

Hero King 111

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 111: PHOENIX

This universe was composed of thousands upon thousands of little dimensions such as Sol's mirror dimension or Tiamat's sea of stars.

But, out of them all, four great dimensions stood above all of them, forming a pyramid while all the other little dimensions were connected to them.

The first layer and the base of this pyramid was the material world. The place where most mortals lived.

The second layer was called the after-life. Some called it the hereafter, hell or paradise. This was the place where all souls resided, waiting to be reincarnated after losing most, if not all their memories. Of course, there were some exceptions who for some reason were allowed to keep their memories.

The final layer was called the divine realm, where the goddesses resided and observed the world from above.

But what will interest us this time is the third layer... The Astral realm.

The Astral realm was the place of residence for creatures bestowed with divinities and spirit creatures. It was divided into fifteen districts, fourteen of them belonging to the fourteen divine beasts and the last one being a sealed place no one could step a foot in.

Access to the Astral realm was generally extremely restricted. Be it when entering or going out. One of the rare exceptions was when the gate opened to allow humans, for a limited amount of times, to try their chance at acquiring a spirit or an offspring of a divine creature.

[PHOENIX DISTRICT]

"I refuse! Mother! why are you insisting so much!?"

A black-haired young girl, wearing a large white dress adorned with a plethora of jewels that hide her alluring figure, screamed with tears gathering at the corner of her beautiful scarlet eyes.

The woman facing her, while sitting on a golden throne, had similar features as the girl, clearly denoting their relationship. The only difference being her vermilion red hair and golden eyes.

The woman was called Nephtys, the daughter of Gabriel the divine phoenix, and current ruler of all the phoenixes. Still, despite all her power, she could only show a distraught expression at the vehement refusal of her daughter.

Trying to placate her, she explained, "Isis, my dear, please understand that this isn't something we can refuse. Your grandmother herself received the order from our goddess."

Isis stamped her feet before leaving in tears, her last words, bringing even more pain to her mother, "If father was here he would have never accepted this."

Now alone in her palace, Nephtys could only slump on her throne. Even though she knew it was unbecoming of her with her position, she could not afford to care.

“I guess she threw a tantrum again?”

A gentle voice sounded in her ears while a warm light enveloped her. From a bright golden fire, a tall and well-endowed woman appeared.

“Mother.”

Nephtys did nothing to change her position. She did not need to hide behind rules and such things in front of her own mother. Giving a wane smile, she could only acquiesce.

“She isn’t taking it well indeed. I guess she always thought that she would meet her own prince charming by herself, not because of an arranged marriage.”

A bell-like laugh came out of Gabriel as she sat on the armchair.

“You mean like how this boy, Anubis, entered this place so many years ago and swept you with him?”

“Mother!”

Nephtys, shyly screamed, a blush covering her face. Even though she remembered those moments fondly, she still couldn’t help but be embarrassed by how reckless she had been so long ago.

Gabriel continued to laugh for a little while before hugging the shoulder of her daughter.

“You must understand that this is for your own good. The goddesses cannot allow themselves to lose Blaze’s son. With Isis as his first contract, he will be able to obtain Nirvana and get insurance in case anything happens.”

“I understand mother, I understand. It’s just...I do not even know the boy. What if he is a bad influence on her. What if he doesn’t treat her well? I...I don’t know and Isis also hates me now, always comparing me to her father. Sometimes...I just feel so inadequate.”

Nephtys was on the verge of tears as she confessed her innermost worries to her mother.

It was normal for children to go through their rebellious phase, but they could never understand how much some of their words could profoundly wound their parents.

In the mind of most children, parents are this insurmountable wall that seemed almighty and devoid of crack. But, this couldn’t be any more wrong. Parents always had to appear almighty in front of their children, but in reality, they were full of insecurities.

As a mother, Gabriel understood this truth well. After all, she also went through the same thing with Nephtys back then.

Just remembering that infuriating brat pissed her so much. It was even more so since she didn’t know where he was currently.

“Shhh, don’t worry. You know as well as me that Isis isn’t happy here. Even though you did your best to care for her, she is isolated by the others because of the power she inherited from her father. Perhaps leaving the Astral realm and living some adventure could help her?”

Nephtys felt even more guilt from this. Even though she never regretted marrying her husband, she was still surprised about how her daughter inherited all the attributes of her father while only having some of her.

Because of this, even if the fact that she was a hybrid between a phoenix and a demon could be overlooked, her having the power of the greatest necromancer ever didn't really sit well with most, if not all phoenixes.

For a race such as them that respected the natural order and purity above everything else, necromancers were the vilest creature that existed. In fact, if she wasn't so powerful, no one would accept her as a queen. She was still thankful that her mother didn't despise her.

Thinking about her husband who was traveling through the dimensions in search of some unknown truth, she could only sigh.

"I hope the prince will be good to her."

This was the only wish she had a mother.

AN: So, here a short intro about the Astral realm and Phoenix side. More will be explained in VOL 6. Those knowledgeable in Egyptian myth should know how much I fucked around with the genealogy between Isis, Nephtys, and Anubis. But hey, it's interesting. Also, did you know that the first mention of the phoenix was in Egypt? Initially, I planned to use a Chinese setting for the Phoenix. But after doing some research, I decided to go with Egypt. As for her Chara design. Hehe. Remember my cover picture? She finally appeared. Yep. Rather sexy right?

As for her name, I needed Isis to be called, well Isis, because in myth she is basically the mother goddess. In the same way that Nuwa is the mother goddess in Chinese myth(*Hint* *Hint*)

As for Anubis, he is the mc of a prequel I have in mind for SHK, the story is called SDK, son of the demon king. I don't know when I will write it. Perhaps after my Gojo fic or perhaps after I finish SHK. We shall see.

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Chapter 112: VOL 5/ CH 99: TALENT OR HARD WORK

Under the dim light, Sol sat with a gentle expression as he caressed Milia's head while she softly laid asleep on his lap.

Her story had been far more tragic than he could have ever imagined, the weight of her past being something that could have crushed anyone else in her place.

He also remembered their discussions back then. During those times, he still did not really see this world as his own. He was still sad about losing everything he knew and never seeing his parents, nor his friends.

This thought prompted him to give a bitter smile, 'Since when did their faces become so faint in my mind?'

Time was truly the greatest curse.

Sighing, he discarded those thoughts, he didn't know how they were doing, and he hoped that they had a fruitful life. Perhaps in the future, he could search earth, his earth, with his dimension magic, but now wasn't the time.

His mind began to drift as he thought about what might happen soon. He couldn't have the leisure to have stray thoughts.

'There should still be some time before I meet with Gorfard.'

He briefly entertained the thought of simply entering Medea's dimension, but he knew that if he did, he would lose his edge.

After all, even though too much tension wasn't good, being too relaxed wasn't either. Keeping the balance was necessary.

'Well, let's stay like this for a few more minutes.'

[Tower of Babel]

"So, why did you seek me out, mother?"

Lilith could only chuckle bitterly at the dry tone used by Lilin. This wasn't the first time, nor would it be the last time. Still, even though she didn't show it, this situation somewhat saddened her.

Currently in the office of Lilith, since she rarely used the throne room, if not at all, she took another look at her daughter who had fled for so long.

No matter how one looked at it, the two of them would pass more for sisters than mother and daughter. The fact that Lilith still looked like a woman in her twenties aside, Lilin's face and aura were simply too similar to her own. The only reason they wouldn't be taken for twins was because of the obvious, even if slight, difference in age between the two of them.

Still, there was another great difference between the two of them currently. Something far more intricate than mere appearance.

"You took another path."

She didn't know if her voice sounded happy or disappointed. Since Lilin, like her, had absolutely zero capacity, Lilith had been training her so that she could become the second Sword Saint. No, she wished for Lilin to surpass her and complete the one technique she was still unable to complete despite all her talents.

'My expectations are always too heavy.'

Now that she was somewhat clear-headed, she understood just how bad of a mother she had been for Lilin. Of course, aside from Mars's death, there were other reasons related to Lilin's birth that made her like this, but it was beneath her to use excuses in such situations.

Lilin, who stood defiantly at first, fidgeted a little under the gaze of Lilith but still, she held her head high.

"Indeed, but I did not do so because of my dislike or some childish anger. I believe that your path isn't suitable for me, still, the ultimate goal of your technique is simply too incredible, as such I decided to find my own path."

"So the goal is still the same, and only the paths are different."

Lilith murmured under her breath. She understood perfectly what her daughter was getting at and it was a way of thought she had somewhat entertained on the back of her mind still, it was close to impossible for her to do so.

If the zone was something that could change based on the understanding someone had, the avatar was something fixed. It could grow or become weaker, but its intrinsic nature could never be changed.

That was why she called the avatar a path, all the action you took, your training, your experiences, your understanding of life and the world were fused into something greater. Only people who reached this level could really transcend the limitations and be considered a national class disaster.

The four witches were at this level, Camelia was at this level, and she herself was also at this level.

But...

'There is still more.'

Her eyes darkened. The divine aside, even on the mortal plane, she was sure that the avatar wasn't the last level possible. Even now, she knew three people who without a doubt went past that level.

Echidna, the mother of a thousand monsters.

Ambrosia, the thousands spell witch.

Finally, Mars, the Hero King.

"So, mother, I was always curious. Why didn't you teach this path to Sol?"

Lilith was genuinely curious. She had observed Sol's fight with Setsuna, and even though he was incredibly strong for someone who just awakened, the way he fought was too wild. But she remembered that before she left, Sol was supposed to train in the way of swords.

Of course, she understood that his fight against Setsuna had been more of a mating ritual than anything, but still, it was easy to see that he had lacked the grace Setsuna moved with.

"You are confusing something. I did train Sol on the way of swords. But I never really gave him a thorough training. This is for a simple reason. Sol isn't suited to my path."

"Do you mean to say that he lacks talent?"

This time Lilith exploded in laughter, something very rare of her, "Lacking talent? Goddess no, he simply has too much talent. So much that my path would only chain him down."

She could only shake her head as she said this.

Her way was one born from her powerlessness. Despite her heritage, she was born with a weak body and unsightly capacity. Even though she had a large amount of mana, there was only so much her body could handle.

As such, she honed her skills.

Hours and hours of training, to efficiently use her mana. Hours and hours of training to move her sword as if it was an extension of her own body. She had shed blood, sweat, and tears to stand at the level she was currently.

If Sol had been a human, she would have taught him her skills as she did with her daughter.

But... He wasn't.

Not only was Sol a hybrid dragon, but he also inherited the cheat resistance his mother had, albeit weaker. As if it wasn't enough, he also had his dimensional magic. Finally, even after years and years of training, if she fought with Sol with her bare body without any mana or technique, he would snap her like a twig.

She still remembered back then when she first saw Blaze's prowess on the battlefield. It was like watching a juggernaut assaulting a group of ants. No spells could wound her while physical attack could not pass through her scales. Meanwhile, her mana was basically bottomless and she could simply throw tens of dragon's breath one after another.

A mixed feeling of bitterness and anticipation flowed in her heart when she imagined Sol doing the same in a near future.

Those who said that hard work always paid weren't lying. Hard work never lies. But...No matter how hard you worked, some people were simply bestowed by the grace of heaven.

Those people would always make all your struggles, all your pains, all your sufferings, look like some meaningless sad joke.

Those people were called geniuses.

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Chapter 113: CH 100: ALL SIDES

[GORFARD MANSION]

"Young master, the Lord is calling for you."

The butler of the house, standing behind the door called for the heir. From what he was hearing, it seemed like he was still going at it, with the blue wolf slave.

In the past, the young master had a vast number of slaves at his beck and call. Even though maltreating slaves was a crime, it wasn't something that seemed to stop him. After all, a crime was only one if you got caught. But, lately, it was as if he was in trance. All his attention was only focused on this one slave.

Chuckling, he adjusted, the ring on his finger. He had been doubtful at first, but as the apostle had told him, that pitiful young man was slowly becoming even more of a waste than he was initially.

'Well, the young master should be happy. He will become one of the cornerstones for the advent of the Crimson Lady.'

Hiding the deep fanatical light shining in his eyes, he bowed once the door opened, only sparing a glance at the half-naked blue wolf laying on the bed, her body stained with body fluid.

Leonard Gorfard, looking pissed off, asked, "What does the old bastard want?"

"Young master please, pay attention to your words."

Inwardly though, he was gloating. Leonard had always been a man who paid attention to outward appearance. Even though he was trash, he was smart trash, in the past, he would have never openly uttered such stupid words.

Leonard frowned before continuing, "Then let me rephrase it, what does my, oh, so honored father wish?"

"His highness will soon arrive" He could see the expression Leonard crumble, but this didn't stop him. "His lordship wishes for you to stop your...Let's say unsavory activities and prepare yourself. He also wanted me to remind you to hide your slave, lest the prince see her and find out that she is an illegal slave. After all, the prince won't be the sole noble present."

The truth was that the master said no such thing. After all, while he did despise his son, he had enough faith in him to understand what to do on such occasions. But how could Leonard know this?

As he expected, Leonard gave a cold smile, "I see... I understand. Tell my father that I will be on time."

The way he emphasized on the word father told how angry he was, which couldn't make the butler happier.

'Be it father or son, they are just people filled with useless pride and an inferiority complex.'

"Then, If I may."

Bowing once again, he turned back and left, his hand still twirling his ring. He didn't know what the apostle was plotting but it didn't matter. Even if he was caught, it would be all worth it as long as it was profitable for the Crimson Lady.

'Let the wings of freedom soar in the sky!'

Murmuring in his heart, he went to finish the preparation.

[HIGHLAND MANSION]

"Dear uncle, you called me?"

In an office, Ares Highland stood while looking at his uncle with curiosity and worry. He knew that his cousin had been afflicted with a seemingly incurable disease that put her in a deep sleep.

Lately, his uncle's expression was becoming more and more haggard, showing that something must have happened.

Gerald meanwhile, forced himself to smile as he indicated Ares to take a seat,

“I called you today to discuss the future of our family.”

Ares' expression became much more serious as he sat straight and waited. His uncle had always been an example for him and he respected him as much as he respected his grandfather, if not more. After all, even though his grandfather tried to hide it, he knew deep down that Athena had always been the most favorite one.

Of course, he wasn't resentful. He loved his sister and even though he was a little jealous about the attention she always seemed to obtain, he knew more than anyone else how much she worked to obtain. Still, being appreciated would make anyone happy and this was something his uncle always gave him.

“What do you mean, Uncle Gerald?”

Gerald looked at his cute little nephew. A bright and talented if somewhat rash boy. Even though he lacked raw charisma and the talent Athena had, he was still a talented kid with a bright future. What's more, he was also a lovable kid who wore his heart in the palm of his hand.

Thinking about how he was going to make such an innocent kid suffer because of him, a deep feeling of guilt gushed in his heart.

‘I am sorry.’

Stelling his resolve, he let out a heavy sigh,

“As you know, the situation of the family has been declining, currently, even though we are Duke in name, our real power is one or two ranks lower.”

He was somewhat exaggerating. Their situation may be bad but, as long as he and Tyr were alive, it was impossible to fall so low.

“The last time Sol visited, you should have felt the tremor of energy. That was because my brother and Sol didn't reach a compromise. Sol confided to me and said that he might officially demote the family once he becomes King”

“What!?”

Ares shouted as he rose up in shock, his upbringing all but forgotten. He did indeed remember a clash of energy back then and he knew that his uncle was also extremely close to the prince.

“But grandfather told me nothing!”

Gerald showed a regretful expression as he said, “I suppose he wanted to protect you. Though, he called Athena and discussed the situation with her.”

Gerald played carefully with his words, and watched as Ares sat down with a helpless chuckle, “I guess that, once again, grandfather does not find me trustworthy.”

Gerald inwardly sighed. His lie could not be seen through since his brother had the habit of always consulting Athena first. Since this was the truth, and the clash was indeed also a truth, the lie about Sol's words was easily covered.

Lying wasn't about only showing falsehood. A good lie was one mixed with so many truths it became impossible to distinguish truth from lie.

What's more, thanks to his good relationship with him, Ares was even less inclined to scrutinize the veracity of his words.

Betrayal and trust were two sides of the same coin. After all, how could you betray someone who never trusted you in the first place?

"Then, uncle, why did you call me? What should I do?"

"As you know, the prince severely lacks male friends. In fact, it can be said that I am the sole man he really became close to. But I am old, and my days are counted. I need you to become close to him. This relationship could save our family."

Ares nodded, "But how could I do it? I didn't really have the occasion to discuss with him."

Giving a warm smile, Gerald opened his drawer and took out a bottle of alcohol, "Relationships must slowly be formed, but nothing better than some good liquor to forge relationships between men."

"What's this mark? I never saw such a bottle."

The Duke Highland was an alcohol collector and Ares had seen many of the rarest ones.

Giving it to Ares, Gerald answered, "This is a special brew made by the dwarves under my commission. Only three of this kind exist. I have drunk the first one with your King Mars, the second one with your deceased parents, and my son-in-law when you and my granddaughter were born. This one...Is the last."

At the mention of the kings and his parents, Ares had a solemn expression as he took the bottle firmly in his hand.

"Tonight, the Gorfard invited many nobles to welcome his highness. His preparations are truly extravagant. Your sister will not go. Use this occasion to become closer to his highness and share a drink with him. The rest will be left to you."

"Understood."

"Then, this is all, you may go."

Nodding, Ares turned and began to leave.

"Ares."

"Yes?"

Turning he squinted his eyes as the expression of his uncle was covered by a ray of waning sunlight coming through the window.

"...Nothing, just know that no matter what happens, I am proud of you."

Feeling his heart warming, Ares dipped his head in a bow and left the room.

Now, alone, Gerald stood up and looked at a portrait in the corner of the room. On it, a family of three happily smiled at him.

Sighing, he painfully closed his eyes as he murmured, "Soon, soon, everything will end. I just have to hold on for a short while."

Calming his shivering hand, he slowly left the room; his steps, filled with determination.

[CROWN'S SHADOW HIDEOUT]

"Is everything ready?"

Somewhere in one of the room, someone was seemingly murmuring to himself,

"I see. Then, once all the pieces are placed, it will be time to begin the requiem."

Mirth could be heard in his voice despite his chilling words.

The clock was slowly advancing, and all sides were making preparations. The events that were about to begin were nothing more than the first steps toward an event that would stay in the annals of history. Which side will come out on top? How many sacrifices will be necessary for victory?

This was something no one knew as of now.

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Chapter 114: CH 101: AT THE DOOR STEP

[CASTITAS CHURCH]

Standing with her eye closed, Camelia was murmuring a string of words, so fast her words would have been barely comprehensible for anyone.

The ultimate defense used to protect the capital required the supreme daughter's blood as a catalyst and her body as the nucleus. This means that once she began, she would be completely unable to move or even protect herself.

Standing beside her was Chloe as usual. The girl was truly growing on her, if it was possible, she would have considered poaching her from Slothstein and keep her as the holy daughter of Lustburg.

"Chloe, did you begin the evacuation of the district belonging to Gorfard?"

Chloe nodded with a heavy expression, "Thanks to the preparation you made, it wasn't complicated, tonight, the populace was informed that you would perform a miracle in the plaza and do a mass heal. The Queen had also arranged more performers to concentrate in the plaza to attire people there."

Camelia nodded satisfied, what was about to happen was something truly dangerous. Camelia wouldn't have been so worried if they simply had to deal with Loki Gorfard as they initially thought. After all, no matter how powerful he was as a Duke, at the end of the day, he was just that, strong. He had in no way reached the level that could really threaten her or Lilith.

But now that the wings of freedom were involved, the situation was far more complicated. After all, this organization also had its own set of powerhouses.

“Are the paladins ready? What about the current white knight?”

She frowned as she mentioned this, she was still disappointed by how easily the kid had been manipulated and how he would have fought Sol if she didn't intervene.

Of course, she wasn't blind, well, she wasn't blind anymore. She understood that the kid had a big crush on her. But thousands of men had a crush on her. Did this mean that she had to cater to each of them?

The only reason she hadn't demoted him was that he truly wasn't a bad kid and his talent also pretty good. After all, being able to control ice to such an extent wasn't given to anyone.

In another part of the church, a young man wearing a silver-white armor was squatting powerlessly on the ground with his head hanging.

Beside him, a white and black creature wearing a suit without pants was gurgling on a plate full of fish.

Once it was satiated, the creature surprisingly began to speak with a surprisingly manly voice, “How long are you going to mope like this young man? I do not remember you being so weak?”

The man ignored his contracted partner, and mumbled, “She must hate me now.”

“But she never liked you in the first place.”

“I must have worsened the impression she had on me.”

“I don't think she even cares about your existence.”

“Now my chances with her are lower.”

“Bro...Do not worry.”

Raising his head, he looked surprised at his partner; ‘While he comforts me for once.’

Sadly his hopes were shattered by the next words, “Your chances were in the negative in the first place, so them becoming lower doesn't change anything don't you think?”

Silence settled between them before the white knight roared and took his partner by the neck, “I am going to kill you!!”

“Help! Help! Murder! This is an abuse of my right!!”

The two of them began to roll and tussle around for a few minutes, meanwhile, the other paladin simply ignored their antics and continued preparing their gear. They were already used to such a scene happening, and they had to admit that seeing the generally overly serious white knight act like a kid his age was one of the reasons he was so appreciated.

Finally, ending with the knight down and his partner standing above him, said partner gave a low cough and began to fly away, “Well bro, I like you and all, but it's time for my bath with the nun. Unpopular bastards like you guys should stay between men.”

Giving a wretched laugh while ignoring the death glare he was receiving, he calmly flew away.

Truth be told, he didn't find human women attractive in the least, but seeing the jealous and pissed look of those nights while they imagined him swimming in the bath with the nuns was one of his best sources of entertainment.

Watching his partner fly, the white knight, while lying on the ground could only sigh. He had obtained this ice elemental in his trips to the spirit world back then and he had to admit that it was a truly powerful spirit. Sadly, it also had a mean streak and liked to tease people or watch them suffer.

Still, he had to admit that its blunt words cleared his heart.

'I really acted in an unsightly way.'

As a knight, he should respect many virtues, but he had lost to his jealousy and ugly heart.

'I hope I will be able to meet his highness.'

Even though nothing had happened thanks to Camelia's swift intervention, it was a fact that he nearly attacked the one who will bear the crown. Apologies were the least he could do.

'But I have a bad feeling.'

The paladin had been dispatched tonight to protect the nuns during the mass healing. But this wasn't normal, for such occasions the squire should have been more than enough, and it wasn't as if the nuns were damsel in distress either since each of them received systemic training in self-defense and weapons art, as well as holy magic.

He could feel it in his blood.... something big was about to happen.

Coming back to Sol, a few hours after his discussion with Milia, Sol now sat alone in the carriage going towards the Gorfard's mansion.

For a prince like him to walk around without any escort was something that shouldn't happen, but this time, Sol didn't know what would happen. As long as he was alone, it was more than easy to use his dimension to defend or flee if things went sour.

On the other hand, if someone like Setsuna or Milia was with him, he couldn't bring them into his dimension since they would automatically hate him so much they would try to kill him.

Just imagining the opposite of all the love someone like Milia had for him was scary.

As such, him going alone was the most optimal choice.

'I really need to work around these limitations.'

If he could negate or control this inversion of feelings, so many things would become possible.

Just imagining himself suddenly summoning an army of soldiers no matter where he was made him giddy. This reminded me of the reality marble of Iskander and it was so cool.

'Haha, I am more stressed than I thought I would.'

He had remarked that he would begin to think more of things from his previous world to distract himself when he was under heavy stress.

But how could he not be stressed? Now that he was alone he didn't have to act strong, nor look though. Now that he was alone, he had to admit that he was a little scared.

He wasn't scared about fighting, just that he was more and more aware of just how many lives would change depending on the decisions he would make tonight.

Many people would die. Many will lose their homes. Many will be wounded.

In fact, if he wasn't careful, even some of his women could lose their life, and that, more than anything, terrified him.

'Truly a selfish prince.'

He was selfish throughout and through. He cared about people but cared more about his own. He feared spilling blood but feared more the blood of those he cared for being spilled.

His father in this world put the interest of many above that of the minority. The same went for all the previous King, in their own ways. But, he simply couldn't.

'I rather kill thousands, than see one of the people I love bleed.'

Sol knew that for him who hadn't even killed someone once, talking about killing thousands of people seemed like big words without any substance. But this was how he felt.

He had no deep attachments to this world aside from the few people close to him. So why should he care about strangers?

Because it was his responsibility as a prince?

Because this was the right thing to do?

'At the end of the day, I am still too naive and do not know enough about this world.'

As he approached the gate of the Gorfard's mansion, Sol decided something in his heart.

'Once this mess ends and after I form my contract...I will leave Lustburg.'

Once the carriage stopped and the driver opened the door, all emotions vanished from Sol's face.

As a noble, even more as a prince, he could be scared, he could be stressed, sad, happy, or anything. But, he should never let the enemy get hold of his weakness.

If when alone he was the young teen Sol, once he was in public, he was Prince Sol.

Finally, he stepped down,

"His highness, the prince Sol Dragona Luxuria!"

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Chapter 115: CH 102: DIGNITY OF A FUTURE RULER

Differently from his three previous visits, the outside of the Gorfard mansion was quite crowded. After all, Duke Gorfard was one of, if not the most, influential noble after the royal family.

On one part, this was because the Gorfard family were in-laws with the royal family through Lilith but this was also because Loki Gorfard was a very good politician.

As such, the invitation they sent received widespread replies. This was compounded by the fact that the noble knew that the mysterious prince would attend this party, giving the impression that the relationship between the two camps was slowly mending.

Of course, the sharp-minded nobles understood that the current undercurrent was quite heavy and abstained from participating. As such, only the low-level nobles and the nobles affiliated with the Gorfard family were attending.

The moment Sol stepped down from the carriage, all the regard immediately focused on him. Any other man would have felt a little cowed before such intensity. The Sol from a few months ago would have surely felt a little somewhat intimidated.

But at this moment, as he walked down the red carpet, Sol didn't even do so much as flinch nor even spare a regard to the people around him.

Men were shaped by their experiences and the lessons they received from them and Sol had learned many lessons. He was also sure that he would learn many more.

If he was cowed by some little weak nobles here, then all this time would have simply been a waste.

The moment he reached the door, he was respectfully greeted by the head butler. A gentle-looking old man, accompanied by two well-dressed young women and two maids.

But, the moment Sol faced this man, he immediately felt extremely uncomfortable. As if he was facing something filthy and disgusting.

Even though this feeling passed in flash and was quite fleeting, Sol was sure that it wasn't an illusion, and this made him ponder.

It was the first time he saw this man and he had absolutely no reason to feel such an intense dislike for someone like this.

This could only mean that something supernatural was at play.

'Either his race is something I cannot support or there is something else.'

From his recent discussion with Camelia, he was quite sure about what this feeling means, proving that many dangerous events will happen soon.

Even though thousands of thoughts were running in his head, Sol's face betrayed nothing. He even showed a faint smile and slightly nodded his head.

Those few days of visiting the nobles had been more rewarding in experience than years of studying.

The butler was accompanied by two young women who were rather beautiful. Since he made some research about Gorfard, he knew that those two were concubine daughters born between some of the maids and Loki himself.

Seeing them, the warmth in his eyes immediately chilled.

Sol was someone who didn't particularly care about rules because of his modern upbringing. Still, this didn't stop him from understanding that what was happening now was the Duke slighting him.

After all, even though the Prince came to visit them, neither the Duke nor his heir came to welcome him.

If this was all, it could still be pardoned, but they had to send a woman of extremely low birth to salute him with a servant. In a way, this was sending a message,

'You are the prince, but so what?'

Even though Sol didn't care about social convention, this didn't mean that others thought the same as him. If he let this pass, it would be a grave insult.

So how should he respond? Thinking so, he looked at the butler with a playful light in his eyes and asked,

"Is the Gorfard family trying to humiliate me?"

This question was asked very lightly as if the answer didn't matter, as if the prince was simply looking at a bunch of clowns prancing and jumping around.

This, more than anything, unsettled the butler.

He had been ready for many kinds of response from the prince. Mainly anger or silent acceptance, not this seemingly indifference and amusement.

After years of serving the previous Gorfard Family, he had thought that knew well those creatures called nobles, more precisely young nobles.

In his opinion, all young nobles were selfish spoiled naive brats. Some of them despite this naivety were quite good morally wise, while some others like his own young master were evil little shit.

From the information he had gathered about Sol, he wasn't particularly any better than any other young master, just less evil. Though, after the fight in the arena, it was clear that most, if not all the information they had about him was completely wrong.

The prince in front of him still seemed relatively naive, but it was different, what stood in front of him was a noble beast who was slowly growing out of his shell.

Thinking so, he imperceptibly lowered his posture a few degrees more and spoke, "I beg your forgiveness. This is in no way our intentions, the duke and the heir are currently giving their all to prepare a party worthy of his Highness."

"I see, heh, so the men are preparing the party while the women are idling. Well, call the duchess then, I refuse to step foot in here without an appropriate reception. Or, is the duchess also too busy?"

The mocking tone in his voice was clear for all, making the bystander who stood afar chuckle a little.

This world was one where the gender difference wasn't as important as in his original world. In this current world, women were in no way disadvantaged in handling mana when facing men.

The reality was that all the goddesses were, well...goddesses, and all the churches were also controlled by women. Finally, the two strongest beings knew, Echidna and Ambrosia were also women.

From all that, Sol was somewhat surprised about how this world wasn't more matriarchal.

What baffled him, even more, was that even though women weren't weaker than men, or most of time, even stronger, traditions from his original words such as men on the battlefield and women at home also existed here.

This was yet another contradiction of his world, though it worked in his favor now.

The butler shivered a little and said, "Surely you are jesting your highness, the lady felt a little faint this morning, but it will be no problem to call for her if your highness insists."

His words were implying that Sol was forcing someone who was sick to come to receive him just to please his own vanity.

But Sol simply gave a simple smile, "Do so."

A small uproar passed in the crowd, some were quite surprised at the prince's action. But Sol didn't care. In the first place, even though he didn't want to seem like a tyrant, he didn't want to appear like a good and benevolent king like his father either.

After all, while 'good and benevolent king' sounded good, it was just a nice way to say pushover.

The butler, understanding that continuing wouldn't be good, simply gave a signal to one of the maids who gave a bow and rushed into the house.

During all this, the two daughters stayed entirely silent. After all, even though in a way they had Gorfard blood, they had absolutely no right to become heiress. What's more, from the weak fluctuation of mana coming from them, it was clear how talentless they were. As such, they neither had the status nor the power to talk to Sol if he didn't address them first.

The fact that a butler had more authority than them was quite ironically pitiful in Sol's eyes, but this also renowned his own understanding of this world.

This world wasn't some idealistic utopia.

The wait for the duchess wasn't long.

The maid came back with a glamorous middle-aged woman who held a small polite smile and had a pale complexion.

Sol had to secretly admit that while she was inferior to his own women, she had a mature appearance that they lacked. After all, thanks to their power, most of his women looked younger than they were, with Medea taking the cake.

Chuckling at this thought, he briefly nodded as the duchess gave a small curtsy. After all, she was a duchess and Sol was yet to be king, as such, giving a full bow wasn't necessary for her.

"I welcome your highness and beg your pardon for the situation."

“You are pardoned.”

The Duchess's smile cramped a little at how blunt he was, but she relaxed so quickly that only someone with heightened sense like Sol could have perceived it.

“Well then, your highness, if you would follow me? The party still didn't start and I will bring you to the waiting room.”

He simply nodded and followed her. The order of entry to a party was extremely important.

Of course, the first one to appear should be the host himself, but after this, the later one the higher his rank.

If Sol joined the main venue of the party now, no other nobles would dare to step foot after him, since it would be an insult to the crown.

The Gorfard family had deep power, but it didn't reach the level where the nobles would willingly act in such a stupid way just to please him.

As he slowly entered the mansion, Sol felt a great premonition.

This night would be something he would never forget.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 116: CH 103: TO A NEW FRIENDSHIP?

[Gorfard mansion]

“Oh!? That prince said that?”

Currently, in one of the VIP rooms standing above the ballroom, Loki was listening to his butler as he described the events that happened.

Aside from being a little shocked at how the boy imposed himself, he was once again jealous about how his dead nemesis could have such a promising son while he was stuck with some stupid bastard.

One of the reasons he had so many children was that he dreamed of the day one of his offspring could show superior talent.

‘All I got are those garbages.’

Though Leonard had some talent, it was just not bad in his eyes and far from his target.

He sighed as he thought about his niece, Lilin, the daughter of his deceased brother and Lilith. Even now, he didn't understand how such a guy could have such a talented daughter.

This showed that the genes of the royal families were simply on another level. Thinking so, he couldn't help but wonder what kind of child he could have if he laid with those two women.

“Your lordship?”

“Hum, no matter. Where did that woman send the prince?”

That woman of course was the duchess. A rather useless woman whose sole use had been giving him more clout when he fought for the title of heir back then. Now that she was useless, if it wasn't to keep a good image in public, she would have already vanished after some 'accident'.

"The lady sent the prince to the same waiting room as the Ares Highland."

"Hum..."

He twirled his glass full of red wine as he pondered. The fact that the second heir of the Highland participated in his party was pretty unexpected;

Of course, he knew that the boy should have come for Sol, but why?

"I see. Then, you did a good job. Go tell my useless son that he has thirty minutes to prepare himself and entertain the prince."

The threat in his tone was unmistakable, the Duke seemed really pissed off with his son.

Bowing, the butler turned and left the room.

Now alone, the Duke's eyes squinted as he watched the back of his 'loyal' butler.

'Seem like I need to erase him later.'

He had absolutely no proof, and it was nothing more than a feeling, but he would rather kill and be proven wrong later rather than trust and be betrayed.

Meanwhile, Sol sat with a troubled expression as he faced Ares.

It had been somewhat of a surprise to see the man here, but once he understood that Ares was, in fact, coming to see him, he relaxed his furrowed brows a little.

Currently, the two of them sat in an extremely lavish room. In some way, this guest room seemed even more luxurious than some of the main rooms in the tower of babel.

Of course, this didn't mean that the Gorfard were wealthier.

From what Sol could see, this ostentatious need to show off one wealth was generally born from a repressed feeling of inferiority.

As such, this act of showing off was basically like screaming, 'Look at me! Look how great I am!'

Generally, the more inferior someone felt when they were low, the more they would show off once they succeeded.

Well, it was also possible that the Duke was someone extremely narcissistic, or perhaps it was a mix of those two.

Sol thought idly as he sat in the awkward silence. Finally, seemingly unable to take the silence anymore, Ares spoke,

"Your highness, are you an avid drinker?"

This was a question so abrupt that Sol could only hold in his urge to laugh, for fear to discourage the man who had finally gathered his courage.

Once his laughter was under control, he answered, "Well, it's really hard to say, though I do not mind drinking, I do not particularly enjoy it either. At least, I did not develop a taste for it."

In his past life, he died before being legally old enough to drink, and in this life, after he became legally old enough to drink he found that he had a constitution that stopped him from becoming drunk.

Since he couldn't get drunk, then what was the use of drinking?

Ares appeared to be a little embarrassed by his answer but still continued, as he pointed to a bottle of liquor and a complete set.

"This bottle is one edition extremely limited, with this one being the last one still not open. Would his highness give me the honor to share a drink?"

'Why is he doing all that?'

Sol could feel a certain plea in his words as if he was short of groveling. Which was something he couldn't understand. After all, he had already reached an agreeable agreement with Tyr Highland.

'Or perhaps he wants me to help him get the title of Duke rather than his sister?'

This was also possible. After all, in nobles' families, betrayal was as common as clouds. Though, he didn't expect something like this from the Highland siblings. At least they didn't seem to be the kind to backstab.

'Well, Gerald didn't seem to be the kind to backstab either.'

A bitter feeling spread through his heart, as he thought about this situation. Pushing down this feeling, he focused on the situation at hand.

He didn't want to jump to a conclusion too fast and it would be unjust to this man.

What Sol didn't know was that the more he stayed silent, the more Ares was sure about what his uncle told him, making him even more desperate.

For him, the Highland family was paramount to everything. All his life, he had been educated about the importance of the family. Everything he had, everything he was, was thanks to the family. He could never repay his debt.

That was why, even though he had as much right as Athena for the family, he had never tried to fight her.

The family needed a competent leader, if he was as competent or more than Athena, he would have without a doubt fought for power. But, the truth was that he wasn't.

Be it in terms of talent, or knowledge, Athena surpassed him. He was stronger than her in single combat, but the highland family was first and foremost a family of general. As such, Athena was the perfect leader. Everyone understood this truth and he never fought against it.

Still, he wanted to do something. He wanted to help. He didn't want to stay useless.

Someone once said that the path of hell was paved with good intentions. This quote was perfect to describe the current situation.

"Why do you wish to drink with me?"

"To tell the truth, I wish to become closer to you."

Silence stretched at those surprising words,

"I am sorry, but I am straight."

Ares tilted a little bit before his eyes widened and his face reddened,

"Th-this wasn't what I meant! I-I am also straight! I swear!"

A laugh escaped Sol while Ares kept fumbling around. Wiping a tear from the corner of his eyes, Sol continued, "I know, I know, I was just teasing you."

Sol finally released a sigh after this. It was the first time in a long while that he could joke around with a boy his age. Gay jokes were old as hell in his world, but in this one, homosexuality still wasn't particularly spread.

He had to admit that it was a feeling that he missed,

'Well, why not try making friends?'

"Well," Taking one of the glasses on the table, he pushed it toward Ares, "Pour me a drink please."

"Y-yes!"

Understanding that the prince was accepting his friendship, he opened the bottle and poured a little bit of the liquor into two glasses.

Taking his glass, the two raised it,

"Your highness, let's drink to a new friendship!"

"To a new friendship."

After watching Ares down the glass in one go, Sol slowly brought the glass to his lips, but, just as he was about to drink it...

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Chapter 117: CH 104: BITCH SLAPPING (1)

[Tower of Babel]

"Yahallo! My cute Lilin, you have grown so much since the last time I saw you. How have you been!? What about you, Nuwa?"

In the hanging garden, a rather humorous scene was happening.

Nuwa and Lilin could be seen seated with a rather strange expression while a hyper-excited young girl was greeting them.

For Lilin who was used to her mother's sternness, it was a weird feeling to see someone like Theresa. She really wondered how someone like her and someone like her mother could be friends.

Since she was born while Mars and blaze were still alive, she had some memories of them. Even though said memories were really blurry.

Nuwa meanwhile still kept her usual expressionless face, but if anyone paid attention, they would remark that her lips slightly curled up.

After all, while she was rather cynical, she understood that she was really lucky to have fallen in hands of someone like Theresa. Her future could have been far more different.

Of course, in a way, Theresa could be said to have kidnapped her. But since Theresa had never hidden the truth from her and always treated her well, it was hard to be angry.

Theresa on the other hand was focused on Lilin, as she thought, 'They really do look like each other. Too much like each other.'

Lilith's marriage and subsequent pregnancy was something Theresa never understood, for it was simply too fishy.

Most people might not know it, but all the members of their old team aside from Mars knew that she had an extreme dislike toward members of the opposite sex. A sort of androphobia, only without the fear. This was most likely one of the reasons why, aside from Sol, there were no men allowed in the upper part of the tower.

The reason for such a dislike was unknown, at least to Theresa, but she knew that it was to level that aside from Mars and now Sol, or during combat, she never let any men so much as touch her. Even her sword style was devised in such a way that she could avoid direct contact as much as possible.

How could such a woman accept marrying, less so have a sexual relationship with a man she didn't even like? What's more, it wasn't as if Lilith was a defenseless woman back then.

She might not have her current fame and power, but she was still someone feared on the battlefield.

If you added Lilith's networks with people such as her, one of the richest women in the world, the holy daughter of Industria, the holy daughter of Castitas, a dragon, one of the four directions, the princess of Envilya, suffice to say that absolutely no one should have been able to force her to marry if she didn't want to.

Despite this, not only did she marry, but she was suddenly pregnant and her husband died soon after her pregnancy was announced.

All her life, Theresa had to swim in a sea of plots and deadly strategies where even one mistake would mean death, and she knew to sniff a big plot when she saw one.

The only reason she never investigated too much was that this was Lilith's right to keep her secret.

'As for her daughter.'

She walked closer to Lilin and tiptoed to touch the face of the surprised girl.

She hadn't been able to remark it because Lilin was too young back then, but as of now, the more she looked at her, the more she felt like that, aside from some minor difference, she was seeing a mirror of a younger Lilith.

"Let me guess. You also love Sol, right?"

Lilin was a little startled at the sudden accurate question. She wasn't able to voice her answer though because,

"Stop bothering my daughter."

Lilith's voice sounded from afar as she entered the garden, making Theresa stop her probing.

Once Lilith reached them, she gave an indifferent glance to Nuwa, causing her to stiffen up.

Under her gaze, Nuwa felt as if she was being stared at by a predator about to swallow her up.

"Hah! No bullying."

Theresa punched Lilith on her hips, though the only reason she was able to do so was that she was so weak Lilith didn't even bother dodging.

Still, it did stop her from continuing. She held no love towards the chimera, and could even be said to hate them.

If she didn't know that this girl could perhaps become Sol's partner, and was in a way the surrogate daughter of Theresa, she would have already cut her.

Taking Theresa by the scruff, she put her away and boldly sat down.

Theresa, who had been thrown like a ragdoll did a somersault and landed quite gracefully. After all, even though she was weak, she wasn't helpless either.

Trotting back, she sat next to Lilith and hummed without any intention to begin the conversation.

Lilith, seeing her silence could only release a sigh, and ask, "So, did you complete it?"

"Ah! I thought you never ask."

Laughing out loud, Theresa fished out a golden silver pearl and caressed it with a tender gesture.

Lilith's expression, on the other hand, became solemn as she asked with a trembling voice. "Did you succeed...?"

"Indeed. I finally completed it."

Lilith's hand unconsciously reached toward the pearl before she stopped and made it back down. Calming her wildly beating heart, she asked, "How is it compared to the holy sword?"

Theresa made an expression of disgust, "That shit is anything but holy." Then her expression became a little thoughtful, "As is it now, my creation is still a little weaker, but... This won't last!"

Saying so, she immediately began to show a fervent expression, "Once Sol fuse with it, we will witness...The birth of the 8th holy weapon! Hahaha! My name will surely go in history!"

Lilith began to shiver, she had no reason to doubt Theresa's words, the dwarf wasn't someone who likes to brag. This meant that once Sol obtained this weapon. Then, she would really have nothing to worry about.

Meanwhile, Nuwa and Lilin, who were seemingly forgotten, had an expression full of suspicion.

They did not understand what they meant exactly, but they could understand that this shining pearl in Theresa was something important and should really be helpful to Sol.

[Gorfard's Mansion; private room]

While Lilith and Theresa discussed in the hanging garden, Sol, who was about to drink the liquor suddenly stopped,

"Is something the matter?"

Ares, who was initially still bathing in the aftertaste, asked with a confused expression.

After all, they had just decided to drink to their friendship.

Sol on the other hand didn't pay attention to Ares as he looked at the glass in his hand with an extremely heavy expression.

Just as he was about to drink, he suddenly began to hesitate, after all, just because Ares could drink it didn't mean it wasn't poisoned.

What's more, something was screaming at him, an instinct deep down was telling him, that he absolutely couldn't drink this liquor, that something really bad would happen if he did.

But Ares was obviously fine.

The world seemed to slow down around him as thousands of thoughts swirled in his mind.

'There are three possibilities. One, he already took an antidote. Two, the poison isn't fast-acting and he can take the antidote later. Three, the poison is only for targets fulfilling a specific condition.'

Of course, it was also possible that he was worrying for nothing. Perhaps it wasn't really his intention to talk but just his delusion.

But... What if he was right?

'Then, is he the one behind it? Or does he not know?'

Sol's eyes became cold for a split of second before calming down, as he twirled his glass,

"Your highness?"

This time, Ares really began to frown.

"Who does this bottle belong to?"

Ares tilted his head at the sudden question, "What's the matter?"

"Hahha~Nothing. I was just lost in thoughts. So, who is the original owner of this liquor?"

If after all this, Ares didn't begin to discern that something was seriously wrong, then he would have wasted all those years of training.

His eyes widened a little before he began to break out in cold sweats.

Still, he answered the question without hesitation, "Your highness shouldn't worry. This belongs to my grand uncle. It's a very important memento that he used on important occasions, such as the birth of my cousin."

If Sol still had any naive notion that Gerald wasn't really a traitor, buried deep in his heart, then all of them were dispelled at this moment.

Weirdly though, he felt nothing but cold mockery,

'He used one of those bottles for the birth of his granddaughter and now he used another one to facilitate saving her. What a dedicated grandfather.'

"I see, Gerald is really someone thoughtful."

They said that there were five stages to grief. Denial, Anger, Bargaining, Depression, and finally Acceptance. Since the first mention of Gerald's possible betrayal to today, he had already gone through all the four steps, and now with this fact in front of him, he finally accepted the cold hard truth.

Sol of course couldn't analyze his current mental state as he was wondering what the effects of the poison were.

He doubted that it was something deadly. After all, they needed to retrieve his core, and killing him here wouldn't work.

'So, something to weaken me? No matter, the most important thing right now is...'

He focused on Ares.

'... To find if this guy was in the know.'

"Hey, Ar.. "

Forgetting his polite speech, Sol was about to address him when...

"Good evening, your highness."

He was suddenly interrupted when a man entered the room.

Turning toward the newcomer, Sol who was currently mildly irate, asked bluntly,

"Who are you?"

The young man seemed surprised before an expression of rage flickered in his eyes then vanished, replaced by a smile, "Seems like your highness didn't do his homework before visiting. My name is Leonard...Leonard Gorfard. The heir of the Gorfard family, at your service."

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 118: CH 105: BITCH SLAPPING (2)

[GORFARD MANSION]

"Who are you?"

Leonard had never felt so humiliated in life. The moment he heard this question, he felt like he was seeing red. The fact that despite all his machinations, the prince didn't even know about his existence made him feel like his existence was worthless and he hated this feeling.

Sneering inside, he spoke while giving a fake smile,

"Seems like your highness didn't do his homework before visiting. My name is Leonard...Leonard Gorfard. The heir of the Gorfard family, at your service."

Not only were his words arrogant, but he did not even bow as he spoke,

"Sir Leonard! Show more respect to his highness!"

Ares stood up in fury. Even though his family did test Sol on their first meeting, it was the Duke's personal action, who, in terms of status, wasn't inferior to the crown prince.

But, what about him, Athena, or Leonard? At the end of the day, they only had the courtesy noble rank of Viscount, just one rank higher than a Baron.

They didn't even have territory nor official power, so in a sense, they were even lower than Baron.

Seeing Leonard sneering without having any intention to correct his mistake, Ares was about to continue berating him, but a hand from Sol stopped him.

"Haha! I was wondering what gives you the guts to speak to me like this, but it seems like you are just someone else's dog."

Ares's face immediately flushed in humiliation.

Sigh

This sigh made Leonard look away from Ares but just as he turned toward Sol, he was startled to see the young prince facing him, just a few meters away from him.

His eyes constricted at this display of speed, "You..." "Silence", his mouth immediately closed at those cold words.

'Was he always this tall?'

Standing in front of Sol, his breath became hurried and his face pale, it felt like each second suddenly began to crawl and as if Sol was becoming taller in front of his eyes.

But more than anything, what made Leonard's legs tremble the most was the cold indifference he could see in Sol's eyes – as if he was nothing more than a pitiful worm.

This realization made him so ashamed that his fear vanished and was replaced by fury. He was about to arouse his energy when,

Slap!

'Huh?'

Leonard's mind blanked out for a short while before the burning pain on his cheek registered in his mind.

"You!"

"I said. Shut. Up."

Slap!

This was followed by another slap on the other cheek.

This was even heavier than the previous. So much that his brain felt a little dizzy.

Touching his bruised cheek, Leonard's eyes burned fiercely, but he did not dare to utter a word.

If the first slap could be said to be because of his carelessness, the second one perfectly showed that he wasn't even able to react to Sol's simple move.

Looking at Leonard cowering in silence, Sol gave a small smile as he looked at him, "See? It wasn't so hard right? Who is the good dog now? Now, you are going to properly apologize, like the good little dog you are...Understood?"

Those words infuriated Leonard so much that he screamed, "Bastard! Who do you think you are!?"

Slap!

His bravado was rewarded by another heavy slap.

"I am the prince and, more than anything, I am stronger than you. Now, forget about apologies, such things are unnecessary. Out of my sight. I do not wish to see your face before the start of the banquet."

Saying so, he turned around and completely disregarded Leonard.

Facing this back, Leonard's face fluctuated between red and white before he finally lowered his head in shame and left the room.

Sol, once he sat back, looked at the stunned expression of Ares but did not care. Still, he inwardly, he sighed,

'This wasn't like me to act like this.'

Currently, Sol was in a weird state where his emotions stood at a boiling point.

The fact that Gerald was not only a traitor but also might have tried to kill him was simply too much to learn in one go.

In such a situation, Leonard's appearance served as the perfect outlet to this frustration.

But this wasn't all, this world wasn't one where humble people were respected. If he had let that guy go away without setting things straight, Leonard would have taken him for a pushover.

Of course, this wasn't all. Sol might have a hard time putting a lid on his wrath and his pride, but he wasn't totally irrational.

For one, he did not go too far when humiliating Leonard. A few slaps and some bad words weren't particularly grave in the grand scheme of things, even more so since Leonard gave him the perfect excuse by not paying respect to him.

What's more, the eradication of the Gorfard family was already more or less decided. So tearing all cordial relationships now wasn't a problem.

'Well, all that would be worked out later. Now though, I need to discuss with this guy here.'

'Bastard! Bastard! Bastard! I am going to kill him. I am going to fucking kill him.'

Leonard had never been so humiliated in his life. If before he had simply acted against the prince out of dislike, now he was doing so out of pure hatred.

Thinking about making this bastard pay for this humiliation, Leonard took large strides in the direction of his father's office.

Thankfully, even though the estate was extremely large, the waiting room was close to the banquet room, as such, it didn't take long for him to reach his destination.

Once in front of the door of the private room, he took a deep breath and just as he was about to knock,

"No need to knock. Enter."

He stopped his hand just a few centimeters away from the door and gritted his teeth before finally opening it.

The moment he entered, he calmly looked at his father who was standing with his back facing him.

Even though his father couldn't see him, he bowed in respect, "Father, I..."

"Spare me the useless genuflexion and tell me why you came here?"

His father's voice and actions were as cold as always, lowering his head to hide his cold eyes, he began to explain.

Of course, he didn't tell the whole truth. By his words, it was simply the prince acting arrogantly and not respecting him, once he finished his words he waited patiently for his father words,

"And?"

"Huh?"

Turning around, Loki looked at his son with eyes so cold they could have frozen the body of a fire elemental.

“Let me reiterate my question, you dumb idiot. You went and picked a fight even though I ordered you to play well and after getting humiliated by a kid many years younger than you, not only did you not retaliate, but you came here to complain like a little kid!?”

Loki almost roared at the last sentence. Followed by his cold voice, the room seemed to fall in the coldest temperature while frost and snow swirled in the room.

Looking at his son who couldn't even raise his head under his outburst, Loki suddenly felt so tired.

Covering his face with his hand, he asked, “Let's not talk about you giving the prince the initiative in this situation. What did you expect me to do? To tear all relationships with the prince even though it isn't time yet? To beat him? Kill him?”

“N-No...”

“Then what!?”

He screamed once again before catching his breath, letting out his sigh, he turned back, “Begone. Out of my sight. You are confined in your room until the end of the day.”

“Father!?”

“Do not contradict me! I gave you a chance to perform well and you wasted it. Now go away. Do not make me repeat myself.”

Seeing the cold back of his father, Leonard understood that nothing he said would change anything.

Standing up, he furiously left the room and closed the door with a bang.

The Duke meanwhile was already searching if in his list of children he had someone who could temporarily replace Leonard.

“Damn! Damn! Damn!”

Leonard cursed again and again after he went back to his room.

After he entered, he didn't even wait to disrobe completely before he pushed his slave on the ground and began to vent all his frustration on her.

Each time he moved in her, his shattered pride would reform a little. He could only comfort himself by trampling on the pride of someone weaker than him.

After he finally released himself in her, he took himself out and laid down next to her; his breath hurried because of the anger and the release.

“Your highness, what is happening?”

Leonard looked at her in disdain and did not respond, all his slaves were ordered to call him highness. It gave him the feeling that he was a true king.

“Your highness, you were rougher than usual, is something frustrating you?”

Leonard snickered as he caught her hand, “You became more talkative lately.”

The girl blushed as she said, “Your highness has completely conquered me. What can I do if I wish to get your approval?”

Her words stroked his ego and made him chuckle. In the end, he simply recounted everything that happened. This time though, for some weird reasons, he was unable to lie and gave the entire truth,

“Those bastards!”

He was surprised at her reactions, even more so when she began to gently caress his cheek.

“It must have been hard, right?”

Saying so, she took his head and placed it between her naked and plump breasts.

“Your highness, if you would listen to me, I think I have a way.”

“What do you mean?” Leonard, who felt his mind becoming a little sluggish, asked with suspicion. It had been a long time since he received any display of affection.

“Your highness, what about entering the vault?”

“Are you crazy!?”

He wanted to raise himself, but her hand kept him.

‘Had she always been this strong?’

“Your highness, listen to me, I am just saying this for your own good?”

As she said this, a weird alluring scent filled the room. Leonard, who didn’t know this, felt his doubts slowly fade away,

‘I must be just tired.’

“How can the vault help me?” He asked with an absent-minded expression.

“You want to become stronger, right? You want your father to look at you with new eyes, right? You want... to become king, right?”

Her words seemed like the devil's whisper. How so tempting, how so sweet, that he couldn’t help but agree.

After all, it couldn’t hurt, right?

At the end of the day, she was nothing more than a slave who fell for pleasure. Even now she was trying to please him and help him

What he couldn’t see though, was her emotionless face and her eyes filled with madness and determination.

The night promised to become even more tumultuous.

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 119: CH 106: FEELING BAD

How to determine that someone was a traitor?

For others, this was a complicated and lengthy process, involving suspicions, interrogation, and breach of trust.

But for him?

There was one great way to verify.

...The mirror dimension...

The first principle of his was dimension. Anyone aside from him who entered this dimension would have their emotions toward him inverted.

Meaning, someone like Milia or Camelia who has an overwhelming love for him would have overwhelming hatred instead.

When Sol first discovered this power, he began to think about the possible limitations and discovered some potentially big problems in this situation.

Firstly, most people didn't have such great love or hatred towards him.

Most people were indifferent or neutral. Even if their feelings were inverted, the difference wouldn't be large.

Secondly, most beings didn't work on emotions alone.

They also had their rationality. There was nothing scarier than an intelligent being.

Even if Milia entered his dimension, logically speaking with her rationality, she should understand that what she feels were not her true feelings.

At least in theory this should be so.

But in reality, it seemed like he had underestimated his power.

This afternoon, before going toward the Gorfard Mansion, he had tested his power with Milia.

When she entered his dimension, the results were startling. She did really try to kill him, with absolutely no reasoning left.

This allowed him to determine a second principle; no one who entered his dimensions could control their feelings through reason. In fact, despite their inversion, they became extremely honest...

This understanding brought him to now,

"Ares, do you want to try something?"

Until now, Sol had always been hesitant about using these features of his power. After all, this was basically like mind manipulation.

But now wasn't the time for such naive consideration. From now on, he had to advance with the notion that the entire Highland family couldn't be trusted. Even though this way of thinking might be harsh, it was the best one.

"What do you mean?" Ares who was still reeling from the ruthless way Sol slapped Leonard asked in confusion.

Sol didn't bother answering Ares as he stood in front of him and placed his hand on Ares's shoulder.

"Transfer."

From Ares's point of view, the world around him suddenly began to twist.

He instinctively tried to free himself, but sadly, the grip on his shoulder was simply too strong.

"Don't resist. I won't hurt you."

Hearing this, Ares hesitated a little, and this moment of hesitation was all Sol needed.

Suddenly, the world around them changed to a dead monochrome color...

Sol, who released Ares's shoulder, marveled once again at his dimension. Even though it seemed like a dead world, a world fixed in time, everything around him was real.

'I really need to master this power.'

Sol had simply too many paths to becoming strong.

Be it by training his already freakish body, by mastering a zone and then avatar, by reaching a mastery in his magic, or by forming contracts.

It was with those happy worries that Sol finally paid attention to Ares. He was about to ask some question, but seeing his twisted expression full of ridicule and condescending, Sol already had an answer in his heart,

'Heh, so this guy feels respect and admiration toward me in reality?'

Smiling a little, he said, "Well, I guess it's time to get some answers."

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"Your highness, could you please follow...? Sir Highland, is something the matter?"

A middle-aged maid entered the room to invite Sol to finally enter since all the other nobles were present and waiting for him, but she was startled after she saw the haunted expression on Ares Highland.

'What happened here?'

“Nothing much, Sir Ares isn’t feeling well and as such will not join the party, let him rest here would you?”

The maid's intuition told her that something important had definitely happened, but her years of experience told her that the best thing to do in this situation was to shut up and believe whatever was said to her. Even if she was told that the sun was black, she had to nod and take it as the truth.

Giving a bow, “Understood your highness. If you would follow me?”

“But of course, let’s go.” Sol walked toward the maid, but just as he was about to pass the door, he stopped and sent a whisper to Ares, [You should know that I did not lie to you. Stay here. If when I come back, I learn that you left, I will also consider you as a traitor.]

Ares could only give a hollow smile as he looked down on the ground, not raising his head even after the door was shut.

Sol's revelations were not just devastating. The fact that his grand-uncle didn’t hesitate to use him to poison the prince was like a dagger twisting his heart.

In the Highland house, even though he had never felt shunned or alone, the only one who really tried to support him and bring him to greater heights had been Gerald.

‘No, this is wrong. Perhaps the prince is mistaken?’

Tears gathered in his eyes as he kept denying this sad truth. But, no matter how inexperienced he was, Ares was still the second heir of the highland family.

His education and all the training he received simply made him unable to refute the irrefutable.

Looking bitterly at the bottle of wine in front of him, he poured himself another glass before downing in one go.

Nothing better than alcohol to drown one sorrow.

‘Perhaps when I wake up, everything will only be a dream?’

Thinking so, he simply threw the glass away and watched it shatter against the wall before he took the bottle and began to drink directly from it.

He didn't really care if it was poisoned or not.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 120: CH 107: SHIT IS ABOUT TO GO DOWN

Even though it was night and the moon hung in the sky, the ballroom was illuminated by a plethora of lustres hanging on the ceiling.

On a wide dancing floor seemingly made of gold, nobles could be seen mingling and chatting while slow and soothing music filled the air.

The males wore beautiful black or white suits while the women wore different kinds of dresses, showing their personality.

Laughter, smile, and happiness seemed to be the rule. But every now and then, those oh so high noble would direct a worried glance toward the main door.

Clearly, they were waiting for something or someone.

Their wait didn't last for long, since the moments the door opened, the servants standing on the side of said door shouted,

"His highness, Sol Dragona Luxuria, son of Mars Luxuria and the sole and legitimate heir of the throne, is now entering!"

The moment this introduction was made, the music stopped and all the nobles lowered their heads in respect.

In the then-filled music room, the sole sound came from the slow and steady steps of the prince.

'So, this is the prince.'

'He is even more handsome than I thought.'

'What a demeanor.'

Such thoughts filled their minds as they watched, with the corner of their eyes, the prince slowly walking toward the center of the room, where a middle-aged man stood proudly with his head held high.

The contrast between the two was pretty overwhelming.

Sol was young and vigorous. His short golden hair gave him a somewhat boyish look, but the air around him broke no argument about his royal origin. His blue and gold suit fitted him perfectly and gave him an aura of elegance.

The Duke, Loki Gorfard, on the other hand looked like an amiable and somewhat overweight old man who wouldn't even be able to hold a sword, much less fight. His clothes screamed ostentatiousness and arrogance.

The moment Sol advanced toward the Duke, all the nobles suddenly felt as if they were being crushed.

All of them understood that a silent confrontation between the old and the young man was happening. They were nothing more than collateral damage.

This fact greatly surprised them, after all, not only was the Duke openly facing the prince in front of so many nobles, but he was in no way losing.

"Ohoh!? Your highness, you are approaching me?"

"I cannot say hello to you without coming closer after all, don't you think?"

"Ohoh! Then, come as you like."

The moment Sol finally stopped in front of the Duke, the very atmosphere in the room seemed to be separated into two. Though no matter where the nobles stood, all of them had an ugly expression.

They didn't understand why this was happening.

Before coming here, they had an inkling that something would happen. But, no matter what, it was too fast for them to tear all pretense so fast.

The Duke had a sneer as he looked at the prince. Watching this face so close reminded him of that infuriating man.

Still, even though they looked alike, this likeness was only from afar. Aside from the fact that Sol had cut his previously shoulder-length golden hair, everything from his demeanor to his aura was different from his father.

Sol, on the other hand, had an impassive smile as he inspected the man who created so much trouble for him.

Since the start of this little journey through the different ducal house, Sol had learned many things and he had to admit that each of the previous three Duke had something incredible about them. Something unique. Be it an unparalleled charisma, incredible skill, or a supreme talent.

Compared to that, the Duke Gorfard was,

“You look so small.”

The expression of the Duke didn't even change. He wasn't the young and rash kid he had been in the past nor was he stupid like his son.

In terms of heights, Sol and the duke stood at nearly the same level. As such, one didn't need to be a genius to understand that Sol was looking down on him from a mental point of view.

But so what?

Why would he need to care about the yapping of a young boy who is about to die? Thinking so, his smile changed into a little smile as he gave a bow, “Your highness is indeed the mightiest, I admit my loss.”

Sol who was still accumulating energy stagnated a little bit, before receding his aura, a frown on his face as he looked more attentively at the Duke.

Sol understood one thing. Those who were driven by emotions weren't dangerous. Rather, they were easy to goad and manipulate.

But those who were driven by ambition and who could bear all humiliation for the completion of their goal were people one should be wary of. After all, you never knew how far they were willing to go.

'Why did I underestimate a Duke? Even if only for a moment?'

His frown deepened at this. No matter how the Duke looked. A Duke was still a Duke. Even more so, the Gorfard family was the most influential of them all. How could the leader of such a family be someone to be underestimated?

What's more, fighting was only the last resort.

Sol understood perfectly well that no matter how many precautions they took, the moment a fight broke out, many lives would be lost and many infrastructures would be destroyed.

No matter how slim the chances were, Sol had to at least try to appease his conscience. Of course, even though he was willing to try a pacific solution, he didn't have any naive thoughts about it succeeding.

Thinking so, he shook his head, "Duke, your words are misleading. I am still far from being the mightiest."

Even if his brain was flooded, he wouldn't call himself the mightiest.

There were simply too many unparalleled existences in this world for him to think something so stupid.

The Duke gave a fake smile and raised the glass in his hand, "Tonight is a night that will be remembered for a long time. Now that the prince graced us with his presence, I think it's time to dance." Turning toward the orchestra, he mouthed, "Music."

New music began to fill the room once again, turning back to the prince, the Duke said, "I have organized this party for you, so I hope your highness will appreciate it."

'After all, this might be your last.'

[????]

In an unknown place, two people, whose appearances were covered by a red and black cloak, were discussing.

"Nihil, why did you suddenly call me? I am a little busy organizing a play."

Even though his appearance was covered, his frivolous but manly voice gave the impression that he was a young man enjoying a prank.

"Drei, how is the operation in Lustburg going on?"

From the voice of the one who answered, and her voluptuous form, it was easy to guess that this person named Nihil, was a woman.

Drei, who heard the tone of her voice, answered more seriously, "The situation is stable. Neun gave me a report and she should be able to infiltrate the target soon. Acht and Zehn are already on standby. As for the witch, she is still on our side, same for the Duke and the General."

The cloaked figure began to tap her finger on the ivory table they sat around, as she pondered for a short while, "No more games. Once Neun gives you the okay, you will begin the operation. Remember, no failure is allowed."

Saying so, she stood and went away. She had already begun to prepare herself for what was to come.

No matter what, no one would stop them from accomplishing their goal.

Drei, who was wondering how long he would have to wait, suddenly received a message,

[I have reached the first target. Begin the operation.]

A maniacal grin split his face at this very moment.

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At the same moment, the same maniacal grin could be seen on the face of a servant in the Gorfard mansion.