

GAME OF THRONES: I AM THE HEIR FOR A DAY

Chapter 9: The Kingsguard Shock

Fortunately, nothing bad happened.

As the white hart drew closer, Rhaegar's hands and feet trembled slightly as he cautiously stepped forward, his hands raised high above his head.

Under the setting sun, the shadows of a man and a hart overlapped.

The white hart stopped in front of Rhaegar, lowered its head to sniff lightly at the red grapes held in its small hands, and stuck out its tongue to roll one into its mouth and chew.

The sweet and creamy flesh was chewed, the juice filling his mouth along with the fresh flavor, giving the white hart a new experience.

After eating one, he quickly ate the rest.

Rhaegar excitedly looked at the White Hart, his face gradually turning pale from the initial tension and stress, and his entire body breaking into a faint sweat, soaking his light and fancy clothes.

"Good boy, after you've eaten all my food, it's time for me to pet you."

As soon as he opened his mouth, he panted heavily and extended his small hand into the clear eyes of the white hart.

He touched his slender neck fur.

The White Hart didn't pull away, allowing the human child to stroke it and touching his pouch with its mouth.

Rhaegar smiled brightly, "Glutton, have you sniffed the rest of my stock?"

Rhaegar wrapped one hand around the white hart's neck and pressed his face against the snow-white fur, rubbing it gently.

With his other hand, he unzipped his small pouch and dumped what was left of his provisions on the ground in one fell swoop.

A few red grapes, a slice of apple, half an orange...

The white hart came to him, bowed his head, and ate.

Seeing this scene, Erryk was shocked, his lips moving slightly, "Prince..."

Rhaegar looked back at the stunned Erryk, a hint of blush rising to his pale face, and he said sheepishly, "It's leftovers, it's a waste to throw them away."

"No, that's not it, I mean..."

At that moment, the word speechless was just right for Erryk.

He who would not even blink in the face of an assassin's siege was deeply shaken.

For a white hart to willingly approach the prince was unprecedented in the annals of Westerosi history. It was the stuff of legend, a tale to be sung by bards for generations to come.

But Rhaegar was oblivious to its significance, consumed by the present moment.

His heart was pounding, his ears ringing. Fatigue washed over him and he fought to keep his eyes open.

"Ser, don't hurt my new friend," Rhaegar managed weakly before he slipped into unconsciousness, his arm slipping from the white hart's neck.

He collapsed with a thud, exhausted from the day's events.

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After running around for a day, he finally couldn't stand the excitement anymore and passed out.

"Prince...? Prince!"

Before he lost consciousness, Rhaegar seemed to hear Erryk screaming desperately and shaking his body.

Unknown to him, a voice spoke as he slept:

"Rare creature detected. Contains traces of magic."

"Detection successful. A white hart is a sign of good fortune. Would you like to explore further?"

"...Since the host is in a coma, the system will automatically initiate exploration."

Unable to hear the sound of the system message, Rhaegar was completely unaware of the situation.

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A certain clearing in Kingswood.

Rhaenyra, who had fled the camp in tears, was now calmly sitting on a dead tree.

In front of her, a handsome knight in silver armor and white robes put down his longsword and moved neatly to build a bonfire.

"Ser Cole, I didn't realize your abilities were not limited to combat."

Rhaenyra placed her hands on her cheeks, her tone flirtatious.

Cole, who had a head of black curly hair, smiled as he handled a wild rabbit he had hunted and replied, "I come from a normal background, and before I became a knight I had to do all the chores myself."

It had to be said that Criston Cole was indeed outstanding.

Not only was he an honorable Kingsguard, but his looks were good enough to please a girl.

His soft speech and pure eyes were even more impressive.

Rhaenyra, who lacked love and care, was mesmerized by him.

With a longing face, she watched her knight carefully prepare dinner.

If Rhaegar were here, he dared swear to the Sevens that even if Cole served a piece of charcoal a little later, Rhaenyra would swallow it without a second thought and pretend it was delicious.

Rustling...

The rabbit was barely roasted when a commotion came from not too far away, drawing their attention.

Cole drew his longsword and prepared for an enemy in the shadows.

As time passed, a black-skinned boar ran out of the dark woods and charged like mad.

Faced with the impact of a full-grown boar, Cole's eyes widened as he hastily dodged, his longsword slicing through the boar's body and leaving a scar.

The boar, with its thick skin and flesh, missed a charge but still turned its head and continued to charge.

This time it took aim at the frozen Rhaenyra.

" Watch out!"

Cole yelled, reminding Rhaenyra to dodge.

In an instant, the boar crossed the burning campfire and headed straight for the young girl, who looked like an easier target.

The campfire was shattered, burning dry wood scattered in all directions, and flames billowed into the night sky.

In the firelight, the boar approached the young girl, its sharp tusks less than a fist's width from her soft belly.

Death truly came without warning.

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"No!"

A scream rang out under the moonlit night, its voice mournful.

Rhaegar's eyes snapped open, his body sitting up straight, his face filled with panic.

"You are awake, Prince!"

The next second, Erryk's voice reached his ears.

Rhaegar turned his head as if in stress and looked at a bonfire.

"The bonfire... It's not destroyed?"

Seeing the blazing fire, Rhaegar swallowed a mouthful of saliva, still feeling his mouth dry.

Footsteps came from behind him, and Rhaegar turned his head to see an agitated Erryk striding toward him.

In his hand was a pheasant with a grass rope around its neck.

"Ser, where are we and where's my sister?"

Rhaegar was momentarily confused, his boyish face full of fear.

Erryk dropped his prey and walked over to the frightened young prince, placing his hands on his shoulders:

"Don't be afraid, it was just a nightmare."

"A nightmare?"

Rhaegar wiped his forehead, covered in cold sweat from the shock.

Erryk stroked his back gently, patiently recounting their day's journey.

Finally, Rhaegar remembered the original situation.

"Whew~"

Taking a deep breath, Rhaegar's eyes brightened with happiness and the fear on his face faded.

"So it was a nightmare."

Although the dream was very real, Rhaegar had long since become accustomed to the nightmares that plagued him.

"Ser, I was really frightened by the dream just now."

The palpitations subsided, and Rhaegar forced out a smile to hide the embarrassment of losing his temper.

Erryk shook his head, "Everyone has nightmares, forget it."

Rhaegar mumbled his thanks.

Then he remembered something and looked around.

Not seeing the figure from his memory, Rhaegar wondered, "Where is the White Hart, where did he go?"

Erryk told him truthfully, "After you fainted, the White Hart stayed by your side and brought you a red fruit."

"The White Hart also laid you on your stomach before it left, probably sensing that you were about to wake up, it left on its own."

Rhaegar lost it, "Gone? I was hoping to bring it back and show it to my father."

Erryk advised, "The white hart is not of the human world, it came from the forest, and now that it's back in the forest, you should just be happy for your newfound friend."

"Well, it's still my friend."

Rhaegar murmured quietly, still reluctant inside.