

Hero King 171

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 171: VOL 7/ CH 150: DIFFERENT SIDES

[????]

In a vast field with nothing but rock, sand, and unfertile ground, two silhouettes could be seen on the edge of a cliff, gazing at the endless horizon.

Above them, the dark sky was filled with nothing more than a large crimson moon, shining with an eerie glow.

Of the two silhouettes, the one standing on the front was a beautiful winged woman. She had three pairs of large crimson wings. Her long beautiful golden hair flowed freely in the wind, while her apathetic scarlet eyes scanned this world with no life.

She was Dhalia Industria, the first blessed of Industria and also one of the first angels in existence.

Now though, after discarding her name, she went by the name of Nihil, a servant of the Mother Goddess of Chaos and the leader of the Wings of Freedom.

“Zwei, how is the situation?”

Finally breaking the silence, Nihil turned to face the tall figure behind her.

Zwei was a tall woman, easily reaching 190 cm, a height that when paired with her buxom figure, would make many drool at the sight. Even more so since what she wore was just a pair of short hot pants and a bikini top.

She had pale grey skin, and two black horns adorned her head. On her back, was a massive two-handed sword, its edges razor-sharp.

Ibuki Douji, the ex-leader of the Oni-tribes now known as Zwei scratched her head before groaning.

“Well, it’s pretty bad, I guess? The mother-daughter pair in Lustburg seems to have made more lasting damage than we had thought. Hahaha. To think that this bro-con Lilith became so much stronger. It’s shame I couldn’t participate.”

Nihil frowned, before releasing a sigh. She knew that Zwei was a complete battle junkie.

At the same time, she could not help but frown.

During their attack on Lustburg, their three weakest members had been dispatched, accompanied by puppets of Drei.

At that time, the mission should have been extremely easy. But it seemed that they had underestimated Lustburg too much.

As a result, not only was Zehn captured by the enemies but neither Drei nor Acht were left unscathed.

“A wound to their souls, was it?”

She murmured, the frown on her face growing deeper.

Soul attacks were something even someone at her level could not use. It wasn't just a question of power, but an understanding of how to break the physical plane to attack the ephemeral.

"How bad is it?"

Zwei shrugged, "Well, that little coward got lucky? Even though his body is wracked by pain at least from what Eins said, he isn't really at risk of dying. The problem is—"

"Drei."

"Indeed. Acht possesses both a physical living body to protect his soul. As such, even though it's slow, his body is nourishing his soul. What's more, from what he said, it's clear that the princess didn't control her power.

But for Drei, not only was Lilith way stronger than her daughter, but Zwei is nothing more than a soul anchored to the physical plane by the power of grudge. His soul cannot heal by itself. The only reason he didn't die was because of the distance between the phylactery holding his soul and his puppets."

Giving a faint smile, she continued, "Anyway, he is fucked. Currently, if he even dares to use his Avatar, he would most likely crumble to dust after doing so. The only way to heal him would be attacking the underworld but...heh."

Nihil pinched her eyes, even for her, attacking the underworld would be problematic.

It wasn't just about the fact that Anubis was the first mortal to achieve the level of Demi-God.

The underworld was his territory. A very powerful territory formed after stealing and taking control of a part of the Afterlife Dimension.

Fighting a demi-god in their own territory was tantamount to asking for a beating.

Fleeing from it with Drei's soul back then had already been a miracle possible because the Necromancer King had been absent.

Of course, since she was a dimensional mage, she was basically moving with her own territory every time. But she understood very well that if she declared war on Anubis, then her endeavor would become far more difficult to achieve.

"Not easy being the leader of a rebellion, heh?"

As she put her hands behind her head. Her posture was completely nonchalant, denoting her lack of care about the situation.

"Your wound aggravated, Drei is wounded, Acht is wounded, Zehn was captured. If Neun did not manage to take the sword away, then this whole mission would have been a fiasco — Say, are you still fit to be our leader?"

The atmosphere between the two of them became extremely tense, it was to the point where a fight could break out any moment.

Nihil did not find it strange.

Zwei was a wild beast.

If the Wings of Freedom could be compared to a pack, then Nihil was the Alpha and when the Alpha showed signs of weakness, a claimant would do its best to take its place.

The problem here was,

“Out of my sight.”

On those simple orders, Zwei immediately vanished, or rather, was teleported.

This was why it was unwise to fight a demi-god in his territory.

Now alone, Nihil once again raised her head to watch the crimson, deep down she couldn't help but remember one fact, one possible weakness of the dangerous being that was Anubis,

“He has a daughter, right?”

[Astral realm, Phoenix Territory]

Currently, in the throne room of the phoenix, a rather strange scene was happening.

A vermillion-haired, golden-eyed woman wearing a long straight white robe with different kinds of jewelry on her neck, ankles, and wrists could be seen pacing around while she murmured to herself.

Not far from her, a woman with the same features was laying down on a reclining chair, observing the scene with relish while giving a faint smile.

“Still anxious?”

The woman, pacing in circles, Nephtys, stopped and pinched her brows, “I don't know. He is supposed to come soon. I don't know how I should welcome him. As the prince of Lustburg? As the grandson of Tiamat? As my future son-in-law?”

She couldn't help but groan, “Isis is still throwing a tantrum and does not wish to see me.”

“Well, why are you making the situation so complicated? You know, it isn't like the two of them will necessarily form a relationship aside from their contract. Worst case, if the two are really incompatible, we can just choose another Phoenix.”

Gabriel stood up and comforted her daughter.

“In the first place, the prince might not even want Isis. So everything would be a moot point if he refused, right?”

“How could he dare!? Isis is such an adorable girl, she might be a little strong-willed, but it's what makes her so cute.”

Gabriel chortled before lightly knocking the forehead of her daughter, “You mostly mean she is a hot-head like how you were at her age.”

Nephtys flushed and massaged her forehead, “I am sorry. I guess I am a little too defensive.”

“Well, it’s understandable.” Gabriel’s eyes flashed, “A child born between life and death. A singularity born from a phoenix. Her very existence is a miracle of the like never seen.”

Nephtys shook her head slightly with a rueful smile, “It isn’t that. I do not care about how talented she is or how powerful she can become. Isis is my baby daughter, the fruit of my love. I would rather see her live a calm and free life than fight on the front-line while being embroidered in the game of the goddesses.”

A sad expression formed on Nephtys’ face as she said this but she did not fault her mother.

All the children of the divine beasts were born from a simple separation of their energy. Children, not born out of love but simply for the sake of it.

Even if after a while, the feelings of being a family could sprout, it could never be the same.

Meanwhile, Nephtys had never given birth asexually. Isis was her sole and only daughter, born from her union with the man she loved. The warmth she felt while her daughter slowly grew in her stomach was something she simply could not explain nor share.

For her, more than her duty as a servant of the goddess Castitas, or as the Phoenix Queen, her role as a mother was far more important.

If she judged that the prince of Lustburg was not suitable, then, even if she had to sacrifice her life, she would send her daughter back to her husband.

This was her duty as a mother.

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 172: CH 151: LEAVING (1)

“So it’s finally the day...”

Standing in his undergarments in front of a mirror, Sol murmured to himself.

Even though it hadn’t been that long since his awakening, so many things happened that it barely felt like one year had passed.

As usual, the one who was taking care of his clothes was none other than Milia herself, he could have asked the other maids to help, or could have simply done it himself, but he wished to spend some quality time with Milia.

After all, since that day, she had been even busier than he had been.

With Edgar, Aria, and Ketia, they had more or less managed to put back the crown’s shadow on its feet.

While they had yet to verify if the members of the Feet and the Eyes who were in foreign countries were corrupted or dead, at the very least, the agents present in Lustburg had all been taken care of.

“Your highness, your luggage is ready.”

“Thanks.”

Smiling, he put his hand on the backpack filled with clothing and food specially prepared to last at least a few weeks and placed it in his dimension.

Sol did not know what would happen once he entered the Astral dimension. But he did not wish to be taken by surprise. Being prepared for the worst situation was always the most optimal solution.

He had trained enough that he could now near-instantly enter his dimension if necessary, so his life could be said to be protected as much as possible.

Despite this, Sol could not hide a sliver of worry.

After all, he would go on this trip alone.

Even though he believed that he was strong enough to at least not get killed on the first hit by any random mob, this did not change the fact that he had lived all his life in this world without even once stepping outside of the capital.

It was like the stress one would feel when about to travel to a foreign country for the first time.

Only that in his case, said foreign country was an alternative dimension filled with mythical creatures.

“Your highness, are you alright?”

“Well, I would be lying if I said I was completely okay, but don't worry. It mostly stresses me more than anything else.”

“Stress, is it?” Milia gave a faint smile before walking toward Sol, “Then, what would you think of me helping you relieve a little of that stress?”

Sol tilted his head and inwardly counted the amount of time they had left before giving a grin,

“Why not? It might take some time for me to come back after all.”

Caressing Milia's beautiful face, Sol leaned and gave her a gentle peck on the lips.

This was then followed by a full-blown kiss, where the two of them seemed to try to devour the other.

The sound of rough breathing and saliva being shared as their tongues entwined was the sole sound filling the room. The more they kissed each other, the more their temperature rose.

Finally, they slowly separated while sharing passionate gazes. Their lust, having been fully ignited.

Kneeling down, She lowered Sol's briefs and freed his already erect penis.

Filling herself with his scent, Milia's expression seemed to melt because of the ecstasy she felt and began to unbutton her tops.

Her large breast bounced a little the moment they were freed from the robe encasing them.

“Oh? It seems like a naughty girl had been expecting this.”

Sol remarked with a raised eyebrow. After all, she wasn't wearing any bra.

Milia responded by giving a coy smile and continued to do what Sol could only describe as worshipping his cock.

She sucked, licked, and did everything right. But, Sol did not wish for just that.

Stopping her with his hand, he brought her to the bed and told her,

“Let’s do it at the same time.”

Without waiting for her approval he laid down on the bed and took her over him, her skirt covered his face, and all he could see were her magnificent thighs and her slit. Clearly, she had been going commando.

Milia, face to face with Sol’s dick felt a shiver and a wet sensation on her privates. Clearly, Sol had begun to tease her.

“Then I won’t lose.”

She did not hear his answer, but from the increase in frequency of his tongue licking her, it was clear that he heard her.

This was now a competition, one to see who would bring the other to climax first.

After a rather intense but short session, with Sol as the winner, the two of them rushed to take a bath before proceeding to completely wash off all traces of their tryst.

Now again in the room, the two-faced each other as if nothing had happened.

The main difference in the room was the absence of the previously drenched sheets and the fact that Sol was now clothed.

“How am I?”

This time, Sol was not wearing a completely white and gold military suit.

When combined with his blue eyes and short golden hair, Sol looked like the kind of man who could tell no lie. A pure example of purity and handsomeness.

Watching him like this, Milia blushed even more, while keeping this picture in her mind.

Since that time when Sol nearly busted her and she had had to destroy her collection to avoid getting caught, Milia had been living in pain and suffering.

Now though, she swore that she would create an even better collection. One that could surpass all known limits.

Stepping next to him, Milia began to straighten his clothes a little, as if she was a housewife sending her husband to work.

Lowering his head, Sol gave her a gentle kiss on the forehead as he murmured,

“Thanks for always being there for me.”

Since the start of his new life, Milia had been the one constant that had never changed.

In this world, she was the one he trusted the most and the closest one to him. A shoulder on which he could rest his head to rest while everyone urged him to rush forward.

She may be a little crazy, but it simply added to her charm, making her more endearing to him.

Soon, that constant in his life would vanish for an indefinite amount of time.

It might be for a short few days or a few months or even a few years.

The time flow in the Astral dimension was completely chaotic.

At the very least he knew that the divine beasts had certain control of time in their own territory and at least more or less followed one uniform time flow. But that was all.

Giving a bright smile, Milia hugged him and said,

"You saved me when I was in the deepest pit of hell. Even though it was not something you did intentionally, I pledged my eternal loyalty to you on that day. Without a doubt, this was the best decision I had ever taken."

Taking a few steps back, she pinched the hem of her skirt and gave a curtsy.

"When you leave this room, you will leave as a prince. But, when you come back from the Astral dimension, you will do so as a King.

This is why let me renew my pledge...Will you accept it?"

Sol opened his mouth before closing it.

He wished to refuse, to tell her it wasn't necessary. After all, she was his woman. But he understood that for Milia, being his servant and being useful to him was her greatest pride.

That was why "Wait for when I come back. Then, you will make your pledge and form a contract with me."

Milia, opened her eyes wide,

"Are you sure? Forming a contract would only bring you demerits."

Milia understood herself. Even though her shadow devouring power was not bad, compared to the other possible partners of Sol this was too shabby.

It was even more so since Nuwa had an aspect of devouring far more developed than her own.

In the end, forming a contract with her would only be a waste of Capacity in her opinion.

Sol simply reassured her with a faint smile,

"I do not care how much it will cost me. All I wish is to have you on my side and grow stronger together. So, once I come back, let's form a contract, alright?"

Saying so, Sol broke into a cold sweat before discarding the idea that flashed his head.

He remembered the fact that the sentences he had used were filled to the brim with death flags, it was worrying

But everything would be alright. He was sure of it.

Still—

"Milia, please, go prepare another backpack and fill it with clothes, food and water as well as the necessary equipment to survive in the wild for extended periods of time."

It was better to be doubly sure.

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Chapter 173: CH 152: LEAVING (2)

Even though so many events have happened recently, humans are beings who always forget things fast.

On this day, or rather this night, the festival that had been temporarily halted because of the previous events had resumed at full tempo. Wherever you looked, you could see people dancing, laughing, and playing around.

One of the causes was that the civilian casualties or property damage had been pretty low. In fact, if not for Nihil's grand entrance, a great part of the civilians would not even have known that something had happened before the next morning.

The second reason was that they knew that the prince would enter the Astral realm today.

For humans, this day marked something very important.

Since the day of the second King, Pluto the peaceful King, there was something that had been made clear. Every time the crown prince or princess came back from the Astral dimension, it would be with an incredible surge of power.

In this world where Might made Right, what the commoners needed wasn't a kind and benevolent ruler, but someone who could give them the protection they sought.

A weak ruler meant a weak country and a weak country meant that you would be bullied by everyone, while your population would be hunted and treated as slaves.

This was the harsh reality of this world.

Of course, if the King was both strong and kind, then he would be seen as the perfect ruler in the eyes of commoners.

[Church of Castitas]

Sitting in a secret room of the church, Sol absentmindedly observed the people below.

Currently, the church was almost full as children of age were being tested openly. After the test, some would go away with dejected eyes while others with large smiles plastered on their face. The hall they were using reminded Sol of one belonging to a catholic cathedral, only, much wider.

Today was an annual event for everyone in Lustburg. A national event that was being held in all the big territories of the kingdom where the church had its branches.

It was the greatest occasion for commoner children to separate themselves from the masses and get a chance to be sponsored by rich merchants or nobles.

If they had a high enough Capacity[1] to form a contract with a B rank or at least a C rank magical being, then it wasn't impossible for their destiny to change completely.

Sadly, the reality was cruel.

The chances to awaken with at least 10 Capacity points were no more than 10%. As for the chance of getting a Capacity high enough to contract with an S rank being, which was 100 CP, the chance of it happening was 0.0001%.

Even the worst RNG would not give such a despair-inducing low rate.

What made capacity so important was because the innate difference between a Tier 3 creature and a Tier 2 or Tier 1 was insane.

Tier 3 went from rank E to C and were able to use mana from their birth thanks to having their mana veins open. But that was all. In a way, aside from being able to use mana as soon as they were born, the sole difference between Tier 3 magical beings and Humans were their physical abilities.

But Tier 2 magical beings, which went from B to A could awaken their horns and had a higher chance to awaken a special type of magic.

Sol could distinctly remember his fight against Setsuna. The moment she used her horns, it was like he was facing a completely different being.

Furthermore, she had access to three natural elements. Though it seemed that her control over water and wind was quite lacking as of yet.

What really made tier 2 magical beings important was the fact that they had high chances of entering the Duke realm and this, more than anything, was attractive.

Because he had been surrounded by a bunch of powerful beings for as long as he could remember, Sol had grown somewhat used to it, but in reality, reaching the Duke realm was already enough to become renowned in the world as a powerhouse.

Since obtaining a tier 2 being meant high chances of obtaining a Duke title, the nobles, the crown, or the church would do anything to snatch such a prize.

Though generally, such talented people were already scions of powerful noble families, like Athena.

As for S rank magical being, or Tier 1. They were at a completely different level and were assured to reach the level of Duke at their maturity, with a high chance of becoming a King.

While he did not know the capacity of his predecessors, he knew that they had never had less than two or more companions of at least A or B class. Which would mean that all the previous Kings or Queens had at least more than 100 Capacity points.

His father, Mars, had a ridiculous capacity of 350, while in his own case, he had broken that record and reached an unprecedented 500.

Once again, there was only 0.0001% to reach 100 capacity points. Every time Sol thought about how low the chances of 'simply' reaching 100 capacity points were, he couldn't even begin to phantom how low the chances were to reach beyond it and could only laugh at how much rigged the game was for the royal family.

Sol was the ninth King. This means that an almost impossible odd repeated itself nine times.

If this wasn't a rigged game, then what was it?

'Once is happenstance. Twice is a coincidence. Three times is enemy action—though in this case, it's the goddesses' action.'

He chuckled inwardly.

Of course, he wasn't sanctimonious enough to cry injustice and ask for equal rights. This rigged game favored him, so why should he complain?

Not only was he an S class, but he could also form a contract with many beings that had a high chance of becoming Kings or Dukes.

What's more, since he was a dimensional mage, then, as long as he did not die, he was assured of becoming a Demi-god.

He was a future king, a future powerhouse, and was surrounded by a plethora of beautiful and powerful women who were crazy for him.

'Man, my life is beautiful.'

This was why, in the deepest part of his heart—Sol felt afraid.

Since he had everything from the start, it meant that he had only things to lose. He did not wish for his life to become a tragedy.

"-ness...Your highness."

"Humm?"

He was brought out from his brooding by a voice he did not recognize at first, but then, it came back to him.

Focusing on the armored man kneeling in front of him, he asked,

"What is the matter — White Knight?"

The man standing in front of him, or rather the young man, for Sol knew that he was not that much older than him was the white knight he should have fought before fighting Setsuna back then in the coliseum.

The elite forces of the church were the paladin. Their mission was to protect the different priestesses when they went out of the capital to accomplish miracles and the like.

The title of White Knight was given to the most talented of them all and his mission was to protect the Holy Daughter of Castitas and if necessary, serve as a meat shield for the Supreme Daughter.

Of course, in this generation, the situation of this knight was quite awkward. After all, there was no Holy Daughter for him to protect and as for serving as a shield for the Supreme Daughter. He would not even last 3 seconds against a King as he was now.

When they had first met this evening, Sol had been ready for some hostility. After all, he remembered that the knight had somewhat of a crush on Camelia since she was the one who saved him when he was a kid.

But none of this happened.

This could only mean that either this man was able to hide all his negative feelings, or he was genuinely sorry. Another possibility was that Camelia used her power to brainwash him, but she had assured him that she only activated her control on people who showed signs of betrayal.

Even though Sol did not quite believe Camelia as much as he did in the past, he did not wish to reach the level where he doubted all her words. As such, he chose to believe her in this.

The white knight on the other hand was looking at the young prince, and future king of Lustburg, and he had to admit that he was quite surprised.

‘How did he grow so much in such little time?’

Even though Camelia had bound and gagged him back then[2], he had still been present in the coliseum and had observed his fight with the wolf girl standing in silence behind the prince.

From what he had observed, he was sure that if he fought with his partner, he would win without much problem.

But right now,

Gulp

‘We would lose now if we fought him now.’

He did not know why, but he could feel a certain ‘weight’ that the prince had been lacking in the past. A regal aura of authority or power or a mix of both. At the same time, he felt as if he was standing in front of a dangerous beast rather than a human being.

This wasn’t all, after the prince formed his own contract, the difference in power would become even wider.

A bitter taste spread in his mouth at the realization that his years of training were nothing in front of such monstrous talent. But at the same time, he felt joy.

Joy at the fact of having a powerful ruler, and joy at the fact that the woman he respected more than anything in the world was not wrong in her choice.

Even though he had a crush on Camelia in the past, he knew that he could never walk alongside her. But the prince could.

Sol could protect her while he could not.

Sol could make her face lit up in joy at the mere mention of his name, while he couldn't.

Finally and honestly the most important point, Camelia loved Sol, not him.

This was more than enough for the white knight to give up.

All he wished for was her happiness.

Everything he had was thanks to her, and he would never forget her grace.

Bowing his head deeper, he answered the question,

"Her grace told me to inform you that your turn would soon come. After all, the nobles of age get tested, it would be your turn to show your capacity to the world."

"...Is that so?"

Being a King was no different from being a star in a way. If you did not show yourself, if you did not appear grand like a star shining high in the sky, people would not give you the respect they ought to.

Even though Sol already knew his Capacity, he needed to show it to the world. To show to both the commoner, noble, and foreigner alike that the prince was different from the masses, that his talents knew no bounds.

For royalty, being humble meant being weak. Nothing more, nothing less.

Standing up, he moved the black cape behind him and began to walk away.

"Well then, the show shall go on. As they say."

All the feelings of fear and stress and worries vanished from his face.

A ruler should never show his weak face if it wasn't necessary to gain the affection of the populace.

In the assembly hall, after the noble's children were tested, some with surprisingly good results as three with CP between 30 and 50 had been discovered this year, the mood was at an all-time high.

The nobles were already noting the name of the three lucky guys, even though they knew that those three would most likely join the paladins or the black knights.

Standing on the podium, the priestess that had been doing the testing, took a step back and let a golden-haired woman take their places.

She wore a long white robe and her face was hidden behind a veil.

But no one could confuse her for anyone else.

The moment she entered, even with an announcement, all the people present, be it commoners or high nobles felt as if their heart was being cleansed. It was as if they were standing in front of something that was simply too beautiful to look at.

But before they could even compose themselves, a second announcement caused their hearts to drum.

“His highness, the legitimate crown prince of Lusturg, Sol Dragona Luxuria! May his light shine on the Kingdom!”

The large doors opened while all noises vanished.

Then, the silence was replaced by the sound of slow and steady steps.

Finally, once Sol appeared in front of their high, clad in gold and white, Camelia’s voice resonated,

“Kneel in front of the crown prince and salute his arrival.”

Then, like a wave in the sea, all the people present, no matter what was their standings, kneeled chanted in unison,

“Welcome, Your highness!”

[1]:

-----3rd tier

E=10 CP

D=20

C=30

-----2nd tier

B=50

A=70

----- 1st tier

S=100

[2]

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Chapter 174: CH 153: LEAVING (3)

The sacred ceremony or rather the show-off ceremony was expedited rather fast.

The moment Sol stood in front of Camelia and placed his hand on the crystal sphere, all the people present were astonished once the numbers regarding Sol's capacity were revealed.

All of them had known from the beginning that Sol would have a Tier 1 capacity. This was an inevitability in their minds. Even so, 500 CP was simply too much.

It meant that if he worked hard enough, the kingdom of Lustburg would have an additional 5 potential kings or perhaps more.

Since the ceremony was open to everyone, it meant that even people of different races could enter.

Clearly, in this lot, some of them were spies of other countries.

But this did not matter. From the very start, Sol had never planned on hiding his talents. Doing so was meaningless.

The only reason he did not even reveal to the world that he was a dimensional mage was that it was a trump card that could save his life—which it did.

If Drei had known from the very start that he could teleport in his own dimensions, that night might have gone very differently.

Once he finished showing off and accepted the exclamations of awe and surprise, it was finally time for the most important part of the ceremony to happen.

The opening of the dimensional wall.

A ceremony that could only happen once a year and one that only nobles, church members, or royalty could participate in.

Even though it was unjust, the world was never just in the first place.

If the crown prince was normally the last to be tested, then he was always the first to enter the door.

In the past, the door would send anyone who entered to random coordinates and they could only stay there for the equivalent of one day in the mortal world.

The prince was the sole exception as in, even though he would be sent in a random direction, he could stay as long as he wished before leaving.

This was one of the reasons as to why the crown princes or princesses would always grow much stronger after coming back from the Astral dimension.

After all, they could stay years and search for the best possible partners while training before finally coming back.

With the difference in time axis between the two dimensions, it wouldn't be weird for only a few short weeks to have gone past in the mortal world when they came back.

Since the ceremony was extremely important and could only happen once a year, all the unconcerned people needed to be chased out of the cathedral.

The commoners who had shown enough talent today would have to wait for the next year before being allowed to enter.

During that year, they would receive adequate training and would have their loyalty tested.

The training was necessary to optimize their chances to obtain a good partner befitting of their Capacity points.

After all, a contract could never be formed without the consent of the two parties. Since the first contract was for life, high-ranked magical beings would never accept to form a contract with someone who had no future prospects.

Who would sign a contract where they had everything to lose and nothing to gain?

At the same time, it was necessary to warn them about the potential risks.

If they were lucky enough to enter Asmodeus or Gabriel's territories then the chances of them dying were pretty small.

Anywhere else and all bets were off.

Because of this, entering the Astral dimension was something that needed both courage and strength.

Of course, the prince was basically assured protection. If anything happened to a Blessed in their territory, the divine beasts would have a hard time explaining themselves.

Even so, there was always that slight possibility of meeting rebel spirits who were not under the control of the divine beasts or their descendants.

Those natural spirits might not even know what a Blessed looked like or might simply not care.

Of course, until now no crown prince or prince happened to get killed. But it did happen to other royalty.

The worst outcome would be to fall into the part of the Astral world that wasn't controlled by the divine beasts—The abyss.

That place was outside of all laws and all the residents there were beings of horrors.

But Sol was sure that he had nothing to worry about.

Currently, Sol was standing behind Camelia as he looked at her kneel and pray.

Since the portal he would be using would be different from the one the others would use. Camelia had decided to open it in another place unreachable by most people.

After all, the one he would use had direct coordinates toward Gabriel's territory.

Once he went through the portal, it would close automatically.

He could only come back by opening a portal from that side.

To assure his security, they had decided to open the portal in the deepest and most guarded part of the church.

This was also the room Camelia had previously used during the Saint Fall and when she activated the Holy territory.

While waiting for the portal to open, Sol was going through the steps he would have to take.

Basically he needed to enter the Phoenix realm and find a Phoenix that suited him.

Phoenixes were elemental creatures of the highest order. The energy part that constituted their bodies was entirely made out of one specific element that varied for each Phoenix.

Fire phoenixes were the most numerous, but there was basically phoenix for every element.

Once Sol found the phoenix that pleased him, he would have to convince him/her or it to form a contract with.

Then, they would have to travel to the dragon's territory and succeed in the trial before forming the contract.

This would without a doubt be a lengthy process, but once this was done, Sol was sure that his power would skyrocket.

Aside from this, Sol also planned to form a contract with another S rank magical being if it was possible.

Then he would come back home and do the same for Setsuna, Nuwa, and if it was possible, Milia.

The contract was a symbiotic relationship that gave skills to the humans and boosted the growth of the magical beings.

Milia was already a rather powerful Duke. If he could make her even stronger with the contract, then it wouldn't be impossible to reach the level of King in the future.

Honestly, even if not for the trial, Sol would not have formed a contract immediately with the Phoenix. After all, despite its name, the lust-type contract needed love as a fuel.

Sol did not believe in love at first sight. After all, how could you fall in love with someone you knew nothing about?

His harem was also barely balanced, so adding someone with a bad personality would just be a chore and might cause many problems later down the line.

"I am finished."

Standing up, Camelia stretched a little, emphasizing her abundant chest.

While doing so, she was cursing inwardly about how those goddesses liked too much theatrics.

"You seem tired."

Camelia sighed, "Tell me, Sol, do you find it hard to enter your dimension?"

"Huh? Not at all."

"And is it complicated to bring someone in?"

"Neither... Hahaha. I see where you are going. The goddesses do not need prayer."

"Indeed. The goddesses neither need direct worship nor prayer, they represent a concept. For example, as long as there will be people feeling lust, it would be the same as worshipping Luxuria.

In the same way, all realms belong to the goddesses. As such, opening a portal between the Astral and the mortal realm is just a matter of waving their hands."

Sol nodded as he mulled what she was saying,

"Do you mean to say that as long as Lust exists, Luxuria can never die?"

"Sol... Goddesses cannot die."

Camelia's voice held hints of warning and her eyes were begging him to stop.

Clearly, it was one thing to not show respect to the goddesses and it was another thing to discuss how to kill them.

Sol was not surprised at the notion of goddesses being invincible because of the concept they represented.

But this begged some questions.

Goddesses could not die as long as the sin or virtue they represented existed—this was a fact.

Goddesses were the creator of all living beings—at least that was how the myth went.

If so, what concept did the goddesses represent before the existence of life? How could there be Lust, Wrath or chastity without living beings?

People in this world believed that sins and virtues existed because of the goddesses.

But if so, what about his world?

The more Sol learned about this world, the more he understood how little he actually knew.

Secret within secrets.

Lies and truths mixed together.

Would he get all the answers he wished for once he became a demi-god?

He did not know.

What he did know though, was that the veil would be slightly lifted once he officially took the throne of Lustburg.

"Sol, everything is ready. Now, normally a door should have already opened, but since we need fixed coordinates. You need to use your blood and pour it right here."

She pointed at the magical circles in the ground.

"Stand over the circle then let your blood flow. Just a few droplets will suffice."

The magical circle she was pointing to was the same one she had used during the events of Saint Fall.

"You know, why do all those rituals require the use of blood?"

Camelia gave a bitter laugh, "Trust me, you aren't the only one asking this question."

The two of them laughed for a short while before Sol finally walked and stopped once he was in the circle.

The two of them looked at each other, plethora of emotions present in their gazes.

Finally, Sol smiled and sharpened his nails before wounding his arms.

The wound immediately closed, but enough blood fell on the circle.

Once it happened, the circle seemed to come alive as it was lit up with scarlet and golden light.

Looking at the magical circle activated, Camelia looked at him with a worried expression and said, "Be careful."

"I will."

And with those last words, Sol vanished completely.

Now alone, Camelia clasped her hands and kneeled down to pray.

"Please, protect him."

This was perhaps her most ardent and fervent prayer.

She did not know what kind of adventures her beloved would live.

She simply hoped that once it ended, he would come back in one piece and still be the man she fell in love with.

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Chapter 175: CH 154: WHERE THE FUCK...?

[????]

When Sol opened his eyes and gazed at the place where he was, he could only close them hurriedly because of the blinding light in his eyes.

In the long history of Lustburg, no one ever had the luck to enter Gabriel's territory, or those that did never come back. Because of this, how that world looked was a complete mystery.

Sol had imagined many things. Mostly, he thought that he would see a lush forest, full of wide towering trees or something of the like.

But what he saw now was,

"I am in a desert?"

Slowly opening his eyes once again, to avoid being blinded by the glaring sun, or more precisely, suns, Sol finally observed his surroundings.

Sand, sand, sand and even more sand as far as his eyes could see.

An endless desert.

As if it wasn't enough, Sol covered his eyes with his hand and briefly raised his head,

"Three suns."

His expression immediately became ugly. He could already feel beads of sweat on his forehead flowing down slowly.

Not only were the multiple suns not helping, but the heavy suit he was wearing also wasn't exactly what you could call desert friendly.

"Am I really in Phoenix territory?"

He couldn't help but wonder.

Stumped, he tried to enter his dimension, but he could feel as if a wall was stopping him.

It didn't take long for him to understand the reasons why.

The mortal dimension was a dimension owned by no one save the goddess. But this wasn't the case here.

This part of the Astral dimension, if it was really the one belonging to Gabriel, was her divine territory and as such worked under her own laws. No one could enter or leave the mirror dimension without its master's permission and it was clear that the same rule applied to Gabriel or whoever this territory belonged to.

"Well...This isn't exactly how I envisioned the start of my adventure."

...

...

...

'It's so damn hot.'

Sitting on the sand, Sol did not move from the position he initially found himself in.

He did not know how long he had been sitting, but from how hot his butt felt, it must have been quite a while.

Even so, he did not intend to move now.

He did not know where he was.

He did not know where he had to go.

He had no food and no water on him, nor did he know where to find them.

Moving without thoughts meant death, but---staying here without moving also meant death.

Even so, Sol did not despair. He was simply analyzing the situation he was in and the best way to go at it.

Once he finally had a plan, he stood up and dusted himself.

"Well, first things first."

He closed his eyes and focused a little.

Slowly, his skin began to bristle before it was covered by scales of the same color as his skin.

Even though it had been a while, Sol remembered that reptiles had a better heat regulation thanks to their scales.

He did not know if dragons were cold blooded creatures, but if the scales of a dragon were less useful than that of a simple reptile, then it would be a joke.

As he thought, the moment his body was covered in scales, the unbearable heat suddenly became much less so. At the same time, he could feel that he had stopped sweating. Clearly, those scales had also regulated the loss of water in his body.

He let out a sigh of relief and focused on his transformation.

Since it wasn't his natural form, he still had some problem keeping it for long, but that was mostly during a fight.

Right now, since he was just using them to fight the heat, he should be able to keep them indefinitely without much trouble. Mana was not a problem either since as long as his output was controlled, thanks to his core he had a near infinite mana.

The only problem now was his lack of water and food.

What's more, any kind of beast or spirit that could survive in this environment would be no joke.

"Now then."

He crouched down, put all his strength in his legs, and--jumped as high as possible.

BOOM

The ground trembled as he was launched high in the sky.

The hot air scorched his skin, but he could barely feel anything thanks to the scales. Once he reached peak altitude, he looked at his surroundings, but was disappointed to see no signs of settlement.

Once he landed, and after losing his footings and rolling a little on the ground, taking some sand in his mouth and other parts he never hoped to have sand in, Sol stood up and cursed like a sailor in his mind for a few minutes straight.

Calming down, he took off his suit and everything else, shook them to get off the sand and simply put his pants back on. For the top, he had decided to just have the shirt that was under the suit.

The scales helped him, but that suit was really useless.

"Okay, let's see how lucky I am."

His body could theoretically handle a lack of food for a few days. He did not know how long he could last.

As such, he simply decided to lay back down on the sand, added a very light layer of mana on his body to add some protection without exceeding his mana regeneration speed, used his shirt as a cushion, curled up and---closed his eyes.

Since either way he was going to die, might as well not make any efforts, before sleeping, he did not forget to mumble,

"I really wonder what Luxuria will do when she hears that her Blessed died like that. Heh, same for Tiamat. Oh, I also remember that Ambrosia is my mother-in-law."

He then fell asleep with a smirk on his face.

"That rascale..."

A voluptuous woman with vermillion hair chortled as she watched the amusing scene through a floating mirror and heard those words.

Standing next to her, her daughter, Nephthys, gave a little smile,

"It seems like he understood we couldn't do much to him."

Gabriel could only give a bitter smile, "Indeed, everything aside, Tiamat would go crazy if she heard that I bullied her grandson. At the same time, that ambrosia dotes on her daughter like a mother hen. I really can't go too far with this."

As Sol deducted, the current territory entirely belonged to Gabriel.

Even though she was in no way omniscient while here, she could still easily observe every corner. What's more, how could she not have felt divine power tearing apart the dimensional walls and entering her world?

That was why she had been observing Sol since the moment he entered and she had to say,

"He is pretty interesting. Though I find the way he acted a little shameless."

As the herald of purity and chastity, Gabriel loved stories of heroes struggling against all adversities until they finally succeeded.

Initially, Sol should have landed in her palace, but she had slightly deviated the coordinates so that he landed a few hundred kilometers away from the city.

At the same time, she had tweaked the spatial laws so that no matter which path he took, he would find the city after a few days of walking.

But he broke all her plans in the simplest way, by refusing to move.

Had it been anyone else, she would have simply left them to die, but as he said, she really couldn't afford it.

And she knew that Tiamat already awoke and was waiting excitedly for her grandson, if she took too long, the dragon would come here and the two of them would most likely fight.

"You seem pretty happy."

"Hehehe!" Nephthys, was indeed pretty happy, "I don't need my daughter to follow a hero. Anubis always told me that heroes were the ones who died the fastest. That was why he chose to become a villain."

Gabriel let out another sigh, of course, how could anyone get the moniker of Necromancer King by acting like a kind and gentle hero?

Anubis was the one furthest from what a hero should be. Back then, during the holy war, the number of people who died under his undead calamities was simply too much to count.

When he tried to create the underworld, he fought against some of the divine beasts and in the end, fled after sealing the divine beasts of Gluttony, Greed and Temperance.

A fact that had been deeply hidden in the waves of history. After all, for the divine beasts, such a defeat was a stain in their history.

Scrunching her eyebrows, Gabriel looked at the young man sleeping peacefully under the scorching sun and decided to try one last thing before transporting him here.

In this world, evil or justice were a matter of perspective.

What stayed true for everyone though—was strength.

“Sol Dragona Luxuria, let’s see how strong you truly are.”

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Chapter 176: CH 155: A LITTLE PISSED OFF

When Sol finally opened his eyes, he could feel slight chills. Even though he had been playing around at first, in the end, he had really fallen asleep.

Though, he had to keep a sliver of consciousness in order to avoid being taken off guard.

Still laying with his back on the ground, he gazed at the dark sky with an entranced expression,

“Beautiful.”

He couldn't help but exclaim in shock at the sight that greeted him.

Currently, night had fallen, and the three overbearing suns were replaced by six large silver moons, so close that he felt like he could see every crevice on them.

Aside from the moons, he could see no other stars in the sky despite how clear it was.

This prompted him to ask himself if he was even on a planet currently.

Watching this starless sky, he felt like he was being sucked into the depths of space. He couldn't help but feel so small and helpless.

“Now that I think about it, this is really the first time I am alone.”

If not for the near freezing cold, it would have been quite romantic.

The only saving grace was that the cold seemed to have far less effects on him than the heat.

This was something worth knowing.

In a way, he was briefly tempted to stand up and walk. If he explored during the night and slept during the day, he was sure that it could work.

But, he immediately squashed this thought.

'I am tired of having to prove myself.'

Before falling asleep, he had clearly felt that someone was spying on him. Since he was used to Medea doing so in the tower, it wasn't hard for him to catch on that.

What's more, the portal and coordinates had been opened by the goddesses themselves after promising to do so in a contract.

Since it was so, only a goddess or perhaps the one this dimension belonged to could change the coordinates.

This meant that once again, he was being tested. Once again, he had to prove something to someone he cared nothing of.

It was tiring.

The fact that after this he would once again be tested by the dragons to become their so called prince was akin to adding insult to injury.

His eyes shifted to the side when he felt a few presences running toward him.

From the dust that was rising far in the horizon he could imagine that they were quite fast and large. He could already feel animosity in the air. Clearly, whatever was coming was not friendly.

Inwardly though, he couldn't help but scoff.

He had been sleeping for all day and a great part of the night but he met no one, but just as soon as he woke up, he was being attacked?

Of course he could not rule out the possibility of those beasts being nocturnal and him being on their roads being just bad luck.

He wondered if he should just act shamelessly and lay down without trying to fight but he discarded the notion.

It was one thing to lay down without moving, but he couldn't gamble with his life. What's more,

"I really want to punch something."

Standing up, he twirled his shoulders and finally managed to see what was coming toward him,

'...Sonic the hedgehog?'

He tilted his head in confusion at the sight of what looked like five blue cannon balls filled with spikes rolling towards him.

Shaking his head to chase away the confusion, Sol finally spoke, his voice amplified with mana and intent.

"If you come closer, I will consider you as enemies."

Sol knew that it was impossible to expect all races he found in other dimensions to be able to understand him.

But the intent behind his words was something of a universal language.

He did not wish to kill others simply because they did not look like him or because they could not understand each other. Normally, even if those beings rushing toward him were unable to hear, they should have understood the message.

Seeing that much less stopping, they accelerated toward him and that the killing intent they emitted grew stronger, Sol's eyes finally grew colder.

"I did warn you guys."

His iris changed into slit and the color of his eyes became a mix of black and gold. His form changed as he grew a few centimeters taller and became more muscular. The tone of his skin also changed from a fair white to a more tanned tone.

Finally, two golden horns made out purely of energy grew on his forehead.

<<Dragon force: First Step>>

Without waiting for them to reach him, Sol rushed at them at full speed, his eyes glowing with barely concealed battle thirst.

Back in the palace, the two Phoenixes were observing the fight with surprise.

The monster that had been sent was a type of mad-beast known as Tapir.

They had their back covered in a sort of super armor made out of rock and spikes while the front of their body was rather soft and flexible.

Thanks to this, they could easily roll on themselves and use their armor as a way of combining both attack and defense.

Mad beasts were beasts that, after being exposed to a great concentration of mana, suffered from mutation that affected their sanity.

In her dimension, the Tapirs, while not at the top of the food chain, were still quite powerful.

In fact, two or three would be enough to fight equally with an inexperienced Duke.

Gabriel could feel clearly that Sol did not seem to have a Zone. With their current number, she had only been interested in how long he could last before she would save him.

But from what she was seeing, it was clear that she had been severely underestimating the prince.

"Huh... He seems pretty angry."

Nephtys winced as she watched the prince tear off the arm of one of those tapirs before slapping away another one with the arm previously torn off.

She winced even more when he took the dazed tapir by the leg before swinging him against the ground again and again until all that was left was basically meat paste.

It was hard to reconcile such a brutal sight with the previous shameless prince.

Gabriel made a bitter smile, how could she miss his murmur when she was observing him so closely?

It seemed that her curiosity and enthusiasm for heroes had gotten the better of her, and most likely damaged her future relationship with him.

She had some inkling about the plan of the twin sister of her goddess, and if Luxuria succeeded, Sol would definitely become one of her bosses, or at the very least her equal.

The most important was that he would also most likely, become her son-in-law.

"Do you think I should stop this fight?"

"No."

Nepthys was adamant.

"I do not know what triggered him, but it isn't important. Now that he is fighting and releasing his pent up stress, he would most likely explode if we suddenly go and stop his fight."

Everyone had their own pride. Since it seemed that their test had already angered Sol, suddenly stopping when he was winning would be like a slap. It would be basically like saying, "We can do whatever we want to you."

This wasn't really the best way to begin a relationship.

After all, even if Sol didn't form a contract with her daughter, all the phoenixes were either her sisters or nieces, he would still be a member of their family.

She knew very well what it felt like to be ostracized. Pretty much all phoenixes hated her.

This was also why, despite her reluctance, she wished for Isis to contract with Sol. She knew that her daughter was unhappy here. She had all but one friend, and it wasn't even a phoenix.

Looking at the prince fighting, or rather utterly destroying those beasts, she decided that rather than testing him or whatnot, she would leave him and her daughter to discuss and pass time for a short while.

Back then, Nepthys had refused to heed her mother and fled with Anubis to explore the world. Even now, despite the way she was being hated for it, she had absolutely no regret.

Back to the desert, Sol fought with an excited smile on his face.

In all his life, it was the first time he could really go all out without any form of worries nor restraint.

Be it against the gladiators, Setsuna, or even during the fight with the vampire, one way or another there was always something that stopped him from showing his more savage side.

Right here, right now though, there was no such thing.

Letting out an animalistic roar, he stepped on the head of one of those monsters, crushing it and the ground beneath it at the same time.

A mix of blue blood and dark matter splashed on him, but he did not care.

Sol knew that he could have finished the fight more cleanly if he had used a big technique like dragon breath.

But he did not wish to. He loved this kind of brawl. No technique, no skill, just a pure and unadulterated fight filled with blood and gore.

He was so excited that he turned to search for the next target only to have cold water dosed on him once he saw that nothing else was standing.

All around him, dismembered corpses littered the grounds. The beautiful and pristine white side was now covered in blood, guts, organs and meat paste.

What happened just now was not a fight, but a one sided slaughter.

Looking at this spectacle, the wild smile on his face slowly vanished and the rational part of his mind took once again control and dispersed his transformation, thereby returning to his normal form.

In the end, he could only let a bitter smile,

“If Lilith or the others saw me, they would really tear my ears off.”

All his training revolved around the use of skills and techniques to kill in the more efficient way while putting his body in the least danger possible.

But he wondered if such a style really suited him.

The main reasons why Lilith and the others emphasized techniques was because of the innate difference between humans and other magical beings.

But what about him?

Closing his eyes, he sighed.

When he opened his eyes, he stood in what looked like a palace while two women with surprisingly similar features were observing him.

Showing no signs of surprise, he gave a refreshing smile as he said,

“Hello, forgive me for the unsightly display, I was a little, tet’s say — stressed.”

The contrast between his boyish, gentle smile and his body covered in blood and flesh was quite a sight to behold.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 177: CH 156: PHOENIXES

[Phoenix realm]

After finally meeting the leader of the phoenixes, Gabriel, Sol had to admit that even though he was still angry, he was also a little thrilled.

After all, Gabriel was a legend. She was also one of the guardians of his kingdom and one of the oldest beings in existence.

Even though he would have loved to discuss with them, the second woman had asked him gently to take a bath first. Something Sol was happy to oblige. Being covered in blood and flesh looked cool and all, but it was honestly disgusting. It didn't help that the blood of those monsters smelled like rotten fruits.

When you added the mental exhaustion of being in a desert all day, it was a wonder he didn't fall asleep in the bath.

The ones who helped him bathe were two beautiful veiled women wearing what looked like Arabian clothes.

He did not know from what race they were, but they were clearly not humans. He had tried to exchange some words with them, but since they stayed silent, he was happy to let them pamper him without further exchange.

Once he was bathed and given new clothes, a white and light ensemble that seemed like a robe, Sol confirmed his thought.

'I am in Egypt?'

From the desert and the clothes, it really seemed like the world of Phoenixes followed an Egyptian theme. It didn't help that the second vermilion-haired woman who was next to Gabriel when he appeared called herself Nephthys.

When he finally changed, the two servants who had helped him bowed as they said,

"The queen awaits you to partake in her dinner."

He was not particularly hungry, but he guessed that it wouldn't be conducive to his stay if he refused a direct invitation for dinner.

There was also the fact that he needed to ascertain what was the current time difference between the Astral Realm and the Mortal Realm.

If he missed his timing, he might come back home only to see that Lilith was already dead. Which would be rather awful and traumatizing if he had to be honest.

The palace of the phoenixes was sparkling. Every stone, from the ground to the ceiling seemed to be made in a sort of special marble that easily reflected light.

Even now, if he looked down, he could easily see that the women here were rather bold, as they walked without underwear.

If he wasn't already used to being around women day and night, he would really have a hard time controlling himself.

When they reached a large door that seemed to be made out of gold, the two servants stood on either side of it before opening it for him.

A wide room, with a table large enough to accommodate a dozen people standing in the middle. The table was filled with meat and wine, which surprised Sol a little since after his encounter with that monster he expected this world to have different kinds of meat.

Seated on the table and waiting for him were not two, but rather five women with different features, though what they all had in common were their golden pupils and slightly tanned skin.

The moment he entered the room, he felt like an ocean of energy was rushing at him.

It wasn't anything conscious or deliberate on their parts. Sol understood that this was the natural reaction when too many powerful people gathered in the same room.

Anyone else in his place would have most likely kneeled in fright. But for Sol, this was nothing more than a breeze.

'Compared to a room full of my usual girls, this is nothing.'

All the women around Sol were either Duke, King rank, or even demigod rank.

Even though he could feel that the four women here, aside from Gabriel, were at the king rank, for some reason he felt as if their aura was far inferior to that of Lilith, Camelia, or that of the witches.

When he was finally directed to the other end of the table and took a seat, Gabriel stood up with a smile.

She had not been surprised by Sol's lack of reaction. She remembered clearly how ferocious he was during his fight.

This wasn't even a test she prepared for him. But rather, this was how all high-ranked people discussed.

After all, how could two people even be considered equal if one couldn't even bear the natural pressure of the other?

"My dear daughters, you may be curious, but let me introduce you to the prince of Lustburg, Sol Dragona Luxuria."

"Dragona?"

One of the women, one with black hair, raised her eyebrow as she asked.

"Indeed."

"Heh..."

A smile formed on her face as she and others nodded to him.

If before, the phoenixes had looked at him with simple curiosity, he could now feel a little respect.

It seemed that wherever it was, one's own birth would always be the greatest measuring stick.

They didn't seem to care that he was blessed. They only reacted to the fact that he was related to dragons.

"Sol, let me introduce my daughters to you. You already know Nephthys. She is my representative in this world. The other three are Nent[1], Hathor, and Neith."

Sol hid a cough.

If he had any doubt about the Phoenixes following Egyptian lore, then all of them vanished.

Nent the goddess of earth, Hathor, goddess of Drunkenness, Neith, goddess of arrows and Nephthys the goddess of funerals, were four of the five great goddesses in Egyptian myth.

The fifth one was—Isis, goddess of motherhood and magic.[2]

Giving his most charming smile,

"I am happy to have the chance to meet such beautiful women."

Women would never dislike being praised. Even more so if the one praising them was an equally handsome man.

Gabriel smiled as she sat down, "Before we begin, I would like to present my apologies for the earlier events. Even if I wished to test you, I should have at least had the courtesy to welcome you first."

Gabriel began the conversation. Even though she was apologizing to a mortal, none of the others presents seemed surprised.

The same went for Sol. But his lack of surprise was for different reasons

Mortal rulers did not apologize, for the simple reason that they could not acknowledge their inferiority. Even if they wished to, a mortal ruler could not apologize for it was a sign of weakness and a loss of prestige.

But the rules were different when people had enough power to control a dimension.

At those apologies, Sol scoffed inwardly. He didn't particularly feel elated that a demi-god apologized to him. If apologies were enough to sweep everything away, then there would be no war nor hatred.

He had nothing to gain by flaring up aside from some childish sense of fulfillment, but at the same time, it wouldn't sit well with him to keep this in his heart. This was why,

"If I am to be honest, your little test was not something I really appreciated. I have been under great stress during the last few days, and this didn't really help.

But, I recognize the fact that you may wish to understand what kind of man I was before letting me form a contract with someone dear to you. So, I am willing to let bygones be bygones."

Gabriel was rather surprised at first, before a smile of satisfaction formed on her face,

"I am sure that Tiamat would have been proud of you if she could see you right now."

Gabriel loved watching heroes. People who were ready to face any adversities and could laugh even at the moment of their death.

For her, there was nothing purer than such people.

Even though Sol did not fit her traditional understanding of heroes, she found that he had all the main characteristics necessary to be one.

'I wonder if I should take Isis' place.'

Such a thought went through her mind before she immediately discarded it.

Forming a contract with a human was not impossible. But doing so would have tremendous consequences.

After all, doing so would mean breaking her contract with Castitas, thereby losing all her divine power as well as her territory and becoming as weak as a newborn phoenix.

Meanwhile, in another place.

A flicker of light moved around before stopping and landing on the head of a young black-haired girl.

Opening her eyes, her scarlet Irises flashed in the barely lit bedroom as she asked the little fairy that used her head as a chair,

"How was it?"

"Ohh, you wouldn't believe it! He was sooo dreamy! Like a prince!"

"He is a prince."

"Hehehe~! I know. Still, he was very handsome and his aura was so gentle and warm and, and..."

"Sheherazade, calm down."

Sitting on her bed, Isis gathered her legs under her and closed her eyes once again.

Initially, she should have participated at the banquet, but she had refused. She did not wish to meet that so-called prince.

That's why she had sent her one and only friend, Sheherazade, to scout the situation a little.

Sheherazade was a youthful green-haired woman. She wore a yellow robe that seemed to be made out of pure light. Her greatest characteristics were the insect-like wings fluttering behind her and her frame small enough to fit on a palm.

She was a fairy.

Fairies were a race of elemental creatures attuned to woods and water. They lived in the territory of Yggdrasil, the divine beast of Humilitas.

Sheherazade had entered the Phoenixes territory by mistake and would have been dead if not for Isis saving her. For this reason, the two of them became great friends.

Once Sheherazade calmed her excited feelings, she blushed and apologized,

“Sorry, it’s just, from where I am, dragons are like superstars you know!?”

Isis chuckled,

“Well, anyways I will meet him tomorrow, whether I like it or not. So I will make my own decision.”

Laying down, she curled up on her bed, while asking,

"Sheherazade, please tell me another story."

"Boo! You do know that I already wrote one thousand stories because of you?"

Isis gave an impish smile, while her eyes stayed closed, "Then let's make it one thousand and one."

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 178: CH 157: WHO ARE YOU...?

As the days went by, Sol became a little used to life in the Phoenix dimension.

If he counted his first day in the desert, it has already been four days since he came here.

He had been a little worried at first, but thankfully, from what Gabriel had informed him, the current difference in time between the known part of the Astral realm and the Mortal realm was that of the ratio 12:1.

Meaning that 12 days here would only be equal to one day in the mortal realm.

This news had really pleased him because it meant that he had more time to convince a Phoenix to become his partner and follow him to the dragon territory. After all, this contract would last for a lifetime, which, when considering his natural life span, was really really long.

For Sol, the best partner would have been one of Gabriel's direct daughters, but those four were the cornerstone of this territory and it was nearly impossible for them to leave it for him.

His father had been lucky in that Tiamat had nine children rather than four.

Sometimes, Sol wondered if the goddesses had a fetish for the number four.

It was weird that basically all kingdoms always and divine beasts always had four people below them. In fact, even of the four Tiamat, only 4 out of her 8 remaining children were Kings.

He had asked this in passing to Gabriel, but she assured him that it was simply a coincidence.

For example, Asmodeus only had two children. The first one was named Jormungandr. As for the second one, Gabriel told him that no one knew who it was.

Sol had long since stopped being surprised at the mention of mythical names. In fact, if Asmodeus's children had a normal name, he would have been really surprised.

During this week, Sol hadn't been idle.

He had been walking around in the palace and even looked at the city below.

The first thing he understood was that even though this was the Phoenix territory, the population did not only consist of Phoenixes.

There were many spirits in this world, mainly of the fire or ice elements. How the ice or water spirits could survive in this heat was something he couldn't really understand, but it was what it was.

Spirits were beings that could only be born in zones with high concentrations of mana.

In essence, the weaker spirits had no physical form and their greatest characteristic was the fact that they were immune to all physical attacks—which was pretty useless considering all races could use mana.

Only high-ranked spirits took physical forms, generally that of an animal.

At an even higher rank, those spirits would take a human form, which was something that Sol chalked to the goddess having such an appearance.

This was the only reason Sol could imagine. After all, even though the human body was useful for construction, that meant absolutely nothing in a world where magic existed.

When you removed this skill, the human body was nothing more than the weakest and most inefficient body in the world.

From the muscles to the bones and ligaments, there were so many things to nitpick at that it was funny.

Aside from the spirits living and filling the city as if they were humans, there were, of course, Phoenixes, although extremely rare.

Gabriel only separated her energy four times, giving birth to those four Phoenixes he saw during the banquet.

Nephtys, the queen, only had one daughter. As for others, from what he gleaned they only had between 3 to 5 daughters each, each of those daughters having their own.

This kind of asexual reproduction that all half energy beings were able to do was something quite fascinating. But the limits to this were also clear.

Firstly, there was a fixed limit to the number of children that could be produced that way.

The stronger you were, the more you could produce, but even a top-tier demi-god like Gabriel only had four direct children.

It was possible for them to give birth normally, as they were also partially organic beings, but those situations were extremely rare and that was without adding the low rate chances of hybrids being born.

This was the main reason for the extremely low number of divine beasts.

Though, the dragons seemed to be on a different scale.

Not only was Tiamat strong enough to separate her energy nine times, but the fact that dragons could impregnate basically any living being also made it so that their base population was the second-highest among all divine beasts.

The highest one was of course Yggdrasil, for obvious reasons.

"So, how long are you going to spy on me?"

Currently, Sol was sitting with his feet crossed under him on the roof of the palace.

The six moons hung high in the sky and the weather was freezing cold. Thankfully, Sol was already more or less used to the temperature and only felt a slight chill.

He was training his own resistance by warming himself with his mana circulation.

The main advantage of this exercise was a slight increase in gathering and circulation speed of mana. It wasn't much, but it did the job.

At the same time, meditation helped him relax and empty his head from all distracting thoughts.

From behind him, a black-haired woman or rather, a black-haired young girl appeared, prompting him to tilt his head in confusion.

During those seven days, he had seen many exotic sights. White hair, literally fiery red skin or transparent water one— Seeing an undine had been a pretty weird experience.

He had also seen many phoenixes, but they all had in common those beautiful golden eyes, something that the girl lacked. Though, her scarlet pupils were a sight to behold.

This wasn't all. Compared to the usually tanned skin he had been used to seeing, this girl had a pale white skin that made it seem like she suffered from severe anemia.

This palace belonged to the highest-ranked phoenixes. Anyone who was here was either a servant or a phoenix.

This girl was obviously not a servant, this meant that even though she looked quite different, the chances of her being a phoenix were rather high. Either that or she was some kind of guest—a possibility couldn't be dismissed.

In any case, what she was didn't matter. What really mattered was-

'She is strong.'

-It had been a while since he felt such pressure.

It was neither the pressure of someone overwhelmingly stronger than him nor was it the pressure of someone drastically weaker than him.

It was the pressure that rivaled his own — that of a peer.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 179: CH 158: I AM...

A few moments ago, hidden in the shadows, Isis observed Sol as he meditated, curiosity evident in her eyes.

During those few short days, Sheherazade had been pestering her so much about how dreamy and whatever he was like. She seemed more like a fangirl than anything else. What's more, her mother had been insisting that she should at least meet him and make her decision after getting to know him better.

Since she had nothing to lose, she had decided that she could at least grace him the chance of a meeting before she rejected him.

Now that she saw him, she had to admit that Sheherazade was indeed right. He was indeed pretty handsome.

But what really sparked her curiosity wasn't just his appearance.

All her life, she had lived in the underworld dimension of her father, and sometimes visited the heaven realm.

Few people were more intimate with death than her and she understood one truth, no matter how you looked like when you were alive, when you died, all that would be left would be a rotting body and a soul.

The physical body was nothing more than a temporary residence that housed the eternal soul that could or would eventually be discarded in the long river of time.

As such, what she paid attention to the most was---his soul.

'So he is a reincarnator, like father.'

When she looked at Sol, what she saw wasn't only his physical appearance, but also a soul shining with golden light. It was a light so bright she felt as if she was facing the sun.

Soul Sight.

An Innate skill very few beings possess, even among demi-gods.

But all those who did were also innately talented either in matters of the mind or the soul.

When her father discovered she had inherited this skill from him, he had been ecstatic. At the same time, he had shown a rare serious side of himself as he gave her a piece of advice.

She remembered quite clearly what he had told her on that day,

[If you see anyone with a soul that is different from everyone else, then be extremely wary of them. You never know what kind of people they might have been in their previous life.]

"So, how long are you going to spy on me?"

'Oh?'

She was quite startled at being called out but did not let it get to her as she calmly walked out of her hiding place.

Her pace was slow, almost regal. The moment their eyes met, Isis could already imagine the gear turning in his brain as he tried to discover who she was.

Chuckling a little, she gave a curtsy and introduced herself, "My name is Sheherazade, like you, I am a guest in this palace. How should I address you?"

She lied smoothly without missing a beat. Even though she had already decided to reject him, since she had relented against her mother's assault, she decided that she should at least try to get to know him better.

When she mentioned her name, Sol frowned a little before nodding with a refreshing smile,

"I do not know why you are trying to hide your identity, but I am not interested in discovering it either."

Giving a salute he also introduced himself, "My name is Sol. Nice to meet you."

Isis raised an eyebrow at this,

'First when I was hiding and now this. He really is more perceptive than I thought.'

Her train of thought did not disturb her words however, and she answered quite calmly.

"Oh? What could you mean? I believe that I have been perfectly honest with you."

Answering to his smile with one of her own, a feeling of tension seemed to slowly fill the roof of the palace.

On one side stood a man with golden hair and blue eyes, meanwhile, on the other side stood one with lustrous black hair and beautiful scarlet pupils.

"By the way, you are really lacking, you know?"

Currently watching the scene from afar with Nephthys sitting close to her, Gabriel couldn't help but show a worried expression,

"Will this really work?"

Nephthys showed a bitter smile.

Isis was a strong willed girl used to people bending backwards to fulfill her slightest desire.

It didn't help that since she was a necromancer, she basically never had anyone who could go against her.

Meanwhile, from what she knew about Sol, he was no pushover either and behind his gentle smile was a bone deep pride.

Two strong willed people working with each other meant that either one of the two would have to lower themselves or it wouldn't work.

"Well, it is worrying, but there's nothing we can do about it. A contract cannot be made if one of the two parties does not wish for it. It's the rule the goddesses placed themselves. Everything will depend on Sol."

Nephthys nodded before standing up.

"Where are you going?"

"Even though Sol has tried to be polite, it is clear that he is in a hurry. I decided to create a small list of Phoenixes that could be suitable and who would be interested in forming a contract with him."

Gabriel placed a finger under her chin before acquiescing.

"This is the best way."

Giving a look at the departing figure of her daughter, Gabriel let out a sigh.

She did not tell her daughter, but this situation was far more serious than either of them could see.

Her goddess did not urge her, but it was clear that whatever machinations Lady Luxuria had, Isis was an important component in it.

She wouldn't be surprised if Luxuria broke some of the rules of the game just to make sure that Isis made that contract, even if she had to pay some price.

'I really hope that it does not come to this.'

Back to Sol and Isis, Sol had to give his all to not let his growing irritation show on his face.

He was calmly meditating when some weird girl began to spy on him.

He did not know nor did he wish to know why she lied about her name as it had absolutely nothing to do with him.

But now that crazy girl insulted him?

The only reason he did not explode was that he was a guest in a foreign territory. He did not wish to make a fuss if it was not necessary.

Taking a deep breath, he let it out and spoke calmly,

"Could you elaborate please?"

Sol believed in self improvement more than anything. Since she had something to say about him, he was willing to listen.

He could accept any harsh criticism as long as it was reasonable.

Isis gave a bright smile as she answered,

"I could, but—Why should I?"

"..."

"..."

A tense silence fell between the two.

Sol, whose smile vanished for a few moment, smiled once again as he nodded,

"You are right."

He then proceeded to ignore her while he sat back once again and began to meditate.

Isis meanwhile showed a surprised expression, she had provoked him like this because she wished to push him to attack her. Once it happened, her mother would have no ground to force them to form a contract.

"Hmph! Coward!"

"Better be a coward than a crazy bitch."

"You!"

"Me what? or should I say that you are an inconsiderate spoiled girl?"

"You have done it. If you beg me, I will tell you what is wrong with you."

Sol sneered, "Not only are you crazy, you are also stupid. Hahaha, I mean, if I am lacking something, I simply have to ask the phoenixes here, if that doesn't work I can ask the dragons, either way, those people will be much stronger than you."

It was rare for Sol to explode like this.

If the women such as Milia or Lilith were there to see this scene, they would have not believed their eyes.

Even Sol could not really explain why. Though, he had an inkling.

All his life in this world, he always had to act like a prim and proper prince.

Even in front of his women, he had to act like a mature man because most of them were emotionally wounded and what they needed was someone who could understand them. Not a brat.

Because of those responsibilities, Sol always watched how he spoke and acted in front of the others.

He did not find it to be a burden. He did not think of it as bad.

But it seemed that now that he was far away from all responsibilities, he could act as willfully as he wished.

Here, he wasn't the prince of Lustburg. No one even cared about him being a future king.

There was also no one he had an emotional attachment to nor did he need to force himself to look good.

For the first time in his life, he could really act however he wished and he had to admit that it felt pretty great.

Isis was left speechless at Sol's rebuttal. After all, he was right. She might have an edge thanks to her soul sight, but as long as he asked the help of a demigod or even a king, it would be enough.

Her eyes rolled around a little, before she came with an idea,

"Let's make a bet, if you win-"

"I refuse."

"Wait! Listen to me. It will be very advantageous for you."

"And I said, I refuse."

"Argh!! Will you listen!?"

"I could, but—Why should I?"

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 180: CH 159: OUTING (1)

Back in her room, Isis jumped on her bed and let out a muffled scream full of frustration.

Fluttering out of her hair, the true Sheherazade, which had managed to stay hidden from Sol's perception by using her glamor, let out a bell-like laugh while floating.

This laugh did nothing but increase the frustration of Isis, as she took out a pillow and threw it at her little friend.

"Hey! It isn't my fault that you got completely owned during your little clash."

Even as she dodged the rather slow projectile, Sheherazade continued to laugh at her friend.

It had been quite some time since she fell in the Phoenix territory and became friends with Isis and because of this, she understood the circumstances of her friend.

Isis' position within the Phoenixes community was hard to place.

Divine beasts in general did not care about the authority one obtained from birthright.

As such, even though she was the daughter of the Nephthys, the Phoenix Queen, it did not really matter to most of them.

What mattered though was that Isis was, without a doubt, the strongest in her generation and already stood out as a Duke.

There was no doubt that she would soon reach the King level and all the Phoenixes were in agreement that she had high chances of becoming the second demi-god of the Phoenix clan.

Such pedigree should have made her the most loved and respected Phoenix.

But, there was a little problem—her father.

All divine beasts, no matter how sinful or virtuous, absolutely hated necromancy since it went against the natural order. And as the first and strongest necromancer, it wouldn't be a mistake to say that Anubis was the most hated being in the Astral realm.

There were many instances where some of the divine beasts proposed an all-out attack against him before he became a demi-god.

This put Isis in a very awkward situation.

The Phoenixes did not outright bully her but at the same time, they did not hide their dislike toward her.

That's why-

"Tell me the truth. You were happy, right?"

Sheherazade stopped laughing as she landed on her friend's head.

When she was with her father, no one defied her as she was the princess of the dead. Meanwhile, in the world of her mother, no one talked to her.

Because of this, for Isis, this should have been the very first time she had found someone with whom she could argue.

Blushing a little at this, Isis humphed and turned her head away,

"Anyway, I need to take my revenge. Could you change him into a frog or something like that?"

Sheherazade shook her head, "You know very well that wish magic doesn't work like that. Also, his resistance is too powerful. If I tried, chances are that I would be the one changed into a frog."

"What about changing his luck?"

This time Sheherazade completely blanched.

"Don't even think about it! He's a Blessed! His luck was bestowed by a goddess! Not even a demi-god can affect his luck without risking repercussions."

Isis pouted but did not force her friend.

Despite its name, wish magic was not something that could realize all wishes and there was much danger surrounding it if one was too greedy. What's more, she just wanted to play some pranks as revenge, not harm him.

Clenching her fist, she swore to herself,

"I will get back at him."

Of course, she totally ignored the fact that she was the one who started this whole debacle.

What she didn't know though and that Sheherazade avoided to point out was the giddy smile on her face. No matter how much she tried to hide it, Isis was really happy.

Sol, meanwhile, was also very frustrated, though for different reasons.

He did not know who Sheherazade really was, but it didn't matter. At least he was sure that she was not an enemy.

Demigods weren't omniscient, even in their dimension, but there was no way they would overlook an intruder so close.

Resting on his bed, Sol groaned and covered his face.

He could not understand why he had acted so childishly with that girl.

Back in the mortal realm, even after being taunted by Arachne Milaris for years, he never lost his composure.

But this wasn't all.

"What am I doing wrong?"

He remembered the words of that girl before the whole argument began. It did not seem that she was lying and this frustrated him.

He had been training with Lilith, Medea, Persephone, and even Ambrosia. If there was something wrong with the way he was training they should have caught it.

What could they have overlooked?

He wondered if he should ask Gabriel, but the two of them weren't that close. She had absolutely no reasons to help train him.

'This feels pretty weird.'

Calming down, Sol began to look at his ceiling absentmindedly.

All his life, he had been surrounded by people who thought of his life and needs as the most important thing in the world.

People that were completely devoted to him, who would not hesitate to lay down their lives if it was to save him.

Even outside of his closed circle, he was surrounded by people doing their best to fulfill all his desires since he was the future king.

As such, the transition from there to here had been a little jarring.

Here, he wasn't the center of the world.

The fact that it displeased him said many things about the way his personality had slowly been changing and he was honestly grateful.

Because at this rate—he would have taken the love of his women for granted.

Not only that, he would have begun to expect everyone else to do the same.

At least, the bad way of thinking that had been unconsciously growing in his heart had been squashed.

He wasn't the center of the world.

His existence only really mattered to a few people.

This was something he should not forget in order to not fall into hubris.

'Well, I should sleep now.'

He just hoped that he wouldn't have to deal with that weird girl tomorrow.

'I should have known better.'

The next morning, after a little session of training and a good bath, Sol sighed as he took a seat on the table for breakfast.

Normally, he would spend a little time with both Nephthys and Gabriel before asking for a servant that would guide him in the city.

Thanks to the influence of the goddesses, all intelligent beings spoke the same universal language. Of course, there were some little differences in dialect and so on, but that wasn't the problem.

The customs and traditions of this place were obviously different from his, and as such, he wanted to avoid a situation where he created a problem because he didn't use the right expression.

He learned this lesson during his first outing when a weird kind of crocodile man took his smile as a sign of aggression.

This time though, the atmosphere was clearly different.

After taking a sip of the ice-cold drink that was served to him, Sol threw a look at the black-haired beauty sitting on the side, two-place away from him who was grinning at him.

"So... What are you doing here?"

"I told you I was a guest here, right?"

"I see."

He sighed and was about to stand up but was stopped by her,

"Where are you going? I was asked to serve as your guide this time, or are you too much a coward to go out with a frail and beautiful girl like me?"

Sol hesitated a little before nodding and sitting down. He was obviously not moved by her provocation. He simply thought that this would be the perfect occasion to obtain the information he wished out of her.

Isis, meanwhile, let out a triumphant smile.

She did not wish to throw away the identity of Sheherazade she had managed to obtain yesterday. As such, she had asked her mother to back her up this morning but it hadn't been easy.

Phoenixes were creatures who absolutely hated lying — even lies by omissions. The greatest compromise her mother had allowed was simply being absent and as such not being forced to lie.

'Well, this is going to be fun! Should I lose him in the desert? Send him to exotic creatures? Make him fall into debt?'

She hummed to herself as she thought about all the possible pranks she could play that would embarrass him while not really harming him.