

Hero King 101

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 101: CH 92: ANSWERS AND QUESTIONS

After a rather exciting play with Camelia and a hot bath to wipe out all the stains on their bodies, Camelia indicated Sol to follow her toward the basement.

On their way, they stayed in relative silence.

This was something Camelia really appreciated with Sol.

Even though she loved Sol from the bottom of her heart and had some submissive and masochistic tendencies, this was only on the bed.

Outside of it, she was still the supreme daughter and the second-highest ranked human in the kingdom.

One of her greatest fears had been that Sol would disregard this identity of her and treat her as a slave outside of the bed.

Worse, perhaps he would even lose all respect toward her and see her as a slut or something of the like. After all, no matter how mature he was, Sol was still a 15-year-old boy. Even though he was now an adult, he still lacked some experience.

Thankfully, her worries had been for naught. Sol always separated their sexual life and the important matter.

'Well, being treated as a slave by him would also have its charm.'

She idly wondered if she should convince him to try it for one day or two. Imaginating it made her lower half tremble. She was sure that she would become completely wet if this continued.

Filled with désillusion of Sol maltreating her, she brought him to the basement where the ritual she had been preparing for a few days was nearly complete.

Sol recognized this room easily. After all, this was here that Camelia did the ritual that nearly cost her life.

He shot a suspicious look at Camelia, "I swear that if it's another weird ritual that puts your life in danger, I will never talk to you again."

Camelia sweated inwardly because she felt the seriousness in his words. Clearly, he still hadn't really forgiven her last stunt.

Giving a strained smile, she reassured him, "Do not worry. This ritual is a little taxing but it does not put my life in danger."

"Okay, so now explain the situation."

Camelia sighed as she closed her eyes, she was thinking about everything she could say without incurring divine Wrath.

"Sol, you see, this world is filled with secrets. Some of them, even I and the other supreme daughter aren't privy to. For example, why are the souls of all kings so different from normal."

Sol's heart missed a beat.

"What do you mean?"

Giving him a motherly smile, Camelia continued, "Sol, you should already know that I can see souls. All souls have differences. Differences in shapes, in power, etc. But you see, all the souls I saw for as long as I could see were colorless. Well, all of them... except three."

Looking at the silent Sol, she continued, "I guess I don't need to say who I am talking about. Your grandfather's soul was a decaying grey, your father was a calming blue, and your... your soul is simply the most beautiful I have ever seen. It's a deep golden color, shining like a blazing sun."

As she spoke about his soul, her face became flushed and her breath hurried.

"The moment I saw your soul, I fell in love with it at first sight."

For her, Sol's appearance wasn't even that important, nor was his age. She had lived half of her life in darkness because she was born blind. It was only after her awakening that she became able to see.

Of course, she wouldn't give herself to a man just because his soul was 'handsome'. It would be a rather shallow relationship.

Sol was rather lost at the moment. He had come asking for answers, forgetting that of them all, he was the one holding the greatest secret.

If he had to be honest, he had considered many times giving his identity as a reincarnator, but every time, he couldn't help but hesitate.

What if they stopped loving him after that?

What if they began to look at him in disgust?

Of course, he knew that he had nothing to be ashamed of.

He didn't take over the body of Sol Luxuria.

He was reincarnated and born as Sol Luxuria.

Still, fear and logic rarely went in pairs.

Camelia felt her heart break at the ashen expression of Sol, walking toward him, she hugged tightly,

"You do not have to say anything. Everyone has some deep secrets they do not wish to share. I am in no hurry to know your secret. Let's take our time, okay?"

Back then, she had already discussed with Blaze about the suspicious points on Mars.

His weird soul aside, his weird knowledge that seemed to be shared by all previous kings or queens had also been something to note.

But like her now, Blaze hadn't really cared about what kind of secrets Mars could have been hiding. So why would she care about Sol's secrets?

All she needed to know was that she loved him and he loved her back. He had already proven that he was ready to give up everything for her. This was more than enough.

Sol could only let out a bitter laugh at her words of comfort. Lately, it has been him giving advice or placating people, seems like it was his turn now.

Still, her soft embrace really did calm him,

"I am alright now."

After assuring that he was really alright.

"Well, coming back to what I was saying, " She coughed a little,

"This world is filled with many secrets. Some of them I am not privy to, and some of them can only be known after you officially become a king or a supreme daughter. Trying to share those secrets without permission would result in excruciating pain as if someone or something was grasping your heart. If despite the pain we still try to share it, then you will find that the world itself has stopped, making you completely unable to share anything."

From her shiver, it was clear that she was speaking from personal experience.

"Writing is impossible, giving signs is impossible. The only one you can speak to about those secrets is another blessed of the same rank."

Camelia could only grit her teeth at those infuriating goddesses.

"I understand, but this wasn't what I was asking about."

"I know."

She sighed before continuing,

"In our initial plan, one of my goals in acting as if I lost my power was to find the possible traitors and take control of them. My second one was giving enough justification to Lilith so that she could eradicate dissidents of nobles."

Sol nodded, as a royalty, even though they had the might, they couldn't just eliminate an entire noble family without enough reason. Otherwise, the other nobles would revolt in fear of being the next one on the list.

This was even more for Lilith since she was technically not the real queen of Lustburg.

Camelia smiled bitterly once again, "Well at least this was supposed to be the plan. Everything changed when Arachne met Lilith a few days ago and informed her about the deal she received."(AN: For those who forgot, this meeting was mentioned in Daily life of a maid)

She remembered how much she cursed when she heard about this wrench in their plans. It also forced them to bring forth another plan that they had prepared for many years.

"Sol, do you know about the Crimson lady?"

Sol's eyes changed, the Crimson lady, more known as the Mother of Chaos, she was the direct antithesis of the mother goddess of order.

"So those terrorists are the cause?"

Camelia's expression was rather relaxed despite the grim news she shared,

"Indeed, the wings of freedom, those heretics, are the ones who tried to bring Arachne on their side. They should have already infiltrated deep in the kingdom. So we decided to use our initial purge as a bait." She scoffed at the name.

The wings of freedom were a secret organization that preached the freedom of humans from the goddesses.

For them, a true goddess shouldn't play favorites by installing blessings or the like but should allow true and absolute freedom of choice and action.

If she had to be honest, their goal in itself wasn't bad. She knew that the goddesses weren't perfect and she thought that everyone was free to believe in what they wished.

But what she refused to accept were the means they used to attain their goals.

Corruption, manipulation, acts of terrorism. The mother goddess of chaos could be worshipped by any race and each of the main members known were just slightly weaker than the blessed.

"So, what is failsafe?"

Sol understood that the situation was far more dangerous than he initially thought.

Wiping out a noble family only required enough justification. But, if those terrorists had no regard for casualties and the damages to the surrounding. If they fought them in Lustburg, most likely than not, the entire capital might be razed to the ground.

But then,

"Something is weird, why did they never attack the capital before? Why would they attack now?"

Camelia began to laugh, "Sol, you see, the supreme daughter isn't just there to play cute. We are the last bastion of protection for our respective kingdom. Each of us can use a large-scale ritual and with the help of the nuns, erect a shield that can protect the whole capital from any external or internal threats."

This skill was called <<Holy territory>> and could stop anyone from entering the capital while weakening all enemies that were already inside.

This was one of the reasons why despite all those wars, the seven kingdoms still existed. The more powerful the supreme daughter was, the larger the holy territory.

Sol's eyes widened as understanding finally dawned upon him.

For the world, Camelia had lost her power. Not only that, there was no holy daughter to succeed her.

This means that in the minds of their enemies, the capital had lost its greatest protection and it was the most ideal time to strike.

Sol could only marvel at how insidious Camelia was.

At the same time, he couldn't help but wonder,

'If the holy territory is the trump card of the supreme daughter, what about the king?'

Thinking about this, the existence of a holy sword came to his mind.

'Mars's sword should still be with Lilith, right?'

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Chapter 102: CH 93: WITCH OF DESTRUCTION

Thinking about the holy sword, Sol couldn't help but wonder how powerful it would be. But now wasn't the time to think about that.

"So, aside from this, do you have any other failsafe?"

The spell she was speaking about seemed good and all, but it didn't seem like this was the only thing she prepared.

Thinking about the sudden coming of Theresa, he added, "Is Theresa part of the plan?"

"Fufufu~Indeed. Though, the rest will be a little surprise."

Camelia knew how much of a fan he was about the four-direction witches, so meeting Persephone should be quite a shock in a good way.

Thinking about the four witches, she frowned a little as she remembered the fourth one.

Learning about something like that suddenly could be bad, so she opened her mouth,

"Sol, it's about Kali."

[Unknown place in Lustburg]

In one of the bars of Lustburg, the atmosphere seemed strangely quiet as it was completely devoid of any clients despite the current festive atmosphere.

The bartender, who was swiping a glass, seemed strangely stiff and mechanical in its way of moving.

Opening the door, a red-clothed young girl who seemed to be no older than 15, entered her face, immediately settling in a frown as she saw the bare tender.

"How many times did I tell you to stop your sick game before we truly get discovered?"

She held her nose in disgust because of the rotten smell that filled the bare and went to take a seat in the farthest part of the room.

The man kept a simple smile and didn't even answer, it was only after he finished and was sure that everything was clean that he began paying attention to her.

"How are you, milady? Will you take something strong or some soft liquor?"

The girl mimicked the action of barfing as an answer.

"I would never eat anything from those hands filled with death after what happened last time. Who knows what if some rotten flesh or maggots wouldn't be in my drink."

She shivered as she remembered the first time she had accepted a drink from that man.

"Hahaha~This was just an accident, an accident. Trust me."

"Humph"

The man continued to grin, unfazed by her actions.

Finally, unable to take the silence, she asked,

"When will your true body arrive? Or do you plan to use this marionette during our fight?"

"Haha~No way, it's the queen of swords we are talking about, you know? If I don't go at her with my will firm and decisive, I will be immediately cut down by her."

The girl grunted but inwardly acquiesced. Even for her, Lilith was a very tricky opponent.

"So, necromancer, do you think it was truly wise to contact the duchess? Even though she accepted, I feel like this is fishy. Perhaps they already know about us infiltrating the capital."

The bartender, or rather the zombie acting as a bartender didn't seem particularly worried.

"To be honest, we already nearly won. All the better if they know about our presence. At least they will understand that we hold the city hostage. Or are you hesitating now, witch?"

Kali frowned a little at the naked provocation,

"Your mouth is as vile as your magic. I already decided to swear loyalty to the Crimson lady. Or do you mean to say that I am not welcome?"

As she said this, her aura began to flare, four concentric circles formed behind her before combining into one.

"Oh, no no no, you are quite welcome. Kali, the witch of destruction and daughter of Ambrosia, the thousands spells witch. It's a great honor to have you in our ranks. Also, Hum, could you calm your magic? I quite like this place you see? Also wouldn't want to be spotted too soon."

'What a bold-faced lie.'

Still, this allowed her to calm her mood.

"No matter. The plan is progressing as we wished. Since that suprême daughter lost her power, she is effectively useless. The only one who can really fight against us right now is that false queen and perhaps the Duke Highland. But once again, that little traitor of our will take care of him. Our goal is to spread terror this time and show how useless those goddesses are. For that, some sacrifices are necessary. Don't you think so?"

Kali scoffed, humans were always such hypocritical beings.

They wanted to preach freedom from the goddesses but still used the power of another one.

But this didn't matter, as long as they could bring what they promised, she would follow them even if she had to be hated by all her family.

'Soon, this curse will be erased.'

Her eyes flickered as she thought about one of the most important keys, the prince.

She didn't know if he really obtained a core, with how rare it was. But the simple fact that he was an S rank hybrid was too much of a temptation for many people.

Though she didn't really care either, the royal family was like another curse for her family. The first king tricked Medea and the last king tricked Persephone. There was no way the son was anything good.

Thinking so, she could only give a bitter smile inwardly,

'The me from before coming here would have never thought like that.'

[Tower of babel]

"One of the four witches might be an enemy."

Remembering those words of Camelia, Sol could only feel his headache growing.

This wasn't just because he was disappointed that one of the witches could become an enemy.

More than anything, it was because she was powerful. Extremely powerful.

Even though he had never seen her, he had heard her legend, the youngest yet the strongest out of the four witches.

Befitting her name, her power was geared toward absolute, complete and utter destruction.

Because of his worries, after leaving the church, he went to visit Medea. He had been curious about what exactly did 'destruction' mean, and posed the question to Medea. Was it some kind of element? Or was it because of the results of her actions?

---Flashback

[A few hours ago]

"You are wondering what kind of power Kali has exactly?"

Medea, who was busy trying a new mark of tea, stilled as she was about to take a sip of her drink.

"Yeah, I mean. Does she have something like the destruction element or something?"

He asked with a curious expression. Edea chortled at this question.

"Concepts such as destruction and creation do not exist as elements. Or you could say that they exist in everything."

She proceeded to explain the principles. Witchcraft, anything that could result in destruction was called destruction-type magic and anything that could result in creation was called creation magic. There was no magic of creation or destruction by themselves.

Tilting his head in curiosity he asked, "Then, why is she called the witch of destruction?"

"Kali... Back then, Kali was seen as the most untalented out of all of us. Initially, she should have learned death magic to match with Persephone's life magic. But, she was ultimately unable to. After that, she tried many other special elements, but in the end, she could only use the four basic elementals magic. Fire, water, wind, and earth."

She grimaced a little as she said that, " Because of that, even though she was one of us, she was judged as a failure by the witch community and many petitioned for her to be cast out of the four directions."

Basic elements in themselves weren't bad. Reaching the peak in any of those elements could bring catastrophic might. But how many people could reach the pinnacle in magic?

Sol was curious, if it was so, why would she still be known as a direction? Did Ambrosia use her authority?

Edea could understand what Sol was thinking and shook her head.

"Kali didn't need to rely on mother."

Edea had a weird expression as she said that,

"Even now, I don't really know how she did it. One day, she went from an untalented witch to a true monster able to absorb knowledge. She could easily understand theories that escaped her in the past. Even though she could only use the four elements, she managed to reach an incredible height in her magic and became a true walking calamity. But, "

She closed her eyes, "This wouldn't have been enough to be recognized. It isn't like there aren't any witches using one or many of the four elements."

"So what did she do?"

"She created her own magic. A very powerful magic geared toward absolute destruction. We call it decay or decomposition."

Medea shook her head, "Thinking about it. Her magic is really incredible. Though, now that I think about it, I still remember what she said back then."

"What did she say?"

"I remember that she laughed when she showed us her magic and said that now that she mastered this magic, she was basically similar to a certain overprotective but nearly emotionless brother."

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Chapter 103: CH 94: CROWN'S SHADOW (1)

'Similar to a certain overprotective brother, huh.'

Sol swung down his sword in the hanging garden of Babel as he thought back to his discussion with Medea. Currently, he was just wearing leather pants, his muscular torso naked and covered in sweat because of his training.

Kali's words could mean many things, perhaps he was even looking too much into it, but when you took everything into account and her magic that was seemingly similar to molecular disintegration, only one overprotective brother came into his mind. A cold and basically unfeeling mage that could only feel when his sister was taken into account.

'But, Kali has existed in this world since a few centuries ago.'

Of course, it wasn't impossible because of that. It wasn't as if he knew the time difference between this world and his previous one. For all he knew, perhaps just a few minutes in his world was equal to centuries in this one. No, this wasn't important. What was important was,

"You can hear me right?"

He looked around, but all that greeted him was silence. Still, even though he received no answer, he knew he was right.

Firstly, 'I am not the first reincarnator.'

This was a fact. From all the mishmash of culture as well as some historical facts and Tibbits he recently gathered, it was basically clear that most, if not all kings and queens of Lustburg were reincarnators.

Two, 'The reincarnators aren't only members of Lustburg.'

If he was right about Kali, she was also a reincarnator, and if she was one, it means that people outside of the royal families could be one.

Three, 'All the reincarnators I know are humans.'

This was rather inaccurate information as of now. The reason all reincarnators he knew were humans could simply be because he was confined in the human's kingdom.

Four, 'Names from myths and legends from my world are rather popular for members of nobility in this world.'

Athena, Lilith, Ares, Sol, Arachne. All those names had legends behind them. Basically, all the members of nobility he knew had such names. Of course, the cause might have been one of the previous kings.

It was something he had to verify. But, the fact that all kings from all countries had the obligations to have a name related to stars or planets, and said stars or planets were the same as his previous world was without a doubt too much of a coincidence.

It means that 'The goddesses know exactly about the existence of reincarnated. Not only that, but they should also know about earth, and what is more, they are either playing an important role in the existence of reincarnator or playing a bystander role.'

But here comes the problem. Why?

What did they get from such actions?

In some of the stories he read, the gods and goddesses generally reincarnated or transmigrated people either for them to act like heroes or because they were bored. Though sometimes it was also Truck-Kun.

The problem here was that one, this world didn't really have world-ending threats. All races had their respective goddesses and the goddesses weren't a kill or be killed relationship; What is more, even after death, he didn't remember meeting any of the goddesses.

Then, perhaps because of the Mother goddess of chaos?

It wasn't impossible. Though he struggled to know what kind of particular use they could have in a fight involving being who literally created this world and all races on it.

So, "They are doing it because of boredom? Is it just a game for them?"

He murmured with a weird expression. He didn't know whether his thoughts were correct or not. Perhaps he was doing a film out of nothing or perhaps his reincarnation had some grand purpose.

'Well, even if so, it doesn't change anything.'

Some people might be outraged, but to be honest, he wasn't particularly so. He had been given a second chance at life and was given the greatest starting point possible. Why would he whine and complain about this?

If they wanted to observe his life to take care of their boredom, they were free to do so. As long as they didn't interfere, it wasn't a problem.

Even so, "I need to become strong."

No matter how easy-going he was, having his own destiny be decided like that didn't sit well with him.

'I need to enter the zone and finally reach the avatar at least.'

Only people at the level of creating their own zone were considered a really high-tier powerhouse. Meanwhile, all top-tier powerhouses had their own avatar.

Sol continued to swing his sword as he thought about how to reach the zone.

The zone was an illusory world that showed the vision of the world the user had. To reach such truth, not only a thorough training but also an intimate understanding of one's own personality was necessary. It wasn't just a question of power.

'I also need to form my contracts'

The more contract he formed, the more power and abilities he would have. Most of those abilities would be random, but for the very first contract, he could choose three innate abilities of his partners.

'I really need to form a contract with a phoenix or a descendant of the other fourteen divine beasts.'

No matter what, it would be a waste of his large capacity if his first contract wasn't an S-class magical being. Thankfully, from the goddesses' promise, as long as he passed their test, he would have the chance to form a contract with a phoenix. So it was one thing done.

'After that, if I form a contract with Setsuna, I could perhaps get her lightning attributes. After her, it will be Milia and perhaps Nuwa.'

He didn't know exactly what kind of power Nuwa had, but her rank was without a doubt B+ at the minimum.

"Your highness."

Stopping his movement, Sol turned toward the one calling him.

'Speaking of the devils.'

On the side, Milia and Nuwa were standing together. Nuwa had changed from her previous short maid attire and was wearing a more traditional one, like Milia's.

The expressions on their faces were extremely contrasting. While Nuwa was scrutinizing his body with curiosity, Milia looked like she was giving her all to not simply jump his bones.

"Milia, Nuwa, what brings you here? Is it already time for me to prepare for meeting the Gorfard?"

Milia calmed down her stray and lewd thoughts before answering, "No, your highness, I was just bringing Nuwa to show her the way and see her abilities. Using her as a simple maid has proven to be a...Let's say a rather bad decision. As such, I decided to make her a battle maid."

"Heh, I see." Sol drawled a little. He hadn't really spent much time with Nuwa.

"Say, why do you train?"

Sol became perplexed at the sudden question from Nuwa. Still, she might or might not become his future partner, so he still decided to answer.

"Because I need to become strong."

"Need? But aren't you the future king? Why do you need to become strong when all the kingdom will need to obey you? Wouldn't it be easier to simply laze around and be protected?"

Nuwa couldn't really understand what pushed this man to seemingly train so hard. It had just been a day since she was here, but she had heard from the maids how diligent he was. From what she remembered in Greed dike, most dwarves nobles didn't even train. They were more than happy to let the warriors act and protect them. But here, it seemed that even the noble needed to be strong. This was something that really baffled her.

Sol, of course, didn't know what was going on through Nuwa head. Still, her question was something that struck a chord in him.

Why did he wish to become strong?

In the past, it was because he wished to show that he wasn't just Mar's Son. He wanted people to acknowledge his own worth. But he didn't need to become strong to prove that.

Later, he decided to become strong because he didn't want to only rely on his lovers. He wanted to be someone to be someone reliable, someone, who could make people he loved feel secure. But, his lovers weren't weak women who needed a man to protect them.

Currently, he wished to become strong because he didn't wish to leave his destiny in the hands of the goddesses. But it wasn't something that could be achieved instantly, and for all he knew, the goddesses might not even wish to deal with him.

So, why did he want to become strong? Why did he train every day?

"Your highness?"

Sol raised his head and gave a smile at Milia. "Do not worry, I am alright."

Turning his gaze to Nuwa, he walked toward her, before finally patting her head, "I must really thank you. Your question gave me a very important clue."

The zone was the truth of the world as seen from the eyes of the user. He didn't know why, but his guts were telling him that the moment he managed to find why he was fighting and trying to become stronger would be the moment when he would awaken his zone.

Looking up at his bright smile as he thanked her, Nuwa couldn't help but have a weird feeling churning in her guts. It was a weird and fluffy feeling, but also something very warm. In all her life, she had been on the receiving end of many kinds of emotions.

Curiosity, disappointment, anger, lust, greed, and many more. Still, it was the first time she had received feelings of thankfulness. If she had to be honest with herself,

'It isn't a bad feeling at all.'

The hand on her head also made her feel warm, and she really liked it.

'Perhaps following this man won't be so bad after all.'

A few minutes later, after changing into proper clothes, Sol was now walking in the town in disguise with Milia. It wasn't much, just a wig to hide his golden hair and a mask to hide his features.

This get-up would have been a little suspicious in normal time, but with the current festive atmosphere, people wearing masks could be seen all around, making him rather inconspicuous. Milia meanwhile wasn't wearing her usual maid clothes but simple leather pants and a top that seemed ready to explode because of her incredible bust. Her face was also covered by a mask, but everywhere they passed, people, mainly men, would either gawk or whistle in appreciation.

Thankfully, after dealing roughly with some unwanted accosting, no one was willing to provoke them.

Even though Milia hadn't told him where they were going, he was far from stupid and could guess for himself.

Finally, they reached a rather common jewelry shop and entered.

"Hello! What can I do for you?"

In the jewelry, an old middle-aged man with a potbelly waved with enthusiasm the moment they entered.

"I wish to see your boss."

"I am the boss."

"You wish."

'Is this some kind of code?'

The man looked curiously at Sol but didn't stop them as they passed through a door that clearly said forbid non-members of the staff to enter.

Behind the door, was a magic circle drawn on the ground.

'A teleportation circle.'

It was a little like the gate used between the tower and the church. The only difference was that the one in the tower needed someone with space-related power to operate, meanwhile, this one seemed able to function even without one.

"Your highness, this gate was created with the help of a witch who is part of our organization as one of the fingers. Her power is without a doubt inferior to miss Freya, but she is no slouch. Of course, it can only work for a short distance, but this is more than enough."

Sol could only acquiesce. Anyone capable to create such a portal was someone worthy of respect.

Milia took a deep breath, her hands, faintly trembling. No matter what, at the end of this afternoon, she will have no secrets left for her beloved highness. She still didn't know whether it was a good or bad thing.

"Then, your highness, let's go."

In the blink of the eyes, after activating the portal, they vanished from where they were.

When Sol felt the turbulence end and began to observe his surroundings, he could only narrow his eyes at the feelings of hostility rushing toward him.

'It seems that I am not as welcomed as Milia made it seems I would be.'

A feral grin formed on his face.

'This will be interesting.'

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Chapter 104: CH 95: CROWN'S SHADOW (2)

The feral grin that formed on Sol slipped, the moment the feeling of hostility vanished, as fast as it appeared. Looking at Milia's calm expression, it seemed that she hadn't felt it; otherwise, with her personality, there was no way she would let it pass.

This could only mean one thing.

The one or ones who sent this feeling of hostility were incredibly skilled. The only reason he managed to feel it should be because of his heightened senses.

'Is it a traitor? Someone jealous?'

It was only speculation at this moment. He needed to speak about it with Milia later.

"Your highness? Is something the matter?"

"No, it's nothing."

Dismissing her with a wave of his hand, Sol began to focus on the numerous people standing in front of him. At first view, three clear rows were formed.

The first one consisted of four people, two women, and two men. He could easily recognize Ketia in the group. This most likely meant that the other three were also part of the Fingers.

The second row consisted of 20 or so people. Finally, the last row was easily in the fifty or more.

Seeing that nothing was wrong, Milia smiled before she walked next to the four Fingers and kneeled in front of him.

"Welcome, your highness." Her voice was calm, but if one paid attention, they would feel a slight trembling of excitement.

The moment she kneeled, all the others followed suit and repeated after her.

"Welcome your highness."

Their voices were low but united. It was different from the hot-blooded feeling the soldiers of Highland gave him. Those people in front of him weren't soldiers, but hardened spies and assassins.

Looking at them all kneeled in front of him, Sol felt no sense of elation. It was confusing at first because he was sure that his pride should have boiled in happiness at such a sight. But it didn't take long for him to understand.

Aside from Milia, those people weren't bowing to him, but to the crown. It didn't matter who stood in front of them.

'I am really greedy.'

Why should they be loyal to him? It wasn't like he had done anything for them. Thinking so, he sighed and released the full brunt of his aura.

Immediately, the atmosphere in the room changed. If before, some of them had just kneeled for the form, now they were seriously doing so as they felt the grand aura that seemed ready to crush them at any moment.

"I will not make any grand discourse, nor will I ask much of you. All I want is your loyalty."

Sol did not bother threatening them. Those people were assassins trained to be ready for death and devoid of any family. There was nothing to threaten them with. He just needed to show them that he wasn't someone to be trifled with.

“Are we clear?”

“Yes!”

“Then, aside from the Fingers, all of you are dismissed.”

The second and third-row immediately vanished at his words. This brought him some comfort.

‘Well, at least, even though they aren’t loyal to me, their loyalty to the crown is clear.’

Thinking so, he focused his attention on the five people, who, from start to finish, didn’t even blink nor change their breathing despite his pressure and with a smile, he gently talked to them,

“Well, I guess it’s time for some presentations, don’t you think?”

The stronghold of the crown’s shadow itself wasn’t particularly large. Though, this was only relatively speaking. In reality, the stronghold was an underground fortress whose branches stretched from the center of the capital to all the four zones. This was most likely why five Fingers existed in the first place.

After leaving the place where he was initially transported with Milia, he was directed to a large room reminiscing of a reunion room.

“After you, your highness.”

Sol didn't act in a reserved way and entered the room before taking place at the head of the long rectangular table that had only five chairs.

The other four waited for Sol to indicate them to sit before taking place. In the end, the only one left standing was Milia, who finally stood behind him.

“Your highness, if you may, let’s have the honor to introduce everyone.”

“Go on.”

“Then, your highness, you may have already guessed, but the five of us are the leaders of the crown’s shadow.”

Sol nodded. The crown’s shadow was composed of three divisions. The hand, the eyes, and the feet.

The feet were the division charged for foreign relations. Diplomacy was their bread and butter.

The eyes were the spy division placed all over the kingdom and also in a few foreign kingdoms. Because of their positions, most of them were unknown. Only the two leaders knew all the members of the eye division. Even then, each of them only knew one-half of the total members.

Finally the hand—was the assassin division. The one tasked to protect the crown in the dark and to do the dirty jobs when necessary.

‘But what confuses me are their numbers. They should have been nine in total. Five leaders for the hand, two for the feet, and two for the eyes.’

“What about the others?”

A somber expression flashed on their face, and, even though he couldn't see her, he was sure that the same expression should be on Milia's.

"They are dead. More precisely, we killed them." The one who answered was a tall man wearing a silver monocle on his left eye.

"Mind your manner, Edgar. It's our lord you are talking to."

Ketia chastised him before Milia could. She knew fully that if she didn't intervene asap, this matter would become bigger.

Snorting, Edgar adjusted his monocle before releasing a sigh, "I beg your pardon, your highness."

"No matter, there are more pressing issues. What do you mean, by killing them? Since when?"

He only had a very basic knowledge about the three divisions, but learning that the leaders of two out of the three were killed was rather intriguing.

The four pairs of eyes focused on him, or rather, behind him. It seemed that it had been decided that Milia would continue the explanation.

Milia didn't relish this, but it was something necessary,

"Your highness, all the truth will be explained to you. But let me finish the introduction." Seeing Sol nod, she continued, "Firstly, you may already know her, but this is Ketia. She is one of the Fingers, but she also plays the role of one of the Feet. This is why, during princess Lilin's escapade, she was following her. She played a very big role in the success of the princess. Her cover is her maid job."

Ketia smiled as she shook her head, 'I simply did what I had to do. The most difficult part had already been resolved by the princess."

Milia didn't waste time and pointed to the monocle-wearing man, "This rude man here, is Edgar, one of the Eye and the Fingers. His cover is the identity of a rather rich businessman working in jewelry. The store we used belongs to him."

The man nodded with a smile. For some reason, Sol felt like punching this guy.

"That slutty looking woman here is Aria, like Edgar, she works as a Finger and an Eye. For her cover, she works as the madam of the red light district."

The woman in question was a dark elf. She had a rather voluptuous body and was holding a long smoking pipe in her hand. Her clothes looked more like black bikini than anything else.

"Ara, It has been a long time, but your tongue is as harsh as ever." If she was offended by the way Milia introduced her, she didn't show it. In fact, far from offended, she seemed to find it amusing.

"Finally, here is Berthold." The man named Berthold seemed like a gentle middle-aged man, "He works as one of the Feet and a Finger. As for his cover, he works as a bartender."

The man nodded to Sol while giving a kind smile, "I am happy to finally meet his highness. I have heard many good things about you from Milia."

“Oh, hush, no need to disturb his highness about that.”

Sol smiled, at how panicky her voice sounded.

“I will be happy to hear those stories at a later date.” He turned then toward Milia, “Then, what about you?”

“Your highness, I work as one of the fingers, but also as the overall leader of the organization.”

This information wasn’t particularly surprising. It was easy to see that all of the five present here seemed to defer to Milia one way or another.

Still, they all had the same weird odor.

He couldn’t pinpoint it, but none of them seemed to be what they appeared. This was extremely confusing. Even more so since Milia didn’t have such a weird mix of odors.

‘Then, what is the link? Perhaps hybrids?’

It wasn’t impossible, but he something told him that this wasn’t the answer. Deciding that blind guess wouldn’t bring him anything, he began to speak

“Well, I am happy to finally meet all of you. While I do not have a perfectly clear picture of the situation, I also know that you guys had been a great help in keeping this kingdom afloat. Now, before we continue, I would like to finally have an answer. What happened to other people who should have led the other two divisions?”

Milia hesitated a little before finally hanging down her head.

“In order for you to understand, we must go back to the cause of everything.”

“The cause?”

“Indeed. Your highness...Do you know the human genesis theory?”

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Chapter 105: CH 96: PROJECT CHIMERA

The atmosphere became a little heavier after Milia uttered those words.

“The Human Genesis Theory?”

Sol asked in wonder. This was something that was never mentioned in all his lessons.

“Indeed. You could also call it Human Evolution Theory.”

Milia then began to explain.

This theory was born about six to seven hundred years ago, from the question as to why only humans could form contracts, and why they were able to use some of the attributes of the beings they were contracted to.

This also posed the question as to why humans were the only race unable to use mana or magic from birth.

The ones who proposed an answer to this question were two people. A witch, named Hansel Darwin and her brother, a researcher named Gretel Darwin. From their research, they deduced one theory so crazy that they became laughingstock.

In their opinion, the human race was the origin of all races. The reason humans could mate with all races was because of this. The fact that humans were unable to use magic was just because they were a non evolved form of all races who developed in order to master magic.

From their theory, neither magic nor mana were things that existed naturally in the world, or at least, not in great quantity. Then, later, for some reasons, this changed and some humans began to evolve while some did not.

“This theory is quite interesting, why is it not known?”

Sol knew his question could have been a little insensitive. After all, he didn’t know the relation between this theory and their past. But he was really curious. This wasn’t just because this theory was incredible but also because of their family name. If it was a coincidence, then it was rather extraordinary.

Thankfully, none of the people present seemed to take offense.

“It is normal that your highness never heard of it. If this theory stopped here, at most they would have been seen as slightly crazy scientists. But, those two made a great mistake, or should I say that they went too far.”

She shook her head at this, “ In the second part of their theory, they claimed that what they were saying was the truth because, even though the fourteen goddesses all had different features, the mother goddess was without a doubt human in appearance. They went even farther by adding that most likely, all the goddesses were just extremely powerful humans.”

Sol immediately winced at that. Even though this world wasn’t against scientific research, some limits shouldn’t be crossed.

Milia sent a bitter smile, “It’s as you can guess. Those two were immediately branded as heretics, then sentenced for disrespecting the divinities before finally being executed by decapitation. After that, all their researches were destroyed and forgotten in the river of times.”

This wasn't surprising, this world was one deeply in the control of the goddesses. From his old world, he knew how dangerous zealot could be. Still, Sol caught one important fact,

“If their research was burned, then, how do you know?”

Milia hesitated a little, before continuing,

“Few decades ago, the kingdom was at its lowest. Uranus, the Tyrant King, had tried to conquer Wratharis and Envilya at the same time and also declared war on Gluttony Foss. Of course, as you know, he failed miserably. Not only that, because of his failure, nearly all the members of the royal family as well as all their partners died. The only survivor was...”

“My grandfather, the Puppet King.” continued sol with a sigh.

“Indeed. Like the Peaceful King, Pluto, after the death of Jupiter, King Neptune, after the death of Uranus had been obligated to take the throne as a young child. Sadly, unlike King Pluto, he didn’t have wise advisers, nor did he have powerful knights. He also didn’t have the incredible talent shown by most kings, and as a result he was easily manipulated by the nobles.”

Sol nodded. After a human died, only his first partner would follow him in death.

The others would only be somewhat weakened. Thanks to this, after each generation, the royal family, and the kingdom continuously grew stronger, since they had generations of old partners.

One could even say that before the Tyrant King, the Kingdom had been at the peak of its power, and aside from Gluttony Foss, Lustburg had been without a doubt the strongest Kingdom.

Sadly, after his great grandfather’s folly, everything crashed down.

The only reason Lustburg hadn’t been completely invaded was because of the Supreme daughter of the era, as well as the fact that the Tyrant King didn’t go down alone, and pulled down the King of Wratharis and the Queen of Envilya with him.

Still, because of this, the relationship with the werebeasts was incredibly bad, and the demons even once tried to kill Sol in the past.

“So, what did my grandfather do?” He had some suspicion where this was going, but he wanted a clear answer.

“He unearthed the researches of the Darwin’s siblings.”

Sol was stumped. Of course, he saw it coming from the flow of the conversation, but how the hell do you even unearth researches from a few hundreds years ago that were supposedly destroyed?

“The king lacked the martial and political talent of his ancestor, but he wasn’t without his own talent. He was a great biologist himself. Some of his research even developed the medical field. As such, after getting those research, he developed a bold idea.”

Sol gulped a little and waited for what would follow.

“Firstly, he devised that the theory was incomplete. If humans were really the base, then there was a race that was the closest to perfection.”

“Are you talking about the chimeras?”

Thinking so, Sol thought back to his new maid, Nuwa. She was also a chimera.

“Indeed, Echidna, the mother of thousands monsters, also the oldest mortal alive on earth, aside from Ambrosia. Her title isn’t just for show since all the chimera are related to her, eons of careful interbreeding had been required to create the current race.”

One of the reasons why Gluttony Foss was the strongest kingdom wasn’t just because of Echidna. There was also the fact that even ordinary soldiers were at a completely different level.

“Your grandfather's hypothesis was simple. Since Chimera are the results of centuries of inbreeding, it means that the Humans Genesis Theory had some truth to it. But, he couldn't afford to wait for such a long time like Echidna. As such, he decided to artificially accelerate the processus.

“This was how <<Project Chimera>> came to be. A project that had a sole and only goal, to create super soldiers, humans with the attributes of magical beings without contract, or low level magical beings, being able to use magic from other races. For this project, two hundreds orphans of different races were used. Out of them, 190 died. 9 survived but were deemed as failuress, and only one was deemed a success... That was me.”

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Chapter 106: CH 97: END OF THE MEETING

Silence prevailed after this declaration. The only source of noise was Sol, lightly tapping his finger on the table as he closed his eyes.

Even though the information Milia gave him was quite shocking, it wasn't as if he hadn't been prepared for something like this. There were simply too many clues.

Milia's shadow abilities that shouldn't be possible for a cow woman, the weird mixed odor the fingers had, the revolution that changed the Crown's hound into the crown's shadow, and many others little action or words of the like.

Though, knowing that the cause was his grandfather was quite distressing.

At the same time, Sol couldn't help but feel heartache at the situation.

He didn't know what kind of experiment they went through, but the fact that only ten out of two hundreds survived was enough to understand that it wasn't pleasant.

Milia meanwhile did her best to hide her trembling hands. Remembering the event of those times wasn't particularly pleasing. Most of them had become broken one way or another.

She was also fearing Sol's reaction. She knew him well enough to know that he wouldn't discriminate against her because of this, but it still didn't stop her from worrying.

It was then that she felt something warm around her hand.

Looking at the side, she could see Sol holding her hand in her and giving her a reassuring smile.

This helped her calm her wildly beating heart.

Once he was sure that she was calm enough, Sol stood up before addressing the others.

"I know that what I am about to say is, in the grand scheme of things, quite meaningless. Still, in the name of the royal family, I would like to express my greatest apologies."

Saying so, he bowed down, giving them quite a shock. Aside from Milia and Ketia, most of them still had some grudge against the kingdom. Even though Mars saved them back then and got their allegiance to the kingdom, they were loyal to him. Not the kingdom.

Seeing him bow like this, even though as he said it didn't alleviate their pains and suffering, they had to admit that it somewhat calmed down the grudge in their hearts.

Raising himself, Sol continued, "I know it cannot help much and that no amount of reward could pay back what you went through, but if you have any demands, I would like to hear it. I will endeavor to realize them."

Milia and the other four looked at each other, Edgar finally spoke. "Your highness. Our loyalty lay with you, and therefore this kingdom. As long as you promise that no such brutality will ever happen in your time, our blades will be for you to wield."

This time, Edgar didn't have his usually flippant attitude. This was something very important for them. They knew that anything could happen in the future. But they also knew that as a hybrid, Sol's lifespan was exponentially longer than most humans. As long as nothing happened, he would without a doubt live for a few generations.

Sol didn't hesitate to promise. Even if they hadn't asked him, he would have done so. Sol didn't fancy himself the ally of justice, but there were some limits he wasn't willing to cross.

The previously tense atmosphere somewhat settled down, of course, trust didn't suddenly bloom between them all. He wasn't like a certain blond-haired ninja who could make the greatest villains sacrifice themselves for them just after speaking for five minutes.

Trust was something that needed time to form, but at least with his words, Sol took the first step.

Thinking about that, he looked once again toward Milia, "You don't have to continue, you know? I can hear the rest later."

He knew he couldn't even begin to guess how she felt currently and didn't want to make her feel even worse.

Milia smiled bitterly, "If you permit, I will go into the details with you later. So I will simply resume the rest of the situation."

Saying so, her expression became a little soft, "As you know, I was once married. My husband was also a cowman. Eric. Though we nicknamed him bull. Of course, even though I call him husband, it wasn't as if we had some true ceremony. He was one of the survivors. Sadly,"

Her expression became dark, "The other four wanted to continue the experiments. Even though they knew how horrifying it was, they thought that it was the next step to evolution. The best way to surpass everything before us. My husband was a good man, but he was also quite naive, and I guess he couldn't support that I was actually stronger than him. His naivety and his jealousy were his downfalls."

She closed her eyes before opening them again, even though they were slightly red, no tear could be seen in them. She had already cried enough long ago.

"I killed him. I killed them all. At that time his majesty was already dead, and you were only 3 years old."

She tried to give a smile, though, with her current expression, it looked more like an ugly grimace than anything else. That day, she had nearly broken.

No, she was already broken before that. This event simply broke her further.

Sol's mind jostled, he remembered something hazy. Even though he was a reincarnator, he wasn't born with his full mental capacity. The brain of a baby simply wasn't developed enough to handle so much information.

Standing up, he hugged Milia tightly. She hesitated a little before finally returning his hug.

Looking at them like this, none of them had the heart to break them apart. Edgar in particular had a somewhat relieved expression.

He had always respected Milia. When they were all suffering, she had been the one to stand up for them. When she knew they were at the edge, she would make a fuss and be punished just so that they could be better treated.

Edgar did not doubt that, if not for her, there wouldn't have been ten survivors, but only one.

That's why he had always been against her infatuation with Sol. After all, he was a royalty. While Milia was just his servant. He didn't really believe she would be treated as she should.

He had to admit that he was also somewhat jealous. Not because of any romantic feelings, but because Sol was able to make her smile when all they could, was bring more burden to her.

Standing up, he clapped a little to get everyone's attention and said, "Your highness, I suggest that we stop here for today, I think everyone's emotions are quite raw right now. What's more, we already briefed our subordinates about the operation that might happen tomorrow. In the meantime. What do you think?"

He adjusted his monocle as he said this. Sol, understanding the considerations simply nodded before leading a silent Milia away.

Sometimes, words were not necessary to express gratitude.

Once they left, Edgar sighed before sitting back.

Aria, who has been holding her smoking pipe lit it up with a weak fire spell and inhaled deeply before exhaling the smoke,

"So, what do you guys think?"

Her previous flirtatious expression was nowhere to be seen. Despite being the chief of a prostitute den, she was not one herself, and in fact, did not even like men.

Ketia looked at the three and said calmly, "He isn't as kind as his father was, but I do not think this will be a cause of worry. He really loves Milia as you can see."

"Bull also loved Milia, it didn't stop him from betraying us."

The murmur of Berthold caused the atmosphere to tense a little.

Aria took another puff before saying, "Love and so does not matter. The prince's talent is without a doubt as much as his majesty, if not more. As such, he has no reason to feel jealous or inferior like Bull or like the Puppet King."

The others nodded, but Berthold continued, "Are you sure he is as talented as his majesty? We do not know his overall Capacity. What if he is like Lilith and unable to make contracts?"

This time Ketia frowned, "What does it matter? Even if he doesn't reach the level of his father, he is without a doubt extremely talented. What's more, Queen Lilith proved that even without enough Capacity, one could reach great heights with just martial art."

Berthold shrugged and gave a calm smile, "I have nothing against the prince. I just do not want us to take a stand just after meeting him once."

Aria nodded, "Well, you are indeed right. Talented or not, the prince is still a half-dragon. In terms of authority alone, he would be equal to a prince or a princess if he was in the elf country. So, we should avoid getting on his bad side."

Saying so, she turned toward Ketia, "So, did you inspect the elf who followed the princess? What do you think?"

"I do not think she is a piece sent by the elves. It seems like she is really just a friend of the princess. Still, we should be careful. Even though her background didn't seem high, people showed an odd amount of respect to her."

"Should we rough her up a little?"

Ketia shook her head at Edgar's question, "No matter what, she is still the friend of the princess. What's more, even if she is a piece, she would hold no ill feelings toward the prince."

"Well, then we will trust you. I guess now we should go prepare."

Aria stood up and was about to leave when she suddenly remembered something.

"By the way, did we get information on the blue wolf slave the Gorfard's heir has?"

Edgar showed some confusion as he answered, "This is something weird. She isn't an official slave, but we couldn't find in which black market she was bought. Well, it isn't that important. She is just a slave, so she shouldn't affect the grand scheme of things. We will be able to save her and all the others soon."

Saying so, he also got and began to leave. Berthold, who was still smiling, followed.

This was how the meeting came to an end.

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Chapter 107: CH 98: FORESHADOWING

[TRAVERS ESTATE]

Clang *Clang* *Clang*

Somewhere in the mansion of the Travers family, the sound of metal clashing could be heard.

Currently, Theresa was wearing light transparent clothes and was sitting in front of a fire stove as she swung down a hammer larger than her head again and again. Even though dwarves possessed a resistance to fire and she was wearing fireproof clothes, sweat was flowing from her body like water.

Even so, her body was steady and her expression focused.

Clang *Clang* *Clang*

She continued to swing her hammer without pause, and under her mighty strike, the weapons she was creating were gradually taking shape.

As a dwarf, she was extremely talented, not only in business but also in forging. In the past, she would always be the one taking care of the crew's weapons.

Currently, though, she wasn't just creating any kind of weapons. But perhaps what would be the greatest masterpiece she ever created. This was even more so because of the materials she was using as the base.

Her eyes seemed to glow with madness as she continued to swing her hammer with all her might. Even though her muscles were aching. Even though her bones were cracking. No matter what, she would complete them.

After all, it was the last thing her late friend asked while giving her the most important things for any creatures of rank S.

Her horns and her core.

[GORFARD'S ESTATE]

In the Gorfard mansion, seated on a throne, a handsome middle-aged man was looking absentmindedly at the red liquid swirling in his glass of wine.

He was the Duke Loki Gorfard.

Next to him, the head butler who generally took care of Leonard was standing impassively. His gaze, uncertain.

"So, how is my incapable son?"

After a while, he seemed to wake and posed this question. The butler hesitated a little before bowing.

"He is currently enjoying the wolf slave."

A sneer formed on Loki's face. "So, the Gorfard family is facing one of its greatest crises and that stupid son of mine is busy fucking some mutt. Is it what you are saying?"

The butler simply kept his head low. He knew that his master was already disappointed in his son since long ago. The current situation didn't make his impression better.

The dark gaze of the Duke landed on the silent butler for a while before passing. He knew that it wasn't the fault of this servant of his. His son was just too licentious.

If at least he was as skilled as he was lustful, he wouldn't have minded. Sadly, it wasn't the case.

He couldn't help but think about the son of that infuriating dead bastard. Compared to the son of that man, his own was just garbage.

"Mars, even in death you still manage to surpass me."

Gulping his wine without even tasting it, he simply threw the glass away and watched as it broke once it landed in anger.

All his life, he had been in the shadow of that man. Be it in terms of birth, look, talent, skills, attraction toward women, charisma.

He still remembered the shy weak boy he had once met and disdained. That boy became a man he could only look up to.

Even now, more than one decade after Mars's death, he knew that the current him would still lose if he fought against the past Mars.

For someone as proud as him, this humiliation was something he simply couldn't bear. Worse was that, after the father, they were now asking him to bow to the son?

A feeling of cold rage washed over him as he swore inwardly,

'I am going to break it.'

He refused to die of old age without managing to do anything great. He refused to submit to some brat no matter how talented he was. Soon; he would enter the annals of history.

A crimson glow shined in his eyes as he thought about this before he let out a chuckle. Leaning back on his throne, he asked the butler,

"Why do you think Justice always wins in the end?"

The butler was somewhat taken aback, at this question. Though it was just a rhetorical one as the Duke continued,

"In my eyes, Justice always wins because the winner is the one who will become justice, and so...I am going to represent Justice."

[CROWN'S SHADOW HIDEOUT]

Sol was currently hugging Milia who was curling on his laps while he was sitting on a bed.

The room they were using was a rather austere room that seemed to belong solely to Milia. But from the lack of warmth and decoration, it was clear that it was rarely used. Still, it was large enough and luxurious enough to befit her status as leader.

Even though she wasn't shedding any tears, Sol could feel an incredible feeling of grief washing off from her.

Hugging her tighter, Sol couldn't but remark how small Milia seemed now. For as long as he could remember, she had always been this woman smiling with a motherly smile that would always take care of him while admonishing him if he made mistakes.

In a way, she had been even more of a mother for him than anyone else. Thinking about this, she couldn't help but wonder since when this situation changed.

He could understand why Camelia loved him. After all, she had been in love with his soul since she perceived it. But what about Milia? He doubted there were many people with the power to see souls.

'Most likely it was on this day.'

He couldn't be sure, but it was his greatest guess. Still, this didn't matter right now. His attention focused on her face as he felt her tug on his clothes.

Looking at her pale face, he gently smiled and asked, "A little better?"

Milia blushed a little before nodding her head, "Sol, please could you set me down now? This is a little embarrassing."

Sol was a little taken aback before he began to chuckle, "I remember that we did many things that should have been far more embarrassing than this."

Milia nodded shyly before stepping away from him. Currently, she felt as if her heart was about to explode. It seemed that explaining most of her past helped her stabilize some of her emotions.

Seeing her flee away like a little squirrel, Sol let out another chuckle before settling down.

Milia herself could only helplessly chuckle at her own actions before leaning against Sol's shoulder. Even back then he was a child, hugging him was all she needed to stop her nightmare.

Sol was her safe harbor. The sole place where she could bask in the warm light of the sun.

Putting an arm around her shoulder, Sol pushed Milia's head down on his laps. "Don't struggle. For once, let me spoil you, alright?"

Stopping her struggle as he asked, she relaxed obediently and enjoyed Sol's ear cleaning skills.

The atmosphere surrounding the room slowly became warmer as silence settled between the two. The worries and uneasiness in her heart further melted as she closed her eyes.

Sol knew that moments such as this should be enjoyed as much as possible. He knew that soon he would face a new trial. It was easy to speak about bloodshed, it was another thing to go through it.

For him who had never killed, what was about to happen would without a doubt be heavy. But,

"I will not falter."

Murmuring those words under his breath, Sol's eyes blazed with conviction.

Under him, Milia slowly opened her eyes and looked up at the handsome face of Sol, smiling, she raised her hand to caress his face, before saying,

"Your highness, now that we are alone, let me tell you the full story."

[**Son of the Hero King**](#)

Chapter 108: INTERLUDE 7: A MAID'S PAST

It hurt!

This was the only thought floating in her head.

Everything in her body hurt.

"Number 26 is showing adverse reactions."

"Incredible! For her to only show such a reaction now, how is it possible? No matter, adjust the operations."

Her hazy consciousness slowly woke up as pain flooded in.

Beep ! *Beep! *

"She is waking up too soon! Who is the bastard that gave the anesthetic!?"

'What is happening?'

She tried to speak but she felt as if her mouth was too heavy to even open. She tried to move but all her limbs were bound.

"Send more dose! Now!! We can't afford to lose a specimen that reached the adaptation phase on the first operation."

'It hurts! It hurts! It hurts! Please! I beg you! Stop this!'

Her plea, unable to be voiced, came out as a guttural scream as she began to thrash around uselessly while trying to free herself.

Pain.

Fear.

Confusion.

Discomfort.

All those feelings mixed in her mind and made her delirious.

Because of the blindfold covering her eyes, she was unable to understand what was happening.

She just wanted everything to stop.

'Please, someone, anyone, please make it st..'

On those last thoughts, her mind fell back in slumber.

'How did this happen?'

Sitting in a white cell with her knees gathered under her, the young cowgirl asked herself with a somewhat empty expression.

Everything around her was white. Be it the ceiling, the walls or the door. Even the clothes she was wearing were white. What's more, her hands were bound by her clothes. The same went for her mouth.

This illusion of an infinite void was doing nothing good to her mind. She could only leave this place for more painful experiments.

Raising her head, she began to stare at the ceiling absentmindedly, thinking back to her past.

All her life had been filled with hardships.

As a war orphan, feeding her stomach and surviving the next day had always been the most important thing for her. She had no time to consider anything else.

Begging, stealing, being stolen from, running away from the guard. This had always been her life.

Back then, she wished to survive. Even though life was hard, she had a slight hope for a better future.

But now,

'I just want to die.'

She simply wished to put an end to her own misery.

Sadly, even death was being refused to her.

After she tried to suicide for the third time, they put her in this cell and made sure that she would be unable to harm herself.

"I want to die. I want to die. I want to die. I want to die."

Closing her eyes, she began to softly chant this plea; her words flowing like an unending curse.

For her, this place was hell on earth.

In the morning, she was injected with some unknown substance.

Afterward, she was taken to a laboratory room where they would subject her to different kinds of tortures labeled as experiments.

Just remembering this made her body shudder and she began to become nauseous.

Cough *Cough*

Bending down, her body wracked by pain, she began to barf on the ground what was supposed to be some nutritious liquid.

She had already stopped eating in the hope to die from hunger, but they still found a way to keep her alive with this.

Moving in order to lay down on her back, she once again began to stare at the ceiling with a hollow expression.

She had long since stopped hoping for anyone to help her. All hope in her had died long ago. As she was now, even a doll had a more colorful expression than her.

Closing her eyes as fatigue swept her fragile mind, she went into a sleep full of pain and agony, awaiting a new hellish day.

'How long has it been?'

She couldn't remember.

In the first place, this hell hole didn't allow them to see the light of the sun for all she knew, perhaps only a few days went past or perhaps a few years.

'Most likely a few years.'

As a cow woman, even though she didn't know much about her race because her parents died when she was too young, she at least knew the signs of them reaching puberty. She had to admit that even for her numbed mind, waking up with blood flowing from her nether region and milk out of her breasts had been somewhat shocking.

Currently, wearing a white skirt and white shirt, she was sitting in what appeared to be a classroom with other young children about her age, while scribbling on some paper that was supposed to grade them. A collar with the number 26 inscribed on it, around her neck.

The first time this test was done, many like her had been reticent, but a jolt had been enough to put most of them in order.

It seemed that those who abducted them didn't simply want to experiment on them, but were also trying to make them smarter.

History, Geography, Arithmetic, Diplomacy, Psychology, and many such things were always taught to them.

At the end of what seemed to be the day, they would receive a grading test. Those with the worst score were punished while those with the best scores were rewarded.

Even for her young mind, it didn't take long to understand that they were forcing them to become used to receiving orders.

It was a slow process, but sometimes, she was surprised to see some of her fellow prisoners act while thinking about how to please their jailers rather than fight back.

Flicking her pen, she closed her eyes and began to sleep.

Her papers, as always, were filled with enough mistakes to put her near the last position.

For her who wished to die, she had no need to receive the so-called reward. No matter how much they electrocuted her, compared to the pain of the experiments she received, this was nothing.

In fact, she wished for them to increase the punishment and accidentally kill her. What's more, one more failure like her meant one less person sent to be punished.

'How many of them are left now?'

She wondered sadly. Each day, the number of children around her slowly decreased. Children disappeared, and in their places, new arrivals steadily increased in number. Initially about fifty, they had decreased by half, only to be reinforced by fresh faces. Their numbers had even managed to increase to 200 without her noticing.

She would always have a sad expression when one of them vanished

For the other children, it seemed as if she was sad about their death. But this wasn't really the case.

While she mourned their deaths, what made her the saddest, was one simple thought.

'Why isn't it me?'

"Number 66, Number 12! Set forth!"

"Yes."

"Yes."

Following the voice coming from the ceiling, one boy advanced and stood with a wooden sword in his hand, his actions, mirrored by a young glasses wearing boy.

"Begin."

At the emotionless signal, the two simultaneously began to practice their combat forms. The children of the facility were all unnamed; only their assigned numbers were used.

The outcome mirrored a dozen of prior matches, a light faint which would be followed up with 66 swinging with all of his might. He swung repeatedly, making contact each time, and grazed the young number 12's head.

In that time, number 12 kicked him with great force and knocked him down. His sword was then quickly thrust to his throat and was followed by the order to stop.

"Number 12, well done."

"Thank you."

"But as for number 66, you're hopeless yet again. Your memory fails you, and your movements are dull. I'm telling you this for your own sake. What a failure."

"Apologies."

"Do you forget that the only reason you're alive is because of your adaptation to the experiments? By all accounts, it wouldn't be strange to say that it's too late for you to clean up your act."

"I understand."

How she wished to simply swing her sword and kill those people speaking above.

"Now then, salute."

This time, the voice was addressed to all the children present, and like a machine, they began to repeat the words that were specially made to indoctrinate them.

"We offer our greatest honors, and most heartfelt gratitude to his majesty Neptune the great!"

"We swear unconditional loyalty to the kingdom!"

"Death to those who would oppose our Kingdom! For that purpose, we are willing to become the swords in the darkness!"

What were they even supposed to be thankful for? Why did they have to swear their loyalty? The girl couldn't remember a single thing that could obligate them to dedicate their lives to that kind of cause.

In reality, shouldn't they rather hate him? Swear to kill him?

That's why, one new goal took hold in her heart.

She swore that before dying, she would kill the bastard that caused all their miseries.

As time passed, she found herself surprisingly making new friends while sadly losing old ones.

The boy number 144 for example was a good friend who always liked to tell stories to make the other children happy. Sadly, he slowly withered away and died. Until his very end, all he could do was moan in pain.

Number 167, who moved into number 12's old room was the girl who became her best friend. With a quivering voice and a face that always appeared about to cry, it was during this time that she managed to brighten up.

Number 66, another cow man like her, was a rather handsome and kind fellow. He always managed to make her laugh even when her mood was at its lowest.

Number 54 was a dark elf girl, clearly the oldest of them all, she would always comfort the other children and act as the big sister of the group.

Number 12, the glass wearing young man was a strong but shy fellow. Every day, he would cry in his sleep and beg for help. He thought that they didn't hear him, but they simply kept quiet to protect his fragile pride.

This was how her everyday life continued.

Thinking of dying yet being denied death.

Hoping to see her friends survive but yet having to watch them die.

Being taught to be loyal to a man she wished to kill.

She thought that this would never change.

Until one day...

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 109: INTERLUDE 8: FROM PAST TO PRESENT

[A FEW YEARS LATER]

Number 26, or rather Milia bathed under the moonlight with an incredibly sad expression.

Currently, in a clearing, she was surrounded by five people. Four men and one woman. All of them were wearing black tight-fitting clothes.

The atmosphere was incredibly quiet and heavily filled with repressed killing intent.

"Please, I beg you guys. Please give up. Just stop. We can still go back."

Sorrow filled her voice as she pleaded once again. She knew that once they began, there would be no holding back.

Even though she was stronger than them, it was impossible to win against all of them if she held back even in the slightest.

"Milia, you must understand. Those experiments are the next step to evolution. You should know yourself. The cow race is one of the weakest of the were beasts without any particular magic. But right now, you completely surpassed the limitations of your race. Do you understand just how incredible it is?"

She looked with disbelief at the man with raccoon ears who tried to explain their crazy ideas.

How could they forget all of the friends they lost and utter the same words those who once kidnapped them always uttered?

"Big Sis, it is you who don't understand. You cannot understand our feelings. We all went through the same sufferings. We all survived the same ordeals. So why? Why are you the only one?!"

The one who spoke this time was a tall tiger woman. She was also a girl she really liked and took under her wing back then.

Most of the children kidnapped for the experiments had been Werebeasts and Humans with a few Elves and Dwarves.

Demons and Angels hadn't been used because they were partially energy beings and as such unsuitable. Meanwhile, it was basically impossible to find a Chimera.

Milia felt her heart sink at those words from someone she always saw as her little sister, "Is that really what you think?"

She trailed her gaze on all of them before settling on one muscular man with two horns on his head.

"What about you guys? Do you all think the same?"

Seeing her husband as well as the others unable to look at her straight, a bitter feeling spread through her while she did her best to stop the tears that were threatening to spill.

How could they not understand that the experiments they suffered from weren't even one-tenth of what she went through?

To protect them, she didn't hesitate to take the biggest punishment.

To help them, she didn't hesitate to propose herself for the most dangerous experiments.

To save the maximum number of her friends, she took many more times the doses any of them should have taken.

Even after the experiment ended, she took on the most dangerous task just to lower the risk of them dying.

In the end, she upstaged the rebellion against the Crown's Hound by killing all the old leaders and, with the help of Mars, established the Crown's Shadow and the Three Divisions.

Even though her story was worthy of a legend, neither she ever unfolded her pains nor her sufferings.

She had nobody to confide in - not even her own husband could ease her suffering.

Despite this, her desire for them to live surpassed her desire to die; as such, she held on.

No matter how much she hurt, she held on.

No matter how great the danger was, she held on.

No matter how much she just wanted to lie down and close her eyes forever, she held on.

She never asked for a word of thanks, never asked for any rewards. Because in her mind, them being alive and well was a reward in itself.

'And all that for what? To hear this kind of bullshit?'

But now she couldn't help but mock herself,

'Perhaps I should have really died long ago.'

She really entertained the thought of dying right now, but she thought about the last four of their crews.

They didn't betray her. They still needed her.

Since they needed her, then she needed to live... As such, she had to kill the five in front of them.

All sorrow immediately vanished from her face. One singular thought repeated.

'I need to live, therefore I need to kill.'

Behind her, her shadow began to change shape. Her aura continued to rise until it blanketed the entire zone.

"Stop her!"

The others immediately understood that whatever she was doing wasn't good for them and rushed towards her.

Sadly, it was too late,

<<Zone:Melancholia >>

What followed, could only be called a complete massacre.

'I wish it would rain.'

Standing under the moonlight, Milia raised her head and stared blankly at the silver-white moon. Her beautiful face, marred with blood.

A ray of moonlight shone on the clearing, showing a grisly sight.

Blood, limbs, and guts were covering the ground all around her. Some of the bodies were so maimed that they were basically unrecognizable.

It was as if they had been devoured by a large number of famished beasts. Leaving them not even the slightest chance to survive.

Behind her, in her shadow, large glaring eyes were slowly closing down.

“*Cough* To think you hide such a terrifying power. *Cough* Cough*, I guess that until the end, I never really managed to understand you.”

Milia gazed expressionlessly at her husband. It seemed that even in her murderous haze, she had somewhat gone easy on him. Still, with the wounds he received, he was without a doubt a goner.

“If only you didn’t try to do that. We could have lived happily together for the rest of our life.”

His expression crumbled a little at her words, before he gave a bitter blood-filled smile, “Happy? You? *Cough* Please don’t continue this sad joke.”

As his blood continued to flow out, while laying down on the cold hard ground with the destroyed bodies of his comrade, his last words were neither curses nor insults toward the one who killed him. But rather,

“I really hope that you find true happiness one day...”

His last words were just one last wish of happiness for her. But in Milia’s ears, those words sounded like the greatest curse ever.

Feeling the life vanished from his eyes, Milia finally crumbled down.

‘I killed them.’

This thought repeated again and again in her mind.

She had thousands of reasons.

She had thousands of excuses.

But all of it boiled down to one truth.

They were dead...And she, who swore to protect them all, was their killer.

When this reality finally dawned on her, she simply collapsed.

A month later, Milia was standing under the shower of her personal room, her expression gaunt as if she hadn’t eaten for a long time.

Currently, she was washing her body, again and again. She was washing herself with such a tenacity, that her white skin was slowly becoming redder until it looked like it would tear.

She hated how filthy she still felt.

Even after all this time, she could still feel their hot blood on her face. Hear their screams and curses. What made her feel worse was how even though she hated what she did, she had absolutely no regret.

'I wonder if I am really a monster.'

Thinking so, she stopped the shower. It was time for her to begin her second work.

'As a head maid and nanny.'

As she watched the young prince who was only three years old receive a lecture about how to count and read, she couldn't help but chuckle.

She was the sole successful experiment out of two hundred and most likely more.

She was someone who broke through the limits and reached the zone, thereby making her one of the top-class warriors in this country.

She was the leader of the greatest, albeit crippled, dark organization.

Despite this, she was working as the maid and wet nurse of the prince.

This situation was so absurd that it slightly dispersed her brooding mood, even if a little.

She had to admit that she was really attached to the prince. After all, in a sense, she had been the one to raise him until now.

'Even though the way he sucked my milk back then was quite naughty.'

She didn't know if all babies were like this and at first, she had been a little creeped out with how smart he seemed for his age, but she chalked it up to his dragon heritage.

Now though, she always liked how cute his bored expression was when he received lessons he obviously already mastered but had to act like a dumb child.

Those days were quite happy. Despite this, the hole in her heart still seemed unable to be filled.

But one day, as she crouched down to wash the prince while in her maid clothes, she heard him ask.

"Why do you always seem so sad?"

This question sent a tremor in her mind. She was sure that she always perfectly controlled her expressions.

"What makes you think that, your highness?"

"Hum, I don't really know. I guess sometimes you look like you are about to cry. Is something the matter?"

She could have lied here and now and end the discussion. After all, what could such a young child understand? Even though he was far smarter than his age, this didn't matter much in this situation.

Still, she couldn't help but answer

"A lot of people I used to care about aren't here anymore."

She was quite careful about using the words death. She didn't know if he was already aware of the concept of life and death, and she didn't want to have to explain it if he wasn't.

Still, seeing how his expression went from curious to shocked than sad, it seemed that he did understand what she really meant.

"I see. It must have been hard, right?"

The prince, so small she could take him in her arms, tiptoed and patted her head with his wet and warm hand as if calming a young child.

"You know, I don't have anyone here either. They say that only people who share the same pain can understand each other. So I guess you are family now?"

His words made no sense to her. What about the queen, the saint, or even the princess? How could a child even utter such words?

Still, even though pitifully childish and naive, even though completely senseless, those words struck a chord deep in her heart, breaking a tightly strung one.

Closing her eyes, Milia for the first time bawled like a little girl while laughing as she watched the little prince's shocked expression at her sudden outburst.

Sometimes, people didn't need deep words full of meaning and sagesse.

What mattered more than anything was using the right words at the right times.

[12 YEARS LATER]

Since that day, she more or less retired from her functions as the leader of the crown's shadow and spent most of her time taking care of him and observing him.

All his actions.

All his little gestures.

All his expressions.

All his words.

She laughed when she saw the princess follow him around like a little duck.

She helped him when he received the little pup as his first slave.

She felt sad when she saw his frustrated expression after failing to use his sword.

Sadness, happiness, tears, expectations, stress, worries. A myriad of expressions filled her.

Slowly, she watched the little cute baby turn into a handsome and admirable young man.

Slowly, her bedroom became more and more filled with different objects belonging to him.

Slowly, her feelings of affection toward him became more and more distorted. Changing from the feeling a mother had towards her child to the feeling a woman had for a man.

Then one day, she received an order from the queen,

“Milia, do you think you could find someone to help Sol become an adult, if you understand what I mean?”

That day, her distortions finally found the perfect outlet.

Smiling, she gracefully bowed down and answered,

“I have the perfect candidate in mind.”

The rest is history.

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 110: WRATHARIS FOUR GREAT CLAN

When looked at from above, the royal capital of Wratharis, the kingdom of werebeasts, looked like a huge Tai chi symbol.

This symbol divided the two major powers, the temple under the command of the Kitsune, Kiku Inari Patienta, and the royal power under the control of Lupus Tiangou Ira.

The system of Wratharis was semi-democratic in appearance. Each time an important decision had to be made, it necessitated the main assembly which was composed of 193 different seats, each for the representative of their respectful race.

Of course, as with all systems that sold equality, in reality, were anything but equal.

In the Wratharis republic, four great races existed.

The Oni, The Stone Monkey, the Kitsune, and the Blue Wolf. The leaders of those four races formed the security council of the high assembly, with the Wolf and Kitsune holding permanent seats, while the two others seats could be taken if the leader lost to another one.

(A/N: Yeah, not really democratic. But hey, using fists is also democratic in a way.)

In the very center of Wratharis, stood a very large building reminiscing of a coliseum.

Around it, gigantic sculptures representing the 193 races could be seen even from afar.

Despite how wide it was, the interior of the building was rather well furnished and mixed elegance and wealth without looking too blinding.

This building was used for all important discussions. After all, the church and the royal castle also served as seats of power of their respective owner. Any leader taking a step in there would find himself in severe crisis.

This was why this building was created.

Currently, the building was full of people with different features in a room that looked like an amphitheater...

Bird, cat, lion, panther, bull, sheep, and so on. Curses and threats flew around as each one tried to appear and act as tough as possible.

For were beasts — weakness was a sin. The strong ate the weak and the weak could only cower in the sight of the strong.

Because of this, the social circle was extremely hierarchized with the stronger ones sitting higher. At the very summit, four seats hung above all of them.

“Leader of the Oni, Lord Shuten Douji.”

The moment those words resonated, all noise vanished from the room.

Step *Step* *Step*

It was so devoid of sounds, that the slow steps from behind the door high up could be heard.

Finally, the doors of one of the four rooms opened and the one announced entered.

The one who entered was a short woman, not unlike a child, though her outrageous clothes would beg to show a different tale. After all, her long open kimono aside, all she was wearing was something akin to a swimsuit. Her pale skin was so white it seemed she was devoid of blood. Her short purple hair was adorned with silver and golden jewels.

At first glance, she seemed no different than any human, if not for the two long horns protruding out of her forehead.

Taking her seat, Shuten took a swing of her most prized alcohol stored in the gourd she held in her hand.

Despite her slovenly appearance, no one in the room was fooled. They knew very well that behind this lazy exterior was a hideous madness that could threaten to explode at any moment.

“Leader of the Stone Monkey's, Lord Sun Wukong.”

This time, gulping could be heard all around. While the Oni lord was someone dangerous when triggered, she was rather calm most of the time. But the one who was called now was someone completely unpredictable.

Bang

The moment he entered, a cold atmosphere seemed to suddenly fill the room.

Sun Wukong was a man of average height with a rather athletic build wearing a black cloak. His black spiked hair aside, what caught the attention were the golden headband around his head and what looked like a white tiger skin around his waist, and finally, a long black tail swishing behind him.

This tiger skin was one of the reasons people feared him so much. Initially; the stone monkeys weren't part of the four great clans. At most, they were just in the middle rank. But, about fifty years ago, this anomaly was born.

After killing the Tiger lord, he took his place in the security council. In fact, he was so strong that some people called him the Uncrowned King or the Monkey King rather than the monkey lord. If not for the

divine law that stopped anyone not blessed from becoming king, they did not doubt that the current leader wouldn't be the wolves.

After taking his seat, Wukong took a meditative pose and closed his eyes.

“Leader of the Kitsune and Supreme daughter of Patienta. Saint Kiku Inari Patienta.”

The tense atmosphere immediately warmed a little.

If people feared or were wary of the previous two, Kiku on the other hand, enjoyed popularity out of all norms.

Not only was she beautiful, but even though she generally acted in an abrasive way, everyone understood that she only had the best interest of Wratharis at heart.

A tall woman with incredible curves wearing a red kimono entered. Behind her, six golden tails danced freely in the air before vanishing as she took a seat after she saluted everyone with a wave of her hand.

Sadly, the warm atmosphere didn't last long.

“Leader of the Blue Wolves and King of Wratharis, his majesty, Tiangou Lupus Ira.”

Few people hissed quietly or watched with disgust as a tall man with golden fur and blue eyes wearing a golden and red Kimono entered.

The king, watching them all simply smirked,

“Everyone. Bow for this king.”

The expression of most of the leaders became complicated, but they had no other choice than to bow to a man they found unworthy.

Everyone aside from the others three great lords bowed while cupping their hands.

“We salute the son of heaven!”

Their voices resonated in the dimly lit room.

Seemingly satisfied, Lupus nodded his head and took his seat before speaking again,

“Everyone, let's sit. I believe it's time for us to talk about the future.”

Most of the people present began to frown.

They knew the reason for this reunion, and even though they weren't particularly against it, they weren't all for it either.

Lupus, despite his brash manners, understood that what mattered currently were the lords.

War was the domain of the King, and as long as he got enough votes, not even the church could use their rights of veto.

Throwing a glance at the sullen Kiku, he hides a smirk and began to extrapolate.

"I think you all know about my intentions to wage war against Lustburg. You might not understand it, but this is most likely the best moment. Currently, without a Supreme daughter and a blessed King, Lustburg is without a doubt at its weakest. Completely conquering it isn't impossible."

The leaders began to discuss in a hushed breath. For people like them, war wasn't about patriotism or whatnot. Only foot soldiers thought like that.

For people standing at the highest place, war was all about benefits. War with no clear benefits was just a waste of time and resources.

Lupus perfectly understood this and began to explain the situation while highlighting the current weakness of Lustburg.

Once he finished, he sat back with a pleased expression.

He could see that aside from the die-hard leader on Kiku's side, most of the neutral ones were leaning towards war.

Focusing on the other two great lords, he asked,

"What do you think?"

He didn't even bother asking Kiku, the two of them never saw eye to eye. He was sure that if not for the protection of his blessing, she would have already tried to assassinate him. Well, he would have done the same.

Douji smiled a little before asking, "How reliable are your sources? What about the prince?"

Lupus scoffed, "My sources are foolproof. We had enough time to confirm the truth. Milia Castitas lost her blessing, and as such, Lustburg lost not only a powerhouse but also one of its greatest defenses. If we don't attack now, then when!?"

He smashed the armrest of his chair as he asked her while also addressing the room.

Sun Wukong, who was still in meditation opened his eyes and spoke plainly,

"Winter is coming."

"This indeed so, but don't you think this makes it more interesting? They will definitely never think that we would attack even during winter. What's more,"

"You want to use us as a vanguard."

Lupus didn't deny, "The stone Monkeys are impervious to fire and water. What's more, with your steel-like skin, you guys are the perfect vanguard."

He spoke very carefully, he understood very well that this man wasn't the kind who liked being ordered around. Even someone as arrogant as him understood that some people shouldn't be crossed if not necessary.

'I am lucky that this guy wasn't born in the Ira family.'

Sun Wukong piercing golden eyes stared at Lupus for a short while before he lost interest,

"I will only participate if I can fight the Saint of sword."

"Of course."

'Why should I stop you two freaks from fighting and killing each other?'

He scoffed inwardly. He didn't understand why anomalies such as Lilith Lustburg and Sun Wukong could be born, but it didn't matter.

Finally, he turned toward Kiku, and was surprised to see her show such calm countenance.

Kiku, standing up, spoke quietly, "I understand where this is going and I will not stop you. But, let me give a warning...Do not underestimate Lustburg."

On those words and without waiting for the assembly to end, she left.

Lupus ignored what he only saw as the growling of a sour loser.

'Soon, I will do what no other kings did. I will annex another kingdom.'

He could already feel his heart beating wildly in his chest.

His ambition didn't stop here. He would become the second Conqueror king but unlike that king... He would not fail.