

Hero King 141

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 141: CH 128: DISCUSSION WITH LILITH (2)

In the bedroom of Lilith, hearing those words from Persephone, Sol had never felt so cold before.

The shock was so much that, rather than panicking, Sol began to think of everything from a detached viewpoint.

"How long does she have?"

"I don't know exactly. This is something I have never seen and that is saying something. But, at this rate. I would give her between two weeks and a month."

Sol closed his eyes,

'Hope for the best but prepare for the worst.'

Since even Persephone wasn't sure, it would be more prudent to think that Lilith only had a little more than a week to live.

"Do you have a way to stop it?"

Persephone simply shook her head while frowning,

"This is another thing I do not understand. I tried feeding her the life force from my own magic, but nothing happened. It was as if it was being rejected. This led me to think that she needs something special."

Silence settled in the room,

"What about Medea?"

This time Persephone nodded,

"Medea's magic could indeed stretch the time we have but that's all. She cannot rewind the time of an object or a living being beyond 24 hours. So, even though it helps, this doesn't solve the main problem."

Sol pinched his eyebrows, tiredness visible in his eyes.

This week had been incredibly stressful, and it seemed that he was getting only one bad news after another.

Firstly he had to deal with the internal matters of the kingdom.

What's more, he also had to go to the Astral realm, where he will face a second trial to have the right to contract with the phoenix.

There was also the war against Wratharis and the diplomatic measure Greed Dike placed against them.

If it wasn't enough, Medea had informed him that the Supreme Witch wanted to meet him so that they could discuss Kali's punishment.

The Wings of Freedom were preparing some nefarious plan.

And now this...

At this rate, Sol felt like he would bust. Things kept happening one after another so fast he wasn't even able to breathe.

Still, Sol knew he couldn't falter.

Not now.

He could moan, cry, whine, scream or throw a tantrum all he wished once this mess was taken care of.

But right here, right now he had to stay strong.

Letting out a sigh, he finally opened his eyes,

"I am going to visit Miss Ambrosia. If Lilith--"

Groan

Sol's words were interrupted as Lilith leaked out a groan.

This was followed by her eyes fluttering as she slowly woke up.

Cough *Cough*

Putting her hand over her mouth, Lilith coughed a little and finally opened her eyes.

The first thing she saw as she woke up was Sol's worried expression.

Even though she was quite disoriented, it didn't take long for her to understand what was happening.

"I am sorry for worrying you."

Looking at her like that, so weak, so feeble, Sol couldn't but caress her hair as gently as he could.

"As long as you are alright, everything else doesn't matter."

Lilith's eyes opened wide. It has been quite a long time since someone treated her like that.

Persephone, who was watching this scene with her usual motherly smile, simply shook her head in amusement.

She wasn't particularly saddened about Lilith's eventual death.

Everyone died.

If even the stars could die, what could the measly life of mortals like them account for?

What was important wasn't the fact that people died—But how they died.

Until the moment of their deaths, people were capable of the best or the worst.

That was why she found life and death so entrancing.

'Ah~! Dear Lilith. I wonder...Is your epilogue coming soon? Or will it be the beginning of a new chapter?'

She really couldn't wait.

Thinking about it, she stood up and said, "I think I will leave you alone. You must have many things to say to each other."

Once she closed the door behind her, she spared a glance at the maid standing respectfully on the side.

She recognized her as the cow woman who was far too strong to be normal.

Sighing inwardly at why so many anomalies existed in this kingdom, she gave Milia her usual smile and left.

Back in the room, the silence was extremely heavy.

For Lilith, the last thing she clearly remembered was her unsightly breakdown when she heard about what happened to the sword.

She had always wanted to keep a strong front and her reaction made her feel embarrassed..

Sol on the other hand was silent because he was organizing his ideas. Everything he had heard was from Gerald's perspective after all.

What's more, now that he knew about her origins and her impending death, something popped into his mind.

Finally, deciding that it couldn't go on, Sol opened his mouth.

"Persephone told me that you didn't have much time left."

Lilith's eyes widened a little, before she let out a sigh, "She shouldn't have told you that."

"What she should have done doesn't matter. She did tell me and I know. From your reactions, I am sure you had an idea about it long ago, right?"

"Indeed."

"As I thought. Is it because you are a homunculus?"

Even though Sol was quite knowledgeable in myths, he didn't know much about homunculus outside of what was shown in some anime he liked.

Homunculus was a term for existence created through artificial methods to produce fully functional lifeforms from sperm and other elements without the use of a womb.

Even though they had their differences depending on the source, all those homunculi had one thing in common.

Their short lifespan without a stable source of energy that could empower them.

"!!!"

This time Lilith nearly jumped from her bed,

“Who told you that!?”

Her voice rose an octave as she screamed.

This was her greatest secret. Something only two people alive should know about.

The first one was Camelia.

Since Camelia could see souls, she had already known that Lilith wasn't a normal human from the start.

But no matter how much she and Camelia butted heads against each other, Lilith knew Camelia would never betray her secret.

Then, the only one left was none other than,

“Gerald.”

She gritted her teeth as she uttered that name.

She knew she should have killed him when she activated her Zone during the attack.

“Indeed. But this isn't the problem. Answer my question please.”

Lilith closed her eyes as she thought back about her past.

“You aren't wrong. When Neptune created me, even though he was only partially successful, he wasn't particularly disappointed. After all, in his eyes, I was nothing more than a prototype. How long I could live was irrelevant.”

A deep sense of powerlessness filled her when she spoke about this. Her origin was not something she was particularly proud of and in fact, she hated everything about it.

“Even though I was born with a seemingly normal body, I am physically weaker than average. What's more, my lifespan has always been a problem. Initially, I shouldn't have been able to live past my twenties. That was why he had prepared for the eventuality of my death.”

“Lilin.”

“Yes.”

Silence once again fell between the two of them. There were many things he wanted to say. But he had to stay focused.

“I have two questions. One, you said you shouldn't have lived past your twenties. If so, how are you still alive?”

This was a very important question. After all, if they could understand the way she did it, it could be possible to replicate the solution.

“My second question. Will Lilin suffer from the same problem in the future?”

After all, Lilin was already 18 years old.

Stretching a little, Lilith slowly got up from her bed while showing off her incredible body.

“You do not have to worry about Lilin. Even though she was still cursed with zero capacity like him, she managed to get some of the skills of the Nightmare Queen. As for me, I only managed to boost my lifespan a little by creating an avatar. If I wish to live longer...”

She took a short pause and continued,

“If I wish to live longer, the sole and only viable solution would be for me to become a demi-god.”

Lilith said those words calmly as if the one with a death sentence wasn't her but someone else.

She had already come to terms with her own death long ago.

Her only regret was that, in her initial plan, she should have been able to stay alive until the start of the war, and would have gone with a bang when fighting the Wolf King.

Sadly, it seemed that this wasn't meant to be.

But...She wasn't worried.

Sol did not need her anymore. He was already mature enough and had a great entourage.

The same went for Lilin. Even though she wasn't really her mother, she wasn't that much different. After all, Lilin was born from her own blood and womb.

Back then, the brother of Loki Gorfard, with whom she was betrothed to was just a facade. On their wedding night, he did not even manage to touch her since one of her maids drugged him.

After this, Neptune simply killed him since he had already fulfilled his role.

As to who the biological father of Lilin was...This was a secret she would never divulge no matter what.

“Do not worry. Everything will be alright, you will see. You will learn many things, see many things, continue to grow and advance.”

While she was speaking out loud, Sol slowly walked toward her until he stood just a few centimeters away from her.

Being so close to him, she was reminded once more how much he had grown, as he stood so much taller than her.

He wasn't a kid anymore, but a man through and through.

Placing his hand on her shoulder, Sol murmured, “Lilith...”

Lilith felt her cheek flush a little. She couldn't understand why. After all, she had even bathed naked with him not long ago.

Why did she suddenly become so conscious of him?

Looking at him slowly lowering his head toward her, Lilith felt her heartbeat speed up.

‘Is he going to kiss me?’

Just as she was wondering about how she should react...

Bang

“Ouch!”

Sol headbutted her so hard she felt as if she was seeing stars.

Massaging her reddened forehead, with tears in the corner of her eyes, Lilith asked,

“Why?”

The situation was so unexpected that she didn't even have the time to reinforce her body with mana.

Without Mana, her body was even below average, and it was even more so when compared to Sol's hybrid dragon body.

Sol meanwhile showed a rare expression of anger.

“You piss me off so much! Every time—every damn time, you spout the same bullshit again and again like a broken record!”

He was so angry that he couldn't even keep his polite speech.

He hadn't even been this angry when he learned about Gerald's betrayal back then.

“You always speak as if you were some kind of sage who understands the world! You always tell me how I will feel as if you could read my heart! You always give up first even though there are so many people who wish to save you!”

Stopping there, he looked at her fiercely and asked, “Lilith, tell me please, who the hell do you think you are!?”

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Chapter 142: CH 129: COMPROMISE

Sol wasn't someone prone to anger.

Even during all the events that transpired recently, the only time he really got angry was when he thought Gerald was out to poison him.

But this time, he really couldn't help it.

Everything she was saying was pissing him off so much.

He understood that saving someone who didn't wish to be saved was both hard and somewhat meddlesome.

Sol had no illusion about the fact that if dying was what could make her happy, him intervening was nothing more than a selfish desire.

But even then, he did not wish to see her die.

“I understand that you already made your decision. I understand that I have neither the right nor the power to stop you. I do not even know how to save you. Still, please, I beg you, stop assuming the feelings I have.”

The anger he felt slowly burned out as he hung his head, distraught.

Looking at him like this, Lilith's earlier flustered feeling vanished and were replaced with shame,

"I am sorry. I just..."

She did not know how to explain herself. She had never been particularly good at expressing feelings.

Words simply couldn't begin to describe what she felt currently.

Sol stopped her by raising his hand, "Enough, I have no need for useless platitude. After all, the problem of the matter stays the same. I do not wish for you to die, meanwhile, you do not wish to fight for your life. Let's leave it at that."

Sol did not wish to continue the discussion for the simple reason that it was useless.

As of now, he knew no reliable way to save her, rather, he didn't know any way to save her at all.

As such, whatever he said or whatever argument he used would have absolutely no weight as long as the underlying issue wasn't solved

"Lilith, I want you to promise something."

Sol put his hand on her shoulder and stared at her,

"I want you to understand that I do not plan to give up. I will save you, no matter what. Even if I have to beg the goddesses for that."

Sol didn't naively believe that the goddesses were the solution. After all, Camelia was the supreme daughter and she also knew about Lilith's secret.

Thinking about Camelia, something flashed in Sol's mind.

'I will visit her later.'

Lilith tried to speak but Sol stopped her,

"If — No, When I manage to save you, you can do whatever you want with your own life. But for now, I want you to promise me — No, I want you to swear on my father's name that you will not harm yourself in any way and will accept whatever healing process we manage to find."

Even though they couldn't completely save her, as Persephone said, with Medea, it was possible to extend the time she should have left.

Since Medea could refresh Lilith's body to 24h ago once every day, it was possible to double the time she had. If we added Persephone's skills and Camelia's power, then even in the worst estimate, It would be possible to go from the one week he estimated to more than four.

Of course, he would have to ask their opinion to be sure.

Lilith was stumped before giving a bitter smile,

"Why are you bringing your father into this?"

Sol answered with a bright smile,

“I am self-aware, you know? As of now, I know that I still weigh far less than my father in your heart. You could break a promise made with me...But you would never do so if it was made with my father.”

“...”

“From your silence, I guess I am right. But this doesn’t matter.”

There Sol chuckled, as he bent down and gave a light kiss on the forehead he previously headbutted,

“I do not plan to take my father's place in your heart, nor do I think it’s possible. No matter what, he will always be someone important to you. But, I do plan to become someone far more important.”

Lilith’s eyes widened. She had always known that Sol nursed something of a crush on her, but she had never thought that he would declare so boldly now.

She had to admit that, even though she did not quite share his feeling, she was quite flattered.

“I...”

“I do not need an answer now. Let's talk about this once you are healed. For now though—Do you swear?”

Lilith’s heart pounded faster in her chest than usual. She could also feel her cheeks grow a little warm.

She didn’t really understand why she was acting like a shy maiden at her age, but it didn’t matter.

She was sure that there was no way to save her.

After all, she was cursed by the world itself as an unnatural existence.

But, how could she trample on his determination right now?

How could she pour cold water on such a bright and beautiful passion?

Finally, what did she have to lose?

Even if she lost the gamble, and he really found a way, the final decision would still be up to her.

That was why, putting a solemn face, she expressed herself,

“I swear on both your and your father's name to not harm myself in any way until the final moment.”

It was such a weird promise, but if it made him happy, then it wasn’t a problem.

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Chapter 143: CH 130: THE SUPREME WITCH

[Medea’s world]

“Heh~~So after a few days of waiting, the young prince finally graced us with his presence. I am about to faint in joy.”

Sol immediately cringed when he entered Medea’s world and heard those words.

Giving a bitter smile, he turned toward the origin of the voice.

There, sitting next to Medea was a woman entirely clad in white, except for her hair that was black.

She contrasted completely with Medea who was clad in black and had long silver-white hair.

“Good afternoon, Miss Ambrosia.”

This was Ambrosia, the first and strongest witch in the world, also one of the strongest beings in the world.

Chuckling, she sipped elegantly on her drink before continuing.

“My, why such a reluctant face? After all, you are something of my son-in-law. Though I still need to observe you more to make a judgment.”

She began to talk absentmindedly, something that didn’t surprise Sol.

Even though he had only met her a few times since the start of this week, Sol understood that this woman was someone who moved at her own pace in her own world.

What was more, he could feel a heavy sense of rejection toward him from her. Something that once again didn’t really surprise him.

After all, Freya was also the same when they first met.

Even though what happened to Medea was a few hundred years ago, he guessed that for the witches, it was still quite new.

It didn’t help that witches had a really bad reputation in Lustburg and that this bad reputation came from the propaganda of the previous kings.

Seeing Sol like this, Medea said softly, “Mother, please, you promised to not pick on him.”

“*Sigh* You are really the most problematic of my daughters. Last time I didn’t intervene because I believed in your judgment, and we all know the result. Now, you are gunning for his descendant?”

Ambrosia couldn’t help but nag Medea this time.

In reality, Ambrosia really didn’t hate Sol. She had observed him while hiding those last few days and she had to admit that he was really a decent young man.

The fact that his resistance toward magic and curse was high enough to offset most of the effect of that old snake’s curse was something she was also happy to see.

Still, she didn’t want her daughter to suffer another heartbreak.

Letting another sigh, she shook her head, “Perhaps I am really being too meddlesome. I will stop for now.”

Saying so, she turned toward Sol, “So, I can already guess why you are here and the answer is no. I do not know how to save that little girl. I could ask Asmodeus, but that old snake really hates you, you know?”

There Ambrosia let out a laugh full of happiness.

“You should hear him when he complains to me about you. You are touching his dear little granddaughter, but he can do nothing about it. What is more, it seems like you are about to put your claws on another daughter of his. Fufufu~! This is so fun.”

This was new information, “Granddaughter? Daughter?”

Ambrosia shook her head, “This isn’t a story I wish to share with you. You just need to know that when you enter the Astral realm, you should really avoid his zone.”

Speaking till there, Ambrosia stopped, “Hum~Now that I think about it, there is indeed a way. It was just so unlikely that I had unconsciously discarded it.”

For Sol, those words seemed like honey. He perked up considerably and asked,

“Which way? ”

There, Ambrosia answered solemnly,

“Nirvana. The unique skill of the Phoenix. One that they can only use 9 times in their entire life”

Then she continued with a derisive smile, "But it is basically impossible. After all, Phoenix loves purity more than anything in this world. For them, your aunt should be more a target of cleansing than anything else.”

Sol's eyes constricted. It wasn't just because he got a lead, but rather because of the coincidence.

Closing his eyes, he asked,

“But, what if I had a contract with one of them?”

“Oh!?” Ambrosia was visibly startled before nodding, "Then I would say that you are really lucky.”

“Luck, heh?”

Sol gave a bitter smile as he thought,

‘Camelia, just how much thought did you put into all of this?’

If it was in the past, he would have seriously thought that it was a coincidence or luck.

But now, he would be stupid if he thought so.

Camelia clearly knew about Lilith's secret long ago and must have made her preparation.

He had always wondered why she wanted him to contract with a Phoenix. After all, even though getting a rank S was difficult for some, it wouldn’t have been all that difficult for him.

In the worst case, he could make a contract with any dragon.

Even though it would be somewhat of a loss since he was a half dragon himself, S rank was still S rank.

But it was clear that she really thought about everything.

'Hahaha...should I be happy or sad? Frustrated or relieved?'

He really didn't know.

A problem he had thought would stump for so long was already nearly resolved long ago.

Of course, nothing was assured. After all, he would have to pass a test. If he failed, all the plans of Camelia would fall apart and Lilith would die.

'It seems that this trip to the Astral realm suddenly became way heavier.'

But this was a problem for another time.

"Thank you for all that information, mother-in-law."

Now that he had a solution, the weight on his shoulders was definitely lighter. As such, he couldn't help but tease Ambrosia a little as he thanked her with a cheeky smile.

"Oh?" Ambrosia was a little surprised before she began laughing, "This is the first time I was called like that since ever. Hahaha~! Brat, I like you. I hope my daughters will be happy with you."

"Daughters?" Sol's cheeky smile cramped a little, "Daughter, you mean...right?"

"Heh~! Is the little dragon afraid? Then again I guess you only developed a relationship with Medea, so it can't be helped."

Sol could only give a small laugh.

Medea, on the side, simply shook her head. She was happy that Ambrosia liked Sol. After all, back then, Ambrosia had taken one look at Jupiter and simply sneered before leaving.

As if knowing what she was thinking, Ambrosia shot her a look,

"That bastard was clearly using you. I could see from the start that he was no good. But I also know that there is nothing more stubborn than a woman blinded by love. That's why I decided to let you make your own mistakes. After all, a heartbreak is nothing rare — Who would have thought that yours would last centuries?"

"Mother... I am..."

"Forget it, don't apologize." Ambrosia waved her hand, "I am happy that you woke up and finally found a good man. Even though said man is a few centuries younger than you. But hey, they say love knows no barrier! Hahaha~"

Medea covered her face with her hand. She wished for nothing more than to find a hole and crawl in.

Meanwhile, Sol smiled happily as he watched the cute reaction of Medea.

"Mother-in-law, you shouldn't be too hard on her. After all, I am the one who chased after her."

"Heh~? Seems like a story I would have to hear later. Sadly, now we need to discuss something more serious."

Reaching there, the smile on her face vanished and was replaced by a solemn look.

“Firstly, I would like to apologize for the trouble my stupid daughter, Kali, brought you.”

Sol was surprised at her apologies.

After all, even though he joked around with her, the woman in front of him was a demi-god. One of the few strongest beings both in the mortal worlds or the Astral one.

In front of her, his title as Prince or King was only good enough to assure his protection.

Even if she stormed out without any explanation, there was nothing he could have done about it.

“It seems like we, witches, are unable to extricate ourselves from Lustburg.”

Ambrosia continued, without paying attention to his astonished expression.

Medea was basically the co-founder of Lustburg. Persephone was friends with the previous King. Medea was once again in love with the current King.

Freya seemed to be interested in him and finally, Kali had a hand in something that might have destroyed it.

‘My daughters are all so troublesome.’

Even though she was unable to give birth, her love, for not only the four of them but also all the witches, was something she didn’t think was inferior to any true mother.

Ambrosia did not believe that blood relationship was enough to make a family.

Otherwise, Fratricide, Patricide, and so on would never exist.

She loved all of them dearly.

Even though at first they were just supposed to pave her path toward potential Godhood.

“I understand that apologies are insufficient. Words alone can never cover the fact that she had the intention to kill you after all. That’s why I am willing to leave her punishment to you.”

“Her punishment huh...”

Sol wasn’t dumb enough to think that any punishment would do.

In fact, he was pretty sure that it was a test from Ambrosia.

If he had to be honest, Sol did not particularly hate Kali. But, his impression of her couldn’t be any worse.

After all, even though she wasn't the main cause, she did participate in the attack and also convinced Gerald to betray him.

At the same time, Sol knew that one of the conditions in her participation was the right to not harm any civilians.

Otherwise, with her overwhelming destruction power, she could have wiped out half of the population in the capital before Medea and Freya managed to find her.

So, how could he punish her in the most appropriate way?

“Her punishment will be...”

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Chapter 144: CH 131: CHOICE

While waiting for Sol's answer, Ambrosia couldn't completely hide the glint of curiosity in her eyes.

What decision would he make?

This was really worth pondering.

If she had to be honest, had it been any of the previous Kings or Queen before Mars, she would have never bothered like that.

She had lived too long and did not care about mortals. Even if Kali had wiped out the capital, she would have at most raised an eyebrow and scolded her.

She had simply lived too long and seen too many things. For her, a nap would be enough for two or three generations of humans to go past. Why Should she care about such ephemeral beings then?

But, the boy was different.

Neither because of his potential nor because of the games of the goddesses.

It was for the simple reason that he was Medea's mate.

This meant that Sol was family and as such, the weight of his existence immediately increased in her eyes.

In her eyes, it wasn't Sol as a king about to punish a criminal, but a sibling about to make another sibling apologize for their wrongdoing.

That's why,

‘If he doesn't punish her I will be really disappointed.’

If, despite everything that happened, he didn't punish her, it would mean that he was hesitating because of her powers or trying to enter her go book.

At the same time, if the punishment was too harsh, it would mean that he was blinded by wrath and unable to judge the situation.

Either way, it would be extremely disappointing.

Of course, even if he failed, she wouldn't break his relationship with Medea. But, her opinion of him would be extremely low from then on.

‘Now then, what will you do, prospective son-in-law?’

“Her punishment will be...”

Sol, gathering his thoughts slowly gave his verdict.

“She schemed against the Kingdom. Even though the result was that nothing happened, it stands to reason that she should be punished. As such, I have made my decision.”

Nodding to himself, he continued, “Since she became a spear to destroy our Kingdom, I will change her into a shield. Which is why I want her to serve the kingdom for a certain period of time. She should also assist at any moment if the kingdom is in danger.”

Community service was a pretty common punishment in his old world.

“I also wish that for the duration of her punishment, most of her skills and mana will be sealed. She will act as my maid in the tower for the duration of her punishment and will only be allowed to use her powers in the moment of emergency.”

Ambrosia’s eyes twinkled, she had thought of many things, but she had to admit that Sol's choice was quite surprising.

She could also understand the implication behind it.

If she accepted, this would mean that Sol would have the four witches behind him.

Medea was crazy for him.

Freya wanted to have his child.

Kali would become bound to the kingdom.

And Persephone was a crazy woman.

What’s more, getting the Four directions also meant that, as long as she didn’t give an opposition, Walpurgisnacht was basically under his control.

Even without the organizations, having four King classes under his control meant that Lustburg would stand nearly at the top once again.

Finally, for Kali, becoming the servant of the man she had tried to kill not long ago would be a complete and utter humiliation.

Despite this, since she would become his maid, it meant that she wouldn’t receive abuse and she was allowed to unlock the seal and protect herself in case of emergency.

‘Hahaha, He is rather thorough. But...’

“How long will it last?”

“Until Kali sincerely repents for her actions.”

“And who would make the judgment?”

“You, of course, dear mother-in-law.”

Silence settled as Ambrosia looked quietly at the smiling young man in front of her.

Finally, the corner of her mouth lifted, “Do you wish to conquer the world? Like your Ancestor?”

This wasn't a joke.

Four Kings with the witches.

Two more Kings, if you added Camelia and Lilith.

and finally, two potential demigods if he signed a contract with that girl.

'No, he also talked about a phoenix, right? Then it should most likely be Anubis' daughter.'

This would mean another potential demi-god.

Finally, if you added her and Anubis...

Sol was taken aback before asking in confusion, "What is the fun in conquering the world? Reigning over this kingdom for just one week already made me feel like I was going crazy. I would have to be pretty stupid to wish for more."

Sol simply shuddered when he thought of the amount of paperwork necessary to control more than one kingdoms.

This time, Ambrosia was completely dumbfounded and exploded with laughter.

She laughed so much, tears gathered in the corner of her eyes.

She laughed boisterously, showing none of the demeanor a powerhouse should have.

She was sincerely happy at this simple but clear answer. She only wished to test him a little at first, but now, she was sure of it.

This boy, or rather this man, would not disappoint her daughters.

As long as he did not change, she would also stand on his side.

Taking a deep breath and calming her laughs, she wiped a tear and said, "Very well, Sol Luxuria. I like your choice. You should go back now, I need time to prepare the seal. From tomorrow onward and until I decide otherwise, Kali will serve on your side as a maid. Hahaha, it will be quite funny."

Sol could only send a bewildered gaze at Medea before shaking his head.

'It seems like this woman also has a few screws loose.'

Still, it didn't matter to him.

Giving a reassuring smile to Medea, he turned and began to leave, one thought swimming in his head,

'I wonder if Kali was really reincarnated like me?'

He might get an answer soon.

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Chapter 145: INTERLUDE 9: PATH OF THE QUEEN (1)

Ashen snow danced about nimbly. It all started with a single flake, morphing into several others flocking together and eventually covering the land.

Under this scene, a purple-haired girl stood, raising her head toward the sky while closing her eyes.

"What am I?"

This was the first question the girl that will be known as Lilith asked to the man standing next to her.

Not who, but what.

After all, from the very beginning, she had never seen herself as anything more than an object.

"You?"

Standing next to her, a handsome middle-aged man wearing a white coat turned to face her.

His most striking features were his golden hair and his blue eyes.

"You are the tool that will allow me to reach success."

"...I see."

The girl nodded expressionlessly.

Even though she had just received such a vicious and heartless answer, her heart produced no ripples.

'So this is snow.'

Raising her head once again, she began to admire the beautiful scenery.

It was then that, a grunt sounded in her ear.

Curious about the source, she began to walk in the direction and finally found it.

A young teen swinging a sword, torso naked and sweaty.

Watching the sword move up and down, the girl was mesmerized, as if bound by a spell.

She couldn't help but ask, "Who is he?"

She could see that the teen shared some resemblance with the man behind her.

"Him?" An expression of disdain flashed in his eyes, as he said, "He is my son. At least his body is."

Showing a scornful smile, he continued, "Your role will be to serve the royal family until you die. So I guess he is your master?"

"My master..."

Looking at the teen's movement with his sword, the girl once again grew enamored with those movements.

It was so beautiful and graceful.

Could she move like this one day?

The man, uncaring about the thoughts of the girl, turned around and began to walk away,

"Come. You will now receive the adequate training to show yourself in society. After all, you will be introduced as my daughter."

Tearing her gaze away from the scene of the boy swinging his sword, the girl simply nodded and began to follow the man, faint anticipations brewing in her heart.

"How dare you reject my brother!?"

Looking at the back of the golden-haired girl walking away, Lilith screamed harshly.

It has been a few years since that day under the snow.

Since then, she had been introduced as the daughter of a concubine and became acclaimed as the princess of the kingdom.

Age-wise, she was now 14 years old, and only a one year away from awakening.

"Excuse me...But who are you?"

"Seriously?!"

Lilith showed an expression of shock. The fact that the girl she was so jealous of didn't even know her existence was quite a blow.

That's why she presented herself,

"I am Lilith, Lilith Luxuria!! Never forget that name."

.

Camelia, hearing this, chuckled, before sending a daring smile, "Make me, if you can!"

Saying so, she sent two jabs in the air, looking extremely cute.

It was the first meeting between her and Camelia

Back then, she was still very innocent.

Even though she was born from unholy means, she did not understand the weight of this reality and was bathing in the illusion that she was really a princess.

Even though she did not understand its meaning, she was proud of the name her creator or rather, her father bestowed her so lovingly.

She had a gentle and considerate brother, even though she didn't really like the dragon he was contracted with. After all, with his Capacity, he could have had another rank S as a contract.

Even then, they had a somewhat good, if strained relationship.

She had someone she could call a rival in Camelia.

She was loved and appreciated by all the servants and she was the jewel of the Kingdom.

Even though her father did not have much power, thanks to the obvious power of Mars who was already nearing the King rank, the nobles had slowly begun to take steps back to avoid angering him.

Her life was happy.

Everything was perfect.

Soon, she would be 15, and then she would awaken her talent and show to her father that his works hadn't been in vain.

At least that was what she thought.

It was the dream of her life.

Sadly, just like most dreams, this one was ruthlessly shattered by reality.

"Your Majesty...The princess has..."

A priestess gulped as she was sent to announce the result of Lilith's Capacity test.

"Zero. Her capacity is zero."

Even to this day, Lilith could still remember this scene vividly.

After all, it was the day she went from the beloved and spoiled princess to the greatest failure in history.

She could remember the uproar that swept past the kingdom as the news of her lack of talent was transmitted to everyone because of the nobles who wished to suppress the royal family.

She could remember the mockery and disdain of those that previously fawned up to her.

But more than anything, she could remember the look of disgust and disinterest her father threw at her before leaving those cold words as he turned his back to him.

"So, in the end, you were also a failure."

It was then she understood the ugliness of the human heart.

She understood that all the love and pampering she received was just the result of the expectations they had on her, and now that she failed those expectations...She lost all her value in their eyes.

The fairy tale she thought she lived in was ruthlessly destroyed and trampled by the cold harsh reality.

On that day...she became nothing--At least it would have been the case if not for him.

Thanks to his words, her dead spirit regained the previous luster.

On that day, she swore that she would become someone great.

On that day, she swore to prove that she wasn't a failure.

On that day...She swore to become a weapon--A sword dedicated to cut everything standing on his path.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 146: INTERLUDE 10: PATH OF THE QUEEN (2)

"I have found a way for you to have a child."

Facing the decrepit man standing in front of her, Lilith, who wore an expression of disgust, was astonished.

It has already been nearly three years since the day her Capacity was announced.

The little girl of then was no more and what replaced her was a strong and confident woman who could proudly say that she stood near the peak since she had reached the Duke class long ago.

On the battlefield, people whispered her name with fear and apprehension.

In a way, she was even more feared than Mars.

After all, even though she was weaker than him, she was a ruthless demon that heeded no code of chivalry and would massacre as many soldiers as possible.

Meanwhile, her 'father', a man who had seemed oh-so tall a few years ago, was still nothing more than a Duke class.

After abdicating his throne to Mars, he had vanished from the surface and was pushing himself for his research.

Lilith didn't know the full story, but it seemed that another one of his experiments had been destroyed by Mars.

But despite all this, Neptune still seemed to refuse to give up.

"What are you talking about?"

Still, she had to admit that his words intrigued her.

After all, she knew better than anyone else that her body was unable to give birth.

Even though she had all the necessary organs, she lacked the eggs necessary to complete the process.

What's more, she had no interest in men and relationships in general.

'I wonder if I should kill him?'

He was simply too dangerous and mentally unstable.

More importantly, she could see that his Blessing was slowly leaving him.

His previously shining golden hair showed a hint of grey and the blue in his eyes was slowly fading.

From what Camelia told her, the number of Blessed possible at the same time was always limited.

Only those possessing the title of Crown Prince, the Holy Daughter, the King and the Supreme Daughter could be blessed.

At least that was what Camelia told her.

But Lilith didn't care about all that.

What she cared about was that —

If he was really losing his divine grace, then would killing him incur divine punishment?

The more she thought about it the more it seemed unlikely.

In the first place, the punishment would only come if a human tried to kill Neptune.

But she wasn't exactly a human...

"Hehe, you might be trying to hide it, but your killing intent is so heavy."

Lilith did not even flinch,

"You are right, I am seriously debating about killing you. You look so weak now."

Neptune seemed a little surprised, "*Cough* *Cough* It seems that this is really so. But, did you know, if you kill me now, no one will be able to save you?"

"It doesn't matter. I have been ready to die long ago. If I can help him even a little bit, then it will be alright."

"..."

"Is that so...Then I guess you do not want to have his child?"

Lilith's breath caught in her throat.

"Oh? Seems like you are interested."

Lilith's hand trembled a little before steadying, "Why should I help you create another abomination like me?"

Neptune's eyes flashed and he gave a cunning smile, making Lilith ashamed of herself.

After all, the two of them knew that if she wasn't tempted, she would have simply cut him.

Letting a chuckle, Neptune continued, "Despite all the blood on your hand, you are still so innocent. Obsessing over a man who will never reciprocate your love. What a pitiful woman you are."

"Shut up!"

Sword intent filled the room and a bloody cut appeared on the body of Neptune, but his eyes showed no fear.

Saying this, Lilith stopped, "You aren't afraid that I will kill you?"

"Ha! I do not fear death. I only want you to know that the homunculus is already near completion. One born from your and Mars' genes. If you kill me now, guess what will happen to it? Hahaha! Are you ready to bear the guilt of letting what is equivalent to your child with your beloved brother die? Answer me! Lilith, are you willing!?"

A chill filled the room, Lilith gripped her sword and bit her lips so hard that blood began to flow out of them.

"I am going to kill you."

"I do not care. Kill me, boil me, torture me. As long as my greatest masterpiece is successfully created, then I don't care for anything else."

"You are crazy."

"Thanks for the compliment."

Helplessness filled Lilith's heart. But, thinking about the possibility of Mars' child dying due to her fault, she felt as if she was about to go crazy.

All she could do was reluctantly nod.

A few days later, Lilith was 'mysteriously' betrothed to a member of the Gorfard family.

It was followed by his death in an equally 'mysterious' way a few days later.

Finally was the announcement of her pregnancy.

A series of events, each of them more startling than the previous one.

Many people sensed a hint of conspiracy, but no one could get any proof.

Then, one year after the birth of the princess.

Neptune Luxuria died.

No one knew how, no one knew why...aside from Lilith.

After all, she had killed him herself.

Two years later, the current Hero King, Mars Luxuria died with his wife while fighting and sealing echidna.

On that day, Lilith broke through the King rank and killed one of the twelve constellations with a slash.

She had realized her wish.

She had really managed to become a sword.

Sadly, with the death of her master, she was a sword that no one could wield.

On that day, Lilith grieved.

She screamed, cried and tore herself away.

She wished to die. She wished to put an end to the misery she was feeling.

But she knew she couldn't.

She had to take care of them.

She had to protect them and assure that they would grow in the best condition possible.

That's why, even though she was broken beyond repair... She continued to hold on.

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 147: MEDEA (3)

[Medea's World]

After discussing Kali, Sol thought about how dangerous a fight against her in the capital could be.

If her power was even remotely similar to what he was thinking, then she was basically a walking nuclear bomb.

Of course, asking Medea to help protect Lustburg despite the way she was depicted in history books was not something he could ask easily.

But at the same time, if she could help then she would once again be seen as the savior of Lustburg and no one would oppose their relationship.

Thinking so, he was about to stand up and he felt his sleeve being pulled,

"Sol..."

He was about to ask what was going on, but after seeing her feverish face and moist eyes, he understood pretty much without needing any words.

A small grin etched on his face as he cupped her face in his hand and asked softly,

"Can I visit your room?"

All Medea could do for an answer was to nod.

The room of Medea was as tidy and girly as he remembered. Since he didn't want to waste too much time, he gently pushed her down on the bed and bent down toward her.

When his lips pressed down onto hers, she closed her eyes and accepted the kiss.

He lightly kissed her tightly closed mouth a few times and then gently sucked on her lower lip. He pulled away for a moment.

"Open your lips."

He commanded in a low voice. She swallowed a hard breath from nervousness; her throat hurt.

Her face was tinted in a pink hue as she hesitated, but in the end, she let her lips fall apart a little.

His eyes seemed to laugh for a moment. Soon, his lips firmly pressed against hers and a soft piece of flesh entered her mouth.

'Ah...'

His tongue smoothly ravaged the inside of her mouth. He slowly made his way around her teeth and the sides of her cheeks.

Medea felt a jolting pleasure when his tongue met hers. As their lips parted the tiniest sliver, he spoke.

"You taste like wine."

Medea felt her blush burning through her cheeks. He changed his position and locked lips once more. Their tongues wrestled while their saliva mixed.

He was focused on exploring the inside of her mouth through kissing. His tongue twisted and sucked on, then let go of her.

"Ah~ !.."

A low moan escaped from deep within her throat. The soft kiss gradually heated up.

Their kiss continued that way for many more rounds. Medea's shoulders, which had been stiff from nerves, gradually relaxed. His kisses were sweet and soothing.

When he parted from a particularly long kiss, Medea lightly gasped for breath. With only this much, it felt like they had done more than enough already.

"You are so cute."

Her cheeks were rosy as she bit her lips at his compliment. She felt ashamed at how simply hearing this made her heart beat so wildly in happiness.

For Sol, nothing looked more adorable than her. Her height was just right against his. She may not be voluptuous, but her body had a lot of charm.

He pecked her lips a few more times, and gradually moved his kisses to her cheek then to her ear. His moist lips kissed behind her ear then down her neck.

Her body's aroma was unique, a gentle and soothing scent...It made him feel at ease, as if once in her arms, nothing else mattered. He traced his lips from her neck down to the vicinity of her small breasts.

"Ah!"

A jolting pleasure from her breasts forced Medea to let out a short moan. He took a mouthful and sucked on it

"Ah!"

He lightly bit her nipple and tickled it with his tongue. Medea got breathless as he licked around the areola before sucking on it once more.

She was quietly laying down in bed while grasping onto the sheets, but her body would tremble while her hips jolted up from time to time. Gradually, he felt his lower half starting to grow hot.

He let go of her breast, which was now wet with his saliva and moved to caress the other one. He licked, sometimes lightly bit, swallowed, and from time to time sucked with great force. Whenever his tongue moved, a tingling sensation would travel up her spine, and she couldn't help but moan in pleasure.

After he teased her breasts to his content, his kisses traveled down to her abdomen. Medea wondered where his lips would advance next. She was gripping onto the sheets so hard, the tips of her fingers turned pale white.

"Ah~..."

His lips proceeded down to her lower abdomen and then to her inner thighs. His lips brushed against the deep portions of her inner thighs and began sucking. She felt a little sting. After all, it hadn't been long since her first time.

Meanwhile, Sol raised back up before he took her breast in his hand and brought his other hand to her abdomen.

He slowly let his hand brush down her abdomen and naturally slid it down to her inner thigh, pressing his fingers toward her crotch.

"Ah!"

His long and firm finger slowly entered her. She yelped, not from pain but from surprise. When his finger slid out, she sighed in relief. But the next moment, he inserted his finger deeper into her.

"Uuh....."

He repeatedly moved his finger in and out of her, but it wasn't deep enough to hurt her.

As the stimulation continued, her lower region became slippery with moist juices, and the sound of wet noises grew increasingly louder. Her whole body was burning with heat and she felt her back shiver reflexively. A few more of his fingers pressed and rubbed against her.

At that moment, a tingle surged up, flooding into her body and causing her muscles to spasm and her neck to jerk up as euphoria circulated through her entire body for a few seconds.

The short moment of bliss passed and her senses dulled, while her body had no strength left in it. She enjoyed the feeling of his fingers smoothly combing through her hair.

"This isn't the end yet."

Murmuring those words next to her ears, Sol's hot breath made her body, soaked with sweat, shiver in anticipation.

After completely disrobing her, he laid Medea on her side and embraced her from behind. He kneaded her breasts while gently inserting his penis between her legs and rubbing on her butt.

From behind, he slowly opened her up as his hard penis pushed against her entrance, and finally, he entered inside her. Medea's butt and his thighs were tightly pressed together. The two bodies became one.

Medea was filled with thrill when he began to push his full length inside her. The sensation of him filling her up gave her a sense of satisfaction.

He grunted fiercely, raised her leg with both of his hands, and entered into her soaked insides. He went a bit slowly at first, his sensitive part brushing slightly against her moist flesh as if to feel it out.

His rhythm constantly changed.

Sometimes he moved slowly, sometimes moved a bit faster, then moved slowly again, enticing her as he riled her up.

Her insides squeezed and clenched on him as if it was furiously resisting his invasion.

"Ah! Sol...please...!"

Medea implored him as she whimpered. He was moving much harder and rougher than before. All her energy had been squeezed out and she couldn't summon any power.

Her entire body was more sensitive so his hands simply sweeping across her skin caused her to ache in excitement. He shifted a little more weight down and thrust in heavily. His rock-hard penis and the movement of his member deep inside of her seemed tireless.

After a while, he stopped and demanded,

"Lie on your stomach and raise your butt to me."

Her body flinched as his warm member that was wrapped inside of her, was swiftly pulled out. She hesitated for a moment, looking at his enthusiasm that seemed like it would never end, then she obediently turned around and lay on her stomach.

Her white, plump buttocks were distorted in his clutches. He appreciated her appetizing curves that started from her back to her waist, leading to her butt then swiftly thrust into her from behind. Instantly, her body shook intensely.

Medea writhed in pleasure while the cock pounded into her from behind. His thing felt like a red-hot metal rod to her. She could feel the tip of the head rubbing against her vaginal walls.

She could feel the rock-hard erection spreading her vagina wide. She could feel her sexual lips being spread wide as its full length was pushed inside and his hips slapped against her ass.

She could feel it all so vividly and distinctly. Every stimulation to her body, every bit of pleasure experienced by her pussy, and everything felt by every cell of her body flowed into her mind.

The next thing she knew, she had reached a hand down and started teasing her own crotch. She rolled around the small protrusion at the top of the pussy lips that Sol's cock was still thrusting in and out of.

"Ah! Ahh! Ahn!"

Even if she had not moved her finger, his thrusting shook her body enough to automatically stimulate her clit. Every time her finger rubbed against it, a jolt of pleasure ran through her. Wanting to feel that even more, she began pushing her finger against it harder as she rubbed.

And when she did...

"Ahh!?"

A wave of pleasure several times stronger ran through her entire body.

Sol's penis thrust into her with loud sticky noises. She could not tell if his cock had gotten bigger or if her pussy was squeezing it tighter, but her mind was filled with the pleasure of it having its way with her body.

Not only her body but, because of the stream of life energy coming from Sol, even her soul seemed to be filled.

"Ahh! More, More!"

Her own words served to arouse her further and her stomach began to throb. His hips sped up and thrust harder in response.

"I...I am going to come."

Sol grunted as he began to speed up his movement even more. Medea meanwhile was too far gone to even listen to what he was saying.

Finally, his dick throbbed within her vagina, shooting semen everywhere and filling every part of her body. He continued to move within her vagina as if to squeeze it all out and with each movement, the semen made sticky sounds and spilled out of her.

Medea's body meanwhile shivered as she silently screamed.

'So, hot.'

This was only her second time having sex with Sol, but she felt like she might really become addicted to this feeling.

When he finally pulled out of her, she slumped on the bed, and the semen still in her, slowly began to come out, giving the scene a sultry allure.

Tracing her back with his finger, Sol asked gently,

"So, how was it?"

"It felt amazing, it was the best, it was wonderful." Those were the only thoughts that floated up in her melted mind.

Medea looked up at him while lying on her side and could see his dick still standing tall and hard. She had thought she was plenty satisfied, but seeing that filled her with fresh lust and as such, she got up and reached for his crotch.

"It was wonderful, so..."

She pushed Sol onto his back, climbed on top of him, and prepared to mount his cock.

"Let's continue please?"

Saying so, she sat down and her vagina slowly engulfed his penis.

Seeing such a Medea, Sol smirked as his hand latched on her hips to keep her steady,

"At your service."

For the next few hours, the room was filled with hot breath and cries of pleasure.

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Son of the Hero King

Chapter 148: DIVINE DRAGON

In a world filled with darkness, and where the only source of light were the numerous stars in the sky, a dragon was sleeping.

From any point of view, rather than a dragon, it looked more like a small hill. This was how big this dragon was.

Back in the starry sky, one star that was previously mired in crimson slowly began to change and took a beautiful golden hue. Though, compared to the other stars, the light emitted was rather dim.

Still, the dragon's eyes were showing deep happiness.

Slowly, very slowly, after so long, it stood up and let out a roar so powerful that even the space around it seemed to crack.

A few seconds after the roar sounded, two portals opened as a red and a blue dragon, a little smaller than the first dragon, but still humongous flew through it and stepped in front of it.

Once they reached the black and gold dragon, a pillar of light engulfed them, then their bodies became smaller and smaller until all that was left were two humans. One man and one woman, or rather a young girl.

"How have you been?"

At the question of the crouching dragon, the two immediately kneeled,

"We have been well, mother."

The one who answered was the man. A tall and slim red-haired man wearing a black tuxedo.

Despite the fierce aura emanating from him, he seemed so frail and weak in front of the enormous dragon, but aside from deep awe, nothing else could be seen.

Next to him, the small blue-haired girl, who looked like a girl in her teens, threw a glance of disdain at him. She was a petite girl wearing a flowing white skirt and silver armor over her top.

"Mother. You have only been in hibernation for nearly two decades. What has happened?"

She asked with curiosity.

After all, for dragons, sleeping less than two decades wasn't enough to be seen as hibernation.

At most, it was just a long nap.

Not answering, the dragon closed its eyes, "What happened to your sister?"

Even though she already knew the answer thanks to the <<Sea of stars>>, she still wished to have a clear answer.

The two of them stiffened. The worst situation happened.

Initially, they wished to stall as much as possible, but it seemed that it was unlikely.

Hesitating for a short while, the red-haired man bowed and said in a calm voice.

"She died."

It wasn't as if he didn't care about his sister's life or death.

It was just that for a dragon, death was nothing more than nature at work.

Tiamat's breath shortened for a while before she asked,

"How was her death?"

Hiding the grief in her eyes, she looked at her children with hopes.

"She died as a proud warrior by fighting Echidna. They even managed to seal her. It was a worthy death."

"...I see. Then I guess this is good enough."

The dragon sighed.

For them, since dying was something natural, what mattered the most wasn't when they would die, but rather—how they would die.

That was one of the reasons why Dragons hated necromancers so much.

For them, reanimating the body of a proud dragon that had died a noble death was nothing more than heresy.

Still, even though as a dragon, she was proud of how her daughter died fighting someone so strong.

As a mother, she felt incredibly sad and lonely.

The two dragons could see the sadness in the eyes of their mother and grimaced.

"Mother, this is our fault. Back then we shouldn't have let her leave the realm with that monkey and the prince."

The red-haired gritted his teeth as he said the word 'monkey'. Clearly, he didn't have many good feelings about that person.

This action of his smoothed the tense atmosphere.

"Fafnir, Kiyo, I am not blaming you. Your sister was a strong and independent woman. Since she chose him as a mate, then going down was necessary. As for the monkey..."

At this, she left a little chuckle.

She remembered that time quite clearly.

"How is he currently?"

This time it was the blue dragon, Kiyo, who answered with a laugh.

"Wukong became the leader of his race in his country. Haha. You should have seen the face of Fafnir when he was beaten by Wukong. It seemed like he was about to die from a stroke."

Fafnir could only lower his head in shame.

Back then he had made a bet with Sun Wukong and had lost thoroughly.

Because of the bet, that bastard monkey requested a great amount of divine gold as well as a small amount of his blood, to create his staff and his golden headband.

Even thinking about all that melted gold made his heart feel like it was about to bleed.

As if losing to that bastard of Sieg hadn't been enough.

Those two had caused his overall wealth to shrink by two thirds.

Nowadays he couldn't even strut around in the Astral realm like he used to.

"Sigh, all I can blame are my lacking skills."

Still, as he said, he didn't feel resentful.

A loss was a loss.

There was nothing shameful about losing after giving it all.

What was shameful was refusing to face reality by giving a bunch of excuses.

As long as he was alive, even if he lost a hundred times, each time he would grow stronger out of it.

Still,

"Why are there so many Singularities in this era?"

This was something he couldn't understand.

Kiyo on the side added, "Indeed, the current mortal world has more individuals able to break the shackles than normal. I think there's at least one in all countries currently. In the past, even seeing one was incredibly rare."

Tiamat sighed. She of course knew what was happening.

Still, now wasn't the time. After all, she had woken up for a very simple reason,

"How is Blaze's son?"

"That bastard Asmodeus refused to let us enter his territory!" Fafnir complained.

Even though the descendants of Divine beasts weren't restricted to enter the mortal world, their range of activities was really small.

Mainly, they couldn't enter the territory of other divine beasts in the mortal world as long as they didn't have a contract.

The dragon's territory in the mortal world was the elves' forest. Meanwhile, Lustburg was the territory of the Snake Asmodeus and the Phoenix Gabriel.

Tiamat's eyes became cold. She had always wanted to punch that smug bastard.

Even to this day, she didn't understand why the goddesses allowed him to mess around with some humans and create those witches.

Well, she did understand that this was for creating an equilibrium between the different races since humans had generally way fewer powerhouses than other races. Still, the way he bragged during their reunions was so infuriating.

"That bastard even once hooked up with Echidna."

Fafnir continued, infuriated. Echidna was without a doubt one of the strongest beings in the mortal world, and even in the Astral world, she could nearly stand shoulder to shoulder with the divine beasts.

Because of this, Echidna was basically the most sought-after mortal. So it was quite a shock when they learned about this, albeit short, relationship.

Tiamat was a little shocked at the news but dismissed it. She wasn't bored enough to care about her son's love failure or other people's love life.

As a half-energy type being, like all the divine beasts, she had never needed to mate in order to give birth.

The only one who had ever struck her fancy, Apsu, died during the Age of Gods, after his failed rebellion against the Goddesses. As such, in the thousands of years since her creation, she had never entered into a relationship.

After all, there was no one in this world worthy of her.

"Enough chit-chat. My grandson should be 15 now. Meaning that he will enter the Astral realm soon to search for a mate."

Normally, the transfer from the mortal world to the astral world was random. But, it could change at any moment depending on the fancy of goddesses.

"When he comes to our territory..."

She looked between the eager Fafnir and the stoic Kiyo. Groaning, she could only indicate to Kiyo,

"You will take care of him and initiate him in our way."

"Mother!"

Fafnir whined,

"Shut up. Don't think I don't know you want to get back at blaze's son for all the bullying she did to you."

He blushed at that. He had indeed wanted to make things a little difficult for his nephew.

When she was alive, Blaze was really a handful. There were basically no dragons who had escaped her claws.

What's more, she didn't even stop at dragons and even provoked basically all divine beasts descendants.

The day she contracted with that human's prince and had to leave the Astral realm, cheers rang everywhere and Fafnir organized the largest party ever made.

Kiyo on the other hand could only smile bitterly, "Mother, it isn't as if Blaze spared me either, you know?"

"I do. But I also know you are used to caring for and training the young dragons."

Reaching this far, her slitted eyes shone coldly.

"I want you to break him, break him completely and thoroughly, then forge him into the strongest. His mind, his body, his skills, everything needs to be worked on from the base. Only then will he be able to show his full potential — Understood?"

Kiyo had rarely seen her mother so serious. Bowing her head, she nodded,

"I will not fail your expectations."

At the same time, she couldn't help but wonder just what kind of man her nephew was.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 149: BOOK 1 EPILOGUE

Somewhere, in a space filled with a grey fog, a castle floated quietly.

The interior of the castle was rather desolate, but at the same time imposing and magnificent.

Directly under the towering ceiling of the white castle, a golden table appeared with fifteen high-blue chairs on either side in a symmetrical arrangement.

The back of each chair dazzled and shone faintly with golden light, drawing the outlines of weird constellations that differed from reality.

Sitting around the table were fourteen women whose features were shrouded in darkness.

On the table, a large chessboard was placed and a game seemed to be ongoing.

The chessboard in itself didn't look particularly special, but if one took a look at the pieces on it, they would understand that it was anything but ordinary.

On one side, 5 Kings, 7 Queens, and one pawn in full gold stood at different places.

Some of them were cracked, some were dim, while others shone brightly.

On the other side, a red queen, and ten red pawns stood.

No matter how one looked at it, this chessboard made no sense, but the players did not seem to care.

It was hard to say how long those women had been facing each other.

It could have been one day or it could have been thousands of years.

It was then that one of the gold pieces, a pawn, began to shine brightly, before slowly changing into a king piece.

The process still wasn't complete, but it was clear that it wouldn't take long—at least from their point of view.

This change seemed to bring attention to the players.

One of them, sitting on a chair with the word *GLUTTONY* inscribed on the back, murmured,

"You seem happy. So the boy is really your new trump card?"

The reason for her attention wasn't the promotion.

After all, over all those years, it has happened a lot of times.

What interested her though, was that this particular piece shouldn't have managed to begin its transition.

In the multiple branches of the possible futures, the chances of it being destroyed were overwhelmingly higher.

This could only mean one thing,

"Just how many singularities did you prepare for this one piece?"

Singularities, beings who were not constrained by fate and had the potential to break free of their shackles.

Those beings were people they could not see the future of, since they were outside of the rules.

Only their mother, the goddess of order and the goddess of chaos could do so.

Each of their pieces had one or two singularities following them, but the one currently promoting was simply overwhelming.

"Heh. Let's just say that I am different from you girls, I have been investing since the start and soon..."

She trailed there but didn't continue.

"Your plans are good and all but I hope he won't break the heart of my little girl."

Castitas complained on the side.

Even though she had more or less mocked Camelia a few days ago in the mortal world, this didn't mean that she did not care about her.

In her own way, of course.

On the other hand, she did not really care about the boy.

No matter how talented he was, at most he would reach demi-god level and at the end, once he lost his blessing like all the kings before him, he would die because of the storm of probability gathered around him.

All the Blessed were bestowed with incredible luck and talent. But such a thing had a price.

The more they used their luck, the faster they would die once they lost it.

This was why, even in the case of long lived species like Elves, Angels or Demons, there were no old generations of kings or queens alive.

The only way to escape this destiny was to jump out of the board.

Luxuria listened to her sisters but did not care.

Looking at the piece under the process of transformation, a deep feeling of elation filled her heart.

'Soon...'

She had been waiting thousands of years for this very moment.

Her expectations were extremely high and she would accept no failure.

Smiling, she trailed her eyes toward the King piece of Ira.

Her sisters were all so shortsighted.

What they needed now wasn't a strong piece—But a new player, a complete game breaker that would flip the table if necessary.

'Sorry sister, but I will have to use your piece to reach the best result possible.'

After all, for a chess piece to become a player, some sacrifices were necessary.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 150: BOOK 2/ VOL 6/ CH 132: REINCARNATED (1)

It has been two days since the discussion with Ambrosia.

The opening of the Astral realm wasn't only for the prince, but for all nobles or people with special circumstances who were eligible.

Of course, most of the time they wouldn't be able to get a good spirit.

After all, a contract was a two way street.

Why would a spirit affiliate itself with someone who had low prospects?

Spirits may be kind-hearted but they weren't docile sheep.

Thankfully, in about six days, the portal would be opened.

The others would have one day in real-world time to find a spirit.

Meanwhile, the time allowed to Sol was unlimited.

But of course, with Lilith's situation and the upcoming war, he only had about two months in real-world time.

The reason it was important to precise it was that the difference in time between the Astral World and the Mortal world was quite tacky.

Time didn't just move faster or slower.

Space and time were completely wrapped. So much that ten years in the Astral world could be one day in the Mortal world or one day in the Astral world could be ten years in the Mortal one.

During those two days, Sol hadn't been idle.

He had come to understand that even though he was talented, he simply didn't have enough time to transform his talent into actual strength.

That's why he had been using Medea's world as a place of training whenever he wasn't busy with his kingly work.

Medea by herself had a hard time maintaining the maximum output of time acceleration, but with Ambrosia's help, it became child's play.

During those times, he would train with Freya and develop his relationship with her at the same time.

One of the points of his training was in better handling his dimension.

From what he has seen from that angel called Nihil, the potential of dimensional mages were unprecedented.

This was further confirmed by Ambrosia as she looked at him with envy.

From what she told him, the requirement to become a Demi-god was the creation of a territory.

The Zone was the projection of the inner world. Even when used outside, it was nothing more than an illusion.

The Avatar was the second self or in a way, the real self.

Finally, the Territory was the ability to bring the inner world into the real world and affect reality at the same time, fusing with the Avatar and becoming one.

But there were many problems. After all, not only was creating a Territory incredibly difficult, it would be great if the result could cover a few kilometers.

At the end of the day, the larger a Territory was, the stronger it would be. At the same time the larger it tried to be the stronger the laws of the world would restrict it.

That's where Dimensional Mages could be said to be cheaters. After all, they could use their dimension to serve as a Territory, and depending on the quality of the dimension, the result would be incredible.

This meant that for a Dimensional mage, as long as they could reach the King level, then it was enough.

When he heard this, Sol's breath couldn't help but stagnate.

After all, if he wasn't wrong...His mirror dimension covered the whole mortal world.

His current training with Freya consisted of entering and exiting his dimension as fast as possible.

From what Ambrosia said, rather than fumbling around uselessly, it was better to master the base.

As for better and more specific training, his grandmother, Tiamat was also a dimensional mage, and as such could guide him.

Even though Sol had more than enough Mana to spare, the calculations necessary to transition from one dimension to another were weighing heavily on his brain.

Normally, this kind of calculation happened instantly, but after a while, his brain became so sluggish it felt like it was frying.

Medea could not use her time power to reset him since it would essentially reduce his training to nothing.

Thankfully, his endurance as a hybrid was off the chart, so he just needed a few moments of rest to be in top shape again and continue.

One of Sol's favorite moment was after the training.

Currently, he was breathing heavily, his topless body glistening with sweat.

On the side, Ambrosia, Persephone, and Medea sat in reclining chairs and observed the spectacle.

Like how men liked to observe beautiful and sexy women, women also liked to watch and admire handsome men.

For once, they weren't wearing their usual dress, but rather different kinds of swimsuits.

Though, each swimsuit respected its wearer's original color scheme.

Medea was wearing a one-piece black swimsuit. Even though it didn't show much, it went perfectly with her cute appearance.

Meanwhile, Persephone and Ambrosia were wearing far bolder swimsuits.

At least, the white one worn by Ambrosia was just really sexy and showed much of her deep cleavage. But it was still in the realm of acceptable.

The green one of Persephone though was so indecent it basically left nothing to the imagination.

Since Persephone and Ambrosia had more mature bodies, the swimsuits suited them extremely well.

Finally, Freya who was standing next to him and supervising his training was wearing a pink two-piece swimsuit as well as a cloak on her shoulder.

The swimsuit wasn't particularly revealing and looked more like worn by a swimming coach or guard.

For Sol, training while admiring a bunch of sexy or cute girls was pretty good, but what pleased him more than anything.

“Towel.”

Stretching his hand, he waited patiently, then a hot towel was placed in his hand.

“Here.”

“Here, who?”

He could hear the sound caused by the rough breathing of repressed anger behind him.

“Here, M-Master.”

The word was said in a stuttering and barely audible way, but this didn’t stop Sol’s lips from curving into a mean smile.

Turning around, he glanced at the red-haired girl wearing a maid dress, or rather, what looked like it.

After all, the hem of the skirt was so short it barely covered her butt. Meanwhile, the top was nearly transparent and showed her chest devoid of a bra.

Even Ketia, who loved wearing skimpy clothes would be too embarrassed to be seen out with something like this.

In the first place, for a witch, their color was basically like their greatest pride. A witch could only be bestowed a color when her skills were recognized by Ambrosia.

That’s why, for a witch, being forced to wear colors other than her own was one of the greatest humiliations possible.

But did Sol care about her feeling of shame and humiliation?

“See? You can do it if you try, Kali.”

The answer was obviously, no.

In fact, he couldn’t be happier.

Kali, the witch of destruction, a woman who could single-handedly wipe out the capital of a Kingdom in a few moments was nowhere to be seen.

What replaced her was a girl so embarrassed and humiliated that her face became as red as her hair.

The look of shame, the feeling of powerlessness she showed, her gritted teeth and clenched fist.

Knowing that the woman in front of him, who should have been strong enough to wipe him out from existence, had no choice but to swallow all her grievances and obey his order, Sol had to admit that he had never felt so excited in his life.

This sensation of rush fed his ego and pride so much that he felt satiated.

The only blemish was that he knew that she didn’t bow to his authority. But it still didn’t stop him from feeling happy.

Technically, it has already been many days since she became his maid.

Of course, she was still his sister-in-law, as such, he wouldn't force her to wear such degrading clothes when outside.

Sol also had to admit that there was some feeling of possession at play.

After all, no matter how he got her, she was his maid. Why would he let anyone else gaze at her body?

'Though there isn't really much to gaze at.'

He looked critically at her body as he thought that.

"What?"

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Feeling anger at where his gaze was, Kali asked, but Sol simply shook his head,

"Nothing. I just thought that an airport runway had its charm."

"What!? What's wrong with being flat!?"

Sol gazed intently at her as he made his joke and when he saw her reaction, a feeling of joy sprung in his heart.

'She understood my joke!'

At the same time, Kali's anger immediately cooled down when she thought once again about the joke and slowly lifted her head, her expression showing how surprised and shaken she was.

After all,

'Planes did not exist in this world.'