

GAME OF THRONES: I AM THE HEIR FOR A DAY

Chapter 8: The White Hart

"How is my sister now?" Rhaegar inquired worriedly.

"Sigh," Rhaegar's worry was palpable as he considered Rhaenyra's actions.

Erryk didn't mince words, "The princess stormed out of the tent ahead of me and headed into the Kingswood to ride her horse."

"Alone?" Rhaegar's concern deepened. freewebnovel.com

"Indeed. Ser Cole quickly followed in hot pursuit," Erryk confirmed.

Acknowledging the situation, Rhaegar's tone turned cold, "Ser Erryk, what were my father's instructions when he sent you to me?"

Erryk, slightly confused, replied honestly, "His Grace ordered me to return the prince and ensure your safety."

Very well," Rhaegar replied, his expression softening. "Next, I'll need your protection."

Erryk looked puzzled as Rhaegar trotted toward the nearest tethering fence and vaulted inside.

"Prince, I don't understand your intent," Erryk trailed closely, uncertain.

Rhaegar eyed a large black horse and asked, "What about this one? Looks sturdy, doesn't it?"

"Prince, you're suggesting riding into the Kingswood?" Erryk's tone was incredulous.

Rhaegar replied with a serious expression, "No, we're going together."

"His Grace will not approve of such a venture!" Erryk protested.

"With a Kingsguard escort, it's hardly reckless," Rhaegar replied.

Before Erryk could refuse, Rhaegar gently grabbed a handful of horsehair and whispered, "Ser, I believe you mean me no harm either."

The black horse, feeling the pressure, shifted uncomfortably and whinnied.

Rhaegar stood beside the horse, watching Erryk calmly. "What is your decision, Ser?"

Erryk stared back, struggling with Prince Rhaegar's coercive tactics. He lamented the king's predicament in dealing with such stubborn children. Finally he bowed his head. "I will lead you to the princess, but I will set the terms of the journey."

"No problem, Ser," Rhaegar replied, smiling faintly as he held out his arms.

Erryk approached and lifted Rhaegar onto the horse's back before leading them out of the enclosure.

Not long after, the black horse left the camp and galloped down the Kingswood path.

"Ser, do you know where my sister went?"

Rhaegar asked, his tattered hair blowing in the wind.

Erryk's face was solemn as he replied, "Ser Cole is a watchful man; he marked the path."

None of the people who qualified to become Kingswood guards were ordinary, and a little thing like leaving a message was easy enough to do.

Time passed quickly.

The sun was high in the sky when he left the camp, but in a flash it was sundown.

In the light of the setting sun, Erryk held the black horse and walked slowly along the Kingswood path, thick with pines and cypresses.

"Ser, it seems my luck in finding people is really bad."

Lying on the horse's back, Rhaegar's lips were white, his forehead slightly sweaty, and he spoke breathlessly.

Erryk sighed, "Perhaps the trail Ser Cole left disappeared halfway through the journey and we had no idea where we were."

"Oh, it must have been Rhaenyra, she probably didn't want anyone to find her."

Rhaegar shook his head and laughed bitterly.

Erryk didn't respond, trying to take in his surroundings and find his way back to the camp.

The Kingswood was large, and with Rhaegar leading them aimlessly, they had run too far.

Suddenly, they heard a rustling nearby, and Erryk tensed, his hand on his sword.

Erryk, worthy of being a member of the strongest group of knights in the kingdom, sensed immediately that something was wrong.

Rhaegar was already weak, and at this moment he was so tired that he didn't even know what was happening around him.

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Erryk, alert, whispered, "There's movement nearby, something big."

"Could it be dangerous?" Rhaegar adjusted his posture, apprehensive.

"I'm not sure. It could be a poacher or a wild boar," Erryk cautioned.

Rhaegar suggested, "Should we ride on to avoid a confrontation?"

Erryk reassured, "Fear not, Prince. I will protect you."

Soon a majestic white hart appeared, startling Rhaegar with its presence.

"A white hart!?" Rhaegar exclaimed in awe.

Before Aegon the Conqueror unified the continent and dragons ruled Westeros, the White Hart was a symbol of royalty and good fortune.

More than a hundred years had passed, and the White Hart had long since disappeared from the eyes of the world.

Unexpectedly, they found one in the Kingswood.

"Prince, this is not the time to be curious, this White Hart is very large and it will be dangerous if it decides to attack us."

Erryk's face changed slightly as he stared at the white hart, his long sword lightly sheathed.

Hearing him say that, Rhaegar noticed the size of the white hart.

Not counting the huge pair of antlers, the white stag was visually two meters tall and no less than five meters long.

Underneath the satin-smooth white fur were gnarled muscles, so one could imagine the strength this peaceful creature was capable of exploding with.

"Are you sure you can handle this?"

Rhaegar was a little worried.

Erryk: "One on one, I'm fifty percent sure."

"What about me?"

"Let's just pray it doesn't actively attack us."

Erryk's words were filled with helplessness.

Rhaegar put his hand to his forehead, feeling powerless for his small arms and legs.

But perhaps the gods favored him after all.

The white stag did not attack and chirped softly at them, its amber eyes filled with curiosity and innocence.

"It doesn't seem to have the ferocity of a wild beast?"

Realizing this, Rhaegar's pounding heart eased slightly with a sense of excitement.

Seeing that they didn't move, the white stag slowly approached, its nostrils twitching slightly as it sniffed their scent.

"Ser, carry me down."

The more he looked into the white stag's eyes, the more Rhaegar felt it was something special and asked Erryk for help.

"Prince, it's dangerous..."

"The creature is peaceful, I'm sure it's not a wild beast."

Interrupting Erryk's admonition, Rhaegar smiled at the white hart and beckoned.

"Come here, my friend."

The white hart bowed slightly, assuming an aggressive stance as he glanced cluelessly at the human child on the horse's back.

"Quick, carry me down, Ser."

"Please be careful, this is no joke."

Once on the ground, Rhaegar unbuckled a small pouch at his waist, pulled out a few stored red grapes, and called out softly:

"My friend, would you like to try some?"

Seeing the red fruit in the human child's hands, the white hart's eyes lit up and he couldn't help but move his hooves forward.

When the two parties were less than ten feet apart, Erryk's sharp eyes were like those of an eagle, and his long sword was slowly sheathed.

Rhaegar stopped him immediately, "Put down your weapon, don't scare it."

"Prince..."

"That's an order, Ser!"

Under the watchful eyes of the white hart, Erryk reluctantly sheathed his sword and followed closely behind Rhaegar.

If there was any danger, he would be ready to protect him.