

GAME OF THRONES: I AM THE HEIR FOR A DAY

Chapter 7: Larys The Clubfoot

"The kingdom has not started a war; my father is still negotiating," Rhaenyra countered the old woman's harsh criticism, her smile fading.

Another old woman chimed in, "Regardless of the King's denials, the war has begun, thanks to your uncle and the Sea Snake."

"And what recent service have you rendered the kingdom, Lady Redwyn?" Rhaenyra's patience was wearing thin. She glanced disdainfully at the pug-munching lady and quipped, "Is your contribution limited to eating cake?"

Her mocking words hung in the air, casting a hush over the scene.

"Pfft~" A sudden burst of laughter shattered the tense atmosphere, jarringly loud against the silence.

Lady Redwyn's expression turned sour. She eyed the silver-haired boy, who was stifling a smile, and asked, her voice deep with disapproval, "Is this the prince, Your Highness?"

Ignoring her, Rhaenyra turned and walked away, leaving the old woman with a cool, dismissive look.

Rhaegar couldn't help smiling. Facing the group of noble ladies, he introduced himself warmly: "I am Rhaegar, Rhaegar Targaryen."

"Viserys I is my father and I am his eldest son."

Saying that, he looked at Lady Redwyne and asked, "Forgive me, I have been weak and sickly since I was a child and rarely appeared in front of people, I do not know if this Lady Cake has any impression of my name?"

"Pfft~"

Once again, someone couldn't hold back their laughter.

Rhaegar turned his head to see a thin man with curly brown hair.

Surprisingly, the man was sitting in a pile of women.

It was still a group of long-winded women meeting.

The other man held a cane, and Rhaegar's eyes went down to find a grotesque shoe.

It was a crippled man with a deformed foot.

Feeling his eyes, the man nodded politely and introduced himself, "Larys Strong, at your service, Your Grace."

Returning the courtesy, Rhaegar asked curiously, "And who might you be, are you related to Lord Lyonel?"

"Yes, I am his youngest son." Larys replied, shrinking his deformed foot at the prince's question.

"Your father is known as a good hand."

After a brief exchange of pleasantries, Rhaegar stopped paying attention and turned his gaze to Lady Redwyne.

"The Three Daughters invaded the kingdom's territory, plundering the ships that came and went and trading in the people who were loyal to my father."

"It is true that my Uncle Daemon went to war privately, but he did so to protect his brother's kingdom and to do his duty as a Targaryen prince should."

Rhaegar paused for a moment and cast a righteous glance at Lady Gilra, who had spoken first:

"I believe it won't take long for father to make a painful decision to participate in the war and send troops to defeat that crab-feeding fannish invader."

As the impassioned speech came to an end, Rhaegar focused on Lady Redwyne, who was hugging her pug and deepening her bond with the cakes.

At his words, the expressions of the ladies who had just pressed Rhaenyra changed, their initial camaraderie replaced by shock and discomfort.

It was as if they had been publicly rebuked. Alicent looked at him with surprise, seemingly meeting him anew.

No one expected such maturity from a six-year-old.

Lady Redwyne, in particular, felt deeply humiliated, though she offered no defense.

"Queen Alicent, it falls to you to discipline the king's children," she remarked, dropping her pug and storming off, her skirts trailing cake crumbs as she muttered curses under her breath.

"Oh, it seems my speech was too juvenile and did not resonate with you all." Rhaegar remarked with a smile, lightly patting his chest. With a polite bow, he excused himself, not interested in further conversation with the gossiping, narrow-minded women.

His priority was to find his sister, knowing how vulnerable adolescent girls could be and the comfort they sought.

As he walked away from the gathering, uneven footsteps followed. Rhaegar turned to see Larys leaning on his staff, following him.

"Ser Larys, don't you like ladies' gossip?" Rhaegar asked, puzzled by the man's presence.

Larys replied cryptically, "I enjoy all kinds of news, Your Highness."

"Including this?" Rhaegar inquired, eyeing him curiously.

Larys leaned forward, his smile ingratiating, "I came specifically to see you, Your Grace." freewebnovel.com

Nodding, Rhaegar motioned for him to continue.

"I understand the prince has been confined to the palace due to illness?" Larys prompted.

"Yes, a complication during my birth endangered my life until the age of six," Rhaegar confirmed, wary of Larys' intentions.

"Thank the Seven Gods for sparing your life," Larys praised exaggeratedly. "Despite your infirmity, your talents shine, a boon to the realm."

Larys exaggerated his praise.

Rhaegar began to lose patience and said blandly, "The years without running and playing have given me plenty of time to read."

"Oh, what books does Your Grace like?"

"Some history books; reading history can make one wise and learn from the experiences of one's ancestors."

Rhaegar lost interest in the conversation and said nonchalantly, "History warns future generations to guard their honor and stay away from people with evil intentions."

Then he turned to leave.

Watching his departure, Larys leaned on his staff, a knowing smile in his eyes. "An intriguing young prince, but the tide has not yet turned," he mused.

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Leaving the gathering, Rhaegar continued his search for his sister. Despite his best efforts, she remained nearly impossible to locate.

Concern gnawed at him as he wondered if the confrontation had driven Rhaenyra to seek solace alone.

"Your Grace," a quiet voice interrupted his thoughts as he wandered among the bonfires and fruit platters.

Turning, Rhaegar saw a white knight in silver armor and robes, his face hidden by a helm.

Beneath the helm was a ponytail, thick eyebrows, and a thick beard.

This white knight had a face he had seen before, more than once, in fact.

The twin brothers of the Kingsguard, Arryk Cargyll and Erryk Cargyll.

The two brothers had extraordinary skills and a heart of justice, so they were chosen to join the Kingsguard together.

"Ser Erryk, what brings you here?"

Rhaegar carried a bunch of red grapes and looked curiously at the other.

At being called by name, Erryk was slightly stunned and seemed somewhat flattered. freewebnovel.com

He and his younger brother Arryk were simply too much alike, and except for those who had spent many years together, very few people could tell the difference between the two brothers.

It was not uncommon to be called by the wrong name.

Erryk took a few steps forward and bowed respectfully, "The king is looking for you."

"Alright, lead the way."

Rhaegar was very cooperative, Erryk hesitated slightly, reminding himself, "Your Highness, the king just had a quarrel with the princess, his mood is not exactly great."

"A quarrel? About what?"

Ignoring Rhaenyra's whereabouts for the moment, Rhaegar inquired about the cause of the recent quarrel between his father and sister, eager to understand the situation.

"I dare not delve into the details of the princess's marital affairs," Erryk replied cautiously, avoiding the subject.

However, he subtly alluded to the involvement of Jason Lannister, Tyland Lannister's twin brother, which sparked Rhaegar's realization.

Jason Lannister, the Warden of the West, had privately courted Rhaenyra with his arrogant manner and his ambitions for beauty and power.

Rhaenyra could not bear the sight of such a fool and politely refused the other party.

Back at camp, in response to Jason Lannister's behavior, Rhaenyra resisted her father's attempts to dictate her marriage, leading to a heated exchange and tearful fallout.

As Rhaegar processed the information, the complex dynamics within the royal family weighed heavily on his mind.