

Hero King 161

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 161: CH 143: HAREM DISCUSSION (2)

The atmosphere was awkward, while the room was plunged in a rather heavy silence.

Finally, raising her hand, Medea whose heterochromatic eyes shone, asked,

“Sol only asked you to make the preparations. Why then, do you act as if you are the boss?”

Medea usually acted like a meek and gentle woman, but at the end of the day, she was still a centuries-old witch. She might be a shy and inexperienced maiden in front of Sol.

But such a personality completely vanished at this moment.

It was something easily forgettable, but no one could stand the natural pressure of Medea. After all, few people could face the weight of the time.

The same went for the other witches.

The moment Medea advanced, both Freya and Persephone both released their own pressures while maintaining a smile on their faces.

Anyone normal would have fainted in such a situation.

The problem was...No one was normal here.

The room literally began to tremble as everyone else released their own power.

The lowest level here was close to Duke. Meanwhile, there were five Kings.

This was a power sufficient to flatten any kingdom.

At the same time, the factions could clearly be seen,

On one side, both Setsuna and Lilin stood together.

Then, even though she seemed reluctant to, Lilith stood with Camelia and a confused Chloe.

Meanwhile, the three witches were forming a team.

The only one alone was Milia, who seemed completely unbothered by the situation.

“Edea or rather, Medea. I honestly respect you very much, but I do not like your insinuation. I am simply sincerely trying to steer the discussion to meet our goal. Someone has to do it, right?”

“...And that someone is you, I guess?”

“Of course, it doesn't have to be me. But I believe someone with experi...”

“I am hundreds of years older than you.”

“...”

“Cat got your tongue, heh?”

Lilith snickered, it was rare to see the usually overly rational Camelia get beaten like this.

Of course, she also understood that rationality always flew out of the window when it came to Sol.

“So, a centuries-old woman seduced a young boy? Smooth.”

This unexpected attack came from Lilin.

This time, it was Medea’s turn to be speechless. After all, it was indeed one of the thorns in her heart.

No matter how old she looked like, and no matter how long Sol could live in theory, this was something she couldn’t counter.

“For people like us and Sol, age is just a number. In three or so hundred years, aside from that angel, only the three of us would still stand beside him.”

As always, Persephone, the party popper, talked about the realities most people tried to ignore.

As long as they did not reach the demi-god level, living for too long was impossible.

Meanwhile, as a dragon and with the fact that he was basically assured to become a demi-god, Sol’s lifespan could only be counted in thousands.

“This might not be so. I am pretty sure that you three might kill him before that.”

Setsuna gritted her teeth as she said so. She did not like the fact that Sol was wasting away his lifespan because of those witches. Her stance was clear to see.

“I understand that for Sol, thanks to his resistance, he only might lose one or two years each time. When compared to his full life span, this seems so small it’s laughable. But so what?”

Setsuna had absolutely nothing against the witches themselves, she understood their curses and found them pitiable, but that was all.

Of course, she never dared to complain to Sol about it. She knew just how much Sol loved Medea, but,

“I can understand Miss Medea. But what about the other two? Why does Sol have to take such risks? Miss Persephone even more. I can still smell him on you.”

Medea hung her head, guilt covering her face Meanwhile, Freya was attracted by another point,

“Persephone, you shagged him!?”

She was astonished.

She had tried to get it going with Sol but had failed. So how did Persephone succeed,

“Fufufu~! It was an epic night.”

“You-!”

Setsuna did not like how they were basically ignoring her.

Persephone, though, showed no shame as she faced Setsuna, “Young pup, you should mind your words. Sol is not a kid. He knows full well the risks, even more so than you. Then, who are you to judge us?”

“But...”

“No buts. I understand that from your perspective, such loss is unbearable. But, once again, you are not Sol. In fact, as of now, you are nothing more than his knight and perhaps his plaything. Come back when you will become his wife.”

Grrr

The hair on Setsuna head began to sway, while her claw elongated and turned sharper,

Despite how threatening she looked, Persephone only showed a derisive smile,

“I have even faced your ancestor, Fenrir, a Demigod. Though I have lost, do you think I will be scared of a young pup like you? Continue like that and I will show you the difference in power between you and me.”

Her eyes began to shine with a green glow.

Obviously, if Setsuna showed more threatening actions, she would attack. Though the fact that her pupils did not change shape showed that she would hold back.

On the side, a purple light covered Lilin, as she put her hand on the handle of her sword she was ready to help Setsuna if it came down to it.

“Oh? Should I also discipline you too?”

“Mind your words, Persephone, who are you to discipline my daughter?”

Lilith did not take this lying down. She did not care about Setsuna, but she refused to let anyone insult Lilin in front of her.

With Lilith taking the fray, a greater pressure began to fill the room, as both Camelia and Freya supported their own camps.

It was so much that the room, which had been covered in many runes to reinforce the walls, began to show signs of cracking.

A slow rumble filled everyone's ears, as the tower itself seemed unable to support the clash of power.

But, just as the gunpowder was about to explode, Milia who had been silent until now, finally spoke,

“I will report everything I see and hear to his highness.”

Immediately, the seemingly explosive situation stagnated before all the pressures receded so fast it seemed like a lie.

“*Ahem* No need to go so far, is there? We are all civilized adults. Why don't we start from the beginning?”

Camelia tried to salvage the situation.

Milia shook her head, "Let's be honest. Most of us do not care about each other. Like Miss Camelia said, our only common point is his highness."

"His Highness wishes for us to get along well, but as things stand now, that is obviously impossible. Perhaps things could change in the future. But the situation is what it is now. What's more, there will most likely be more of us in the future."

Everyone aside from Chloe nodded at this.

They already knew that Sol would have a contract with a phoenix. What's more, he also planned to add Nuwa.

So it was a given that there would be more of them.

"The main reason why his highness is so worried is mainly because he fears that we might harm each other. Which, from what just happened, shows that he was right to be worried."

Setsuna blushed, while Camelia coughed.

After all, she knew clearly that she was the trigger for this reunion.

"Finally, I believe that most of you wish to bear his children. Though some of us are unable to."

Milia's hand passed through her stomach with a sad expression.

The same action was mirrored by Lilith. While Medea, Persephone, and Freya showed a bitter expression.

"Anyway," shaking off the sadness, Milia continued, "For the children that may come, I believe that none of us wish to see something like siblings fighting and killing each other."

This time it was Setsuna's turn to frown, after all, she understood how horrible such a situation was more than anything.

Sweeping the room with her eyes, Milia paid attention to all the expressions.

She knew that she had their total attention.

It was funny how a group composed of some of the most powerful women in the world were listening to former street urchins like her, but this was one of the wonders of life.

She did not care about this honor, all she cared for was for Sol's happiness.

"We do not like each other. We do not care about each other. But we wish for the happiness of the man we love. Which means we need to protect each other, no matter how reluctant we are. Even if a relationship of friendship is impossible, a cooperative one should be possible, right?"

Saying so, she took out a stack of documents and placed them on the table.

"This is a pledge. An oath. Carefully crafted by me. You just need to read it and swear on the name of your respective goddess. I believe two days would be enough to read everything."

At the end of the day, words were cheap.

Only a good old contract that could bring death if breached could calm her heart.

'Fufufu~! Surely, his highness will be happy. I hope he will reward me.'

A blush covered her face.

It has been some days since her last time with Sol.

Camelia showed a complicated expression as she took a look at the documents.

No matter how she thought about it, this was simply too detailed to be something thought on the fly.

This was clearly the result of days of consideration.

"Since when?"

Milia showed a faint smile as she replied, her words, chilling the back of everyone present.

"Since the day dame Lilith tasked me with teaching his highness about women."

Out of all the women here, Milia's infatuation with Sol was the deepest and most dangerous.

This was exactly why she had created such a contract. One that would bind everyone as thoroughly as possible.

After all, the one who really needed shackles wasn't Camelia—but her.

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Chapter 162: CH 144: HER OBSESSION

[Traver's Mansion]

While sitting idly, in the rather hot atmosphere, Sol couldn't help but wonder how the meeting between his women was going.

As a safe sail, he had asked Milia to take control of the situation if she thought that tensions were climbing too much.

He was sure that he didn't have to worry. After all, since it was a direct order, Milia would do her best.

He didn't know when, but the sound of the metals clashing against each other stopped.

Putting back his attention to Theresa, he saw her place the still red hot sword, on the anvil and take a pair of black gloves.

Once she put them on, she placed her fingers, now protected by gloves, and began to trace it on the surface of the glowing sword.

'Runes?'

This was one of the reasons dwarves' steel was superior to basically anything in this world.

Runes were a form of lost languages also known as the divine languages.

Runes could not create magic. But, they could bring magical effects when placed on objects, generally weapons.

For Sol, runes could be basically compared to codes.

By writing certain runes in a certain way, you could obtain a certain result.

The races who had the most knowledge about runes were the angels and the dwarves.

This was also why their two countries were the most developed.

The way Theresa drew those runes could only be seen as art. It was not only fast but also graceful.

He did not have much knowledge about runes, but he was pretty sure that only a few people could do something like this.

'I guess she wasn't the smith of the hero party for nothing.'

One hour later, after placing the weapons in a specially made water to cool it, Theresa, who had been so focused she didn't pay attention to the outside world, yelped when she saw Sol and Nuwa standing not far behind her.

"Damn it. I wasn't supposed to meet you guys like this."

She knew she shouldn't have begun working while waiting for Sol.

"You don't seem to be particularly embarrassed about your attire."

"Oh! That?"

She looked down at herself and did a little twirl. The robe flew a little higher, showing her beautiful naked butt.

Once she stopped, she looked at Sol with a smile,

"Hahaha, not even a blush or do you think I am too small?"

She was rather curious. Back then, just sitting on Mars laps was enough for him to become as red as an apple.

Messing with him and fleeing from the jealous Blaze had always been one of the best ways to pass time for her.

"It's just that I have passed the level of blushing just because of seeing some bare skin. But I must admit, you are certainly beautiful. I am surprised your skin stays so smooth despite working in a forge like this."

"Hehehe~! What a smooth talker."

Theresa was surprised to feel her cheeks warm up a little.

There were no women who disliked compliments.

Even more so when it came from a handsome and confident man.

“So, what have you been working on? I have little knowledge of smithing, but your skills look impressive.”

If before Theresa was just happy at Sol’s compliment, now she was completely beaming.

More than beauty, smithing was what really made Theresa happy.

Her beauty might vanish with time, but the result of her skills would stay far longer.

Looking at the direction of the metal, she smiled,

“It’s a blade I am forging. This one and another one I am preparing will be specially made for your knight, Setsuna. I also plan to make a special weapon for Lilin. One that can support her fighting skills.”

Pride could be seen in Theresa’s.

“You seem to be really happy.”

“Of course I am. Could you imagine it?”

Her eyes sparkled as she continued, “I am forging weapons for legends! I may be weak, but thanks to my creations, people who stand at the peak of the world can fight with their full might. Be it in hundreds or even thousands of years, even after I have long become ashes, the tales of their feats will still resonate through the world!”

In the end, she was practically shouting.

“Money, love, youth. All those are nothing more than ephemeral truth. When I die, my money will not follow me. How could I be beautiful if I am just a bag of bones? Even the greatest love would gradually be forgotten after death. But those weapons—My weapons. They will still be there...”

“Incredible.”

Sol’s voice seemed to snap Theresa out of her trances.

Scratching her hair awkwardly, she coughed,

“*Ahem* I am sorry for ramblings.”

She was truly embarrassed, it was something that only happened when someone talked to her about her creations.

“No, there is nothing to be sorry about. I am happy that you are thinking of Setsuna and Lilin. I am sure your gift will make them happy. If you need any materials, tell me.”

Sol always found independent women really attractive.

Until now, Theresa had always been a somewhat frivolous woman in his mind.

But this impression of her had been completely swept off.

“*Ahem* *Ahem* Praise me more.”

“...And you completely destroyed the good image I just had.”

“Hahaha~!”

Laughing quite loudly and in a rather unladylike way, Theresa indicated both Sol and Nuwa to follow her.

“We need to talk about more important things. But, first thing first—”

She sniffed herself and frowned, “I really need a good bath.”

“Hah~! I really needed it. I really like smithing and all, but this isn’t easy sometimes.”

Now draped in another white robe, though this time, one that wasn’t see-through, Theresa filled her glass with alcohol and downed it in one swing.

Walking across the room, she took her seat on Sol’s lap as if it was the most natural thing to do and leaned down contentedly.

Swinging her legs, she turned toward Nuwa and asked,

“So, how is Sol treating you? He isn’t bullying you?”

Nuwa, who decided to stay standing, shook her head, “Everyone is treating me well...I even have a friend now...I think?”

She tilted her head while a frown gradually marred her face, directing her gaze at Sol. She asked tentatively, as if afraid of the possible answer, “Is Lilin my friend?”

Sol answered with a faint smile, “I believe you are. But you should ask her yourself later.”

“Understood.”

“Oh~!” Nuwa cowed, “My little girl is grown up now. She is even making friends. Umu~! As I thought, you need some near-death experience from time to time to get experience and forge friendship.”

“Got it,” Nuwa answered while clenching her hand.

Watching those two acting like that, Sol could only show a wry smile.

“Could we talk about the important matters first?”

“Oh my, look at me.”

Jumping from Sol’s laps, she rushed toward her bedroom and came back with a little chest in her hand.

Once she opened it, a pearl could be seen in it.

Thump

The moment Sol’s gaze landed on it, he felt as if his heart missed a beat.

It was then followed by his blood boiling in his veins while his instincts began to scream at him to take this pearl away.

Suddenly,

Click

The chest was closed, and at the same time, the feelings that were almost driving him crazy slowly calmed down.

“Wha-what was this?”

He uttered with difficulty, his heart still beating wildly as if he had run for hundreds of kilometers.

“This...is what is going to make me famous for thousands upon thousands of years.”

Theresa’s eyes shined with a hidden madness as she gently caressed the chest in her arms,

“What you have seen isn’t just the eighth divine weapon, but more than anything — The first divine weapon crafted by a mortal.”

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Chapter 163: CH 145: HIS CHOICE

Once Sol calmed down, Theresa began to explain the origin of the pearl.

“This is the first and last gift of your mother.”

What made magical beings so powerful were their veins, horns, and core.

Only high-ranked beasts could manifest horns while only S rank beasts had a core.

The core, when coupled with a powerful enough body, changed the body of the user into something close to a perpetual machine. At the same time, they were great catalysts for magic.

For S rank the core was something sacred. The proof of their superiority. Because of this, whenever a rank S was about to face death, they would detonate their cores at all costs possible.

“When Blaze was about to sacrifice herself, she mutilated herself just to take them out and gave them to me.”

Her grip on the chest tightened. Even now, she could only feel awe at the unconditional love of a mother.

From what she knew, the pain such an act should have brought was something out of this world but Blaze acted as if it was the most natural thing in the world. Showing neither fear, pain nor hesitation, she dug out what made her greatest pride for her son.

“I will never forget her words as she took off in the sky in her dragon form. She felt no reluctance in parting with those since her greatest pride was none other than you--”

Taking a deep breath, Theresa said with a hint of sadness in her voice, “Your mother loved you so much, so much you were everything for her. I cannot even begin to imagine what she must have felt like while flying towards her doom.”

Sol felt silent. He honestly did not feel much love. Neither for Mars nor Blaze. But...He had to give respect where it was needed.

Without those parents of his, he would be nothing. So, even though he did not love them as a son should love their parents, he was still sad at their deaths and respected their sacrifice.

Theresa meanwhile felt respect for an entirely different reason.

As a dwarf, familial love, friendship and other similar feelings were nothing more than illusions. Something so rare that it was priceless.

On that day, as she watched Blaze fly away, she asked herself.

'Would I have done the same if I was in her place?'

Blaze was, at the end of the day, the daughter of a divine beast. She had absolutely no need to face Echidna in the first place and could have fled at any moment.

But she stayed and died with her husband.

The cold part of Theresa found this incomprehensible. Why sacrifice yourself to protect someone else?

But the soft part in the corner of her heart grieved at the loss of a friend and envied at the fact that she had something she could die for.

"For many years after this event, I did not know what to do with the core. Should I give it to you? Should I use it for myself? My greed and my duty as a friend fought against each other continuously."

She chuckled as she said that. The core of an S rank being, a direct descendant of Tiamat to boot, was something that had no price. Something so precious that even the aloof angels and the prideful elves would have gone to war for.

"In the end, and honestly with a narrow margin, friendship won. So I face a problem . How should I give it to you?"

She wagged his finger at him.

"If you were unable to awaken your own core, I would have simply given them to you as they were. I am sure the dragons would have found a way to make them fuse with you. Thankfully, you were far more talented than I thought. So I decided to make something else."

"A divine weapon."

"Indeed, a divine weapon. Well, more precisely, the husk of a divine weapon. It still lacks something very important."

"...Which is?"

"A divinity."

The sound of the carriage slowly moving sounded in Sol's ears.

Absently looking at the small chest he couldn't help but think back to his discussion with Theresa.

Divine weapons were a curse. Tools that absorbed lifespans and destroyed luck.

This was the reason why no queen or king, even those of long lived races, managed to survive for long.

At least this was Theresa's opinion after years of research.

Divine weapons worked by channeling one of the seven sins in the weapons and using it to surpass one's own limits.

But the problem was that mortals could not comprehend the vast infinity that was a divinity.

Sol understood this very well. After all, back during the Saint Fall, one look at Luxuria's face had been enough to make him feel like his mind was melting.

What was in this chest though, was different. A divine weapon without divinity and without any form.

Logically speaking, the best way to call it was to say that it was a potential divine weapon.

When Sol had asked her how he could add the so-called divinity, Theresa simply chuckled and played cute by sticking her tongue out.

He closed his eyes and chuckled bitterly.

Sol wasn't dumb. He more or less understood the situation in which he found himself in.

He stood now at yet another crossroad.

Who else but a goddess could bestow divinity?

The easiest way was without a doubt to ask Luxuria to bestow divinity upon this weapon.

If he did so, it would be like they had never lost the holy sword.

This was without a doubt the safest and steadiest path.

But...

'I do not wish to.'

All this while, Sol had always wondered.

How did the goddesses become goddesses?

What about the demi-gods?

If a mortal can transcend and become a demi-god, what stopped them from becoming full fledged gods?

If this was possible. What if he obtained his own divinity?

'Of course it wouldn't be easy.'

After all, even if it was possible, would the goddesses really stand aside and watch?

For some reason, Sol felt as if they would indeed just watch.

The rules of their so-called game was something he did not entirely understand. But...

"What are you thinking about?"

Looking at Nuwa, he waved his hand, the chest immediately vanished as it was put in his mirror dimension.

This was the most secure place in the world after all.

Once this was done, he gave a faint smile and crossed his leg while leaning back on his chair,

“I was just thinking how interesting it would be if I could become a player.”

Ignoring Nuwa's confused look, he closed his eyes in thought.

Soon, he would announce the punishment of the traitor and proceed with their executions and Gerald's exile.

Once this was done, it would be time for him to enter the Astral world.

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Chapter 164: CH 146: LOVE OF A MOTHER

[Tower of Babel]

After a rather tense meeting, though much less tense after they signed the contract, the girls streamed out of the room in teams.

After all, what they had signed was in a way a pact of non-aggression. It wasn't as if they suddenly became the best friends in the world.

But, at the very least, they knew that this couldn't continue. None of them were stupid. If there was one thing this event highlighted, it was that most of them did not trust each other. This was something normal, but this was also a fatal flaw the enemy could use.

As the last to walk out, Lilin and Setsuna keep looking at each other.

Even though Setsuna kept urging her with her eyes, Lilin still seemed to hesitate.

Finally, seemingly exasperated, she caught Lilin by the arm and pushed her out before talking loudly.

“Your majesty. Pardon my impudence, but the princess wishes to talk with you.”

Saying so, she bowed slightly before walking away.

Setsuna's situation was a little awkward. Technically, she was a slave. But at the same time she was still a princess, even if a fallen one, and ultimately she was one of the future spouses of Sol.

Because of those three titles, Setsuna never really knew how to address Lilith and generally tried to avoid her.

This time though, she needed to stick out for her friend and rival.

‘I hope you have a good talk with your mother.’

A small smile formed on her face.

After the little commotion Setsuna caused, the others dispersed in hurry with a knowing smile. They all knew that the relationship between Lilin and Lilith was extremely stiff.

They didn't wish to meddle in what could be a tentative way to mend their relationship.

Now alone, Lilith looked at her daughter who stubbornly refused to look at her. A faint smile formed on her face as she asked,

“Should we visit the garden? There are many things I wish to tell you.”

Lilin hesitated a little.

If she had to be honest. She did not want to hear the so-called truth. She felt like she would lose everything if she heard it.

But, recalling the encouraging smile of Setsuna and the words of Sol, she clenched her fists before relaxing.

“Let’s go.”

[Tower of Babel, hanging garden]

Under the moonlight, the daughter and mother duo stood on a bench while observing the beautiful painting of the milky way in the sky.

The atmosphere between the two was silent, almost oppressively so.

Ruminating the words of Lilith, Lilin showed a dazed expression.

On the side, Lilith only showed a bitter expression as she looked at the sky.

After they had reached the garden, Lilith began to explain the full story to Lilin. Aside from the identity of her father and the fact that she was dying soon, she hid nothing.

After this was done, Lilin seemed to have had her soul sucked out of her body as she sat listlessly.

This deadlock seemed like it would last for a long while, but it was broken by Lilin,

“So...I am basically a clone of you and whatever man was used?”

Lilith winced a little. In a way, it was an accurate description.

Lilith could not give birth normally. In fact, even though her reproductive organs functioned normally, she simply lacked the eggs necessary for reproduction.

As such, even though she birthed Lilin, in the truest way, they were not really mother and daughter but instead, copies of each other.

Currently, Lilin’s mind was in a complete mess. The revelation she received tonight was nothing short of earth-shattering.

Murmuring absent-mindedly, she said, “Every day, every night, I would receive gruesome training for reasons I did not understand. Even though it hurt so much, even though I would cry myself to sleep every night, I still held on.”

Her eyes reddened, “I have always thought that you hated me. I always wondered why? Was it because I was born from a forced marriage? Was it because I didn’t have enough talent? I did not understand,

could not understand... But now, I see. In the end, I was nothing more than an experiment, and you-- were never my mother in the first place."

Wiping away the tears that threatened to spill, she stood up abruptly, "I think I have heard enough. Goodnight."

Lilin had already decided to walk away when she felt her arm being gripped.

Turning around, she saw that the one that had caught her was none other than Lilith.

"What do you want?"

"Sit down please."

Lilith asked with a pleading tone. She did not know why, but she had a hunch that if she let Lilin go now, the relationship between the two would be irreparable.

If it had happened a few months ago, or even a few weeks ago, she would not have cared. After all, she was destined to die. Rather than letting her daughter grieve her death, it would have been simpler if Lilin simply felt nothing for her.

But since that discussion with Sol, a small seed of hope had been planted in her heart. The seed was incredibly small and the earth in which it was planted was dry and nearly without nutrients.

But plants could even grow in the harshest desert and hope could bloom even in the midst of the greatest despair.

Lilith of course was still not conscious of all this, but she did not wish to see her daughter cry.

Lilin tried to fight back. All she wanted now was to enter her room and curl herself in a corner.

Seeing this, Lilith stood up and took Lilin firmly in her arms, hugging her so tightly that breath escaped her,

"I am sorry for being such a bad mother."

"You are not my mother!"

Those words seemed to trigger Lilin as she fought back the hug, but Lilith did not let her go.

"I am!" Lilith shouted back, "I may be a bad mother. Someone who did not know how to raise you and take care of you. A cruel mother, someone who made you feel pain you should never have felt. But, at the end of the day, no matter how much you or anyone deny it, I am and will always be your mother and I am proud of it."

When the two of them stood together like this under the moonlight, a beautiful scene seemed to be drawn while highlighting their similarities.

The greatest difference was that Lilith was still taller than Lilin.

Looking down at her daughter, she murmured, "You have really grown to become a beautiful woman."

Lilin, who was still stunned by Lilith's shout, couldn't help but snort, "Aren't you just praising yourself?"

A chuckle escaped Lilith.

The previously heated atmosphere seemed to calm down a little.

Sighing, Lilith buried her head in her daughter's shoulder, "I know nothing can excuse how badly I have raised you. I cannot put into words how happy I was to see you grow into such a fine woman."

Taking a deep breath, she continued,

"I was broken and helpless, alone and lost. I did not know what to do. All I knew was that I needed to care for you and Sol. Sol had his dragon family, and he is the Blessed prince. No matter what happened to me, he would still be alright. But you were different. I am the only one for you. I am your one and only family. That is why I was so harsh. I wanted you to be able to stand up and never break should anything happen to me."

Lilith confessed all the things in her heart. The pressure on her heart was something she could never explain.

All those years, she had racked her brain, trying to find the best way to raise her daughter. To give her the strength to stand alone in this world.

She wished for her daughter to depend on no one, to be able to make her choice and choose her own way.

At the same time, the loss of her beloved brother and her impending death gnawed at her every day.

Being a single mother.

Becoming a queen.

Lilith knew she had hundreds of reasons to explain her actions. But, at the end of the day, there was only one truth.

"I am sorry for all the pain I have inflicted upon you."

No matter what the reasons were, she had hurt her daughter.

"I am sorry for everything you had to endure."

Even if the results were positive, her misjudged love scarred her daughter in a way that would never vanish.

"But I want you to know--"

She might die in a few weeks. She did not wish to leave any lingering regrets. This was why she needed to say it.

"I have never hated you."

She needed to make her understand it.

"You were not unwanted."

She wished to engrave those words in her heart,

“You are the best thing that has ever happened to me. You are my pride.”

Raising her heart, she looked at her daughter through the blur created by the tears that were falling from her eyes,

“I love you with all my heart. Please...I beg you...Never doubt that.”

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Chapter 165: CH 147: WORRIES OF A DAUGHTER

[Tower of Babel]

Once Sol came back to the tower, the first thing he did was to call for Milia and receive a report about the situation.

After all, even though he had set up this meeting, there were many ways things could have blown up.

Sol did not naively hope that they would suddenly become the best friends in the world. Each of them had their own personality, goals, and aspirations.

This was how relationships worked. Even monogamous relationships were a pain to deal with, much less a polygamous ones.

From Milia's words, he understood that the situation had been rather explosive. Thankfully, none of the girls were fully triggered and as such no bloodbath happened.

Aside from this, the ideas of contract had been Milia's idea and he was glad that it could be put to use.

“Well, at least this should calm down Camelia for some time.”

“Do not worry your highness. Even though we all have our willfulness, your happiness trumps it all. As such, we would of course endeavor to make you as happy as possible.”

“...I see.”

Sol's lips twitched a little but he did not comment. He wanted to rest. Since he would soon leave for the astral world, it was important to set up everything necessary.

They also needed to prepare training drills, in case the wings attacked once again.

Even though he doubted they would do so. After all, the current Lustburg with Ambrosia present was like a Superfortress.

Walking alone in the hallway, Sol couldn't help but let out a yawn.

He was physically alright, but his mind was so exhausted it seemed it could collapse at any moment.

Even though he loved the feeling of power and authority the title of the future king gave him, he did not like the subsequent obligations.

What's more, at the end of the day, he simply wanted to be a carefree prince with some measure of authority and money to throw around.

Sometimes he would tease the maids, sometimes the priestess, and most of the time he would spend it with his beloved women and companion. There would be some children playing around and acting all cute like babies knew how to.

It wasn't some glorious purpose.

It was nothing more than a dream. A simple dream. A small dream..

But it was a dream worth pursuing.

At the very least it was way more meaningful than conquering the world and all that jazz.

But Sol knew that life wasn't so easy. Even though he didn't wish for trouble, it didn't mean that troubles wouldn't come and find him. There were so many dangerous things that could completely trample everything around him.

He couldn't rest before at least becoming a demi-god and understanding the secret of this world. There was also the part where he hoped his child wouldn't be a reincarnator.

Reaching his bedroom, which has been mostly unused lately, he was about to open it when he felt a presence in the room.

<<Mirror Dimension>>

The world around him rippled as all the colors faded and changed into a monochrome gray.

This was his world. His dimension.

'It would be good if I could affect time and space here.'

He knew that the divine beasts could manipulate the laws in their territories. But it was mostly because they were in the Astral world.

Thinking about such a thing, he phased through the door and entered the room in order to observe the intruder without risk.

He was sure that no enemy could sneak into his room with the witches present in the tower, but it was always better to be safe than sorry.

He was a little tense at first, but once he went through the other side of the door and saw who was waiting for him, he let out a sigh of relief before coming out of his dimension.

"Hello Lilin, how are you?"

He smiled as he asked her. Though the smile rapidly went away when he saw her tear-stained face.

A few minutes later, Lilin was laying down on Sol's lap while he gently caressed her hair.

Even though she had her eyes closed, Lilin was still awake and couldn't help but murmur,

"I ran away from my mother."

After their short discussions, it has simply been too much for Lilin and as such, she fled to the only place that could bring her comfort.

"I don't know what to think."

Right now, her mind was pure chaos.

Should she be angry at her mother?

But all Lilith did was for her own good.

Should she forgive her mother, then?

But then, what about all the pain she went through?

Should she hate Neptune for creating her?

But the man was already dead.

So many questions, so many dilemmas. All those thoughts were swimming and colliding in her head.

All her life she had always resented her mother and wished to prove herself to her.

But now, all that resentment that brewed in her heart had no clear targets to latch on to.

"I hate my mother. I hate all the pain she brought me. But more than anything else, I hate myself for being happy when she said she loved me."

Sol sighed in his heart. It was a matter of course. No matter how sincere Lilith was, no matter how much Lilin wished to forgive her mother, years of resentment and misunderstanding could not be resolved with just a few words.

It didn't help that Lilin was having a mild existential crisis.

"Do you think I am a monst--*Ouch*"

Lilin flinched after she got her head smacked by Sol,

"I don't really plan to comment about the situation between you and Lilith. This isn't something I can interfere in. Whether you wish to forgive her or not is up to you and either way, I will support you."

Someone else may have said that since Lilith meant well, she should be automatically forgiven.

Sol thought this was bullshit.

The way of hell was paved with good intentions. Whatever her original intentions were, reality didn't change.

No matter how much Sol loved Lilith, the truth was that she was a failure as a mother. This was something undeniable. But at the same time, no one could deny the work Lilith had put in.

Thanks to her teachings, Lilin was already a Duke despite her young age. In this world, power was always the greatest asset one could have.

At the end of the day, if the two of them wished to really live as mother and daughter, they had a long way to go. The scares, the pain, and suffering would never vanish, this was the sad truth. But it was possible to create a new fertile ground on a scorched one.

It just needed time and careful consideration.

“You aren’t a monster, nor are you a weapon. You are you. Lilin Luxuria. My adorable...cousin.”

Lilin did not miss Sol’s pause toward the end of his sentence.

“Am I really your cousin though?”

Even though Lilith never explicitly stated who the father was, they knew perfectly that Lilith would have never accepted the seeds of a random man. In fact, there was only one man back then whose seeds she would have accepted.

“Well, even if you are my sister, or half-sister, or aunt? It doesn’t really matter now, does it?”

Technically speaking, Lilin was Lilith’s clone. Which made her his aunt. At the same time, there were high chances that Lilin was Mars’ Daughter, which would make her his half-sister. Finally, Lilin could also be seen as Lilith’s daughter, which made her his cousin.

It was a rather complicated cluster fuck. One barely worthy of a Greek god genealogical tree.

The two of them chuckled a little, sweeping away the tense atmosphere and depressing mood that had settled in.

“Soon you will enter the Astral World, right?”

“Indeed.”

“I guess after you come back you will be much stronger.”

“Normally, yes.”

Sol had a bad hunch.

“When you leave, I will also leave Lustburg.”

“... You want to visit Envilya?”

“Indeed. I have already told you about Anastasia Invidia. A friend I made during my adventure with the elves.”

Sol understood her plan.

From what Lilith said, Lilin had nearly perfectly inherited the blood of the nightmare queen.

It was clear that her fight with the Wings had awakened the blood in her. If she managed to get training from a full succubus, her power would without a doubt skyrocket.

What’s more, the royal families of the two kingdoms had a special relationship, mainly because Pandora, the current Queen of Envilya, had once been one of Mars’s companions.

For some reason, Sol immediately began to think about all the possible ramifications that could happen.

The war against Wratharis was inevitable.

In terms of Geography, Wratharis was surrounded on three sides by Lusturg, Southern Pride, and Envilya.

If Sol could leverage the worship elves had for dragons, he could have them fight with him against Wratharis.

If by using Lilin he could make a stronger connection with Envilya and have them at the very least stay neutral, the chance of his kingdom losing the war would be considerably lowered.

What's more, the threat of the wings of freedom was something that couldn't be neglected. If he could influence other kingdoms and have them put heavier protections on their divine weapons...

What's more, all politics aside, Lilin was part of Lustburg. If she managed to reach the King rank, it would mean another powerhouse for the kingdom.

No matter how you looked at it, it was full of advantages.

But,

"No."

Sol refused.

"Why!?"

Lilin asked as she stood up abruptly.

She couldn't understand why he was refusing it.

"Firstly, the wings of freedom are still at large. We have managed to kidnap one of their members. Do you think they would forget her? I dare to say that if you leave the confines of the capital, you won't even need to go far before being ambushed."

"But..."

"Secondly. The situation in Envilya is incredibly unstable currently. The four heavenly generals are acting suspiciously and the church is supporting the nobles faction. Even though the crown princess and the queen cannot be touched, what about the others? Your friend isn't the crown princess, is she?"

"No but..."

"Finally, let's say that you don't get abducted by the wings. Let's also say that the political situation in that country doesn't explode and that you aren't implicated. The most basic problem. How will you ask them to train you? Will you say something like, hello, I am the princess of another country and I need you to make me stronger. By the way, I also have the blood of your strongest queen in me and I am currently about to awaken her power."

Sol laughed coldly, "How high do you think the chances are that they execute you on the spot?"

Bloodline was no joke. It was one thing if Lilin was a natural part-succubus, but if they ever learned that her blood came from the royal family and that the King of Lustburg did such experiments, it wouldn't be weird if they immediately declared war on Lustburg.

Watching the dejected expression on her face, Sol's voice softened,

"I am sorry. I know that you are feeling uneasy and want to become stronger. I perfectly understand this and wish for the same. But I do not wish to put you into a situation with so many dangerous variables. Call me selfish if you want to, but I do not wish to lose those I care about."

Standing up, he hugged Lilin and kissed her forehead, his eyes were filled with tenderness as he looked at her,

"Still, I acknowledge your desire for more power. Let's think about a better solution, alright?"

Sol did not wish to take away the independence of the girls around him. He did not wish to clip their wings and stop them from flying outside.

But this was really a matter he could not decide on easily.

In a situation like this, he needed the opinions of more experienced people.

Tomorrow, he would consult Milia, Lilith, and Camelia about the situation.

Worst comes to worst, if Lilin insisted on going, he would have Kali follow her.

"Now then, about the time you rest, I am sure you must be emotionally tired after all those roller coasters."

He tried to let go of the hugs but was stopped by Lilin.

Raising her head, she gave an upturned glance at him and said calmly,

"I do not wish to sleep alone tonight."

The invitation in her words was as clear as crystal.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 166: CH 148: LUXURIA (1)

As the sun slowly rose in the sky, a ray of light shone on Sol's face, slowly forcing him awake.

Opening his eyes, refreshed after a good night of sleep, he tried to stand up, but stopped once he became aware of the weight on him.

Looking down, he was startled at the sight of purple hair draped all over his chest. Thankfully, his mind kicked into gear and he remembered the events that led to this.

Last night, after their discussion about her relationship with Lilith, Lilin had clearly stated that she wished to spend the night with him.

When she did so, the little head of Sol had been screaming to go for it. But, the rational part of his mind ultimately stopped him.

He had absolutely nothing against finally spending his first night with her. No matter what their blood relation was, it did not really matter to him.

But he did not wish for it to happen like this.

He felt as if she just wanted to throw herself away in sex and forget everything.

Sadly, escapism was not something Sol could condone.

Escapism generally led to depression, and depression to morbid thoughts. Having one person with suicidal tendencies near him was more than enough.

That was why, rather than having a wild and passionate night, they simply kissed and cuddled until she finally fell asleep.

Weirdly, Sol did not feel particularly pent up. Of course, sleeping with a woman such as Lilin who exhibited an odd mix of sexiness and cuteness without touching her was sort of torture.

But moments like this filled his heart with contentment and happiness.

No relationship could rely on sex, no matter how good, to last long. In the end, the most important thing was to understand, protect and support each other.

Even though two humans could never completely understand each other, it was necessary to come as close as possible.

Sol sighed. Sometimes, he wondered why a simple teen like him had to deal with so much mess.

Even during his first life, he was nothing more than a random university student between millions upon millions in the world.

He had nothing particularly special about him.

He was not particularly good at anything, but neither was he particularly bad.

He was not a super-hidden genius that was bored with life nor was he a NEET that thought the world was a shitty game.

Simply and clearly average.

[Is that so?]

In Medea's world, Ambrosia, who was chatting happily with Medea and Freya, suddenly frowned before shrugging.

It had nothing to do with her and it wasn't like she could stop it even if she wished to

"Mother?"

"Hum? Haha don't mind me, I was just wondering how much your charm was lacking for Persephone to beat you even though she came later. What did you do? Did you ask for a child or something?"

"Ugh."

"You didn't...You did! Oh my goddess, I never thought you could be so dumb."

Ambrosia laughed out loud while teasing the red-faced Freya.

In the church, Camelia, who was hugging her pillow as she slept, suddenly opened her eyes wide.

Standing up, she murmured,

“What are you doing?”

She waited but received no answers.

Helplessly, she could only lay back on the large bed with worry etched on her face.

She wasn't worried about what could happen to Sol. She knew that Sol was simply too important for the goddesses.

She was worried about the possibility of him thinking this was another scheme of hers or that she did not warn him in advance.

She was already on the fence, and she did not need someone to pull her down deeper.

Cough *Cough*

Covering her mouth with her hand, she sighed once her body stopped trembling and looked at the now bloodied hand.

A few seconds later, the blood slowly evaporated as it transformed into golden particles of light.

She had not told Sol the complete truth about the ritual back then. It would not harm her, but that was only when it wasn't broken.

Back then, she had absolute confidence in the barrier. Who would have thought that a demi-god would interfere?

Thankfully, it was nothing much, she just needed to sleep longer for some time. She just feared that if she told Sol now, his trust in her would crumble even more.

Sighing, she curled down on her bed,

“I should tell him the truth about my current situation today.”

All this while she had hesitated and tried to think about different excuses, but she ultimately discarded them.

As a schemer, she understood more than anyone else that a lie could only be covered by even more lies.

It was better to come clean now than to wait for the situation to explode in her face.

She was ready to accept any punishment he would throw at her as long he didn't show his expression of disappointment again.

That, more than anything, had really cut her deep.

Closing her eyes, she began to dream. A simple and happy dream.

Sol was dreaming, at least he thought he was dreaming. His mind felt hazy as if his consciousness was floating in endless white fog.

When he felt his mind grow clear again, he was standing in a vast garden, green pasture as far as the eyes could see and an incredibly shining starry sky, shining so beautifully, each star seemed like a jewel.

Even though he was a little startled, Sol regained his focus rather fast as he eyed the place he was in.

Feeling the pleasant breeze on his face and looking up at the sky, he could basically guess where he was currently.

After all, it hadn't been that long.

Crunch

The sound of the grass being crushed under graceful steps sounded in Sol's ear as he turned to face the source.

This was the same scene, the same situation and the same place.

This time though, he did not make the mistake of looking directly at the face of the woman but simply at the hem of her short golden dress, that seemed ready to fly with the wind and show the spring scene underneath at any moment.

Sol remembered clearly what had happened the last time he saw the face of the being in front of him. It was not a pleasant memory and he had no wishes to revive it.

Giving a bow, Sol said gently, "Good morning, dear goddess. To what do I owe the pleasure of your visit?"

"Oh? and here I thought you would face me with a face full of anger, ready to berate me or something of sorts."

Straightening his back, Sol gave a smile as he focused his gaze on the collarbone of the woman.

'I hope I won't develop some weird fetishes.'

Literally, every part of her body seemed to be perfect and attracted him to no end.

"How could I dare? Your excellency could smite me, take my blessings away, break my mind, or many things. Why would I voluntarily antagonize someone who is so much more powerful than me because of some useless pride?"

Sol was prideful. He became even more since his awakening.

But he wasn't foolish—even less so suicidal.

Pride without the means to back it up was nothing but pure hubris.

A slight chuckle escaped her, and immediately, Sol felt as if the world was filled with happiness. As if nothing could ever go wrong.

Taking a deep breath, he managed to stop his surging emotions that definitely did not come from him.

'So this is a goddess. A simple laugh is enough to nearly destroy all my mental barriers.'

He was once again reminded that gods and mortals stood at two different levels.

“Now then, little Sol, could you guess why I brought you here?”

“My entry in the Astral world.”

“Ding Ding Ding. Beautiful answer. No prize though.”

Teasingly joking, the goddess waved her hand and created a throne before plopping in it in a rather unbecoming way.

Once she was seated, she murmured, “You remember our deal, right?”

Sol sighed as he nodded, “How could I forget? I am still grateful for you sparing Camelia back then.”

“Then, It’s time for you to know about your second trial.”

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 167: CH 149: LUXURIA (2)

“Then, It’s time for you to know about your second trial.”

Hearing those words, Sol found that he wasn’t as stressed as he thought he would have been.

This was the price he had to pay to keep Camelia alive while enjoying as many benefits as possible.

“Do you remember, back then in order to save Camelia, you should have lost everything? But, in exchange for completing three tasks we would accord the three wishes at the same time, your and Camelia’s life became linked. One life for another life. If you die, she also dies.”

“I remember.”

Sol nodded. How could he forget something so important? If that day he had lacked resolve, even the slightest bit, the result would have been very much different.

“Her first wish was for you to form a contract with an S ranked beast, more precisely a Phoenix. Her second wish was for your bloodline to be refined. Finally, the third wish was for you to have permanent access to the Astral realm.”

Luxuria chuckled,

“Your first trial was nothing particularly grand. We just increased the amount of pain you should have felt during the growth of your core. What’s more, we made sure that you inherited the chaos attribute of Tiamat. Thanks to it, your body basically possesses a high resistance toward all kinds of magic.”

“What would have happened if I failed?”

“You would have died and Camelia would have followed you.”

“...”

“What? Are you dissatisfied?”

“Would it change anything if I was?”

“No, pretty much nothing. As you are now, you do not have the strength to flip the chessboard.”

“So I am perfectly happy. Your grace illuminates the sun and makes me feel ashamed at my pettiness.”

“...You have become quite sassy recently, haven't you?”

“Learning that you unconsciously flirted with death will do that.”

“Heh, I am liking you more and more. You have grown beautifully in the short time we haven't met. That is why mortals are so fascinating. A few months or a few years are enough for them to become completely different people.”

“Technically, I am not mortal. I am pretty sure I can live a few thousand years.”

“Come tell me that when you can live until the end of time and more than anything, when you stop laying down with witches.”

Sol gave an awkward laugh. Indeed, compared to a goddess, his life span was just a joke. It didn't help that he kept lowering it.

“Before you ask – no, I will not help in stopping the curse. I have promised Asmodeus to not interfere in how he handled them. If you wish to change the destiny of the witches, then try convincing him.”

“I see.”

“Now then, for your second trial, you will have to win the approval of the dragons and officially become recognized as their prince.”

Sol pinched his eyebrows in annoyance. The words of the goddess were simply too much to take.

Raising his hand, he asked just to be sure,

“So, my trial is to make an entire race of beings known for their pride to bow for me in respect and accept me as the second-highest authority?!”

“Perfectly summarized.”

He could only shake his head speechlessly at the shamelessness of the goddesses.

Sol frowned, “But technically, am I not already the prince?”

Luxuria laughed, the sound of her laugh was so beautiful that Sol felt as if his mind was cloudy. He could feel as if nothing in the world mattered anymore.

‘Snap out of it!’

Biting his lips, he managed to wake up from the trance he had been pulled in.

He couldn't understand why he suddenly lost control like this. Last time, he had clearly been able to have an entire conversation with her with no problem.

Of course, it was possible that it had been because she had gone easy on him.

“Heh, your mind became stronger.”

Those words proved his suspicion. Clearly it wasn't just about looking at the face.

The simple fact of facing a god as a mortal should be something impossible for a mortal. So, the goddess most likely controlled her own presence to avoid destroying his mind and had released a part of the control to test him.

Seemingly satisfied with the result, Luxuria waved her hand,

"Coming back to the main topic, all dragons are descendants of Tiamat. Be it second or third generations. Even the four Dragon kings are not really considered as superior to the other dragons in terms of status."

She let out a small chuckle, "Superbia did a really good job with the dragons. Their pride does not allow them to accept being ruled by someone simply because of their identities.

The reason why your mother was considered as the princess was simply that she earned it. As such, your identity as Blaze's son will not help you. In fact...I am pretty sure it will make things more difficult."

A mischievous smile formed on her face as she said this. Of course, Sol could not see it, but he could feel the teasing undertone in her voice.

"Is it because I will be the one to beat?"

He was the son of the previous princess. He was a chaos dragon. He was also blessed.

For anyone wishing to receive the title of prince, Sol was without a doubt an obstacle.

"Oh, there's that. There is also the fact that your mother traumatized pretty much all the dragons and many of the other divine beasts. Hahaha! It was really a sight to behold."

Sol gave a bitter smile,

'The difficulty went from hell mode to Insane.'

Now though wasn't the time. He could feel the surroundings were getting blurry. It seemed that the goddess was done with him.

That's why he needed to ask.

"What is your goal?"

"You will naturally get the answer when you reach the necessary level."

"And what is that level?"

"Become a demi-god."

After those words, Sol could only close his eyes as a blinding white light filled his surroundings.

When he opened his eyes, Sol found himself back in his bedroom.

Closing his eyes, he only thought about one thing.

He wished to sleep.

After that day, the training intensity of Sol more than doubled.

One problem stumped Sol, it was something he had always been curious about and would most likely soon receive an answer to.

His dimension was the mirror dimension.

From what he had gathered, it should cover the entire mortal world or at the very least a great part of it.

At the very least, he had tried to walk out of the capital while in his dimension and succeeded without any problem.

Then, if he entered the mirror dimension while in the Astral world. What would happen?

It was something worth pondering and the possible implications made his heart beat furiously.

Aside from this, he had finally tried to test the divine weapon and the result had been quite disastrous.

Disastrous as in he nearly blew up.

After some tests with Theresa, it seemed that he needed to at least reach the level of Duke and use the weapons in conjunction with his zone. Only then could he unleash the power of the weapon.

Clearly, this was a weapon that would grow with him and slowly acclimate to his power as his level increased.

Of course, Theresa told him that he could simply ask for divine power from Luxuria and fill his weapon with it, but Sol refused.

For one, after his last discussion with the goddess, he did not believe that she would simply hand him divine power out of the goodness of her heart. He owed her enough and did not wish to have a fourth or fifth trial added to the list. He wasn't Heracles.

Aside from training and filing paperwork, Sol had finally proceeded with the punishment of the traitors.

In order to reach the maximum coverage, he used the same system that was used during his coming-of-age ceremony and even used the coliseum as the venue of the execution.

After reciting the reasons as to why they were punished and some deep speech, all the criminals were executed without even having the right to utter their last words.

What really touched Sol during this event was how vicious a group of people controlled by their emotions could become.

He also did not hesitate to hang up Leonard and Loki Gorfard's bodies as a way for them to vent their feelings and a warning to the other nobles.

While he did not wish to become like the bloodthirsty queen, Venus, he did not wish to be underestimated either.

As for the exile of Gerald, Sol did not participate.

He had been sent to the battlefield by the black knights in the open and some members of the Crown's shadow.

To avoid the high possibility of him being captured and tortured by the wings of freedom then spilling all the secrets he knew, Sol asked Ambrosia to completely wipe out all memories that could potentially hurt the kingdom if revealed.

After all, if Envilya came to learn what the origins of Lilith and Lilin were, another war would be upon them.

Speaking of Envilya, Sol had thought seriously about Lilin's wish to receive training from a true succubus.

The best answer he reached was to use the crown's shadow to release some rumors, such as Lilith's mother being a half-blood succubus.

Thankfully, while rare, Succubus existed in Lustburg. From what Aria told him, there were many succubi working for her in the red light district.

While the succubi in this world did not need to have sex to absorb life force, absorbing it through fluid such as sperm or blood was the easiest way.

The high-ranked succubi, the night hag, could even absorb life energy through the dreams of their victims.

Finally, the highest ranked succubi were called Nightmare. It was said that they could even alter reality through the power of dream and kill people in their dreams.

Thankfully, the number of Nightmares was incredibly low.

Sol honestly believed that learning about the different sub-races in Envilya and Wratharis was a true pain.

But this did not matter. If they managed to convince an envoy from Envilya to come, it would help in strengthening the relationship and open the way for possible cooperation.

Since he had decided to deal with Lilin's training, he had decided to do the same for both Setsuna and Nuwa.

For Nuwa, Milia had proposed to take over for her. In a way, Nuwa was already Milia's student since she taught her how to be a maid.

For Setsuna, it was a little more complicated. Setsuna was a sword user, but also a magical being. The only one who could reliably help Setsuna was Lilith.

But it was a question as to whether she could reliably train someone in her current state. Still, Sol had asked Lilith and even though she was reluctant, she still accepted in the end. As for her magic studies, Ambrosia had been weirdly interested in training Setsuna.

As for Nuwa, she had no magic in itself. She simply had one innate ability, a rather terrifying one.

Devouring.

It seemed that whatever she ate was converted into pure mana and fused with her body, thereby reinforcing it.

This was a very scary power. In a way, Nuwa's growth had no limit. All she had to do was to eat to become the ultimate tank. She did not even need to train. It was no wonder she could already resist the attack of a Duke with only a basic mastery of Reinforcement.

This explained why her body was already so strong even though she never trained.

After learning about this skill, Sol could only feel giddy in anticipation, as he wondered two things.

One, what would happen if Nuwa regularly devoured his blood?

Two, would he be able to obtain that power after forming a contract with her?

Milia also had a part of the power of devouring through the use of her shadow. But from what she told him, her aspect was way weaker.

The empowerment she got from devouring things could only last for a short time. What's more, there was a limit to the amount she could eat in one go.

Sometimes, Sol felt that he could simply ditch everything and live the life of a kept man without having to worry about anything.

All the women surrounding him were simply too impressive and full of cheat.

Well technically, he did live like that since he was young.

Thankfully, or perhaps regretfully? He didn't simply wish to be taken care of.

Like this, days passed idly. Training, working, eating, going on date, fucking.

Those were very fulfilling days.

Then finally the day he had been waiting for came.

The day he would enter the Astral realm.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 168: PERSEPHONE (1)

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.

Hearing him, Persephone chuckled a little before looking at her collection. Once her gaze landed in a particular attire, she decided,

“Let’s begin with this one.”

A few minutes later, Sol sat with anticipation as he waited for Persephone to change.

This wait was rewarded by an incredible sight.

Once Persephone went out of the bathroom, she had changed her attire to a short, very short pink nurse uniform.

The skirt of the uniform barely went past her butt, while the top was slightly opened and showed her cleavage.

Her long legs were also covered by black stockings that stopped mid-thigh, making it all too enticing.

“Pleased?”

Sol’s eyes shone as he answered, “More than pleased.”

No matter how much used to women he became, Sol could not help but have his heart pounding in his chest.

“Then, shall we play a little?”

Giving him a wink, she turned around and began to walk away while swaying her hips.

Once she reached her desk, she slightly bent down and began to rummage through it.

The way that she’d perched against the desk meant that the already short skirt part of her uniform had ridden further up her legs and was also now parted slightly open. The opening of the skirt must have been mere millimeters from her underwear.

It was like an itch was scratching Sol’s heart. The anticipation and hope in seeing, but the disappointment when you understood that those mere millimeters were like an unending chasm.

While continuing this, Persephone began to ask him questions about his diet and other such health issues.

At first, he was a little bewildered, but it didn’t take long for him to understand that he should just wing it. Clearly, she was playing the role of a nurse taking care of her patient.

Then she said, "Oh, I guess I should be writing this down and with a little smile", she twisted around and lifted a pencil and notebook from the desk behind her.

As she moved her skirt rode up much higher, giving him a clear view of what lay underneath her skirt.

Aside from the stockings covering her sexy bubble butt, there was nothing underneath it.

Sol gulped, his throat felt parched, he wished for nothing more than to stand up and take her right here, right now, but a faint sense of anticipation stopped him. He wished to see just how much more she could entice him and heighten his lust.

As if nothing happened, Persephone turned around and talked seriously,

“Now, I see. But your problem is not something I can completely understand just through talking. Why don’t we get you undressed?”

“Should I go completely naked?”

Covering her mouth in mock outrage, Persephone exclaimed, “Please, dear sir, this establishment is a respectable one. Undressing up to your underwear will suffice.”

Chuckling, Sol nodded and proceeded to do as he was told.

Once he stood up tall and strong with just his underwear barely covering his hardened penis, Persephone proceeded to walk up until close to him, and traced his strong muscle with her index,

“My, what a well-toned body.”

Thanks to his awakened dragon blood as well as all his training, Sol’s body was extremely well sculpted. It wouldn’t be a mistake to say that it was just short of perfection.

“Sir, sit down on the bed please.”

Once Sol did as he was instructed, she began to gently caress his torso and arms with her finger.

Her touch brought shivers to his spine.

“Dear sir, excuse me to ask you this, but do you masturbate?”

Sol raised an eyebrow at this, but still answered, “I do not.”

When he was too young to masturbate, he had no need to. When he had his first wet dream, he knew that Medea could see everything in the tower, so he was too embarrassed to.

Finally, recently he completely lost the need to pleasure himself.

“Oh my! This is not good at all. Did you not know that one should release himself regularly? I need to remedy this situation.”

Saying so, she slowly brought her hand toward, his penis that had poked out its head out of his underwear.

Then, kneeling down, she asked Sol to gently lift his butt and slid down his underwear,

“I thought this was a respectable establishment?”

Persephone grinned a little then widened her eyes once her chin was lightly slapped by his cock.

“Oh my, what a fine specimen we have here.”

She said so and began to manipulate his sack with her hand as if of some interest.

His cock stuck straight out at her, her face, almost touching his swollen hard-on. She caressed the tip of his penis and played with his balls.

Sol could feel his urge slowly build-up, but just this was far from enough to make him reach the peak.

Understanding this, Persephone swept her hair aside and took his cock by the root and opened her mouth wide, before slowly engulfing his full length.

At the same time, she opened her blouse and showed him more of her beautiful breasts.

Her wet and slimy tongue was doing wonders to him while she kept bobbing her head faster and faster while deepthroating him. She was gagging and her eyes were teary but she didn't stop.

Before long, Sol felt ready to cum and warned her, but rather than slowing down, Persephone increased the pace and made eye contact with him.

Looking at the upturned eyes of this beautiful woman while she serviced him with all her might.

The feeling of conquest he felt while knowing that one of the strongest women in the world was literally worshipping his dick was simply too much for him.

Grasping her head tightly, he groaned and started cumming. He came down her throat while they both looked each other in the eyes.

After shooting some ropes of cum down her throat, he pulled out of her mouth and shot the remaining on her face and boobs, staining her nurse uniform on the way.

After his orgasm subsided, Persephone wordlessly took his dick in her mouth to suck the remaining drops of his cum.

For a witch like her, Sol's essence was no different than a super tonic drink while tasting like the greatest thing in the world.

She had heard from Freya that Medea had literally passed out during their first time together, and she could now understand why.

The amount of energy and the purity of it was simply out of this world.

Swallowing his seeds like it was the greatest delicacy in the world, Persephone looked at Sol with passionate eyes and asked,

"Shall we continue?"

She could feel her cunt dripping.

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Chapter 169: PERSEPHONE (2)

Watching Persephone swipe some of his cream from her breasts with her finger and lick it, Sol feels his cock harden further.

A phenomenon that did not escape Persephone. Once she was done, she used a napkin to wipe out the rest from her breasts. Though she could do nothing about what had landed on her uniform.

Then, giving him a sultry smile while standing up, she murmured,

“It seems like you are ready for another go.”

Sol smirked, “I can go for as long I wish to.”

Taking her by the waist, Sol turned her around and made her sit on his lap, back to him.

Putting his nose in her neck, he inhaled deeply, filling his nose with her scent.

At the same time, he couldn't help but release a deep growl, as he fought back the urge to simply ravage her as violently as possible.

This was an urge he had always had to fight against. One that he only partially released when he was with Camelia.

After all, no matter how powerful all his partners were, their bodies were still too fragile compared to his. If he really went wild, he would simply hurt them if they didn't use mana to protect themselves.

Groping her breast from behind, Sol gently weighed them before pinching her slowly hardening nubs through the thin blouse.

He really wondered how Persephone had such a glamorous body while her three sisters simply looked like high schoolers.

Of course, since it was rude thinking about other women while having another one in your arms, Sol focused on the task at hand.

“You can be rougher if you want~!”

Sol didn't need a second invitation. Completely unbuttoning her blouse, he exposed her bra-less breasts to the air and continued to massage them while biting and kissing her neck.

Putting her on the bed, Sol took a long look at the long-haired beauty. It was like he was looking at a work of art.

Raising her legs, Sol used his finger to make a tear in her stockings. He did not wish for her to take them off since it looked way more erotic like this. Her glistening vagina devoid of pubic hair, a clear liquid dripping from her slit, wetting her inner thighs below spoke volumes of her current arousal.

“Ah, th-that's embarrassing...”

Even though Persephone was pretty daring, she still felt a little shame at the way he was observing her most secret place.

“Heh, don't be. It's beautiful. Now then...”

For a short moment, Persephone was wondering what Sol wished to do, all thought vanished when he took her clit in his mouth and began sucking on it.

“Ah~!”

A short cry escaped her nose and she reflexively closed her legs, but she was unable to since Sol’s head was in the way.

Meanwhile, Sol was already pretty used to bring pleasure to women without just using his dick.

While he continued to gently nibble her clitoris, he used two-fingers to trace the vulva before slowly exploring its exterior.

Like that, he slowly brought her heat up and kept her panting while she murmured his name again and again.

Finally,

“...!!”

Letting out a wordless scream, her back arched slightly while her juice flowed endlessly.

When she finally calmed down, her post-climax lethargy and her embarrassment were both so alluring that Sol could not contain his lust anymore. As such, without leaving her the time to catch a breath, he leaned over her and carefully pressed his gland against her entrance, the tip poking her insides.

Persephone's interior was surprisingly tight and he felt like he would break the walls if he forced it inside. He used the plentiful wetness to slowly deepen their bond without hurting her.

He had just finished ejaculating, but simply pushing inside her was enough to feel hot desire welling up within him again.

So instead of entering her all the way, he lightly moved his hips back and forth to loosen her up near the entrance.

“Ahn! If you rub me inside like that..I’ll..!!”

His shallow thrusting added more sensuality to her moans. It seemed that a second climax was underway for her.

How could he stay calm as he watched her beautiful breasts jiggle each time he thrust in and out of her?

Slowing down, he worked his hips and grabbed the two large mounds in his hands before pressing the two swollen nipples together toward the center.

Sol thought that a woman was always at her cutest when in the throes of passion. Fighting against that irresistible urge to let herself go but not willing to show such a shameful sight, before finally being defeated and climaxing.

Stopping his sucking of her breasts, Sol decided that it was time to accelerate.

“Ah~! Sl-slow...down. Please!”

Ignoring her cute pleas, his hip loudly slapped against hers.

“Ugh! so deep!”

Persephone groaned.

Like a boat facing a storm, all Persephone could do was close her eyes and moan louder and louder while hugging him and caressing his hair.

The sounds of the moans in his ears were like the best aphrodisiac as Sol went wilder.

Sweat soaked her body and a veritable shower of love juices poured down her vagina to soak his cock.

Raising his torso, without stopping pounding her, She let out intermittent cries while he fucked her like a wild animal.

After each thrust, he could feel something boiling in him, screaming to be released but he gritted his teeth and continued hammering at her to bring her the maximum amount of pleasure possible.

Finally, once he reached his limit, he let out a repressed growl and shoved his dick as far as it could go, and then exploded.

His dick trembled inside her while squirting its hot milk against her cervix and letting it spread all throughout her vagina.

Feeling the heat and the amount of pure energy filling her body, Persephone reached her own climax at the same time as him, her eyes rolling in their socket while her mouth opened wide.

She raised sensual moans while her honeypot tightened as if to squeeze out every last drop. She enjoyed his young throbbing cock, and felt satisfied with his thick goo inside her.

The pleasure was so much that Persephone felt her consciousness grow faint, thankfully since she was more or less prepared, she managed to barely hang on and did not pass out.

'I managed to hold on.'

At least, that was what she thought before she felt his deflated penis grow hard once more inside of her.

Once it felt hard enough, he resumed thrusting. Persephone lying limp on the bed panicked.

"Ahh...nh!? W-wait, you're doing it again?"

"Hehe! I told you I could go for as long as I wished to."

Despite her complaints, he thrust his hips wildly, leaned over her back, wrapped his arms around her, and began groping her large breasts again.

She moaned as the semen acted as a lubricant and allowed him to move even quicker than before.

The cum and love juices audibly mixed together inside her.

"Ah..Ah..ah, th-this is too much for me. I give in. You win. So...ahh!"

"I'm not done! I'm nowhere near done!"

She hit her limit while on the receiving end of his limitless stamina. Sweat soaked her skin, tears and drool dripped down her face, and she writhed in pleasure.

Each time he thrust into her, more combined fluids flowed out of her. Each time he pulled back, those combined fluids made a lewd sound.

“Ahh, ahh, I-let me rest for a bit. Please!”

“Just enjoy the pleasure!”

Sol wished to dominate her. To desecrate her. To take ownership of her.

His merciless attacks pounded on her cervix, shook her womb, and even rattled her whole body.

The confident woman was exposed at length to pure brute force with no technique behind it at all and all she could do was moan in pleasure and delight.

“Ahh, ahh, ahh! M-my hips can’t take much more of this! Ahh!”

Her vagina squeezed like mad as she experienced repeated orgasms.

But he still did not stop. He continued thrusting without end. He ejaculated a few times, but not even that stopped him. He wished to make it a night she would never forget.

Finally, once he was sure that she had really reached her limit, He gathered his strength to release one final roar.

His arms grasping her still-youthful skin were lifted up as she arched her back. His penis pushed deeper into her, fitting tightly against her cervix. And then he exploded.

“Ahh~!!”

Persephone felt like she was losing her mind. This time, no amount of self-control managed to save her and her vision grew faint before she finally blacked out.

Breathing roughly, Sol pulled his dick out only once it had gone fully flaccid. Her vagina could not close on its own and a milky liquid flowed stickily out of the gaping hole.

Seeing her state, Sol smiled awkwardly and felt a little guilty about his lack of control toward the end.

Laying down next to her, he gently caressed her head and waited for her to wake up.

Once she did, even though she was still tired, Persephone refused to accept such a humiliating defeat and with wobbling legs, entered the bathroom to splash some water on her body and change into another costume.

This time, she was disguised as a priestess from Wratharis. A short flowing red kimono and loose white top that did not nothing to hide her cleavage

The nights between the two of them continued in a wild fashion.

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Chapter 170: ELVES

Southern Pride.

The Eternal Forest.

This was the country of the proudest mortal race in the world.

The Elves.

In the past, the country had almost complete control on the humans and they also had some modicum of control over the beast men and the dwarves.

Despite how they were perceived nowadays, elves were quite warmongers.

This mainly came from the way they saw the world.

For elves, nature was the most unkind mistress. The laws of nature were also the most unforgivable.

The strong preyed on the weak. The weak existed to serve the strong.

Because of this, even to this day, Elves still followed a tribalistic style.

Each race had its own tribes and the queen and high priestess were more seen as symbols of power than true rulers.

As if it wasn't enough. Southern pride was the second country where the crown princess wasn't decided at birth but rather after she showed her might.

If she failed to do, the princess would receive no blessing and the birth of a new princess would have to wait for the next generation.

If the next generation failed, then it would be the next after it.

Because of this extreme rule, added to the low fertility rates of the elves and their high life span, in all their history, southern pride only had three queens, with the current one being the fourth.

Aside from this, the elves were a matriarchal community. The queens did not take husbands and only the strongest warrior had the right to lay down with the queen in the hope to give birth to the strongest children possible.

In the past, the first generation queen and the ancestor of all high elves had been the result of a union between one of Tiamat's grandchildren and another elf.

Because of this, all the high elves had dragon blood in them, albeit a rather thin bloodline.

The structure of the houses in Souther pride was one that fused with nature.

Elves did not cut their forest to create house but simply used their magics to create special trees that were empty on the inside.

The closer you came to one of the five main settlements of the elves, the taller the trees were. To the point that 10 to 20 meters tall trees were a common sight.

In the center of the forest, where the high elves lived, stood the tallest tree in all existence.

One so tall it pierced the cloud.

The elves called it the world tree, a tree born from one of the seeds of Yggdrasil, the divine beast Humilitas.

The world tree also housed the sanctuary where the high priestess and the Queen made their decisions. Currently, deep in the sanctuary, a gentle and beautiful melody flowed.

In a room with few decorations, two women with an air of authority sat as they looked at each other.

The two of them were wearing long white and slightly transparent clothes that left little to the imagination.

Elves did not hide their bodies because of a sense of shame. In fact, they considered that their own bodies were the most beautiful things in the world and had no calm walking naked all around if wished to.

The only reason they wore clothes was because of the protection they brought. For this reason, most if not all elves' clothes were the kind that basically hides as little as possible.

Those two elves in particular were like works of art. Though for drastically opposite reasons.

One was a pale-skinned elf. She had a slim body with small curves, but she did not lack in feminine charms. Though, because of her emotionless face and the long golden hair that reached fell gently on the ground, some could compare her to a beautiful doll more than anything.

She was the current Queen of Southern pride, Satella Superbia.

The one sitting opposite of her was a short-haired brown-skinned elf. Not only was she beautiful, but she also had what could only be described as a sinful body. Her satin-like robe was stretched so much it seemed like it would burst and show the barely hidden spring sight.

Despite her scantily clad attire, she seemed more like a tomboy than anything else, and the grin on her face further strengthened this impression of her.

She was the current High priestess, Jasmine Humilitas.

Humming to herself as she swayed to the tune of the song, Jasmine took an apple and bite into it with a delighted expression.

Elves were not particularly more vegetarian than any other race. They believed that anything edible was a gift of nature and thus should be eaten. The only thing they did not eat was being endowed with intelligence high enough that they could express themselves and function thanks to their reasons rather than their instinct.

“You seem to be in good mood.”

Jasmine gave a nonchalant smile at those words, “It’s just that I received a report from a member of my tribe. It seems like she is quite favored by the little prince of humanity.”

Jasmine made no effort to hide the news. In the first place, that dark elf was sadly not one of her pawns and that girl was also an orphan. So she sadly had no way to get control over her.

Still, having a dark elf become close to the son of the Dragon’s princess was something that made her happy.

Satella frowned at this, clearly displeased, at the notion of elves being slaves or maids.

“Heh, don’t pout. Anyway, the girl from your side, managed to land a job as his advisor, right? That’s much higher than a simple bed warmer.”

“It’s indeed so. Ismelya’s daughter is a bright girl. Even though her martial skills are lacking, I am sure she will not bring shame to her family nor sully the name of the elves.”

“This is the part where you add a but..”

Giving a cold stare at Jasmine who simply giggled back, Satella sighed, “But this is far from enough. You know the oracle. Doomsday might soon fall upon us and the key to salvation is...”

“Sol Dragona. Yeah, yeah. How could I forget? But you know, it’s just kinda pissing me off. In the end, those oracles, those visions, are nothing more than the goddesses messing with us. Altering the future to choose the most fitting one for their games.”

Jasmine took another bite of the apple.

The future could never be set in stone.

Even though by using their blessings they were able to pry into the mysteries of fate, what they saw was what they were allowed to see.

Basically a self-fulfilling prophecy.

That was why mortals could never play at the same level as the gods.

A mortal could only play while looking at the present and imagining a few possible futures.

A goddess? They could literally look into thousands of different possibilities and advance their pawns in order to reach their objectives.

Satella simply shook her head, “Our goddesses may be whimsical, selfish, petty, lazy, and many other things. But...”

“But?” Jasmine raised an eyebrow.

Satella opened her mouth, trying to say something good, before finally closing.

Blushing, she cleared her throat, “Well, there are no but. At least, we can’t really complain, since we are the direct beneficiary of their games. So complaining would simply be hypocritical.”

Be it the rulers under the sins or the Saintess under the virtues, they all had their own personalities and personal belief.

But, If there was one thing that they all had in common, it was that even though they only respected the might of the goddesses they served. Aside from this, most would treat them as selfish brats like Kiku from Wratharis, or outright call them bitches like Camelia of Lustburg.

Jasmine, understood very well that complaining was useless, even then,

“Well, and now we are about to get doomed because of the same game.”

“We do already have a solution or at least a hint of a solution.”

“A solution that seems to have been honed for years by Luxuria. Most likely, he is also a foreign soul.”

“It’s nothing more than a game within a game. The stronger the soul, the higher the chance to reach the rank of demi-god and perhaps, transcend it.”

The two of them fell silent,

“Do you think transcendence is really possible?”

“I do not. Perhaps it’s nothing more than a pipe dream, an illusion. After all, even illustrious figures such as the Necromancer King or the Mother of thousands of monsters failed to reach transcendence. Even so.”

“The possibility of jumping out of the board and joining the rank of players is something too tempting.”

Satella acquiesced,

“Transcendence is too far away. We are still not even demi-gods. We should focus on what is important.”

Jasmine closed her eyes, refusing to show any pity in her expression. She knew very well that such an act would only hurt the pride of her friend and tutor.

Even though the two of them were talking as equals, Jasmine knew that this was just the grace of Satella.

The title of Queen was obtained after prevailing against all. It wasn’t a right obtained from birth, but from blood, sweat and tear.

Out of all the past queens, Satella was known as the most talented and that, by a large margin.

What’s more, Satella was a few hundred years older than her. She was even older than the four directions witches and had been a queen even when Lusturg did not officially exist.

How could such a woman not be able to reach the level of demi-god?

“All of this because of those damned witches.”

“Do not insult them. It was sheer arrogance from me to fight against both the witch of time and that of life at the same time. We fought, and I lost. What’s more, even had it been a one vs one, I might still have lost. Persephone’s mastery over life and nature is something I could barely come close to even though I borrowed the might of the World Tree.”

Back then, under the control of Jupiter, humanity fought to break free of the elf’s control.

For some reason, the witches that had always stayed aloof, far from worldly matters, intervened and helped the king.

The Satella of then was very different from the current one.

Her pride knew no bounds, to the point where she was called the incarnation of pride.

But her pride became arrogance and as a result, her faith in herself was broken after she fought against two of the four witches resulting in her inability to reach a higher level.

Waving her hand, Satella stopped Jasmine from continuing

“We have no need to wake up the ghosts of the past. Let’s talk about how we will deal with the vampire. We also need to take our revenge against Dracula. Otherwise, the other country will think elves became soft.”

Satella’s eyes grew colder as she said so.

At the same time, she could not help but think of the current prince of Lustburg.

From what she had heard, it seemed that the witches had once again left their neutral position because of him.

She could not help but wonder what kind of man he was.

She hoped that she would not be disappointed once they met.