed in the torchlight as they surged forward, their murderous intent palpable.

"Strike!" Quaithe commanded, her golden blade flashing as she lunged toward the enemy. Her movements were precise and deadly, each strike cutting down a warlock with unerring accuracy.

The red priestess, less adept in combat, wielded her torch defensively, the flames keeping her attackers at bay.

Daeron turned to check on his brother, but Rhaegar was already gone.

Amid the chaos, Rhaegar's figure blazed like a dark flame. His family sword, Blackfyre, arced through the air, cutting down enemies with terrifying ease. Black fire danced along his blade, consuming the darkness around him.

Pop! Pop!

In mere moments, most of the warlocks lay dead, their blood seeping into the volcanic stone.

One of the surviving warlocks shrieked in desperation, "He is a heretic of the Lord of Light! Sacrifice him to the flames!"

Rhaegar's dual-colored eyes—one wreathed in frost, the other burning with black fire—met the warlock's gaze. His voice was as cold as death itself. "I don't believe in gods."

Dragging his nearly paralyzed body forward, he swung Blackfyre with deadly precision, severing the warlock's head in a single stroke.

The battle left the group weary but victorious. An hour later, Rhaegar's strength gave out. He collapsed into Daeron's arms, his pallor stark against the dim cave light.

"We need to move quickly," Quaithe urged, her blade gleaming with freshly shed blood. "Others will come."

She led the way deeper into the cavern, where the air grew hotter with every step. The red priestess followed, her robes scorched and disheveled. Together, they navigated the narrow passage, the bodies of fallen warlocks marking their path.

Finally, they reached the base of the volcano.

A rumbling echoed through the chamber, and the red glow of molten lava cast eerie shadows on the walls. Thick steam rose from the bubbling magma, the suffocating heat enveloping the group as they stood at the threshold of their goal.

"Cough, cough..." Harsh, acrid smoke filled the air, forcing everyone but Quaithe and Rhaegar to stagger back, choking on the stifling fumes. Even Daeron struggled to catch his breath, his body heaving as he inhaled the oppressive haze.

"You all need to leave," Rhaegar ordered, his voice weak but unyielding. He pushed Daeron's supporting hands away, steadying himself as he took a faltering step toward the crater.

"Brother, you can't—" Daeron began, but Rhaegar cut him off with a sharp glance, his determination silencing further protest.

Ahead, the cavern opened to reveal a circular altar surrounded by a seething ring of magma. The heat shimmered in waves, distorting the air and making it nearly impossible to focus. On the altar rested a set of black armor, gleaming ominously amidst the fiery glow.

"That's it?" Rhaegar's voice sharpened, his eyes narrowing as he recognized the armor from his dreams.

The armor was like no other—Valyrian steel, impossibly thin yet exuding an air of unbreakable strength. Its surface was as dark as the void, with intricate runes carved into the metal. Crimson borders traced its edges, and noble rubies sparkled like captured embers. It was a masterpiece of both craftsmanship and sorcery, a relic that seemed to transcend the mortal world.

Quaithe stood beside him, her expression somber beneath the golden veil. “Everything bears a sign,” she intoned, her voice carrying an almost prophetic weight. “You are destined to have it.”

Rhaegar scanned the crater, his gaze tracing the ten-meter expanse of molten rock separating the altar from solid ground. The magma churned restlessly, a searing barrier teeming with danger. And beneath the surface, he could sense them—Firewyrms. The ancient creatures slumbered within the molten depths, their presence a looming threat.

“How do we reach it?” he asked, his tone calm but laced with urgency.

“Sacrifice,” Quaithe replied without hesitation, her voice cutting through the sweltering air like a blade.

Rhaegar froze, startled. “Sacrifice? What does that mean?”

Quaithe’s tone grew graver as she elaborated. “The Fallen Warlocks worship the Lord of Light. They pacify the Firewyrms with sacrifices, feeding them blood to lull them into a dormant state. Only then can the altar be approached safely.”

Rhaegar was silent, his mind racing as he considered the implications. At last, he turned to leave. “I’ll tell Daeron and the others to bring the bodies of the warlocks.”

“No,” Quaithe said sharply, her fatigue evident even through her usual poise. “Those bodies are tainted by dark magic. They will only provoke the Firewyrms further.”

Rhaegar paused, his gaze shifting to Quaithe. He studied her closely, his eyes searching for answers beneath the inscrutable veil. Her words hung heavy in the air, their meaning sinking in.

Quaithe smiled faintly, a weary but resolute expression crossing her face. “The Lord of Light has chosen me,” she said softly. “This treasure is meant for you, Your Grace. I will retrieve it.”

Rhaegar opened his mouth, but no words came. He didn’t understand—couldn’t comprehend the depths of her devotion or the cost of her choice. Was this the price of her borrowed life? The mask that granted her ageless beauty and boundless wisdom now demanded its toll.

“The golden mask binds freedom,” he thought, his chest tightening. “And gives only what it must take away.”

Quaithe seemed to sense his turmoil. She reached up, unfastening her golden mask with steady hands. For the first time, Rhaegar saw her face—delicate, serene, and undeniably beautiful. But as the moments passed, her features began to wither, the years she had defied catching up in a cruel, unrelenting tide. Her voice, once rich and measured, grew hoarse and brittle.

“Your Grace,” she rasped, her lips trembling as she spoke. “Tell Rhaena that I found the other half of the Western Continent... and that I regret I couldn’t tell her myself.”

She turned to the altar, her pale lips moving in a whispered chant. The words of the sacrifice spell echoed faintly, barely audible over the roiling magma.

Before Rhaegar could stop her, Quaithe stepped forward. Her frail body leaned back, her movements deliberate and resolute.

Plop!

The sound was sickeningly soft, like a branch snapping and falling into a still pond. A small plume of grey smoke rose where she vanished, and the magma hissed and bubbled as though swallowing her whole.

Rhaegar stood motionless, his body as heavy as lead. He stared at the spot where Quaithe had disappeared, the silence pressing down on him like a weight. He couldn't grasp the depths of her sacrifice, couldn't fully understand why she had chosen this path.

But he respected it.

...

The next morning, the oppressive gloom of the mountains remained unchanged, as if eternal.

“Roar!”

The cry of a massive black dragon shattered the silence, its roar reverberating through the rocky peaks. The colossal creature, over 200 meters long, leapt from the mountain's summit and landed with a ground-shaking crash. Dust and debris billowed into the air, obscuring the scene momentarily.

As the dust settled, figures emerged from the cave. At the forefront stood a tall man clad in armor that seemed almost alive, shrouded in black mist with crimson-lined edges. The intricate Valyrian steel gleamed faintly in the dim light, exuding both beauty and menace. His long silvery-gold hair cascaded to his waist, glinting like molten light against the dark backdrop.

“It's dawn,” Rhaegar said softly, gazing up at the faint glow piercing the perpetual haze. He exhaled slowly, his breath steady and composed.

In the next moment, a dark, otherworldly energy radiated from him. The Blackfyre surged, enveloping his form. Horns of black bone sprouted from his flawless forehead, and a thin layer of black scales covered his cheeks and neck. His once-violet eyes transformed into sharp, vertical pupils glowing with a deep, unsettling hue.

With this transformation, the icy damage inflicted by the Night King vanished completely, replaced by a surge of unparalleled power.

Rhaegar Targaryen

Talent: Dreamer (Gold)

Bloodline: Dragonborn (90%)

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

Blood Sorcery: Bat Worm (Blue), Dance of Dragons (Purple)...

Relics: Fire and Blood, Dreamscape, Protection of the Sea Dragon...

Special Items: Space Necklace, Dragonhorn (Mastered), Valyrian Armor (Mastered)

Evaluation: “A true dragon, on par with the gods.”

Rhaegar’s gaze lingered on the evaluation. His purple pupils, flecked with gold, remained calm and unwavering.

The Valyrian steel armor had unlocked the ancient potential buried deep within his bloodline, elevating it to 90%. This development pushed the boundaries of the ancient Valyrian Dragonlord bloodline to their absolute peak. In the long history of this world, no Dragonborn had ever reached such a level.

His eyes paused at the evaluation column, and a faint smirk touched his lips. “If they are on par with gods, does that not make them gods?” he murmured to himself.

He clenched his fist experimentally, feeling the immense strength coursing through his veins. With the transformation, he had glimpsed secrets long hidden within his bloodline—truths encoded in the essence of the Dragonlords. Their power was not a creation of sorcery or manipulation but a primal force intrinsic to humanity, as natural as the giants or the Children of the Forest.

But the knowledge came with a cost. To push the bloodline beyond 90%, to the mythical 100%, meant losing one’s humanity. The “person” would cease to exist, replaced by something unrecognizable.

Rhaegar’s focus returned to the present as the red priestess spoke, her voice hesitant. “Your Grace, what are your orders now?”

She looked lost, her expression still tinged with sorrow over Quaithe’s sacrifice. Though she, too, believed in the Lord of Light, the loss felt heavy—a reminder of the fragile line between faith and personal cost.

Rhaegar frowned slightly, his golden-tinged pupils narrowing as he gazed into the distance. With a flicker of will, he activated Dreamscape. Instantly, his consciousness surged outward, tearing through the barriers of space.

His vision raced across the lands, reaching the farthest northern stretches of the world.

The Shivering Sea spread out below, a vast expanse of dark, frigid waters littered with jagged icebergs. The polar wind howled, carrying the wails of the undead, and the sea itself seemed alive with an eerie stillness.

Above the icy waters, a pale skeletal dragon soared, its decayed wings struggling against the bitter cold. On its back sat the Night King, his icy blue eyes fixed on the endless expanse of mist ahead.

Time seemed to stretch as the ghoul dragon glided onward, eventually entering the cold, shifting fog. Then, a sound broke the silence—an ancient, primal howl that shook the very air.

The Night King’s body tensed. His ice-blue eyes scanned the mist warily, his hand resting on the skeletal dragon’s decayed neck. Even he could feel the immense power within the fog.

Clang!

The water beneath them surged violently as a towering wave rose, scattering icebergs like leaves in a storm. From the mist emerged a colossal form, its sheer size dwarfing the dead dragon. The creature’s head alone was massive enough to obscure the undead beast entirely.

The Night King turned his gaze slowly, his frozen features betraying a rare flicker of tension.

A legendary Ice Dragon emerged fully from the mist, its white scales glistening like carved diamonds. Each scale resembled a razor-sharp ice cone, and its body radiated an intense cold that seemed to freeze the very air. The dragon's ice-blue pupils, narrowed and piercing, locked onto the Night King.

The skeletal dragon faltered under the Ice Dragon's gaze, and the Night King's clawed hand twitched as he began to gesture. The vision blurred and ended abruptly.

...

Rhaegar's eyes snapped open, his body jolting slightly as the weight of the vision settled over him.

The red priestess stepped closer, concern etched across her face. "Your Grace?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"I'm fine," Rhaegar assured her, his tone steady. He reached out, running a hand over the dark scales of the dragon beside him. The creature rumbled softly, its green eyes glinting with an otherworldly intelligence.

Rhaegar smiled faintly. "My friend, it seems we've found an opponent worthy of our strength."

The dragon, known as the Cannibal, growled in response. Its thick neck swayed, and its maw, filled with jagged teeth, dripped foul saliva.

"Very good," Rhaegar said with a low chuckle. "We'll need all the spirit we can muster."

With a decisive wave, he issued the order. "Let's go. Back to Westeros!"

"Yes, Your Grace!" the red priestess replied, the group rallying behind him as they prepared for the journey ahead.

The Cannibal let out a deafening roar, the sound echoing across the desolate mountains as the dragon took flight.

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The Riverlands, Trident River Basin.

The vast encampment of the Westerlands army, 50,000 strong, sprawled across the plains. The golden lion banner of House Lannister fluttered proudly in the wind, a symbol of their might. On either side of the main force, thousands of cavalymen stood in formation, poised like coiled vipers, their armor glinting in the midday sun.

Opposite them, the Riverlands coalition, a ragtag force of 10,000 men, struggled to hold formation. Without cavalry to counter the Lannister flanks, they relied solely on spearmen and archers, their lines thin and vulnerable.

"Attack!"

The Lannister commander's shout echoed across the field, and the golden-armored soldiers began their advance in disciplined square formations.

At the head of the army, Lord Jason Lannister, adorned in ostentatious golden armor atop a snow-white horse, surveyed the battlefield with a smug grin. "The Riverlands coalition will do nothing but wail and weep under my army," he declared, laughing boisterously.

Behind him, a heavy carriage carried an enormous iron cage. Inside, a yellow lion—the Lannisters' pride and symbol—lay trembling, its growls pitiful rather than fierce. Jason turned and frowned at the creature. "Why isn't it roaring? Where's its fighting spirit?" he muttered.

The Lannisters had their lion, and the Targaryens their dragons. Jason had scoffed at the comparison many times before. After all, who would fear something caged?

But his thoughts were interrupted.

"Roar..."

A thunderous, otherworldly sound tore through the battlefield. It was no lion's roar but something far more primal, far more devastating. Jason froze, his laughter dying in his throat.

Looking up, his eyes widened in terror as dark green scales filled his vision. A vast shadow blotted out the sun, plunging him and his retinue into darkness.

Before Jason could react, a clear, commanding voice rang out from the sky.

"Dracarys, Uragax!"

A green torrent of Dragonfire rained down, engulfing the Lannister encampment. Boom! The explosion scattered Jason's 2,000 personal guards like leaves in a storm.

The golden lion banner of House Lannister vanished in the blaze, along with the gilded tents and the iron cage. The lion within—once the symbol of Lannister pride—was reduced to ash. The air filled with the acrid stench of scorched flesh and metal.

High above, Prince Baelon Targaryen sat astride Uragax, his expression as cold and unyielding as the firestorm he unleashed. His dragon-taming whip snapped through the air as he issued his next command.

"Dracarys!"

"Roar!"

Uragax's mighty roar was soon echoed by two more as Vhagar and Vermithor descended from the clouds. The two ancient dragons, their immense forms casting long shadows, dove toward the battlefield, their fury unleashed upon the Lannister forces.

Boom! Boom!

Under Baelon's deliberate control, the three dragons obliterated every Lannister position marked by their banners.

Vhagar, in particular, was merciless. Her cold, calculating eyes betrayed no emotion as she decimated the scattering troops with a ruthlessness honed through centuries of war. Her first rider, Queen Visenya Targaryen, had once commanded her in the conquest of Westeros, burning fields and

armies alike in what became known as “The Fire that Consumes the Fields.” Now, the same fate had come for the Lannisters.

Hours passed, and the battlefield became a charred wasteland. The once-proud banners of House Lannister lay in ashes, and their armies had been reduced to scattered remnants. Baelon soared above it all, Uragax gliding effortlessly through the smoky air.

The combined Riverlands coalition, too small to capture all the retreating Lannister forces, struggled to hold the battlefield. The tide of the battle was turning, but the end had not yet come.

Suddenly, the sound of galloping hooves filled the air.

“Knights of the Vale, charge!”

Across the river, a force of 10,000 cavalry, bearing the crescent moon and eagle banner of House Arryn, stormed onto the battlefield. The Vale knights rode fearlessly through the rushing waters, splitting into two groups to encircle the retreating Lannister forces.

With their arrival, the fate of the Westerlands army was sealed. The Riverlands coalition surged forward, their morale restored by the sudden reinforcements.

Above the battlefield, an elegant silver dragon descended gracefully, its polished scales gleaming like molten silver. Its rider, Daenerys Targaryen, surveyed the battlefield from her lofty vantage point. Her silver hair, braided back tightly, glinted in the sunlight, and her petite frame was clad in armor of black and red, bearing the sigils of House Targaryen.

Baelon looked up, his sharp eyes meeting hers across the smoky sky.

Daenerys nodded curtly, her expression a mixture of pride and defiance. She had brought the Knights of the Vale to ensure victory. With their combined might, the remnants of the Lannister forces would not survive.

As her dragon circled above, Daenerys’s unspoken message was clear:

As long as a Targaryen breathes, the Iron Throne remains unshaken.

...

The shores of Dragonstone were alive with the sound of crashing waves. The sea spray glistened in the pale morning light as a small boat nudged onto the beach. From within, three dark-robed figures stepped onto the shore—two adults and a child.

“Prince, you should call for aid like the heir prince did. Sunspear and Oldtown won’t hold out much longer,” one of the figures urged. He removed his hood, revealing the solemn face of Erryk Cargyll, a knight of the Kingsguard.

The second robed figure followed suit, revealing himself to be Arryk Cargyll, Erryk’s twin and fellow Kingsguard. “Summerhall’s location is critical,” Arryk added, his tone heavy with concern. “You don’t need to risk your life.”

Despite their pleas, the small figure in the black robe ignored them. Without a word, he sprinted up the path toward the towering Dragonmont, the volcanic mountain that loomed over Dragonstone like a sentinel.

A gust of sea wind whipped back his hood, revealing his face.

Viserion Targaryen, silver-haired and pale, pressed onward with a determined expression. Though his frame was thin and his years few, his steps were purposeful. His mind was set.

The rebellion in Dorne, the unrest in Oldtown—both were fractures threatening the stability of the realm. From Summerhall, Viserion had watched over the Three Southwest Territories, a duty left to him after his mother had journeyed to the Wall. With his sister Daenaera still young and his eldest brother Baelon consumed by the greater rebellion in the Westerlands, the burden fell squarely on his shoulders.

“We can’t lose an inch of House Targaryen’s lands,” Viserion muttered through gritted teeth, his pace quickening. His second brother, Aemon, was already dead, and his third brother, Maekar, was overseas. He would not sit idle while the realm fractured further.

“Faster!” he urged himself, his legs burning as the sulfur-tinged air of Dragonmont grew heavier around him.

The Dragonkeepers stationed near the mountain’s base noticed him immediately.

“Clear the way for His Highness!” Erryk barked, shoving aside the startled keepers.

“Wait!” one elderly Dragonkeeper cried out in alarm. “You can’t just barge into the dragons’ lairs! It’s too dangerous!”

But there was no stopping Viserion. The boy pressed forward, squeezing past the crowd and ascending the treacherous path up Dragonmont.

Viserion’s thoughts churned as he climbed. His mother had once told him of the unclaimed dragons on Dragonstone: the regal Silverwing, the fearsome Iragaxys the Bloodwing, and the elusive Grey Ghost.

“Balerion, protect me,” he whispered under his breath. Balerion, the ancient Valyrian god of death, was not someone he wanted to meet just yet. Today, he had one goal: to tame a dragon and prove his worth.

Suddenly, a dark shadow streaked across the mountainside, accompanied by the thunderous sound of wings. A dragon—its blood-red wings glowing in the sunlight—raced overhead, clearly startled by the commotion below.

Viserion’s eyes widened. “Iragaxys!” he called out, raising his hands high.

The enormous dragon swooped down, its scarlet wings slicing through the air before landing in a cloud of dust and smoke. Iragaxys, a dragon renowned for its ferocity and size, was a staggering thirty meters long. Among the keepers, it was whispered to be the reincarnation of Balerion, the Black Dread himself.

“Iragaxys, I’m here!” Viserion declared, coughing as the dust choked him. Reaching to his waist, he pulled free a short sword and a dragon crystal dagger, both gifts from a royal feast.

“Roar!”

Iragaxys’s eyes, slitted and glowing, locked onto the boy. A low growl rumbled from its throat as it spotted the weapons. The dragon’s chest expanded, its mouth opening to reveal a growing orb of black Dragonfire.

“No! No Dragonfire!” Viserion shouted, his voice trembling. Quickly, he dropped both the sword and the dagger, raising his empty hands high to show his intent.

Iragaxys paused, its murderous gaze shifting to curiosity. The flames in its throat subsided, and it cocked its massive head, waiting.

“Iragaxys, come with me!” Viserion pleaded, taking slow, deliberate steps toward the beast. His feet, raw and bleeding from the climb, faltered but did not stop.

The boy’s determination shone through his fear. He moved forward despite the dragon’s imposing stance, despite the sharp pain in his legs, and despite the instinctual terror screaming at him to run.

“Roar!”

Iragaxys spread its wings, adopting an offensive posture, its body taut with tension. It was a clear warning: come closer, and you die.

Viserion hesitated, swallowing hard. Then, summoning every ounce of courage, he shouted:

“Come on! My father’s son is no coward, and I am a Targaryen!”

His voice rang out like a battle cry, his resolve unwavering. He knew there was no turning back. Either he mounted the dragon today, or he died trying.

Iragaxys froze, momentarily stunned by the boy’s boldness. Slowly, the dragon tilted its head, its fiery gaze softening. With a deep rumble, it lowered its proud head and extended its broad, scaled back.

The gesture was clear.

“Hahaha!” Viserion laughed, relief flooding through him as strength returned to his weary limbs. He climbed onto Iragaxys’s back, gripping the dragon’s rough scales tightly.

At the base of Dragonmont, the Cargyll twins stood with tense expressions, barring the Dragonkeepers from ascending.

“Roar!”

A shadow passed over them, blotting out the sunlight. All heads turned upward as Iragaxys soared into the sky, its scarlet wings cutting through the clouds. On its back, the silver-haired boy sat tall and proud, his determination unshaken.

“Fly!” Viserion commanded, his voice clear and strong.

The black dragon roared in response, its powerful wings carrying them away from Dragonstone and into the vast sky beyond.

Chapter 693: The Finale – Battle of the Wall

Half a month later.

King's Landing, Mud Gate.

“Roar!”

Several dragons soared through the sky, their thunderous roars reverberating through the city as they playfully chased each other.

And on the city wall stood a scarlet dragon. Its body emanated a murderous aura, and its sharp, towering horned crown looked as though it could pierce the very heavens.

Baelon stood frozen, his lips trembling as he whispered repeatedly, “Aemon...”

Opposite him, mounted atop a magnificent red dragon, was a figure all too familiar.

The face Baelon had longed to see—day and night, without end—was even more vivid than his own reflection in a mirror. The sight brought a flood of emotion, and tears welled up in his eyes.

“It’s me,” Aemon said with a warm smile, his short silver-and-gold hair shimmering like molten light under the sun.

“Aemon!”

Unable to restrain himself any longer, Baelon broke into tears and leaped forward.

Aemon, unable to suppress his own joy, slid off the dragon and opened his arms wide. They embraced tightly, the force of their hug speaking volumes.

How long had it been?

Finally, the brothers were reunited. No words could capture the magnitude of this moment; a single embrace was worth more than a thousand exchanges.

“I never thought I’d see you again,” Aemon said, his voice trembling. He wiped away a tear, his laugh breaking through the overwhelming emotion.

“Stupid big brother, crying like a child,” Baelon said, his voice shaky yet teasing. He slapped Aemon hard on the back.

“You little brat,” he chided, his voice thick with emotion. “If you were alive, why didn’t you come back sooner?”

“I’m back now, aren’t I?” Aemon replied, rubbing his chest dramatically, though his grin didn’t falter.

Aemon stepped aside, gesturing toward the magnificent red dragon beside him. “This is Red Dragon Ursarion.”

Baelon’s eyes lit up with recognition. “A descendant of Dreamfyre,” he exclaimed, astonished. “Hatched from the same clutch as Iragaxys and Thunderstrider.”

The news had traveled from The Reach only three days earlier.

Baelon's younger brother, Viserion, had joined the battle in Oldtown astride Iragaxys, the Bloodwing. Together, they had reduced Qarth's ships and those infected with grayscale to ash.

Reports indicated that Oldtown was rallying a vast army, preparing to march on Dorne through The Prince's Pass to quell the rebellion.

The victories and the news of Aemon's return filled Baelon with joy he could scarcely contain.

"We've been blessed with good tidings," he said, his smile unwavering.

Aemon patted his chest confidently. "I've already conquered Slaver's Bay," he declared, his voice brimming with determination. "More than 100,000 Dothraki cavalry are crossing the sea as we speak."

In the face of the Dothraki's fearsome cavalry, the uprisings across the realm seemed trivial—a mere nuisance to be swept away.

"Roar!"

The sound of a dragon echoed once more. A silver-gray dragon soared over Blackwater Bay, streaking toward them with a thunderous cry.

The brothers turned together, certain it was Maekar arriving.

"Roar..."

Suddenly, the sky darkened. The once serene white clouds were scattered violently, leaving only an oppressive, endless blackness.

Descending from the sky was The Cannibal.

Its immense, charcoal-black wings cast a vast shadow as it enveloped the silver-gray dragon and hurtled toward King's Landing. The sight was apocalyptic—a harbinger of doom.

Aemon's smile vanished. His body trembled as he uttered in a faltering voice, "Father..."

...

King's Landing, Dragon Gate.

A colossal, dark form loomed, absorbing every ray of sunlight and radiating an intense heat that melted the snow around it. What seemed at first like an immovable mountain of coal revealed itself to be a dragon, its presence undeniable the moment you caught sight of its eerie, green eyes.

Before it, over 100,000 Dothraki cavalry stood in perfect formation, their heads bowed in reverence. The silence among them was absolute, like an unspoken tribute to the beast.

Rhaegar stood amidst them, his gaze sweeping indifferently over the assembled warriors. These were the forces he had gathered—temporary soldiers conscripted for one purpose: to serve as cannon fodder in the decisive battle against the White Walkers at the Wall.

"Father, let me go with you," Aemon pleaded, clinging to his father's legs like a child, his eyes shining with longing.

In this moment, King Aemon of Slaver's Bay, who commanded armies and dragons, seemed no older than the boy he had once been.

Rhaegar sighed softly, placing a hand on his son's head. His tone was both tender and firm. "No, you must stay with Baelon."

This was a son he had thought lost forever, now returned to him after enduring unimaginable trials. How could a father feel anything but love and relief at such a reunion? The mere thought of Aemon enduring further suffering filled him with pain.

"No! Take me with you," Aemon insisted, his determination unyielding.

He gestured to the Dothraki cavalry. These elite warriors, who had followed him across the sea, were his accomplishment. If he was to be separated from the fight, there must be some compensation. Surely his place was by his father's side.

"Please, Father," Baelon added, his earnest eyes reflecting the same determination as his younger brother. "Let us go north together."

It wasn't just the two brothers. Nearby, Maekar and Daenerys stood silently, their gazes expectant and resolute.

"No!" Rhaegar said sharply, rubbing his temples as the pressure of their pleas mounted.

He refused to risk the future of their house. The previous generation had already gone to the Wall, and it was unthinkable for the next to follow and potentially meet their demise.

His sons were accomplished men, capable of leading. If the Wall fell and the White Walkers descended, they could still take their dragons and lead the family to safety in Essos.

"Father, I want to see my mother," Aemon said suddenly, his voice tinged with a sadness that softened the resolve in his father's eyes. Then, his tone grew firm. "The Dothraki trust me. They will only march forward if I am with you."

As he spoke, Aemon shot a meaningful look at Baelon.

Baelon hesitated, clearly conflicted, before finally gritting his teeth and saying, "Father..."

"All right, that's enough," Rhaegar interrupted, cutting off Baelon's plea with a tone of finality. He glanced at Aemon and relented. "You may come—and even ride the Wall—but you must first persuade your mother and sister Baela to stay behind."

It was a necessary compromise. The dragons of the three women were insufficient to ensure their safety in battle. Aemon, however, had proven himself capable through trials that had hardened him.

One son to the fight in exchange for the safety of three was a bargain Rhaegar could accept.

"Good!" Aemon exclaimed, his joy unrestrained. He let go of his father's leg, his composure returning as swiftly as it had left.

The transformation was instant. King Aemon of Slaver's Bay was back in command, mounting the red dragon Ursarion with the authority of a leader. At his back were over 100,000 Dothraki cavalry, ready to follow him into the fray.

“You all, take care of yourselves,” Rhaegar said, his voice tinged with a quiet warmth as he placed a hand on each of his children. Then, without looking back, he turned and climbed onto the Cannibal’s massive back.

“Roar...”

The Cannibal’s earth-shaking cry echoed through the frosty air as it unfurled its great wings, scattering the falling snow.

The children watched as the enormous dragon took to the sky, its form disappearing into the distance.

Below, the thunderous roar of over 100,000 Dothraki cavalry erupted, filling the cold wind with their war cries. The ground trembled as they surged forward, heading north under the shadow of the dragon that led them.

...

The Wall, Castle Black.

Rhaegar stood on the watchtower, his gaze fixed on the desolate expanse beyond the Wall. He had returned five days ago, bringing with him not only much-needed supplies but also an army of over 100,000 Dothraki cavalry.

The Wall, once vulnerable, was now fortified and ready for war.

“Take me to him,” Rhaegar said, his violet eyes regaining their focus. He turned from the icy vista and began descending the watchtower steps.

“After you,” Cregan said, his tone respectful as he led the way.

Soon, they reached a bonfire burning on the battlements.

“Father!”

Aemon’s face lit up as he rubbed his hands together near the flames for warmth. He stepped forward eagerly, saying, “My mother sent me to check on you.”

Rhaegar glanced at him with a mixture of amusement and annoyance. “Your mother will only be scolding me now,” he replied dryly.

“Heh heh...” Aemon chuckled sheepishly, scratching the back of his head.

The family had barely spent two days together at the Wall before Rhaegar had ordered their mother, Rhaenyra, and sister, Baela, to withdraw from the North. Yet, as Aemon well knew, his father’s attempt to send them away had ultimately failed.

“I’ll head back to Eastwatch-by-the-Sea,” Aemon said casually, patting his hip as he prepared to leave. “Nothing much happening here at Castle Black.”

“Get lost,” Rhaegar said, waving him away dismissively.

Unbothered by his father's curt words, Aemon mounted his fiery red dragon, Ursarion, and took to the skies.

The moment he disappeared into the horizon, Rhaegar's smile faded, replaced by a grim expression.

The situation was dire. Rhaenyra, Baela, and their aunt Rhaenys had refused to leave the North and were now stationed at Eastwatch-by-the-Sea.

Worse, the news was bleak. Laenor and Seasmoke had been attacked, and Eastwatch itself had come under assault by the White Walkers. To Rhaegar's horror, Seasmoke had fallen—and had been turned into a corpse dragon.

Every fortress along the Wall, all 18 of them, was now sealed. Ice and water fortifications fused seamlessly with the Wall, leaving only two vulnerable points for the army of White Walkers to exploit: Castle Black and Eastwatch-by-the-Sea.

Rhaegar had stationed himself at Castle Black, bolstered by the aid of Daemon and Aemond. Eastwatch, meanwhile, was reinforced with a larger contingent of soldiers and seven dragons: Meleys, Dreamfyre, Sunfyre, Ursarion, Syrax, Moondancer, and Morning.

While Moondancer and Morning were weaker in combat, the fortress was primarily defended by the might of Aunt Rhaenys, Aegon, and Helaena, supported by Rhaenyra and Aemon.

The balance of power between the two fortresses was near equal, ensuring that the Night King would find no easy path forward.

Rhaegar took a deep, steadying breath. "Night King," he murmured to himself. "It's about time you arrived."

The air carried an ominous weight, and every fiber of his being told him the battle would begin at any moment.

The Haunted Forest.

The trees had been felled, leaving the snowy fields littered with stakes and barren stumps.

RUMBLE!

A vast, black tide surged forward—a relentless army of wights that seemed to stretch into eternity, their advance accompanied by a bone-chilling wind.

"Roar!"

A ghastly dragon of death emerged first, its tattered wings flapping with eerie grace. The dragon's skeletal head was missing its lower jaw, yet its throat glowed with the icy blue fire of undeath.

A White Walker rode atop the dragon, brandishing an ice-crystal spear. Though silent, the menace of its presence was deafening.

The corpse dragon advanced swiftly, leading the undead horde toward the Wall.

"Roar!"

From within the Wall itself came a sharp, defiant hiss. A massive, scarlet dragon slithered down from its icy perch, its serpentine form coiling as it leaped into action.

Daemon, clad in black steel armor, sat astride Caraxes. His face was cold and resolute as he growled, "Scum. Let me meet you."

BOOM!

Caraxes's narrow eyes burned with fury. With a thunderous roar, it unleashed a torrent of scarlet Dragonfire, charging headlong at the undead dragon.

The wight dragon responded in kind, spewing an icy blue inferno from its throat.

BOOM!

Red fire collided with blue, sending sparks and shards of ice cascading through the air in a breathtaking display of destruction.

WHOOSH!

An ice spear shot out of the shadows, hurtling toward Daemon and Caraxes.

Daemon's eyes narrowed, and he yanked hard on the reins, forcing Caraxes to veer sharply.

CRACK!

The spear grazed Caraxes, piercing its scarlet scales and leaving a gaping wound on its chest. The dragon let out a pained roar, its serpentine body twisting in agony.

"Got you," Rhaegar muttered from the Wall, his keen eyes locking onto the source of the attack.

In the distance, the shadow of a massive creature emerged from the ruined forest.

The Night King's mount—a gleaming white Ice Dragon—stepped into view, its immense body carved from shimmering ice.

"So big," Rhaegar muttered, his expression tightening. He had underestimated his foe.

The Ice Dragon, towering like a mountain, crushed the surrounding pine trees with each step, their trunks reduced to splinters. Measuring 300 meters in length, the dragon radiated a bone-chilling cold with every breath.

The very sight of it sent a shiver through the hearts of even the bravest warriors.

"Roar..."

The Cannibal descended from the sky, landing atop the Wall with a thunderous crash. Its green eyes glowed with feral cruelty as it roared, asserting its dominance.

Rhaegar climbed onto the Cannibal's back, his eyes fixed on the Night King in the distance.

"Be careful, my friend," he murmured to his dragon.

Blackfyre, his ancestral sword, shimmered in his hand, and his armor seemed to radiate a faint, smoky aura.

The Night King, seated atop his Ice Dragon, raised his spear high, his ice-blue eyes devoid of emotion.

“Roar...”

The Ice Dragon howled, its wings of translucent blue bone slicing through the frigid air as it launched its attack.

“Roar...”

The Cannibal roared in defiance, its maw opening wide, ready to rip its foe apart.

As the two dragons clashed in the skies, the battle on the ground began in earnest.

The army of wights surged toward the Wall like a black wave, clawing and climbing with mindless fury.

The Night's Watch and the Kingdom's soldiers held firm, raining fire oil and rolling logs onto the undead masses. Explosions from the Children of the Forest's firebombs lit up the battlefield, turning scores of wights to ash.

“I'll handle this!”

Nunu, the giant, let out a deafening roar as he hefted a massive grinding wheel and hurled it down, flattening a swath of the undead.

From atop the Wall, and within its icy fortresses, every tribe and every ally fought fiercely, determined to hold the line. The Great Battle of the Wall had begun.

Ten thousand miles high in the sky, two titanic beasts were locked in a vicious struggle, hurling torrents of Dragonfire at each other. One was black as night, the other white as freshly fallen snow. They spiraled and twisted through the air, their movements painting a living yin and yang in the heavens.

“Cannibal, rip off its wings!” Rhaegar's voice echoed, his body trembling as he scrutinized the Night King's every move.

The Night King, perched atop his icy mount, was faring no better. The Ice Dragons, unlike mindless wights, were ancient beings with intelligence and wills of their own. They had little regard for the cold deity riding them, their thoughts solely on the enemy before them.

Repeatedly, the Night King raised his ice spear, only to have his aim spoiled by the violent jolts of the battle.

A cruel glint flashed in the Cannibal's emerald eyes. With a guttural roar, it made a calculated sacrifice, exposing its abdomen to the Ice Dragon's sharp claws. As the talons tore through its flesh, the Cannibal lunged forward, its massive jaws clamping down and ripping a portion of the Ice Dragon's wing clean off.

The Ice Dragon's roar of agony reverberated through the sky. Its immense body thrashed, smashing into the Cannibal and sending the black dragon hurtling back. At the same time, its claws raked across the Cannibal's belly, leaving a gruesome wound.

Both dragons reeled from their injuries. The Cannibal's belly was torn open, its searing entrails partially exposed. The Ice Dragon, crippled by its mangled wing, showed deep cracks forming along its icy frame. Unable to maintain flight, it began an uncontrollable descent.

“Cannibal, are you okay?” Rhaegar’s voice was tight with concern as he leaned forward, studying his dragon intently.

The Cannibal shook its massive head, beating its wings to steady its flight. Despite the grievous wound, it managed to descend gradually. Rider and dragon shared an unspoken understanding—it was not fatally injured.

The Cannibal, shrewd as ever, had deliberately risked its life, knowing that crippling the Ice Dragon’s ability to fly was the key to victory.

“Let’s go after it!” Rhaegar commanded, unsheathing Blackfyre, the ancestral Valyrian steel sword of his house. His eyes scanned the skies warily for any ambush, but none came.

Below, a thunderous crash announced the Ice Dragon’s landing. Its massive form collided with the frozen ground near the Great Wall, crushing swathes of dead in its wake. The beast twisted at the last moment, absorbing the impact with a somersault that reduced the force of its fall.

The Night King, undeterred, slid from the Ice Dragon’s back. His emotionless gaze shifted from the dark form of the Cannibal to the towering wall before him.

“Roar...” The Ice Dragon, unaffected by sentiment, unleashed a torrent of azure Dragonfire. The searing flame shattered the frozen iron gate of the Great Wall, carving a gaping hole through the centuries-old barrier. Wights swarmed into the breach in an unnervingly disciplined march.

From above, Rhaegar’s purple eyes narrowed in realization. “I underestimated you,” he murmured, understanding at last that the Night King’s objective had never been a mere skirmish. The true goal was to breach the Great Wall and unleash the horde upon the lands beyond.

“Roar!” The Sheepstealer, lean and sinewy, burst from the city walls, diving to block the gap. Its flames roared over the advancing ghouls, creating a scorched no-man’s-land that stemmed their tide.

Rhaegar straightened, his voice firm. “Land, Cannibal!”

The Cannibal hesitated briefly, its glowing eyes locking with Rhaegar’s. A reassuring pat on its scaled back accompanied a laugh. “We have our own opponents.”

Rhaegar dismounted as the Cannibal descended, landing heavily. The dragon pressed its shoulder to the ground to ease his rider’s descent.

“Don’t disgrace me,” Rhaegar whispered, resting his forehead against the beast’s scarred snout. Then, with deliberate steps, he strode into the writhing mass of dead.

“Ghostly thing, stop right there!” he bellowed, slicing through a nearby wight with a backhand swing of Blackfyre.

The Night King turned, his lifeless face betraying a hint of surprise. He seemed not to have anticipated Rhaegar's bold charge. With an imperious gesture, he summoned a flood of dead to meet the swordsman.

The transformed White Walkers, once the commanders of this undead army, had been nearly wiped out. Only one remained, tasked with controlling the Wight Dragon. For now, the Night King had to rely on the mindless masses to buy time.

“Ooh~~”

A sudden cheer broke the tension as the Sheepstealer, who had been blocking the gap in the Wall, shifted aside. From behind, a flood of Dothraki cavalry poured forth, their war cries echoing across the battlefield. Each rider bore a curved blade coated in fire oil, the flames dancing like serpents in the cold air. Together, they formed an unbroken line of fiery destruction, cutting through the dead ranks with unstoppable force.

Rhaegar's lips curled into a grin. The reinforcements lightened the weight of battle, though the duel ahead loomed large. As the Dothraki carved a path through the enemy, a clear space opened amidst the snowy, blood-soaked battlefield—a stage set for two kings to clash.

The Night King stood stoic, his icy face unreadable, clutching his ice-crystal spear. With a burst of speed, he charged forward.

Clang!

The Blackfyre and the ice-crystal spear met in a clash of titanic strength, sending shards of ice scattering like glass. The force drove Rhaegar back several paces, but his movements were controlled, using the momentum to absorb the raw power behind the White Walker's strike.

Unrelenting, the Night King pressed forward, his spear movements precise and practiced, echoing the mastery of countless spear-wielding warriors.

“Heh,” Rhaegar chuckled darkly, his grin twisting into something almost menacing. “This time, you only have one life.”

With his left hand, he drew his second Valyrian steel sword, Nightfall, its edge gleaming ominously in the dim light. This was no dream, and he was no mortal to be felled by a single death. Adorned in Valyrian steel armor, armed with twin legendary blades, Rhaegar radiated an aura that rivaled the gods.

With a sudden surge of strength, he attacked.

Clang! Clang!

The twin swords became a blur of lethal arcs, hammering the ice-crystal spear relentlessly. Sparks of ice and steel danced in the air as Rhaegar's strikes forced the Night King to retreat. The undead lord's unblinking ice-blue eyes focused on the barrage, but even he could not keep pace with the dazzling speed of the assault.

In moments, the Night King's frost-armored chest was exposed, large sections of his torso sliced open. Though the White Walker's body lacked the weaknesses of flesh and blood, the cumulative damage was undeniable.

Clang!

A final strike shattered the spear in the Night King's hand. The weapon flew from his grasp as the Night King staggered, his movements slower, his defenses unraveling.

His head tilted up, then down, in a near-comical gesture of disbelief as he processed the relentless onslaught. Then, in desperation, his mouth opened wide in a silent, chilling roar.

“Roar...”

The Ice Dragon responded immediately, its guttural cry shaking the earth as it trampled through hordes of wights, surging toward the battle.

Rumble!

The Cannibal intercepted the icy beast with a thunderous leap, its coal-black form slamming down on its foe. Its massive jaws clamped onto the Ice Dragon's throat, crushing the ice-spiked surface.

The Ice Dragon thrashed wildly, azure Dragonfire spewing from its maw in violent bursts. Its wings beat against the Cannibal, each flap sending waves of frost through the battlefield.

Puff! Puff!

Ice spikes erupted from the Ice Dragon's body, piercing the Cannibal's obsidian scales, but the black dragon's emerald eyes gleamed with feral excitement. With grim determination, it drove its fangs deeper, piercing the cold, brittle armor of the Ice Dragon and draining its freezing blue blood.

The two dragons writhed like serpents, their battle a symphony of destruction.

Meanwhile, Rhaegar pressed his advantage. “Ghostly thing, you shouldn't have woken up,” he growled, his voice icy with conviction.

The Night King swung a pale fist in defiance, but as it met the edge of Blackfyre, the skin disintegrated into powder. Rhaegar's strikes did not falter.

With Nightfall, he plunged into the Night King's abdomen. With Blackfyre, he swung horizontally, severing the head from its shoulders in one fluid motion.

Plop!

The Night King's pale body collapsed, breaking apart into icy shards. Yet, his head remained intact, rolling across the battlefield to land in the snow. Its ice-blue eyes stared upward, unseeing but still unnervingly alive. The mouth moved weakly, attempting to form words.

“Not dead yet?” Rhaegar muttered, his brows furrowing in disbelief.

Stepping forward, his every movement charged with purpose, he raised Blackfyre. The ancestral blade gleamed as he plunged it into the center of the Night King's skull.

The mouth froze mid-word. Then, like a balloon punctured, the head burst apart into a wisp of cold, blue wind.

Rhaegar sighed, his body finally relaxing. But the cold blue wind changed direction, swirling ominously before piercing through his back and into his heart.

The Valyrian steel armor pulsed with a dark aura, struggling to resist the attack. Yet the spectral wind was relentless, slipping through the cracks as if mocking the protection.

Plop!

Rhaegar's body stiffened as the wind shattered his heart. He collapsed, his knees striking the ground.

At the same moment, it was as if a switch had been flipped. The army of wights inside and outside the Wall crumbled simultaneously, their bodies collapsing to the ground and shattering into lifeless fragments. The Night King was dead, and with his demise, the undead army followed suit.

But...

Rhaegar clutched his chest as a trickle of blood seeped from the corner of his mouth. He let out a bitter laugh.

"This is the gods for you... so damn tricky."

Valyrian steel armor could repel infinite Magic, but it couldn't block the natural wind. The cold wind was part of nature itself, and when it brushed against his body, it chilled him to the bone.

Gritting his teeth, Rhaegar forced himself to his feet, though he staggered unsteadily. His body was extraordinary, envied even by the gods, but his heart—though mighty—was just a vessel. It could be damaged.

He couldn't help but lament the cost. Five hundred years of life expectancy reduced to a mere hundred.

A deafening roar ripped through the air, shattering his thoughts.

Outside the battlefield, blue blood splattered onto the frozen ground. The pale Ice Dragon collapsed, its massive chest heaving as it lay covered in wounds of varying sizes.

The Cannibal shook its head violently, ripping away the lower half of the Ice Dragon's head along with its scales. The creature tore the frozen beast asunder, splitting it into two grotesque halves.

At that precise moment, a scarlet dragon plummeted from the sky, followed closely by the mangled corpse of a wight dragon.

Daemon stood atop the pale dragon's back, his face twisted into a hideous snarl. In his hands, the Dark Sister sword gleamed, buried deep between the hard scales of the wight dragon. Judging by the distance from the scales to the hilt, the blade had pierced where a White Walker's head should have been.

"Roar!"

Caraxes, the scarlet dragon, let out a piercing cry. Twisting like a serpent in midair, it turned a backward somersault into a forward dive. Its crimson wings snapped taut as it raced past the wight dragon's falling remains.

Just as the corpse dragon's wreckage neared the ground, Caraxes lunged. Its sharp jaws clamped down, rending the remnants apart.

Boom!

The wreckage struck the earth, sending snow flying. Caraxes skidded along the icy surface, its slender belly scraping the snow. The dragon tumbled, rolled, and finally came to a halt, collapsing in exhaustion.

"Daemon!"

Rhaegar's eyes widened in alarm, and more blood spewed from his mouth as he saw the scene unfold.

Caraxes lay motionless on its side, its long neck limp. White smoke billowed from its battered form. Its jaws opened weakly, and a lone figure tumbled from its mouth to the ground.

Rhaegar let out a ragged sigh of relief.

"Rhaegar, are you all right!?"

Aemond, visibly anxious, brought Sheepstealer to an abrupt stop before leaping down. He sprinted toward Rhaegar's broad, unsteady frame.

The sheer effort had drained Rhaegar, and he slumped backward at the sound of his brother's voice.

"Rhaegar!"

Aemond lunged forward, catching him before he hit the ground. His single eye narrowed as he urged, "Wake up. Father and the others are still waiting for you!"

"Cough, cough... It's not that bad."

Rhaegar managed a heavy cough, wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, and gave a faint smile.

Aemond froze momentarily, utterly dumbfounded by his brother's response.

Even now, this guy had the energy to smile.

...

The war was over, and the North had returned to peace. The various factions that had united for survival began to disperse, though some chose to stay behind. Among them were the Giants, the Children of the Forest, and the First Men Beyond the Wall, who were granted land near the Wall so they wouldn't have to return to the unforgiving cold of the far north.

Cregan Stark worked tirelessly, day and night, to ensure there were no conflicts between these groups and the people of the North. Though it was a significant burden, it was a relief compared to the horrors of the war.

132 AC.

In King's Landing, summer was in full swing. The streets overflowed with people rushing toward the Red Keep, the Church of the New Gods, and the Dragonpit. The brutal winter of 131 AC was a thing of the past, and the city buzzed with renewed life.

Tales of the King's family venturing to the North to vanquish the legendary army of the dead were on everyone's lips. Stories of dragons breathing fire to drive away the winter's cold inspired awe, even among those who hadn't witnessed it firsthand. Knights from across the Seven Kingdoms who fought in the "Desperate Battle of the Wall" were living proof of the legends.

For many, the Targaryens were no longer just rulers; they had become a symbol of divine power. A living god was easier to revere than an unseen one.

...

Noon, Dragonpit.

A grand corpse rested on a pyre, surrounded by 10,000 mourners. Blue Dragonfire engulfed the body as the cremation ceremony unfolded beneath the clear sky.

Helaena sat despondently, her head leaning against Dreamfyre. Her expression was a portrait of sorrow. Her mother, Alicent, had passed away.

Maester Munkun recounted her final days:

"She prayed to the Seven daily for her children's safety and often reminisced about His Grace, the Old King Jaehaerys I. In the end, illness claimed her, bringing an end to her suffering."

"Don't grieve too deeply. She wouldn't want to see you cry," Viserys said gently, his frail body trembling as he tried to console his mourning children.

Aemond and Daeron had red-rimmed eyes, while Aegon seemed even more distraught than the daughter, Helaena. Slumped over, he wept uncontrollably.

Yet, despite the grief, the day's focus was not solely on the Dragonpit.

...

The Red Keep, Throne Hall.

In a formal ceremony, the King announced the naming of six new royal titles:

- Princes:
- Aemon Targaryen, Prince of Slaver's Bay.
- Maekar Targaryen, Prince of Volantis.
- Viserion Targaryen, Prince of the Golden Fields.
- Princesses:

- Lyanna Targaryen, Princess of Myr.
- Baela Targaryen, Princess of Lys.
- Daenaera Targaryen, Princess of Summerhall.

Additionally, new appointments were made:

A new acting Lord of Casterly Rock and a Regent for the Prince of Storm's End.

Changes to the Small Council, including Corlys Velaryon retiring as Master of Ships due to ill health. Daeron Targaryen took his place, with the ceremony witnessed by Rhaena Targaryen, Lady of Driftmark.

Thus began a new chapter in the Targaryen dynasty.

...

205 AC.

Midsummer in King's Landing.

On Rhaenys's Hill, where the Dragonpit once stood, a grand Dragon's Nest had been constructed in its place. Beneath a weirwood tree with its bright red leaves, a figure with long silver-and-gold hair reclined against the sturdy trunk, gazing out over golden wheat fields rippling in the wind. The scene resembled a shimmering lake.

The figure tilted its head slightly, as if listening to an unseen voice.

...

The Red Keep.

"It's born! A healthy little prince!"

"Congratulations, Your Grace, you have an heir."

The room was abuzz with excitement.

"Your Grace, what will the prince's name be?"

Amid the commotion, a strong male voice rose above the rest.

"Let me think... He will be called Rhaegar. Rhaegar Targaryen."

Viserys II laughed heartily, cradling his newborn son.

...

Under the Weirwood.

The silver-blond figure twitched slightly, muttering to himself.

"Rhaegar? That grandson will be a lazy one—more trouble than his father, no doubt."

He sighed, shaking his head in mild disapproval. "Baelon should never have been allowed to retire. These young brats in their twenties are running wild."

"Rhaegar!"

A clear, feminine voice called out from behind him. It was accompanied by soft footsteps and the gentle clinking of a dragon-head necklace.

The figure smiled faintly and turned. "Ah, you're all here."

Standing behind him were several striking figures, each one beautiful and familiar, their presence comforting.

Beside them lay a massive, dark charcoal dragon with piercing green eyes and a body stretching over 300 meters.

And beyond them, countless other figures stood, silent but ever-present.

The figure smiled warmly.

"I love you all."

Chapter 694: Extra Story – Reunion in the New World

San Francisco, a beautiful city.

April 27, light rain.

Red String District, 8th Street.

The sky was dusky, the heavy rain pouring down and splashing dirty water onto the ground, mixing with the dust.

The box wobbled for a moment before toppling forward. The top flap, held loosely by a non-adhesive strip, tore open and swung against the wall.

A small head with short, silver-blond hair peeked out. It was a delicate little boy with pale skin and wide, expressive purple eyes.

"I'm so hungry," Rhaegar pouted, placing his small hands over his rumbling stomach as if trying to quiet it.

Licking his lips, Rhaegar glanced toward the narrow alley's entrance, where the rainwater was pooling and spilling out onto the wider street. He longed to step outside and search for food.

Days had passed since he'd been abandoned. His empty stomach felt like it had forgotten what joy tasted like.

Bang!

Suddenly, a muffled noise from outside the alley startled him.

"White-haired freak, are you aloof?"

"How dare you not greet us? Teach her a lesson!"

“That’s right, you loner!”

The mocking bravado of several girls rang out, mingling with the dull thuds of blows and the crackle of schoolbags being thrown to the ground.

“That was scary,” Rhaegar murmured, hugging himself tightly. He decided it was better to stay hidden and endure the hunger a little longer.

Eventually, the bullying ceased.

Three high school girls with brightly dyed hair strode away, lighting cigarettes and sauntering off with smug satisfaction.

Rhaegar envied them just a little.

Cigarettes could be sold for a bit of small change. And small change could buy food.

Then he heard it—a soft, stifled sobbing sound.

The noise came from near the glass door of a retail supermarket at the edge of the alley.

A young girl with long, silver-blond hair slowly got to her feet. She shook off the mud and footprints staining her clothes and bent down to gather the scattered books. Her movements were practiced, deliberate—a clear sign this wasn’t the first time this had happened.

She wiped the corner of her eye, but her expression remained blank. Her fair, pretty face betrayed no emotion as she stacked the books neatly in her arms.

When she bent down to retrieve her schoolbag, the pile of books in her arms wobbled precariously, preventing her from reaching it.

That’s when a small, dirty white hand extended toward her, clutching the schoolbag.

“Here you go,” a soft voice offered.

The silver-haired maiden looked up, her gaze meeting Rhaegar’s. His purple eyes glimmered faintly, his pale face slightly gaunt from hunger.

She grabbed the schoolbag without a word, turned on her heel, and walked into the retail supermarket.

No thanks. No glance back.

Rhaegar tilted his head, frowning. “Rude,” he muttered before retreating back into the alley.

Carrying his cardboard box over his head, he shielded himself from the wind and rain.

One minute... two minutes...

Knock, knock!

The sound startled him.

Someone was tapping on his cardboard box.

Rhaegar froze, burying his head in an attempt to pretend he wasn't there. But through a small gap in the box, he saw something sitting on the ground near his feet—a plastic bag containing bread and milk.

“Huh?” His mouth opened slightly in surprise.

Quickly, he lifted the lid and poked his head out.

All he could see was the retreating figure of the silver-haired maiden, walking away with her tattered schoolbag slung over one shoulder.

It wasn't charity! It was a gift for helping someone. That's different!

But even as he thought that, he pouted. “That's a bit much,” he mumbled, scrutinizing the bag of food suspiciously.

Then he straightened.

No, this isn't right.

Rhaegar got up. Rhaegar ran. Rhaegar chased.

Three seconds later...

Rhaegar ran back, hurriedly shoved the plastic bag into his cardboard box, and hoisted it onto his head.

This is my only asset. I must not lose it.

...

Red String District, Street 9

Rhaenyra walked home, her expression cold and distant. Her schoolbag hung precariously over a broken shoulder strap, swaying with each step. It had been another day of bullying, but she was already plotting her revenge. Those little punks in the alley wouldn't escape her wrath. She would find them, and she would deal with them quietly.

Clop, clop!

Footsteps splashed through the rain behind her.

She turned her head and saw a cardboard box—perched atop a pair of long, scrawny legs—awkwardly running after her.

When her gaze fell on it, the box crouched down and shuffled toward a lamppost, doing its best to hide behind the slim pole.

“Boring,” Rhaenyra muttered, frowning, and turned back toward her home.

The house came into view—a modest two-story villa with warm light spilling from the windows. Through the slightly foggy glass, she could see her mother, Aemma, busily working in the kitchen.

Da-da-da!

The sound of hurried footsteps came again, louder this time.

Rhaenyra frowned and spun around just in time to see the cardboard box sprinting after her again.

Plop!

The box tipped over and fell to the wet ground, revealing a small boy sprawled underneath. He clutched a half-eaten piece of bread in his mouth and an opened box of milk in one hand. The rest of the food lay in a tied plastic bag, which had rolled a little farther away but was mercifully intact.

Rhaenyra sighed and walked back to him, her annoyance clear. She bent down and helped the boy to his feet.

“What are you doing following me?” she asked, her tone sharp.

“It hurts,” Rhaegar pouted, rubbing his bottom as he retrieved the plastic bag and held it up toward her. His voice was soft but determined. “Here you go, no more.”

This girl was fierce, and she walked way too fast. He’d been too nervous to say anything earlier when he caught up with her.

“For me?” Rhaenyra asked, raising a brow as she eyed the bag. It was unmistakably the same one she had left for the homeless boy.

“I don’t want your pity,” she said curtly.

Rhaegar puffed up slightly, his tone changing to one of mock dignity. “I know where the welfare institute is. I can find something to eat there.”

Rhaenyra fell silent.

After a moment, she asked, “Can you go to the welfare institute now?”

Rhaegar thought for a moment, then shook his head. “No. The welfare institute opens at 8 a.m.”

High school classes ended at 4 p.m., the same time the institute closed.

Rhaenyra’s frown deepened as her silence stretched on.

Scratching his head, Rhaegar set the plastic bag down at her feet and pushed his cardboard box toward the alley’s exit. “Bye. Thanks for the expired bread and milk.”

“...”

Rhaenyra grabbed him by the arm, her voice exasperated. “Come back with me. Stay at my place for the night.”

“Huh?”

Rhaegar was stunned. He was so shocked that he froze for a moment. Was this girl even stranger than that weird temp staffer at the welfare institute?

“Don’t make me regret it, idiot!” Rhaenyra snapped, dragging the boy toward her home, which was now only a few steps away.

“Wait! My cardboard box!” Rhaegar cried out, yanking back slightly.

Rhaenyra sighed in frustration but released him.

Rhaegar hurried back, crouching to pick up his cardboard box. As he did, a small black cat slipped into it, curling up comfortably.

“Meow~”

The cat was tiny, its fur sleek and black with striking green eyes like polished agate. Rhaegar’s heart melted.

Stray cats and stray kids just seemed to belong together.

“Can I bring the cat to your house as a guest?” he asked, holding the black cat atop the cardboard box.

Rhaenyra turned, her face blank as she took in the absurd scene. “Whatever. One is as good as two.”

“Oh yeah, we’re guests!” Rhaegar cheered, practically skipping as he followed her across the street.

Rhaenyra pushed open the door of her house, the creak of the hinges accompanied by her weary voice. “I’m home.”

“Haha, the daughter’s home!” came a hearty laugh.

A scruffy, silver-blond middle-aged man with a warm smile emerged from the kitchen.

“Just a moment, dinner’s almost ready,” Aemma called out from the oven, where she was taking out freshly baked food.

“And I’ve brought someone else,” Rhaenyra said flatly.

“Meow~”

Rhaenyra slapped her forehead in frustration as the cat meowed again, soft but insistent.

“Ah, is he a classmate?” her father asked, his eyes alight with curiosity as he and Aemma approached the doorway.

“Hello,” Rhaegar said, hoisting his cardboard box high above his head with a sweet, innocent smile.