

## Hero King 121

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

#### Chapter 121: CH 108: WORTHLESS DEATH

The ball was surprisingly interesting. For Sol whose life usually revolved around the tower and the church, he had to admit that this fairy tale-like environment was something to be really enjoyed.

Still, even though he was surrounded by a sea of beauties who kept smiling at him, if he had to be perfectly honest, he couldn't help but feel empty.

'So many facades.'

Those smiles, those laughs, those words of appreciation; everything was nothing more than lies and artifice.

This made what was supposed to be an enjoyable moment, nothing more than a chore to be done with as soon as possible. What's more, a nagging doubt kept bothering him.

'Why make a party?'

Sol would be a fool if he thought that this party was really for him. Even if he had to make his debut night, it should be the royal family or the church organizing it, not a noble.

'Perhaps he knows we might attack him tonight?'

This was another possible solution, but this begged the question, 'If he really knew about the attack, who might have informed him?'

The Duke was once again standing in the upper room as he observed the noble dancing and cozying up with the prince.

It was then that a servant opened the door and entered boldly without introducing himself.

Loki didn't even bother turning around as he spoke, "What brings you now? And when did you kill this servant?"

"Haha! Killing, such a big word. Let's just say that I graced him with a new beginning. Now then, let's not focus on useless things, and let's talk about the important matter... It's time to begin.."

The duke narrowed his eyes and turned to face his servant, or rather, the puppets that were now controlled by the necromancer.

He idly wondered how many of his servants were already dead. Not that it particularly mattered. After this night, he would enter the annals of history.

"Why now?"

"Nothing much," The puppet shrugged as he continued, "My boss is getting cranky. What's more, you are more or less ready, right? So let's accelerate."

Loki nodded, he was indeed basically ready. "Just let me ask you once again, are you sure I am able to kill the prince without suffering from divine wrath?"

The servant gave a hearty laugh, "Of course you can, those shitty goddesses like their games you know? The rule is that one can neither kill nor overthrow the blessed king or queen of their race. But...He isn't a king as of now, right?"

Loki nodded, the rules set by the goddesses had many loopholes, or perhaps those loopholes were left intentionally. It was by using those loopholes that they could dominate King Neptune back then.

"Then, what about his core? Will getting it really allows me to siphon mana from the atmosphere like S-rank creatures?"

"Kuh! Kuh! kuh! for this, I do not know. There are simply too few samples to give an accurate answer. But, the chances are high. So, why all those questions? Do you wish to give up now?"

"Give up? No, in reality, the result itself does not matter in my eyes."

Saying so, he turned around and once again looked at all the nobles gathered in the hall.

Since the Gorfard were extremely influential and the invitee of honor was the crown prince, all the nobles present were people extremely important in the kingdom.

Some were ministers of war, some of finance, some had large farmable fields. Finally, even the sole and only prince was also present.

It wasn't a mistake to say that if anything happened to any of the people present here, the kingdom losses would be immeasurable.

If they also lost the future king?

Lustburg would be doomed.

Just thinking of this, Drei, who was watching the Duke through his puppet, felt his non-existent heart pounding in his ribs.

'Hahaha! Soon, soon, this filthy kingdom will be destroyed. I have waited 600 years for this. Sister, they will all pay! First this kingdom, then the world, and finally...The Goddesses themselves.'

[Vault of the Gorfard family]

Neun previously known as Mio, when she was still a servant of the royal family of Wratharis, frowned as she felt the semen seep out of her.

Ideally, she would have rather taken a bath, but because the moment was too good to pass, she had been forced to act and increase the usual dose of the incense Drei had given her.

The vault of the Gorfard family was very special.

In order to open it, a four steps recognition system was necessary. The first one being with blood, then a password known only to the heir and the leader of the family, followed by a full-body recognition to note the absence of wounds or accelerated heartbeat, and finally a voice recognition.

Those four systems assured that it was basically impossible to kill or threaten the one who could open the door and it could only be done so willingly.

That was why she had decided to use her body to seduce the Gorfard's heir and had been playing the helpless slave all along. What she had needed was enough time to slowly corrupt his mind and take control of him, without having to kill him.

In fact, her initial target had been the Duke himself, but she gave up on this because, despite the high number of children and concubines he had, the Duke wasn't a lustful man. For him, sex was just a means of procreation.

The other members of the wings had been against it at first, and she was thankful for it, but at the end of the day, before even being a warrior, she was a kunoichi. A female ninja trained in the art of seduction, infiltration, information gathering, and assassination.

She felt nothing about using her body during all those months to manipulate that stupid noble. As a kunoichi, her body was nothing more than another weapon. She could use it to fight, or she could use it to ensnare her target. Either way, as long as the mission was accomplished, nothing else mattered.

It didn't take long for them to reach their destination. Despite what one might think, the door of the vault was rather inconspicuous.

"Your highness, please."

Looking at Leonard, she asked him with a somewhat sultry voice, without forgetting to use the drugs.

Leonard, who was once again about to expire doubt, simply nodded after sniffing a little.

This drug wasn't something that could really control the mind. It was more about lowering inhibition. In a way, it was like being drunk.

Over the long months during which she served him, she had been constantly using this, making the previously trash but cunning heir into nothing more than garbage without any redeeming features.

Even then, she had never mentioned the vault and never did anything suspicious. All of this, for this one moment, this one instance when his mind would be at the weakest and the Duke as well as the other servants would be too occupied to care about what the heir was doing.

The opening of the door took a few minutes, but once it did, Neun was almost blinded by the amount of jewelry and gold.

Even though she wasn't particularly materialistic, even she felt her heart miss a beat and she immediately used the dimensional ring created by Eins and given to all the main members of wings of freedom.

The ring was nothing special in appearance, just a silver ring with the number 9 graved on it.

The moment she began to sweep out the wealth, no matter how entranced Leonard was, he wasn't so deep as to not understand that he has been tricked.

"You! Bi.."

The moment he wanted to continue, his throat was clamped by a delicate and fair hand, before his legs slowly left the ground.

“Sigh, your highness, or should I simply call you Leonard, it seems like this is as far as we go together.”

Leonard couldn't believe his ears. All this time, he had been looking down on this woman and had been using her as he pleased. But, as he looked at her now while he felt her suffocating aura, he couldn't help but shiver.

'I am going to get killed.'

He could see it deep in her eyes. He tried to bring his contract, but no matter what he did, his mana was simply too messed up to succeed.

“Yo-your sister. If-if you kill me, she will d-die.”

He tried to speak to remind her about the fact that her sister was in his hand, but all he got was an incredulous look, before she exploded out in laughter for a short while, as tear gathered in the corner of her eyes, then finally showed a sad smile.

“I am sorry to say this, but she already died long ago.”

Thunder roared in his mind as he finally understood that all along, he had never been in control. He had been nothing more than a clown dancing for their amusement.

“Please. Don't kill me.”

He could only beg for his life now; all his pride, all his ideas of supremacy, were nothing more than fleeting clouds in front of his impending death.

Looking at the grown man begging down for his life as snot and tear gradually flowed, Neun suddenly felt bored.

Even though his hits and violation were nothing more than tickles to her, she had not been his first victim.

Just how many lives did he destroy? Just how many women did he ruin? Just how many people had begged their life like this to him?

Initially, she had been curious and wished to ask him all that. But now, she understood that it was just a waste of time.

This man reminded her of the current king of Wratharis. Snakes that could only crawl on the ground while admiring the eagles soaring in the sky but that would not hesitate to spit their venoms if they were given the chance.

That's why now that he had already opened the door and had no other uses,

\*Crack\*

She simply snapped his neck, as easily as if she was breaking a twig, and put an end to his miserable and worthless existence.

Leonard's eyes were still open wide as if he could not believe that he could die like this. He had so many dreams, so many aspirations. Sadly, all of it was over.

Watching the life fade away from the eyes of the man she had once called master, even though she did not mean it, Neun allowed herself to feel a little sentimental, then proceeded to simply toss his body away as if it was a sack of trash.

Then, continuing deeper in the vault while stealing all the wealth along her way, she finally reached her goal...A portal.

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

#### **Chapter 122: CH 109: POWERLESSNESS**

[Babel Tower]

“Big brother, it has been so long since I decided to fight again, pray for us.”

In her office, with the help of a dim light, Lilith was changing herself.

Her usual outfit consisted of a dress with a low cut that showed all her curves without being outright slutty.

Even though such clothes were extremely beautiful, the material was so weak that anything could destroy them.

Currently, though, she was wearing a qipao from Wratharis and under it, a black form-fitting leather catsuit created for her by Arachne, that would make any spy or assassin drool in envy.

In fact, in the past, Arachne and Theresa were the ones who always took care of their equipment. Be it their armors, weapons, or undershirts.

Because of her inherently weak body and her fighting style, Lilith was used to wearing light leather armor over her clothes, which generally gave a less powerful protection. This problem though vanished with the help of Arachne.

The clothes themselves were resistant to most cutting and piercing weapons. What's more, they had great shock absorption, so even blunt weapons couldn't completely bypass them.

Of course, everything had a limit, but when used alongside her mana, she had a good enough defense without having to compromise her fighting style.

Right now, as she finished wearing her battle gear and opened a case laying down in a secret compartment of her office, she couldn't help but feel emotional.

Aside from when she took it out to train Sol, she hadn't used her sword at all for close to ten years.

Lilith's weapon was a broadsword as tall as her and large enough that it could pass for a shield.

Despite its form, this weapon once in her hand was as light as a feather once she injected her mana in it and once she ejected mana from it, it would once again become extremely heavy.

Many of her enemies died because they were unable to adapt to the unpredictable rhythm of her weapons.

Now, as she held her weapon, the aura surrounding her suddenly changed, becoming as deep as the sea.

Anyone who knew her would understand that right now, she was in a total battle mode.

Standing up, she walked out of her office and gave one last glance at a special sword case placed a little away.

Mars's weapon, the holy sword of luxuria.

Soon, the sword saint would once again unleash her might.

"Your majesty! Something big happening!"

The moment she closed the door behind her, she could see three battle maids in full gears running toward her.

Lilith frowned as she felt a bad hunch, those three maids were the oldest of the group and had even fought in some skirmishes with her against Wratharis, when she was younger. For them to be so flustered meant that something really big had happened,

"Take a deep breath and report"

"Yes!"

The three stopped in front of her and gathered their bearing before continuing,

"Your majesty, we just lost contact with the sentinels observing the surroundings of the Gorfard family."

"The last report we received from them was the sudden apparition of a red barrier enclosing the whole estate."

"We judged that the sentinels are most likely dead or imprisoned. As for his highness, his status is currently unknown."

Hearing those words, Lilith's felt her heart nearly explode. All that stopped her from directly rushing was the fact that she believed in Sol. As long as the enemy wasn't too fast for him to react, he should have no problem escaping.

Calming her wildly beating heart, she began to give the order,

"The sentinels fought bravely to complete their mission. If they are still alive and can be rescued, they will be appropriately rewarded. If not, their families will receive enough compensation to never be left wanting."

Taking a deep breath she continued, "Heed my words, I hereby declare that the kingdom is in a state of emergency! The martial law will be in application from now."

Once she made her declaration, Lilith began to send her order, "Alpha, I need you to use the portal leading to the church to disclose the situation to the Supreme daughter. She should already be in the know, but it doesn't hurt to be prudent. The paladins must create security perimeters in the city."

“Beta, once Alpha uses the portal, tell the gatekeeper to immediately deactivate it. The same goes for all the portals in the capital. Finally, Omega, go toward the barrack and warn the black knights to prepare themselves to protect the city. You must also activate the security system of the tower. No one is allowed in or out of the tower. Hurry! We do not have time!”

““Yes! Your highness!””

After taking their orders, the three of them noticeably calmed down and rushed away to execute their missions.

This was what it meant to be a good leader. A leader should be able to inspire confidence in their subordinate no matter how dire the situation was, and should never lose their cool.

“Mother! I am coming with you.”

Lilith frowned when she saw Lilin rushing with Nuwa and Theresa, but she didn't oppose. Right now, each second was precious.

“Alright. But you will follow my orders, I will accept no insubordination.”

“I understand”

Turning toward her old friend she asked, “Theresa, is the weapon with you?”

Theresa simply nodded. Even though no tension showed on her face, Lilith knew that Theresa always became calmer and silent when she was stressed. She was without a doubt taking the situation very seriously.

“Now, it's time for us to began.”

‘Sol, no matter what, you need to be alright.’

[Gorfard's Mansion]

A few minutes ago, Sol kept having an uneasy feeling.

‘Something is wrong.’

Even as Sol slowly danced with a red-haired pale woman, Sol couldn't help but feel a little distracted, his mind wavering as he felt more and more that something was wrong.

This was making him incredibly irritated and he understood even better now why Arachne had said that his sharpened senses were as much a help than a liability.

He didn't know why, but currently, he felt as if he was an animal about to be locked in a cage, he could in the back of his mind the cage slowly closing in.

‘Something is definitely wrong.’

“Your highness? You are hurting me.”

Sol's mind was brought back when he heard a soft gasp. Looking at the slowly reddening hands in his, he let out a low exclamation of surprise and apologized,

“I am sorry, I was a little distracted.”

The woman let out a strained laugh as she answered, “I do not know what hurt more now. My hands, that were on the verge of being crushed, or my ego, after hearing that you were distracted even while dancing with me.”

Sol let out a short laugh, at this and apologized once again, but even while doing so, he couldn't help but look at the woman dancing with him.

He hadn't really been paying attention since she was already his fifth dancing partner, but she was definitely a beautiful woman.

Her long red robe clung tightly to her voluptuous body and showed a deep cleavage without leaving much to the imagination.

Even though she wasn't some ethereal beauty like Camelia or Medea, nor did she have a very sensual beauty like Lilith or Milia, for some weird reason, it was as if she was hitting all his likes at the same time.

But more than anything, her beautiful golden hair and eyes were particularly eyes catching. It was as if he staring at the sun itself.

‘No matter how distracted I am, how come I have not noticed this?’

He frowned a little bit, before tightening his hand involuntarily before he let out a low growl,

“You...!”

“Oh? Your highness remarked? Well, I guess you aren't a half-dragon for nothing.”

Sol immediately began to look around him. The moment he did so, as if on cue, the music stopped, and everyone immediately stopped dancing before focusing on him.

Even though none of those staring at him were a match for him, Sol had to admit that being looked at in such a way by so many people brought him a chill.

“Who are you?”

Letting go of his hand, the woman took a few steps back, and gave an elegant curtsy as she introduced herself, “My real name had long been forgotten, now though, I go by the name, Zehn, a vampire and... One of the leaders of the Wings of Freedom.”

Sol's eyes became cold at this. He didn't understand why he hadn't been able to feel a vampire so close to him, but now wasn't the time to worry about this.

Just as he was about to pounce on her when Zehn raised a finger and smiled mischievously,

“I have watched your last fight, and I must admit that fighting you head-on would be quite a pain. But this isn't an arena my dear. As such, before you do anything you might regret, let me remind you that basically everyone in this room is under my control.”



He opened his eyes wide in disbelief. He had already understood this after the earlier chilling display, but still,

'How was it even possible? Even though I had felt a threat, the source was still a little far from it.'

He couldn't understand how she had managed such a feat right under his nose.

"Tch! Tch! Tch! Little Prince, it seems like you do not believe me? Then how about this? Hum...You two on the back...This queen orders you to die."

""By your will!""

Sol did not even have the time to react. By the time he understood what those orders meant...His vision was dyed red.

For the first time in his life...

... Sol saw people dying in front of him...

... And he could do nothing to stop it.

### **Son of the Hero King**

#### **Chapter 123: CH 110: ANOTHER WORTHLESS DEATH**

[Gorfard's Mansion]

It happened so fast it was so unexpected, that by the time Sol reacted, everything was already too late.

The two who had killed themselves with a smile on their face as they stabbed their own throat with all their might had been young girls not much older than him.

He even remembered dancing with one of them not long ago, and vividly remembered how thrilled and happy she had been that he accepted to dance with her.

She was a young girl, a seemingly innocent girl who had all her life in front of her, but...All of this had been simply crushed.

In all his life, even if counting his previous one, it was the first time Sol was faced with death in the truest sense.

As he watched the blood flow from their throat to their dresses then the ground, while they collapsed, Sol felt his mind teether in the limit of rationality.

"You...!"

Falling in a short daze, he couldn't help but shout at the vampire woman in front of him. A woman as vicious as she was beautiful who introduced herself under the name of Zehn.

He wanted to ask— why?

He needed to know— how?

He wished to understand...

'I need to get a hold of myself!'

Berating himself in his mind, he forced himself and calmed down his wildly beating heart.

Right now wasn't the moment to fall under the pace of the enemy.

Slowly getting back his bearing, he stopped his hands from shaking and looked at the woman facing him as calmly as possible.

"What is your goal?"

The first and most important thing was assuring the security of most of the people gathered here. He had enough knowledge to understand just how much of a hit it would be to lose the people here.

But he couldn't show how much he cared for them. Otherwise, it would give much more power to the enemy.

"Oh!?"

Zehn raised an eyebrow at this. Even though she was quite sadistic, she hadn't ordered the death of those two girls for nothing.

From what Drei told them, it was quite clear that the prince had awakened an attribute, and as a dragon, even if hybrid, he should have a high resistance or immunity toward a certain kind of magic.

Even without that, the scales and overall endurance of a dragon were nothing to scoff at.

That's why she had wished to break his composure as much as possible before the fight, something that shouldn't have been that hard to accomplish since the prince was clearly a sheltered little kid.

"Seems like we seriously underestimated you. You gained your composure faster than I thought."

"Answer my question."

"Hum...What is our goal? What is it indeed?" She tilted her head genuinely confused, "Hey, Drei, what is our goal again?"

Sol narrowed his eyes and without diverting his attention from her, felt his surroundings.

"Sigh, I already told you that."

Sol didn't have to turn his head to know that this voice was coming from a few meters behind him. More precisely, from one of the previously controlled people...

It was a middle-aged man wearing a double-breasted suit with a gentlemanly air.

Zehn simply shrugged her shoulders, "Your plans are too complicated, you know? So I simply stopped listening."

The man called Drei shook his head as he looked at the vampire affectionately as if he was a grandfather watching his slightly spoiled and unruly granddaughter.

"Remember. Trap the prince with a formation covering the entire mansion. Take hostages and control the prince. Finally, give the prince to our dear friend."

Sol did not stop this little skit from happening. Even though being disregarded like this was quite humiliating, it helped him gather his bearing and become calmer.

What's more, it was quite informative. In fact, it was very informative.

Firstly, he now knew that this house was surrounded by a protective barrier.

Such a movement should have already alerted the kingdom, so it was just a question of time before they broke through.

Secondly, their codename, Drei, and Zehn. People from this world might not understand, but he did. After all, those were German numbers.

Drei stood for Three and Zehn for ten. If this was so, the leaders of the wings of freedom were at least ten.

What's more, one or more of the members of the wings were from his world, or the goddess of chaos had chosen those numbers for them.

Slowly, Sol felt himself relax more and more.

'The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear, while the oldest and strongest kind of fear is the fear of the unknown.'

For Sol, those enemies that had been shrouded with shadows were suddenly much less mysterious and dangerous.

While keeping vigilant, he asked, "So, it seems like you are the one giving orders? Drei, was it? Could you kindly explain what goal you wish to accomplish to me your goal by attacking Lustburg?"

He could feel that this man named Drei had basically no power in him. So he should be an easy target. With his speed, getting to him shouldn't be a problem.

At least in appearances.

'This feels too much like a bait. This is most likely a trap.'

This reminded him of a saying.

If it swims like a duck, quacks like a duck, and looks like a duck, then, it's most likely a duck.

No matter what, they didn't know that he could flee at any moment.

As long as they didn't have this information, he was in a superior position.

Now, he needed to be sure of something,

"Also, dear Duke, could you give us the pleasure to come down? I don't really like how you are watching all this from high up."

\*Clap\* \*Clap\* \*Clap\*

"Magnificent! Simply beautiful."

The Duke slowly descended from the stair while clapping, "From your expression, I guess that you aren't surprised?"

"I am definitely surprised. I am also a little disappointed. Duke Gorfard...No, I guess I should simply call you Loki now, after all, you are unworthy of the title of Duke."

This definitely struck a chord, as Loki's expression warped for a short while before finally calming down,

"I am impressed by how sharp your tongue is, Sol. Let's stop the games, will you? We know you are stalling for time. But do not make a mistake. This barrier had been created by using the many living sacrifices. No matter how powerful she is, even the sword saint won't be able to break this barrier for a long while."

Sol gritted his teeth, "Sacrifice? Just how many people?"

"Was it twenty? Fifty? What does it even matter? Sol, rather than worrying about those who are already dead, you should worry more about those alive."

Sol could feel his emotion boiling once again. It really wasn't a mistake to place a kill order on that bastard.

"What do you want?"

He barely hissed those words under his breath, his eyes, staring at the Duke like a blazing inferno.

"Simple. Sol...You are a hybrid dragon, right? Did you awaken your core?"

Sol's expression warped in shock.

Those words reminded him of what happened with Arachne.

This brought him another startling piece of information.

They promised to help Arachne revive Mars with his core.

They promised to help heal Gerald's granddaughter with his core.

He didn't know what they promised Loki, but it once again needed his core.

The worst was that it seemed that two out of three of them had been completely hooked.

But there was one problem, he only had one core.

Thinking about how those two would betray everything to get his core but in the end, only one would succeed.

Thinking about how they were nothing more than silly marionettes being manipulated by the enemy.

Thinking about how all their hopes and dreams would be shattered,

Sol couldn't help it,

"Hahahah!" He exploded in laughter.

He laughed and laughed so much that he felt short of breath.

He laughed to expel all his pent-up feelings of frustration, rage, sadness, and disappointment.

The other three frowned at his incomprehensible reaction, while Loki asked with an irritated expression,

“May I ask what is so funny?”

“I am laughing at you, you adorable stupid bastard. I am also laughing at how brazen those guys are. But more than anything, I am laughing at how everyone seems to treat me as a prey on the chopping board.”

Wiping a tear from the corner of his eye, Sol stretched a little as he said,

“This really feels great. Didn’t laugh like that in a while.”

Stopping his stretch, he began to jump up and down to loosen his muscle.

Grinning, his eyes twinkling with mischief, he continued, “Well, I guess it’s time to show you a secret technique I learned from a family of powerful warriors.”

Energy began to swirl through his body, as his eyes turned golden and his body was covered in golden scales.

“Sol! Are you disregarding the lives of those people!?”

“Your highness, I would advise you to stay calm. Even without those hostages, Zehn isn’t someone you can beat at your current level.”

Sol didn’t answer as he crouched down as if preparing to rush in a straight line toward Zehn,

“Zehn! Be careful.”

“Roger.”

A crimson aura covered Zehn's body as she readied herself to receive whatever the little prince would throw at her. Normally, she would have already rushed, but this secret technique sounded like a big deal, and she didn’t want to receive a deadly counter.

“This secret technique is called...”

Drei focused, ‘What is it called?’

“Running away.”

Then, under their widened eyes, he vanished.

“What!?”

They couldn't believe it. This shouldn't be possible.

Drei, with his centuries of experience, immediately understood what was happening and paled as he screamed,

"Zehn! Be careful! He has the same magic attributes as the leader!"

“It's too late. I guess.”

\*Ugh\*

A shiver went through Zehn's spine as she turned to find the Duke, with a bloodied hand going through his chest and a grinning prince standing behind him.

"Well, well, well. It seems like you guys understand what kind of magic I used. This is slightly troublesome. Anyway, let's make things clear."

A predatory smile formed on his face as he stared at them, "You guys made one mistake, you see... I am not locked in with you guys."

Withdrawing his hand, he didn't even spare a glance as Loki's lifeless body slumped on the ground.

"It's you, who are locked in with me."

It was time to show who was the real prey.

### **Son of the Hero King**

#### **Chapter 124: CH 111: THREE WITCHES ENTER A BAR**

[Loki's Mansion]

Watching the prince kill Loki in cold blood and hearing those words, Drei couldn't help but click his tongue in dismay.

His true body was still too far away from Lustburg and the current puppet he was using was just something weak and useless.

At this rate, the prince would escape, but this was too soon. It would throw a wrench in their plan.

'I need to keep him here longer.'

What Sol didn't know was that he wasn't the only one who wanted to stall for time. After all, if their true goal had simply been to wreak havoc, there were hundreds of ways they could have done it.

'Still, to think that this prince had such an attribute. What the hell? Thankfully he doesn't seem to have a great control over his own dimension. Otherwise, if he did a <<dimension overlap>>...'

Just thinking about this brought him chills even though his true body shouldn't be able to feel such sensation anymore.

His eyes flickered as he began to go through all the way they could keep him here longer.

'Well, I guess it's time for everything to go boom!'

What none of them remarked, not even Sol, was how Sol's shadow flickered for a very short instant before coming back to normal.

[A bar in the Gorfard zone]

The bar was nothing particular and had nothing different from most rundown bars that could be found anywhere in the capital.

What's more, because of the mass that was held at the plaza, it was nearly empty.

The only presence in this bar was a girl in red and a crow.

Suddenly, the crow's eyes changed and the number 3 appeared deep in its pupil. "Kali, the situation changed. The prince might be able to escape sooner than we thought. I will try to buy as much time as possible, but I need you to increase the lure."

Looking quietly at the crow, she understood that this was the last step before everything went to shit.

"I told you that I will not hurt any civilians. We are clear, right?"

"Do not worry. The zone is practically empty, go wild."

"I see."

Saying so, she stood from her chair and took her large pointed hat before putting it on her head.

As she stretched her hand in front of her, four large magic circles immediately formed above her in a circular formation before fusing into one.

At the same time, another magic circle appeared next to her before taking the shape of a circular shield.

Her pupils changed into a full black spade and her power became so immense that the bar and all the surrounding immediately began to tremble.

The power was so great that it could already be felt a few kilometers away from her position.

Witchcraft was the power born from the knowledge of the world. In order to be activated, neither words nor gestures were necessary. But because of the need to focus, when creating a spell, all witches would always associate the activation with one keyword or one special movement.

For Kali, her keyword was simple. She just needed one word, and everything around her would be erased and that word was,

<<Explosion.>>

This happened in an instant.

Buildings, roads, trees, even the air itself. Absolutely nothing was spared.

The blast itself covered a three kilometers radius, shining like a star of death and leaving only destruction in its wake.

In one instant, aside from Kali herself and the crow, covered in a red barrier, everything else was sent to nothingness.

"Incredible. You are really worthy of your name."

Kali felt no happiness at his praises and as such didn't bother answering. This spell was so powerful that even her, as the wielder, wouldn't be spared if she didn't place the appropriate protection.

"This does not matter, at least I felt no life in the zone of the blast. One more and this will be enough to draw all the attention to me."

But, just as she was about to walk away, she heard a voice she hadn't heard for a few centuries.

<<Partial Rewind>>

The world suddenly stopped before everything slowly went backward.

Even Kali herself, despite being conscious of the change happening, could do nothing but watch as the world itself seemed to go back.

Finally, everything stopped and it was as if she had never used her spell as if it had been nothing more than a dream.

But she knew. She knew very well that what happened wasn't a dream.

"Medea, so you went out."

"Not just Medea, I am also here you know?"

Kali's expression stiffened as she heard this voice. It was then followed by two young girls appearing in front of her.

One fully in black, with her long silver-white hair and her pupils looking like a divided square.

The second fully in pink, with short pink hair and a witch hat, as well as her pupils looking like a broken heart.

Watching her two sisters, even without saying anything, Kali knew that there was no way she could escape this fight.

Then, looking at the crow, she said, "It seems like I won't be able to do more than this."

The crow(Drei) simply tilted its head in disbelief. It was one thing for the witch of space to be present. They had already taken this possibility into account.

But the witch of time as well?

'Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Wasn't she imprisoned because of the royal family? Why the hell is she helping Lustburg?'

Drei felt so much rage he thought he would go crazy.

No matter how much destruction they wrecked, with the witch of time, this would mean nothing.

The only grace was that he knew that her rewind couldn't bring back the dead.

He couldn't help but scream in frustration, "Everything is fucking going wrong!"

Then, calming down as fast as his anger took over, he continued "No matter. At least you managed to pull two witches with you. Keep them as long as possible."

The crow gave one last order before laying dead.

Those witches may not practice necromancy, but he couldn't take any risk and be tracked down.

Hearing those thoughtless orders, Kali sighed before adjusting her hat.



In a one vs one she feared no one. But even for her, fighting her two sisters at the same time would prove taxing.

Just as she was about to gather magic again, Freya spoke, "Let's go a little away from the city, shall we?"

\*Snap\*

<<Transfer>>

Kali had no time to react; she simply sighed inwardly.

This was why she hated fighting against those two.

They might be far weaker than her, but their powers were such a pain to deal with.

When she got back her bearings, it seemed that she was in the wilderness.

"Where are we?"

"This is the mountain range near Greed Dike."

Kali couldn't help but groan at how fucking crazy this space magic bullshit was. They were basically two thousand kilometers away from Lustburg.

Medea meanwhile sighed, "Kali, you went too far. I think it's time to remind you why we are the big sisters."

Freya grinned as she continued, "What Medea is saying, in short, is that we are going to spank you until your ass becomes as red as your dress!"

[Barrack of the black knight]

Sitting proudly on a horse was an old man whose face showed the years of fighting he went through.

The horse on which he sat had two horns on its front and razor-sharp teeth as well as red eyes. Its black mane fluttered beautifully in the air.

Behind him, a row of black knights in full armor sat at full attention on their horses.

Normally, using a horse in the city for a fight would have been the most stupid move possible, but that was only so for normal horses.

One of the knights, after watching the big explosion then the rewind far in the horizon gulped,

"General Gerald, what are your orders?"

Sighing, Gerald took his helmet from under his arms and said with sadness, "My brother, the fake queen and the supreme daughter conspired to usurp the throne. Loyal soldiers of Lustburg can you accept this!?"

His last words were practically shouted, but the content of his words sent all of them into confusion.

The fifty of them were old but powerful knights who had given up the battlefield and became instructors for the future generation.

Even so, they were still a force to be reckoned with and their influence in the army was no joke. What's more, the title of black knights meant they stood at the summit in terms of power, skills, and experience in the royal army.

But the most important was that they had followed Gerald on the battlefield for decades and trusted him even more than they would trust their own family.

"Knights of Lustburg, My dear old friends. We must bring down the traitors at all cost. Are you willing to raise your spears and stand behind me!?"

"Yes!"

"Then, it's time to bring down the traitors."

Turning around, he put back his helmet, thereby hiding all his feelings of guilt.

[Castitas's church]

In the basement of the church, standing in full ritual clothes, Camelia was kneeling in the center of the magic circle she had drawn in advance for this very moment.

She had felt it the moment the blast of destruction reduced one-tenth of the capital to nothing.

She could have stopped it, or at least greatly reduced the power of the blast, but she didn't act. They had already decided what to do to stop Kali if she appeared.

At the end of the day, even though they had shifted their main target to the Wings of Freedom, Camelia had never forgotten that this plan had been initially created to catch the traitors — all the traitors.

The chaos that was about to spread was the best occasion for all those with evil intentions to manifest themselves.

What's more, she could feel it. The wings of freedom had yet to show all their cards.

She needed to know all her targets and distinguish the enemies from the friends to assure the maximum effect.

That's why she was waiting.

Like a spider, she was slowly waiting for the prey to get stuck in her webs.

Then...She would devour them all.

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

#### **Chapter 125: CH 112: OVERWHELMED**

Humans were surprisingly prone to be swept into a frenzy.

Most of the time, humans were always afraid of facing predators.

But once said predator showed the slightest sign of weakness...

They would swarm at it like a bunch of loci.

Gerald wasn't a careless man. In fact, he was very smart.

Be it in terms of power, skills, political prowess, and everything else, he was in no way inferior to the current Duke Highland and in some aspects, even surpassed them.

The only reason he had not been chosen to become Duke was that their father had judged that he wasn't fit for this position. For the simple reason that he was too emotional.

'Seems like father was right. I am really not fit for this kind of cold-blooded role.'

Briefly looking at the swarm of soldiers behind him composed not only of the old black knights but also of many nobles who had joined him, Gerald felt more guilt and disgust than pride.

Aside from his old friends who had loyally followed on the battlefield, all the others had been drawn in long ago by using their selfish motives.

Few people knew about the in and out of the kingdom more than him. Not even the crown's shadow was a secret to him. After all, he was still at the service of the king when he did his crazy experiments. Everything aside, from a few months ago, he had been constantly feeding secret information about the crown's shadow.

What's more, he had been observing the Kingdom since he had that much information only a few people had.

He knew about nobles who held dissatisfaction with Lilith.

He knew about nobles who wished to return to the time of the Puppet King.

He knew about nobles who only saw profit and held no loyalties.

Since the moment he had been contacted by the witch, Gerald gave birth to that idea.

What if he assembled all of them? What if in one moment, and one place, all the possible traitors were assembled and united?

And this was the current result.

'This kingdom was really full of cancerous tumors.'

Thanks to the works of Mars, and the previous king, the road of the capital and the space between each street was extremely wide.

This allowed for a fluid circulation in a time of peace, but in times like this, it could be more like a tumor.

Sighing a little, Gerald began to think about how his name would most likely go in the annals of history as one of the greatest traitors.

After all, in the great history of Lustburg, this night would without a doubt be recorded as the first-ever civil war.

'Hahaha, I guess this isn't so bad.'

He wasn't particularly hung up about how people would remember him.

After all, he would already be dead. Why should he care about how the future generation would view him when you wouldn't be there to see it anymore?

'Well, I guess it's time to move my old bones.'

Saying so, he looked at the horizon.

In front of him, three large banners rose in the sky, followed by countless smaller ones.

'Highland, Milaris and Travers.'

A large smile formed on his face. He had expected his brother to stand on his way, but he had to admit that the other two were somewhat of a surprise.

'You really became great, Sol.'

Thinking of the adorable little boy who had grown into such a fine man, his smile couldn't help but cramp a little. His smile completely vanished when he thought about his little nephew as well.

If only it was possible for the three of them to find happiness, he wouldn't mind sacrificing everything.

Raising his head, he could see a large silhouette fly in circles for a short while before rushing toward the center of the capital.

'A wyvern, huh. Soon, I guess we are going to face one scary monster.'

[Brother! Explain to me what is going on!!]

A roar of rage sounded directly in his ears. Gerald didn't need to lower his head to know that it was coming from his dear brother.

At their level, sending whispers from a few kilometers away wasn't that hard. Even more so since they could see each other.

Gerald sighed and said, [There's nothing for me to explain. It's as you can see.]

[You! Shame on you! Do you know how much your actions will affect the family?! All the hard work of the previous generation might be destroyed by you!]

Gerald's eyes closed for a short while before he opened them again,

[Talking more than this is useless. You may hate me now, you may keep on hating me forever, but so what? Get on the line, because no one hates me more than myself.]

On those words, he raised his arms before lowering it in the direction of the three Dukes, "CHARGE!!!!"

[Crown's Shadow hideout]

Currently, Ketia, Edgar, Berthold, and Aria were receiving reports after reports of the situation, forcing them to dispatch different agents to act as regulators and direct the civils.

Thankfully, most of the civilians were concentrated in the center of the capital, and as such, the panic hadn't had time to spread since the priestess and paladin were doing their best to calm everyone.

Ketia, who received another report about all the nobles who were rising in rebellion, though they swore that they were fighting for the liberation of the prince from the clutch of an evil queen, frowned a little bit before passing the list to Edgar.

“Don’t you find it weird?”

Edgar, who had a hard time calming himself was about to scream in frustration, but since he knew what kind of woman Ketia was, he took a look at the list.

Suddenly, he stood up with an expression of shock before opening his drawer and fumbling with all the documents inside until he found what he was searching for.

Finally, as he read the second document, his hand began to tremble.

“They are nearly the same.”

On the first list, Ketia gave him were the names of the group of nobles who began to follow Gerald. Meanwhile, in the second list was the name of all the nobles they marked as potentially dangerous and that should be put under surveillance.

“But how is it possible?”

He lowered his head in deep thought. Gerald could find those nobles. After all, he was the Duke’s brother. No matter how weak the Highland became, they still had some influence.

But there was one problem.

“How come we have absolutely no report about Gerald contacting those nobles?”

All those noble deemed as dangerous had their houses infiltrated by their most competent spies. Missing one or two wasn’t impossible. After all, they weren’t perfect.

But missing all of them?

A chill swept through Edgar, as he punched the table in anger.

““We have a traitor.””

Ketia and Edgar exclaimed at the same time before looking at each other, a grim expression on their face.

Not only did they have a traitor in their midst, but it also had to be someone really high in the, most likely one or more of the five of them.

Aria stopped smoking and Berthold’s smile vanished.

Edgar adjusted his monocle as he entered deep in thought.

He knew that he wasn’t the traitor.

Ketia couldn't be the one since she had been outside the kingdom for two years with the princess.

He didn’t even consider the possibility of Milia being a traitor.

Meaning, the only ones who could have betrayed them, were...

Refusing to voice his thoughts, he turned to face the only one who had the least suspicion of her. "Ketia, currently we cannot afford the risk of being split up because of suspicion. That's why, I propose that we send the order that from now on and until the end of the emergency, only your order will be listened to."

In this situation, trying to find the traitor would not only be a waste of time but would also confuse the organization.

While speaking, his hand slowly inched toward the holster in the breast pocket of his suit.

"Sigh, I guess this is as far as it goes."

The moment he heard those words, without any hesitation, he immediately grabbed the gun in his holster and jumped aside before shooting.

\*Bang\* \*Bang\* Bang\* \*Bang\*

His mana gun fired four super-fast bullets inscribed with special runes that increased the piercing power and speed.

The other two weren't any slower as they also acted.

Ketia's form had changed from a normal human. Her body was covered in a red aura entirely, hiding all her features and making her look more like a monster cat than anything else, with 3 tails swishing behind her.

She then rushed while giving a powerful punch from his side.

Meanwhile, Aria's sclera had become entirely black, and the three ice spears immediately formed above her, before firing at Berthold's back.

Even though they hadn't spoken one word, their cooperation was seamless.

But despite all this, Berthold seemed totally unfazed, a wide grin forming on his face, as the number 3 appeared in his pupils.

"You guys are seriously the best! Hehehe! This body is way better than that useless noble, so then, shall we dance!?"

Golden like lightning covering his body and disintegrated the attacks of Edgar and Aria before he used a punch to counter Ketia.

'Tch!'

Edgar immediately understood that they were outmatched.

The most horrifying was that even though Berthold's arm had been completely broken when he fought Aria, he didn't seem to show any expression of pain or discomfort.

Aria, meanwhile, couldn't help but scream in dismay, "Berthold! Why did you betray us!?"

“Aria! Stop being so stupid! This isn’t Berthold! We must fall back! Hurry!!”

Having said this, he exchanged a look with Ketia before rushing with her toward ‘Berthold’ at full speed.

Aria was a versatile mage with an innate space and ice attribute. She was the only one who could bring them away from this place.

‘We need 30 seconds. No, with her current stats, between 40 to 50 seconds.’

In such an enclosed space with such a dangerous enemy, nearly one minute was basically luxury.

That’s why he began to speak, after firing the last 2 bullets in his gun.

“Who are you and what have you done with Berthold?”

Avoiding his bullets, the man took off his hat and bowed while avoiding a wide kick of Ketia, “My name is Drei. As for what happened to your friend...Guess.”

He laughed out loud before looking at the ceiling,

“Now then, I would really like to play around with you and slowly break you, before using your body as an experiment to verify how that king developed my theories, but you guys simply aren’t worth it. Too bad Milia isn’t here..”

Saying so, his smile immediately vanished and was replaced by a killing intent so heavy that Edgar, Aria, and Ketia felt completely suffocated as if they were being crushed alive.

Even though they had suffered years of torture under those inhumane experiment.

Even though they had fought many battles.

Even though they had killed a large number of people.

Compared to the man in front of them, their killing intent was nothing more than a joke.

No, it was as if they were facing death itself.

“You guys faced death. But I came back from it. Do not waste my time anymore.”

Saying so, he dusted himself before putting back on his hat and said with an extremely gentle smile, so gentle his earlier killing intent seemed like a lie,

“Aren’t you happy? You must be one of the few people in this world who survived not because they were strong, but because they were too weak. Hahaha! Bye-bye! Pray that we never meet again.”

On those last words, he vanished.

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

#### **Chapter 126: CH 113: COUNTERATTACK**

[Central zone, near the tower of Babel]

“Your majesty, the situation is getting out of control.”

A black knight riding on a wyvern jumped from it and landed in front of Lilith before kneeling down.

The black knights could be said to be divided into old and young, but more precisely, land units and flying units.

Initially, the black knights were only composed of riders who used nightmare horses. But after Mars formed his contract with Blaze, using her authority she created a supply of wyvern that could make a contract with promising knights. After all, few humans could form a contract with B and higher creatures.

Because of this, even if Lilith had lost control over the land unit, she had absolute control over the younger black knights who used the wyverns.

Because of how large the capital was, she had sent a scout on wyvern to observe the situation. After all, no matter how fast she was, it wasn't as if she could teleport. She couldn't afford to run around without a clear understanding.

"Calm down. Report."

Kneeling down, the knight began to report.

"Your majesty, the situation is grim."

"Go on."

"The part of the East zone that had been destroyed was shortly completely restored by some unknown magic. The barrier surrounding the Gorfard house is also still active, the status of those in it is unknown.

"The West and the South had been completely locked down, and soldiers belonging to the Travers and the Milaris are protecting the civils who hadn't joined the grand mass and sending them toward the church in the Central Zone.

"In the central zone, the paladin and the nuns are calming down the civils and are reassuring them. Some of the battle maids are also helping as you ordered.

"As for the North..."

At this moment, even though his face was hidden behind his helmet, it was quite easy to see how angered he was. But Lilith didn't urge him.

Finally catching his breath, he continued, "The North is a total mess. Sir Athena Highland is organizing the evacuation, while the Duke Tyr Highland, Duke Hermes Travers, and Duchess Arachne Milaris as well as their follower are on the verge of engaging the traitors following General Gerald."

The knight still seemed in disbelief, Gerald was an example of the perfect knight. Even though his influence on the young knights wasn't as great, he was still very respected because he even tutored many of them.

Lilith's eyes narrowed in thought, before asking the most important question, "Civil casualties?"

This time the knight mood seemed to rise a little, "For now none. Even though the traitors are preparing to fight, it seems that none of them harmed the civilians. Some of the soldiers under the nobles did try, but they were always stopped by the black knights who rebelled."



This was the only grace in this whole debacle. It seemed that the black knights weren't willing to harm the people they swore to protect.

'That old fox.'

Lilith cursed inwardly while feeling a growing admiration.

From what she had heard and understood, at the end of this debacle, no matter what was the result, the only culprits would be him and the nobles.

The black knights who followed him would at most be considered as innocent people who had been manipulated by their superiors and wouldn't suffer the death penalty.

"Lilin, Theresa."

"Yes?"

"Leave the matters about those rebels to me. You must reach Sol as fast as possible and give him that weapon."

She purposely didn't mention Nuwa's name. For one, she didn't trust her and the fact was that despite her obvious high potential, it was clear that she had zero fighting experience or even basic training.

She understood that it must have been Theresa's consideration. After all, once Nuwa formed a contract with Sol, she would never betray him. But before that, training someone with the potential to become a powerful enemy would have been extremely stupid and dangerous.

Nuwa on the other hand didn't seem to care.

For her, this world had always been boring. But now, she could feel her heart beating furiously in her chest.

Theresa nodded, and said, "Nuwa, Lilin, follow me. Lilith, give us a wyvern. It will be easier to reach our destination by flying."

One of the knights hesitated before saying, "The wyvern had been trained for long to not accept anyone than their own rider. I don't think this is a good idea."

"Hah!" Theresa scoffed, "I even rode on a true dragon. Don't try to show off with your silly flying reptile." She snickered as she said so. She remembered that she nearly died when Blaze went crazy after she jumped on her back.

If back then she hadn't promised to gift her some valuable things, she was sure that she would have ended up crippled or worse.

No one could trample on the dignity of a dragon if they didn't have enough power or money to calm them down.

'Those were really good times.'

Thinking fondly about those moments, she took out a red scale and walked toward one of the wyverns resting on standby.

At first, it had begun to growl threateningly, but the moment it felt the aura on the scale it immediately became meek and didn't stop Theresa from jumping on it.

"What are you guys waiting for? We are losing time."

Everyone aside from Lilith showed an astonished expression. After all, she knew very well to whom this scale belonged to.

This was one of the first gifts Blaze gave them. Each of the members of their team back then received one scale from her shedding.

This scale wasn't just a deterrent towards lower beast in the dragon class. It was also a form of identity card that could be shown to all S class as the proof of their friendship with the dragon clan.

Just as Theresa was about to urge Lilin to jump on, she raised her hand with an awkward expression, "Hum... I

I already own my own wyvern, we could just use it, right?"

Lilin wasn't a stranger to wyvern riding, and like Sol, had her own wyvern. Even though she didn't sign a contract with it.

The silence that settled was one of the most awkward moments in Theresa's life.

The fact that she could see everyone fighting to hold in their laugh made it worse.

Blushing, she jumped down and futilely hit Lilin's shin for a short while.

A short moment later, with Lilin on the helm, while Nuwa and Theresa rode behind her, the three of them flew away in the direction of the Gorfard mansion.

Now alone with the young Black Knights, what Lilith wondered wasn't whether they could win, but they were going to win in the cleanest way possible while assuring the smallest loss.

Still, she didn't really have to worry either.

'With Persephone and Camelia, as long as they don't die, no matter how severely wounded they are, they will be alright.'

"Your majesty, we are ready, how do you want us to proceed?"

Looking at all the young knights kneeling in front of her, she simply smiled, "You have nothing to do. Just follow me."

Saying so, she took her sword and threw it in the air before jumping after it.

The knight didn't understand what she was about to do, but they all raised their head in shock when she stood on the flat of her sword and began to float steadily, more than 10 meters in the air.

Standing in the air, Lilith ignored the astonished look and slowly floated higher and higher.

The higher she was, the calmer she felt.

The immortal slaying sword. The technique that she had created from the description of her brother about people called cultivators.

She remembered, when she was at her lowest after learning her mediocre talent, her brother's stories were the one that could always make her see a brighter future.

She remembered about his stories, of how people with absolutely no talent could train to the level of slaying gods themselves.

Since that day, she had yearned for this power.

It didn't matter how impossible it was.

She wished to stand shoulder to shoulder with him.

She wished to become someone no one could look down on.

She wished to become proof that in this shitty world, one didn't have to be blessed to become strong.

....And she was close to success.

<<Immortal Slaying Sword Style: Flying Sword.>>

Faster than the eyes could see, standing on her flying sword, she completely vanished.

It was time to make all the people in this kingdom remember why she was strongest here.

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

#### **Chapter 127: CH 114: QUEEN VS NECROMANCER (1)**

"Hum~Hum~Hum."

Under the moonlight, in the zone belonging to the Gorfard, a short white-haired man no more than 160 cm, was humming while skipping in the street devoid of people.

Sometimes, he would look at the sky with attention, and sometimes, he would just close his eyes and hum.

'This world is finally going to know justice.'

He was happy, seriously happy. Years and years of preparation and research were finally going to be put into action. How could he be unhappy when his dream was about to unfold?

'Soon, we will have the power to destroy this cruel world. But for now...'

Looking at the sky, he could see a wyvern rushing toward the zone where one of their targets was being held.

'Drei told me that I should only let the scout go, right?'

To execute their plan, they needed chaos, a lot of chaos. Which was highly poetic since they were apostles of the mother of chaos.

That's why he had been asked to let any scout go. But,

‘Those ones aren’t scouts... That means I can kill them, right?’

Grinning from ear to ear, he waved his hand and the ring on his finger shined before a long sniper rifle appeared in his hand.

His eyes looked at this rifle with love, as if he was watching a great masterpiece.

‘The technology of the angels makes creating good weapons so much easier.’

Kneeling down, he put the rifle over his shoulder and lifted it.

Licking his lips, he slowly aimed before preparing to shoot.

The mana in his body was slowly engulfed by the rifle until it was clear that he couldn’t hold it anymore.

<<Killing Intent: Single Shot>>

\*Crack\*

The ground fissured like a weeb because of the recoil, then

\*BOOM\*

Even though it was just a bullet, the sound was so loud that it looked like an explosion from a canon.

\*SCREEE\*

The result was immediate, the mournful scream of the wyvern resonated in the sky as its left-wing was completely blown away by the shoot.

“Well, well, well, I guess this is a bullseye?”

No matter how powerful he was, killing someone who was flying more than 700 meters above him was pretty difficult if he didn’t use his full power. After all, if the warrior felt that he was being threatened, his instincts would warn him. What’s more, Wyverns weren’t weak creatures.

But by launching an indirect attack like this, he was sure to get them.

‘Haha, but I guess they didn’t die.’

Watching his three-targets jump from the Injured wyverns while in mid-air, he smiled.

‘It’s time to hunt.’

He couldn’t kill them from 700 meters away in the sky, but now that they had come down, it was time for him to act.

"Hum~Hum~Hum"

Humming a song that he alone could hear, he began to search for his prey.

[Highland zone]

Standing at about 1000 meters high in the sky, Lilith looked down and observed the scene by gathering mana in her eyes.

Thanks to it, the people who had been previously indistinguishable were now clearly visible to her.

Under the clear sky and the moonlight, she looked like a fairy descending from heaven. Her clothes gently danced under the breeze.

She couldn't help but sigh, as she thought ruefully, 'To think that a decade of peace rusted my skills so much.'

In the past, she could have easily flown to more than the double or triple of the current height she stood on but she could do nothing about this.

Humans were truly a pitiful race. No matter how strong they became, without obtaining a special kind of power, they would slowly weaken and die as time passed.

For races such as elves or demons who counted their ages in the hundreds, ten or fifteen years could only be seen as a short note.

But for a human, fifteen years meant the birth of a new generation and the preparation of another one...

Even though Lilith was by no means old and could even be said to be at the prime of her age, her years of lack of training weren't something she could just shrug off.

Still,

"Well, this isn't like the war against the chimera. This distance is more than enough."

Currently, the civil war was raging on.

Even though the three Dukes were strong, they were too limited in the current situation.

After all, Hermes wasn't a fighter in the first place and Arachne only had a small part of her golem army. As for the other nobles, compared to Gerald's group that had been carefully formed and led under one voice, the army of the noble fighting on the side of the three Dukes was more like a bunch of mobs with how they moved.

The only reason they could hold on despite their numbers and preparation disadvantage was thanks to Tyr Highland's <<War Zone: Scream of thousands of soldiers>>

The war was raging and the destruction was spreading.

Thankfully, there were no civilians in the surroundings but the death count of the soldiers on both sides kept increasing.

Still, casualties on each side keep increasing. Blood, sweat, and gore filled the zone as people fought more and more violently.

This little war seemed as if it would last for all eternity. But, it was then that all of them felt a chill.

From Dukes to nobles and from nobles to fighters, all of them stopped their fight as they raised their head toward the sky.

"Hah..."

Some soldiers could only open their eyes and mouth wide as they watched the unbelievable sight that greeted them.

Hundreds upon hundreds of bright purple swords hanging in the sky, blocking the light of the moon.

\*Thud\* \*Clang\*

Some soldiers lost all will to fight as they kneeled down in shock and let their weapons escape their hands.

This was something that was totally beyond their understanding.

This was a power that shouldn't be possessed by mere mortals like them.

Only the Dukes, Gerald, and few black knights could stand despite the overwhelming power hanging above them.

But they all knew that the shadow of death had never been that close.

<<Sword Zone: Limitless Swords>>

From a wave of her hand...Death fell like the rain.

Since long ago, the Seven Kingdoms have established a rule.

In times of war, as long as the capital itself wasn't threatened, King's class should never be deployed.

This rule had one clear goal... Avoiding senseless large class massacre.

Each king class were people with enough power to completely raze cities to the ground in just a few seconds if they were left to their own devices.

The existence of such people on the battlefield would make any army look like nothing more than a bunch of ants sprawling on the ground before being ruthlessly stepped down.

In Lustburg, despite Lilith's infamy, she had rarely used her power in front of a large group of people. After all, the fight that needed someone like her to step on couldn't be observed by anyone.

What's more, after becoming queen since the death of her brother, Lilith had always been rather lethargic and rarely used thunder-like means.

Because of all this, the nobles and those who always stayed far away from the battlefield tended to belittle her and take the information about her as nothing more than rumors.

But, at this very instant, at this very moment, as they watched the swords mercilessly reap the life of all the soldiers around them with frightening precision,

They understood one thing.

The rumors were indeed false...For the simple reason that even the wildest rumors were inferior to what they were currently witnessing.

Everything ended in an instant.

This little skirmish where two sides fought on an equal level seemed to be nothing more than a bad joke the moment most of the rebel soldiers were decimated like flies.

Watching the hellish scene from high in the sky, Lilith felt nothing more than a deep and hidden satisfaction.

How long had it been since she wanted to simply do something like this?

Yet, because of rules and the need to keep the kingdom afloat she had always held back.

Now though, she had the perfect justification and no one could blame her.

Still, she knew that after all this, her name would be synonymous with fear and death in the mind of the soldiers and noble. But this didn't matter.

Her stains would be Sol's stepping stone. Once she gave him back the power he rightfully deserved, people would be relieved that the murderous queen finally left.

She had always been a bad mother and aunt. Even though she was a competent leader, she had never really done her all for the kingdom.

The sole thing she had going for her was her power.

She was a sword, nothing more and nothing less.

Back on the ground, all the survivors looked at the scene in front of them with chills. Some of the nobles, unused to blood and gore, even soiled themselves in fright.

But no one derided. After all, what they were seeing was not something for the faint-hearted.

No corpses had been left intact. All of them had been shredded like nothing. Detached limbs, heads, and torsos filled the streets. The odor of blood and gut was so overwhelming that even some of the most hardened soldiers couldn't help but crouch down and vomit.

Despite all this, one man stood next to his dead horse with an impassive expression. His entire right arm was gone, but he knew very well that the sole reason he was still alive right now was that he had been spared.

What waited for him was most likely a series of inhumane torture under the hands of the crown's shadow followed by a swift and most likely public execution.

Despite all this, he felt no particular sadness, nor agitation.

He didn't fear death itself. After all, death meant the end of all pain and suffering. What's more, an old man like him had lived long enough and had seen enough.

That's why he didn't fear dying.

What he feared though, was dying before succeeding in his goal.

'I hope she will keep her promise.'

A flash of golden hair passed in his mind as he smiled bitterly.

'This kingdom was truly filled with frightening women.'

Thinking so, he moved his remaining arm and took his sword out before stretching it toward the sky. Filling his lungs with all the remaining mana he had, he shouted to the sky,

"THIS ISN'T THE END!"

His shout had two effects.

The first one was to wake up Lilith from her melancholic state.

She then remarked that something weird was going down on the battlefield below her.

The second one was to force someone who had been carefully hidden to reveal himself.

"Tch! Tch! Tch! Old man, you should have waited for a little more before doing this. Oh well, at least I managed to fill some of them with my mana."

An eerie voice sounded on the battlefield as a man with a bloodied arm and the number 3 in his eyes appeared in the view of all those present.

No one could react as magic circles formed above most of the bodies of the soldiers who were previously killed.

Under the stunned eyes of everyone, one word sounded in all their ears.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

## **Chapter 128: CH 115: QUEEN VS NECROMANCER (2)**

<<Arise!>>

A gloomy wind swept through the makeshift battlefield as rows upon rows of dead soldiers crawled up before standing.

Some of the bodies were complete while most of them were barely hanging. Despite this, the horrifying aura of death emanating from them wasn't something anyone could take lightly.

"A necromancer."

Duke Tyr murmured with dry lips. His sweaty hand, gripping more tightly his spear.

Even though he was a general who fought on too many battlefields to count, out of all magics he ever witnessed, necromancers were the most absurd of them all.

'Are the demons from Envilya also intervening?'

Necromancy was a branch of death magic. All the most renowned necromancers were from the death race of Envilya. Hearsay, their ancestors were dwellers of the underworld who got lost during dimensional travel before settling in Envilya.

The most known of them all was the Necromancer King, Anubis. A man who, even without being blessed, managed to reach the level of demi-god.



Fighting a necromancer in a zone filled with corpses was the height of madness. You didn't fight necromancers with an army. This would only result in more bodies for them to use.

What you needed was,

"ALL SOLDIERS RETREAT NOW!"

What was needed was a small team of powerful elites.

Jumping from his horse, he discarded his spear and took out his sword while sending a whisper.

[Duke Travers, please secure my brot--no, secure the traitor and then take command of the soldiers to make an organized retreat. Duke Milaris, I need you to use your golems and fight with me.]

Neither of the two rebuked him for taking command and did what was asked of them.

Meanwhile, Drei looked at the Duke with admiration before looking at the sky.

He could see that a row of knights flying on wyverns were nearing. While Lilith was standing high in the sky and looking at him like a hawk.

He sighed before caressing the ring on his finger.

One of his most prized skills was this ability to send his consciousness into dead bodies and manipulate them. Thanks to this, he could literally be at a different place at the same moment, and even getting killed wouldn't be a problem. All the bodies shared the same mind and vision.

This skill though wasn't without limit. The first one being that he could only use 3 bodies at the same time and each body needed a long preparation. Meaning that he couldn't just jump from one body to another. The second limitation was that he couldn't bring too much power to those dead bodies without breaking them. The last one of course were his items.

That's why, from the start, he had already decided to use Berthold's body as his 'main' during this operation and had bestowed it with his dimensional ring.

'I didn't want to use it now, but there aren't enough distractions.'

In his initial plan. All the nobles with traitorous minds should have been scattered all over the capital and created mayhem.

'Well, first thing first.'

<<Empowerment>>; <<Restoration>>; <<Blood thirst>>

The previously sluggish zombies suddenly became faster and stronger as their eyes turned scarlet and they began to rush behind the retreating army.

<<Switch>>

Switching with one of the undead, he avoided swords launched by Lilith before finally stretching his finger below him.

"Come."

Immediately, a large red portal opened under him.

**\*ROAR!!!\***

This was followed by an overwhelming presence sweepint off the battlefield making all the fleeing soldiers buckle down while groining.

Looking behind them, their legs grew weak as they wondered just why they were so unlucky.

Lilith, who was about to send another rain of swords, opened her eyes wide as she saw what came out of the portal before asking in disbelief.

“You dared to defile a dragon? Are you not scared of them coming at you?”

Indeed, slowly, a dragon came out of the portal before lifting Drei in the air.

Pungent smells and a powerful aura followed the entry of this dead entity.

Lilith had no doubt, this was <<Dragon fear>>.

With its decaying skin and wiggling flesh showing some of the bones, no one would ever believe that the monstrosity in front of them had once been a respected and mighty dragon.

But this wasn't all, the dragon absolutely abhorred anything that went against the law of nature. Because of this, they hated absolutely all forms of magic that could bring back the dead.

But this wasn't all. Back then when Necromancy was still thriving, some necromancers in search of stronger bodies began to experiment on dragons and created a large number of undead dragons.

This action resulted in the near extinction of all necromancers because of the dragons' wrath.

Drei laughed before shaking his head, “Who cares about their revenge? Thanks to those stupids goddesses' rules, Tiamat cannot descend on the mortal realm. As long as one of the fourteen doesn't descend, few people in this world can threaten me.”

“Who cares about your gibberish? Take my sword!”

Ten light swords formed before rushing toward Drei at full speed.

“Crazy bitch! Who acts like this during a discussion!?”

Anyone else would have been unable to avoid such an attack, but this was simply too easy for Drei.

The dragon under him deployed his wings before fully flying away like a rocket. Avoiding the sword with a twirl, it used his wings while spinning and destroyed them.

This was then followed by it opening his maw as large as possible.

<<Dragon Roar>>

Lilith didn't even bat an eye at the beam of light that flew toward her. Another ten swords appeared, but this time they formed a circular protection in front of her and negated the power of the beam.

As long as her zone <<Limitless swords>> was activated, she could literally create an unlimited number of swords. The only limit being her own mana.

Watching her stop an attack that could blow off a mountain easily, Drei once again cursed under his breath.

He couldn't use his weak body as an excuse. His bone dragon source of energy was its own core. Not himself. Meaning that even if his true body had been present, the result would be the same.

Meanwhile, the wyvern knights had finally reached the battlefield, but thanks to Lilith's whisper, they immediately rushed toward the undead on the ground. After all, they had the air advantage and didn't fear the zombies as much.

The fights both on the ground and in the sky were spectacular.

On the ground, the Duke Tyr was facing the horde of undead with the help of Arachne golem, as well as the young black knights on their wyverns. Thanks to the empowerment of his zone <<War Zone: Scream of thousands of soldiers>>, the more terrified his soldiers were, the stronger he became.

Standing against the undead army, he did not look like an old man at all.

Currently twenty centimeters taller than normal, with steam rising from his body while his broken armor showed his bulging muscles, he looked like a mini giant.

Like a berserker, he fought the undead and broke them again and again without any fear. No matter how many wounds covered his body, he never stopped.

Tyr had been hesitant to use this form since it was extremely taxing on his aging body, but he didn't have any choice.

Meanwhile, in the sky, Drei on his undead dragon and Lilith on her sword were moving so fast that no one watching could even understand what was happening.

They had long since broken through the speed of sound and were closer to the first cosmic velocity.

At this speed, they looked more like comets colliding against each other than anything else.

Still, even though Lilith held the advantage, she couldn't help but feel frustrated.

Each of her attacks were extremely well contained through her granular control. This wasn't just to maximize the power of each of her attacks, but also to avoid destroying too much of the kingdom or worse, killing her own soldiers.

But Drei had no such limitation. Each of his attacks were as widespread as possible and he even tried to bring her to the ground many times.

This wasn't all. A necromancer wasn't just about summoning the dead. An array of debuff type spells, such as <<Slow>>; <<Frost>>; <<Mind down>>; <<Decay>> and so on were launched against her one after another.

Until now she had been able to barely escape them, but at this rate, she would slip sooner and later.

'Should I simply go all out?'

The more this dragged on the worst it was for her. After all, she was a human. Her energy was limited. Meanwhile, her opponent was a necromancer and an undead dragon. They were basically tireless entities.

She couldn't help but hesitate. In her most powerful state, her control was extremely awful. She might very well kill some of the citizens

It was then that Gerald, who was being dragged by some soldiers, looked at the sky and said in a barely audible voice, "Dear lady, if you do not act now, you would have no better occasion."

Somewhere, in the depth of the church, a golden-haired woman opened her eyes, and almost blinding light covered her body as she sighed.

She was pretty sure that most of the enemies had now appeared. Still, she would have rather waited for a little while longer. In fact, she would wish to not even act. This way, her existence would still be a surprise for Wratharis Republic.

But not everything could go their way.

'Well, I will soon have the perfect excuse so it doesn't matter I guess.'

Kneeling down, she chanted, "In the name of the representative of the goddess, I call for the ultimate."

<<Holy Territory>>

From all over the capital, all the people could see an awe-inspiring pillar of golden light shooting toward the sky and illuminating the horizon.

Then, from this pillar, threads of light shot all over before slowly forming a dome covering the entire capital.

Witnessing this moment, all the citizens kneeled down and prayed while praising the goddesses. What they couldn't see was that their bodies were being surrounded by a bluish aura that seemed to protect them.

Finally, in a part of the kingdom where Lilith and Drei were fighting, walls of light slowly emerged before completely enclosing them in a large cube-like prison and thereby separating them from the rest of the people fighting.

Back on the battlefield,

"Impossible!!"

Drei exclaimed while opening his eyes widely. He knew what was happening. He had already witnessed the holy territory being used hundreds of years ago.

This was why he couldn't accept it.

The holy territory could only be opened by a supreme daughter, or a holy daughter combining her strength with other priestesses.

That's why he couldn't accept it.

The sole and only holy daughter candidate was deep asleep thanks to a poison they personally created. Meanwhile, the supreme daughter was supposed to be out of commission after using <<Saint Fall>>.

'We have been tricked!'

This realization finally dawned upon him.

On the other hand, when she witnessed all of this, a grin split on Lilith's face as she gazed at the necromancer with a murderous gaze.

"Now, nothing is stopping me."

Closing her eyes, she muttered, "I am nothing more than a sword..."

Goosebumps filled Drei's body as the very air around him became so sharp it felt like he was surrounded by thousands of invisible swords. What he had feared the most was happening. He had seriously thought that the queen was only a warrior standing at the highest level of the zone.

After all, going past this limit wasn't something anyone could do if they didn't have a blessing.

But it seemed that he had been wrong. The worst was that he couldn't use his own avatar with this body.

Not caring about Drei's internal struggles, Lilith's eyes opened abruptly as she continued, "...And there's nothing I cannot cut."

<<Avatar: Tyrting>>

In one instant, everything in the confined two kilometers radius was slashed and cut apart.

The sky, the ground, the building, and even the very space itself. Nothing was spared. Even the barrier surrounding her that was created from divine grace and days of prayer was blasted open.

Of course, Drei and the undead dragon weren't spared from this fate.

This was Lilith's — The Sword Saint or the Sword Demon's true strength.

Panting a little, Lilith took a deep breath before charging toward the Gorfard mansion. She had a bad feeling.

[Gorfard Territory]

One dwarf holding two long guns in his hands observed the golden barrier that had surrounded the kingdom with suspicion.

Feeling his strength weakening and the overpowering aura approaching from afar, he sighed as he looked at the bloodied purple-haired girl with hazel colored slitted eyes,

"Damn, I shouldn't have played around too much with the prey it seems."

How did it come to this?

## Son of the Hero King

### **Chapter 129: CH 116: SABER AND BERSERKER VS ARCHER**

A few moments ago, after getting shot by an unknown enemy, Lilin, Nuwa, and Theresa crashed quite badly.

Thankfully, Lilin had used her reinforcement to protect her body, while Theresa used a special defense gear she had created to absorb most of the potential energy of her fall.

As for Nuwa, Lilith watched in shock as Nuwa crashed down on the ground, from a height of nearly One kilometer, at full speed without any protection, but stood up and brushed the dust off her maid clothes quite nonchalantly.

With the few scratches on her body, one would think that she just fell while running and wounded herself rather than imagining what really happened.

Standing up with difficulty, Theresa shook her head to clear her mind and looked around before whispering,

[If everyone is alright, we must rush. The enemy is a powerful shooter, we can't stay in one place.]

Nuwa looked at the wyvern as she asked, "What about it?"

Even though wyverns had powerful bodies, the earlier shot had completely torn open his wings while the crash aggravated the already large wound.

Lilin looked sadly at the wyvern and asked, "Can you still fly?"

Wyverns weren't stupid animals. Their intellect could be compared to that of a young child.

The wyvern whined a little before nodding painfully.

In the first place, magical creatures like wyverns or dragons didn't only use their wings to fly. They mostly used magic. After all, it was impossible to lift their heavy body with just their wings.

That's why, even though it was quite wounded, it could still fly slowly at low altitude. Though, it couldn't take anyone on his back.

Theresa was about to propose to kill off the wyvern or use it as a bait but she simply decided to keep her mouth shut.

Even though her proposal would be the most logical and adequate in the situation, she knew very well that the two of them would hesitate or refuse and this would make them lose precious time.

Even in the past, she had faced such a problem with Mars many times. He had always been too soft.

She immediately began to run toward their destination. She knew that this action of hers would compel them to follow and as she thought, after giving one last pat to the wyvern, they began to follow her.

While running, Theresa began to summarize the situation

“We already lost too much time. We do not know the strength of the enemy nor do we know their numbers. Nuwa and I are non-fighters. Well technically, Nuwa is a fighter, but let’s not count her in our fighting strength.”

“Hey~!”

She ignored Nuwa’s outcry and continued, “ I have some handy gadgets, but nothing that can hold long against a true powerhouse. This means that everything will be left to you. Can you do it?”

Saying so she sent a glance toward Lilin, who nodded quietly.

Seeing this, she couldn’t help but remember her time adventuring with Lilith and the others.

Even back then, they had been in many such situations, but no matter how dire it had been, she knew she could always leave her back to her friends.

Could she do the same for Lilin?

She wished she could say yes but the truth was,

‘I can’t.’

Just because she was the daughter of her friend didn’t mean she was as trustworthy. Still, she couldn’t hesitate.

‘Haha~and I thought my life would be boring.’

Laughing lightly she began to speed up, she might be weak but she could pull her own weight when necessary.

As a dwarf, she was extremely skilled in metallurgy and since one of her friends was the supreme daughter of Slothtein, she had been able to create armor that fused the technology of the dwarves and the angels.

‘I can somewhat hold on against a Duke class. Well, enough to not get one shot. But if we face a king class....’

She shuddered. People at that level were walking disasters. Even if the armor itself could take the damage, her own body would be obliterated.

‘Well, I already wrote my will, and Sol is set to inherit everything I own.’

Until now, she had miraculously escaped many situations that should have killed her, but she had never become complacent because of this. Even a demi-god like Mars could die, so what about a shrimp-like her?

Discarding the gloomy thoughts, she gave a light tap on her right earring.

Immediately, a holographic map appeared in front of her. This map was created by sending weak mana pulses in a radius of five-kilometer. The echo from those pulses created the map. This was a technology based on bats’ sensory perception.

Sadly, those kinds of gadgets were extremely hard to make and cost more than a castle. Even for her, buying more than four had been the limit she wasn't willing to go past.

On her map, she could see quite a few small red dots. Next to her position, she could see two-dots larger than her own. Those were Lilin and Nuwa. She could also see another dot that should belong to the Wyvern.

But the one that she really paid attention to was one very large dot rushing toward them from behind.

"Let's accelerate."

She deactivated the radar. Now that she had used it to find the enemy's position, it was useless. After all, anyone with a modicum of skill would hide their mana signature if they felt an unknown mana sweep through them.

This was also one of the reasons this radar wasn't spread. It was quite useless and people endowed with special power or who had enough talents could do the same without any need for machinery.

Nuwa and Lilin had indeed felt the weird mana, but hearing the urgency in Theresa's voice, they didn't ask and simply accelerated.

But the more they ran the tighter Theresa and Lilin's expression became.

Finally, two of them just stopped and Nuwa simply followed them.

Giving a bitter smile, Theresa said, "We can't continue like this. We are just wasting energy. What's more, even if we manage to outrun the enemy and reach Sol, this could make this situation worse."

Lilin nodded, while she didn't have Theresa's experience, her two years of adventure weren't just for show.

"Theresa. I-"

"Aunt."

"...Ok, Aunt Theresa, I have a proposal. Take Nuwa with you and rush toward Sol to give him the weapon."

Theresa hesitated for a short while before asking, "From my radar, I can deduce that the enemy is most likely a Duke class. Are you confident?"

Lilin frowned a little before answering, "I am not confident in winning, but I barely reached the Zone. So I shouldn't be too far. At least fleeing shouldn't be a problem."

Theresa wasn't shocked that Lilin had managed such an impressive feat and nodded, "Ok, then, I will trust you. Nuwa?"

"I am going to stay. I want to fight."

"I refuse, you were not trained in any way. You staying would be more of a liability than anything."

"I am strong. I can serve as a shield if necessary."



Theresa's expression twisted for a short while as she struggled between which choice she should make. Finally, deciding that they were wasting too much time, she simply nodded.

Ideally, she would prefer to stay and fight with Lilin, but Nuwa did not know the way toward the Gorfard estate.

Sighing, she simply began to dash ahead, "The two of you should flee the moment it seems you are about to lose. Remember, dying with honor only sounds nice on paper. In order to survive — crawl, beg, cry, scream — there's no action too shameful when it's necessary to save your life."

Now alone, Lilin asked, "Why did you decide to stay?"

"I do not know, I just want to try fighting."

"You do know that we might die, right?"

"Do not worry, I run very fast."

"Hum?"

"As long as I run faster than you I should be able to survive."

Lilin was dumbfounded for a while before letting out a chuckle. It was the first time that she saw someone admit so openly they would run for their lives and use their companion as baits.

Still, this was somehow rather refreshing.

Thinking so, she took out her weapon, a very long and thin double-edged sword, and swung it a few times before putting it back in its scabbard.

Even though she didn't have Theresa help to create her weapon as her mother did, the elf was no slouch when it came to creating magic weapons and she had received this one as a reward because of all the help she gave.

"Do you use a weapon?"

Nuwa shook her head, "I am strong. My body should be enough."

Lilin was about to refute but remembering how a fall from 700 meters high only left some scratches on Nuwa's body, she decided to wisely shut up.

Focusing, she closed her eyes and began to emit an overpowering aura, and a sphere only visible to her began to spread around her.

Lilin and Lilith's techniques were fundamentally the same, but because of their difference in understanding, they followed different paths.

Lilith followed the path of absolute sword mastery. In the immortal slaying sword technique, she focused mainly on the sword aspect.

But Lilin was different.

Taking an lai pose, she slightly pushed her sword outside of the scabbard and, with her eyes still closed, she waited.

Then,

\*Bang\* \*Bang\*

Two bullets were shot at an incredible speed and speed toward her, but, the very moment they went through the red sphere,

<<Immortal slaying sword style: Flash sword.>>

She drew and put back her sword at such an incredible speed that she created a vacuum and cut not only the two bullets but — even all the buildings standing in front of her.

This was followed by another two bullets even stronger but even then, she seemed to barely move as she once again cut them.

\*Whistle\* “The young lady is pretty impressive.”

Gentle steps sounded as the previously invisible enemy appeared.

It was a slim white-haired dwarf.

“Hello! The name's Atch, and I am here to kill you! Don't you think dying under such a night would make for a splendid poetic piece?”

The more he walked, the tighter Lilin's grip on her sword became. Even though he seemed completely unguarded, she felt like one wrong move would result in a bullet in her head.

Meanwhile, Atch continued to walk toward her with a completely harmless smile even though he had uttered such chilling words.

‘Come closer. Just a little closer.’ She prayed inwardly.

But, just as he was about to enter her domain, he stopped.

“Oh my! One more step and I would have lost my head it seems. But you really lack experience, little lady. You shouldn't have shown me the limit of your reach.”

The previous shot had been more prob than anything else and he was already sure to have grasped her limit.

Lilin simply stayed silent.

“Well, this is getting boring. I am pretty sure it won't last long.”

Saying so, he took a few steps back and was about to begin the fight at full blast when he finally looked at the woman wearing maid clothes next to his prey.

Then, his eyes widened in complete shock, “How is it possible!?”

Atch couldn't believe what he was seeing. It was not just because he recognized her as a chimera, but rather because of the patterns on her body.

He had no doubt. After all, those marks were the same as the one on Funf, one of his comrades in the wing of freedom and she was,

“A royal chimera.”

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

#### **Chapter 130: CH 117: SABER AND BERSERKER VS ARCHER (2)**

In the mortal world, Chimeras could be said to be the apex predators from birth.

Thanks to Echidna's power, <<Cursed womb>>, she had memorized the genetic information of absolutely all races and subraces in the mortal world and even obtained the information of some divine beasts.

That's why they were called Chimera.

That's why she was known as the mother of a thousand monsters.

No one knew why she was doing this.

Was it to gain more power?

For more resources?

Perhaps only a few people knew the truth.

At the end of the day, what mattered was that Chimeras were strong.

But, even between all those chimeras, 12 of them stood at the top.

They were known as royal chimera and each of them was represented by one of the 12 constellations.

Though their numbers dwindled quite a bit over the year and about fifteen years ago, they lost most of their numbers when they faced Mars and Lustburg. The cancer constellation, in particular, having been killed by Lilith.

What made Atch so startled at the sight of Nuwa was that, aside from Sechs, all the other royal chimera were supposed to be dead or sealed with Echidna.

What's more,

'A snake?'

Aside from Echidna herself, none of the other royal chimeras had snake traits.

'I should abort the mission.'

He immediately decided to give up and flee.

All dwarves were cowards at heart. The first thing they learned before being taught how to fight or how to make money was how to flee.

In this world where dwarves' sole talent was their metallurgy skills, there had been many instances where the entire race had been treated as slaves by the others.

That's why fleeing when the odds were against them was the most important lesson they learned.

Atch, had a clear code of conduct, 'Be fearless in front of the weak and fearful in front of the strong.'

Facing a royal was no joke. He didn't have fake bodies like Drei and he didn't wish to be resurrected as some kind of mindless zombie either.

But, just as he was about to step back, he suddenly frowned,

"You...Why are you so weak?"

Every time he faced Funf, he felt like he was standing next to an immeasurable mountain.

As a royal chimera, even if that girl wasn't as powerful, she should still be at the Duke level at least.

He decided to probe a little and shot three bullets in quick succession. Two towards Lilin who was trying to sneak up to him and one toward the silver-haired girl.

Even though Nuwa could clearly see the bullet, she was unable to properly react and could only use her hand to protect her face.

Finally, under the worried gaze of Lilin, the bullet collided with Nuwa's hand.

The result?

\*Clang\*

"The fuck!?"

Seeing the surprising result, he immediately took five steps backward before using the cover of a building to vanish from their line of sight in order to more carefully observe the situation.

Watching him vanish like this, Lilin who felt a little tired, decided to check on Nuwa,

"Are you alright?"

Lilin couldn't help but ask. She had watched how Nuwa stopped the bullet and even now she was still completely astonished.

"I am not. It hurts. I don't like pain."

Nuwa frowned while massaging her hand. On the zone of impact, aside from some skin's bruise and a streak of blood, there were no other damages.

Seeing this, Lilin could only click her tongue. Then finally asked, "What was his deal, again? Royal chimera?"

Nuwa shook her head, "I do not know. I only know that Theresa stole my egg in the royal palace while fleeing."

"I see."

Lilin nodded before giving her back to Nuwa once again and taking her stance.

"You aren't scared?"

Even though she wasn't a fighter, she understood what it meant to give your back to someone during a fight.

She couldn't help but feel a little emotional.

"Why should I be? Mother trained me to be omnidirectional. If you try anything fishy, trust me, no matter how tough your skin is, I will still bisect you."

And like that, all those emotions vanished, "You are quite honest about killing me."

"You were also honest about ditching me and running away."

The two shared a look before chuckling a little,

"Anyway, I know your body is strong. But you should use reinforcement. Otherwise, you are going to die."

Nuwa frowned, she didn't know how to use reinforcement. But it shouldn't be hard right? it was just about circulating mana in the body, wasn't it?

"So, could you beat him?" She decided to ask the most important question.

Lilin sighed, 'I have one technique, but I still didn't perfect it and I need time to use it.'

"I see."

Nuwa simply nodded and didn't continue.

Standing on a building and observing his two targets, Atch began to reassess the situation.

The princess had been able to cut his normal bullet perfectly, but the chimera wasn't even able to react. Though it seemed that her body was extremely sturdy.

Still, this didn't matter. After all, he was now sure of one thing,

"She doesn't know how to fight."

A large grin split his face.

"Hahaha, this is gonna be fucking interesting. I wonder how Funf will react if I bring back the dead body of her sibling."

Thinking about that crazy psycho, his smile wavered a little, "Yeah, let's not kill that girl."

After all, he knew how fanatical Funf was about Echidna. If she were to learn that he killed what was most likely a direct sibling of her, he was sure that she would kill him even if she had to betray the Wings of Freedom.

Still, even then he wasn't worried. The girl might be weak, but her body seemed to be quite freaky.

The bullet she took on without any mana protection was only a little less powerful than the one that took down the wyvern.

"This is going to be fun."

Saying so, he touched his ring and nine rifles appeared before floating on the air under his control.

Each of those rifles were made to hold more than 6 bullets at the same time. Though there was a slight delay in the reload time, he was pretty sure that it wouldn't be a problem.

<<Zone: Mind Eyes>>

At that instant, his eyes emitted a golden shade as the world around him began to change.

Zones could appear in all kinds of shapes and effects.

Some zones only affected the users, while others affected the surrounding, or simply created another effect altogether.

The zone of Atch was born from his understanding of what was supposed to be a sniper and his own nature.

The effects weren't offensively oriented like Lilith's Zone, nor was it a buff type like Tyr's zone.

Rather, it allowed him to amass an incredibly large amount of information and create a map of his surroundings in his own mind. The increase in perception allowed him to process that information at a speed hundred times faster than normal.

Thanks to this, as long as his target was in his zone, he did not have to 'see' them and could shoot them from anywhere without even showing himself.

This was without a doubt the perfect skill for a coward at heart like him.

But Atch never cared. Ever since he escaped from the slums of Greed Dike, he always kept this truth in mind.

"Better be a coward alive, than a dead hero."

Murmuring so, two rifles settled in his hands while the seven others formed a circle around him and aimed at the wall.

Waves of mana began to enter the rifle as they slowly charged,

<<Super charge>>

\*BOOM\*

The wall was literally blasted open as seven out of the nine bullets rushed toward Lilin while the last two targeted Nuwa.

Atch had already determined that Lilin was both the strongest and the weakest in this team.

The moment those bullets entered her domain, Lilin immediately knew that those were at a completely different level and that it would be impossible for them to dodge all of them.

'I need to make some sacrifices.'

Moving her sword and body in a flurry of movements, she managed to cut three bullets with great difficulty and avoided two others who lightly grazed her forehead and her cheek, causing her to bleed lightly. She angled herself so that the last two wounded her in non-lethal parts of her body.

Blood splashed as the last two bullets tore open her reinforcement and traversed her body like butter.

\*Cough\* \*Cough\*

Despite grimacing a little because of the pain, she still managed to stay steady and not lose her stance as she readied herself for the next attack.

“Haha, the training of that shitty mother always comes handy in situations like this.”

She was already used to receiving bone-breaking pain long ago. Compared to her training, her current wounds were nothing.

Still, even though she was laughing, no joy could be seen in her eyes.

The current situation was incredibly unfavorable for them.

Not only was cutting bullets that moved at the supersonic speed not an easy task, but when you added her new wounds, she would most likely bleed out and die because of the effort rather than the enemy itself.

She had never felt so frustrated. She understood now why her mother’s zone allowed her to attack from a distance. Fighting against long-ranged enemies was really a pain.

“If only Clara was here.”

Her elf friend wasn’t the strongest, but she was a competent archer.

Thinking so, her focus couldn’t help but falter for a short instant. An instant that Atch did not miss.

\*BOOM\*

This time, the whole nine bullets were focused on her, and she had no time to defend.

At that instant, as she saw the bullet approach her, she understood that she had absolutely no way to defend herself.

Her heart felt bitter at the realization that she would die in such a stupid way.

‘To think that I didn’t even manage to lose my virginity.’

Chuckling, she was about to give up when a blur went past her before standing in front of her, arms wide open.

“Nuwa!”

Sanding in front of her was Nuwa.

Her white maid’s clothes were dyed red and Linlin could see her falter a little bit before standing proud and tall.

“Hehe, as I thought, reinforcement isn’t that hard \*Cough\* \* Cough\* Though, it really hurts a lot.”

“Nuwa! Why!?”

Lilin screamed, she couldn’t understand.

Even for Nuwa, taking those nine bullets head-on wasn’t something easy. She could have very well died, rather, she should already be at death’s doorstep.

Turning her head to face Lilin, Nuwa gave a smile full of blood as said in her usual calm voice,

“I told you, right? That I would serve as a shield if necessary.”

Lilith’s eyes shook and she bit her lips so hard that blood was drawn.

It’s said that only in moments of adversities could you distinguish your true friends.

How could she allow her near-sacrifice to go to waste?

Gritting her teeth, Lilin lowered her center of gravity and tightened her grip on the handle of the sword.

Unbeknownst to her, her aura began to condense while her pupils slowly began to change from the normal round form to a more slitted one, akin to that of a demon.

All her senses were extended and amplified.

She could feel everything in her body, from her heartbeats to the circulation of her blood. The rise and fall of her chest, the rustle of the wind on her skin.

In this moment of extreme tension, she suddenly felt herself becoming incredibly calm and detached from everything.

<<Zone: One with the World.>>

All her life, she had been compared to her mother and always been left wanting.

All her life, she had followed in the footsteps of her mother and had always been dissatisfied.

That was why, slowly, as a sign of rebellion, she began to search for things that could differentiate her from her mother.

That was why, rather than following the fighting style of her mother, she had begun to seek her way.

The very moment she heard the gunshot, she moved.

She neither moved at an incredible speed nor acted so fast she became invisible to the eyes.

All she did was take one step.

“One step to reach the speed of sound...”

As a close ranger fighter, she at first chased pure speed.

“...Two steps to go beyond sound...”



But she soon gave up. After all, no matter how fast she wished to move, she would always be limited in a certain. Then, why should she run?

“...Three steps to go beyond space.”

After all, if the problem was the distance between her and her enemy, all she needed to do was to erase that very distance.

<< Re-Immortal Slaying Technique: Zero Distance.>>

In three steps.

Three simple steps,

She covered a distance of hundreds of meters and stood in front of Atch, and swung her sword with all her might.

A fountain of blood sprayed the wall.