

## Hero King 201

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

#### Chapter 201: CH 180: YOU HAVE MY ATTENTION

After his discussion with Isis and Sheherazade on that night, the relationship between the two could be said to have made a breakthrough. At least now, the two of them could be considered as friends.

But Sol wasn't satisfied in settling with the status quo. There were no contract types related to friendship after all.

No matter how much he analyzed, the best contract types for the long term were Sloth, Gluttony, Pride, and of course Lust.

As for Greed, Envy, and Wrath, those contracts could bring good benefits for a short term but they weren't sustainable.

At the end of the day, as a human under Luxuria and with Isis being a Phoenix under Chastity. The Lust contract was the best for them.

The second best was the Pride type.

The first one required a feeling of love, while the second one required a feeling of subservience.

This was why, during the following week, Sol used all his skills in making Isis fall for him.

Of course, he didn't put all his eggs in one basket.

For obvious reasons, Nefertiti had also begun to act closer to him. She would regularly try to pass some time with him and the two of them would discuss for hours.

Compared to Isis, Nefertiti was not only more beautiful but also had a more serious personality. A personality that reminded him of his lovers back in the mortal realm.

Like this, time slowly crawled and the deadline of one month, which would translate to 4 days and half in the mortal realm, was coming closer.

If it wasn't for the problem with Lilith's health, he would have been happy to stay a little longer and develop the relationship in a more controlled way.

But complaining was useless.

During those days, Sol didn't just spend his time chasing after flowers.

Over the days, he had managed to get a better grasp of his newfound power. He could now completely hide his horns and his reptilian eyes if he wished to, thereby going back to his previous appearance.

But he never did so. This new appearance was the result of him accepting his dragon side and he felt like he would be rejecting it if he went back to his previous appearance. Of course, when he went to sleep, he generally retracted the horns. Those things were a pain.

There was also the way the servants and even the Phoenixes looked at him when he got those changes.

Clearly, his new form was more pleasing to the eyes of the spirit race and the divine beasts.

He had once asked why that was the case, wondering if it was some weird fetish. After all, from what he knew spirit and divine beasts had the same sense of beauty as humans. Otherwise, copulation between them wouldn't be possible.

But from what he had gathered, it was more a question of presence than of appearance.

The flow of mana and the aura he emanated in his normal form when compared to the one with horns was completely different.

If as a human for them he was a 9/10 in terms of appearance, then, after getting those horns, his charms broke through the roof and reached an astonishing 20/10.

Whoosh!

Feeling the cold winds in his hair, Sol looked down and admired the scenery of the desert during the night.

Currently, he was flying at a relatively relaxed speed.

Even now, the feeling of flying in the sky and looking down on the earth was something he had hard time describing.

When he turned around and looked at the dark sky filled with moons, he once again remembered how tiny he was in this vast world.

'I wonder how the girls are doing back home.'

After all, it had already been nearly three weeks since he left his home. For as long as he could remember, he had never even spent a day without them near his side.

Thinking about them, the joy that had previously filled his heart was replaced by a weird feeling of emptiness and loneliness.

I want to see them. I want to hold them. That was all he could think of at the moment.

Blankly floating in the sky, his eyes recovered their luster as he turned around.

"Who is there?"

"Heh, you are pretty sharp."

Sol's eyes couldn't help but constrict. After all, just about ten meters away from him, was—Nent in all her glory.

'How?'

He may have been distracted because of his reminiscence, but it was still incredible how she managed to appear so close to him.

Even for him, a distance of ten meters was completely negligible, much less for a powerful king-ranked individual.

Thinking so, he gave a depressed laugh at her words,

"Are you mocking me?"

Nent showed a gentle smile, "I am not. Few Dukes can even feel me coming close if I don't wish them to, let alone someone who isn't even at the Duke level."

Sol shook his head.

"What others can or cannot do is their own problem. All that matters is what I can do."

He spoke quietly but with clear confidence in his words.

All his life he had been compared to his father, Mars.

Though he did not care all that much, being constantly reminded how much you lacked, compared to an individual X, was not a feeling he enjoyed.

It was only recently that he understood that such a feeling of inferiority was nothing more than a waste of time.

All he should care about wasn't surpassing some dead guy, but rather rising above his previous self.

Of course, if after countless experiences he surpassed the level of his father, then he wouldn't complain.

Nent was a little surprised at his words. Following this, the smile on her face became a little more genuine.

"You truly are an interesting child."

Sol shrugged at her compliment.

"Excuse me for my rudeness, but to what do I owe your visit at this time of the night?"

Even as he spoke, he still put his guard up. He knew that at his current level, fighting a King was just a pipe dream, he didn't want to provoke one.

"I wish to invite you to my palace. I think it's time to discuss a little about the future and of course, the past."

"The future and the past...?"

"Indeed" Her lips curled up, "Did you ever wonder why no king of Lustburg ever managed to live for too long?"

Sol's expression did not change, but inwardly, he had to admit that she did manage to catch his interest.

While not all previous rulers of Lusturg managed to reach the King rank, people at their level should be able to live easily one or two hundred years. But, in less than a thousand years, the 9th ruler, him, was already being prepared to ascend to the throne.

He was quite curious as to whether it was a coincidence or not. But that was all. Just as he was about to express his refusal-

“Are you interested in knowing what Blessed truly are?”

‘Will I finally be able to get some answer about the secret of this world?’

“You had my curiosity, but now you have my attention.”

### Son of the Hero King

#### **Chapter 202: CH 181: SECRETS**

When Sol reached the city that was under the control of Nent, he couldn't help but compare it with the main city and found this one to be a little or rather, extremely different.

It wasn't just a question of scale, but the atmosphere itself. In the main city, the atmosphere was filled with a feeling of freedom and joy. Everyone had smiles blooming on their faces and acted in a carefree manner.

Here though, things were different. The atmosphere felt more stifled and more repressed. People hurried on the streets, their heads down as each and everyone was worried about their own problems.

At the same time, everything felt more organized and everyone had a purpose rather than walking aimlessly without objective.

Looking down at the city from above

“Your city is...interesting.”

Nent let out a gentle laugh as she looked at her creation, “You do not need to sugar coat your words. You must think that my city is awful.”

She shrugged, “I am different from my mother and my eldest sister. Their benevolence in my eyes is nothing more than a waste of opportunity. In my city, everything costs money. Nothing is free. If you wish to live in better conditions, you need to work. Thanks to different policies, such as the opening of brothels and casinos, the cash flow in my city is the highest.”

Her voice was filled with pride. Even though her city was smaller than the main one, it was overall far more magnificent. Living here was in itself proof of a certain amount of wealth, and she had specially created facilities that would milk as much wealth as possible and make them work harder to create even more wealth.

This was one of the reasons why she couldn't help but scorn her mother and sister as well as most of the other divine beasts in general.

If Vira[1] was just a mortal commodity, a currency with no value aside from what people decided, she would understand if they disdained to make the maximum profit. But far from it being vulgar, Vira was an essential commodity that could bring substantial benefits to the power level of demi-god.

Using force or slaves was not even necessary. Greed was one of the most dangerous sins, for there was no end to it. One did not need to force mortals to produce Vira. They just have to give them the necessary incentive, and those mortals would happily slave away on their own free will, all to enjoy a fleeting feeling of superiority.

Out of all the divine beasts, the only ones she really respected in that regard were Lakshmi, the divine beast of Greed, and Midas, the divine beast of Charity.

Listening to her explanation, Sol had to click his tongue in amazement. To think that Nent was a pure capitalist at heart...

This made him even more curious about her. From what he had learned until now, Nent was too different from the aloof and mighty divine beasts he had learned about. She seemed much more down-to-earth and extremely pragmatic. Those were qualities he respected very much.

“You are truly incredible. I think I could take some advice from you on how to control a territory.”

Just thinking about all the finances he had to understand in a short time made him shudder in fright. Thankfully the king did not have to deal with everything. But, it was still necessary to have deep knowledge, or at least enough to not get cheated by greedy nobles.

The saving grace back then had been Clara. Even though her sense of existence was pretty low, he had to admit that this elf brought by Lilin was truly skilled and alleviated much of the weight on his shoulders after she became his secretary.

Hearing his sincere praise, Nent couldn't help but be surprised and showed a rueful smile.

It was ironic how none of the members of her family appreciated all the work she put in and in fact even though she was too entrenched in the mortal way. Some even said that of a phoenix, she only had the form. She had to admit had been pretty hurtful when she heard it for the first time.

When you are sad, just laugh, and that was what she did. She did not wish to show any form of weakness.

“Well then, you can sightsee as much as you wish later. The gates of my city are always open for you. Now though, it's important to talk about business.”

Before she even completed her sentence, she sped up and flew in the direction of the largest palace in the city.

The interior of this palace was not much different from that of Gabriel, but for some reason, the feeling of opulence felt like it was on a few higher levels.

Looking at the row of maids clad in almost transparent pants and top, with veils covering their faces, Sol had to fight his urges like never. It didn't help that the servants kept sending him furtive glances.

“If you wish once we finish our discussion, you can take any servants of your liking and spend the night with them. They will be honored.”

Sol gave a faint smile but did not answer. It would be a lie to say he wasn't interested. He was far from being a saint after all. But those servants were not his. Beautiful they may be, but the difference between intelligent beings and simple-minded beasts was the ability to control their urge.

Of course, if it was any other setting, since the servants were willing, he wouldn't have hesitated. But, he did not wish to give a bad image of himself to people who might become his future in-law.

Finally, the two of them reached an open garden illuminated by floating candles and the lights of the moons high in the sky.

The atmosphere of the garden gave him a sort of surreal feeling as if he was in a fairy tale, which showed how beautiful it was.

Sitting on a reclining chair, Sol felt himself relax a little after he was served a glass of blue wine.

Taking a sip, he couldn't help but exclaim at the rich taste and asked, "What kind of wine is this?"

Nent chuckled, her cheeks reddening slightly as she also took a sip, "This is a special kind of wine produced by Hathor under my plea. The main ingredient is a special kind of water created by undine."

'Special kind of water?'

Sol couldn't help but look suspiciously at the wine and wondered if he should continue drinking.

"Hahaha! Please, it's not the kind of water you are thinking about."

"\*Ahem\* You are slandering me. I was not thinking about anything in particular."

He was a little embarrassed about his thoughts having been seen through but managed to hide it behind a light cough.

This short episode had managed to warm up the atmosphere between the two of them and they continued drinking in silence.

It was only after finishing the entire bottle that Nent released a deep sigh,

"You know, you are truly an intriguing boy."

"And you are truly an enigmatic woman."

The two of them chuckled faintly.

"Before we begin, tell me, how much do you really know about Blessed?"

Sol thought about all the information and ruminated for a short while before shaking his head.

"To be honest, not much. My father died too soon and I was not made privy to many secrets since I am not yet a king."

"Hum... That is indeed the case. There are many limitations to what can and cannot be said."

"Well then..."

"Please. Before you begin. Tell me clearly, what do you want in exchange?"

"Oh? Would you believe me if I said nothing?"

"Of course I would."

"...Why?"

"Because few things are more expensive than free favors."

Selling favors was an art in itself. Before doing so, it was important to grasp the personality of the one you were selling to.

For people with little scruples, clear and direct deals were the best answer. But for people of virtues, giving favors for free was the best way to build a better relationship.

"It seems like I still underestimated you but I guess it's understandable. To be honest, I really do not want anything from you as you are now. But in the future?"

"As I thought...it's an Investissement?"

"You could say so. An Investissement with zero risks, and potentially very high returns. Who could pass such a deal?"

"Neither Nephthys nor Gabriel do not seem to think the same. Otherwise, they would have sold me this favor."

"\*Snort\* You must understand, Sol. Divine beasts do not think of the future, nor do they like reminiscing of the past. They only live in the present, with their perception of time blurred."

"What about you? You seem very invested in the future?"

"I am more haunted by the ghosts of the past."

Thinking about her two old friends, she gave a bitter smile, but did not elaborate,

"Anyway, this isn't about me, but you."

Crossing her legs with an elegant movement, Nent closed her eyes as if deep in thought, and finally asked,

"For us divine beasts, the history of the world is divided into three. The first one is the Dawn Era. The bloodiest Era during which the force of chaos and Order fought against each other.

The second one is the Divine Era, during which demi-gods would walk freely in the mortal world.

The third and current one is the Mortal Era."

Sol put his full attention to her words. After all, he was finally going to learn more about this world.

[Gabriel's Palace]

Watching Sol and Nent discuss, Gabriel slowly bit her lips as she remembered the Dawn Era.

Not all the current fourteen divine beasts were the original ones. Many of her friends died and were replaced again and again in a seemingly unending war that lasted so long she could not even remember.

In the end, the best they had managed to do was to seal Chaos. After all, as a conceptual goddess of a highest degree who represented chaos itself, killing her was impossible as long as the universe existed.

"Mother, is it wise for Nent to do this?"

Gabriel shook her head, "It's impossible for her to avoid being punished. Speaking about the Divine Era is already problematic, much less the Dawn Era. If she isn't careful, she could even fall into a coma for a few decades."

"Then, why is she doing this?"

Nephthys couldn't understand what was pushing her sister to such lengths.

Gabriel fell silent. Even though she could observe everything, she was not omniscient and neither could she read thoughts.

Looking at her daughter taking such risks she could not help but also ask herself.

Why?

Was it because of a need for recognition?

Because of a feeling of inferiority?

She had many ideas but none of them seemed to be enough reasons.

It was sad how she could not even understand her own daughter.

Sighing, she closed the window that was showing the scene of Nent and Sol.

She never interfered in the choices her daughters made.

Whether it resulted in success or failure, it was their freedom to do as they wanted as long as they did so between clear limits.

All she could do was observe and cheer on them.

A bitter smile formed on her face.

'I am truly a cruel mother.'

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**Chapter 203: CH 182: WHAT DO YOU WANT?**

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The second one is the Divine Era, during which demi-gods would walk freely in the mortal world.

The third and current one is the Mortal Era."

Sighing, she continued.

"Each of those different eras had their own specific rules and focus, but there was always one constant between all of them — Blessed.

No matter the era, no matter the time, Blessed always existed. This made me wonder.

What are Blesseds exactly? What makes them grow so strong, so fast? Though not all Blessed manage to reach their full potential, it was already proved that all Blessed have the potential to reach the King rank



and it isn't impossible for them to reach even the demi-god rank. Your father and Echidna are such an example. But how was this possible? This was when I came to a very interesting fact."

A meaningful smile formed on her face,

"Sol, tell me how many rulers did Lusturg have before you?"

Sol felt a sense of foreboding as he answered, "Eight."

Her smile stretched further, "Did you know? A human can live for about three or so hundreds years if they reach the King rank. But Lustburg, which is barely a thousand years old, is already at its 9th king? The same goes for your Supreme Daughter."

She did not wait for Sol to answer and continued, "Lustburg isn't the only one. If you can chalk the number of Kings in Lustburg being human, then what about the other kingdoms? Let me say it clearly, there have never been two kings in any country at the same time, nor two supreme daughters.

The moment the Crown Prince or the Holy Daughter is about to transition, the previous King or Supreme Daughter will die. Even during the two previous eras, the total number of Blessed was always 28. The moment a new one appears, an old one will die. This is an absolute fact repeatedly proven by history."

Sol felt cold sweat on his back. His mind was swiftly making connections. He remembered that the divine weapons were used by sucking out the lifespan of the user.

Was it the reason?

But he immediately discarded this notion, it wasn't as if people were stupid. If the weapons sucked their lifespan past a certain point, they would stop using them. Even if they didn't, it wouldn't explain the reasons for the constant numbers of Blessed.

Nent, who was observing Sol, had to admit that he was worth respecting. She had seen the shock and dread flash in his eyes for a short instant before it was replaced by swift thinking.

'Ugh. I feel awful.'

Even now she felt as if her heart was being crushed and her organs were churning, but that Punishment didn't deter her. Her regeneration power was already working overdrive and any mortal in her place would have already died.

"Why do the Blessed become so strong? Why do they all die so young? Why is the number of Blessed always constant? At first, I thought that it was a trick of the goddesses but later, I understood the truth and...the answer made me feel like I was dying a little inside."

Nent showed a bleak smile and spat a word with vehemence and hatred,

"Fate!"

She stood up and nearly kicked the table away in anger, "Hahaha! Don't you find it funny? I could have accepted it if our destiny was controlled by some whimsical and superior beings like the goddesses, but Fate!? Really!? What a load of bullshit!!"

Her chest heaved while her face flushed. Clearly, such a discovery had been a shock for her and Sol could understand why.

If everything was decided by Fate, it meant that there was no such thing as free will. All your actions, all your thoughts, your past and future, your pain, and your joy...none of them were really your own and had long been decided.

“Pardon me for the unsightly display.”

Taking a deep breath, Nent took back her seat and sipped on the wine in order to relax a little.

“\*Sigh\* Where was I? Ah yes, Fate. In this world, you see, there are basically three kinds of people. People who are passively affected by Fate — this is the case for most mortals and even us divine beasts.

Then, some people are massively and actively affected by Fate, this is the case for you — Blessed.

Finally, there are people who consciously or unconsciously manage to fight against Fate and free themselves of the shackles. Those people are called — Singularities.”

‘Singularities...’

“Hum...But if there are people who fight against Fate...couldn't it be said that it was their Fate to fight against Fate? Isn't it a Paradox?”

“Beautiful! This is indeed the case. That is when I understood something. Be it the Blessed, or Singularities, all of them are nothing more than chess pieces under the control of the goddess.

By analyzing the multitudes of different futures, Goddesses can bring the creation of Singularities, even if they lose control of said singularities afterward, and out of all those chess pieces — You are the greatest one ever created.”

...

...

...

“You don't seem very surprised.”

Sol laughed at how deflated she seemed to be. It reminded him a little of the way Isis acted a few days ago.

“I mean, I didn't know about me being the greatest piece or whatever, but I am not dumb. How many times did you think I heard the word Game or Rules when mentioning the goddesses? I have long since guessed it.”

“..You aren't angry?”

“It's hard to explain. I am the future King of one of the greatest Kingdoms. My talent is one of the greatest talents in all history. I am surrounded by beautiful and caring women who would gladly give their everything for me. Be it Fate or the whim of the goddesses, my current life is pretty good. So, it would be hypocritical of me to be angry but...”

Sol stopped for a moment and asked, "Do you know the similarities between a pig and a dog?"

Nent was taken aback by this sudden question.

"Both the pig and the dog are fed and taken care of by the gentle farmer during most of their life, but their destiny is completely different. The pig is fed and fattened only to be executed once it's fat enough. The dog is fed and used for all it is worth, only to be put down once it becomes useless."

His eyes sparkled with a sharp glint as an aura of majesty emanated from him.

"I do not wish to suffer such an end. I do not want to live and die as nothing more than a pig or a dog."

Looking deeply at Nent he asked, "You called me here and told me so much. Even Camelia did not dare because of the consequences. I do not know what price you have to pay, but it's definitely not small — what do you wish to accomplish?"

Nent could feel the seriousness of the situation. She knew that if her answer did not please Sol, no matter how big the price she paid for this investment was, it would not be enough to move him.

This is why she decided to answer in the simplest way possible.

What did she want? All she ever wanted to have was one thing...

"Freedom."

### **Son of the Hero King**

#### **Chapter 204: CH 183: NENT AND NEFERTITI (1)\***

"Soooo...not that I am complaining, but what's the link between freedom and making love with me?"

Laying down on a queen-sized circular bed, Sol spoke with clear bewilderment as he looked at the two stunningly beautiful women wearing beautiful dresses standing in front of him.

One was a mature woman with sinful curves that made it hard to relate with the word chastity. Meanwhile, the second one was a young girl, with a slim body and an angelic beauty that defied common sense.

Watching the two of them with their glistening, tanned and healthy skin, Sol, despite all his experience, couldn't help but feel his throat dry. A hot feeling shot through his body when he also thought about the identity of those two. After all, despite the opposite vibe they emanated, it was easy to see that they were related.

"Of course it's linked to our previous discussion. A phoenix's first time is very important, you know?"

Giving a sultry smile, Nent walked to the bed, coming near him.

"Come here, Nefertiti. Quit standing there and join me with Sol."

"I thank you for this opportunity."

Bowing slightly, Nefertiti followed in the steps of Nent and joined them on the bed.

Nent appeared to be a woman in her late twenties while Nefertiti had the appearance of a young teen between 18-20 years. When those two stood together, rather than a grandmother and her granddaughter, they looked more like two sisters.

“We took the time to change in the style that matched Lustburg just for you. What do you think?”

Rather than the usual light and partially see-through robe he saw people here wearing, the two of them were currently wearing evening dresses worthy of the most beautiful nobles in Lustburg.

Nent wore a chic evening dress and evening gloves with her crimson hair worn up and adorned with a flower decoration, giving her an adult charm. Conversely, Nefertiti wore a cuter dress with frills on the cuffs and around the chest. The way she wore her hair up on the sides was more youthful as well.

The older sister wore a gold necklace adorned with small gems and the younger wore a simple silver necklace. Sol had decided to address them as sisters in his mind because otherwise, it seemed a little too weird.

Sol on the other hand was wearing nothing but his birthday suit, with only the sheets covering his most intimate part. Feeling the heat fill his body and focus on his groin, Sol couldn't help but think about how this situation came to be.

After he ended his discussion with her, she made him rest in her palace. Who would have thought that just as he was about to sleep, she would appear with Nefertiti behind her?

“Before we continue, I need to understand what is happening.”

A charming smile formed on Nent's face.

“All this while I tried to make Nefertiti become your contract partner. But, after my discussion with you, I understood that you wouldn't let your lust make the choice for you and Isis was the best and most obvious choice. Thankfully, a contract isn't the only way a relationship can be formed.”

She began to gently rub Sol's shoulder, helping him relax a little. If it were to be known that Nent, a King ranked divine beast was willing to lower herself to please a man, hundreds of hearts would break. After all, she had her fair share of admirers

She wasn't the only one doing so either. Even Nefertiti, despite being completely red, began to massage the other side of his shoulder in tandem with Nent.

“How is this? Is it to your liking?” Nent whispered to his ear, sending her hot breath alongside her words.

“I'm honestly surprised how good you are at it”

Nefertiti laughed mischievously.

“We practiced a lot for this day.”

Clearly, massaging him had given her the time to calm down a little. She was not an unwilling participant.

All her life, Nent had taught her that her body was a sacred temple that would only be given to a worthy man. During the few days she had spent with Sol, while she didn't share any adventure with him like Isis did, she had found herself more and more attracted to his radiant aura and personality.

The reason she was here was that she had personally requested it, and seeing Sol's reaction, she couldn't help herself but beam in happiness.

Nent, who was alternatively observing Sol and Nefertiti, didn't find her feeling weird. Even though Nefertiti had received a good education, she had been sheltered all her life and had very few interactions with males of her age.

For such a girl, a boy like Sol was basically a complete bomb that rocked her world.

Nent never forced marriage. She simply made it so the different sides developed enough feelings on their own.

Furthermore, she wasn't indifferent to Sol. Not only was she attracted to him physically, but from an emotional standpoint, he was the first man with whom she shared her secret.

"Excuse me, but I will be using my hand now."

Blushing, Nefertiti pushed away the sheet hiding Sol's manhood.

"Oh my..."

Both Nent and Nefertiti gasped at the view of the fully erected penis standing proudly. Initially, Sol was already a little above average. But, after his final transformation, his size had slightly increased again.

He was no monster cock, but he was definitely more than above average now. Gathering her courage, Nefertiti jumped on the bed and lowered her hand between Sol's thigh, gently grasping his penis.

'So this is what it looks like in reality.'

She had already received a complete sexual education, but all she had ever seen were illustrations. Seeing the real thing was a little shocking at first.

"Hot."

Blushing as she murmured, she suddenly yelped when Sol took her by the nap of her neck and kissed her.

Instinctively resisting at first, it didn't take long for all resistance to vanish as Sol pushed his tongue between her lips. The kiss between them continued to heat up while Nefertiti pumped his penis up and down slowly.

During the process, Sol's other hand wasn't idle.

Taking Nent by the waist, he brought her on his side and began to gently caress her supple body.

Separating from Nefertiti, he turned his head and kissed Nent the same way. Since she was already somewhat prepared, she did not react violently and accepted his lips on hers and his tongue in her mouth.

She had to admit that it felt very nice. She had always thought that kisses were nothing more than piling lips on each other. But right now, she felt as if a mysterious heat was filling her heart and it was making her squirm.

Like this, Sol continued to kiss each of them, one after the other. Their previous expression of confidence was nowhere to be seen, as their eyes seemed to be filled with a hazy mist of lust.

Pride filled Sol's heart at this sight. He may be drastically weaker than Nent when it came to martial prowess, but on the bed, he was the King.

'It isn't enough.'

Now, his lust was fully ignited. Using his wealth of experience, he deftly loosened the strings that held the robes of the two beautiful women.

The dresses opened like a flower and fell away, revealing their bare bodies below.

Although they were ashamed, the two of them were already too deep in lust to care about their nudity. Their boobs squished against his chest and their fine skin slid along him. They embraced him from either side and rubbed their boobs against his torso and their soft pussies against his legs.

They were so hot and wet down there that it felt like their love juices were pouring out endlessly.

The pleasure was enough to numb his mind.

Not wanting to only be a passive participant, he moved his fingers to their hot honeypots. He parted their wet flower petals and gently began to stir their insides as a sticky nectar flowed out.

"You two, turn back on all four."

He was so hard he wished for nothing more than to slam into one of them and release all his pent-up lust, but he knew that this wasn't the way. At the very least, for their first time together, he wished to be tender.

The two of them were a little surprised at his order, but they complied without much fuss as curiosity and anticipation filled their minds.

Staring at those two beautiful and plump brown-colored butts wagging in the air, Sol felt like he was about to explode. His cock throbbed in response, kicking the voltage of his arousal up a notch. For him who had always liked butts more than breasts, this was like a heavenly sight.

The sadist in him reared its head as he began to talk dirty while he fingered them from behind.

"Your pussy is this wet already? You must be really sensitive."

"Ah, nh...th-that's not true."

Nefertiti protested feebly. Her beautiful voice trembled with embarrassment, but her lower mouth was much more eloquent.

He intentionally made as much lewd noises as he could while fingering her pussy. The embarrassment must have added to the pleasure she felt because she soon had trouble staying on her feet.

Meanwhile, Nent refused to answer as she gritted her teeth to keep her moans from leaking out.

In the end, his hands moved faster and faster and their juices gushed more, wetting the bed.

Their bodies were shaking and shivering as they could no longer hold the moans of pleasure coming out of their throats.

Finally, the moment he pinched their clitorises, the two of them released loud moans before slumping on bed, their asses still in the air.

Taking out his hands, Sol brought to his face and licked his finger. He knew that he certainly looked like a pervert but he did not care. He was surprised to find that their juices tasted sweet.

Now then, it was time to make a choice. Which one should he take first and in what position?

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

#### **Chapter 205: CH 184: NENT AND NEFERTITI (2)\*\***

In the end, Sol decided to begin with the youngest one first.

“Nent, could you help me?”

Nent showed a confused expression at first, but blushed when she heard what Sol whispered in her ear.

Still, she couldn't hide the expectations in her heart and did as she was asked.

“Dear, let me hold you.”

“My lady...?”

Smiling at a confused Nefertiti, Nent laid down behind her and took her in her arms. The head of Nefertiti could be seen resting comfortably on the large breasts of Nent.

Now what stood in front of Sol was a delectable sight,

"Please...don't stare too much....it is a little embarrassing."

Sol was a little taken aback before he showed a gentle smile and leaned down to kiss her.

“Nn~”

“Sorry, you were just so gorgeous, I was completely mesmerized.”

He wasn't lying, Nefertiti's beauty was already a lethal weapon on its own, and when paired with the current situation, it had already surpassed the level of a nuclear bomb.

“Are you scared? Do you want to stop?”

He could still feel her shaking a little. He knew that in such a situation, the man should take the lead and reassure the girl, but he also knew that their relationship wasn't normal.

Whatever happened next, it was important that Nefertiti never forgot that she was the one who wanted this and that he had in no way coerced her.

Nefertiti showed a shy expression before shaking her head. She was indeed a little scared, but she did not wish to stop. She knew that sooner or later, she would have to find someone to settle down with and Sol was without a doubt the most perfect partner in her mind.

Sharing a quick glance with Nent, Sol silently nodded to her and Nent smiled mischievously. She leaned down from behind and began to suck on Nefertiti's neck.

"Ahh~!"

Nefertiti released a gasp at the sudden attack, but Nent wasn't done yet. Biting her ears gently, caressing her breasts, and even pinching her nipples. It didn't take long for all tension to vanish from Nefertiti as she became putty under the caresses of Nent.

'What an immoral but arousing sight.'

In the end, Nent's hand slowly drifted down before reaching Nefertiti's thighs and gently, spread her legs apart, showing Nefertiti's most intimate part in its full glory. It was of a beautiful pink color, like a jewel and it was completely drenched in love juices, showing how aroused she was,

"She is all yours."

Sol felt his reasoning nearly snap.

Approaching her, his erect member slowly traced her slit up and down, coating itself in her juice, and then, slowly advanced forward.

"Ah..."

He felt like he was entering a furnace. It was so hot that it was unbelievable. Advancing slowly, he finally encountered an obstacle, which honestly surprised him.

At the end of the day, despite her appearance, she was not a human.

Since she had a hymen, and he knew that it could be quite painful, he leaned down and gave her a deep kiss. Then, once she was lost in bliss, he pushed himself completely in with one stroke.

""Ugh..""

Both Sol and Nefertiti groaned. Nefertiti, out of pain and Sol because she was so hot and tight. He felt that if he didn't pay attention, he would cum in a jiffy.

\*Huff\* \*Huff\*

Raising his torso and wiping her forehead matted with sweat, Sol gave a gentle smile,

"You are all mine now."

Laying down on the bed and looking up at the one she decided would be the first and last man of her life, Nefertiti replied with a smile filled with happiness.

"Indeed."



All this while, Nent simply stayed silent. She did not wish to break this beautiful picture and in fact, even envied her granddaughter a little.

“I will begin moving.”

Once Sol was sure that Nefertiti adjusted to his size, he carefully began to move. At first, Nefertiti was still showing a pained expression while gritting her teeth, but it didn't take long for her expression to loosen.

Even though her vagina's entrance was tight, it was thankfully rather deep and could accommodate his full length.

He then began to go back and forth, while slowly accelerating. It did not take long for Nefertiti to begin moving her waist alongside him.

She moaned out loud. She looked to be in pain, but her body twitched with pleasure. When he pulled out, she felt a burn from her inner walls, but once he pushed in again, her entrance swallowed him hungrily.

Her soft inner walls continuously stimulated his shaft. He felt a surging sensation that was about to burst at the back of his neck.

With each thrust, her womb twisted, her slender body jumped, and moans escaped her thin lips.

He firmly held onto her hips and bore deeper into her. As he continued to thrust, the viscous fluids created a constant moist slapping sound.

From time to time, Nent would participate by massaging Nefertiti's breasts or sucking on her neck.

The more he acted the more he felt like he wanted to cum, but it would be a humiliation for him to cum so fast without bringing her enough pleasure.

That meant he had to do this right.

He resisted the pleasure, searched out her weak points, and stirred up her vagina.

“Ahh~! Th-this feels weird...ahh, s-so weird.”

She clung to her pillow and trembled and murmured deliriously.

The pleasure increased the amount of love juices, the love juices reduced the pain, and the penetration provided wonderful female pleasure. Her girl's body was transformed into a woman's body.

It was a virtuous cycle that made everything more pleasurable for the two of them.

Seeing her melt in pleasure like this was the greatest aphrodisiac for Sol. At the same time, Nefertiti wasn't just letting everything happen.

Hugging Sol, she also wrapped her legs around him and began rolling her slender hips to match his movements.

Soon, the room was filled with grunts and moans of pleasure.

"Ah~! Ah~ !"

Beads of sweat appeared on her flushed face and heated breaths escaped her lips thanks to the unknown feeling surging through her entire body.

Her love juices dripped out with an obscenely wet sound while his massive member thrust in and out of her.

Her mind gradually faded away and she had trouble thinking straight, almost like she had a serious fever. A vague white feeling surrounded her and she could focus only on the presence of the giant penis thrusting up into her crotch.

Whenever he rubbed her vaginal wall, a pleased panting voice leaked out from her mouth. Her panting voice was as clear as a bell, hearing it pleased him to no end.

When he changed his angle, her body started trembling. He focused on the same place and rubbed his glans.

He slowly changed the direction of his thrusts as he penetrated deeper. He concentrated on her panting and groaning, and stubbornly hammered into her most sensitive spot.

"Ah! Aah..."

Her insides squeezed and started to spasm. Sol saw that she was about to climax and plunged deeper into her.

"Ah...!!"

She screamed again and hugged him tightly. Her hot vagina began to contract.

For Sol, this was the pushing point.

Growling deeply, he pulled out of her and began cumming. His seeds, spilling on her stomach and her breasts.

The contrast between her brown skin and the white cloudy liquid was such an erotic sight that despite having ejaculated so much, Sol was still hard.

This night promised to be very long.

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

#### **Chapter 206: CH 185: NENT AND NEFERTITI (3)**

After shooting his load on Nefertiti's body, Sol felt as if all his senses were coming alive rather than feeling exhausted.

It was hard to explain, but it was like a weight on his shoulders had been lifted and he could breathe freely now.

Feeling his dick still standing proud, Sol spared a glance at Nefertiti that had seemingly fallen asleep, and gave a look at Nent who answered with a smile.

"The first time should have been too intense for her so she fainted. Shall we continue in another room?"

Sol tilted his head, curious as to why she was presenting herself up. Since she wanted an insurance for their alliances, he could understand making him form a relationship with Nefertiti. Marriage has always been one of the most used ways to tie interests between two groups.

An idea flashed his head and he said seriously.

“I have no intention of having a child with you, just to be clear.”

Nent neither showed a startled nor a dissatisfied look. In fact, she seemed pretty happy. The fact that Sol could stop himself from drowning in lust and still think carefully was an endearing quality for her.

This was why-

“Don’t worry. I have no intention to coerce you into doing that. I can even teach you a way to kill all your seeds before shooting them inside. It would be a waste for you to have any child now.”

Sol blinked a little but then understood what she meant fast.

One of the reasons Nent formed an alliance with him was his potential. She already recognized that he would become a demigod as long as he did not die early.

Any child he would make then would undoubtedly be genetically superior to any child he could make now.

Even though it was a cold way of seeing things, it was the truth. At the same time, the way to kill the seeds she spoke about should be the way she restricted the untalented children from reproducing.

“Well, enough heavy topics. Why don’t we have a little fun?”

Smiling coyly, Nent pushed the still asleep Nefertiti and began to advance towards Sol. Her eyes were shining with repressed lust.

‘Now that I think about it...’

Luxuria and Castitas were the oldest twin goddesses, making Gabriel and Asmodeus were the oldest divine beasts. Since Nent was the second child of Gabriel and never had any relationship until now....

‘Damn. Am I about to take the virginity of one of the oldest virgins in existence?’

Sol gulped a little at this thought and suddenly felt much hotter than before.

Once she reached him, who was sitting cross-legged on the bed, she moved her hand, creating a pint of water, and carefully washed his dick before making the water disappear as if it had vaporized because of a sudden spike in heat.

‘I thought her element was lightning and heat?’

“I am not a water element user. But simply gathering the water in the atmosphere isn’t that complicated at my level.”

Refusing to explain more as to not break the mode, she stretched her hand and gently pushed him back with a finger, making him lie on the bed.

"I have never tried it. But, I have read some of the books written by that witch[1]. They were truly... Inspiring."

'Witch?'

Sol's train of thoughts was scattered when Nent opened her mouth wide, and slowly, very carefully, began to engulf his members.

'Incredible. A deep throat?'

Watching his cock slowly vanish in her mouth, Sol even had the faint illusion that she was devouring him.

Nent's red hair shook as she moved her head up and down and skillfully ran her tongue along the head and shaft, rubbing saliva over it all. She also formed a ring with her soft lips to stroke the surface of his erection and sucked in her cheeks while sucking.

Gathering her hair on the side and giving a look, she began to bob her head up and down. The force of suction alone was already out of this world, but as if not satisfied, Nent began to twirl her tongue while moving, bringing him a new sense of pleasure.

Nent was not just stopping at simple movement. Sometimes she would spit out his cock and lick the tip or the shaft. Sometimes she would even lick his balls and massage them before once again engulfing his cock in her moist and warm mouth.

'I am receiving a blowjob from a King ranked phoenix.'

This thought alone was enough to bring Sol to a new peak. He could feel himself already getting on the verge of cumming.

He warned Nent of the impending release, but, rather than stopping, it made her accelerate even more.

Finally, letting out a low roar, he grabbed her head and pinned her down, releasing gallons of sperms in her throat.

Nent was startled at first, but she easily managed to swallow everything. He could even feel her throat move slightly.

It was only after he finished ejaculating that he realized what he had done.

"Sorry! Are you alright?"

Letting go of her head, he took a look at her face with worry. He wasn't apologizing because he was scared, but rather because the way he had acted could have been dangerous for any normal girl.

"It was very rude, but also pretty exciting."

Nent was not offended at his rudeness. In fact, she could even feel her heart beat wildly in her chest.

Looking at her expression of ecstasy, Sol's eyes twitched as he began to wonder if all those under Castitas had submissive tendencies.

'Now that I think about it, Anubis got his wife by kidnapping her, right?'

Thinking about the possibility, Sol smiled and suddenly grabbed Nent by the hair,

“It seems like you had your share of fun, right?”

Nent’s eyes opened wide and her breath became hurried.

The current situation was completely absurd. If she wished, she could completely kill Sol and erase him from the face of the earth in seconds. Despite this, all she did was let him do as he wished.

‘Heh, it seems like I was right.’

He didn’t know if all phoenixes were like this, but at least Nent truly had such tendencies, although not as high as Camelia’s.

Thinking so, he pushed Nent away on the bed, and grabbed her by the hips.

“Since you had your fun, it’s time for me to have mine, right?”

“R-right.”

He could feel her breath roughly as she answered him with difficulty. He was curious about how far he could go but wasn’t really in the mood of exploring now.

‘What a beautiful ass.’

A plump sexy brown ass. The kind of dream body that could only be imagined.

Raising her by the hips, he managed to get her on all four, and gave a slight slap on her face.

“Since you are already sopping wet, it’s about time for the main dish. Don’t you think so?”

Sol was so turned on his pulse raced painfully fast and he pushed his penis against her revealed vaginal entrance. As he had said, there was no need for further foreplay, since her most intimate place was completely drenched and was still slightly leaking juices.

Different from Nefertiti; with just a slight push, Sol could feel himself sink all the way to the base and easily break through a thin protection that hardly stopped him.

“So hot.”

Her vagina was just as hot, if not more than Nefertiti’s. Her soft vaginal flesh wrapped all around his dick. She was not as tight as Nefertiti, but the amount of love juices and folds created a pleasure that made his dick feel like it was melting.

“How are you?”

“C-continue.”

“Heh, is that how you ask a favor?”

Sol gave some small nudges with his hips but did not move as she wanted. Even when she tried to move herself, he would stop her from doing so.

In the end, Nent relented,

“Please...I beg you... Fuck me.”

Even though she felt it so humiliating, she also felt a rush of heat in her chest and began to gush even more juices.

For Sol, putting it inside her felt so good he was afraid he would be unable to avoid cumming once he started moving. Nevertheless, he could not resist the cute woman’s seduction and began moving his hips.

“Nn! Yes!”

When the head of the dick rubbed at her vagina, sweet moans escaped her mouth. The cold and calculating Nent was no more and was replaced by a woman in need that wished nothing more than to be satisfied and Sol wished nothing more than to do so.

Like this, a wild night full of passion continued until the morning suns rose. They were even joined by Nefertiti in the middle.

It was not Sol’s first threesome. But it would without a doubt become the most memorable one.

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

#### **Chapter 207: CH 186: PREVIOUS AND NEW DIVINE BEASTS**

[Gabriel’s Palace]

A new day was coming as the suns were rising in the sky, but Gabriel, who usually enjoyed watching the rising suns, could only hold her head because of an oncoming headache.

The source? The woman on the screen hovering in front of her

“When will my grandson finally come?”

“Ugh!” Gabriel groaned, feeling her headache growing by the minute, “How many times did I tell you that he will come soon? Please stop contacting me like this. Do you know just how much faith coins cost to keep an Interdimensional communication active?”

“I am rich.”

Gabriel held back thousands of curses and showed a restrained smile.

“Well, excuse me but not everyone has deep pockets like yours.”

“It’s not my fault if you suck at managing your territory.”

\*Crack\*

The armchair of her throne slightly broke under Gabriel's pressure.

“You...You are doing it intentionally, right? Just know that antagonizing me won’t make your grandson come sooner. In fact, It might even make me want to hold him longer here.”

“You don’t dare.”

A simple affirmation and a calm voice, containing neither anger nor worry. Her words were uttered in the most natural way possible, and anyone who heard her would feel that it was as it should be.

This was the strongest divine beast and the representant of the sin of pride — Tiamat.

Watching her, even though it hurt her to admit it, she indeed would not dare to keep Sol against his will. After all, "You have somehow grown stronger."

"..."

Tiamat neither agreed, nor denied Gabriel.

"You really reached the level of the Four Great Jotun?"

During the Great War between the forces of Order and Chaos, if the ones that stood with Order were the goddesses and the divine beasts, the ones that sided with Chaos were none other than the Titans and the Giants.

In terms of powers, aside from the primordial titan, Ymir, who was at the same rank as the fourteen goddesses, most Titans were equal to the divine beasts, which was basically the demigod level.

But even then, some Titans had managed to reach a higher level.

They managed to become gods without holding a concept. Through pure power alone. As such, they were called false gods.

Looking at the shaking Gabriel, Tiamat shook her head slightly,

"I know what you really want to ask is if I have reached the previous Divine Beast of Pride's level."

Gabriel did not deny this. Not all the current divines were the original ones created. After all, a war of this level couldn't be without casualties.

Many of the original divine beasts had perished and were replaced. One of them, the previous strongest out of them all, was none other than The Divine Beast of Pride.

"I have sadly never met him but from the information I have gathered. I should be more or less equal to him."

Gabriel closed her eyes. Her mind drifted to her old friends she would never manage to see again.

'Michael, Lucifer, Azazel...I hope you can see this from wherever you are.'

She had lost many friends and had made many others. Out of the original fourteen, only her, Asmodeus, Leviathan, Belzebub, and Raphaël were left.

Sighing and burying the memories deep in her mind, she commented after seeing Tiamat's somber expression.

"You don't seem happy."

Of course, she already knew why. After all, Lucifer had shown the same expression back then.

As she thought, Tiamat gritted her teeth, "Why should I? After all..."

"You have reached the limit."

Tiamat did not speak further but her eyes clearly showed her emotions.

At the end of the day, a false god was still a demigod. Since they did not manage to bring a true qualitative change to their power and leap to transcend life and death.

Unlike goddesses who were immortal as long as the concept they held existed, false gods were still mortal and very much killable.

Even so, this was the end of the path. No one, in all history had managed to break through the shackles and ascend to Godhood.

Clearly not willing to continue the discussion, Tiamat went back to the previous topic.

"Make Sol come as fast as possible."

Sol Dragon Luxuria. Perhaps if it was him, it would really be possible to break through those shackles.

"Did you see something?"

Gabriel couldn't help but grow worried at the clear insistence in her words. Tiamat was a powerhouse who wielded a territory as well as her own dimension, the Sea of Stars.

She did not know all the abilities of that dimension, but the most known one was the power to predict the future of the dragons.

"His star is being covered by a shadow. Soon, he will face a great ordeal and if he isn't strong enough by then — He will die."

The world belonging to Gabriel wasn't just a large desert. Here and there, large green fields could be seen close to oases.

Of course, the closer one was to one of the main cities and the more beautiful the scenery became.

This was even more so in their personal gardens that were filled with large and beautiful trees, giving the impression of being in a tropical forest.

It was in one such a garden, in Gabriel's palace, that an uncommon scene was happening.

"AhAhAh~!... Nn !"

One girl, her arms resting on a tree, was facing a continuous deep and relentless assault from the boy behind her and all she could do was bite her lips to stifle her moans.

Her upper body was still clad in a white robe, but the lower part of the dress had been pushed up on her back, revealing her firm and toned brown ass.

Pounding her from behind with deep strokes was none other than Sol, the very man who had been sentenced to a sure death by Tiamat should he not train.

Of course, currently, Sol was unaware of the prophecy and was going through a great marathon.

Holding Nefertiti by her waist, Sol began to accelerate further under the encouraging moan of Nefertiti.



The only sounds in the woods were here the groans and sighs of the two as well as the sound of clapping, coming from Sol's repeated movements against Nefertiti's ass.

In the end, with a sigh of pleasure, he released himself deep inside of Nefertiti, his brain melting because of the pleasure.

Of course, he did not forget to activate the technique Nent had taught him. Making sure that he would have no kids for the time being.

Once he was completely spent, Sol slowly began to withdraw his flaccid cock from her honey spot.

The moment he did so, white cloudy liquid began to slowly seep out of her and slowly trailed on her thighs.

It was such an erotic scene that Sol felt his penis rise again, but it had already been the seventh time today.

Since the day Sol took Nefertiti and Nent's virginity, only three days passed.

But those three days were like a year for Sol as he proceeded to fall into complete debauchery.

It was like he had decided to make up for the missed time without touching a woman and proceeded to live a life worthy of the best hedonist.

His only partners were Nent and Nefertiti, but for those three it was like the three of them had gone crazy.

There wasn't a moment where Sol wasn't in bed with one of those two.

Fucking, eating, drinking, sleeping. A deep and dangerous cycle that was slowly pulling Sol in.

Anyone else would have already done in lust by now and forget whatever goal they initially had. But for Sol, the current situation was no problem.

After all, he literally had many regular orgies organized with tens of maids back on the mortal realm. Compared to those days, what was happening now was just an appetizer. It wasn't even the first time he had tried outdoor sex.

Of course, this being not the first time didn't dampen the thrill and the pleasure such an act was bringing.

Gently caressing Nefertiti's sweaty face, Sol was wondering if he should really go for another round when he heard a voice ring in his head,

[Pl-please... Come to... \*Ahem\* Take a bath first, then come to the throne room.]

He easily recognized Gabriel's voice, and from how shaken she was, it was clear that she had seen what had happened.

'Well, well, well. Let's see what it's about.'

He hoped that it wasn't some punishment for indecent acts in public space.

## Son of the Hero King

### **Chapter 208: CH 187: I CHOOSE HER**

"Hahaha! He did that?"

When Tiamat asked why Gabriel was suddenly blushing and stuttering after calling Sol, the previous heavy atmosphere vanished due to her laughing out loud.

"Tiamat!"

Blushing, Gabriel shouted. Even though she did not find a partner, she wasn't naive and had quite the knowledge about sex. Still, it was one thing to know and it was another to see your future son-in-law shagging your great-granddaughter.

Her face flushed even more at the memory of the scene she witnessed.

Tiamat though, on the other hand, seemed quite proud.

"What? I was really worried that he would be like that prude father of his. Thankfully it seems like he inherited more of the dragon blood than I thought."

The spite in her words was unmistakable.

As a warrior, Tiamat respected Mars very much. He was nearly unmatched in the mortal world and had been the youngest demigod ever.

But as a man?

She scoffed, 'Even the newborn girls in the clan were more of a man than that wuss.'

Even now, she couldn't understand why someone as proud as her daughter signed a contract with Mars. Even worse, it was a Pride type. Meaning that Blaze had decided that Mars was superior to her and accepted him as her ruler.

It was simply unthinkable for Tiamat. Blaze was the kind of brat who dares to shout about becoming the strongest divine beast. For that brat to lower her head was unimaginable but reality was what it was.

No matter how much a wuss he was. She still respected him since he had managed to tame that unruly brat.

Thinking about Blaze, Tiamat's heart began to ache.

Blaze had been the kid she had been the most emotionally invested in. She had even given her an inconspicuous name in the hope that she would not have to bear any huge Fate.

If she hadn't been hibernating during that small war against Echidna, rules be damned, she would have intervened and killed Echidna herself if it was necessary.

The same went for her Sol. A dragon should be raised by dragons. Had she been awake, she would have taken Sol away when he was a kid.

So many coincidences. Clearly, the amount of Fate around her grandson was off the charts.

She really hoped it was Fate...if those coincidences weren't actually coincidences or her hibernation had been caused by any external factor...

Her eyes narrowed slightly at the thought. She really didn't know what she would do but at least she was sure of one thing — it wouldn't be a pretty sight.

"Tiamat?"

Tiamat smiled, hiding the thought in her heart. It wasn't time yet. She wasn't strong enough yet.

"Sorry. I was just imagining the scenes you must have witnessed. Pfft! Now I really can't wait to meet him."

Indeed she couldn't wait. After all, not only was he the son of her beloved daughter. But he was most likely the key for her to reach greater heights.

"I really hope that he will come soon."

Even if he wasn't, she wished to hold him in her hands and raise him as a worthy dragon, teaching him everything he should know.

"Trust me, you won't be disappointed when you finally meet him."

Gabriel, finally calming down, showed a mysterious smile. After all, she had intentionally hidden the full talent of Sol, be it his Dimensional Magic, Chaos Attribute, or War Form.

For one, she wanted to give a surprise to her friend, and another reason was that she knew that if she informed Tiamat about all this, the woman would be capable of leaving her territory and coming here.

In normal times, this wouldn't have been a problem, but now?

"Tiamat...Did you hear about the Wings of Freedom?"

"Huh? That broken organization?"

The Wings of Freedom was not a new organization. In fact, even during the great war, they already existed, though under different names. Chaos always tried to get some followers and chess pieces in the mortal world.

Of course, every time such an organization was created, it would be destroyed soon after or would fall into silence.

Gabriel gave a bitter smile, the Wings of Freedom were indeed not a problem from what she gathered. The problem was, "The Nihil of this generation is someone we know very well — Dahlia."

Tiamat narrowed her eyes at this name and stood straighter, "I thought that she was sealed in the territory of your son-in-law."

Gabriel let out a bleak laugh, "I thought the same."

Tiamat sighed, she knew very well why Gabriel was so distraught. Back then, after her betrayal, Dahlia should have been executed. But the one who pleaded for her life was none other than Gabriel.

After all, Dahlia was...Michael's daughter.

After taking a short bath and leaving a red-faced Nefertiti in his room, Sol walked toward the throne room of Gabriel with calm strides.

Entering the room, he looked around, surprised to see that only Gabriel was present.

'Now that I think about it, this should be the first time we talk alone.'

"You seem surprisingly calm?"

Sol gave a faint smile. He had no reason to be flustered.

For one, neither he nor Nefertiti were doing anything wrong. Furthermore, he was already used to being under observation 24/24. Be it with Medea back then, or Ambrosia. Hell, he was sure that even the goddesses should have observed him having sex one or two times. Because of that, shame was really the furthest thing from his mind.

Still, "I apologize for the display."

He had to admit that he went a little too far. Nefertiti was still a princess of sorts and going at it outdoors with her, while exciting, had been a little disrespectful to Gabriel.

Gabriel was a little taken aback. She had been ready to go on a rant, but it seemed that she had underestimated how mature the boy was. In the end, she sighed, "I was in contact with Tiamat just now."

"Oh?"

An eyebrow rose at this name.

"She already cut the communication. She wishes for your first meeting to be done in person rather than through a screen and this is why I called you...When do you plan to leave?"

"Hahaha, from the way you speak, I feel like you are chasing me off."

Gabriel scoffed, "Of course I am. You came here to this place less than one month ago and you are already in a relationship with my daughter and great-granddaughter. You are also in an ambiguous relationship with my granddaughter. At this rate, the entire phoenix's territory might fall in your clutches."

Gabriel wasn't joking around. Even she felt some attraction for the boy. She was sure that a free spirit like Hator would fall in his bed in no time.

As for Neith, that girl was a training maniac. But it was exactly such people who were the easiest to bring down.

Sol simply answered with an awkward laugh, prompting Gabriel to shake her head.

"More seriously though. You need to visit the dragon's territory if you want to complete the contract. Now that I think about it. Did you decide?"

"Yes. I still didn't officially ask her. But I chose Isis."

"Hum... What about Nefertiti?"

"I consider her as mine."

"Heh."

The atmosphere solidified slightly, but the tension did not last long.

"Since she is willing, I have nothing to say."

Gabriel had a really hand-off approach to relationships. Everything was good as long as it was consensual.

If the results were good, she would be happy and wish for their happiness.

If the results were bad, she would comfort them.

This was why she didn't reduce Anubis to ashes when he kidnapped her daughter back then.

For the same reason, she would not intervene in this relationship.

Sol was relieved, he honestly didn't want any conflict with Gabriel.

Tapping the armchair of her throne, she thought for a while before speaking again.

"Normally, you should have passed through Crossroad, to enter the territory of Tiamat. But she agreed to pay the price to open a direct channel between our two territories. When you are ready. inform me."

Gabriel continued to mutter about how Tiamat was openly flaunting her wealth, but Sol did not pay attention to this.

What mattered really was, 'It seems like my trip here came to an end.'

He wondered what would happen in the dragon's territory.

Whatever it was, he hoped that he would come out of it better and stronger.

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

#### **Chapter 209: CH 188: MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS**

Cutting off the communication with Gabriel, Tiamat gently tapped the armrest of her throne, deep in thought.

Her discussion with Gabriel, albeit short, had given her much to think about.

'Well, Michael's daughter or not, it doesn't change anything.'

She wasn't yet alive when the likes of Michael and Lucifer still roamed the battlefield. As such, while she respected those seniors who died in honor of the cause, she had no deep feelings for them.

'The movements of the remaining Titans are also worrisome. That bastard Skryrim[1] is acting again.'

Most of the Titans had been killed or sealed alongside Chaos. But some of them had managed to survive by escaping to the deepest part of the abyss.

The rhythm at which she tapped her armrest increased, showing her irritation. Anyone would be irritated if they were in her place.

From her point of view, all she did was go to sleep. When she woke up, before she could even be happy for her increase in strength, she was hit by one bad news after the other.

Pinching her brows, she sighed as she saw her most mature daughter, Kiyohime, enter.

"Hello, mother. You seem frustrated."

"Heh heh. I guess I am a little. So, what's the matter?"

If Blaze was the youngest and most spoiled child out of her nine children, then Kiyohime was the eldest child as well as the one with the heaviest responsibility.

Not only was she the second ruler of the whole territory, but she was also the one who took care of and trained the young dragons.

Different from Nephthys who had a limited control over the other Phoenixes, Kiyohime had absolute and total control since basically, all the dragons were indebted to her.

A chuckle escaped Tiamat. She was sure that if Kiyohime could become a demigod, most dragons would follow her.

"Mother, the young ones are becoming restless, since you announced that a new position of prince would be open."

In the dragon's territory, there were four Kings and five Princes.

Though, after Blaze signed a contract with Mars and left the territory, there were only four princes, and her position as princess had always been left open.

Many young dragons wished to obtain the position of Blaze since it wasn't just some empty title but one that really gave power over the tribe.

"So?"

Kiyohime hesitated a little before continuing, "I wonder, why would you suddenly open it?"

"Out with it already. You know I hate hesitation."

"\*Sigh\* Most of the dragons think that this opening is a shame and that you just want to give the position to Blaze's son."

"Heh. Well, they aren't completely wrong."

"Mother!!"

Tiamat stopped her with a signal.

"Let me finish. This position was indeed opened for Sol. But at the same time it's a challenge for him. If he is strong enough, he will take it. If not, he will lose it."

"But..."

"You are speaking about the fact that he is still not even a Duke, right?"

Kiyohime didn't answer verbally, but her opinion was clear. Even though Gabriel hadn't explained too much the situation about Sol, she had at least given his current rank and all the dragon Kings knew it.

Tiamat simply smiled mysteriously, "You are underestimating too much, this thing called Fate. Furthermore, I left him to you, right? Train him well enough for him to succeed."

Tiamat honestly didn't care whether Sol won the title of prince or not.

She knew that it was a condition for some weird debt between Sol and the Goddesses, and his success would allow him to form a contract with a phoenix, most likely Anubis' daughter.

But, so what? If it was an S rank contract he wished to have, she was willing to give him as many dragons he could take away, no matter who he chose.

As for the price to pay for breaking the contract with the goddesses, she had enough divinity and Faith coins to spare to pay for his debt if necessary.

She was rich after all.

[Tiamat...]

[I will not interfere as long as I judge it's beneficial for him.]

Saying so, she cut the connection that was reading her thoughts by covering her own body with her dimension.

It was a little trick she learned. The territory of divine beasts and all demigods, in general, were based on taking a part of space and having control over it.

In a way, it was akin to receiving a house( territory) on a lease and having to pay rent(Faith coins) regularly to the landlord, aka the goddesses.

But the dimension was different. it entirely belonged to her and the goddesses had no power or control over it. They could not even enter it if she didn't wish to.

Another way to avoid the control or observation of the goddesses was entering the Abyss or doing the same as Anubis did and 'steal' rather than 'rent' a territory.

"Mother?"

"Do not worry."

Tiamat wasn't happy about what happened with Blaze, she really hoped that it was just the result of Fate or coincidence. Because if it wasn't...

\*Rumble\* \*Rumble\*

The ground sank and cracked, Kiyohime suddenly felt like a mountain was resting on her shoulders.

It only lasted one instant, but even for a king like her, breathing became so difficult she felt like she was going to pass out.

"I am sorry. I lost control."

"No, I am alright."

Rather than feeling upset, Kiyohime was elated. Dragons respected strength above everything. The stronger Tiamat was, the happier Kiyohime was.

Nothing more, nothing less.

[Gabriel's territory]

"Did you make a decision?"

"Yes, I have."

While Tiamat was discussing with Kiyohime, another mother-daughter discussion was taking place.

Looking at her daughter sitting on the bed, Nephthys made a difficult expression.

"It's going to be hard."

"I know."

"You might...No, you will face many tribulations."

"I understand."

"You might regret this day."

"Perhaps."

"You...You...\*Sigh\*. I am sorry for nagging so much."

A bitter smile spread on her lips. Now she understood what her mother must have felt back then when she left the territory with Anubis.

She didn't know if she was making the right decision. But, she knew that a bird would always leave its nest.

Rather than restraining the freedom of her daughter, what she should do as a mother was encourage her daughter and be there for her if something happened.

On the other side, Isis also threw a complicated glance at her mother.

Standing up, she walked toward her and gently hugged her, which surprised Nephthys briefly, though she immediately happily returned the hug.

"I am sorry for giving you so much grief."

Isis knew that she hadn't been on her best behavior when she initially heard about Sol. In fact, she had acted like a disrespectful spoiled child.

She had many logical reasons for her actions.

The stress from being isolated.



Missing her father.

Feeling like she was being controlled.

Rebellious age.

But in the end, all it boiled down to was that she acted like a bitch and a spoiled princess to someone who only wished the best for her and loved her from the deepest part of her soul.

This was made even worse by the fact that in the end, she decided to follow Sol of her own volition, making her earlier tantrum even more worthless.

Now, all she could do was apologize and act in order to amend herself.

Once they separated, Isis gave a bright smile, "Everything will be alright. We are going with Aunt Nent and we are going to use a direct channel. What could happen?"

If Sol was here, he would have face-palmed himself.

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

#### **Chapter 210: CH 189: I NEED YOUR HELP (1)**

\*Meow\*

Sitting cross-legged in a meadow, wearing a simple shirt and shorts that stuck to his sweaty body, Sol exhaled deeply before looking at the source of the disturbance.

"How are you, Sekh? Hungry?"

Gently patting the head of the white cat, Sol stood up and stretched his stiff muscles, each of his movements showing his perfectly sculpted body.

"Why do you need to sit cross-legged to meditate? Does the position change anything?"

"Well...Not really? I guess I do it because it looks cool?"

Sol coughed to hide his embarrassment at the incredulous stare Isis was throwing at him. What he was doing was basically his usual mana circulation training, but at a much higher rate than what Lilith or Setsuna had even advised.

During the fight against Rio, he had discovered how high his output could really become and he was training to become able to bring that level without much effort.

But did he need to sit cross-legged like some martial artist for that? The answer was no.

"Stop bothering him with your questions"

Chiding Isis, Nefertiti stood up with a towel in her hand and reached Sol to wipe out the sweat covering his face.

"Thanks."

Nefertiti blushed at his heartfelt thanks and shook her head in a hurry, "No, My lord, it's perfectly natural."

'How many times did I tell her to not call me lord?'

Sol sighed inwardly but did not correct Nefertiti this time. He knew that it was useless to continue. The time he had spent with Nefertiti might have been short, but it had allowed him to grasp her personality.

She called him Lord because she saw her life and everything that was her as now belonging to him.

Nefertiti was a very smart and skilled woman. But this wasn't her core trait.

If said nicely, she was extremely nice and accommodating.

If said rudely, she was a pushover.

The kind of person who would continue to follow an abusive husband thinking that he still loved her. This was also why she hadn't refused his wildest demands, such as having sex outdoor in the garden.

Truthfully, if Sol was a bad man, the end of Nefertiti would be very pitiful.

"\*Blergh\* Stop acting so mushy in front of me."

Isis made the action of gagging at the view of Nefertiti acting like an obedient wife. The first time she had witnessed at such a scene, she had been so unbelieving she had to have Sheherazade pinch her.

Learning that the two of them had hooked up had been quite a surprise, but that was the extent of it.

For one, the budding feelings she had for Sol weren't enough for her to feel jealousy. Their relationship was at an ambiguous level where they could be seen as less than lovers but more than friends.

On another point, the concept of harem was as prevalent and basically the norm in this world so it didn't come as a surprise.

In fact, she even felt somewhat proud, because even though he had a perfectly willing phoenix, the one he would end up signing his first contract with was her.

The first contract was extremely important for a human. Not just because of the advantages it brought, but also because of the possible negative impact.

After all, the capacity used for the first contract could never be taken back.

With her talent and power, she didn't know how much capacity points Sol would have to spend, but it wouldn't be a small amount and if by some chance, the two of them broke off, or if she died, he would never get back what he lost.

For him to choose her despite the risk showed that he had great trust in her.

"What? Jealous?"

Even though Nefertiti seemed embarrassed, Sol was not fazed and even caught Nefertiti by the hips before giving her a deep kiss.

"Shameless bastard! Sheherazade, Sekhmet, come with me."

This time, it was Isis's turn to be embarrassed. She huffed as she took away a struggling cat and giggling fairy with her.

While running away, she couldn't stop her face from flushing as the memory of how the two of them kissed kept replaying in her mind.

For a maiden like her, this scene had truly been a first for her. She could even feel her heart, beating widely in her chest.

Meanwhile, sitting on the top of her head, Sheherazade was grinning mischievously at this sight.

"Are you curious?"

"Heh?"

"I mean, don't you want to be kissed like..."

Sheherazade had her breath cut short as she was caught in a tight grip by Isis.

"\*Wheeze\* I...I am...Joking."

"Humph!"

Using a moment of distraction, she escaped from Isis' hand and exploded in laughter.

"I would have never thought that the great Isis was a shy maiden!"

"Sheherazade!"

"Bye-bye!"

Sheherazade immediately fled without looking back.

Stopping the kiss, Sol chuckled as he watched the skit between Isis and Sheherazade. Next to him, hanging in his arms, Nefertiti also chuckled a little.

She had always been a little biased toward Isis in the past. But now that she had spent some time with her, Nefertiti had to admit that while Isis wasn't perfect, she wasn't someone who should have to bear so much infamy and prejudice.

"Sorry, I covered your robe in my sweat."

"Hah...! It... It doesn't matter. Not at all."

Nefertiti waved her hands, trying to keep stoic. How could she tell him that she in fact found his natural body odor extremely erotic and wouldn't mind taking away his shirt?

'Calm down. Calm down. I can't show him my slovenly sight. What if he thought I was a pervert?'

Sol thought that he was somehow forcing her to do shameful acts, but how could he know that in fact, she found those acts very much to her liking. She even thought that it was a shame that Sol decided to tone down their tryst.

Their last outdoor session had been such a thrill. Just thinking about it made her feel like she was becoming wetter.

\*Huff\* \*Huff\* \*Huff\*

Nefertiti felt her heartbeats speed up and her feet trembled a little. She could even feel her nipple slowly stiffen.

“Nefertiti?”

“Hah? Yes?”

“Are you alright?”

Feeling the hand on her forehead, Nefertiti was shocked out of her daze,

“Yes! Yes. I am totally alright, I apologize.”

“No, no need to worry. So, what brought you here?”

Nefertiti always came to visit him as much as possible, but never this soon in the morning.

Nefertiti followed one step behind him, showing her deference to him. It was another thing Sol wanted to correct, but everything had to be done in step.

What he couldn't guess was that she was walking behind him, not only out of respect but also because only by standing behind him could she openly admire his whole body.

'I really should have worn underwear today.'

While thinking so, she still answered calmly.

“Lady Nent told me to decide a date in the coming day for the departure. She also said that she had heeded your request and that she managed to convince Lady Hathor to meet with you and discuss.”

“I see.”

At the mention of this business, Sol lost the mood to joke around and entered deep in thought.

This discussion was very important.

Before he left Lusturbg, Persephone had assured him that with the help of Medea and Camelia, she could most likely support Lilith for a month.

Since the flow of time in the Astral realm was currently set at 12:1, this means that he had twelve months to bring the means to heal Lilith. In theory, he could be said to have all the time in the world.

But if there was one thing that Sol knew and never forgot, it was that one should always hope for the best but prepare for the worst.

Fate was a bitch. This idea became even more cemented in his mind after his discussion with Nent about Fate.

In a way, Sol felt that the chances of someone close to him being fucked up was very high and the most vulnerable one currently was none other than Lilith.

What if Persephone couldn't succeed in keeping Lilith alive as long as she said?

What if an accident occurred?

What if the wings of freedom attacked Lustburg?

What if he failed Luxuria's test and couldn't form a contract with Isis?

What if it took more time to come back than he thought?

There were so many possibilities that it was mind-blowing.

Of course, Sol recognized that he could be worrying too much. Perhaps he was kicking a fuss for nothing.

But...What if he wasn't?

As such, Sol decided to be better safe than sorry. This was when someone came into his mind.

The third daughter of Gabriel — Hathor, the Immortal Phoenix.

Sol remembered his discussion with Isis back then before he met Nent[1]. Out of the four king-ranked Phoenixes. Hathor was the one recognized to have the highest Nirvana skill and was recognized as an extremely skilled healer.

Even if her skills weren't taken into account, the situation was tight.

Nefertiti's skills were pretty weak.

Even though the Nirvana of Isis was powerful, she still lacked experience and she wasn't king ranked. Using her skill on a powerful king like Lilith might backfire.

Nent had both the power and the skill, but she wouldn't follow them in the dragons' territory.

Nephthys was the queen and could not leave.

This only left Hathor and Neith, and the best choice between the two of them was self-evident.

This was why he hadn't left the Phoenix's territory yet until now. It wasn't just because he was busy rolling in the sheets with Nent and Nefertiti.

Now, the moment he had waited for so long had finally come.

If he succeeded...It would make everything much easier. He wouldn't be under the constraint of a time limit anymore. He wouldn't have the possible death of Lilith hanging above his head like a sword of Damocles.

'I need to succeed — No, I will succeed.'

A few moments later,

"I refuse."

'Welp, this isn't going well.'