

## Hero King 191

### [Son of the Hero King](#)

#### Chapter 191: CH 170: CUTE?

\*Sigh\*

Standing in the middle of the pool-sized bath of Gabriel's palace, Sol released a sigh of contentment as the hot water took away his fatigue of the day and allowed him to relax.

Saying that the day had been tiring would have been the understatement of the year. In just one day, he had fought more and caused more deaths than in all the previous years of life combined.

If he had to be honest, it was a wonder that he did not collapse.

"Honored guest, please raise your arms."

One of the two servants that had been taking care of him since the start of his stay in the palace spoke gently.

After a few days of getting to know each other better, the previously cold way they treated him was just a thing of the past.

While it was hard to stay that they had become close, they would at least not stay silent when in his presence.

Turning his head, his gaze landed on the soft and womanly curves of his caretakers. The two of them were beautiful twins whose bodies had the allure of amazons.

Letting his gaze roam on their bodies, Sol felt himself harden ever so slowly and shook his head.

He normally had good control over his urges, but he was still feeling high from his previous fight and his libido was at all times high.

It didn't help that the two servants seemed far more enthusiastic than usual the moment he came back and liked to caress him.

From the way they would linger on his horns and how they would blush whenever they met his eyes, he had come to the conclusion that their sense of beauty was somewhat different from the norm.

'Sigh, I am really beginning to get pent up.'

He ignored their surprised reactions at the sight of his erection. He had no doubt that should he ask for it, they would happily accept. But, while he did not mind laying down with his maids, those two servants were not his.

It would be tragic if he ended up offending Gabriel and lost the chance to get a Phoenix.

'I need to study the customs of the Phoenixes.'

It was something very important. After all, he only had little information about them. Much of which was from hearsay. He did not want to make assumptions over misguided or incomplete information.

Feeling the gentle but innocent brush of their hands over his penis, Sol sighed as he fought the desire to simply throw them down and have his way with them.

His member was throbbing, painfully so.

Sighing yet again, Sol seriously began to wonder if he should just masturbate. Otherwise, he might really attack someone.

Back in Isis' bedroom, Isis sat curled on her large queen-sized bed deep in thoughts.

The events of the day kept filling her mind as she scrutinized everything with magnifying glasses.

After she showed her power to Sol, the two of them returned to the headquarters of Rio and White.

On the way, she had watched as Sol made sure to bring down any member of the squad that had survived the fight between him and the Rio White duo.

It was funny that she was initially supposed to deal with them but most of them ended up incapacitated because of the aftermath of the fight between the three Dukes.

Once they made sure all the perpetrators were dead, they dealt with the people saved in the same way as the previous ones.

Thinking about Sol's stiff expression as he kept receiving their thanks, she couldn't help but laugh.

After all, she knew very well that he hadn't stormed Rio out of some sense of justice. He simply wanted to use her as a way to sharpen himself. Saving them had just been a byproduct of his actions.

"Hehe~! Seems like someone had a good day!"

Buzzing all around, Sheherazade let out a bell-like laugh as she mocked Isis openly. When she fused with Isis, she could still see, feel and hear everything.

Isis blushed a little and shook her head in denial, "What are you talking about? This is just your imagination!"

She took a pillow and throw it at Sheherazade who deftly avoided it,

"How many times do I have to tell you that you can't hit—"

She sadly wasn't able to avoid getting hit by the second pillow that was right behind the first one.

Smirking at having finally managed to shut up her friend, Isis sighed. After all, no matter how much she lied to herself, she had to admit that this outing did make her happy.

In all her life, the only friends she had were the undead soldiers of her father or the souls that lingered in the afterlife.

When she first entered the Phoenix territory, she had been filled with expectations. After all, they were her kind. She thought that she would finally have true friends with whom she could share everything.

But reality had dosed her enthusiasm with a cold shower.

Here, aside from her mother, no one liked her. No one wanted her. Having to walk around while under the barely disguised gazes of disgust had been such a shock that she had been nearly traumatized and wouldn't get out without completely covering herself in black.

Had she not met Sheherazade, Isis could not even imagine what would have happened to her.

Today had been like a dream for her. She had gone out, played around, fought a little, and watched an epic battle.

But the peak had been when she revealed her power to Sol.

Divine beasts were beings of nature. For them, a necromancer wasn't just something that opposed their beliefs. They opposed their very existence down to the core.

For a divine beast, being next to a necromancer was extremely uncomfortable, and observing the transformation of a body in undead was like pushing the nose of a human in a bag full of trash.

That was why she did not hate the Phoenixes. Even though they hated being next to her, they had never mistreated her either. They just avoided her.

This was also why no one could understand just how it was possible for Nephthys and Anubis to fall in love with each other and have children.

After all, since phoenixes represented life, they were basically antithesis of each other.

Whenever she asked her mother, all she would receive in response was Nephthys blushing heavily and stammering before chasing her out.

"He didn't change."

Sheherazade, who flew out after pushing the cushion away, landed at the top of Isis' head and listened calmly.

She knew that there were moments for jokes and moments where all she had to do was shut up and listen.

"You know I have been really worried. I mean, it hadn't been that long since we met but I really didn't want to face another rejection."

No matter how he was raised, Sol was still a hybrid divine beast.

Even without him being a divine beast, few living beings could accept the existence of a necromancer. After all, no one liked to face their own mortality.

The moment she used her power to awaken both Rio and White as undead, rather than any sign of fear or disgust, all he had shown was an honest wonder.

She knew that it wasn't much.

Sheherazade didn't fear her either and it wasn't as if her father did not have friends.

But, only someone who had been isolated would understand how much such little acts could mean.

"At least I did not lose my friend... We are friends, right?"

Isis seemed a little uneasy. Now that she thought about it, she did not really know what her relationship with him was.

Would it be too forward of her to call him a friend?

'Isis can be really cute sometimes.'

Chuckling a little,

"Why don't you ask him yourself?"

"I... \*Humph\* forget it! He should be the one begging to become my friend. Not the other way around."

"Hehh..." Sheherazade drawled a little,

"But you know. Now that Sol further awakened his dragon blood, I don't think you will be able to monopolize him for much longer."

Isis stopped short, "What do you mean..."

Flying away from her head and finally hovering in front of Isis, Sheherazade explained herself,

"I mean... You didn't forget why he came here, right? If he is to make a contract with a Phoenix, he will have to pass time with many of them before making a choice. As for you—He doesn't even know that you are a Phoenix."

From the silence of Isis, it was clear that she had forgotten about this very important fact.

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#### **Chapter 192: CH 171: FOUR GREAT PHOENIXES**

It had been five days since the fight against Rio and White. During those five days, Isis, who had initially scoffed at Sheherazade's words, found that her friend's guess had been extremely accurate.

During the last few days, thanks to Sheherazade spying on what was happening in the palace, she knew that different kinds of phoenixes had been contacting Sol and trying to arrange dates or similar things with him.

Normally, the children of the three other King-ranked phoenixes did not like visiting the palace if not necessary. It wasn't a question of dislike, but rather the fact that the four direct daughters of Gabriel each had different ideologies and refused to bow to each other.

Even though Nephthys was the Queen in name, her authority on the children of her sisters was rather limited in times of peace. Of course, this was totally different during an emergency.

Though Sol received all those invitations, he gave no concrete answer and mainly observed the situation first. Finally, he decided that he couldn't make a correct decision with enough relevant information.

"So, if I understand well, the phoenixes are divided into four factions and there were three other great cities under the direct control of Nephthys's sister?"

Sitting next to Sol on a wall under the shade of a large tree in her courtyard, Isis nodded at his words, “Well, saying factions is a little forced. The ideologies may be different, but they will not hurt each other. Even if they wished to, they would not dare. Gabriel may not have the Sea of Stars to observe all phoenixes, but it would be impossible to trick her.”

“Hum... I was sure that you would say that it was impossible for them to hurt each other.”

Isis let out a chuckle, “My father always said that as long as intelligent beings live in society, it’s impossible to erase strife. The best possible compromise is for a being with absolute power to take control. But even if it’s for their own good, intelligent beings will never accept their freedom being stripped away. Rebellion will be an eternal problem. Divine beasts are no exceptions.”

Her own grandmother was one of the best examples. Even though she gave them everything, some people still decided to rebel against her.

This went to show how far people were willing to go to obtain their so-called freedom.

Sol nodded, “Your father is a wise man.”

Since he was from the earth, Sol understood clearly just how dangerous ideals could be. History had already proved many times that as long as it was for an ideal, humans were willing to commit the greatest atrocities.

Someone who did evil and knew he was evil was not dangerous but predictable. But someone who did evil while thinking, nay, while being sure that he was doing good was frightening. Because you could never know just how far they could go. At least that was what Sol believed.

“Anyway, about those families?”

Lately, some phoenixes began to show interest in him and he was happy to spend some time with them, but he didn’t want to waste too much time either. Furthermore, making such an important choice meant that he couldn’t rely on one-sided information. As such, in order to get a clearer picture, he decided to glean some information from ‘Sheherazade’ about the different groups.

“Yeah, this sounds pretty good. So the first family is obviously Nephthys, a holy phoenix who has power over light and heat. Individually speaking, she is the strongest. She is also the favorite of Gabriel. So she is the official second in command of all phoenixes. Her family is the smallest and she only has one daughter...Isis. She doesn’t have a particular ideology. But because of some of her choices in the past, she is a little isolated.”

Sol noticed her hesitation but did not pay attention. He wasn’t dumb nor was he dense. She may not have noticed it, but the way the servants looked at her when she walked. The fact that she chooses to hide her identity while being outside. Even the existence of this courtyard.

Sol was 80% sure that Sheherazade was in fact, Isis. The only reason he wasn’t 100% certain was that the aura she emanated did not seem like that of a phoenix. But, it wasn’t as if it was impossible to hide or change one’s aura. He remembered very well that the first time he met Persephone on the plaza during his date with Medea, he hadn’t recognized her witch’s aura.

Of course, it was also possible that he was completely wrong. Though the chances were slim.

'Anyway, it's fun. So why would I expose her?'

He didn't mind playing around a little. Meanwhile, not knowing that her cover had already blown up long ago, Isis continued,

"The second family is under Nent, a lightning phoenix with some control over heat." There, Isis blushed a little, "Her ideology is reproduction. She believes that phoenixes and divine beasts, in general, should be more proactive about giving birth. She also thinks that mixing blood is the best way."

"Hum..."

Sol found it surprising. Even though he was a perfect hybrid and managed to awaken the main abilities of the two races, the chances of such a thing happening were extremely low. In the first place, the chance of hybrids appearing was also low. So when the two compounded, it was no joke.

"She doesn't fear weakening the blood?"

At this question, the blush on Isis faded, "She believes in selective breeding. Hybrids or pure offspring with good talent should be allowed to breed more and with different partners. As for the failure, they should be culled or have their reproduction ability destroyed."

Sol whistled, "Vicious."

"Yeah..."

Isis really disliked Nent or in fact, feared her a little. Every time this aunt was looking at her, she could see a struggle in her eyes. As if she was deciding between stopping her from having children because of her necromancer power or if she should put her in a breeding program because she was a perfect hybrid.

Of course, it was just a little fear. Even if they didn't take her mother into account, her father was not a kind guy. Should anything happen to her, he would immediately declare war on the phoenixes.

"What does Gabriel say about that?"

"Nothing. Nent never used any coercing means. All those who entered her program are perfectly willing and believe in her ideology. Until now her program had produced no perfect hybrid, but the resulting children, albeit limited, are very talented."

Nent's direct children were all a result of the division of her own energy. But more than half of her grandchildren were hybrids.

"The third one is Hator. She..." Isis frowned a little, "I don't really know how to describe her. All I know is that she has control over water and reached an incredible level with it as a healer. She isn't the strongest, but from what my mo...\*Ahem\* Gabriel said, she is also known as the immortal phoenix."

It didn't need to be said, but each divine beast had their own specialties. For example, Dragons had the highest defense or Kitsunes were the best at illusions. The phoenixes were the hardest race to kill.

Someone said that you die when you are killed. This couldn't be more wrong for the phoenixes since they could quite literally resurrect after getting killed thanks to <<Nirvana>>, their innate skill. Of course,

there was a limit to everything and the limit of Nirvana was used to determine the talent of phoenixes. All in all, for such a race that could defy death, being recognized as The Immortal showed just how respected Hator was.

Sol mulled a little, "What is her ideology?"

"Freedom." Isis smiled, "Hator is only interested in three things, eating, drinking, and traveling. She rarely stays long in the territory and leaves the control of her city to her subordinates. She has no children."

'This one seems worth befriending. A skilled healer is always welcome.'

Compared to Nent, who seemed like a phoenix version of his own grandfather, Hator was more to his liking.

"So, what about the last one?"

"Neith is known as the snow phoenix. She has power over the wind and cold. She only gave birth to two children through energy separation and those children each had two and that's it. She is the second strongest after Nephthys and not by far. Her ideology is a belief in personal power and isolation, so she isn't really friendly with Nent and Hator. Her goal is to become a demi-god so she is a true loner and isn't close to any of the other three."

'So, a rebellious daughter, an ultra pragmatic, a free spirit, and an extreme loner.'

Sol had a weird expression as he thought about how much trouble those four must have brought to Gabriel as she raised them.

Still, this discussion had been rather fruitful. His goal this time wasn't just to bring any phoenixes. He needed an extremely talented one who also had a high <<Nirvana>> level. All phoenixes were also great healers and even though Sol had great self-healing ability, having a powerful healer on his side was of course the best.

He immediately decided to cross Nent's children and grandchildren from the list. Even though she didn't seem evil and apparently only had the good of the phoenixes in mind, Sol was not going to give it a try. Who knew what might happen to his own children afterward?

This left Nephthys's daughter, Hathor, and finally, Neith and her children.

Since Hathor was a free spirit, he doubted she would want to sign a binding contract. Neith was also a loner, but since she wanted more power it wasn't impossible for her to accept a contract, but he doubted that she would be eligible for a Lust type. A Greed-type seemed more likely.

As for her children, he didn't know, so he would have to observe. This only left one option — Isis.

No matter how he looked at it, or at least with the current information he had, she was perfect.

She could heal, she could fight and she could even bring an undead calamity. Just imagining the face of the beastmen from Wratharis as the one they killed and their dead companions stood up and began to fight them made him salivate.

Of course, even if he was wrong in his speculation and 'Sheherazade' was not Isis, if he could get her as a second contract, it would still be incredible. But, he doubted he was wrong. After all, he didn't miss her faux-pas when she nearly called Gabriel 'mother.'

'Man, I really have become cold.'

A bitter smile formed on his face. The way he was only looking at the situation in terms of gain and losses made him a little uncomfortable, but what could he do? The first contract was irreversible. He couldn't take the situation lightly in such a situation and had to take everything into account.

Otherwise, if he made a mistake, it would be too late to regret it.

Isis meanwhile was observing Sol in a daze. Looking at his profile while he was deep in thought, she had to admit that in a pure aesthetic sense, Sol was completely in her strike zone.

Of course, his soul was far more attractive to her than his physical appearance. This was also one of her greatest hang-ups.

'What kind of person was he in his previous life?'

The advice of her father was still in her mind. The time she had spent with Sol had been meaningful, but it was impossible for her to put those pieces of advice away just because she had spent one interesting adventure with him.

'Should I ask him?'

Just as she was about to pluck her courage, the two of them turned their heads toward the side at the sound of hurried steps.

The one that was running was one of Isis' servants. Once she reached them, she showed a fretful expression as she exclaimed,

"Prin..."

\*Cough\* \*Cough\*

The servant caught hold of herself when Isis began to cough and changed her words,

"My lady, Her grace, Nent, wishes to see the honored guest."

Sol once again played dumb and ignored the mistake of the servant. Meanwhile, his eyes narrowed as he wondered how this meeting would go.

This promised to be very interesting.

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#### **Chapter 193: CH 172: WHAT ABOUT ME?**

Nent was a beautiful woman. The red shade of her hair had a deeper crimson shade to it, giving it the color of blood.

Even though, appearance wise, she seemed quite similar to Nephthys, the two of them couldn't be any more different.



It wasn't just because of her impressive curves that dwarfed many women Sol knew, but also because of her sultry aura and her extremely revealing clothes.

All she was wearing was a black satin dress that barely hid her massive breasts and showed off the curves of her ass.

Looking at her, Sol even wondered if Nent was really a Phoenix and not a succubus.

"Sol! How have you been?"

When Sol entered the room alone, Nent enthusiastically stood up and greeted him with a tight hug before letting him go.

Being pressed against her like this, even though for a short time, he could feel how soft she was. Anyone else in his place would have been lost because of this sensation, but thankfully, Sol was already used to intimate contact with women and did not make a fool of himself.

"Take a seat. I wish to discuss something with you."

Even though he was curious about her sudden display of friendliness, Sol knew that he would get his answer soon.

Taking a seat as he was instructed, Sol gave her another look as he thought back to the information he had received not long ago. From them, he knew that even though this woman seemed quite flirtatious, she was no easy woman and if he let her looks deceive him, things wouldn't end well.

Leaning back on the seat and crossing his legs, Sol rested his head on the palm of his hand as he looked at her nonchalantly.

Silence stretched between the two of them, but no one seemed to be ready to burst the bubble. In the end, after a few minutes, it was Nent who caved in as she asked coyly,

"Sol, aren't you curious about the reason as to why I called you here?"

Sol gave a meaningful smile, "I am definitely curious."

"..."

"..."

"..."

Silence fell again between them, as Nent expected Sol to ask something, but all he did was look at her with the same smile.

In the end, Nent sighed and conceded,

"You won. It seems like I quite underestimated you."

Sol nodded with a proud smile as if he was happy to have won this short face-off, but inwardly, his guard against her had heightened.

Winning a face-off against a millennia-old divine beast after just a few minutes? Was that woman really taking him for some arrog...

'Ah...She is dealing with me as if I was a true dragon.'

What she just did was quite insidious. Creating a short tension, then conceding and giving him the impression that he won something when in reality, she lost absolutely nothing. Following this, his guard would be lowered because of a useless sense of superiority.

Sol had decided to play the game with her, and see what she was up to. Thankfully, playing the idiot blinded by arrogance was not particularly difficult. He just had to let his instincts take control.

Not knowing what was going through his mind, Nent finally cut to the heart of the matter,

"I have heard that you have rejected the invitations of the phoenixes that wished to talk with you?"

'Hum, so this is her deal?'

From what he had just learned, it wouldn't be a mistake to say that at least 70% of living phoenixes, pure or hybrid, were directly related to her. The fact that she was a virgin despite all this made it pretty weird, but Sol was not interested in this point.

Nodding, he answered, "This is indeed the case. But I did not really reject them, I just decided to postpone my decision to a later date."

'Though this date might never come.'

"I see..." Nent mulled over his words before nodding, "Sol, let me be candid with you. I did not call you here to talk about this. Truth be told, I think that pairing you with any of the children would be a waste of your talent. While it may cost a little more on your Capacity point---What would you think about forming a contract with me?"

...

...

...

"Nent really said that?"

Looking at the moons while sitting on her throne, Nephthys showed no surprise when she heard Gabriel's words and only raised her eyebrows slightly.

The two of them were discussing as always when Gabriel brought up the meeting between Sol and Nent.

"Indeed."

"Well, this isn't surprising. She had personally watched the fight and saw Sol's War Form. For her, seeing a perfect hybrid like Sol must have been like a dream come true."

"\*Sigh\* You are right. Since that event centuries ago, she has changed quite a bit."

“You mean, what happened with that witch and the scientist who developed the Human Genesis Theory?”

“Indeed. The three of them must have met each other at crossroads and hit it off. But this did not really matter. Their execution hit her badly.”

Nephthys sighed while agreeing inwardly. The Nent from 700 years ago and the current one were completely different. In the past, Nent was the very epitome of everything that a Phoenix should represent. Now though, she had many extreme views, and while she did not use any coercing means, she was very skilled in manipulating people.

“So, what did Sol answer?”

“He asked for some time to think.”

Nephthys released a helpless sigh. It wasn't as if she could blame him. Nent wasn't just a beautiful woman. She was also a high-tier King. No matter how you looked at it, making a contract with her was good.

‘I hope Isis will stop playing her childish game now.’

She didn't understand why her daughter had decided to hide her identity, but she couldn't say that she approved.

From what she had observed of Sol, he was a very good boy and would make a great son-in-law.

She wouldn't mind if Sol chose another phoenix as a partner because he did not like Isis or because Isis did not wish to form a contract. But losing him because of some stupid game when she was obviously interested would be a true shame.

Of course, if she had to be honest, the talent Sol had and his destiny had also attracted her. She had no doubt that she was looking at a demi-god in the making. Which would result in the dragons in specific, and the Order's race in general, becoming even stronger.

Even though Chaos had lost and had been sealed, the abyss was still spewing its spawns, furthermore, not all the Titans and Giants under her had died.

Thinking about those cockroaches that refused to die no matter what, Nephthys couldn't help but bite her finger in anger.

“Dear daughter of mine, could you stop melting everything in the throne room?”

Waking up, Nephthys blushed a little when she observed the state of the room,

“I am sorry.”

“\*Sigh\* It's fine. You should go talk to your daughter.”

Gabriel knew that Isis making a contract with Sol was one of the most important steps for the plan of Luxuria to bear fruit. Even though Luxuria was not her goddess, she still respected her since she was the eldest twin of Castitas. Failure was not an option.

Nephtys nodded and began to walk away.

"I will see what I can do."

Now alone, Gabriel closed her eyes and sighed. Her daughter wasn't the only one worried about the activities of the Titans and the spawn of chaos.

Castitas had already informed her about the fact that the leader of the Wings of Freedom had managed to escape from their seals.

'It seems like a great turmoil is coming up. Should I call for a summit of the divine?'

She hoped that it was just a false alarm.

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#### **Chapter 194: CH 173: DILEMMA**

Resting on a reclining chair, Nent was gazing absentmindedly at the moons in the sky, memories of a long-forgotten past filling her mind.

Remembering the clumsy but serious scientist and the naughty but gentle witch, a rare turmoil was brewing in her heart.

'Seven hundred years...'

Even for divine beasts, such an amount of time was not insignificant.

If her self from all those years ago could see her current self, Nent was sure that her past self would be nothing but disgusted.

Even so, she did not regret any of her actions. Even if she was given a second chance, she would still do the same.

"Mother."

A tall man with a refined expression walked in the room and called out to Nent.

He was wearing baggy white pants and an open half suit without any shirt below, showing his perfect muscles.

"Kemour, how many times did I tell you to not disturb me when I am viewing the moons?"

Nent spoke without so much as rising herself and continued her night gazing.

Kemour was one of her children, he had perfectly inherited her power over lightning and she had given him a harem composed of water, metal, and fire spirit so that the hybrids born held powerful skills.

So far, only one of her grandchildren from Kemour was born with a dual element. Sadly that child was not a perfect hybrid and did not inherit a core.

Kemour grimaced a little,

"It's about what you recuperated from Rio's camp. That cat seems to only be able to produce ice. In terms of rank, it isn't even at the count level. Most likely, Rio only used it as a way to fight the heat."

Nent frowned, back then, after observing the end of the fight between that metal spirit, the bird, and Sol, she had visited the encampment to see if there was anything special.

It was there that she saw a white cat kept in a small jail.

She thought that the cat was special and took it to study, but it seemed that she had been wrong.

Releasing a sigh, she asked,

"You didn't disturb me just for that, right?"

Though it was a disappointment that she had been wrong about the cat, Nent didn't mind. She was used to disappointment. In fact, disappointment was the greatest constant in her life.

"Of course not. But, this should be the perfect gift for that boy. No matter what, the temperature is quite burdensome."

Nent scoffed. She did not believe that gifting some random cat would sway Sol's opinion, but even if he refused her, giving him some gift to bring their relationship closer was a good strategy.

"Tomorrow, I want you to send one of your daughters to him so that she gives him the cat. It will also be a good occasion to introduce them to each other."

Using a honey trap was one of the oldest strategies in the world. But the fact that it was still used to this day showed how effective it was.

From what she knew, Kings and Queen of Lustburg, despite being Blessed by Luxuria, were surprisingly chaste.

But Sol was different. He wasn't just a human. He was also a dragon. A dragon whose blood had awakened to an extreme degree just a few days ago.

She was sure that currently, he should be fighting against his own urges so some nudging was necessary.

Kemour certainly knew that Nent wanted his daughter to offer herself to Sol, regardless of a contract being made.

Even so, he did not particularly mind. As her mother said, they were the pioneers of a new path for the divine beasts. As such some sacrifices were necessary.

Furthermore, in this case, it wouldn't even be a sacrifice. He had seen Sol for himself, albeit briefly and his daughter would not be wronged even if she offered her body to him.

"Mother, what about you?"

He knew that the reason his mother never tried to give birth biologically was that she had found no partner worthy of her attention.

"Hum... I need to observe him more."

The easiest for her would be to send servants to him and have him fuck them then obtain samples of his sperm to use on herself and her daughters and granddaughters.

But such an artificial way to give birth would be greatly condemned.

She was already skirting at the edge of what was allowed, so she had to be careful.

He nodded at her words, guessing her thoughts, and found himself unsurprised.

"Very well then, Mother. It's time for my nightly duties. Have a good night."

The chances of hybrids being born were low. The chances for hybrid divine beasts were even lower. This was why he had to regularly visit all the members of his harem.

Even so, he showed no particular joy or expectations. For the children in Nent's family, sex was not an act of pleasure and even less that of love. It was nothing more than a mechanical process, a necessary procedure for procreation.

The next day, Sol, who hadn't slept a bit, was looking at his ceiling absentmindedly.

His cold rational mind was warring against his feelings to determine what was the best course of action.

Nent's proposal had come out as a surprise to him and put him in a great dilemma.

On one side, Nent was without a doubt a powerful king. Even though he felt that she was a little weaker than Lilith, that was with Nent being in her human form. He didn't know how powerful she could get if she went all out.

Furthermore, she was an old and experienced divine beast that should know many secrets of this world and as a direct daughter of Gabriel, her Nirvana skill should be one of the highest.

But on the other side, Nent was a cold and dangerous woman. He did not wish to put his future children in any form of danger.

There was also the matter of potential, without a doubt the higher potential the better. But no matter how high the potential was, how many could reach the King rank?

The difference in power between each rank wasn't linear. From what Sol knew, if a normal Duke was 100 then a normal King was 1000.

Of course, there were no clear numbers, but it was a personal estimation of his.

'I need to be careful.'

Technically, with his capacity, even taking 2 or 3 phoenixes wasn't impossible. But doing so would be shortsighted.

If he formed a contract with Nent, he might get lightning. But this was the same with Setsuna. In fact, Setsuna had three elements. So her versatility was at another level from the get to go.

'But, what about Sheherazade?'

Even if Sheherazade wasn't Isis, Sol was determined to form a contract with her.

While she might be a little wilful, she was not a bad person and had never tried to hurt him. Her skills were nothing to scoff at either.

Having her meant having the equivalent of an army composed of super-elites.

What if she reached the King rank? Wouldn't it mean she could have an army, or at least a small team of King ranked Undead?

This was even more so since her necromancy was different from everything he had studied and known about necromancers. In fact, calling her a necromancer was wrong in a way since she was clearly something greater.

'Okay. My decision about forming a contract with Nent will depend on Sheherazade's true identity.'

If she was a phoenix and accepted to form a contract with him, then he didn't need more and could make the necessary preparations for his departure towards the dragon's territory.

If she wasn't a phoenix, he would still try to form a contract with her, though he will have to consider convincing one of the three King ranked phoenixes.

He didn't include Nephthys since he knew she was married.

\*Knock\* \*Knock\* \*Knock\*

"You can enter."

One of two servants that were assigned to him entered and bowed.

"Honored guest, forgive me for disturbing your rest. Lady Nefertiti, Granddaughter of Her grace, Nent, wishes to meet you."

### [Son of the Hero King](#)

#### **Chapter 195: CH 174: A BEAUTY**

Once he finished the preparations, Sol began to follow the servant in order to meet the so-called Nefertiti while chuckling inwardly.

'So, after the grandmother, it's the turn of the granddaughter.'

The place where the meeting was taking place was a patio with nature in abundance and a beautiful scenery composed of rivers and trees.

Even though the air outside should have been terribly hot because of the three suns hanging in the sky, the temperature on the patio was rather mild. Sol supposed that it was the result of a protective barrier like the one used for the hanging garden in Lustburg.

Looking at the one he supposed was Nefertiti, as she sat in a prim and proper way, Sol's eyes couldn't help but lit up.

Saying that Nefertiti was beautiful would be a redundancy since Sol had never seen an ugly phoenix. But, Nefertiti was on another level altogether.

Nefertiti looked like a slim young woman with shoulder-length brown hair decorated with flower ornaments, and her eyes were of a beautiful and soft pink.

Her delicate brown skin seemed to shine under the light of the suns and contrasted nicely with her white and gold Egyptian dress fit for a princess.

When Sol entered, she stood up and gave a curtsy full of grace.

"Good morning honored guest, I hope I did not bother you."

A gentle smile lit up her face as she addressed him.

"..."

"... Your highness?"

'Huh?'

As if waking up from a trance Sol also answered with his own smile,

"Forgive me. It was just that I was completely entranced by your beauty."

Nefertiti did not seem to take offense and covered her mouth with her hand as she let out a light and gentle laugh,

"I am honored. Would you like to take a seat? I asked the servants to prepare a light snack."

"Very well."

Taking a seat not far from her, Sol had to fight all his instincts to not throw sneaky glances at her.

'She is really worthy of her name.'

In history, Nefertiti was recognized as one of the most beautiful queens to ever exist in Egypt. In fact, her name meant "A beautiful woman has come."

He didn't know if the name had the same meaning here, but this didn't matter.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

'Why the hell am I acting like some teenager in heat? ... Ohhh.'

He grumbled inwardly before releasing that he was indeed a teenager in heat.

His heart was beating fast like a drum and his cheeks felt warm.

In all his life, the only time he had ever felt like this was when he met Medea for the first time.

Thankfully, even though he was quite mesmerized, Sol wasn't inexperienced.

Calming down his wildly beating heart, he looked straight at Nefertiti's eyes and asked.

"To what do I owe the pleasure of your visit?"

'Oh?'

Even though her expression did not change, Nefertiti was quite startled at how fast he managed to get his bearings back.



Even though she was not a vain person, she knew very well how devastating her beauty could be.

The Nent project was really on a large scale. Each of the partners she chose for her children were the result of generations of careful selective breeding.

Nefertiti's mother, for example, was born from generations and generations of unions between metal-type spirits while introducing one charm spirit every two or three generations.

When her parents mated, even though she did not manage to obtain a core, she stood proudly at A+ rank. Furthermore, her beauty was devastating, to the point where even divine beasts from other territories asked to become her mate.

But until now, none of them caught Nent's attention, and as such Nefertiti remained unmarried.

At least, that was until today.

Waving her hand, one of the servants who stood on the side with a cage covered by a veil advanced and kneeled before presenting the cage respectfully to Sol.

Arching his brow, Sol wordlessly asked what it was about, but all Nefertiti did was smile.

When Sol finally took off the veil from the cage,

"What a beautiful cat."

Sol exclaimed quietly. Even though he wasn't a pet person, he had to admit that this cat struck his fancy.

Its lustrous white fur swayed in the wind and jewel-like blue eyes were looking at him with aloofness as if asking, who the heck are you?

But what really caught his attention was the frigid air he could feel coming from that cat.

"A magic beast?"

"Indeed. This cat should have been one of your spoils of war. We recovered it from the belongings of the bandit chief you killed a few days ago."

Sol was quite surprised at her honest confession.

"Wouldn't it be more advantageous for you to hide the information from me?"

Nefertiti smiled, "Phoenixes do not lie easily. Though I am just a hybrid, I still follow that principle."

Of course, there was another reason. Since Isis was a necromancer and had seemingly changed Rio into an undead, even if Nefertiti gave that cat without explaining its origins truthfully, it would only be a matter of time before Sol learned the truth.

If this happened, any amount of trust that had managed to be built between the two parties would be destroyed.

After all, trust could take years to truly form, but all it needed to be destroyed was an instant.

"I see. I must say, I have received many gifts in my life, but this is the first time I received a pet as a bribe. This is rather refreshing. Still, I do not believe in free things. Let me be blunt, what do you want?"

Nefertiti was truly beautiful. So beautiful that he could hardly tear his gaze away from her.

But this did not make him happy.

For Nent to send this girl to discuss with him clearly meant that they intended to affect his rational judgment through her beauty. Using a honey trap was one of the most effective traps after all.

At the same time, it showed that Nent and her group were still underestimating him, or rather, Nent was judging him using the standard of a dragon and thought they could easily manipulate him.

Of course, it was also possible he was horribly wrong and was looking too much into it. But, it was better to be safe than sorry.

This was the second time Sol had managed to startle Nefertiti. Usually, when she went to negotiate, men would do their best to make their discussions last longer. But this one was trying to shorten it.

She had to admit that this was quite the novel feeling. Still, she had work to do and she could not let herself be distracted.

“Your highness, I...”

“Sol! How are you!?”

The moment Nefertiti tried to explain what brought her, her smile stiffened when she was interrupted quite rudely.

She was about to berate the person, but when she saw who it was, all she could do was swallow her words and show a stiff smile.

“This was quite rude, don’t you think Isi...”

“My, you are also here, Nefertiti!? I didn't see you at all.”

Interrupting her once again, and quite loudly this time, ‘Sheherazade’ gave a fake smile as she greeted Nefertiti.

Of course, Sol did not miss what Nefertiti had tried to say. But even if he did, the way she restrained herself in front of ‘Sheherazade’ showed that she couldn't be a simple guest, which made her true identity all the more obvious.

Sipping on the still steaming cup of tea that the servants had placed on the table, Sol admired 'Sheherazade'.

Currently, she was draped in a black and gold robe that barely covered her thighs. While her curves were not that impressive, they were still a little above average.

Standing next to Nefertiti, the contrast between the two was all the more obvious.

A pure beauty clad in white facing a mischievous beauty clad in black. Even though 'Sheherazade' wasn't as beautiful as Nefertiti, she was still a top class beauty.

Nefertiti was just in another class altogether.

'What a charming scene.'

Drinking a good tea, feeling the wind, and looking at two beauties bickering.

This brought him quite the nostalgic feeling as it made him feel like he was back at home with Setsuna and Lilith fighting against each other.

Thinking about them, a warm smile unconsciously formed on his face.

'Hum? Why is everything silent suddenly?'

Bringing back his attention to the scene, he was surprised to see that 'Sheherazade' and Nefertiti had stopped arguing and were looking at him in trance.

In the end 'Sheherazade' shook her head as she took a seat next to Sol. Inwardly, she couldn't help but murmur,

'This should be cheating.'

Not far from her, Nefertiti shared the same opinion.

She never thought she would one day be the one dazzled by a smile.

Once 'Sheherazade' calmed down, she took a cookie from Sol's plate and munched on it quite happily, as if oblivious that she was intruding.

In the end, Nefertiti did not wish to break the good impression she had managed to establish.

"Well, it seems like we will be unable to continue this discussion."

Sighing, she stood up and gave another curtsy,

"If you will excuse me, I need to bid you farewell. I hope that we will meet later—in a more private setting."

She did not forget to shoot a pointed look at the intruder.

"I am most thankful."

Smiling, Nefertiti turned around and walked away with her servants. Sol did not miss the fact that they went away without taking the cat with them.

"Humph! Shameless vixen."

'Sheherazade' murmured angrily before stuffing her face with another cookie.

Sol gave a wry smile as he took the napkin and wiped off the crumbs at the corner of her mouth.

"Stop acting like a child."

"I am not a child!"

She blushed heavily at this intimate action and took the napkin from his hand to finish the job.

"So..." Taking another sip of his tea, he asked, "Why are you here?"

'Sheherazade' hesitated for a short while before gathering her resolve.

"I want to talk with you."

Seeing Nefertiti, Isis understood that she could not continue to drag this situation on. It was time to end the lies.

### [Son of the Hero King](#)

#### **Chapter 196: CH 175: I WASN'T WRONG**

[Nent's Palace]

"How was it?"

Walking out of her large bath, her body still wet, Nent just stood still and let her servant wipe the water covering her body.

Her perfect and alluring body was only hidden from sight after one of her servants covered it with a short bathrobe that barely covered her butt.

Walking forward in the bathroom, she sat on a comfy reclining chair in front of a large mirror and let her servant pamper her as they combed her hair, did her nails, and massaged her feet.

This was one of the few guilty pleasures of Nent, getting pampered to no end. It always brought her joy to feel herself being cared for. A sentiment she rarely managed to feel from her mother. After all, only Nephthys was her favorite.

"Ah. Yes, there, there."

Letting a hot sigh that was closer to a moan, Nent closed her eyes in comfort as her scalp was being massaged.

Near the door of the bathroom, Nefertiti was kneeling on one knee in silence and organizing her ideas.

"Even though I think he was quite bewitched by my appearance, I don't believe he fell under my charm. At most he appreciates my beauty."

Even as she said it, she couldn't help but feel weird. At first, when Sol had been distracted by her appearance, she had been smug.

After all, since she was told that Sol was a perfect hybrid and a Blessed to boot, she had felt incredibly inferior to him. This was why she had felt a certain satisfaction at being able to enthrall him.

But her happiness was short-lived. It was the first time someone from her generation had managed and controlled themselves so fast while in her presence.

"Oh? It seems like I have to re-evaluate Sol."

Nent dismissed the servant with a wave of her hand and began to ponder.

It was truly a surprising turn of events. After all, Nefertiti was one of Nent's greatest masterpieces.

A woman so beautiful that even people of the same sex could easily become enamored with her.

Nefertiti wasn't just beautiful, she had managed to make her charms reach the level of a pseudo domain. Something she emanated passively and had great effect against males in a certain radius.

Against lesser males, her charm could even be compared to mind control. This was how powerful it was.

Of course, it would have been impossible for such a passive effect to affect powerful individuals with a steadfast will.

But Dragons were not particularly known for their self-restraint.

This was even more so for younger dragons who did not go through the initiation, a period during which the young dragon would be subject to numerous beat downs to grind down their arrogance.

It was a brutal yet effective way of doing things. Over the years, it has even changed into an art form. After all, just destroying their pride might bring negative consequences. It had to be polished in a strict but careful way.

As a hybrid, Sol shouldn't have been shielded from the effect, but in fact, be even more affected. After all, the imbalance between his human self and his dragon self should have made him far more impulsive and prone to emotional swings — even more so after his recent power-up.

'Blaze, your son was raised well.'

Thinking about the unruly dragon brat that was the nightmare of so many divine beasts, Nent lips unconsciously curled up in a gentle smile.

Even though Blaze had only been a Duke rank back then, because she was a chaos dragon and thus immune to all forms of magic, coupled with her powerful body, she had been a true nightmare to fight against, even for a King ranked.

She had been one of the rare divine beast's descendants that had managed to perfectly inherit all the talent of their creator and thus had a chance to reach the level of demigod — at least that would have been the case if not for her premature death.

Something that truly saddened Nent. After all, in her perspective, any individual with such a talent should have never been allowed to leave her territory.

'Talented individuals needed to be protected so that they can produce even more talented individuals.'

This was another reason Nent wanted Sol so much. From the fight she had observed, the boy, like his mother, was clearly a chaos dragon.

He may not have reached the level of complete immunity but just the resistance to all magic made him a terrifying foe to face. Furthermore, he was a human gifted with an incredibly large capacity and a Blessed.

'So many talents concentrated in one body.'

Just thinking about it made her feel hot. It seemed that she had finally found the one who would mate with her for the first time.

She began to twist around her chair as she felt her nether region begin to heat up. But, just as she was about to relieve herself.

"Hum... Matriarch."

She was quite startled at the voice behind her.

"...You were still there?"

Nent neither hid the displeasure in her voice and nor Nefertiti did miss it, but she couldn't keep it to herself.

"I..."

"Please speak."

"I managed to hear the name of my true self."

The irritated expression on Nent's face completely vanished.

Moving so fast she left an afterimage of her still on the chair, she appeared a few steps away from Nefertiti and asked.

"Do you understand what you are saying?"

Nefertiti gulped but her voice did not waver as she raised her head and continued.

"I swear in the name of the goddess that my words hold no lie."

The breath of Nent became hurried, but for different reasons than that of a few moments ago.

Carnal pleasure was ephemeral. But this... This was what she had waited to hear for seven hundred years.

The true self, also known as the Avatar.

The zone and the avatar were the results of the recognition of the world.

When the truth in your heart was recognized by the world, it became a zone.

When your true self was recognized by the world, it became an avatar.

This was why the names of those two were bestowed by the world itself.

Even though hearing the name was nothing but the first step.

Even though hearing the name did not necessarily mean she would reach the next level.

"Hahaha!"

Nent covered her face as tears formed on the corner of her eyes and began to laugh loudly without a care about how unbecoming it looked.

No one could understand just how she had felt during all those centuries.

But now, she knew that it had been worth it.

It did not matter if Nefertiti failed to transition into the next level in the end.

Just this one step was enough to show that she had been on the right path.

'Mother, sisters, I wasn't wrong.'

Taking a hold of her emotions, she crouched down and held Nefertiti's slender shoulders with a grip of steel.

"Tell me, what is the name?"

Nefertiti winced a little at the tight grip but did not complain. She knew very well that Nent wasn't in the right state of mind currently and did not wish to trigger her negatively.

This was why, dragging the whisper from her heart, she muttered the name that had filled her soul.

"The name of my avatar, it is...Ishtar."

### [Son of the Hero King](#)

#### **Chapter 197: CH 176: I AM NOT SHEHERAZADE**

Sitting alone on the patio, Sol could only eat leisurely while thinking about what happened a few moments ago.

After Nefertiti left, 'Sheherazade' had expressed her desire to discuss with him about something important. He wasn't sure what it would be about, but he could venture some guesses easily.

In the end, he had no reason to refuse and so decided to wait for her. It was then that she asked him to join her tonight on the roof where the two of them first met. Then, she stood up and left in a hurry.

Meow!

When he was about to finish a dish made out of meat he knew nothing about but surprisingly tasted like chicken, the low cry of a cat startled him as he remembered that there was a little one he forgot about.

Putting his attention on the cat that was crouching in the cage and looking longingly at the meat on his fork, Sol hesitated a short while before asking,

"Hungry?"

He had only asked this question out of habit, not expecting any kind of response. Which was why he was surprised when the cat nodded at his question.

"Heh."

Of course, his surprise did not last for long. Since it was a magical beast, possessing a certain level of intelligence was not surprising. When magical beasts reached a certain level, obtaining a level of intelligence equal or even superior to a normal human was a given. White Sparrow was a perfect example.

"Do you want to get out?"

Now that he knew that the cat was intelligent, Sol felt a little uncomfortable letting it stay in the cage.

The cat looked at him curiously before tilting its head.

'It seems like the level of its intelligence is still quite limited.'

Even so, he could feel a high concentration of mana in the body of the cat. This showed that this cat was quite a high-ranked magical beast.

"Whether you stay or run, the choice is yours."

In the end, he decided to leave it to fate.

Sol shrugged and opened the cage. He honestly didn't care if the cat stayed or left. In the first place, he wouldn't have known about its existence if Nent had decided to not inform him.

Back at home, he already had two magical beasts – his nightmare horse, and wyvern. Although their level wasn't high and they had relatively low intelligence, he liked them quite a bit.

Looking at the opening in the cage. The cat seemed to hesitate a little before it stood up and stretched in the haughty way only a cat seemed to be able to, then walked calmly out the cage and jumped onto Sol's lap.

"I guess you choose to stay."

All he received as an answer was a small meowl, bringing a smile to his face.

He tore a part of the meat and gave it to the cat that happily ate it. Once the plate was swiped clean, Sol closed his eyes and began to pet the cat on his lap.

The soft feeling on his hand coupled with the frigid air emanating from the cat gave him the urge to simply sleep and forget all his worries. It was a feeling of inner peace and calm he had not felt in a long while since coming to this place.

In the end, he sighed and looked down at the cat that was using his lap as a bed,

"Since you have decided to stay, what should I call you? Shiro?"

He laughed lightly as he said this name. Back when he had gotten his horse and wyvern, he had named them, Black and White.

He knew that it was pretty lame, but during those times, he still thought he was dreaming or having disillusion and treated the world as a game. He had named his two pets like this because he remembered how the main characters from JP, CN, and KR he read would name their beast companions. Name like calling a tiger, fat cat or simply using the main color as a name. But...

'Since we are in an Egypt-like world, let's go with a more interesting name.'

Gently placing his finger under the chin of the cat, he thought in silence for a little bit. Many names flashed in his mind.

In the end, and after making sure of the gender of the cat, he settled for one name,



“Sekhmet or for short Sek. This will be your name for now.”

In Egypt, Sekhmet was a rather powerful and deadly goddess with the head of a lioness. Her name literally meant ‘The one who is mighty.’ She even had monikers such as ‘The one before whom evil tremble’ or ‘lady of slaughter.’ The last moniker was given after she nearly exterminated humanity.

But this wasn’t the main reason he had chosen that name. For one, Sekhmet was the daughter of the sun god, Ra. As for Sol, his name could literally be translated as Sun.

Secondly and most importantly---giving the name of a fire-breathing lioness goddess to an ice-type cat was quite ironic and funny for him.

Sekhmet meowed a little as if to show that she liked the name and jumped out of his lap before beginning to rub herself against him.

Like this, Sol spent a calm afternoon with no particular worries.

A few hours later, long after the suns had vanished from the sky and were replaced by the large moons, Sol stood up on the roof of the palace and gazed at the horizon.

Sekhmet was laying down on his head and was clearly using it as some kind of bed, but he didn’t mind. Spoiling a cat was quite fun if he had to be honest.

Finally, he didn’t have to wait long before he was joined by ‘Sheherazade’. Sekhmet raised her head and took a look at her before ignoring her and closing her eyes again as if she was too lazy to care about the identity of the intruder.

"Hum. So you decided to accept the gift in the end?"

Sol, who was about to shrug, stopped himself in order to not disturb Sekhmet.

"It isn't like I am forced to listen to them."

Accepting a gift meant that you accepted to own a favor to the one who sent the gift. This debt could be small or big.

Even though he quite liked the cat, she wasn't enough to make Sol accept some ridiculous demands.

Nent should also know that. In the end, the small gift was just a way to soften the relationship between the two.

'Sheherazade' nodded at Sol's answer. She wasn't very well versed in politics. Even though the Kingdom of the Dead had a complete hierarchy with nobles and whatnot, there were no political struggles to speak of.

Low-level undead obeyed high-level ones and high-level ones obeyed even higher-level undead. It continued until reaching her father who had absolute and complete control over all of them. Such was the absolute hierarchy of the place for the dead.

Still, she understood that in normal politics, exchange of favors was one of the most basic actions.

This was one of the reasons she loved the underworld even though it was quite a boring place.

For Isis, the world of the dead was the perfect world. No pain, no suffering, no oppression nor discrimination. Everything was perfectly structured.

"I don't want to seem like I am in a hurry, but, why did you call me here?"

He already had an inkling, but he did not wish to be the first one to speak about this.

'Sheherazade', whose thoughts were beginning to wander, was startled out and blushed a little.

Taking a deep breath, she muttered,

"Sheherazade, come out."

A dim green light surrounded 'Sheherazade' for a short while before it vanished and was replaced by a fairy wearing green robe.

The moment that fairy appeared, the aura of 'Sheherazade' went through a startling change as a deep energy of death and life mixed to form a perfect cycle.

"You may have guessed it already, but I am not Sheherazade."

'No shit, Sherlock.'

"It might shock you, but—My name is Isis, daughter of Nephthys."

She introduced herself in a solemn way while observing Sol's expression.

Sol meanwhile was facing quite a difficult situation and his thoughts were flying at lightning speed.

He could already guess that this reveal was something important to Isis.

The problem was...he had already long guessed it.

What was he supposed to do now?

'Should I show a moderately shocked expression? Or give an exaggerated reaction? Or should I just keep a stoic face?'

This was quite the conundrum. In the end, he settled for the simplest answer.

"Well...I already knew about that."

At that moment, Sol wished he had a camera or a phone in his hands.

The expression Isis showed was a sight to behold, something he would never be able to forget.

### **[Son of the Hero King](#)**

#### **Chapter 198: CH 177: A NOT SO GRAND REVELATION**

During the last few days since his fight against Rio, Isis had been agonizing about what she should do.

It was only after seeing Nefertiti try to solicit Sol that she decided to put aside any form of hesitation and confess the truth.

"It might shock you, but — my name is Isis, daughter of Nephthys."

The moment she said this, she looked at Sol with a worried expression. She wondered what he would think of her, knowing that she had lied to him all this while. Sol was her second true friend, Sheherazade being the first, and she did not wish to lose one of the few people she was close to.

But-

"Well...I already knew about that."

Her expression turned bewildered at those words.

"You...You knew? How?"

Her voice lacked her usual spirit, showing how surprised she was at the revelation.

"Well..." Showing an awkward smile, he said, "You weren't really all that good at hiding it."

After that, Sol began to list everything one by one.

"One, You already told me Isis was Nephthys' daughter but she was nowhere to be seen while you could wander the castle as you wished, it was already a big hint.

Two, many times you almost called Nephthys, mother.

Three, the servant showed too much respect to you, some of them even almost calling you princess.

Four, just this morning, your presence alone was enough to make Nefertiti retreat.

I could give many more, but those are the ones I can give at the top of my head."

Sol could have given way more obvious hints she let out but...seeing Isis turning so red that she looked like a tomato, he decided to spare her further humiliation.

'Argh...I want to die!'

Isis, on the other hand, had never felt so much shame in her life. She placed her hands over her face in order to hide how hot her face was currently.

In the end, she couldn't help but ask with a small voice

"Since when?"

Sol hesitated a little, wondering if he should really tell the truth. But, thinking about how funny her reaction was, he thought, 'Why not?'

As such, he told her the truth,

"I already knew you were lying about your identity the day we met. Though, I only discovered your true identity after you made so many mistakes."

Just as Sol predicted, Isis' reaction was priceless. Watching her squirm and groan while the red of her face reached even her ears, he had to fight to rein in the sadistic glee that was surging in his heart.

Sekhmet meanwhile, still at the top of Sol's head, opened one of her eyes and looked at the weird creatures making disturbing noises and closed her eyes again.

For Isis, this moment was pure agony.

Now that she thought about it carefully, her disguise and story were so full of loopholes that it was terrible. If not for the fact that she could fuse with Sheherazade and change her aura, he would have already known that she was a hybrid phoenix.

This made her feel a little downcast as she gritted her teeth.

“It must have been funny...”

Isis couldn't help but feel like a clown when she thought about everything that had happened.

Sol chuckled and crouched to be at eye level with her,

“I admit that it was pretty funny. But even more so, it was very cute. Furthermore...” A gentle smile replaced the grin on his face as he asked softly, “You had your own reasons, right?”

Isis raised her head in surprise.

“You are not angry?”

Sol may have discovered her secret by himself, but it did not change the fact that she lied to him. Even though she only lied about her identity, a lie was still a lie.

Sol hummed before shaking his head, “Everyone has the right to hold secrets in their hearts. Of course, had you lied in order to hurt me, I would be very disappointed. But...that wasn't the case, right?”

Isis shook her head in a hurry. She had never entertained the thought of hurting him. The most she initially planned to do was some harmless pranks. In the end, she wasn't even able to implement those pranks because of his fight against those two Dukes.

“Then everything is fine, isn't it?”

Isis became lost at those words. She scrutinized Sol's expression and detecting no falsehood in his eyes, she couldn't help but feel even more ashamed about her previous conduct toward him.

“I am sorry.”

“Haha! Don't lower your head like this.” Sol ruffled her hair, “The Isis I know is a strong-headed girl with many sassy remarks. Not one that acts so down.”

Sol did not wish to receive apologies. Isis may be a willful girl, but if he had to be honest, he quite liked that aspect of her.

In her presence, he could act lightly without having to show his mature side. The last few days here had been very rewarding for Sol, both physically and mentally and the major reason for that was Iris.

He hadn't understood just how high his nerves had become until he finally found the time to unwind. Now that he was more relaxed, he could see everything in a clearer way.

Isis blushed and batted his hand away before standing back up, her hands on her hips,

“Humph! I do not need you to comfort me. I am a big girl, you know?”

“Aye aye, whatever you say, princess.”

Following her, Sol also stood up and raised his hands in mock surrender.

The two of them looked at each other with a smile, before exploding in laughter.

Once the two of them calmed down. They sat at the edge of the roof and calmly watched the moons, finally, Sol asked,

“So, when will you present to me your friend?”

Isis shrugged and said, “Sheherazade, Sol. Sol, Sheherazade.”

“Hey!”

Sheherazade complained before floating until she stood in front of Sol, her face filled with excitement.

“I have been trying to stay silent while you two spoke to each other but now that I am in front of you Sol, I am super happy! I am like a huge fan! You are sooo handsome! Even more now and those horns! Damn, the girls back home will be so jealous if they learn I managed to get close to a dragon!! How old are you? How did you become so strong? Are you in a relationship? No, silly me. You are a dragon. How could you not be in a relationship? Even more so with how handsome you are. What do you think of Isis? Even though her character is pretty bad she is a true---Argh.”

Sheherazade’s onslaught of words was stopped as her small frame was clamped by Isis.

“Why are you talking nonsense?” Isis’ eyes twitched as she thought about her friend’s words.

“Cannot...Breathe...Dying...”

Sheherazade couldn’t answer as her face became purple because of how tight Isis’ hold was.

“Then die!”

Yelling fiercely, Isis threw her away with all her might in the direction of the sky.

“I WILL COME BACK!!!”

Looking at Sheherazade that was vanishing in the sky like a shooting star and Isis who was still breathing heavily.

Sol gave an awkward laugh. But inwardly, his heart felt warm as he found that he would really never get bored when spending time with those two.

### [Son of the Hero King](#)

#### **Chapter 199: CH 178: SINGULARITIES**

Watching the scene while sitting on her throne, Gabriel couldn't help the warm smile that appeared on her face.

Such a sight was really gratifying.

Though divine beasts were loyal to the goddesses, It wasn't some blind worship.

In fact, the goddesses never tried to act high and mighty in front of those who really knew them. This was also one of the reasons why most Holy Daughters, initially filled with staunch fervor, would become disillusioned once they became Supreme Daughters.

When Lady Luxuria had asked for Isis to form a contract with Sol, she had been pretty displeased though she complied.

Thankfully, now it seemed that Isis would willingly follow him. All that mattered now was the choice he would make.

'I guess he will soon leave.'

Thinking about this, she couldn't help but feel a little lost.

Those few days had been pretty fulfilling for her. Even though all she did was just watch, it had been a long time since she had so much fun.

The greatest enemy for people at her level was boredom. It was one thing for an Innate demi-god like her, but for mortals who reached that level, she knew that more than half of them either went crazy or killed themselves because they could not support the eternity that was opened to them.

A great part of the other half would pass their time sleeping and only a very small number of them were still active.

This was the sorrow of mortals. Even after they became demi-god, the divinity in them was usually too low to allow a complete change in cognition. As long as they kept the subjective time of mortal while living as immortal, all that would result in was sorrow.

For divine beasts like them, they were already born as near immortal even without becoming demigods. As such, they couldn't avoid boredom, but it wouldn't lead to suicidal tendencies.

'I wonder if I will see him again.'

She didn't think she would find anything as entertaining as this any time soon. From the little she managed to decipher, Sol was an anomaly of the highest degree born from thousands of years of machination.

Since the Goddesses existed outside of time, they were able to observe all possible futures, past and present. But time was like a never-ending stream divided into trillions of possibilities. There was a limit to how far they could see and how many possible futures they could see.

If a goddess forcibly broke the limit, she would receive backlash from the law of causality set by the Supreme Mother, the Mother goddess of Order. Even for goddesses, such a price was not a small matter.

She could more or less guess what Lady Luxuria wished to accomplish, but this made her even more confused.

In the end, she sighed.

'Why should I bother trying to pry in the mind of the goddesses?'

It wasn't as if she could do anything even if she found the answer. In fact, she may even have more problems.

'Well then, who else should I observe?'

Screens appeared in front of her as she pondered and in the end, she chose the one showing the discussion between Nefertiti and Nent.

At first, she was simply listening to them without much interest, but, when the mention of a true name came, she immediately paid her full attention.

Aside from anomalies like Tiamat who had both a Dimension and a Territory, or Asmodeus that could bestow power to mortals, the divine beasts could be said to be at a more or less equal level. Be it in terms of personal power or the power of their children.

As such, one more king would mean that Gabriel could pull ahead of them. So she was indeed happy, but

"What a powerful name."

There were many secrets in this world. Some even Gabriel was not privy to. But she knew that not all names were the same.

Some names had power, a weight, a legend behind them. By receiving those names, be it at birth or during the ascension of King level, people obtained a destiny and would be pulled by fate.

She did not know where those legends came from. But she could feel them and feel the weight behind them. In fact, all divine beasts could.

This was why they were very careful when choosing a name for their children. Since this would mean bestowing a fate to them.

Of course, there were always some outliers.

Some of them, despite possessing legendary names were able to break through the constraints of fate and follow their own road, the little monkey, Sun Wukong was such an example.

Some others, despite possessing powerless names, were also able to break into the flow of fate and become powerful. Blaze was such an example.

Those people were called Singularity. Existences that were a headache even for the goddesses since reading the future around them was basically impossible without using some trickery like reading the future of those close to them. Even then, the results were often failures.

But in Gabriel's opinion, those singularities were not a problem. By breaking from fate, they made the possibility of becoming a demigod far more complicated. This was even more so since the act was done unintentionally.

The truly scary singularities were those who became aware of the fate binding them and manipulated the weight of their names to accelerate their growth, becoming frightening existences.

For such existences, even the aloof goddesses gave them some measure of respect as they did not fall short of the divine beasts and even surpassed them.

Thankfully, in all history, there were only three such existences.

The first was Anubis, the Necromancer King, and the first necromancer.

The second was Ambrosia, the Thousand Spells Witch, and the first witch.

The third and final one was Echidna, Mother and Thousand Monsters, and creator of the Chimera.

“Mother, can you hear me? I can feel you observing us.”

Gabriel was brought back from her daze by Nent’s voice.

Looking back, she could see Nent raising her head toward the ceiling,

“Mother-”

Nent continued a slight tremor in her voice.

“-I wasn’t wrong.”

Gabriel showed a bitter smile.

How could she not feel it?

The relief, the joy, the resentment, and so many more complex emotions that were hidden in those short words.

Was Nent’s choice right?

Gabriel did not think so. She knew very well what had happened. How could she have missed the thread of fates that went haywire the moment Sol, Nefertiti, and Isis met?

Even more so, she could feel that Nefertiti’s Avatar name was related to that of Isis.

But was her daughter wrong?

It was hard to say. The truth of the matter was that three hybrids with superior genes met and each of them were indeed very talented.

She wanted to tell the truth, inform her daughter about the reality. But, in the end, she sighed.

“Congratulations my dear daughter. I am proud of you.”

Gabriel did not know if what she was doing was right. The best would have been to say that everything was a result of fate.

But, watching the faint tears of happiness gathering in the corner of her daughter’s eyes, she felt no regret.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

**Chapter 200: CH 179: ADVENT**



The Astral World was a place only a few were capable of describing. If one was asked to do so in only two words, they would definitely be — Dangerous and Endless.

Technically, the Astral realm was the place of residence for creatures bestowed with divinities and spirit creatures. Divided into fifteen districts, fourteen of them belonging to the fourteen divine beasts and the last one being a sealed place no one could step foot in.

What most mortals did not know was that the situation wasn't as simple as that.

Those fifteen districts were just the known or rather explored parts of the Astral world. Further in, a large stretch that few dared to explore existed.

People called it—The Abyss.

[Abyss, in an unknown dimension]

The sky was filled with smoke and fire while the ground was littered with corpses of insectoid beings wearing armors.

Screams of pain and cries of despair were the only noise in the air. A large number of those insectoid-like beings, clearly civilians, tried to escape by boarding what looked like flying ships.

Listening to the screams with a smile on her face, a woman clearly different from the others could be seen strolling in the direction of those ships while humming a song happily, her pace unhurried.

She was a woman with a diminutive height and a cute face, giving her the allure of a mischievous child, clearly in contrast with the carnage she had just committed.

While most of her body was human-like, her legs and forearms were covered in grey fur, her feet were lion paws. She also had a pair of feline ears with grey ends and a long tail.

While she was strolling around, some guards who were assuring the escape of the civilians, tried to stop her. But no matter how much they attacked her, no attack managed to leave a scratch on her.

The only result was their death as she moved with feline grace and killed each and every last one of them.

Finally, just as she was about to destroy the ships that had already begun to ascend, she stopped short and looked at the glowing ring on her finger.

A frown marred her face as she looked unwillingly at her fleeing prey, but in the end, she sighed—

“Open.”

—And entered the red portal that appeared near her.

[Nihil's Dimension.]

Walking out of the red portal, the small lioness frowned as she looked at the three people that welcomed her before promptly ignoring the two males in the group.

“Funf, How is your situation?”

“I already told you that my name is Leaena.”

“And I already told you that if you wish to free your mother from her seal then you will cooperate with us wholeheartedly.”

A savage glow flashed in Leaena as she looked at the calm and collected Nihil. She could see it in her eyes, that woman, Nihil, was daring her to fight back.

The tension continued to grow before Leaena finally relented under the pressure. She knew that she needed the Wings of Freedom to fulfill her goal.

Sighing, she explained, “I found my true name and my path. If everything is alright I should be able to barely create an Avatar soon.”

Even though she was quite depressed because of the previous face-off, she did not dwell on her defeat much. A hunter did not always hunt prey weaker than it.

“\*Whistle\* I guess we will soon have another king with us.”

The one who rudely whistled was a dwarf with a gun on his hips.

Laeana, or rather, Funf, showed an expression of disgust, “Don’t butt in, midget.”

Acht did not show any signs of being offended, but rather let out a grin as he muttered, “I wanted to say that I had found someone related to you, but since this is how you react, then forget it.”

Funf snorted derisively, “I have thousands of blood-related siblings. Why should I care about one more or one less?”

Acht did not seem disappointed as he showed a meaningful smile, “Even if that girl is a royal chimera?”

This time, he had all her attention, as she rushed to grip his throat,

“Is it another constellation!? Speak!”

Even though his neck was caught by someone who could easily kill him, he showed no sign of fear and rather grinned even more,

“Beg me.”

“You...!!”

Watching them act like this, Nihil showed no particular expression. The Wings of Freedom was not a gathering of friends

It was a criminal organization composed of people who joined for their own selfish desires. Nihil clearly understood this, but she did not mind.

As long as the overall goal was the same, the rest did not matter.

In the end, it was the last one out of the three that finally spoke.

Feeling the grips tighten around his neck, Acht cried out inwardly, but wasn't worried. He was just putting a strong front. If he was alone with Funf in the wild, he would already be kneeling and begging for forgiveness. But here, he knew he had nothing to fear. As he thought,

"Enough!"

The two immediately stopped their quarrel at the harsh voice of the second man, Drei, as though they were children being reprimanded by an adult.

Anyone watching this scene would be dumbfounded. Be it on the mortal realm or the Astral one, the reputation of the Wings of Freedom was quite horrifying.

"Acht will give you all the information at a later date. Now though, I called you because you are already on the cusp of becoming a King rank and you are the most suitable to protect me. Eins and Vier are busy. As for Zwei?"

He did not finish his sentence but everyone understood that he refused to put his safety in the hand of Zwei despite how powerful she was.

Which wasn't that surprising. Even though Funf was quite unstable, she could still control herself for the overall direction.

But Zwei was the very definition of chaos and anarchy. You could never really know what she would do.

Even so, there was something she did not understand,

"Protect you?"

Funf inspected him with a weird expression.

While it hurt her pride to admit it. She knew how powerful Drei was. If the two of them encountered a situation where Drei could do nothing, then she wouldn't even be a good cannon fodder.

Drei's expression distorted a little as he showed a grimace before he spat out one name,

"Lilith."

He then proceeded to explain the deterioration of his soul. At this rate, if he did nothing, his soul would slowly weaken over time before crumbling completely.

If she had shown an angry expression before, now, her eyes were positively filled with blood lust.

After all, in her mind, Lustburg was the cause of the seal on Echidna.

But even with all that, what she could never forget was how her brother, a member of the constellation like her, was bisected by Lilith with a single swing of her sword.

Even now, that attack stayed searing in her mind—So beautiful but deadly.

Nihil ignored her expression and continued,

"We need to heal his soul and since he can't control his puppets long-distance currently, he needs someone by his side and that person will be you."

After taking a deep breath and calming down, Funf asked,

"Even if you are wounded. You should still be able to crush anyone below the king rank easily. Why do you need my help?"

"Our main target this time is Anubis' daughter."

Silence fell between them. They could see Funf tilt her head in confusion for a few seconds.

Once understanding dawned upon her, she widened her eyes and took a few staggering steps back while hissing,

"ARE YOU CRAZY!?"

Her eyes were filled with horror as she watched left and right, as if expecting an attack to land on her at any moment.

While Acht was bewildered at how the usual feisty woman was acting like a scared cat.

Neither Nihil nor Drei were surprised at her reaction. Few could understand the horror of the Anubis better than them.

As for Funf, her mother, Echidna, had some dealing with Anubis over the years and as such she understood just how much of an absurd existence that being was.

"I am leaving."

Immediately, Funf turned back as if she was about to run. She did not want anything to do with such a mission. In fact, she was ready to flee in the Abyss for a few decades to avoid the heat.

"From the report I received, the Prince of Lustburg is currently acting with her."

While it was impossible to enter the divine territory of Gabriel without getting caught. It wasn't impossible to put people that could act as a source of information.

Those people weren't even devout of the Crimson lady. Just random people that sold information without knowing to whom they were doing so.

Funf stopped short.

"We cannot use the sword to destroy the seal since we have no control over it. But if we get the prince it shouldn't be impossible."

To complete their main goal, they did not need to use the sword itself. But if it was for destroying the seal, then someone able to wield it was necessary.

In all the dimensions, the only one who could so currently was Sol.

Funf understood this. Beating her lips at the obvious manipulation, she nevertheless turned around without hesitation.

"What is the plan?"

The weight she put on her life was worthless when compared to the loyalty she had for her mother.

"What is the objective? Let me say it clearly. If it's killing her, then I am out of here. I will find another way to unseal my mother."

She wished nothing more than to save her mother. But doing so by becoming mortal enemy of the Necromancer King was too crazy and impossible.

Drei shook his head, "Don't worry about that. Even though only the two of us will be acting, this is a big operation. Sechs is currently activating most of our spies and believers. Once everything is ready, we will act."

Nihil nodded, "We have two goals. The first one is obviously to heal Drei's soul. Anubis's daughter should be more than enough for that. As for the second one..."

She took a pause, "It will be the advent of another great dimensional war."