

Hero King 131

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 131: CH 118: PAIN

“Argh!!!.”

Huffing and puffing while holding the two rifles in his hand, Atch looked at the princess he had previously dismissed as nothing more than a prey. His eyes were bloodshot and his whole body was throbbing with pain.

His other seven rifles were laying on the ground, completely destroyed. Even the greatest mechanic in the world wouldn't be able to repair them.

Cough *Cough*

Blood flowed from his nose and lips and his heart was beating fiercely.

Just now, he really faced death.

When he thought about that moment, he still felt chills go down his spine. If he didn't sacrifice his rifle by using them as a shield, he would have been completely cut into two. It had been a long time since he was so close to death.

But even so...

'My...My soul.'

He couldn't help but curse in both pain and frustration.

A wound on the body was nothing. But one on the soul was a completely different matter.

Even now he felt like using his power was harder than before. He could forget about using his zone.

'What's this monster!'

How could a simple sword cut the soul? What kind of technique was this?

The worse was that he had clearly blocked this attack.

Didn't it mean that this ignored all defense?

The name Immortal slaying was indeed not for joke.

Thankfully, he survived. The girl was standing up with blood covering all her body, with two large bloody holes in her body.

The cause of such wounds? The two bullets she had previously received.

Those bullets weren't just normal ones. They were also filled with a powerful poison. It had taken longer than he thought it would, but thankfully, it worked just before he got offed.

Still, he felt a deep unsettling feeling as he watched her. It was as if what he was facing had stopped being completely human.

Those eyes, and now that he thought about it, those hair. Even attacks that seemed to bring fantasy into reality.

He shuddered at the thought that suddenly came to him, but immediately discarded it. Both Lilith and Lilin were pure humans, he was most likely wrong.

'I have to flee now. '

He already discarded all thoughts about continuing. He was completely crippled. Any random soldier would be able to deal with him at his current price.

If he didn't find someone to heal his soul fast...He would never get back to his peak.

This was really a bitter price to pay.

They say bad news never came alone. He paled when he saw a golden pillar rose in the sky from the direction of the church.

Feeling the meager remains of his strength leave him and watching this light covering Lilin and healing her wound, he could only curse once again.

"Damn! I shouldn't have underestimated her."

He regretted not acting more decisively from the start. It was when he was about to move that.

Boom

It was purely through his years of experience that he managed to escape from the surprise attack.

"The fuck! How can you still move? You received more than three times the dose of poison."

Huff Huff* *Huff*

"I...I will not...let you hurt her... *Huff*"

He could see that the girl was a complete mess, even more than the princess. So much blood flowed from her body that it looked like she was wearing a crimson dress.

It was clear that even walking was currently impossible for her, but he knew clearly that a cornered beast was not something to be taken lightly.

Weighing his options, he made his decision immediately.

'Let's get the fuck outta here'

If he had any reservation, now his decision was made.

He touched his ring and murmured, "Open."

But nothing happened.

"Well, shit!"

He immediately understood that the cause of the failure was the large golden barrier.

It seemed that he could only flee the good old way.

“Time to run!”

Immediately withdrawing all the energy in his body, he began to flee from the scene. He could feel a very scary being coming here at full speed and didn't wish to die.

All he could do was hope that he didn't get found too fast.

[Loki's Mansion]

A little earlier, on Sol's side, while Lilin was facing Atch, the situation wasn't looking pretty for the prince.

He wasn't just fighting Zehn, who was already extremely strong on her own, but he was also facing Drei.

From Sol's perspective, this fight was extremely depressing.

Not only did he have to use his power to stop the invitee from killing themselves at any moment, but Drei would actively send tens of curses against him on the slightest occasion.

Thankfully, those curses were pretty weak, and thanks to his resistance they became even weaker, but they were still disturbing him greatly.

What's more, each time they felt like he was about to enter his dimension, they would threaten one of the hostages.

Because of this, Sol had the nagging feeling that the goal of those people was for some reason to waste as much time as possible.

It was as if they weren't going all out to give him the feeling that he had a chance to save the hostage, and each time he was about to give up, they would reignite his hope.

This was pissing him off so much because he knew that his lack of experience was showing in this situation.

Currently, many choices stood in front of him.

The first one was to stop caring about the lives of those people and simply go all out.

The second choice was to do his best to save as many as possible and discard the rest.

The third choice was to fight and try to save everyone at the risk of his own life.

He felt that those three choices weren't simply a question about the current situation, but would determine his entire future.

What kind of man did he wish to become? What kind of king did he wish to be?

This was a question that had always plagued him and it seemed that he had no choice but to find the answer in this situation right here right now if he didn't want to be led around by the nose.

Meanwhile, while Sol was hesitating about the decisions, he wasn't the only one who was frustrated.

Zehn was also feeling extremely frustrated.

Her control over the mind wasn't a permanent skill. Not only did it only work on people vastly weaker than her, but the longer she kept control the more tired she became.

Keeping control over all the people in the mansion wouldn't have been possible if not for the drug specially prepared by Drei.

It was the same drug Neun used to slowly control the duke heir, but simply more concentrated and in greater quantity.

Such a drug by itself would only lower the inhibition of those inhaling it, but when it was used in conjunction with her power it became a deadly combo.

Initially, if everything went alright, they would have simply taken control of the prince and everything would be done.

Even in the worst case, he would be simply detained in the barrier and unable to go out.

'Why is it taking Zehn so long to accomplish the mission?'

Out of all of those dispatched for this mission, the one with the most important part was without a doubt Zehn.

All of them were nothing more than bait used to lure the tiger out of its nest.

That was she didn't simply kill those useless humans under her control.

It was clear that if the prince had no more reasons to stay here, he would leave and if it happened, their entire mission might fail.

It was when she was thinking so, that she suddenly felt incredibly weakened.

What's more, she could also feel that the barrier that they had created was slowly being eroded. Soon, it would be destroyed.

'What is happening?'

"Argh! That bitch cut a part of my soul!!"

She was brought out of her thoughts by the sudden screams.

Those screams could only be described as howls full of pain and anger as Drei forgo his usual polite way of speaking and kneeled down while bleeding from his ears and vomiting blood.

"Drei!"

"Forget me! Kill them all! We must go. Now! We were tricked."

Zehn, who belatedly realized that things were going south, was so shocked that she didn't properly hear his order.

This opening was something that wasn't missed by someone who had patiently waited for the occasion.

“Zehn! Move! Behind you!”

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 132: CH 119: DEMI-GOD (1)

[Loki’s Mansion]

“Zehn! Behind you!”

Drei did not hesitate to send two curses in order to save his companion.

<<Slow>> <<Confusion>>

“Huh?”

The moment Zehn saw Drei launch those spells, she immediately felt the threat of death behind her and used all her power to move a little toward the right.

Swoosh

Blood splashed, while one arm flew in the air,

“*Tch* I missed.”

Zehn paid no attention to the new voice and slowly looked at her left arm, or rather what was left of it.

As if waiting for her to remark on it, the pain finally hit her at full throttle.

Gritting her teeth, she jumped backward, while letting a trail of blood behind her, and managed to avoid another nearly deadly hit.

Sadly for her, not completely, as a blade made out of shadow cut a ghastly gash on her stomach, tearing her robe open along the way.

“Kuh!”

Vomiting blood, she used her remaining arm to cover the wound as much as possible and keep her organs in.

It has been a long time since she had been so gravely wounded.

‘Those shadows aren’t normal.’

Even though she had been taken by surprise, the body of a vampire and her constant reinforcement should have made it impossible for her to be so easily wounded.

Moreover, ‘My healing has slowed down.’

In terms of regeneration speed, vampires were second to none. Even more so for her, a daywalker.

Her arm aside, the wound on her stomach should have already begun to heal, but it showed no signs of it.

With her brows covered in sweat, Zehn observed the new intruder with wariness and shame warring on her face.

A brown-haired woman wearing a black skin-tight uniform showing off her ridiculously voluptuous body.

“Who are you!?”

Even though Zehn did not recognize her, both Drei and Sol did, and gasped at the sight,

“Milia?”

Drei’s mind immediately connected the dots. Even after fighting the crown’s shadow, he had wondered where she could have been. It seemed that he got his answer,

‘She used her shadow power to meld with Sol’s?’

He shivered, not in fear but rather in delight, at the thought.

This was a level of control that even most magical beings born with the shadow attribute could never reach.

And not only that, ‘This speed, this strength. She is without a doubt a Duke or near that level.’

Milia, a cow woman who should have not even been able to use magic.

A woman whose destiny should have to simply have a simple life like most of her brethren, never to do anything of importance.

A rank D with basically no other redeeming features aside from her erotic body.

Such a woman had reached a level that even A rank magical beings might never reach in their whole lives.

‘Hahaha~! We were fucking right! The genesis theory was without a doubt the right way! Sister, can you see this!?’

At first, he had been somewhat disheartened because even after observing the crown’s shadow by using Berthold’s body, he never really managed to get a confirmation since Milia was happier playing the maid than fighting.

As for the rest of the crown’s shadow, while more powerful than normal, were also not particularly impressive either, aside perhaps Ketia whose power was unstable.

But now, all his doubts vanished.

This moment of exhilaration was so high that even the pain from his wounded soul and pride as well as the dire situation they were currently in seemed to be nothing more than trivialities.

Still, their situation was rather bad now.

Aside from him who could discard the current body he was using at any time, the other three should be unable to use the <<Dimension shift>> engraved on their rings by their leader.

The cause should most likely be the <<Holy territory>>.

At this rate, even if Neun succeeded, it would be useless.

It was then,

[Drei. What happened to you?]

A cold voice sounded in his mind, more precisely in the mind of his body back in their headquarters. This way of communication went at the speed of thought and as such was the most useful in situations where each moment counted.

The moment the body fighting Lilith had been destroyed, even his main body suffered from that soul-searing pain.

This of course didn't escape Nihil's attention.

[Neun contacted me. She managed to recuperate the item. But she mentioned being unable to activate the shift function. How is the situation on your side?]

Drei hesitated a little before answering honestly. He knew how much his leader hated being lied to,

[Bad. Really bad. The last body I have is too weak to use anything but some little curses to stall the enemy.]

[...I see. Then, I am coming.]

[No! You should send Ein or Zwei. You know very well that if you show yourself, you will be locked on by those goddesses. Who knows what could happen?]

[That does not matter.]

[Nihil? Nihil! Fuck.]

Drie cursed again, before calming down his emotions.

Using mortal shells always made controlling his emotions more difficult.

Thankfully, even though this conversation seemed to last long, in the real world, only an instant went past.

Turning toward Zehn, or rather her right arm, he was relieved that her ring was still on.

"Zehn. Be ready. You need to bail out."

Zehn showed a surprised expression before the shame and humiliation that had been brewing after being wounded overtook her.

"Drei! Are you for real!? How could I leave while swallowing this insult!?"

She couldn't accept the fact that after everything, after all those preparations, all she succeeded in was serving as a diversion against a prince who hadn't even reached the Duke level.

The worst? She had nearly lost her life at the blade of some unknown assassin.

It didn't matter that she could heal all her wounds if given enough time.

It didn't matter that it was the result of a surprise attack.

She could not accept the fact that a proud daywalker like her would suffer such humiliation,

“Drei, I will...”

“Zehn.”

Drei only spoke one word. He was already worried about how Nihil was risking her life to act. He wouldn't let some worthless pride make this act of her useless.

The repressed anger in his voice was clear. The temperature in the surroundings immediately dropped by several degrees and Zehn woke up from her fury.

She understood very well that there were limits not to cross. Gritting her teeth, she lowered her head in defeat,

“I understand.”

“If so, then withdraw now. I will use this body to buy some time. The boss should come soon.”

“...!”

Zehn immediately paled. She understood now why Drei was so pissed.

Deciding that further comments would only make the situation worse, she immediately turned around and began to leave.

“You think I am going to let you go?”

Sol, refusing to let her escape like this, rushed toward the fleeing Zehn.

He didn't understand what was happening, but he knew that the situation was turning to their advantage.

At least, now that he had Milia's support, it shouldn't be a problem to keep those people alive.

At the same time, this made him understand something.

He had always fancied himself as a selfish prince which, admittedly, he was in a way.

He thought that abandoning some people to protect people close to him was a sign of this selfishness which, once again, was the truth.

But he was wrong on one thing.

True selfishness wasn't just giving up on something to keep something else.

No, true selfishness was--wishing to have the best of both worlds even though you understood that it was completely and utterly unreasonable.

Some people would call it naivety, while others would call it idiocy.

But Sol understood that no one could be more selfish than someone naive.

Naivety was the expression of selfishness. The expression of greed.

But naivety alone could only take you so far. You also needed the power to back it up.

As such, only someone who had the necessary power could obtain everything he wanted.

This was the simple truth of the matter. Something simple and yet so difficult to achieve.

He could now understand Lilith's words.

The difference between a naive fool and a hero of justice was their strength — the strength to back up their words.

Sol didn't want to be a hero. Even now, if his life had really been threatened, he was sure that he would have stopped caring about the hostages.

But he also knew that deep down he was still extremely naive, even though less than he had been a few months ago.

He still had so much to learn. So much to experience.

The path before him was still very long and he had to take one step at a time in order to become a man he could be proud of.

Thinking about all of this, Sol felt something click in him.

He knew that he was now only one step away from unlocking his own zone. He just missed a little something.

But now wasn't the time,

"Milia! We will discuss why you followed me later. For now though, Protect them."

"...Understood."

<<Zone:Melancholia >>

A dreadful atmosphere filled the room as the shadow under Milia expanded and covered all the nobles in the surroundings.

Malicious bloodshot eyes opened and bestial growls could be heard.

Milia's zone was a pure offensive one in theory.

If she didn't focus, all those people surrounded and bound by her shadow would immediately be devoured like snacks.

Seeing this zone, both Drei and Zehn got the confirmation that Milia was indeed at the level of a Duke.

"I will remember you. The next time we meet — I will kill you."

Leaving those words, she then grew bat-like wings and flew upward.

'Do you think you are the team rocket?'

Scoffing inwardly, Sol gathered all his mana toward his mouth and fired a pure beam of mana toward her.

Earlier during his fight against Drei and Zehn, he had not used any large-scale attacks because of the hostages.

But now, he did not need to worry anymore.

<<Dragon roar>>

A great blast of energy, even more powerful than the one he had used against Setsuna, rushed toward the flying Zehn but,

“Haha, sorry little prince, not on my watch.”

<<Bone cage>> <<Corpse explosion>>

BOOM

The result of the collision blasted everything in its wake, and even Zehn, who was slower because of her wounds and the holy territory barely managed to escape, though, with her back scorched.

Still, thanks to his perfect timing, Drei managed to redirect most of the damage that would have most likely brought down the defenseless Zehn.

Of course, the crumbling walls and roof were the proof of how powerful this attack had been.

“You!”

Sol’s anger skyrocketed as he turned toward the man that had to keep bothering him with all those spells since the start of this fight.

He was then startled to see the body slowly break down, as blood poured down from the crack,

“Sigh, this body is seriously trash.” He jokingly complained.

“Even if you escape, your companion will not.”

Milia, who was still binding and protecting the nobles in case anything happened, murmured on the side.

She had already understood that this man was most likely a necromancer and that the body in front of them was just a fake.

Sol added on the side, “Indeed. Now that Camelia activated the holy territory, it should mean that everything is about to end.”

Even though he didn’t know what was happening, with the roof and a part of the wall blasted open, the golden dome covering the city visible was enough explanation.

“Ah~! Hahaha~! I admit that we really got done in this operation. The prince was stronger than we thought. The witch had escaped the confinement. The saint did not fall. The maid hides quite deeply and the queen was a fucking beast.”

Drei continued to laugh out loud, “This was without a doubt a near-complete fiasco.”

Sol narrowed his eyes, “As I thought, your main goal was never to capture or kill me, right?”

“Heh, do you think I am the kind of stupid villain that will expose all our plans and allows you to make more preparation for the future?”

“...”

“Cat got your tongue, huh? Well, it doesn't matter.”

Then he raised his head and looked above,

“At the end of the day, we are nothing more than chess pieces moving under the playful gazes of some bitches. Seven hundred years ago, while my sister and I were dying after being branded as heretics, I swore that I would destroy this world with my own hands sooner or later.”

His eyes were filled with madness as he stretched his arms wide, “Now! Let’s welcome the one that will sooner or later usher a new order! Nihil!”

At that very moment, an ominous sound resonated high in the sky.

Crack

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 133: CH 120: DEMI-GOD (2)

A few moments ago, the soldiers and knights were cheering after Lilith’s incredible displays of power.

"We–We did it!"

"Awesome! So this is the power of the Queen!?"

"Everyone! Don't relax! We still have to deal with the small fries."

"Understood!"

None of the soldiers really understood what was happening, but they understood one thing.

They had won.

Now that the most dangerous threat was removed, they were free to now finish the zombies that had lost the support of the necromancer and could also deal with the rebels.

Just as they were getting more and more hyped.

Crack

An ominous sound resonated high in the sky. Everyone in the capital obtained a single premonition from the sudden change in the world.

–Something terrifying was going to happen.

Crack *Crack*

With the same timing, everyone looked up at the sky.

At the end of their sight, the cloudy sky distorted and what appeared was—a deep scarlet moon. The barrier that just protected them was completely covered in cracks as if one gust of wind would be enough to shatter it.

In the back of the mind of everyone that were dumbfoundedly looking up at that, a string of words sounded,

<<Dimensional encroachment: Fallen Paradise.>>

From the smallest bugs to the most battle-hardened soldiers, all of them fell silent in front of the overpowering might that had surpassed the limits of mortality.

For the soldiers, they had thought that after seeing Lilith's power, nothing could scare them anymore and they were bitterly proven right.

What they felt wasn't fear—but complete and utter despair.

The notion that in front of this being, no matter what they did or no matter how hard they struggled, everything would amount to nothing more than a meaningless struggle settled so deeply in their minds that all they could do was bow down and pray to beg their goddesses for salvation.

And then, among those people, there was only one person—a person who, despite her whole body shaking in a deep instinctive fear, stood proudly on her sword and looked at the sky.

She understood this power. She had already felt such a level of power a few times in her life.

With a steely expression, Lilith murmured,

"A demi-god."

The very structure of the world around the capital seemed to change.

While from the outside of the capital, a large opaque dome seemed to cover it completely, as if separating the capital from the outside world.

Deep in the basement of the church, Camelia's eyes constricted into a needlepoint.

Even though the effect of the pressure was weaker on her, she could still feel as if a heavy boulder was placed on her shoulder.

From what she knew, the leader of the wings of freedom was supposedly struck down by the concerted efforts of many powerhouses.

What's more, because of her status, she was the first in the cleansing lists of all the churches.

The greatest heretic since the dawn of time.

'She should be sealed in the underworld by the Necromancer King. How is it possible?'

She gasped at the realization that the wings of freedom suddenly went from a simple terrorist organization to something extremely dangerous.

She couldn't help but clench her teeth. In the current era, kings stood at the peak of the world for the simple reason that all demi-gods were either dead like Mars, sealed like Echidna, or unable to land in the mortal world like the divine beasts.

But this completely changed the situation.

"Dear goddesses, you better send some divine help if you don't want your game to be broken."

[...You know the rules. We don't intervene in the affairs of the mortal world.]

She scoffed at this. Sure, they didn't intervene. They just watched everything while sitting on their own fat asses.

[...My ass isn't fat... It's just well-rounded.]

"Whatever, if it helps you sleep better at night, sure."

Even though she seemed to be joking around, Camelia was currently quite angry.

If Castitas had chosen to descend in Camelia's body, even though she might die because of the overlord of divine power in her mortal body, she would have been able to terribly wound or even outright kill that woman and as such get rid of a dangerous enemy for Sol.

Thankfully, it wasn't as if there was no way to reverse the situation. Still, she couldn't help but ask once again.

"Why?"

This was something she didn't understand. What was the use of this game? Why make everything so complicated? Why were goddesses and divine beasts unable to fully descend on the mortal world, even though they could do so during the Age of Gods?

[...]

Receiving no answer, she could only close her eyes while clenching her teeth in frustration.

"You guys are really manipulative bitches."

This time the answer she received was a derisive laugh,

[And you are no different from us. I wonder how our little prince will react when he learns the truth about how you used his beloved uncle? It will be really entertaining to watch. Hahaha~!]

With this last laugh, Camelia could feel the divine presence of Castitats vanish from her mind and all she could do was let a bitter feeling swell up inside of her.

She didn't naively believe that Sol would just smile and forgive her like he did during her last stunt.

Thinking about this, she sighed before looking at the ceiling with determination.

Her hair and eyes began to shine in the darkness of the ceiling.

In the sky of lustburg, under the large crimson moon, a woman whose beauty could not be described flew peacefully.

The sole stain on her perfect body was a trail of golden blood that could be seen on her lips before she calmly wiped it out.

If one had to describe this woman, aside from her incredible beauty and her three pairs of wide crimson wings, her most striking figure would without a doubt be her long golden hair and her sky blue eyes.

Looking at the world from above with an impassive expression on her face, she was like an immortal goddess.

Shoosh

She didn't even bother moving as a sword went through her as if it was passing through a phantom.

“*Tch* As I thought, you are also a dimension mage.”

She could already guess it from the effects and the name that sounded in her mind, but like Sol, this woman was clearly able to use the power of a dimension.

In fact, from what that woman did, she was clearly far more skillful than Sol.

This means that she would be unable to wound that angel without using her Avatar.

Lilith didn't know whether she should be worried about facing such a powerful enemy or happy because this showed how much potential Sol's power had.

Still, she there was something couldn't understand,

“That hair, those eyes...Are you a Blessed?”

If Lilith wasn't so confident in herself, she would have thought she was seeing wrong.

This woman was clearly a member of the Wing of Freedom. From her power, she should even be quite high ranked.

What was a Blessed doing in an organization that had a goal to support the greatest enemies of those goddesses?

The woman didn't bother answering the question as she finally spoke in a languid voice, “You cannot stop me.”

“What if you add me?”

A gentle voice sounded as a woman literally walked in the sky toward them.

At each of her steps, a golden stair would appear under her foot before she stepped down.

Once she was close enough, she added, “Hello senior Dahlia. I have heard of you. You are a true legend, you know?”

Camelia lightly laughed as she asked. Still, her words allowed Lilith to confirm her suspicion.

This woman was without a doubt a Blessed, and since Camelia called her senior and she was an angel, this means she should have been the supreme daughter of Industria.

Lilith had many questions.

How could it be possible? Why did she still have her blessing if she had betrayed? Why did she betray in the first place?

But now wasn't the time to waste time on questions.

The woman named Dahlia gave a disinterested glance at Camelia, "I have discarded this name long ago. Now, call me Nihil and— it is still not enough."

She then moved her hand upward before slowly bringing it down.

<<Gravity...

But just as she was about to launch her spell, ten large green magical circles appeared all around her, then green vines appeared and entwined her whole body.

"Fufufu. Then, what if you add me as well?"

Another voice sounded while a green-haired green-clothed woman with butterfly wings on her back flew before stopping once she reached them.

Currently, three Kings class surrounded Nihil, but even then, she showed no change in expression.

Canceling her spell, she immediately became intangible once again and walked out of the binding.

"So the witches really decided to interfere?"

"Arara~!? Do not misunderstand. I couldn't care less about what happened to this kingdom. Even if my dear friends died, that would simply be their fates. But see, you guys tricked my stupid little sister, and mother isn't happy about that."

For the first time, Nihil's expression shifted a little.

After all, even though she had become a demigod, compared to Ambrosia who had reached that level a few centuries ago, she was still too weak.

This was even more so since breaking the Necromancer King's seal had not been an easy task.

The worst was that if she stayed too long, the goddesses might stop caring about their stupid game rules and attack her.

Still, she wasn't particularly disheartened. They had already succeeded in their main goals and had incurred zero loss while weakening Lustburg severely.

"I guess it's time for me to withdraw."

She was a little sad at the missed occasion.

She knew that if she dared to attack Lustburg directly once again, she would most likely be reduced to ash or ganged upon by the divine beasts before she could do anything.

Seeing this, Lilith was about to unsheath her sword but was stopped by Camelia from a shake of her head.

The dignity of a demi-god couldn't be defied. Right now if they once again attacked her, nothing would stop the fight from escalating and the best result would most likely be dying with her as well as the destruction of Lustburg.

Understanding this, Lilith could only calm herself as she said with a cold voice, "Before you go, tell Ibuki-Douji, that we had not forgotten her betrayal. Sooner or later, we will make her pay."

"Ibuki? Ah, you mean Zwei? I see. But you know, who are you to order me around?"

<<Repulsion>>

Before Lilith could react, she felt a huge force crashing onto her before she was propelled a few tens of meters away in the opposite direction of Nihil.

Giving one last look at all of them, she finally vanished after entering a red portal while leaving those words,

"Soon, the chains shackling this world will be broken."

At the same time, on the upper side of the tower of Babel, a blue wolf was holding a sword case in her hand, murmured the word, "Open." and watched as a red portal appeared in front of her.

Giving one last look to another blue wolf lying unconscious in her own blood, she bowed and said, "Princess, this will be the last bow I give you. The next time we meet, only one of us will walk out alive."

Saying so, she stepped in the portal and vanished.

Leaving behind her complete and utter devastation in the corridor of the tower.

In a corner of the ruin in the Gorfard's Zone, a short man was hiding under the rubble of a destroyed house.

Feeling the familiar power, and after making sure that everything was alright, he let out a cheer of voice.

"Woah! The boss is as awesome as always. Anyways, it's time to flee! Open!"

Back to Camelia's side, after watching Nihil vanish while the sky and the moon once again returned to their normal colors, Camelia finally let out a breath of relief before she turned toward Lilith and berated her,

"Lilith, damn it! What in-Don't piss off the bitch who can flatten us to death-was hard to understand!?"

Now that she was alone with her two old companions, Camelia immediately reverted to her habits of cursing.

Lilith, who wobbled a little on her sword, wiped the blood from the corner of her lips before waving her hand.

"I am fine. The attack barely hurt me. I needed to say it. What's more, did you not feel it?"

"Feel what?"

"She was wounded," Persephone answered on the side.

Camelia didn't question Persephone. If the witch of life said someone was wounded, then it was the truth.

"Still, to think that we didn't even manage to catch one of them. This is so infuriating!"

They could only shake their heads. Their plans were nearly perfect and they had indeed cornered the enemy. Sadly, they weren't the ones with the biggest punch.

"Anyways, let's go see how Sol is doing. After that, we will have to calculate the losses."

"Indeed." Lilith nodded at Camelia's proposal. She also wished to see how her daughter was doing.

Meanwhile, close to the Gorfard Mansion, Theresa, who was previously running to meet Sol, stopped in front of an unconscious golden-haired girl wearing a red dress who had disgusting shadow wriggling out of her stomach and her missing arms,

"Oh~oh. I really always find interesting things when I run away from something else."

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 134: CH 121: END OF A LONG NIGHT

Back to the ruin of Gorfard's mansion, the borrowed body of Drei was slowly scattering.

"Well, it seems like this is the end. It has been rather entertaining."

Murmuring so, he gave one piercing look to the prince.

One of the greatest variables had been this prince. A blessed, a dragon hybrid with a core, a dimension attribute, and he should also possess a very high Capacity.

In terms of qualifications alone, basically, no one in the mortal world should be a match for him. What was more, since he had infiltrated the Crown's shadow, he knew very well how strong Sol was initially.

This means that all this growth happened in the few short weeks after his awakening. Even if they added some time dilations used by the witch of time, it shouldn't be more than a few months.

Just a few months of training and he was already close to the level of a Duke?

Drei could only chuckle bitterly at the injustice of this world.

In front of such a talent, his century of research seemed so frail.

'Sigh seems like the Son is even more perverted than the father.'

What's more, the witch of time escaping from her prison should be related to the prince as well.

In the past, with the support of the witches, Lustburg, under the helm of Jupiter, was close to being the strongest country in the world.

Even Echidna of Gluttony Foss had to think carefully if she wished to antagonize the Lustburg of that time.

If the prince managed to convince the witches to once again ally with Lustburg?

'We need to kill him. As fast as possible.'

"Hey, little prince. Think about it. We live in a society where your destiny can be determined by the color of your hair and eyes. How truly stupid.."

<<Corpse explosion>>

With those last words, his body completely scattered into chunks of blood and gore.

Looking at this, Sol stayed silent.

He could already feel the aura of the women dear to him coming.

'Still, why do I feel like I am forgetting someone?'

Looking at the ruins of house in fire all around him, he began to have cold sweat when he finally remembered who he had forgotten,

"We need to go find him."

A few moments later, with a passed-out Ares as well as the rest of the nobles next to him, Sol looked at the sky as three women came down from the sky in different ways.

Though he was surprised to see the woman who called herself as Miss P next to Camelia and Lilith, it didn't take long for him to understand that she was most likely a witch and Persephone at that.

Still, as he watched them near him, he couldn't help but wonder about physics.

'How come no matter how they fly, their robes never show what is under?'

Not that he wished for anyone to see this spring scene, but this was really a wonder and something worth researching later in the future.

Right now though, he just wanted to lay down and sleep. Sadly, he knew that it wouldn't be possible.

'This is going to be a long night.'

Meanwhile, near Greed Dike, thunder and lightning rumbled as space, time and matter were completely distorted.

There, deep in a crater, Kali, laid on the ground with one arm and one eye missing while breathing with difficulty.

Meanwhile, Freya was also on the ground, but everything from below her waist was erased. It was even a miracle that she was still alive.

The only one who could stand was Medea, but it was more because she could rewind her wound. Still, if the fight had lasted longer, she would be emptied.

Contrary to what people might think, the fights between the four directions weren't pleasant in any way and in fact would be quite deadly to anyone else.

Of course, the reason they could fight like this was thanks to Medea and Persephone.

“You really did a number to each other.”

All of them turned their head toward the direction of the voice and immediately paled once they found the one who uttered those words.

“Mother.”

Contrary to most witches who had appearances varying between pre-teen to teen, the one appearing in front of them was a tall and mature beauty, seemingly in her mid-twenty, wearing a short entirely white robe that showed her beautiful long and fair legs as well as her cleavage.

Under her large white hat, her long black hair swayed in the wind, giving her an even more ephemeral beauty.

Her beauty aside, her most striking feature was the insignia of a snake eating its own tail on the back of her two hands.

The woman, Ambrosia, slowly advanced toward Medea and gently cupped her face in her hand, “It has been a while dear daughter, how have you been?”

Medea was about to answer when she was interrupted by Freya,

“Hello, I am dying here, ok? Couldn’t you like, you know, do your things later when I am not laying down with half of my body gone?”

It was surprising how she could talk and joke like that, but she wasn’t worried.

Chuckle

“Indeed, I should heal you. As for you, “ Saying so she turned toward Kali who turned her remaining eye away.

Watching her daughter act like this, Ambrosia left no comment.

“*Sigh* Well, let’s do this.”

Holding her hand in front of her, the snake tattoo in the back of her hand began to shine before a large black book appeared at the top of her hand.

<<Avatar: Record of Akasha>>

The book slowly opened before the pages flipped one after another.. On each page, was the picture of a girl.

Finally, the page settled on the picture of a black-clothed white-haired girl. The perfect opposite of Ambrosia and none other than Medea herself.

<<Record of Akasha: Avatar Chronos.>>

This was the power of the thousand spells witch.

A cheat-like power that gave her the ability to record and use the power of absolutely all the witches in the world.

A large magic circle opened and covered all the devastated regions that spanned a few kilometers. Then slowly, time began to shift backward.

“Well then, repairing all the damage you caused and healing you will take time. Medea, why don’t you tell me everything that happened while I was absent? Especially by telling who gave you the resolve to escape your golden prison.”

“But...”

“Do not worry. Your prince is alright. Now, tell the story. I am really curious as to why you went after the descendant when it ended badly with the ancestor.”

Medea cringed at the way this sentence was phrased.

The night promised to be very long and awkward.

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 135: SHK CH 122: REACTIONS

The news of the events that befell Lustburg swiftly spread to the closest kingdoms.

Even though the exact details were not known, the show of might of Lilith and the large-scale usage of the holy territory followed by it being broken by another angel with scarlet wings.

All those pieces of information kept circulating until they reached the highest level.

[Wratharis Republic; Throne’s room.]

“Damn you! Camelia!”

Biribiribir

In the throne room of Wratharis, a heavy atmosphere weighed on all those present as they kneeled down in dogeza, their forehead against the ground.

Even though their face was covered in sweat, no one even dared to move in order to wipe it out.

They knew that with the current news, it wouldn’t be surprising if the king decided to take the head of everyone currently present.

It hasn’t been long since he had managed to convince the council and the preparations for war were already underway.

But now, no matter what happened, their lord had been completely humiliated.

After all, the entire premise of this war rested on the fact that Camelia Castitas was incapacitated. But now...

Just thinking about the shame or the extent of his current wrath and shame was enough to make them lower their heads even more.

They even wished they could completely bury their heads in the ground.

“Who was the fool who told me that that bitch was now powerless!?”

None of them dared to step forward.

"I said... Who!?"

ROAR

The heaviness in the air became almost physical as the ground itself began to crack and splinter.

The roar was so loud, that some of the servants had their eardrums burst and blood flow from their ears. Despite this, neither the servants nor the officials kneeling in front of the king complained.

Finally, one of them, a samurai, raised his head and advanced toward the king while still kneeling before lowering his head once again.

"I am terribly sorry, your majesty! This whole situation is my fault!"

"I see. Then, how will you repent?"

At this question, the samurai once again raised the upper part of his body and said with a quivering face.

"I beseech you, your majesty, bestow death to me. But on account of all the service I accomplished, spare my family!!"

"Oh? Are you giving me orders?"

"I wouldn't dare."

"I see. Then do not worry. I am a man of parole. Your family will be safe."

"I sincerely thank you for your benevolence."

Once he said so, he stretched his right hand and received a long katana from the hand of a servant before placing the edge of the blade against the left side of his neck.

Closing his eyes, he took a deep breath, then using his other left hand, he hit the blade with all his strength.

Splash

Blood spurted as his head fell, followed by his powerless body.

All the retainers shivered, but none moved. They were already used to such scenes.

Looking expressionlessly at the blood staining the ground, Lupus finally spoke,

"The war will continue. I refuse to be even more shamed by stopping it. I will make women understand that in front of absolute power, all tricks are useless."

Saying so, he stood from his throne and waved the sleeve of his kimono.

"You are dismissed. And someone! Come take this corpse away and clean this filthy blood."

Leaving with a dark face, his fur bristling with sparks of lightning, he looked like a beast ready to shred everything to pieces.

[Wratharis; Temple]

“Kukuku! Hahaha! I knew it. That cunning woman would never weaken herself so obviously. Ha~! I really wish I could see the face that stupid bastard and those guys from the council must be making.”

While the atmosphere in the castle was dark and oppressive, in the depth of the temple of Patientia, the atmosphere was the complete opposite.

Sitting with her leg crossed on the Tatami, Kiku Patientia was happily chugging down the alcohol in the bottle she held as if it was water.

Even though she was worried about the actions of the Wings of Freedom, it wasn't as if it was their first time to attack a kingdom. What's more, from the information she received, they had been perfectly repelled.

“Puwa~! Sake definitely feels better when you are in a good mood. Don't you think so as well, Shuten?”

Saying so she looked at the small girl wearing so little clothes she might as well be naked. The only thing really covering her being a large kimono.

“Umu. Your Sake is really the best. Even the Monkey wine of the stone monkey clan barely compares. Kakaka~!”

Narrowing her eyes at the nonchalance the small Oni was showing, Kiku decided to stop beating around the bush.

“Tell me, why did you come? I thought that you were on that pup side?”

“*Sigh* Kiku, dear Kiku, this is why despite all your power, your clan is on a steady decline. You are too straightforward. On his side? Please, in this world, there are neither eternal enemies, nor allies. One must always fight for their best interests.”

“So? You understand me well, right? All those machinations are indeed not my things and I thought you were like me...Seems like I was wrong. If you came here to mock me, then please get out, you are making my sake go bad.”

Even though those words quite hurt her, Shuten showed no sign on the exterior.

In the past, about two hundred years ago, the Oni clan's position in Envilya was extremely bad. After all, their leaders, Ibuki-Douji, had spearheaded a large-scale rebellion against the Demon Queen of then and failed miserably.

Because of this, the young Shuten had to pick the slack of her mother and become the leader of the Oni while they fled toward their neighbors, Wratharis.

She could never forget that, back then, if not because Kiku, who was only a holy daughter, pleaded for them, they would have never been allowed to settle down in Wratharis.

Even when she fought the Tortoise clan leader to take his place as one of the four great leaders of Wratharis, this would have been impossible for outsiders like them without the support of Kiku.

It wouldn't be a mistake to say that everything she had now was thanks to the fuming woman in front of her.

Sadly, when she took the mantle of the leader of the Oni clan back then, she swore that she would protect this clan with all her might.

No matter how dirty she had to become, no matter how many obstacles she had to overcome. Even if she had to lose all her honor.

"Kiku, listen to me."

Still, if she could help her friend and protect her clan at the same time, wouldn't it be better?

Thinking so, a slight smile formed on her face. It seemed that it was time to repay all the kindness she received.

[Greed Dike; Council room]

"This is unacceptable!"

Bam

One short stout man hit the armchair while screaming, his face flushed and his breath hurried.

"Exactly! How could they fight like this on our borders?"

"They must pay!"

"We need to ask for a settlement!"

Sitting on the highest and most majestic chair in the room, a bearded middle-aged man with golden hair and blue eyes looked at all those councilmen shouting like immature children.

Tired of their whining, he asked, "What settlement do you even want? All the damages vanished."

At this, the councilmen fell silent.

The fight between the three witches had been of epic proportion.

Even though Greed Dike was extremely large, the capital wasn't that far from the borders between them and Lustburg.

After all, the other border they shared was with Gluttony foss, they had no choice but to push their capital as far away as possible from that Kingdom.

Because of this, they had the first seat to feel the shockwave of the fights. Even the King, in all his life, had never felt so terrified.

He had thought that by reaching the king level thanks to his blessing he was standing at the top, but he was once again reminded how small he was both literally and figuratively.

What was even more frightening was how all the destruction they had wreaked havoc vanished in the span of a night.

It was only later, after receiving a report about the situation in Lustburg that he understood what was happening.

Now, despite this clear display of might, those dimwits wanted to extort money from Lustburg? For damages that didn't exist anymore?

Did they take him for an idiot? How could he not see what was their true goal?

Sighing at how he was surrounded by backstabbing greedy cunts, he continued,

"Lustburg has always been one of our best clients and we can't mess around with them. Still, we should show some dissatisfaction. As such we will only slightly increase the price of refined dwarf steel, while we will lower the price for Wratharis. Opinions?"

The councilmen looked at each other before nodding. In the first place, they all understood that they had to take measures to not lose the hearts of the citizens and show that they weren't pushovers.

At the same time, none of them wanted to be responsible for a decision that could worsen the relationship between the kingdoms.

This was why they had been spouting all this bullshit. Now though,

"Hahaha! Your majesty is really a wise man! I can only bow at your decisions."

"Of course. King Eridina is the mightiest. I will respect your decision."

"Same for me."

"I cannot express my awe!"

A river of sickening sugar-coated words flowed towards him now that he had taken all responsibility, but all he could do was smile and accept it.

'I need to contact Theresa. Those Wings of Freedom are dangerous. Even though that woman is even more dangerous, at least she wouldn't stab me in the back. She would just stab me from the front with a sweet smile.'

He could only chuckle bitterly at his situation.

Even though he was king, he hated this country where love and friendship were nothing more than fantasy.

This was the country of Greed. A country where a child killing his parents for money, or parents selling their children for money was nothing eye catching.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 136: CH 123: DECISIONS

Standing in a medical ward, Sol was facing a transparent wall.

On the other side, two young girls could be seen laying down on the beds.

Their bodies were entirely wrapped in bandages, but their breathing was calm and steady.

"Your highness, it has been a long while since you rested properly. Please take more care of yourself. It wouldn't do if you collapsed because of overworking.

"As for Princess Lilin and Setsuna, you shouldn't worry too much. Miss Persephone clearly said that healing them now would waste all the pain they have gone through."

Sol nodded absent-mindedly.

Even though he was quite stressed because of all the sudden responsibilities thrown at him, regularly watching them like this helped him calm down a little.

'Though I would have been happier if they were awake.'

From what Persephone was saying, after their fight, both Lilin and Setsuna were currently realizing deeper concepts and once they woke up, they would become much stronger.

If she healed them though, that process would immediately halt and they would have lost a precious opportunity.

That's why she could only give rudimentary care and assure that they at least wouldn't die until they woke up.

Pinching his brows, he said wearily, "I know they will be alright. But I can't help but worry and I admit that having to deal with all the aftermath isn't helping."

Theory was nice and all, but having to deal with all the problems of the kingdom suddenly wasn't easy.

Milia gave a wry smile and stepped aside.

Moving his stiff shoulders, Sol looked at his right side, where Nuwa was standing while munching on a cake.

"I have heard that your wounds were far more dangerous than Lilin's. How come you are still standing?"

Nuwa looked at him blankly before answering as a matter of fact, "I have a stronger body."

Sol could only stare at her speechlessly. Since this logic was absolute, he could only pinch his brow tighter at the unexpected source of stress.

Waving his head, he decided to spare himself a greater headache. "Forget it. Anyway, I must go to work—again. Guard them and don't let anyone aside from me, or the others come close."

He couldn't understand why he could train non-stop for weeks, but just a few days of dealing with all those documents left his brain in mush.

As for having Nuwa guard those two, since knew that Drei was able to steal bodies and use them, there was no way he would let anyone come close to his girls while they were unable to defend themselves.

"Roger."

Ignoring the girl who was stuffing herself like a squirrel, Sol began to walk away.

Just as he was about to leave, he stopped to ask one question to Milia without turning to face her.

"How is my aunt?"

Milia grimaced,

"She...she hadn't left her room since we discovered what was stolen. Thankfully she hadn't shown any signs of self-harm."

"...I see."

Sol could never forget the expression Lilith showed when she learned about it.

It was as if she had lost her soul and was on the verge of having a mental breakdown.

If Persephone hadn't stopped her, she would have most likely rushed to find the Wings of Freedom even though she didn't know where they were.

He had recently come to understand that she wasn't as tough as she looked and in fact was very weak and unstable.

Still, he had to admit that he had been left incredibly shaken by how fast it happened.

"Your highness..."

Even though Milia couldn't see his face, she could feel how worried and sad he currently was.

She wished for nothing more than to cuddle him and tell him that he shouldn't worry.

That everything would be alright.

That he could just stay as the kind and carefree prince he had always been.

But she knew she couldn't do so.

She understood that this wasn't what Sol wished for.

Out of everyone, she was perhaps the only one who wasn't particularly surprised by Lilith's current actions.

After all, she perfectly understood that if she ever lost Sol, she would be much worse.

Using logic in such situations was nothing more than a waste of time.

What's more, she knew that she herself wasn't in the right state of mind currently.

Learning that Berthold had most likely died long ago and that the one they had to deal with was an enemy left her incredibly shaken.

Not only did she have to mourn her friend, but she also had to rework the entire security system of Lustburg from the ground up to avoid a leak.

If it wasn't enough, the Queen was currently having a mental breakdown and refused to get out of her room, while the relationship between Sol and Camelia seemed to be a little tense.

It was as if bad news were coming one after another.

"Do not worry. I need far more than that to get down," Sol grinned as he said, "I just have to face her properly once I am done. Since Persephone is with her, I do not have to worry about my aunt harming herself."

'No matter what, I have to face her today.'

[Tower of Babel, Round table room.]

It has been six days since the night where so many events happened at the same time.

Even now, the kingdom was still dealing with the aftermath of that day.

Even though the civilian lives lost were minimal, this wasn't the case for the soldiers as well as the nobles.

Because of this, a shortage in the administration and the army could be observed.

Thankfully, only the soldiers in the capital and the personal soldiers of the noble were affected.

The soldiers guarding the front were spared since they hadn't been called back.

Currently, in the room, four people sat in silence.

Duchess Milaris — Arachne Milaris.

Duke Travers — Hermes Travers.

Duke Highland — Tyr Highland.

The Supreme daughter — Camelia Castitas.

The mood in the room could be said to be quite oppressive despite the silence.

The main reason behind this situation was the glare full of malice the Duke Highland was throwing at Camelia.

If looks alone could kill, then she would have already been shredded to pieces long ago.

The only reason he didn't speak was that he understood that he might lose control and act in an uncouth way in front of his peers.

Even though the other two were also silent, the look of wariness Hermes threw at Camelia from time to time spoke of his feelings.

Arachne on the other hand showed no expression. She already knew what kind of woman Camelia was since long ago and how scary she could be.

Despite all this, Camelia showed no changes in her expression.

She would only look at the door from time to time, and only then would a flicker of worry flash in her eyes.

This changed into joy the moment the door opened and Sol entered with Milia behind him as she stood up with the other Dukes.

But that joy was soon extinguished when Sol did not even throw a look toward her.

Striding in the room with measured steps, Sol reached the main chair and finally sat down.

Resting his head on the palm of his hand, he spoke calmly,

"You can sit down."

Once everyone did as told, Sol continued with a wry smile;

"I already said that there was no need for such formality. I am still not the king yet."

It has only been a few days, but he was already tired of this.

Tyr Highland, who until now had been the epitome of wrath, smiled a little as he said.

"I beg your forgiveness, your highness, but I cannot comply. Rules and regulations are what make a kingdom strong. A lax attitude will give birth to lax results."

Even though he was speaking like that, Tyr had to admit that the prince really won his respect those few days. Talk was easy but actions always spoke louder than words.

"Yeah~yeah~yeah. I understand. Enough with your nagging. My headache is getting worse."

The previously tense atmosphere became smoothed thanks to this banter.

Even though six days seemed such a small amount, many things could happen in this period.

Since Lilith was unable to, or rather, refused to participate, Sol was handed the responsibility he had to deal with ahead of time.

Saying that he was ready would have been a lie, but thankfully he had been raised for this role for as long as he could remember and the Dukes had been more than helpful.

"Now, I know everyone is really busy, so how about we begin?"

The warm atmosphere immediately cooled down.

Standing behind Sol, Milia handed him a stack of papers then made the turn of the table and shared the document with everyone.

Once this was done, everyone read the information on it for a while before Sol finally began.

"As you can see. It took a while to clear the rubble of the Gorfard's mansion but we now understand that there was an unidentified portal there linked to the Tower of Babel. This portal was used by one of the wings of freedom."

Even though Lilith had ordered the emergency measures, she could have never imagined that there was one unknown portal.

"It seems like the Gorfard family was ready for betrayal for a long time."

"Indeed."

Even though Medea could observe the whole tower, she wasn't an omniscient god. What's more, she only really began to care about the tower in his father's generation.

This means that this portal was created during the time of the Puppet King or even before.

"We do not know how the Wings of Freedom knew of the existence of this portal, but from the information we obtained after torturing the butler, the blue wolf who served as slave for Leonard is most likely the one under the moniker of Neun."

This was another surprising news.

Leonard Gorfard was dead.

Though all Sol could remember about that guy was how he slapped him silly.

Hermes muttered,

"Now that the main line is dead. The Gorfard Family might as well be finished. Though there are some children from the concubines."

With the Duke as a traitor, the harshest punishment would normally be the extermination of the entire family.

"What's more... The Gorfard Family isn't the only problem."

At this sentence, Tyr gritted his teeth but didn't comment.

Then his, and all the eyes settled on Sol.

Even though they understood that he was still new at this, life didn't leave you the time to go slowly. They really wondered what choices he would make.

Sol, of course, knew why everyone fell silent.

The feeling of knowing that his words could decide the life and death of so many people was both exhilarating and frightening.

He could understand why so many rulers lost themselves in this power.

"If I have to be honest. I feel reticent about simply exterminating the entire family and even more about punishing the Highland family."

Sol could only chuckle bitterly. He was still too soft.

"But, be as it may. I understand that letting this situation fester without giving the appropriate punishment would set a bad precedent."

His eyes flashed with a cold gaze and his aura immediately filled the room.

This was the simple truth.

Even though they had repelled the intruder and the deaths were kept to a minimum, death was still death and a life could only be paid with another life.

That's why,

"First thing first, henceforth, the Gorfard's family will be stripped of its Duke rank and demoted to Baron in the border. The children with enough talents will be conscripted to the army to help during the war."

The baron rank was basically the lowest inheritable noble title.

The fall from Duke's house to baron's house was so great that he wouldn't be surprised if some of them simply decided to kill themselves.

Sadly, this was the greatest mercy he could bestow them.

"The bodies of Loki and Leonard Gorfard are to be hanged in front of everyone and left to rot. After some time, they will be destroyed."

Sol knew that for nobles, the way they were treated after death was a very important matter.

Such a humiliating way to treat their bodies would send a message to the other nobles.

But this wasn't enough.

"All the ringleaders still alive will be publicly executed after their crimes are read."

This was the most important matter in this situation.

The execution couldn't be avoided and Sol didn't wish to avoid it either.

If their betrayal succeeded, they would have no pity for him.

Even though they couldn't kill him, there were many destinies worse than death.

What happened with his grandfather was just the lightest example.

"As for Gerald Highland... He should have normally been executed for high treason towards the crown. But..."

There Sol gritted his teeth and looked at Camelia with mixed feelings,

"Because of his deal with the supreme daughter and the help he brought by reuniting all the traitors in one place, he will only be stripped of his noble titles and his rank as General."

Taking a deep breath, he continued, "He will then be exiled to the front line on the border of Wratharis and will be forbidden to ever take a step in the Capital."

Tyr closed his eyes at this.

"But, after his death, his body can be buried in the Highland's, and his name will be written on the hero monument."

Hearing this, Tyr was shocked for a while, then stood up and bowed, his eyes filled with emotions.

"I thank your highness for your infinite grace."

Sol simply shook his head, "Please raise your head."

His own feelings about Gerald were quite mixed. He knew that Gerald did betray them initially, though Camelia managed to convince him otherwise by promising to help heal his granddaughter.

After learning all that, Sol had been lost in a daze for a few moments.

Not only the betrayal of Gerald but also the fact that Camelia hid the truth from him both really hurt his feelings.

Because of this, his current relationship with Camelia was quite awkward.

Once Tyr sat once again, still shaken with emotions, Sol knocked on the table.

"Now that this is decided. We must speak about the most important matter."

Sweeping the room with his eyes, he finally stopped at Camelia.

"The final objective of the Wings of Freedom was nothing else than the Holy Sword of Luxuria."

Keeping his eyes on Camelia, he continued, "Like how only the supreme daughter can use the Holy Territory, only the king can use the sword. In the hands of anyone else, it's just some useless junk."

"Then here is the question. Why would the Wings create such an operation only to steal a sword that should be useless to them?"

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 137: CH 124: BROKEN TRUST

In this world, seven divine weapons existed and each of those weapons were bestowed to the seven blessed.

In a way, this weapon was a shortcut that could greatly boost the power of the one wielding it. But, only a blessed person could use it and his blessing needed to correspond to the sin of the weapons.

As such, in this world, the only one who could use the holy sword of Lustburg was Sol.

Then why would the wings steal this weapon?

Sol of course had few ideas.

For one, it was possible that they just wanted to weaken the power of Lustburg. Though this was a rather weak possibility.

The second possibility then, was that they could use the sword one way or another.

Perhaps as a key?

This was the possibility with the highest probability.

If he was right then, this would mean that not only the sword of Lustburg, but even the other godly weapons would be targeted.

Sol shared his thoughts with the other Duke who then nodded,

"Your highness is wise. But what could they possibly do?"

Hermes asked as he looked at Camelia, "Supreme daughter Camelia, do you have an idea? Is it perhaps related to the Goddess of Chaos?"

Camelia was a Blessed and, different from Sol, she was officially the Supreme Daughter.

The level of information she had access to should be way higher.

Sol meanwhile fell silent as he looked at Camelia waiting for her to answer.

"You are mistaken. Even though the seven weapons are indeed related to the goddesses. The seal can't be related to them."

Camelia chuckled bitterly,

"If that was the case, it would be equal to saying that the seven sins are superior to the seven virtues. There's no way those arrogant bit*Ahem* I mean there's no way the goddesses would let their honor be tarnished in such a way."

'She was about to call them bitches, right?'

Everyone thought at the same time.

Camelia ignored the weird gazes and continued,

"I think that getting all the godly weapons could indeed be one of the steps for the final goal of the Wings. But we shouldn't be in a hurry to decide their final goal. For all we know, getting one weapon is already enough."

Sol nodded,

"Indeed, everything is possible. What we must keep in mind is that:

One, The Wings of Freedom wish to unseal the Mother Goddess of Chaos.

Two, getting the other weapons may or may not be part of this endeavor.

Three, getting all the other weapons or at least some more might or might not be necessary.

In conclusion...We know absolutely nothing."

Everyone chuckled bitterly,

"Thankfully, all hope isn't lost. Thanks to my Aunt Theresa, we did manage to capture that vampire. Though it seems that she is still sleeping."

Camelia nodded,

"This is indeed the case. I do not know what kind of shadow is eating at her, but it's so powerful that even Persephone had a hard time getting rid of it. If we did not save her that soon, even as a vampire, she would have died."

While saying so she shot a look at Milia. It was surprising that someone at the Duke level had such power.

She didn't know much about the creation and the members of the crown's shadow since Mars had been pretty tight-lipped about them, but still, she knew that this power wasn't normal.

It was simply too sinister and was very close to the power that should only belong to Gula.

Devouring.

'How did she get such power? In the first place, how the hell is a cow-woman so strong?'

"Well, right now, she is being held in Medea's world. Once she wakes up, we should be able to get more answers."

Sol didn't for one instant believe they wouldn't be able to get an answer. With both his power or Camelia's, getting answers was basically the easiest thing possible.

The others nodded, still bewildered at how Sol managed to convince a witch that should have been hostile to them, to help Lustburg.

They were even more surprised when they learned that she was his lover.

They might not have known the truth about the creation of Lustburg, but they knew that it was too fishy.

Learning the truth about it from Sol had been an eye opener about how shameless some people could be.

Even Tyr, who had always respected the first king, had been quite delusional.

"Well then, I think we discussed all the important points about this situation. Now, we should discuss how we will reward those who made important achievements such as Milia behind me, or Athena Highland and the different Dukes. We will also discuss the settlement necessary for the families of the deceased soldiers."

A few hours later, while the sun hung high in the sky at noon, the discussion finally ended.

"Well, this is it for now. Thank you, everyone."

Sol stifled a yawn.

The other didn't show any signs of being tired. Obviously, they were used to such long and dry situations.

"Well then, your highness, I will take my leave and inform my Granddaughter about her reward."

"Do so. Also, tell Ares that I apologize for the rough way I treated him a few days ago. I would be happy to share the cup we weren't able to drink together."

"It shall be done."

A wide smile formed on Tyr's face as he answered. Even though the situation was quite dire, the Highland family ended up quite well off.

Though his mood dampened as he thought about his brother and how Ares was completely depressed currently.

On the side, Hermes added, "Your highness, Lady Theresa asked me to remind you that she had something to give to you. Something very important and as such she would like to visit the Tower at any moment."

"This is no problem."

Arachne simply nodded as she stood up. She had nothing to add to this discussion.

"If this is all. Then, this session is dismissed. Thank you, everyone."

Sol closed his eyes as he dismissed them.

He felt so tired that he just wanted to sleep now, but it wasn't time yet.

He could feel dainty fingers massage his temples and he let out a sigh of delight.

Opening his eyes, he looked at the sole person still present aside from him and Milia.

"Camelia..."

Camelia fidgeted a little on her seat before answering the unspoken question.

"Could we talk alone, please?"

Sol hesitated before nodding,

"Milia please, could you use this occasion to contact the jail? I will go visit him after this."

"Understood."

Milia gave a courtesy and left the room.

Now alone, Camelia gave a complicated look to Sol,

"You haven't said anything to me since that day."

Camelia had never felt so stressed in her life.

She thought she would have been ready for every reaction Sol could have.

She was ready for him to scream or complain about what she had done. She even already had all the arguments to explain why she didn't warn him.

But contrary to what she thought, Sol neither threw a tantrum nor ignored her. He simply never asked about her reason.

And that, more than anything, scared her.

You didn't have to worry when someone got angry at you. It is when this person stopped getting angry that you should be worried.

After all, anger meant that the person still cared.

Sol could only shake his head, "And what should I have done? Berate you for your choice? Scream at you? What purposes would it have served? After all, the way you handled it got the best results possible. Isn't it all that matters?"

"Sol..."

"Stop it. I do not need any excuses, nor apologies. What is done is done. Even though I admit that I have some secrets I have never divulged, I would have not hesitated to do so if it could spare you any form of pain. But I guess this must be my childishness talking."

"..."

"I may hide a secret, but I have never lied to you. I have always been as forthright as possible and have always trusted you more than anyone. But you broke my trust, not once, but twice. Tell me then, how could I believe you ever again?"

"...I did it for--"

"You did it for me. Haha." A bleak laugh escaped Sol,

"I know you did it for me. I do not doubt your love nor loyalty to me. I believe that you would die happily for me, but — I do not trust you anymore. You used Gerald for my sake. Then next time, what stops you from using Lilin, or Setsuna, or Milia? Did you know, they say that the way to hell is paved with good intentions."

Milia could only close her mouth and lower her head.

At this, he stood up.

"Currently, I have other things to deal with, for example a man I saw as a father about to be exiled under my own order, or how my aunt is close to killing herself. I do not have time to deal with this melodrama right now."

Walking toward Camelia, he crouched and put her forehead against his own,

"I am really thankful for all the love you have for me. Every day, I thank the goddesses for letting me be with people as incredible as you guys. But... I think it's time we reassess our relationship if we really hope to stay long together. Think about it on your side. Okay?"

Not waiting for Camelia's answer, he stood up and left.

He could understand why she did everything she had.

But understanding that wouldn't take away all the pain and anguish he went through.

Bang

After the door closed behind Sol, Camelia, now alone, could only let out a bitter smile.

"You have really grown up, Sol. It seems that I was too blind to see that."

She still did not regret using Gerald. After all, the man did really betray Sol at first and if she hadn't been able to give an alternative he would have never sided with her.

After all, her power couldn't instantly control people at the Duke level.

That was why she did not regret using him.

But she did regret not informing Sol beforehand.

It seemed that even though she loved him so much, she still saw him as a kid she had to take care of.

The result of all this was the loss of trust between her and Sol.

She knew more than anyone else how hard it was to get back trust once it was lost.

If the Sol of before blindly believed in her, she knew that from now on, he would doubt everything she said.

In a way, this was a good thing. This showed his growth and his maturity.

She just didn't really like the price she had to pay for this growth.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 138: CH 125: TRUTH ABOUT THE PAST (1)

In the hallway of the tower, Sol was walking with a steady gait, his visage, betraying no emotions.

On his way, all the servants bowed in respect before continuing their work.

Since the conference room was on one of the lower floors, there was a larger stream of people, as not only servants but also government members and workers went around preparing for their activities

Lustburg was a powerful kingdom with a solid foundation, and even though they had lost many people, it wouldn't just crumble like that.

Walking behind him, like his shadow, was the silent Milia,

"Now that I think about it, what about Clara? Wasn't she supposed to become my assistant?"

Clara, the elf and Lilin's friend was also implicated in this whole situation.

She had been kept in the tower initially and as such fought Setsuna against the one named Neun.

Thankfully, even though her wounds were no laughing matter, she wasn't in a situation of 'enlightenment' like Setsuna and Lilin, and as such was able to receive proper medical care.

This situation was pretty problematic since, in a way, Clara was like a diplomatic envoy.

In the first place, their relationship with Southern Pride wasn't the best.

After all, even though the elves lost the control they had on the humans so long ago during Jupiter's era, they were a long-lived race with long lived grudge and stupidly high pride.

Thankfully, Clara didn't ask much and only wanted to serve him. From what she said, serving a dragon, even a hybrid one, was basically the highest honor for an elf.

This made Sol understand why the elves' maids were the most enthusiastic during their encounter.

'I definitely have to visit the elves...for research purposes of course.'

Milia answered calmly, "After we ensured that she wasn't a danger, she should have joined you but after what happened, I dispatched her to help the patrol. It wouldn't be too late to take her in after you form your first and second contract."

"Hum, perfect. I guess I will take time to get to know her more deeply before putting her by my side."

"Understood."

Silence settled between them as they continued to walk before stopping in front of an elevator.

This was just a simple platform with no fancy decoration, but it was rather useful.

"...Your highness?"

"Hum?"

"...No...It is nothing."

She wanted to ask if he was alright, but that would be the most stupid question ever.

After all, the answer was clear.

Still, Sol didn't let it pass, "I guess my expression wasn't particularly bright, right?"

He understood clearly that a relationship shouldn't be used to this kind of unspoken moment.

People had a hard enough time understanding each other's words, not to mention something as abstract as 'unspoken words.'

It was because he believed in such a thing that he got so easily led on by Camelia.

Since he now had first-hand experience about how notions such as 'I understand him/her the best' were generally wrong and a sign of arrogance, he wanted to avoid such a situation.

Milia hesitated before nodding, "I am sorry if I am overstepping my bounds, but did something happen between you two?"

Sol chuckled, "Let's just say that we need to remake the base of our relationship."

In many romcoms or josei that Sol used to read in his past life, the male and female leads would always become tense because of some stupid misunderstanding then at later date they would make up as if some magic happened without really trying to dig the root of the problem.

Sol didn't want to follow in those footsteps.

What was necessary now wasn't to just kiss and make up again, but rather to truly try to understand each other better to create a more solid relationship that could stand tall against all hardship.

He didn't wish to see the day where one word of the enemy would be able to shake his confidence in those he loved.

“Well, forget this. The two of us also have some problems to take care of, but right now I need to take a weight off of my chest.”

Milia could only give an awkward smile at this and continued to stand behind Sol as the elevator brought them into the lower floor.

Once they finally reached their destination and left the elevator, what stood in front of them was nothing more than a wall. A large wall with a gate drawn on it.

Sol smiled at the two women who stood on either side of it. At first glance, it seemed as if there was nothing to protect or guard, but,

“Open the gate.”

“Yes, your highness.”

The two women geared in black armor nodded before pouring their mana on two stone keys.

Then the gate drawn on the wall began to glow as a blue swirl formed at the center.

‘Haha, I feel like I am in Stargate.’

His smile slipped when he thought about why he was here and what he would find behind this gate.

“Milia, stay here.”

Milia, who had been somewhat tense as they approached, nodded stiffly and nearly let out a sigh of relief.

“Understood.”

Giving her an encouraging smile, Sol stepped past in the blue swirl and vanished.

Sol’s destination was the special jail created by Neptune, Mars’ father, to detain powerful prisoners that were too hard to kill.

Generally, they were people of other races who had a far longer lifespan than humans or simply powerful humans who committed too many grave crimes.

To avoid danger in case of escape, the jail itself was in another part of Lustburg that did not appear on the map but was connected to the capital through the gate.

One might ask, why then did the Wings not use the occasion to free those prisoners? Surely it could have caused even more chaos.

The answer to this question was pretty simple.

There were no prisoners to free anymore.

After all, Lilith had killed all of them after she took power as the Queen. No matter how powerful they are, in front of Lilith, they had been extremely weak.

After all, her sword was specially geared toward cutting everything.

The reason for this,

“Why keep prisoners alive when they were nothing more than a waste of food, space, and were a hidden cancer ready to erupt at any moment?”

Because of this reason, many people saw her as a bloodthirsty maniac.

But now, after searching through old documents during his six days as a ruler, Sol knew another version of this truth.

One that was hidden by this massacre to not show the ugliness of the royal family.

When he appeared on the other side of the gate, what greeted him wasn't a cold and damp dungeon like he had thought, but rather a facility worthy of the best Sci-fi film.

In this facility, each room was filled with ten cells, each with a transparent door.

At one glance it really seemed like a super-prison of sorts, but the reality was that this place was the secret laboratory used by Neptune for his experiment on living beings.

All the bullshit about keeping prisoners was just to easily experiment on strong people without arousing any suspicion.

Project Genesis was nothing more than one of the many experiments he had conducted.

This was also why Milia had been so stiff earlier and one of the reasons why Sol didn't want her to follow him.

No matter how strong one was, a trauma was still a trauma and he didn't wish to make her relive her darkest memories.

‘But what were they trying to accomplish here?’

The only one who could answer him was Lilith. Sol also had a hunch that whatever secret Lilith had was tied to this place.

Shaking his head, he began to walk quietly in the deserted facility until he stood in front of one particular cell.

There, on the other side of the wall, sat peacefully an old man with a missing arm.

Feeling a presence, the old man opened his eyes, and gave a bitter smile,

“I thought you would never visit me, your highness.”

The old man was none other than Gerald.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 139: CH 126: TRUTH ABOUT THE PAST (2)

Looking at the young man standing in front of him, Gerald couldn't help but feel his vision blur a little.

How long has it been?

From Neptune to Mars, and now Sol.

He was already looking at the third-generation King of Lustburg.

Time went by so fast.

“I thought you would never visit me, your highness.”

His tone and gaze were full of emotions as he slowly spoke.

After all, this was the truth. The relationship between the two of them had been irredeemably broken. Nothing could change that.

Sol on the other hand also had mixed feelings.

In this world, Gerald had been one of the greatest mental support he could ever have.

Their relationship had long gone past the level of a retainer and its lord and was more akin to that of family.

Still, such a relationship was beyond repair now.

“Your punishment has been decided.”

“I see.”

“You will be exiled to the battlefield and will be forbidden from either putting foot, alive, in the capital or the surroundings ever again.”

“I see.”

“You will only be allowed as a corpse.”

“I see.”

“...”

“...”

Silence fell between them.

“You seem quite nonchalant about the situation.”

“From the moment I made my choice, I was already ready for any outcome.”

Gerald replied calmly. He did not beg for leniency nor crumbled because of his punishment.

He knew very well that no matter how many achievements he had, the sole reason he wasn't executed was because of his relationship with the prince.

What really interested him though, was something else.

“My granddaughter....”

Everything he had done was for her. He betrayed the kingdom for her and then betrayed the Wings of Freedom for her.

It didn't matter how foolish his actions were. It didn't matter if he lost everything he worked so hard to obtain.

As long as he succeeded, as long as she was alright, then it was more than enough.

Looking at him like this, Sol had the urge to tell him that his granddaughter would be executed or was not cured.

But he changed his mind just as he had the words on the tip of his tongue.

He wasn't playing around.

"She will be alright. Camelia will keep her promise with you."

"Thankfully..."

Tears gathered at the corner of his eyes as he murmured,

"...I am so relieved."

Sol was surprised to find that he felt neither compassion nor sadness currently at this sight.

Here, in front of him, stood a man who sacrificed everything to assure the well-being of his loved one.

It was without a doubt something worthy of respect.

But this wasn't why he was here.

"I want to know more about Neptune."

Sol's expression deepened as he uttered those words.

He wasn't here to meet Gerald for old-times sake but rather, for a precise problem.

This time it was Gerald's turn to be surprised. He widened his eyes before letting out a bitter laugh,

"And here I thought you would ask me about what really happened with my betrayal."

"Why should I? The sequence of events is clear and I have more pressing matters. Dwelling on the past is just a waste of time."

Gerald let out a soundless chuckle as bitterness arose in his heart.

What's more, as Sol said, the situation was simple in hindsight.

Initially, Gerald did indeed betray the kingdom and was ready to kill Sol if necessary.

But after they had their suspicions on Gerald, Camelia managed to convince him by assuring the recovery of his granddaughter.

Of course, Sol knew that Gerald didn't believe her at first.

After all, back then, before he fell into despair, he had asked for help from Camelia.

Sadly, she had been unable to resolve the problem.

This was because his greatest hope had been dashed that he decided to join hands with the wings, even though he was unwilling.

But, with the help of Medea and Persephone, Camelia had assured him that she was hundred percent sure to succeed.

Thanks to that, Gerald once again switched sides.

“After that, you simply continued to play a role. Even with the poisoned bottle, thanks to Milia’s research, I know that the dose of poison was far higher than necessary. You basically made the poison more potent and easy to distinguish.”

This poison was one usually used to deal with powerful magical beings and was called Embrace.

Because of its composition, a small dose would have been enough to hammer down on his consciousness and make him unable to think properly, thereby making him an easy target.

It was also odorless and tasteless.

But, that only held true for the normal dose.

The way Gerald increased it was enough for Sol to feel the danger of the poison. What’s more, even without it, after knowing from whom the bottle came from, Sol would have never drunk it.

The only victim was Ares since because of it, he completely slept through the entire fight.

“Now then, enough chit-chat. Answer my question.”

Sol wasn’t in the mood to waste any more time. Not killing Gerald was already the greatest mercy he could show.

Right now, what mattered was to gather information.

Gerald nodded and asked, “Do you know what this facility was created for?”

“I am not in the mood for riddles.”

“Haha. So impatient. The answer is simple, the Human Genesis Theory.”

“...”

“From your expression, I guess that your maid told you about it.”

“Her name is Milia.”

“Indeed.”

Silence fell as Sol asked, “So this place was also to create some super-soldier?”

“Not exactly. Don’t you find it weird? Your mai—Milia was, without doubt, the sole and only successful experiment back then. But what is she?”

“What do you mean?”

“She is a cow woman. A were beast, not a human. Then isn’t it weird? The goal was to create a human able to use magic without a contract. But your maid, who wasn’t even a human, was deemed as a successful result.”

Sol frowned.

Gerald continued unhurriedly, “It’s funny, you see. All the people I have met in my life had something in common. Be it alcohol, women, religion, family, power, or even the crown. We all need an obsession to continue advancing. We are all slaves of something and...He wasn’t an exception. Neptune was a pitiful man.”

Gerald closed his eyes as he thought back to his deceased friend, “People always compare you to Mars. But you see, your situation is closer to that of Neptune.”

He sighed a little, “Imagine a young boy whose father was seen as an unparalleled existence. Said father died after a war where he marked his existence in the world by his strength and charisma. Now, whatever the boy did, no matter how hard he tried, everyone kept comparing him to his late father, and he always found himself wanting. This rings a bell, right?”

Sadness was apparent in his eyes as he continued,

“The greatest difference between the two of you was that he didn’t have a group of powerhouses ready to defend him. From the start, he was thrown into a spiral of conspiracy and sadly, he found that even his talent wasn’t high enough. This completely crushed him.”

“The Chimera project only had one goal. To give him the ability to surpass his father. Proving to the world that being born with high capacity wasn’t the most important thing. Showing that all people had the potential to surpass the limits of their races.”

“If he succeeded, even if he never managed to surpass his father’s power, in terms of influence he would be recognized as the second Messiah of Humanity after Jupiter.”

Sol couldn’t help but scoff inwardly at the notion of Jupiter being some sort of Messiah.

“In order to complete his goal, Neptune committed many atrocities and destroyed the lives of many people. But it wasn’t enough. All his experiments always failed. It was then that he had an epiphany.”

“What he was trying to do was without a doubt entering the domain of gods and as such, he decided to use the being closest to the gods.”

Sol opened his eyes wide as he murmured, “The blessed.”

“Indeed. Your great grandfather, Uranus, had once fought against Echidna. Even though he had lost, he had managed to take away many of her scales and kept them as trophies. What’s more, he had also fought many times against the Succubus Queen of that time, who was also known as the Nightmare Queen and had kept a small part of her blood.”

Sol slowly began to understand where Milia got her power from.

Camelia had told him that Milia's shadow powers weren't normal and he had seen them for himself.

When she was clad in her shadow, it was as if he was facing a ravenous beast.

If he wasn't wrong, then her power came from echidna herself.

"Back then, the scales had been put aside for more long-term experiments. But, as for the blood of the Nightmare queen..."

Sol had a bad feeling at this pause.

"Your Grandfather decided to try the greatest experiment possible. Using his sperm and the egg of a noblewoman, he created many embryos and added a little of the blood of the nightmare queen. All of them failed and died before even opening their eyes. All of them except one."

Sol's hunch was sadly confirmed.

"That one success was a girl. Her name is...Lilith."

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 140: CH 127: DISCUSSION WITH LILITH (1)

"That one success was a girl. Her name is...Lilith."

At those words, Sol felt his mind explode as understanding dawned upon him.

In some myths from the earth, Lilith was the wife of Adam before Eve and she was also one of the first four succubus queens.

If he wasn't wrong, Neptune should also be someone reincarnated, then it was no wonder he had given her such a name.

He also remembered that when he discussed with Lilin after she came back from her adventure, she had mentioned her meeting with a purple-haired princess from Envilya.

Even though all succubus had purple hair, Sol had not paid any attention to this.

After all, purple hair wasn't a unique feature like the blue eyes and golden hair combo for Blessed.

But,

"If he succeeded, why was she unable to use magic?"

All human hybrids should be able to awaken their own personal attributes at the age of 15 alongside their awakening.

But for Lilith, not only did she not awaken an attribute, but even her Capacity was at an impressive 0. Something that should be impossible because even the lowest of the low peasants would have at least a few points of capacity.

Gerald gave a sad smile,

"Only humans can have a Capacity...And only magical beings can have an attribute and a Quality."

Sol didn't need more as he immediately reached a conclusion.

"She isn't human."

Gerald confirmed as he said calmly,

"Lilith isn't a hybrid. In the eyes of the world, she is neither human nor succubus. Not even something in between."

"Her birth was something that should have never been possible. It's something akin to a miracle. At the same time, it's something that goes against every rule of this world."

Hearing this, Sol couldn't help but remember one of his discussions with Lilith.

<<I was born cursed and blessed at the same time.>>

Back then, he thought she was saying so because of her lack of talent despite her royal origin.

Now it seemed that her words had a far deeper meaning.

It was then that he remembered something.

"What about Lilin?"

Like how Lilith was the first succubus, Lilin, or rather, the Lilin was the name given to the daughters of Lilith.

What's more, like Lilith, Lilin was also a being with zero Capacity, and no attribute.

Gerald looked deeply at Sol,

"If I have to be honest, I do not know. Back then, I was already sick and tired of all those experiments, so I left. But what I do know is that..."

"What is it?"

"...Lilith is unable to give birth."

After leaving the facility through the gate, Sol walked unsteadily, deep in thought while Milia walked behind him. Her expression clouded in worries.

Before he knew he was already standing in front of the door of Lilith's bedroom.

Raising his hand, he was about to knock on the door, but just as his hand was about to touch the door, he stopped.

There was nothing he wished more than to rush there and now, but if he did so, he would not be able to talk logically and could end up making the situation even worse.

Closing his eyes, Sol took a deep breath...

So what if Lilith was some sort of homunculus? It wasn't as if it changed anything about her.

Why was he showing such an unsightly display when what he should do is to stand tall and strong?

Feeling his erratic heartbeats slowly slow down and his heated mind cool down, Sol slowly exhaled and finally opened his eyes.

His hand that was still hovering in front of the door, knocked three times.

“You should have already felt me. Miss Persephone, could you please open the door?”

He didn’t have to wait long as the door opened all by itself.

Not hesitating, he entered.

Standing behind, Milia gave a bow while wishing him good luck inwardly.

She did not particularly like Lilith and if she had to be honest, while Lilith's life and death did not leave her indifferent, she wouldn’t lose sleep over it either.

Still, she hoped that he would succeed. After all, a King class was too much of an asset to lose, and she hated seeing Sol sad.

Lilith’s bedroom, despite how large it was, lacked any kind of decoration.

If he had to be honest, Sol had entered with the expectation to see the walls full of Mars painting like with Arachne, so it was a pretty big surprise for him.

Taking a few steps, he entered deeper into the room and finally saw Lilith’s bed, with her sleeping on it.

At her side, sat a green-haired green-clothed voluptuous young woman reading a book.

Persephone, the witch of life.

Even now, Sol found her appearance incredible.

All witches should be stuck looking like 12-13 years old little girls.

The only exception were the four directions, with both Medea and Freya looking more teen between 16-17.

But, Persephone really looked like a young adult woman, which baffled him.

Deciding that he would solve this mystery later, Sol cast those thoughts out of his mind.

Meanwhile, feeling his gaze on her, Persephone raised her head from her book and smiled at Sol,

“Hello little Sol. Seeing your face brightens my day.”

Answering her smile with one of his, he said, “Good afternoon Miss Persephone. I hope I am not disturbing you. How is my aunt?”

“Fufufu~! I already asked you to be less stiff when speaking to me. If not for that midget I would have been your godmother, you know? Sigh, to think that my centuries of accumulation wouldn’t beat the wealth of a young dwarf.”

Persephone proceed to ramble for a while before stopping, a blush covering her face,

“Oh my, where are my manners? Lilith is quite alright, I would say. Though she had accumulated an excessive amount of fatigue because of her lack of sleep and excessive use of sleeping pills. I was quite surprised.”

Sol frowned and began to walk until he stood near Lilith's bedside.

Currently, she was just wearing a see-through nightdress with no underwear, thereby showing her perfect and massive curves.

Even though Sol was now used to seeing women in all kinds of positions, the sight of Lilith's body still managed to take his breath away for a short second before he tore his gaze away and looked at her expression.

“You said she couldn't sleep naturally?”

Sol didn't even keep his polite speech as he asked.

“Indeed. It seems like she had been using sleeping pills to force herself to sleep for some time now. Even though her body keeps flushing most of the harmful effects thanks to her mana, this isn't a good thing. But the problem doesn't lie there.”

Persephone hesitated for a short while before finally making a decision.

“As you know, I am the witch of life.”

“...”

“Thanks to my power, I am extremely sensitive towards life spans. I didn't manage to feel it previously since I just thought she was tired after using her Avatar, but now I am sure...”

There, her eyes clouded a little and she gave a sympathetic look at Sol,

“You should prepare yourself. I do not know why, but her life force keeps slowly being consumed. At this rate...”

Letting out a sigh, Persephone finished with words Sol wished he never heard, “At this rate, she doesn't have much longer to live.”