

Hero King 151

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 151: CH 133: REINCARNATED (2)

In the hallway of the castle of Lustburg, a red-haired young girl wearing maid clothes was walking slowly, deep in thought.

Outside, the moon hung high in a cloudless sky, showing a scene worthy of the most beautiful painting.

But Kali had no time to enjoy.

Finally reaching her destination, she stopped in front of an office.

Knock *Knock* *Knock*

“This is Kali, your highness, could I talk to you?”

Kali didn’t even notice how she was already used to calling Sol like that.

After she knocked, she could hear a flurry of sound from the other side. If it was in the past, she could have easily seen what was happening. But because of the seal, she was currently powerless.

‘At least, he doesn’t make me wear those clothes here.’

This was the sole consolation in this ordeal.

“You can enter.”

Finally receiving permission, she opened the door and was surprised to see a maid adjusting her ruffled clothes. It was a dark elf.

Kali might lack experience, but she didn’t lack knowledge. What’s more, the white stain on the corner of the maid’s mouth was worth hundreds of words.

“Well then, your highness. I will take my leave.”

“Have a good day.”

The maid bowed elegantly before walking toward the exit.

Though, when she went past her, Kali murmured,

“Your lips.”

The elf tilted her head for a second before understanding dawned in her eyes and she proceeded to wipe out the white stuff.

Kali had to admit, seeing a bronze-skinned woman flush in embarrassment was pretty beautiful.

Once the maid left, Kali turned toward Sol,

“Heh, I thought you were supposed to work, but I guess you had more interesting things to do. Sorry for disturbing you.”

She had expected Sol to be a little flustered or embarrassed, but all he did was smile.

“I am not ashamed of fulfilling my needs. I am quite promiscuous, you know?”

“I have heard that Medea is your first love. Shouldn’t you be loyal to her then?”

She was surprised. She couldn’t help but wonder,

‘Is he really from my world?’

From the history of Lustburg, it was easy to see that all Kings prior to him had something different. A drive about wanting to change the world in their views.

The same happened to her or rather it was much worse.

After all, she didn’t reincarnate in a peaceful era.

Because of this, it had taken a long time for her to adapt to the reality of this new world.

But she could feel no such drive in him. It was as if he was perfectly integrated with this world, taking it as his own and forgetting his past.

Still, there was one easy way to be sure,

“What is your favorite anime?”

“Code Geass for me. What about you?”

“Puella Magi Madoka Magika.”

Silence fell between them.

“So you are really...”

She didn’t finish and looked around her.

She knew that the tower was under the full surveillance of Medea. Even if she couldn’t see everything at the same time, focusing on one room wasn’t a problem and since Medea could do it, it means Ambrosia could do the same.

Sol of course understood her worry and shook his head,

“Medea, I don’t know if you are observing, but please, if you are doing so, withdraw. I promise to explain everything to you one day.”

Sol received no answer, but the two of them could feel it. As if an invisible gaze had moved away.

“You won’t ask mother?”

“No. She has no reason to listen to me and honestly...Do you really think she doesn’t know?”

“...”

“Well, so let’s cut to the chase, would you? When did you die?”

Kali understood the reason for this question, “2017. What about you?”

“2019.”

“...”

“...”

Kali could feel her heart pumping so wildly in her chest it felt like it was about to explode.

Swallowing, she closed her eyes in thoughts

“If the time of our death is so close. Why is there such a difference in the time we were reincarnated in?”

This didn’t make any sense.

This whole situation made absolutely no sense.

“*Sigh*, take a seat, please. I feel like this is going to be a long night.”

After this, the two of them began to discuss.

They already ascertained that even though the years they died in were close, there were no similarities.

Though the two of them were the same as in not knowing how they died.

After this, they asked each other different questions to verify if their two earths weren’t parallel worlds or something of the like.

Once the discussion began to wind down, the two of them changed topics and talked about anime, manga, and the like.

Sol could only wince when he heard the deep longing in her voice.

This was something he couldn’t emphasize with.

While it was true that he kind of missed his parents, he wasn’t particularly interested in going back to his world.

Of course, if he had the occasion he would.

But only just to sightsee and ascertain the situation of his family.

After all, why would he want to leave?

He was born with a silver spoon.

No, calling it silver was an insult.

He was born with a diamond spoon encrusted with precious gems.

Calling his life easy mode would be the understatement of the years.

Here, he was Sol Luxuria. A prince and a future King as well as the son of a dragon.

He had everything a human could wish for.

He was rich.

He had a great status.

He was handsome.

He was talented.

He was loved.

Compared to that, on earth, he was just an average teen like hundreds of millions in the world.

He was nothing and he would have died as nothing—He didn't even remember how he died.

Why would he wish to return to such a life?

The same went for Kali but for different reasons.

For one, she was already near the pinnacle of power in this world.

What's more, it has been so long.

She was far older than any members of her family back on earth.

She did not even remember what they looked like. Neither did she remember their voices and personalities.

Thinking about this, she couldn't help but feel a bout of sadness.

Sighing wistfully, she asked, "Since only two years went past between my death and your. Do you think..."

She hesitated a little before shaking her head.

"Forget it."

She immediately shook away the feeling of melancholia.

"Sol..."

"Master."

"..."

"What? You are my maid."

Kali pinched her eyebrows, "Master. You should have remarked it, but it seems that all the previous Kings and Queens of Lustburg were Reincarnators, or at very least the vast majority were."

"Indeed."

"At the same time. I am sure that the witch Darwin was also a Reincarnator."

“Hansel? The one who was executed alongside her brother a few hundreds of years ago because of the Human Genesis theory?”

“Indeed. As for her brother he is--”

“That necromancer. Drei.”

Kali raised her eyebrows in surprise, “You guessed it?”

Sol simply scoffed, “With how many hints the guy let on he was basically screaming about his identity.”

It wasn't really hard to put the piece together once you knew that he seemingly came from death, from what Drei told the Fingers after beating them down.

“Drei means 3 in German. Zehn means 10. The ones we faced were 8, 9, 10, and a botched 3. Meanwhile, Nihil means 0. If they are classed by power, it would mean that they at least have 3 Kings and a Demi-god as well as 7 Duke. For all we know, perhaps all the members below number 8 are Kings.”

“No. The ten members of the wings are divided into Upper and lower. The first 5 are all Kings and the last five are all Dukes.”

Sol's eyes couldn't but twitch.

Five Kings, five Dukes.

This kind of lineup was enough to erase a kingdom from the face of the earth.

After all, most kingdoms only had 2 kings and about Four Dukes.

When you added the demigoddess Nihil....

“Do you have any other information?”

“No. They never really believed me when I said I would swear loyalty to the Crimson lady. As such the amount of information I gleaned on them is relatively small. You should simply wait for the vampire to wake up and interrogate her.”

Sol nodded.

He was bothered about the extent of their power.

If they were so strong why didn't they simply bring the full team and erase everything?

This means that their goal was something that couldn't be done in one time and they couldn't afford to give a reason for the Kingdoms to band together.

As it was now, Sol was sure that the other Kingdoms should just be busy gloating about Lustburg's misfortune rather than thinking about some countermeasure.

“Well forget it. Coming back to Drei's sister, I kind of see where you are going.”

““All the suspected Reincarnators are Human.””

The two of them said at the same time.

The more Sol thought about it, the weirder it seemed.

Only humans could form contracts.

All witches were formerly human.

All the goddesses had a human appearance.

All Reincarnators are supposedly humans.

Even the chances for human hybrids to be born were higher than hybrids of other races.

Humans. Humans, Humans.

There were too many coincidences.

Finally, there was this 'game.'

Sol clenched his fist.

Once he became officially King, he could make one wish toward the goddess Luxuria, as long as he didn't break the Rules.

He didn't know yet what those rules were. But if possible...

'Should I wish to know the truth of the world?'

Once he ended his discussion with Kali, he couldn't help but feel a little closer to her.

At first, while he did not hate her, his impression of her was definitely negative.

Now though, while he still didn't like her, it was closer to neutral.

After she left, Sol looked at the paperwork on his table and sighed.

Some were about taxes, some were about new policies. Food and shelter for refugees, immigration laws, problems with the farmers, some little skirmishes between provincial lords, etc.

The first time he saw all of this, he thought his head would explode.

'I am not even the king yet.'

Like the passage in the gladiator arena, as per the tradition, the prince could only become King once he came back from the Astral realm.

That's why officially Sol was still the crown prince.

Still, he could already feel the weight of responsibility on his shoulders.

"Well, those papers won't be signed by themselves."

Procrastination would only lead to more work. So it was better to end it now.

It was when he was about to plunge once again in his work that,

Knock *Knock* *Knock*

Someone once again knocked on his door.

He was exasperated but could only say,

“Enter.”

‘For the love of the goddess I hope it’s something important.’

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 152: CH 134: LIFE IS LIKE A STORY

In the office, Sol barely had the time to answer before another series of knocks sounded.

A serious expression immediately settled as he said, “Enter.”

“Your highness!”

The one who entered was surprisingly Ketia in her maid attire.

He had barely talked to her since the big fight. After all, he was too busy while the Crown’s shadow was in a need to reshuffle their orders.

“What is happening?”

Even though he was surprised, he still acted calmly. As the future King, he had to be able to keep calm at any moment—

“The princess and Setsuna are awake!”

“Really!?”

Calm facade could go fuck itself for all he cared currently.

Standing up abruptly, Sol roughly took his coat still on the chair and put it over his shoulder before striding out with large steps.

Watching his back, Ketia could only let out a chuckle as she immediately began to run after him.

Currently, the medical ward was full of activities, as the staff moved there and here.

After all, the princess was now awake after more than a week of coma. As for Setsuna, even though she wasn’t a princess, they still treated her with great care, since they knew that Setsuna had a chance of becoming a royal concubine.

That’s why they were extremely careful and every day was full of stress for them. After all, if anything happened to those two, even if they weren’t fully responsible, it was hard to say what would happen.

Standing on the corner and observing all this was a rather tall green-haired woman, Persephone.

This time, she was wearing a green corset, a short black skirt that did not even reach her knee, as well as a green coat.

Her long and beautiful legs were encased in black transparent stockings that reached just a little above her thighs.

She did not really like wearing black since it was Medea's color, but she had to admit that her own color wasn't really the kind to go beautifully with any kind of clothes.

On her hand was the chart of Lilin and Setsuna.

"They are doing better than I thought."

Even though she was saying so, she did not seem particularly happy or disappointed.

Persephone was a woman who was in essence uncaring toward life and death.

For her, those two were nothing but a cycle.

From the information she had and because of her Avatar, she knew that even the very world in which they stood on had a lifespan.

The same went for all the stars in the sky and the very universe in which they lived.

If even stars could die, then what was a mortal's life in front of this?

Everything died, and it was because of this reality that life itself was something so beautiful.

That's why she loved watching people. She loved watching the story they wrote as they struggled in their short and ephemeral life.

The story of a farmer struggling to stop his family from starving.

The story of a treacherous woman manipulating men as she liked.

The story of a man reaching his dreams and dying of old age surrounded by his family.

Be it a story full of sadness or one of happiness. A comedy or a tragedy.

She loved them all.

But the story she loved the most was that of mortals fighting to surpass all obstacles in their ways.

Villains or Heroes, she did not care. She could only watch as their stories unfold in awe and happiness.

That's why she had followed Mars all those years ago.

Contrary to what many seemed to think she was not in love with him. Though she admits that he was attractive.

She was simply attracted by the beauty of his story.

Even though it changed from a comedy to a tragedy, the unexpected change made it even more entertaining.

"Fufufu~! I wonder, should I also try to participate in the prince's story?"

She murmured to herself as she watched the blonde-haired boy enter the wards in great hurry.

It was rare for her to see such an entertaining Sequel.

“Hello, Miss Persephone. How are they? I was told they woke up.”

After seeing Persephone, Sol calmed down considerably.

After all, he had no healing skills, so his presence wouldn't change anything. But it was different for Persephone.

“You do not have to worry. They are perfectly alright. I just put them back to sleep but this time they will wake up tomorrow. Follow me, we shouldn't disturb them.”

Sol inwardly let out a sigh of relief and threw one last look at them before following Persephone as she left the ward.

Their direction was an office that was given to Persephone long ago before Sol was born.

After all, she had served as a doctor while Mars was the King.

The office was rather large, but at the same time devoid of nearly all furniture aside from a table full of documents, three chairs around it, and a large bed on the corner.

Once they took place, Persephone proceeded to explain the situation.

Now that both Lilin and Setsuna awoke on their own, she was able to heal them now without fear of them losing the progress they made.

Still, to avoid any complications, she had made a week-long program to be as thorough as possible.

Normally, by tomorrow they should be able to move around and after two or three days, they would be able to train without much difficulty.

“Thank you. I do not know how to repay you, but I will do anything that is in my power to show my gratitude.”

Looking at Persephone, Sol said sincerely.

Sol did not think that just because Persephone was Lilith's friend or Medea's sister, she owed him anything and was obligated to heal those he cared about.

She had absolutely no such obligations and thought the opposite would be looking down on all the efforts she had made.

The gratitude in his voice was so clear that Persephone was taken aback for a few seconds.

“You really care about those two.”

“I care about all of them. I don't know what I would do without them.”

“Hum...But aren't you saddened by the fact that they are all more powerful than you? I don't think men like being inferior to women, right?”

This time it was the turn of Sol to be startled. He then let out a bitter chuckle,

“If I have to be honest. I truly do not care about being superior and inferior to them.”

Sol felt no complex about his women being stronger than him. In fact, this made him kind of happy. After all, this means he didn't have to worry about them.

None of his girls were damsels in distress who needed to wait for some hero to swoop in and save them.

Still,

"What really hurts my pride is being unable to provide any form of assistance to them."

He didn't wish to become some hero on a white horse and shining armor, always saving them every time.

What he wished to become was their rock. He wanted them to believe in him in the same way he believed in them.

"Sadly, I still have a long way to go."

The last fight allowed him to understand where he stood in the world.

He wasn't weak by any means and in fact, since he was close to the Duke level, he could even say that he stood near the top.

But this wasn't enough. The difference between a Duke and a King was like an immense gulf, and the difference between a King and a demi-god even more so.

Sol didn't care that he was stronger than most people in his generation.

His enemies weren't people in his generation, but a bunch of old monsters who had lived for centuries.

"This is pretty admirable. Strength is definitely necessary if you want to write the story of your choice, without it, you can only become a side character."

This was a profound truth she had observed many times.

Though there was nothing wrong with being a side character. After all, Persephone fancied herself as such.

She did not want to stand in the front. Observing and sometimes, helping the main character write his own story was more than enough for her.

Giving a charming chuckle, she abruptly changed topics,

"Sol, from what Medea told me, your resistance towards curse is off the chart. Isn't it?"

'Don't tell me...'

"This indeed so. Why is that?"

Licking her lips, she continued, "You said that you were ready to do anything, right?"

"Anything in my power."

Sol wasn't dense enough to not recognize when a woman was making advances toward him.

Looking at Persephone in her stocking, short shirt, and top showing her cleavage, he had to admit that she was a sight to behold.

“Give me a second.”

Still, he would never want to do something that would hurt those he cared about. That’s why he stood up and walked toward a wall before tapping rhythmically on it without shying away from Persephone’s gaze.

This was the secret code he had established with Medea.

Sol knew she did not care about him having relationships with other women. He was also sure that she wouldn’t care about him doing anything with Persephone.

But, this wasn’t a matter of permission, but one of respect.

If she said no, then that would be it. He would never upset her for just a few moments of pleasure.

Once he finished, he asked, “What do you think?”

A few words began to form on the wall.

“I absolutely do not mind. Just take care of her.”

That was all Sol needed to see.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 153: CH 135: FINANCE

Once Persephone had his accord, she stood up and walked toward her closet while grinning,

“Let’s play a little game, shall we?”

Opening her closet wide, she turned to face Sol,

“So? What tickled your fancy?”

Sol gulped, heat spreading through his body.

In this closet, uniforms of all kinds could be seen.

Nurse, maid, bikini armor, sexy lingerie, kimono, qipao, cat ears and tails, Nun, and so on.

Knowing what Sol was wondering about, Persephone murmured, “I like role-playing.”

She swept her hair and asked once again, “So, which one?”

This time Sol simply shook his head.

“Why is there a need to choose one? We have all night to try them all.”

This promised to be a very interesting night.

[Highland Mansion.]

While Sol was enjoying an agreeable moment, someone else was being swamped in paperwork.

“Grandfather, you really won’t help me?”

Sitting behind a thick stack of paper, Athena asked softly.

Meanwhile, sitting in the place reserved for guests, the duke was sipping gently the tea that had been prepared by one of Athena’s spirits, Aegis.

The way Athena treated Aegis and Nike, two of the three spirits his granddaughter was contracted with, had been one of the reasons Try had thought that she was into women.

Even though he wasn’t against love in any form, he had been quite troubled when he thought about the matter of a future heir.

But at least he didn’t have to worry about that anymore.

Athena was exasperated by her grandfather’s nonchalance and could only go back to work.

On her head stood an owl who was quietly reading each document as Athena went through them.

“There is a mistake in the account of what must be paid to the deceased soldiers’ families.”

Athena and Tyr’s expressions darkened.

Neither of them doubted the owl’s words. After all, even though it lacked combat power, its computing power was unmatched.

“They dare!?”

All nonchalance vanished from Tyr’s face as he stood in anger. His body was trembling so much it seemed that he was about to have a stroke.

Athena wasn’t much better.

The fight against the Wings of Freedom thankfully did not particularly affect the civilians.

But many soldiers died on this night. Soldiers who fought to protect their homes while believing that their families would be taken care of after their death.

This was the reality. Few if any people would join the army out of simple patriotism.

People joined the army because of the many advantages it provided.

One of which was the handsome reward that should be delivered to the family of the dead.

Even though it was nothing more than a few Lust Gold coins, it was enough for a normal family to live a few years without having to worry about food and clothing.

Tyr understood very well, that money was a meager consolation for losing one’s son or daughter but even that meager consolation was taken away?

Looking at the owl with a fierce expression, he asked, “Can you trace who are the culprits?”

The owl scoffed, how an owl could scoff and show such an expression of disdain was something beyond Tyr understanding but he had long since stopped trying to understand.

“Of course I can. What do you take me for? Those guys are clearly greedy amateurs. Still, even if we trace them, we have actually no authority to arrest them. They should be from the financial department and some nobles who don’t understand the situation.”

Athena nodded.

Even the greediest of nobles should understand that now wasn’t the time to play around.

A change of power was about to happen and such changes were always accompanied by a cleansing.

All the high-ranked nobles were busy sweeping off all the skeletons in their closets to avoid being made an example of.

They knew how dreadful a change of power could be.

But, there were always some fools who thought they were smarter than everyone else.

1% of them were really smart and got away without a problem. But the other 99%? Not so easily.

“How do you think the prince will act once he receives this information?”

Athena asked her grandfather. She knew that nowadays, the decision-maker was the prince.

Giving a confident smile, Tyr assured, “He is still a little soft, but I am sure that the punishment they will receive will be harsh. Death penalty is impossible, but losing a few feathers will be the minimum.”

Tyr may be a soldier who disdained to use schemes, but he was still a Duke. Disdaining to use them didn’t mean that he didn’t use them when he had to.

He understood that things such as corruption were impossible to completely erase and in fact, he wouldn’t have minded if only a very small part was taken away.

These were the sort of unspoken rules in any job.

In fact, the amount of money given always took into account the little part that would be taken away so as to not affect the families of the deceased.

But from the number the owl showed, it was clear that those bastards went way past the red line.

Athena gave a complicated glance at her grandfather, “You seem to really believe in him.”

Tyr nodded, “Of course. It’s like this boy was born for it. On the first day, everything was a little slow. Looking at him struggle with all the paperwork and decision was honestly both pitiful and funny. But nowadays, he is like someone with few years of experience. Of course, there are still some parts that need to be worked on but it’s really incredible.”

“I guess being a Blessed really helps.”

Tyr did not miss the bitterness in Athena’s voice and he could understand it in a way.

He had not said it, but it was honestly a little scary how fast Sol absorbed knowledge. It was the same with his father and grandfather.

Even though Neptune lacked martial talent, in everything else he was a monstrous genius.

Still, "Of course, being Blessed really helps. But...Do not put everything on his blessing. Do you know what I found the most admirable about him? His skewed sense of pride?"

"Skewed pride...? What do you mean?"

"Hahaha. Why don't you try to observe him and understand yourself?"

"You mean..."

"Indeed. At the next meeting, you will replace me and also present the problem."

"But..."

Athena understood what this meant.

Sol was unofficially the king. All he lacked was the ceremony that should be held once he came back from the Astral world.

Showing herself as the representative of the Highland family in a reunion with the other 3 or rather 2 Ducal houses as well as the king could only mean one thing.

"I am not ready."

She always sort of knew that she would be chosen. In fact, this was basically a certainty since long ago.

"*Snort* You have been dealing with most problems in this house since 2 years ago. Even on the battlefield, I have been progressively giving you more power while going into obscurity."

"But...They call you the god of war! Everyone respects you so much. How could I take your place?"

She couldn't understand why he was in such a hurry.

A fatherly smile lit up Tyr's face as he walked toward her and ruffled her hair gently after the owl hastily left her head.

"Then, you just have to become their goddess of war and victory."

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 154: CH 136: DECLARATION

'Where am I?'

Laying down in the hospital room, Lilin slowly woke up.

At first, she was a little disoriented, but after a short while, she managed to get her bearings.

The first thing she did was to keep feigning sleep and slowly extend her senses to both examine the state of her body and her surroundings.

This was one of the ways a warrior had to respond when they woke up in an unfamiliar setting.

Thankfully, it didn't take long for her to let out a sigh of relief.

She could recognize the energy in the zone and it was clear that they were still in the tower.

Of course, it was possible that they had lost the war and the tower was controlled by the wings of freedom. But, if so, the chances of her being treated so carefully were extremely low.

The problem though was her body,

Her wounds were slowly healing, but it was so far away from her best state that it was ridiculous.

"Just how much damage did I receive?"

"A lot."

Lilin was not surprised, she had already sensed the presence sitting down on the bed next to her.

"Setsuna..."

"Indeed. You have been sleeping for a few hours."

"Do you know what has happened to the kingdom since that night? In the first place, how long have we been in a coma?"

It was a very important question. A question Lilin had no way of answering, and the same went for Setsuna.

Thankfully, it didn't take long for a bunch of hurried nurses to come and check on them.

During the check-up, Lilin began to interrogate them and soon had a summary of the situation.

Of course, since they were only nurses, they didn't have access to more in-depth information, but this was enough for them.

After this, they were pushed out of the ward that had a transparent wall and sent in a sort of duplex room with more privacy.

From the window, they could see the horizon as well as the sun slowly rising, thereby announcing the start of a new day.

Once they were alone, the room stayed strangely silent.

Both of them seemed lost deep in their thoughts.

"I was defeated." "I lost."

Two voices sounded at the same time.

Silence once again filled the room. Finally, it was Lilin who began,

"You know, after those two years outside, I thought I had really become strong. I had done the same thing as my mother, went outside, adventured, made friends. I even found a new path to the sword intent she had imparted to me. I really thought I could be proud. But..."

Tears gathered the corners of her eyes,

“It is...so frustrating.”

She bit her lips hard as she fought off the urge to cry.

Lilin was a warrior. She had been trained as a warrior for as long as she could remember.

That was why she did not fear death, or rather, she was prepared to die at any moment.

But, this did not stop the frustration gushing from her wounded pride.

She had no illusion.

Even though she had nearly won the fight, the fact is that if not for Nuwa’s help, she would have died before even using her last technique.

She had thought that she was now strong.

She had thought that she could now be useful to Sol.

But all of those illusions were ruthlessly shattered.

“I...I was not able to fulfill my duty as a knight.”

Setsuna spoke slowly on the side,

“The one I fought...was an old acquaintance of mine...someone I thought had died trying to protect me. I was both shocked and happy about seeing her alive. But she was different.”

Setsuna looked at the ceiling with an absentminded expression as she recounted her fight.

“At least you managed to fight back a little...in my case, I was completely powerless. After all, she was my teacher. Everything I know. All my special abilities. She could predict everything and completely incapacitated me even though I was fighting with your elf friend.”

Setsuna barked a sad laugh, “It has been ten years. But even after all this time, she was able to understand all my moves. This means that even after ten years of training, I have been doing nothing more than following a straight path.”

The humiliation of defeat, the feelings of betrayal and powerlessness.

As she lost consciousness after such a humiliating defeat, one question kept repeating in her mind.

“What have I been doing all these years?”

Unlike humans without a contract, who had to walk step by step and reach the Zone through understanding themselves, Magical beings did not have such a complicated road. All they had to understand was their own element and so create an elemental domain.

Of course, it wasn’t as easy as it sounded but compared to humans, the difficulty was definitely much less.

Setsuna was an A+ Storm wolf, a mutation from the normal Blue wolf or lightning wolf.

In terms of elements, she could use wind, water, and lightning.

In terms of talent, she stood at the highest possible in the mortal world outside of Blessed.

If not for the fact that only Blessed could fight for the throne, there would be no discussion as to who would become the next ruler of Wratharis and her uncle would not have the clout necessary to begin a rebellion.

Thinking about this, a memory from before she fainted surfaced in her mind,

--Flashback

“Princess, do you not think that this world is wrong? No matter how good or bad a ruler is, his subjects can do nothing but comply simply because he is Blessed. Why? Why must we fight and live for the entertainment of those goddesses? Why must mortals bow their heads and act like clowns in a circus? Why...?”

Setsuna’s uncle was not born blessed. In fact, he was not even born as a lightning wolf, meaning that he was not talented either.

But, everything changed one day.

Just because he got a Blessing.

Just because he was chosen by a goddess.

Even though her father had been a good and virtuous king.

“Princess, I beg you. You just have to hold my hand. Follow us. We will fight for a free world. We do not naively believe that the world will become better once the goddesses are gone. But...If we must destroy ourselves, we wish to do it as free people. Our life is our choice. Our death will also be our choice.”

At that moment, Setsuna felt as if she was standing at a crossroad. It was without a doubt the most important decision of her life.

That’s why,

“I refuse.”

The world was unjust.

Even without the existence of Blessed, people were born different. Equality never existed in the first place.

Nothing could change that.

Freedom was a lie.

All beings were slaves to something or someone.

With or without goddesses, only a small number of people could live and die the way they wished.

Setsuna had only two wishes.

Kill her uncle and live in happiness with the sun that illuminated her life.

Anyone who stood in the way of that wish had to die.

"I will kill you."

Even though she could not see anymore, she murmured those words with all the conviction possible.

"I see...Open."

Even though Setsuna could not see, she could feel an incredible amount of power, as if a hole was poked in reality.

"Princess, I hope that you will think through it. My loyalty to you and your father will never change and this is why...I will not rest until your father is avenged. After this...You may do as you wish with my life for the disrespect."

Her voice was sad but there was no regret in it. She was ready to die for a goal and clearly, dying at the hand of the one she served wasn't something she was reluctant to accept.

---Flashback end

"..suna...Setsuna!"

Setsuna woke up from her thoughts with a flinch. Turning her head toward Lilin, she gave a sheepish smile,

"I am sorry. I got lost in my thoughts."

Shaking her head, she continued, "I feel like I have been wasting my talents. I wonder...What would have happened if I had chosen to follow you back then?"

Even though she said that, as long as she didn't make a contract with Sol, Setsuna couldn't take the risks of going outside alone.

She knew that her uncle would never leave her alone. After all, she had royal blood.

The possibility of her receiving a blessing later in her life or giving birth to a child Blessed was high enough that it couldn't be ignored.

"If you had followed me, I think we would have fought every day."

"Hahaha, I guess you are right."

Setsuna had to admit. Her relationship with Lilin was hard to put in words.

They both feel envy and respect for each other.

What's more, the two of them loved the same man.

Even though a king having a harem was nothing strange, the two of them understood that love could not be given equally.

No matter how Sol took care of each of them, there would always be one or two who were more favored than the others.

Setsuna already knew that in terms of love, no one could take Medea's place in his heart.

But in the same way, she was sure that she wasn't far behind Medea, her main concurrent being Milia.

This was also the main reason why Lilin envied Setsuna so much.

But Setsuna could feel her place slowly slipping.

What's more, the more women Sol added, the harder it would be to keep her place.

Thinking about this, she took a decision,

"Lilin, why don't we form an alliance?"

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 155: CH 137: WITCHES

[Medea's world]

"Oh? I did not know your sister had such a hobby."

"Mother! Please don't spy on them. It's rude."

"Hahaha. Sorry, sorry, I just couldn't help myself. After all, it's rare to see a man willing to lay down with a witch without being coerced or enticed."

Ambrosia chuckled while saying so, but deep melancholy could be felt in her words.

Ambrosia, like all witches, had always been curious about such relationships and eventual motherhood.

But her situation was worse than any other witch.

For others, even though having a true relationship was complicated. It wasn't impossible for them to have some trysts with long-lived species such as elves or demons.

But Ambrosia was in a completely different situation.

Her life-stealing curse was so powerful that simply giving a kiss was enough to make an elf go from young to elderly.

Even now, she was still traumatized by her first and last kiss.

The moniker of death's kiss had never been more accurate than with her.

Despite all this, she held no grudge toward Asmodeus.

Her past wasn't rosy.

She was from a time long before the establishment of the kingdom system, when humans were nothing more than slaves to all races and had to hide underground just to avoid being exterminated.

Thanks to Asmodeus, she rose from being an ant that could be stepped on at any moment to a respectable demi-god that could command rain and wind in the mortal world.

She would need to be extremely ungrateful to resent Asmodeus after everything he has given her.

What's more, when her urges really became unbearable, she could relieve herself with her own hands.

Still,

"So you really took something like that in you?"

She couldn't help but eye Medea's petite frame with suspicion and worry.

"Mother!"

"Alright! Alright! I was just asking."

Deciding to stop teasing her, Ambrosia chuckled and took a sip of her tea.

This was a habit that she had developed long ago and shared with Medea.

Once she finished savoring her tea, she shook her head and sighed, "Stop looking at me like you're a lost puppy. What is eating you?"

Medea fidgeted a little before asking, "Are you willing to bring the Walpurgisnacht once again in Lustburg?"

All the witches lived in a territory Ambrosia carved by bending space and time in the mortal world.

It functioned with the same basics as Medea's world, but on a much larger scale.

Ambrosia looked expressionlessly at her daughter, "You want me to open the gate of Salem? Again?"

Salem was the name of Ambrosia's world as well as the home of all witches.

Witches were not particularly liked in this world.

For one, many people feared their curses. Bringing bad luck and sucking life away was not a joke.

Even more so since many witches used this to their advantage to get more longevity and power.

The normal way for a witch to become stronger and live longer was through understanding her element.

But some witches preferred to absorb life force and live that way.

Generally, it was Kali's job to seek those witches who had gone astray and exterminate them.

It was because of all this that Ambrosia decided to create a safe haven where no one could harass or get harassed by witches.

It was their heaven.

It became even more so after the situation with Jupiter.

Since that time, the reputation of all witches was completely vilified in the mortal world.

"The last time I opened the gates, we witches became the number one public enemy of Lustburg. All of that because of your beloved little king, and you are saying that you are willing to put your sisters in danger once again because of your selfishness?"

For Ambrosia, all witches were her children.

She knew each of them intimately and loved all of them.

Even for those that went astray, she would only send Kali if she judged that they had gone too far.

Medea lowered her head, "This time it isn't because of self-interest. Sol promised me that he would clean the name of the witches once he officially became King. He wishes to take me as a court mage."

"Oh?"

This time Ambrosia was a little surprised.

Ambrosia honestly did not really care about Lustburg's opinion. But she knew that they needed the king's approval.

After all, she was a human at core and as a human, she could not harm the king directly.

Despite this, no king after Jupiter tried to show the truth.

Some of them simply did not care about the witches.

Some because they did not wish to have an unstable element like the witches in their kingdom.

Some others because they did not want to destroy the reputation of the first king.

Each of those reasons were completely valid.

So it was really a wonder for Sol to be ready to shake the base of his power for Medea.

"Let's talk about this another time. The decision will be made by the council."

Ambrosia did not leave all the power in the hands of her four favorite daughters.

The council was made of a group of witches who specialized in predictions and analyzing types of magic.

Most of the daily decisions were taken by them.

Ambrosia trusted their wisdom and would always call them for matters such as this one.

'Well, we will just have to wait and see.'

Thinking so, she turned her attention once again toward the play that was happening and couldn't help but blush fiercely.

'How shameless. I did not raise you like this, Persephone.'

[Tower of Babel, Persephone's office.]

In the office, on a bed with crumpled sheets, a beautiful and voluptuous green-haired woman was laying down and sleeping with a beautiful smile hanging on her face.

Her entire body was covered in bite marks and white cloudy liquid.

On the floor, tens of costumes and underwear of all kinds could be seen laying down all over, all of them stained in different ways.

Standing above her naked, Sol began to put away the clothes while showing a helpless smile.

He did not know what had taken over him yesterday, but he had been way wilder than usual.

Perhaps it was because he had been too stressed lately?

He didn't know.

What he did know though, was that it was definitely not the last time this would happen.

After putting away all the clothes in a place so that the maids had an easier time when cleaning, Sol walked toward Persephone and ruffled her hair gently before murmuring,

"Wake up."

"Hm..."

Persephone groaned under her breath before opening her eyes and looking at Sol with an unfocused expression.

It didn't take long for her focus to sharpen and her eyes to regain their light.

"Hello."

Yawning, she raised the upper part of her body before stretching.

Like any straight man worthy of the name, Sol's eyes were immediately attracted by the round and bouncy balls full of dreams called breasts.

Persephone didn't miss this reaction and laughed mischievously,

"Fufufu~! Are you interested in continuing?"

"I will have to pass for now. Do you wish to take a bath?"

"Why not?"

Sol had already stopped using honorifics when talking to her. After all, even though they weren't exactly lovers now, they weren't as distant as they were initially.

The office of Persephone had a second room that could serve as a bath. Using her power to fill the bathtub with water then heating it, the two of them relaxed in the hot water while washing each other.

Persephone had to admit that it was quite a novel experience for her.

She had not expected much at first when she decided to spend the night with Sol.

After all, the few experiences with sex she had did not leave her with a, particularly good impression.

What's more, with his age, she had expected him to be awkward and inexperienced.

She was pleased to have been proven wrong.

The night had been something magical and she wouldn't forget it any time soon. The aftercare was even more pleasing.

She knew perfectly well that Sol did not harbor much feelings for her. Still, the way he treated her like an actual princess and carefully washed her elated her greatly.

After all, women's views on sex were different from men.

Men were more about the physical side of things.

Meanwhile, women cared more about the emotional connection.

Of course, this didn't mean that women didn't get horny and wishes for a simple and rough fuck. It just happened less frequently than with men.

After a second bath, since they couldn't help but fool around a little during the first one, the two of them changed back into the clothes they wore yesterday.

Thankfully, Sol had the foresight to carefully put those clothes away before they began their wild night.

Once they were ready and clean, the two of them went to the room now occupied by Setsuna and Lilin.

On the way, Sol, now in sage mode, had better clarity of mind.

The first thing in order was to verify Setsuna and Lilin's situation. Then, he had to ascertain if Lilin knew her origin.

She most likely did, but he wanted to be sure. Aside from that, he had to visit Theresa and see what she wanted to talk about. Then discuss things with Camelia about their relationship.

What's more, he had to deal with the executions of the traitors and Gerald's exile. Matters about the war, look at the Crown's shadow situation, verifies if the vampire was awake, and then interrogates her.

Only when all of this was done could he finally travel to the Astral world.

'So many things to do and so little time.'

Being a King was really a pain.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 156: CH 138: TIME TO DISCUSS

Another two days went by.

Since Setsuna and Lilin were both awake, he would regularly visit them both in the morning and the evening to keep a check on them.

He was glad to see that they were indeed healing fast.

Though, for some reason, Lilin was healing way faster than she should have been able to.

Sol wondered if it had to do with her identity and the blood in her, but she shouldn't have awakened any ability

A matter worth pondering about.

Aside from this, he had been quite surprised when Athena joined the assembly in the place of Tyr.

He, of course, understood what it meant and was happy for her.

He had been even happier when he had learned about the thieves.

Sol wasn't naive enough to believe that corruption could be erased.

As long as he didn't fundamentally change the mind of all the nobles and workers under him, it was impossible to do so.

Still, he believed that there was some limit to not cross and he was happy to see that all his ancestors had the same opinion.

He needed examples to set things straight and make everyone follow the rules. Tacit and explicit.

As such, since a bunch of fools delivered themselves to him, he happily set a decree to punish them by taking away one-fourth of their fortune.

He also condemned them to use another fourth of their fortune to invest in the development of structures to take care of orphans, old people, and wounded soldiers.

After all, since they stole from the family of soldiers, they should give back tenfold what they stole.

He also permitted the black knight to capture the nobles who refused to comply.

Of course, he couldn't use such a heavy hand every time. But as he was now he could easily use his age and inexperience as an excuse.

Then the other Duke would come and pacify the nobles. Good cops/bad cops.

Once the decision about the punishment of the thieving nobles was passed, they began to delve into more pressing matters such as the war.

With winter approaching, they were pretty sure that Wratharis wouldn't attack them.

Winter in this world was extremely brutal, fighting a war during such times was crazy, since the casualties would be three or four times higher than in normal times.

This was exactly why,

"The chances that he attacks us during winter are extremely high ."

Camelia announced suddenly.

Everyone stopped discussing and looked at her.

Sol asked simply, "What gives you such confidence?"

Doubt could be clearly heard in his voice.

Camelia was shocked, the fact that Sol doubted her words left her somewhat baffled.

She also understood just how shallow she had been previously.

Sighing, she continued, "The one who informed me is the Supreme daughter of Patientia."

Sol tapped his finger on the table.

He was weighing the situation. Then asked Milia.

"I forgot to ask, but how is the relationship between the royal family and the church in Wratharis?"

Milia, who stood up behind him bowed and answered, "From our report, since the crowning of the new king, the relationship between those two had been extremely strained."

Sol nodded. Of course, he couldn't simply believe the information given by the crown's shadow either.

So he turned once again toward Camelia.

"What does that supreme daughter want?"

It was impossible to have given such information for free.

If Lustburg won this war, it would be able to claim a large amount of lands and could seriously threaten the safety of Wratharis.

"The death of the king."

A heavy silence fell in the room.

Everyone was surprised by this news and couldn't help but ponder about it.

Sol was shocked as well, but he had access to information that helped him connect the dot.

'They want Setsuna to become the queen.'

Only a Blessed could officially become king or queen.

But what would happen if a ruler died without any crown prince or princess ready to replace them?

Such cases were rare in history, but generally, the goddess would choose the immediate and closest relative.

"Does the Wolf have any children or is there any Royal Blessed aside from him?"

"Not in our knowledge."

'As I thought.'

The plan was pretty simple. Kill the king. Setsuna becomes blessed. Take her as a queen. Everyone is happy.

... As If such a thing was possible.

There were simply too many unknown variables in this situation.

What's more, this was just a speculation of his. Perhaps they had another candidate in mind.

He needed to ask Setsuna if she had sisters or brothers or cousins.

But he doubted it.

Like all powerful magical beings, the fertility of blue wolves was extremely weak. Getting one child was already impressive enough.

Some did not even manage to give birth in all their life.

"The discussion stops here. Lady Athena, I would like you to inform Duke Tyr and begin to prepare countermeasures for an eventual fight during winter."

Humans were, on average, far weaker than beastmen.

Even though the information was still suspicious, it was better to prepare and avoid bad surprises.

"Understood."

Sol then turned toward Hermes, "Duke Hermes, contact Aunt Theresa. I am free to meet her tonight in the tower."

They needed special engraved weapons for this war. Using cold steel would be dangerous.

What's more, Greed Dike had been pretty pissed and the law they set put them in disadvantage. Thankfully, Theresa was a member of the council and should perhaps be able to work on something.

"Your will shall be done."

After getting Hermes' answer, Sol faced Arachne,

"Duchess, your talent as a seamstress will be put to test. How many people would you need to help you create enough clothes and cloaks that could protect soldiers from the cold?"

Arachne closed her eyes for a short moment before nodding, "I need none, my golems will be enough."

Sol shook his head, "This is truly good news. But I would like to use this occasion to create more employment. I give you the right to recruit between two to three hundred women or men experienced in tailoring. Of course, you can also use your golems on the side."

Arachne did not seem pleased, but she understood that this would be helpful for the country. So she reluctantly accepted.

"Now then, if you could please leave. I have some matters to discuss with the supreme daughter."

It wasn't that he lacked trust in them.

But he did not wish to share Setsuna's past without her permission.

What's more, he didn't know how they would react if they knew they could have control over the potential future queen of Wratharis.

Sharing glances furtively, the two dukes and Athena nodded and saluted before leaving, followed by Milia.

He was now alone once again with Camelia.

"So, let's discuss shall we?"

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 157: CH 139: REVELATION

The silence between the two was heavy.

"How have you been those two days?"

Camelia awkwardly tried to begin the discussion by asking some small questions.

Looking at her acting like this, while twirling her hair, Sol shook his head while hiding a small smile.

She was really cute. Sol also understood that despite her being older than him, in terms of relationship he was more experienced than her.

Sol really wanted to forgive her, but if he did it too fast, everything would simply go back to what it was. He didn't wish to have to constantly watch his back while wondering what she was up to.

"I have been pretty well, if I must be honest. Not much has happened recently. I am just working on the mirror dimension."

The mirror dimension had so much potential. But because of the personality inversion function, it was simply impossible to use it with allies.

But even then, if he could reach the level of dimension encroachment and pull people in his dimension without having to touch them it would already be a great step.

Finally, since, at least from what he had seen, his dimension covered the whole world, he should in theory be able to teleport absolutely anywhere in the world or create dimension shift accessories like that angel called Nihil did.

Camelia simply nodded, she also clearly understood the potential of dimensional magic but currently, she had other things to think of.

"You haven't been visiting me recently."

"I have been busy lately."

Silence fell once more, but this time it was broken by Sol,

"Camelia, we can discuss our relationship anytime you want. But save that for later. Right now we need to discuss the situation at hand."

Saying so, Sol asked seriously, "Firstly, How trustworthy is that supreme daughter? Secondly, even if she is trustworthy, how trustworthy is her information? Finally, once all those conditions are cleared, what do we do about the assassination of the king?"

Three simple questions that showed the heart of the matter.

Camelia of course understood that she shouldn't hide anything from Sol at the moment, or he might very well abandon her this time.

"If I am to be honest, this plan shouldn't be from Kiku herself. Kiku is a very straightforward woman who dislikes schemes and the like. Not to say she is naive."

"Hum... Describe her more to me."

"As you know very well, in Wratharis, all the Supreme Daughters were Kitsune while all the Kings were Wolves. Inari Kiku Patientia is a six-tailed Kitsune as well as one of the oldest supreme daughters alive. Just below Demon's supreme daughter, the elves' one, and of course, Echidna. She is also one of the strongest. Hearsay that she is the closest to a demi-god."

Sol remembered that the Divine beast of Patientia was a nine-tailed Kitsune called Tamamo no Mae. Meanwhile, the divine beast of Ira was the wolf Fenrir.

He really wondered what went through the goddesses' heads when they gave those names.

Hiding his feelings, Sol grunted,

"Hum...Seems like a bigshot."

"Haha. That she is." Camelia chuckled while remembering the fox woman with a slovenly appearance who liked more drinking than fighting.

"Should I say that straightforward people become stronger easily? I do not know. What I do know though is that she isn't the genre to scheme. She is more the type to rush headfirst in a fight. If not because she couldn't hurt the wolf king, she would have killed him herself."

"So, she is being manipulated?"

"Not impossible, but chances are low. I said that Kiku disliked schemes, not that she was bad at it. She is a fox, what's more, a direct descendant of Tamamo no Mae after all. Trickery is in her blood."

"Wait wait wait. The child of a divine beast was blessed?"

Camelia let out a bitter smile, "Indeed. Though she is a second generation, her father was a mortal. So she is considered as a third-generation and isn't bound by the same rules."

The rules bounding divine beasts were rather strict.

All 14 divine beasts were considered as the first generation. First generations could not descend on the mortal world.

Second generations were children of divine beasts created through asexual reproduction by using their half energy part. They could descend on the mortal world but could not leave their territory without permission. The only exception being, if they had a contract.

This was the case for Blaze.

Third generations were bound by no rules. But the chance of them awakening to their full power, such as obtaining a core, was extremely low. This was the case for Sol. What's more, they were fully organic beings, unlike the First and second generations who were half energy.

Kiku's situation was pretty awkward in that sense. From what Camelia knew, her birth caused a veritable uproar.

After all, she was the first child born from the coupling between a divine beast and a mortal. This was even more so since the father was a simple mortal one-tailed kitsune with basically no potential or anything special.

Even to this day, it was a mystery.

"I see. Well, not like it matters currently. Do you have an idea about who gave this idea to her?"

"This is where things are complicated. I have a very good idea, Shuten-Doji. The current leader of the Oni clan. She is a strong woman in the Duke realm. From what I know, she is rather cunning. But this isn't the problem. The problem is her mother...Ibuki-Doji. The previous leader of the Oni-clan and also-- A member of the Wings of Freedom."

There she took a deep breath, "More than anything--She is the one who betrayed us."

This time, Sol was pretty shocked. This situation was becoming more complicated.

"Perhaps I will finally know exactly what happened back then?"

Camelia shook her head, "There is nothing really complicated. Back then, we fought Ibuki and only won with difficulty. After winning, we were supposed to kill her, but when she told us that she joined the wings because she was forced to, Mars took pity on her and spared her."

"...What?"

Showing a bitter smile, she continued, "Of course all of us were against it. But the problem was that it wasn't the first time an enemy of ours became an ally. The same happened with Iris, Cloe's mother, and Pandora, who back then was the crown princess of Envilya. So we had no way to make him change his opinion. He really believed we could trust her."

"I guess we became too complacent? At first, we all had our guard against her. But day after day, week after weeks. The more time went past, the more we also began to trust her.

"Sigh. Anyway, the initial ritual to seal Echidna wasn't supposed to use your parent's life, but rather the Holy sword. The sword had to be placed in a very specific place and guarded to avoid it being moved. The ones who had to guard it were Lilith, Pandora, and Ibuki.

"Everything was going well, even though the fight had many casualties and we were all wounded or near death, we were on the verge of winning. I had even taken into account the possibility of Ibuki betraying us. But with both Pandora and Lilith, it should have been enough. After all, Ibuki was just a Duke rank.

"The problem here was that...She wasn't a Duke."

Sol closed his eyes, "A King."

“Indeed, a powerful one at that. She pulled out the sword. Pandora and Lilith stood no chance. If Blaze did not rush to stop Ibuki, they would have been killed. Blaze did her best and took back the sword but it was already too late. The ritual was disrupted and everything was going to be annihilated.”

“So my father sacrificed himself.”

“That’s so and blaze followed him after entrusting you to me and giving her core and horns to Theresa.”

Sol could imagine the scene. At the same time, he caught a hint.

“They have been after the sword since then.”

“Most likely so. Of course, back then, we did not know that it was her main goal.”

“I see...I have always thought that he sacrificed himself and my mother for the sake of peace or the world.”

“Perhaps it was so. I do not know what his last thoughts were.”

Grief was hidden in Camelia’s voice.

Though she had no romantic feeling for Mars, he had always been a good friend. What’s more, her relationship with Blaze was close to that of siblings.

To this day, she had many regrets.

She could have done much more.

If she had tried to control Ibuki with her power she would have found early on that she wasn’t just a Duke.

If she had insisted to not let Ibuki close to the sword, the ritual would not have been perturbed.

If she hadn’t listened to Mars’s opinion and simply acted on her own as she wished, the present situation would have been so much different.

That’s why,

“I know I am derailing from our initial topic. But I want to be clear. I hate traitors and I feel no remorse about the way I used Gerald. Even if I had warned you beforehand, it would have not changed my choices nor subsequent action.”

Sol wanted to discuss more about Wratharis and their plan of action, but it seemed that he had to make things clear for now.

“You are misunderstanding something. The problem isn’t what you did. Your actions allowed the removal of several tumors in the kingdom. The problem lay in the fact that you hide it from me.”

Sol leaned in his chair and continued, “Trust is something that takes years to build but can be destroyed in seconds. By lying to me so many times, you broke a great part of my trust in you.”

“But I would never harm you.”

“Only me, right?”

Camelia's silence was an answer unto itself. Sol could only pinch his eyebrows.

'Why are all my women crazy?'

They all seemed to be fully functional but were a little too obsessed with him.

'Or perhaps I am the crazy one for accepting them?'

Sol laughed at himself. It honestly didn't matter how crazy they were as long as they didn't harm him or each other.

The last thing he wanted to see was bloodshed in the harem.

Perhaps he could help them become closer to each other first?

That would be the first step.

"I have decided. Tonight, I will make a visit to the Travers Mansion with Nuwa. Meanwhile, you and the other girls will reunite and discuss and make friends or something."

The first step toward friendship was discussion.

If each of them becomes closer to each other, the risks of them hurting each other would decrease greatly.

Anyway, it was just a trial test. If it failed he would find another way. What was the worst that could happen?

'Damn. I had to jinx it.'

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 158: CH 140: FORGOT

[Babel tower]

The discussion with Camelia had been rather constructive. Once they had finished discussing the pros and cons, Sol had decided that they needed to inform Setsuna first before making the final choice.

Sol was happy that they could discuss more and understand each other better. Discussions couldn't always help, but it was good to discuss as much as possible. It avoided useless misunderstandings.

Of course, it was impossible for two people to completely understand each other. No one could read the heart of another.

But Camelia's life was literally tied to his own in such a one-sided way that it was laughable.

This was also one of the reasons Camelia was so dangerous.

Back then, depending on how he acted, Camelia could have simply died and she had been ready for it.

There were few people more dangerous than someone who did not care for their own life.

Sometimes, Sol really wondered if he was born with nerves of steel. After all, keeping so many crazy girls around him was no small feat.

"I really wonder how the meeting between them could go."

Honestly, he was ready for the worst. But he had to try.

It didn't matter if they did not like each other, but he wanted them to at least have a more cordial relationship.

'Man, light novels always lie.'

He chuckled in jest.

In light novels or other such stories, the members of the harem could number in the 20 or 30 but still be friendly to each other. To the point of seeing each other as sisters and never having disputes.

But life didn't work like that.

Even relationships between two people were hell to manage, much less a harem.

This brought another problem to Sol.

"I don't even want to imagine how the weddings will go."

How many times would he organize a wedding? What about children?

"Forget it."

Pushing those thoughts in the back of his mind, Sol stood up from his chair and stretched.

Staying seated for hours made his body so stiff, but he did not really have a choice.

Knock *Knock*

"Yes?"

"Your highness, Lady Clara wishes to meet you."

Hearing the voice of the maid from the other side of the door made Sol remember about his appointment with the elf.

"Let her enter."

"Understood."

The battle maid opened the door and let Clara enter before closing it behind her.

Now alone with the elf, Sol once again wondered if all elves were well endowed.

Before reincarnating, he had been under the impression that elves were rather below average curves-wise. Though they had that ethereal beauty BS.

Meanwhile, the elves he had met until now, had rather beautiful forms.

Clara was a brown-haired woman wearing tight fitting pants and an equally tight shirt.

Since her clothes hugged her forms tightly, little was left to the imagination even though she showed zero skin.

The way her breast jiggled while she walked was certainly eye-catching.

Thankfully, Sol was more than used to such sight and only spared a glance before focusing on her face.

“Hello, Clara. How have you been?”

Bowing, Clara answered respectfully, “I have been well, your highness. Working with the knights to help the reconstructions had been a fruitful experience.”

“I see. But judging from your tone, I guess it wasn’t the kind of experience you wished to have.”

Clara bit her lips before speaking, “May I be allowed to speak bluntly?”

Chuckling, Sol walked toward his chair and took a seat, while indicating to her to do the same.

Clara hesitated a little but nodded, then sat in a prim and proper way,

“Go on. I must say, I’m not really one for formality. As long as we keep a certain measure of respect, I am ready to hear anything.”

Clara looked at Sol and adjusted her glasses before taking a deep breath.

“I believe that my skills are not used to their fullest.”

Sol was impressed. His impression of Clara had been that she was somewhat of an airhead with how Lilin nearly sold her to him during their first meeting.

Then again, no matter how shy she could be, she was an elf. Elves were the most prideful creatures in the world right after the dragons.

One of the reasons was that it was the sole country where their respective divine beasts were active.

Yggdrasil, the divine Tree, had an incarnation in all elves' tribes, making it so they never lacked any resources. They could literally pick food just by raising their hands.

Meanwhile, on the dragon side, the four dragon kings, Fafnir, Welsh, Kiyohime, and Hydra represented the four tribes, respectively moon, sun, water, and dark elves.

Finally, the high elves, also known as the royal elves, were represented by his grandmother, Tiamat.

In all this world, aside from the angels, the elves were the only country to have never lost ground aside from what they conquered outside of their forests.

Remembering all this information in a flash, Sol indicated Clara to continue.

“My main goal when leaving the forest and following Lilin was to serve as an advisor—Your advisor. I have been trained all my life for this and I believe that I have the skills necessary to work for you.”

Sol knew that elves could only leave the forest after their coming of age, which happened when they reached fifty years of age; this was the equivalent of being 18 years old in his previous world.

Since he had someone who was a few hundred years old but looked like a teen as his woman, he wasn't particularly surprised. Though he had to admit that the perception of time of a long-lived race was truly impressive.

But what really caught his attention in her words was something else.

"You have been trained all your life to become an advisor?"

"Indeed, Your Highness. Perhaps you still do not grasp just how important dragons are in our culture. For us, getting to serve a dragon is the highest honor that could be bestowed to us. This is even more so for my family."

"Oh? What do you mean?"

A fervor seemed to burn in her eyes as she said, "Since the creation of Southern pride, all my ancestors have served the dragons. My mother was the personal servant of Lady Blaze, your mother and as such, I have been trained to serve the future progeny of Lady Blaze—you."

"I see."

Sol tapped rhythmically on the table while thinking about how to treat her.

He certainly needed some assistance, but he couldn't exactly leave such confidential documents under the sight of someone he knew basically nothing of.

It didn't really matter to him if her mother served his in the past. After all, using such flimsy reason to ascertain loyalty was the first step toward inevitable doom.

"I cannot in good conscience let you serve me currently."

Clara seemed crestfallen at his words, the way the light went out from her eyes scared the hell out of him.

He could only pinch his brow since it seemed that he had another crazy woman.

"But—"

"Yes!?"

"I can let you act as my secretary of sorts for now. Later, if you are willing to form a contract with me, I am willing to give you more access rights."

"Of course, I am!"

She was short of jumping excitedly. All the poise and seriousness she had previously shown seemed to vanish.

Looking at the beautiful woman with sparkling eyes, Sol wondered if it was going to be alright.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 159: CH 141: EVERYONE LOVE MONEY

After getting out of the office, Clara saluted the two maids politely standing guard in front of the door and walked away while humming a song.

She knew that she was on probation, but she believed that she would be able to show her skills soon.

'He was easier to talk to than I would have thought.'

Like any elf, Clara respected dragons greatly. How could she not? Anyone who stood in front of those magnificent and imposing creatures could only bow in awe and worship.

When she met Lilin back then, and learned that she was in fact the cousin of a hybrid dragon, Lady Blaze's son at that, her mother had all but begged her to serve him.

At first, Clara had been rather hesitant.

Hybrids in this world were not despised by rule. It mostly depended on their abilities.

A hybrid who was lucky enough to inherit the strongest points of both races would be respected.

One who didn't would not be despised, but they would be pretty much ignored.

It might be pretty cold, but it was life.

If she served a useless hybrid dragon, she would have been mocked by all the members of her generation for one century or two.

But, since she was 50 years old and curious about the outside world, she had decided to take the bet and followed her friend Lilin out of the forest.

She had to admit, she was glad she did.

'Thank you, mother.'

It seemed that the nagging of a mother was never useless.

Since Sol had proved to be above everything she could have imagined, it was her turn to prove herself to be above everything he could imagine.

This was her pride.

After all, a good servant could only show all his skills under a good lord.

'Those bitches are going to be so jealous!'

The elf society was a purely matriarchal one and the competition was rude. If Sol had been born in the Astral World, the chance of her landing the job would have been close to none.

After all, even her mother was chosen not because of her skills and lineage, but simply because Blaze liked her personality.

'Now then, I guess I should visit Lilin and Setsuna.'

She continued humming while walking in the hallway.

Today was a very good day.

[Travers Mansion]

Currently, the Travers mansion was showing a flurry of activity.

After all, the Duke had suddenly announced the arrival of the future King.

The last time, they had two entire days to prepare but this time the short notice shocked them.

Overseeing the actions of the maids was a tall and voluptuous woman clad in a red robe that hugged her form tightly.

She was the wife of Hermes Travers.

“Hurry up! Be sure that everything is well taken care of.”

In this world, the difference between men and women was minimal. After all, your power and talent did not depend on your gender.

Despite this, people still viewed the house as the women's territory.

As a duchess, Dame Travers was a very steadfast woman and a competent merchant. She understood the importance of building connections more than anything.

Once she was sure that everything was in good hands, she walked toward the office of her husband.

“Dear husband, everything is alright. But, are you sure we shouldn't bring some maids as a gift?”

Using women to ensnare men of power was an old but effective tactic that worked most of the time.

For this, she specially raised many girls and gave them education, clothes, food, and all the necessary elements for a good growth.

All those girls knew the reasons she did so, but none resented her. Life was not easy and the duchess never sent her girls to men with dangerous tendencies.

For them, it was an opportunity to go from slaves or simple commoners to concubines and perhaps official wives for some lucky ones.

Thanks to this practice, even though the Travers house always seemed the weakest, they had one of the most extensive networks.

If they could place some girls around the future king...

“Stupid woman, do you want our death?”

Hermes rebuked her roughly, his face paling.

The moment his wife made that proposal, his skill Gambling Instinct screamed so hard he felt like he was about to go mad.

Honestly, even without his skill, with all he knew now he would need to be some crazy bastard to try to scheme against Sol.

“Why?”

The duchess was clearly surprised. In all their years of marriage, even though they sometimes had different opinions about their plans, he had never screamed like this at her.

“I am sorry for screaming.”

Hermes apologized first before continuing, “But don’t even think about it. Do not even show your girls to the prince. Anyway, if he really wanted any of them, he would have been tempted by the maids during the last visit.”

Understanding that her husband wouldn’t explain anymore, she simply nodded, and said, “Then, I will ask the maid to be careful in their actions.”

“Do so.”

Once the duchess left, Hermes now alone, turned toward the corner of the room,

“Hahaha, Theresa, I guess you heard everything?”

“Hum? About the honey trap? Hahaha. Don’t worry, this is pretty common.”

The secret door opened and let out the cute and smiling Theresa.

“Honestly, in any other circumstance, I would have helped you. Having one of your nieces or distant relatives entering Sol’s harem would be useful. But heh, let’s just say that my friends are not particularly fond of honey traps. Kukuku~!”

Theresa knew that this was the understatement of the year.

If a woman with sketchy motives came close to Sol, Lilith would cut her without hesitation, or Camelia would mind control her first to ascertain how dangerous she could be.

‘Once bitten, twice shy.’

“Anyways, the king contacted me so that I could propose a secret deal with Sol. Seems like the council is as useless as always. A bunch of old fossils who never wish to take responsibility.”

The country of Greed Dike was also known as the country of contract. There, every word, every action, who you talked to, how long you talked to them.

All of this had to be taken into account.

You never knew when you could be backstabbed by even your closest family members.

She knew it. After all, she did kill her own brother.

Hermes, who had some basic understanding about the way Greed Dike functioned shrugged.

“I guess he has no choice. It’s clear that Lustburg is on the line between decline and rise to prominence. Everything will depend on the war against Wratharis. I guess the king wishes to bet on Lustburg.”

“That is so. That old man is a crafty bastard. Impeaching Lustburg in the open to please Wratharis but holding hand with Lustburg in secret. No matter who wins, even if he doesn’t get any benefits, he will face no loss either.”

This was how merchants worked. It was impossible to always make profits. So the greatest skill a merchant could have was to understand how to minimize potential loss.

"Anyways, just warn your wife to be careful. I am going to prepare myself. Can't look bad in front of my godson and my surrogate daughter."

Hearing this, Hermes couldn't help but ask, "I have been wondering. But, do you not plan to have an heir?"

"Hahaha! And risk dying by the hand of my own child? No thanks. Look at me! I am rich, pretty and I have friends in high places all over the world. Life is beautiful as it is now. Perhaps in my later years, I will take some young boys and play around for a short while. Anyways, all my fortune will belong to Sol after my death."

Laughing like this, she went back to the secret chamber in order to take a bath and change her clothes.

As she was now, she lacked nothing.

In fact, she was so rich that she had reached the level where gold was only a string of numbers in her eyes.

Since she had drunk some water from the youth springs that belonged to the elves, she could live for one or two hundred years as a young woman before dying.

Even though that water didn't boost natural lifespan but only maintained the appearance of youth, this was more than enough for her.

Though, with her luck, the chance of her dying because she stuck her nose in business that didn't concern her was far higher.

'Now that I think about it, perhaps I should ask Sol to get those stuck-up elves to commercialize that water? Women all over the world would kill or sell their souls for something like that.'

Back then, she had proposed the plan to Mars, but he had refused since he didn't wish to borrow Blaze's authority to make money.

But for Sol, it would be his own authority, right?

Her eyes already began to shine brightly.

Money may be a string of numbers, but she wouldn't mind adding one or two more zero to that string.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 160: CH 142: HAREM DISCUSSION (1)

"Welcome! Your highness, it's a delight to see you so soon."

"Please, it has just been a few hours at most."

"And this is exactly why it's a delight."

After being welcomed once again by a row of maids, though this time they were decently dressed, which was honestly quite a shame, Sol entered the ducal house while bantering with the Duke.

Over the last few days, Sol had managed to develop a somewhat friendly relationship with the three Dukes.

But his relationship was different with each of them, obviously.

For Tyr, he believed in his love for the Kingdom.

For Arachne, he believed in her love for his father.

As for Hermes...He didn't believe in him at all.

Merchants only moved for profits. As long as Sol showed high potential and had enough power behind him, Hermes would be his greatest ally.

On the other hand; if Sol was in a perilous situation, Hermes would be the first one to flee.

Sol did not mind it. In fact, he was even a little happy to not be surrounded by people that fanatically loved and supported him.

Otherwise, he would begin to wonder if their thoughts had been affected.

After this, the party was a delight.

Hermes had invited a few nobles who were in his factions and Sol made ties with them.

This was another thing that Sol could and would do nothing about.

All nobles had factions.

Higher nobles commanded lower nobles and those lower nobles commanded even lower nobles.

This was inevitable. After all, Sol couldn't possibly take care of all the nobles alone.

In his previous world, it was necessary for a king to always be wary of the factions becoming too strong.

Such worry, while not unnecessary in this world, was clearly much less dangerous.

At the end of the day, the worst they could do was usurp a part of his power.

They couldn't harm him without putting themselves in danger. Of course, there were always outliers, like Loki Gorfard, who was ready to gamble his life just for a shot at power.

In the end, what mattered was that he kept control. As for his children, he simply hoped that he would be there for them and also hoped they wouldn't be some 40 years old creepy NEET.

'I really need to have a talk with those goddesses.'

As the night went by, Sol danced, laughed, and did all the political things that were oh so boring but oh so necessary.

Sometimes, he would think about the meeting between his girls that should happen about now and would hope there was no bloodbath.

Once the party began to wind down, the invitee either left or stayed in rooms reserved for them.

Sol meanwhile, followed the Duke in a dimly lit hallway, while Nuwa followed behind him.

Nuwa, while still unable to be much help as a maid, was at least taught the common rules of the high society.

Thanks to that, she had not been an embarrassment to him. Though he wouldn't have cared even if she had.

Since she was his maid, whatever their thoughts were, the best they would have been able to do would be to give some chuckle and try to ease the awkwardness.

This was the advantage of being the highest power.

Once they finally reached their destinations, Hermes smiled at him and left. He did not know what Theresa wanted to speak about with Sol, but as long as it wasn't something that would harm him, he did not care.

One of the most important lessons he learned was that people should learn to mind their own business.

Looking at the departing back of Hermes, Nuwa, who had been silent all this while said, "I do not like him."

"Oh, Why is it?"

"His eyes. Even though he seems to be smiling or laughing, his eyes always have that cold glow."

Sol chuckled and patted Nuwa's head, "Forget it. Most people we will meet will be like this. People who genuinely care for you are rare and should be cherished well."

Nuwa did not push Sol's hand away as she looked at him, "Then, do you care about me?"

Sol was surprised at her question but didn't miss a beat, "I honestly didn't care about you at first. But now I do."

Sol knew that Nuwa had a beast-like instinct that did not lose to his own.

In front of such a person, honesty was the best bet.

"Just a little though."

Poking at Nuwa's cheek, he gave a faint smile and finally opened the door.

He was immediately assaulted by a heat wave.

'A forge?'

Clang *Clang*

The sound of the hammer hitting the anvil filled the room.

Indicating Nuwa to close the door behind her, the two of them walked deeper into a forge.

Once they reached the innermost room, they were surprised by what they saw.

A nearly naked Theresa was currently lifting a hammer that seemed awfully heavy and beating a still red metal so fast it left afterimage.

Sol knew that while dwarves weren't particularly talented in most magics, their bodies had a lot of resistance against natural phenomena.

Their skeletons had a higher density which made them heavier.

Their skin could be compared to low-quality armor and could absorb shock.

Their lungs had a greater capacity than normal and they could stay in zones with lack of air without problems.

They were resistant to high and low temperatures.

In short, it was like they were created for survival.

Some people thought it was a gift of the goddesses. Some other thought Dwarves developed those abilities after generations of living high in the mountain, working deep in mines, and passing their days forging weapons.

Shushing Nuwa, Sol observed Theresa as she worked.

All she was wearing was some sort of transparent negligee that left nothing to the imagination.

Despite her lack of womanly curves, Sol had to admit that Theresa had a sort of charm that made her really attractive.

Unfortunately, this charm was generally hidden by her goofy attitude.

Now though, as he watched her seriously work on forging, her face shining under the light of the fire with a fine layer of sweat, he could only admit that her serious side was attractive.

He did not know if she had heard them entering, but it didn't matter. He wouldn't disturb her until she was done. Anyways, he didn't plan to go back today.

After all, the atmosphere should be quite stifling there.

[Babel tower]

Currently, the round table that was used for discussions between the nobles and the king was used for a different reason:

The first meeting of the women in Sol's life.

None of them wished to use Medea's world since it was her home ground. The same went for Camelia and her church.

That's why they finally decided to use the tower as a neutral ground since it belonged to Sol.

The people present were Lilin, Setsuna, Camelia, Chloe, Milia, Persephone, Medea, Freya, and Lilith.

Looking at all those splendid women, Lilith felt an indescribable emotion, raising her hand she asked,

“Sooo. I more or less understand why you all are here. What I don’t understand is, why—I am here. I am not one of Sol’s lovers.”

She had been dragged in this whole mess for no particular reason by Camelia and Persephone.

On the side, Chloe nodded shyly.

“The same goes for me.”

She felt incredibly uncomfortable in this room, she had never met most of them, but the concentration of power was simply insane.

“Fufufu~! Sol stated clearly that this should concern all the women important to him, or—Perhaps you two do not want to be close to him? If so, you are free to go.”

‘Scheming bitch.’

Snarling at Camelia’s provocative ways of formulating her words, Lilith, who had already stood up, sat back obediently, while Chloe deflated.

“*Ahem* Since this is done, let’s speak about important matters. All the women reunited here are women who have a more or less deep relationship with Sol. Some are loverslovers, some are friendsfriends, some are family. But no matter the reasons, we all care for Sol and we wished to protect him. At least--that’s my opinion.”

Saying so, she threw a look at Persephone and Freya.

Camelia had been surprised to see the two.

After all, it means that Sol had an unusual relationship with them.

‘3 out of the 4 witches. This is Sol for you.’

In the end it didn’t matter, what mattered was,

“Sol wishes for us to have better relationships. So I have thought about it, but I couldn’t find a solution. After all, most of us don’t even know each other. But, there is one thing we all have in common—Sol. As such, I propose that each of us introduce herself then say one thing she knows about him or what we love about him.”

Camelia had only one goal for this gathering.

Becoming the leader of the harem.

If she could do so, she would become so much more useful to Sol. More than just a strategic weapon.