

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 12: CH 12: SAD REWIND

The words, coming out of her mouth, surprisingly didn't chill the warm atmosphere held between them.

Nor did Sol's expression change, or he spoke anything to comfort her. It wasn't his style.

Feeling pity for her?

Saying that everything would be alright?

Those kinds of words and actions with nothing to back them up were nothing more than pure hypocrisy.

What's more, did she need his pity or consoling words? No, she didn't. Edea wasn't a weak woman, she never was. She wasn't someone who needed a young little boy to act as if he understood her pain and sympathize with her. The truth — as it will always be — is that he could never truly understand her pain, hence, he never acted like he did.

"I really wonder. Generally, people at this moment always have an awkward expression and become very uncomfortable or try to comfort me. But, the same has never happened in your case even after I explained what being a witch truly meant."

"If you don't share someone's pain, you can never come to understand them. But just because you understand someone doesn't mean you can come to an agreement nor realize their feelings. That's the undeniable and bitter truth."

"...Oh?"

"You have lived for a very long time. Saw more than I have ever seen or can even imagine witnessing and experienced more than I have experienced."

"Your pain is yours and yours alone. Trying to act as if I understand its magnitude would only be the height of arrogance on my part, also pure retardation."

With his words, a lonely smile began to form on Edea's face, it was a truly logical reasoning, she was about to put an end to the subject.

"But..."

Stopping herself from speaking out loud, she looked at Sol curiously as she waited for him to continue his words. She was immediately struck by what she saw. A bright smile, reminiscent of the sun that removed all the shadows of the world, was etched on his face. Words, smoothly flowed from his lips, giving Edea something she desperately needed.

"It doesn't matter how much pain you have. Nor does it matter that I am unable to understand your sufferings. No matter what happens, I will always share everything with you. Master you know. I really really lo..."

"[STOP]"

The world suddenly halted. The sound of insects chirping. The flow of the breezing wind. The vibrant blue and green colors faded entirely, giving way to a world without colors, of a monochrome world full of black and white. Like a movie coming to a halt and dyed in the shades of grey, the mind-numbing scene unfolded.

This was Edea's most powerful skill. Temporal Pause. This world was basically part of her domain and as such in this space her control over time was absolute. In this space, she was the one and only God.

Still, the witch of time, One of the first five witches, a being so powerful that countries trembled at her name.

Huf *Huf* *Huf*

Was breathing hard while trying to regulate the heavy blush plastered all over her beautiful face. After some time passed,

Sigh~

She sighed heavily as she slumped in her chair, all the strength leaving her lithe body while covering her face with both of her hands.

"I am really way too easy."

Wearily, she chuckled in self-deprecation. She knew what Sol was about to say. She wasn't inexperienced in love. But this was even more so because...it wasn't the first time she had to stop time because of his ensuing confession.

"I can't let this old woman drag him down."

The true effects of the curse manifested only while doing anything sexual in nature. But, even the acknowledgment of loving feelings between the two was enough to bring some bad luck to him — bad luck she was never willing to inflict on him.

'On this subject, he is really different from Mars.'

Like Sol, Mars had also developed a crush of sorts for her. But, he was way too shy and never managed to gather the courage or resolve to even try confessing to her.

'Hahaha! It was rather cute seeing him stammer as he tried to find the words before ultimately giving up.'

She had always found Mars to be a cute child she was taking care of, and even if she could have developed any feelings for him, his personality and her curses made it extremely difficult for it to happen.

But, Sol was different from his father.

'Perhaps I should try to distance myself from him after his awakening?'

She was rather weak to the straightforward type of men and she didn't wish to destroy Sol's future by making the mistake of really falling in love with him.

"Well, it's time to go back then... [REWIND]."

Once again this whole dimension was her world, her domain. A pocket dimension created by her sister of the East, the witch of Space. As such she could manipulate time as she wished while being here without incurring any backlash. Rewinding the discussion to a few minutes ago was nothing for her.

"The third curse is the curse of infertility. A witch's body is cursed to never be able to give birth."

Edea smiled weakly as she heard those words once again.

It wasn't the first time she had rewinded time because of Sol and with the way he was, it would most likely not be the last time either. She, however, couldn't have that for long.

"Beautiful summary. Now, we will study the difference between magic and witchcraft."

Passing time with him was always an absolute delight for her.

Even though they should never be lovers, these few fleeting moments always helped her bear her lonely and miserable existence.

Once the lessons finished, Sol left through the secret door and watched intently as it changed back to a simple wall.

He always felt a sense of incongruity when entering and leaving that place. The time axis in that dimension was totally messed up. Sometimes it would be faster and sometimes slower. He was never told the exact ratio either and stopped trying to guess it two years ago.

"How long did it last today?"

He had a far better way to get the accurate time.

"Just about one hour, my prince."

A shadow appeared next to him before revealing itself.

Even though it was impossible to discern her features because of the ninja-like clothes she was wearing. The same clothes gave away her identity as a woman and a quite buxom one at that.

"I see. An hour. Hum. I am a little tired now, do I have any other appointments today?"

"Yes. The next one is your study in history and other scholarly subjects. Once finished, you have an appointment with Lord Gerald at the training barrack for your weekly horse and wyvern riding lessons. Once finished, you will have the rest of the afternoon free and finally, in the evening you have a dinner appointment with the supreme daughter of Castitas."

Sol pinched his brows. Being a prince was great and all. But it was also incredibly taxing on both his body and mind. He didn't even dare to imagine how it would be to become a king. He always admired his aunt for that, for being able to handle all of this even though it wasn't her gripes to handle.

'Well, complaining serves no purpose. I should just go at it.'

History was boring. But still necessary. Sol never underestimated something necessary. After all, knowledge was power. No matter which world, that is deemed to be a Cardinal truth.

His lessons mainly centered around the details of the past kings as well as the diverse important events.

"One of the laws of the kingdoms is that all crown princes or crown princesses must wear a name related to a star or a planet. His majesty Jupiter was the first king. After

him were Pluto, Venus, Mercury, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and finally his majesty Mars, the eighth king."

Sol listened to the information attentively. After all, this information revealed something incredible.

'The solar system and the arrangement of stars in this world is the same as the one in mine. Does that mean that I am on earth?'

It wouldn't be impossible. He had always heard of the multiverse theories.

This was even more so when he associated the diverse myths of this world. Asmodeus for example was one of the princes of hell and represented lust in his old world. Meanwhile here, he was the beast representing lust.

'Well, not like it really matters in the end.'

Discarding those faraway thoughts, he put his attention back to what his teacher was speaking.

Thankfully, the lesson didn't last long and he left the room to go toward the ballroom where he took his regular dancing lessons.

Once finished he continued toward his lessons in ways of the nobles and different untold rules.

Finally, he ended his busy schedule with political studies.