

Hero King 211

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 211: CH 190: I NEED YOUR HELP (2)

[A few moments ago]

The meeting with Hathor was set to happen in her own city.

After seeing the beautiful city of Nephthys and the structured city of Nent, Sol had some expectations about what kind of city would be created under the orders of Hathor.

This was why, when he looked at the city from the sky,

“It’s...”

He was left speechless.

Floating next to him, Nefertiti winced. One thing to note about her was that her wings were different from the natural phoenix wings he saw from Nent. They were wings entirely made out of metal.

Nefertiti, while extremely talented, was not a perfect hybrid like Sol and Isis. She had inherited more from her charms, spirit, and metal spirit heritage than the phoenix one.

“It’s quite the sight, right?”

Trying to find the right words, Nefertiti let out an awkward laugh.

“I guess so?”

Sol did not really know how to describe this city. In the first place,

‘Could this really be called a city?’

Normally, a city would always follow a certain plan for construction and expansion. As such, looking down on a city from above would give a certain uniformity, be it with the roads or the architecture.

This wasn’t the case here.

Houses of different height and width with no uniformities. Shops where roads should be and roads where houses should be. The city was expanding on one side and leaving another side. Some places that could be exploited weren’t, and some places without enough space were overcrowded.

It was pure chaos and anarchism. In short—it was a mess.

Of course, if Sol had to be lenient, it wasn’t that bad. The only problem was when it was compared to the other cities in this territory.

“Is the city under Neit like that?”

Nefertiti shook her head, “Her city is the least inhabited and looks more like a fortress than anything else, but it’s pretty well under order.”

“I see...”

Sol wasn't just looking at the architecture because he had nothing better to do. As the supreme ruler of this place, this city was the manifestation of Hathor's vision. It wouldn't be wrong to say that looking at the layout of this city was the same as looking at her dreams or hopes.

From what he saw, Hathor did not seem to really care about the city or if she did, it meant that she was pretty bad at management.

"Well...Shall we go?"

"Sorry my Lord. I can only advance up to here. Hathor has only allowed you to enter. I will wait for you here."

Sol hesitated for a moment before nodding, "Okay. Her house, her rules. But don't wait for me here. Go back to your home. I will visit you when I finish here."

The way he eyed her up and down made pretty clear what he would do once he came back.

Flushing and blushing, Nefertiti nodded hurriedly before flying away.

She hoped he would come back fast. There were many new things she wanted to try.

While the city was the very definition of chaos and the inhabitants gave him the feeling of airheads with no worries, finding the palace of Hathor had not been complicated.

It seemed that even if they all had different personalities, their taste in houses was the same. Or perhaps, the one who created those palaces was Gabriel.

Slowly landing, he was surprised to feel only one presence in the whole palace.

[I was waiting for you. Follow my aura.]

'That's a king rank for you. Sending a whisper without even having to be close.'

Smiling wryly, he decided to erase any prejudice that might have arisen because of the shock her city brought him.

Even if this woman was the worst leader in the world, it wouldn't change the fact that she was powerful enough.

It took him a few minutes, but he finally reached what looked like a balcony with a great view of the city, though the city wasn't really a sight to behold.

Sitting there, with a table full of liquor facing her, a dark-skinned woman, whose attire only consisted of a white bra-like top barely covering her massive breasts and a white pair of panties to cover her intimate place, was looking at her glass with dissatisfaction.

'Well, I guess this is pretty normal attire here.'

He was already used to the way everyone was open about what they wore. Then again, with three suns above your heads and a desert below your feet, being modest and wearing heavy clothes was the least of anyone's problems.

Raising her head at his arrival, the woman gave him a toothy grin as she indicated the chair facing her.

Once he took place.

“What would you like to drink? As you can see, you have a pretty big catalog.”

He took a look at the many liquors whose name he didn't even know before his gaze landed on a particular bottle,

“This one.”

“Oh? Blue Pegasus. Good choice. Nent must have served you some beforehand”

“Indeed. She told me it was a wine created with special water from undines.”

“Yep. One of my greatest passions is making all sorts of alcohol. Though this one was commissioned by Nent herself. She is my greatest customer.”

Chuckling, she took the bottle and filled Sol's glass with the wine before doing the same with hers.

“Let's drink.”

Just as Sol put the wine in his mouth,

“So....I heard you bonned my sister and grandniece? Way to go, young man.”

Sol did not spit his wine. He had already received such startling news while drinking many times and now was ready for it at any moment.

Once he finished gulping down the wine, he answered, “I would not call it 'bonning', but your sister did indeed have a physical relationship.”

“Heh, you are calmer than I thought. This is a little disappointing.”

Saying so, she shrugged and seemingly lost interest in him, and began to test her wine with relish which was honestly quite curious for Sol.

After all, one of the most important reasons people drank was because of the slight buzz it brought. Some others even drank in order to completely smash themselves.

But it was different for divine beasts. Sol could not get drunk, and he was a hybrid.

"You must be wondering why I like alcohol so much even though I am a divine beast?"

"Was I that obvious?"

"Nah, your poker face is quite sturdy. It's just that everyone wonders the same when they see me drinking."

"The reason for that was because divine beasts were naturally immune to sickness and most poison. When drinking alcohol, the organism would consider it as a poison and purge it from their system."

"True and as a pure divine beast, Your immune system should be even stronger."

"Yes, but actually no. I have perfect control over my own body. I simply tricked my body into not recognizing alcohol as poison before a certain level."

"I see. So you can get slightly drunk but not outright so."

"Yep."

'Just how much does this woman love alcohol?'

"I love drinking. Drinking makes me unable to think. I do not like thinking. If I could, I would simply go hibernating like you dragons do."

She seemed a little dejected, her gaze dark. This was the gaze of someone with a heavy past and things she did not wish to remember.

Sol sometimes forgot it, but those phoenixes, despite their young appearance, were not simple women.

They were warriors, soldiers who participated in wars that lasted thousands of years.

The things they lost.

The regrets they carried.

It was something he could never imagine.

Shaking her head, the impish smile on her face came back as she looked at Sol.

"But enough of that. You didn't come here to listen to me prattle. Ment said that you have something to ask me. What is it?"

This was it.

This was the moment of truth.

"I would like to ask for your help in healing someone."

"Oh? Could you elaborate?"

Sol hesitated a little bit but, in the end, explained Lilith's situation.

If he tried to lie to her now, it would affect their cooperation in the future.

"I see..."

"..."

"Yeah. I understand the situation. If I use Nirvana and some of my skills, it would be possible to correct the defects of your aunt. Of course I would need to see her myself to be sure. Still, it's pretty guaranteed."

Sol was jubilant. More than even having the possibility to form a contract with Isis or forming a relationship with Nefertiti, this was the best news he got since coming into this territory.

"Don't be happy so fast. I am sorry but..."

"..."

"I refuse."

'Welp, this isn't going well.'

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Chapter 212: CH 191: YOU GOT A DEAL

The silence stretched after the swift refusal.

"Heh, you are calmer than I thought. I can imagine the gears turning in your little handsome head."

"Is it because she is a homunculus?"

Sol knew that Phoenixes, and divine beasts in general, hated or at least greatly disliked unnatural beings. Such as Isis or Lilith. He wondered if perhaps it was the reason?

"Nope. I don't really care about that unnatural vs natural shit or whatever. I mean, who decided it?"

"... Really?"

"Hahaha, I know. It was silly of me. I do know who decided it. Doesn't mean I have to like it. Why should I be forced to hate something or someone without knowing anything about it or them? Do you know what I hate the most?"

"..."

"Having my freedom stripped away from me. I will hate whoever I want and I will like whoever I want. No one gets to tell me what to do or what to feel."

Sol's eyebrows rose at the passionate speech.

"If that's the case...what is the problem?"

Hathor chuckled before taking another sip of her delicious wine.

"Do you know the second thing I hate the most?"

"..."

"Healing people on the verge of death."

Another heavy revelation hit Sol. A healer who didn't like healing.

Her eyes clouded as she took the bottle and gulped it down.

"I am a good healer, a very good one even. But I am not a goddess, you know? Sometimes I cannot heal no matter what I do. I mean. Even the goddesses aren't omnipotent, right? Otherwise we wouldn't have had to fight the stupid war."

"..."

"Do you know what it feels like to see a life slip through my hands while I am doing my very best to save them?"

Can you imagine my feelings as I face the hopeful family or friends and must announce to them that their loved one died, that I failed?"

Her chest heaved as she spewed the words that had stayed deep in her heart

Sol of course could not understand her pain. He knew that for many doctors, the first true lessons they needed to learn was that not everyone could be saved.

All doctors had to learn this lesson the hard way.

Sighing again, an easy going smile formed once again on her face, hiding her pain away.

"Anyways, I refuse. It isn't even like I am all that necessary. I am more of an insurance, right? The little Isis is pretty skilled with life and death. If you add Nent to support her, the healing will go well."

She had a good point. Sol had barely any reason to urge her. If everything worked out well, he would go to the dragon's territory, succeed the trial, form a contract with Isis, and come back home to heal Lilith.

Sol literally had absolutely no reason to ask anything out of Hathor, even more so since Hathor clearly wasn't interested.

But, he couldn't explain it. At first it was faint. He even thought he was being paranoid.

Now though, he was sure that he wasn't.

Something was telling him, literally screaming at him that no matter what — he had to convince her.

Otherwise, he might regret it for the rest of his life.

Sol didn't remember having any kind of foresight, but the last time he didn't listen to his instincts, he got ambushed by a vampire and a necromancer. He wasn't about to make the same mistake again.

This was why, leaning further in his chair, a determined light shone in his eyes as he said.

"Let's make a deal."

A few hours later, an exhausted Sol flew away from Hathor's palace and began floating high in the sky.

Above him, the moons shone a gentle light on the people on the ground.

Even from up here, he could see them down below, mingling and living their lives.

At the end of the day, be it mortals or magical creatures, everyone had to deal with their own problems. It didn't matter how high you stood up. The scenery might change, but it would still be essentially the same.

'Can I feel fate, or am I only being manipulated?'

Sol remembered the giggle he would sometimes hear in the past. They had stopped not long after he met the goddesses for the first time.

He knew that he hadn't imagined them. One didn't need to be a genius to deduce that the goddesses, or at least one goddess, had a great amount of interest in him.

Luxuria.

Sol bite his lips tightly. It was only after tasting blood that he understood that he had wounded himself.

'I hate that feeling.'

He could now understand why Nent and Hathor hated losing control so much.

Ever present and inescapable — Fate.

What was Fate in the first place? How did it work exactly?

"*Sigh* I am tired."

Sol closed his eyes and thought deeply.

In this world, not everyone was under the control of fate, at least he knew one of them who wasn't.

The thousands spell witch and one of the first three mortals to reach the level of demigod — Ambrosia.

That wasn't all. He had a connection with another one of them.

Isis' father and The Necromancer King — Anubis.

Sooner or later, he would get answers and for once, he really hoped that those answers wouldn't bring even more questions.

Watching the boy leave, Hathor chuckled as she looked at the now empty bottle.

"Why did you accept?"

Chills spread through the room as a woman entirely clad in silver white robes entered the room.

"Neith! Welcome, welcome. You should have come sooner. My best bottle is empty. It will take some time to make another."

"Answer my question."

The smile that was still on Hathor's face became cold.

"Hey, little shit."

The atmosphere in the room became heavy and sticky and the chill was driven away in an instant.

"This is the last time you are being rude to me. I am your big sis and I am not above spanking respect into you like I did in the past."

Neith flushed at the embarrassing and humiliating memory. At the same time, she exclaimed inwardly.

She had thought that her sister had dulled after all those years of drowning in alcohol and peace but it seemed that she was wrong. In fact, she felt like Hathor was even stronger than she was in the past.

'How is it possible?'

Divine beasts did grow over time. But there was always a limit to that growth. Hathor should have long hit her limits.

"So?"

The threat in her voice was unmistakable. It was clear that if she didn't answer in a way Hathor judged appropriate, she wouldn't escape a beating.

Gritting her teeth, she finally decided that lowering her head was far better than being completely humiliated.

"...I am sorry."

Instantly, the heavy atmosphere vanished as if it was a lie and Hathor showed a warm smile again.

"See? It wasn't so hard, was it? Tsk, tsk. Just because you are a recluse and a training maniac doesn't mean you should forget your manners, right? Now, sit. I am feeling like opening another bottle."

She hesitated a little bit before sitting down. She did not like drinking because she hated the taste of alcohol. Thankfully, Hathor knew that and served her a special blend that was sweeter than normal.

Once this was done, she finally asked what she was curious about. She knew that her sister had not acted as a healer in more than a few hundred years.

Refusing many proposals, even that of divine beasts or demigods.

Why then did she accept the plea of that young boy? Blessed or not, Dragon or not, it shouldn't have mattered for Hathor.

"You are curious, right? Well, we made a bet that really intrigued me."

"What was the bet?"

"Whether something would happen to him before he goes back to the mortal realm."

Neith frowned. This was a rather odd bet. Sol would be accompanied by Nent, one of the most powerful phoenix in the world.

Furthermore, once he entered the dragons' territory, he would be under the protection of the one of the strongest, if not the strongest demigod in existence.

What could possibly happen to him?

"It sounds crazy, right? A probability so small. How could anything realistically happen?"

Her smile became mysterious.

"This was why I made that bet. If anything happens to him, I will act. After all, if something does happen, it would mean that either it was a lucky guess, or..."

"He became able to read Fate."

Neith finished, bewildered.

"You got it. Hahaha! You know what it would mean if it's the latter, right?"

"..."

"Heh, from your expression, I am sure that you totally do. We might be able to assist at the birth of another singularity. One that would match the likes of Anubis, Echidna and Ambrosia."

She was seriously giddy, overwhelmed with happiness. After all—

"I hate many things. But, helping punching Fate in the face is definitely something I would be happy to do."

Neith looked at the happy smile on Hathor's face. The kind she hadn't shown in years and couldn't hear but ask, "What would happen if he was wrong? Above the bet I mean. What price will he have to pay?"

"Hmmm..."

Hathor put a finger under her chin before showing a mischievous smile,

"Guess."

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Chapter 213: CH 192: END OF AN ADVENTURE

"Nn~! Ah~!"

In a luxurious bedroom, an erotic scene could be witnessed while the moans of a woman echoed in the enclosed walls.

Lying down on the bed and watching the sexy mature woman jumping up and down on him, Sol leaned forward and suckled on her breasts, prompting her to moan louder.

The woman, Nent, feeling his shaft enlarge in her, knew that it was about time and began to accelerate until she felt him explode in her. The feeling of heat spreading through her was out of this world and she was really thankful to have taught him that spell that would eliminate all chances of her getting pregnant. Otherwise, she wouldn't be able to feel such bliss.

'Perhaps I should slightly adjust the teaching. Sex shouldn't be done for reproduction purpose only.'

Out of breath, her body covered in sweat, she leaned down and kissed Sol deeply after he took away his lips from her breasts, their tongues wagging a little war.

On the side, she could hear her granddaughter moaning while sitting on a chair not far away as she watched them having sex. Half naked, not only was she tracing the lips of her vagina with a light touch, but she was also pinching her own breasts.

'I wonder, is it the effect of her charm spirit blood, her true name, or the two combined?'

Nent really couldn't understand. While she loved the feeling of having sex and lightly getting dominated from time to time, she was far from drowning in it. For Nefertiti though, on the other hand, it was completely different..

In the first place, charm spirits were being initially born from the excess mana of Asmodeus. In a way, they were his indirect daughters, although he never admitted them.

Since Sol was Blessed by Luxuria, it wasn't impossible for a synergy effect to have happened between them. Either way, she hoped that Nefertiti wouldn't drown too much in those feelings.

Once they stopped kissing, Nent slightly backed off and looked down at Sol. Gazing directly in his beautiful blue eyes curved into a crescent because of the mischievous smile he was showing.

She could already feel him slowly harden in her again, sending tingling down to her nether region.

Turning around with a brusque movement, it was now her turn to be looked down on by him.

Gripping her tightly by the hips, she moaned out loud as another onslaught began. She initially wanted to ask him how his meeting with Hathor went on but...

'I guess I can wait for a little while.'

Splash

After a vigorous session of sex, the three of them found themselves in the large bathroom to wash off the sweat and other such suspicious liquids covering their bodies.

Hugging Nent and Nefertiti on his left and right, Sol really thought that he was in heaven.

Meanwhile, Nent, who felt like her hips were about to break, really wondered if she shouldn't find more partners for Sol. This young boy really had stamina out of this world.

"Now, are you willing to explain what happened with Hathor? Did she accept?"

Nent didn't have high hopes. Even though Hathor seemed to be the most easy going out of them all, she was, in reality, more stubborn than a rock.

Nent would have been willing to volunteer herself since it would help her meet her future sisters and become friends with them, but even though her Nirvana was one of the most powerful, she wasn't that skilled when it came to using it on others.

In fact, she never used it on anyone other than herself and she was also sure that aside from Gabriel and Hathor, basically no other phoenix was experienced in such endeavor.

She had only known Sol for about a month, but she knew how much he cared about his loved ones and how sad he would be if he were to lose one of them. This was why she had decided to give him a hand and solicit Hathor even though the chance of success was quite low.

"I succeeded."

"Don't worry, I will ask her to do me a favor later if...Hm...What did you say?"

"I succeeded."

Nent appeared a little dazed. She knew very well how her little sister was. It was really surprising for Sol to succeed so easily.

"Could you explain what happened?"

"Hm..."

Closing her eyes deep in thought, Nent thought about the explanations Sol just gave and it didn't take long for her to understand the possible implications and the reason why Hathor, who was previously hesitant, accepted such a bet.

At the same time, happiness bloomed in her. She knew that her bet was already partially successful, though she had never thought that it would go that far.

A Singularity and a Blessed could be said to be complete opposites — former rejected or used Fate, while the latter were the favorites of Fate.

In all the history of this world, the only Blessed who became a singularity was Echidna.

Sol was already talented beyond belief and it seemed like he was about to become even more so.

If she had slightly been hesitant about giving her body to him, now no such hesitation existed anymore. She was ready to stack everything on him if necessary.

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After this, Sol began to prepare himself for his trip, not that there was anything much to do.

Everything he needed was already sealed in his dimension since the day he left Lustrbug. It was a shame that he hadn't been able to use it but, from what he knew, Tiamat's control over her dimension was at another level and she should be able to let him activate his dimension without disturbing the defense system of her territory.

Right now, he was walking alongside Isis and Nephthys.

Now that he thought about it, it was pretty weird that he didn't have more contact with Isis. After all, she would become his companion if everything went well.

It should be a given to talk to her and at least straighten things out.

"So, tell me. Now that you are about to leave. How was your short stay in our territory?"

Breaking the ice, Nephthys asked while Isis perked her ears on the side.

'How was my stay?'

Sol looked up and thought back to everything that had happened since he came here. He was surprised to find that this short month had been pretty fulfilling.

This trip had been his first one out of his kingdom. From the start, it hadn't been easy, but he had learned many things and managed to mature a little bit. The short events that had happened were things that would follow him all his life and that he would never forget.

"It was pretty interesting. I regret not being able to stay longer."

Though, if he succeeded in the 3rd trials of Luxuria, he would learn the coordinate of the Astral realm. With them, once he learned how to travel through different dimensions, it would be easy to come back here if he wished.

Nephthys showed a gentle smile, "By the way, what about Nefertiti? Will she also go with you?"

Sol shook his head, "Initially it was the plan, but she suddenly decided against it. She said that she wanted to find her way and become more useful."

Last time, after his night with Nefertiti and Nent, Nefertiti had shown concern about how useless she was to him currently. Though Sol did not think she was, Nefertiti still felt a little inferior and decided that she wished to travel and grow stronger.

He could understand why, after all, while she didn't show anything, the fact that in the end he still chose Isis over her might have wounded her. Nefertiti might not mind lowering herself to please him, but this didn't mean she had no pride.

At the end of the day, she was still a talented woman who had awakened a powerful name.

Ishtar — The queen of heaven.

Sol had been surprised when she told him the name of her avatar. It was a top-tier one. He didn't know if the legend behind the name on earth affected the power of the Avatar here, but if it did, then she really hit the jackpot.

This was why Sol didn't stop her. Though he was a little sad that she wouldn't follow him.

Isis picked up Sol's gloom but didn't know what to say. She just hoped that everything would be alright for her. After all, while She and Nefertiti didn't really have a friendly relationship in the past, it changed a little nowadays.

Nephthys gave a calm smile on the side, "You shouldn't worry about her. Nefertiti is a strong girl. Furthermore, there is no way Nent would let her go without any protection."

Silence settled as the three of them walked calmly until a large circular golden portal could be seen. Next to it, Nent and Nefertiti were waiting.

Once the portal was in sight, Nephthys stopped and turned to face Sol.

"Sol, I won't bore you too much with useless words. I am putting my and my husband's greatest treasure in your hands. Isis is everything for us and I hope that you will not let us down."

"Mother!"

"Quiet! I am not talking to you."

Isis clamped her mouth shut. It was the first time her mother raised her voice at her. She understood that all she needed to do now was wait and listen. She was also curious about what kind of answer Sol would give.

Sol, on the other hand, was not surprised at this. No parents worthy of the title would be happy to leave their daughter in the hand of a perfect stranger.

"I will protect her no matter what the cost."

Sol was greedy and possessive. He knew that in this world, it was impossible to live without losing something or someone. But for him, once something landed in his hands, he would never let it go — no matter what.

His feelings for Isis might be weaker than those for his other women, but it didn't matter. Since sooner or later she would be his, then he would give her all.

"Humph! Mother. I am not some princess in distress. I don't need anyone to protect me. I can do it myself."

Even though she was saying so, it was easy to see that her face was completely flushed up until the tip of her ears.

Covering her mouth with the back of her hand, Nephthys let out a light laugh while the heavy feeling in her chest finally settled down.

It was on those words, and after giving a hug to a crying Nefertiti that Sol, Nent, Isis, Sheherazade, and the white cat, Sekhmet finally left the phoenix's territory.

For Sol, it was the end of an adventure and the start of another.

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Chapter 214: INTERLUDE 11: PHOENIX'S TEAR

"The world is a beautiful place..."

...was what she thought when she opened her eyes for the first time.

The infinitely changing white clouds floating above, the ultramarine-colored boundless sky, old titan-sized trees that gave off a sense of holiness, new sprouts filled with bursting vivacity.

Such forms of natural beauty went without saying, but even the great cities where mortals continued to struggle to live were filled with incredible beauty.

Of course, the world was neither gentle nor easy.

Rather, the harshness of just surviving was but a natural part of the world. Herbivores were eaten by carnivores, carnivores were hunted by humans, and humans were defeated by something non-human. Even those non-human things were defeated by something much higher in a hierarchy from them.

It was a cycle — A never-ending cycle.

No one could claim to really stand at the top of the food chain. The victors eventually turn into the losers, always faced with the despairing cruelty of the world.

There was evil, but for every evil, there was a greater good and vice versa. The cycle was everywhere. The world, oh so beautiful, was divided in a complete white and black, monotone background.

Everything had its own order and this was the reason behind its beauty.

Life rejoiced at being alive yet also struggled to remain alive.

There was neither beauty nor ugliness in that, but only earnest sweat and effort. As long as people continue to fight to reach their dreams — in other words, as long as they continue to choose to live...

The world would surely be eternally beautiful.

This was what she once thought.

When she fought in a war that spanned across space and time, watched her friends and companions fall in the embrace of the Mother Goddess one after another, or faced unholy beings.

Wounded, sad, alone, afraid, scared. Again and again, escaping from the jaws of death by the most minuscule of chance.

Even then, she never once gave up on hope and continued to advance, determined in her beliefs.

The titans did not scare her

The giants did not make her waver.

Even the horrors of the depth and the darkness swirling inside it, did not destroy her faith.

Her belief was ever firm.

She believed in the possibility of this world. She believed what she did was for the sake of 'good', and to vanquish 'evil'. She believed that she, as well as all the others, were born for some grand goal.

She was proud of who she was. She was proud of what she was and she was even more proud about what she had achieved.

Because this was her choice.

Because this was her own decision — Her freedom.

Her heart was left unshaken but...

When the war ended.

When she looked back at the trail of cold corpses, enemies and allies alike, she had left behind her.

She couldn't help but ask herself.

'Was it worth it?'

One year, ten years, hundreds of years later. She still continued to ask herself that question, never finding the answer she was looking for.

Until one day — seven hundred years ago

"Yahoo!! My name is Darwin! Gretel Darwin. I am a witch. Happy to meet you."

"H-hello. F-forgive my sister for her rudeness. Sowwy. I bit my tongue. *Ahem* My name is Hansel Darwin. I am a scientist... I think?"

A hyperactive girl clad in blue, like the color of the sky.

A shy boy wearing a white cloak and supporting an awkward smile.

Those two were her first true friends.

Even to this day, she wondered what would have happened if she had never met them.

Perhaps...No. Surely, many things would have been different from how they were now.

But, if she was asked if she regretted meeting them, then the answer would be obvious.

She would never regret it. If she was given the choice to meet them again, she would accept without hesitation.

Neither of them were particularly powerful. In fact, even for mortals, they were incredibly weak. Not even coming close to the Duke level.

She could have crushed them without even lifting a finger if she so wished but, in her eyes — they were true giants.

She loved them, respected them, admired them.

They represented all the good she thought should exist in this world.

Her world, which was slowly losing its light, was once again illuminated thanks to their existence.

This was how much they meant for her.

That was why-

“No.”

She could not understand.

“Why?”

She could not accept it.

“Why did it happen?”

She refused to believe it.

“*Hic* Hansel...Gretel...Please, please, I beg you. Open your eyes, listen to me. *Hic*”

Kneeling in front of their mutilated cold corpses, all she could do was shed tears as she kept nudging them, hoping for a miracle to happen.

Sadly, reality was cruel and miracles did not exist.

All she was left with were bitter tears as she realized a new truth.

“Ah...This world is truly ugly.”

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Chapter 215: INTERLUDE 12: DEATH PHOENIX

‘This world is rotten, dirty, and ugly.’

That was what she realized when she looked at the weeping souls in the river of Styx and gazed into their souls.

Chaos was inevitable in this world.

Pure good could not be achieved, and pure evil would break down. There would always be some evil in a good world. In the same way that a light always casted a shadow. That was why the world would continue to create ugly things.

Yes — this world was extremely ugly and rotten. Neither dyed by good nor fallen into evil.

“Father, if the world is like this, why do you protect it? Why don't you join Chaos?”

She neither remembered how old she was when she asked this nor what prompted this discussion.

But she would never forget the answer of her father as he gazed at her, his usually crimson cold and emotionless eyes filled with love.

“Because of you and your mother.”

Gently patting his head, he continued.

“Never forget. Even though this world is an ugly world filled with sins and under the control of some whimsical force called Fate, this world is still beautiful for the simple reason that my loved one lives in it.”

He smiled and hugged her, “I have been called by many names — Demon King, Necromancer King, Harbinger of Chaos, or even Rider of the Apocalypse. I have always hated this world and will still hate it for years to come...But, since I have you two with me, I am not willing to let this world get destroyed.”

“So...are you a hero?”

“Pfft! Hahaha! I am the furthest thing from what you could call a hero, nor do I wish to become one. You see...Heroes are indeed people worthy of respect. There's no doubt about it but more than anything, heroes are nothing more than glorified murderers willing to kill the few to save the many.

They will say nice-sounding words as a necessary evil to stop a greater evil. But, what they forget is, either way, it's still evil that wins in the end.”

Disdain was clear in his voice at the mention of the concept of hero.

“So you mean to say that all heroes are hypocrites?”

“All? I don't know. Perhaps out of here, there are really some heroes who can save everyone without sacrificing anything or anyone. It would be nice if such a hero could indeed exist.

But...one who stands as a hero for some would always be seen as a sinner for the opposite side. The moment a hero picks a side to protect, he stops being a hero and becomes just a weapon.”

Those discussions were pretty common between them. Even though she was nothing but a child, her father always talked seriously with her, always giving his opinion on the world and never dismissing her.

Sometimes, the two of them would even enter deep debates about things such as morals and religion. Of course, her father sometimes had very extreme views of the world.

“Why do laws exist?”

“Laws are created by the strong to control the weak and give some semblance of equality..”

“Does justice always win?”

“History is written by the winners and the winner is the one who represents justice.”

“The goddesses aren’t really good?”

“Those who stand at the top determine what's wrong and what's right. The goddesses are good because they won the war. If Chaos won, then she would have been good.”

“How are babies made?”

“*Ahem* *Cough* *Cough* Ask your mother when you will meet her next time.”

In the past, she did not really understand everything her father was saying. Mostly because she lacked the experience necessary.

But, on the day she reached the Phoenix’s territory, she understood everything.

As a necromancer, she should have been the most disgusting thing in the view of the other phoenix, something to cleanse — a stain in the world.

Even so, none of them dared to do so much as to even lay a finger on her.

Why? Her father once told her this answer.

“Kill one man, and you are a murderer. Kill millions of men, and you are a conqueror. Kill them all, and you are a god.”

Even though they hated her, they could do nothing because they were weak.

Even though they wished nothing more than to kill her, they decided to bend the rules because they were frightened.

When her father was weak, he was the number one enemy of the world and when he became strong, he was recognized as one of the pillars of the world.

This world was without a doubt rotten to the core.

But...

Looking at the back of this golden-haired boy that had appeared out of nowhere,

Gazing in his sun-like Soul filled with warmth and tenderness.

She thought back to the words her father once said and finally understood them.

Even if this world was ugly, even if it was filled with sadness, as long as it was filled with the people she cared for — it was worth protecting.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 216: SUN WUKONG

"What a monster."

Clad in her extremely revealing clothes and her usual purple Kimono, Shuten Douji gulped down in nervousness as she watched the horrific sight in front of her.

What should have been a large mountain range had been completely erased, and what replaced it was a giant pillar that seemed to reach the heavens.

While looking up, Shuten couldn't help but grumble inwardly,

If she had to be honest, she did not want to face that man. But, she had no other choice.

In this world, schemes were only useful when the disparity in strength between the two parties wasn't too large.

Even though she had many plans in her head, and managed to rally Kiku to her cause, Shuten knew deep down that nothing was settled.

All that because of one man—Sun Wukong.

An individual that broke all common sense and was publicly recognized as the strongest King-ranked individual. In fact, there were many rumors about him having reached the limit and being ready to cast aside his mortal shell.

Most people dismissed that information as mere rumors without any substance. The birth of a demi-god wasn't something that easy.

For the few who knew about the path to take, they could only shudder at the thought.

The path was one of no return. A king could stop his progress even if he had the qualifications to ascend. But, once he began the ascension, he had to cast away his body and fuse its remnant with his avatar in order to create a divine body.

If he succeeded, then he would be one step on the other side and all he would need to complete the process was to connect with a territory.

If he failed... There would be no then. Since it would mean a thorough destruction of body and soul, completely erasing his existence.

For this reason, even though some Kings did have the qualifications, few were willing to take the risk.

After all, King-ranked individuals already stood at the peak of the mortal world. Why would they court death?

But Shuten did not doubt one instant that those allegations were true.

From what she knew of Sun Wukong, he was a training maniac whose only goal was to reach greater heights.

"Wukong! Could you get down, please!?"

Her voice echoed a little before the large pillar began to shrink at a visible rate. In the place where the pillar stood previously was a pitfall so deep that, even with her sharp vision, she could not see the end.

The pillar contracted until it became as small as a needle that inserted itself, much like an earring, into the ear of Sun Wukong who landed beside the huge crater.

"Oh? If it isn't the exhibitionist grandma, why are you here?"

Raising an eyebrow, Wukong looked at her up and down before letting out a light laugh.

'Infuriating as always.'

"Monkey King, a pleasure to meet you. You are as handsome as always."

The nickname of handsome monkey was no joke, even Shuten had to admit that he was quite attractive physically. When paired with his power and influence, there was nothing to nitpick about him...aside from his personality that is.

"*Tut* Don't play this game in front of me, Grandma. Spit it out, how are you trying to scam me this time?"

"...I don't understand what you are talking about."

When Sun Wukong was far younger, Shuten was the one who found him and raised him until he became able to take care of himself.

This was also one of the reasons why Shuten could drink as much Monkey Wine as she wished, even though it was one of the most rare wines in the market.

'Who would have thought that the random kid I took pity on would become such a powerhouse?'

Fate was really a wondrous thing.

"You don't? Heh heh, so could you please give me back my gourd?"

The gourd on Shuten's hip was a treasure that was said to be able to swallow a sea. This was one of the few treasures Wukong had found while traveling, but she had taken it from him and used it as her wine gourd.

"Never!"

She put her hand protectively around the gourd. This gourd was like her lifeline. She could drink as much wine as she wanted and she could even put them in different zones in the interior of the gourd. Taking it away from her would be like taking her lifeline.

Sun Wukong simply shrugged and began to clean his ear with his pinky finger,

"*Sigh* Seriously though, why are you here?"

"Do I need a reason to visit you?"

"Of course you don't, the door of Mount Huaguo [1] will always be open for you. But, we both know that you wouldn't interrupt my training without a good reason."

The smile on Shuten's face slowly vanished and silence settled between the two of them. In the end, she sighed and asked,

“Did you receive the information about the attack on Lustburg?”

“The Wings of Freedom, was it?”

“That’s right.”

Even though the Wings of Freedom were terrorists, she personally agreed with their ideals. This was why be it her or Kiku, they had worked for close to two hundred years to make the Wratharis Kingdom into the Wratharis Republic.

Even though this was still far from her ideal, she had managed to bring a system where all voices could be heard and all tribes could stand at a more or less equal level.

She hated the system created by the goddesses. Even more so after what happened more than ten years ago.

The previous king had been a kind, benevolent, and most importantly, a skilled ruler.

Under his leadership, the kingdom that had always been plagued by internal and external wars began to settle down greatly and showed signs of growth and prosperity.

But, just because his brother suddenly got a blessing out of nowhere and mutated, the good king was dethroned and replaced by a tyrant that was putting Wratharis in jeopardy.

A despotic, arrogant, and stupid tyrant.

“You know, I love Wratharis. It is the country that sheltered my clan when we had nowhere to go. I shed blood and tears for this country hoping to bring it to the highest level. For me, Wratharis is my own baby, the crystallization of all my dreams and hopes. But now, some bastard pup is about to bring it to hell.”

The last part of her words was spoken with so much hate and vehemence that even Wukong flinched a little.

Oni were said to be cursed by love.

They gave their love easily, but never took it back. If you managed to obtain the loyalty of an Oni, then nearly nothing could make you lose it. At the same time, once an Oni became obsessed with something, nothing could stop them, not even the knowledge of certain death.

Taking a hold of her emotions, Shuten released another sigh before continuing,

“Since you know the situation in Lusturg, you should know how strong it is currently. If we go to war with them, even if the witches do not act, Wratharis will take irreversible damage and might get annexed by the elves or the demons.”

“I see. So you began pulling an alliance and are trying to sabotage Tiangou.”

Shuten nodded, prideful he might be, but Wukong was not an idiot. She had taught him all she knew about politics while raising him.

"You won't say anything like it's cowardly or anything?"

"Why should I? You are weak. The weak should use the way of the weak. There's nothing shameful about using smart to beat brawns, it's is what you taught me."

"You are right."

A proud smile formed on Shuten's face. As if she was watching her kid saying something great.

Shuten was a pragmatic woman. She believed in using the best solution possible for a given problem by using all ways possible. No matter how embarrassing it was, it would not matter as long as success was reached.

'Justice always wins because history is written by the victor.'

This was the rule by which she always lived.

"Since you know my goal, let me ask you...Will you be an obstacle?"

She asked with a calm expression.

"You know what I want very well. I do not care about Wratharis, nor this war. I don't even care about my position as Lord. All of those are burdens. But, in order to repay my debt to you, I killed the Tiger Lord and took his position as one of the Four great lords. Wasn't all this for a day like this one?"

A charming smile bloomed on Shuten's face.

"Thank you."

"Don't be. Once this war ends, I will resign from my position and explore the Astral Realm. All I wish now is to fight the Saint of Sword and affirm my way to pave the path toward ascension."

Saying so, Wukong turned around and lightly jumped. Then, with a cloud forming below him, he shot off in the sky, his destination unknown.

Now alone, Shuten could feel all the tension leave her shoulders. She had the support of Kiku and Wukong.

All she needed now was the answer of Lusturg.

"Soon, my dream will come true."

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 217: WITCHES' COUNCIL

[Witches' World, Salem]

Even though witches walked amongst mortals in the past, nowadays, they were far rarer.

It wasn't that their numbers diminished. After all, as long as a witch accumulated enough knowledge and grew in power, she could become functionally immortal or at least live a few centuries.

The reason witches were such a rare sight nowadays was that rather than staying and getting persecuted and rejected, they preferred to live in their own world. One that had been created by their one and only leader Ambrosia, the thousands spell witch.

This world was called—Salem.

If it had to be compared in size, Salem was as large as the capital of Lustburg, if not more.

Taking into account the fact that Lustburg's capital had been created to easily accommodate millions of civilians, for the witches that numbered in the hundreds, the space available was more than enough for all witches to create their own large castles, observatories, laboratories, and much more.

Those were also known as witch towers. The siege of power of any witch. Of course, even though they were called 'towers' they could take any form, to the point that some even looked like a normal house.

Some people thought that Salem was Ambrosia's divine territory, but it was not. No one aside from perhaps the four directions knew what Ambrosia's divine territory looked like.

Even so, Salem could be seen as a sort of pocket dimension created by bending the law of space and time in the mortal realm. It was a beautiful world filled with wondrous sights and exotic fauna. For the witches, this was their heaven. A sanctuary that could not be defiled.

If Sol could see this world, he would be surprised about how much it looked like a European city during the Victorian era.

Salem had four great organizations.

The Hunters, also known as the executioners, whose rule was to eliminate all witches that had gone astray.

The Judges, whose role was obviously to judge criminals or civil cases, and also decide if a witch had committed a sin great enough to be put on the hunting list.

The finance department had complete power over the funds and decided how to attribute it to witches who needed it for their projects. Those funds were given to promising but poor witches and would be taken away if the witch showed no results.

Finally, the council of wise women also known as the Council of Walpurgisnacht, convened regularly to establish the different regulations and take care of the everyday life of the witches.

[Walpurgisnacht Council]

In the center of the Salem, larger and higher than any other towers, stood proudly the cathedral of wisdom. In front of it was a large plaza where all witches could gaze at the sculpture of a beautiful woman wearing a witch hat on her head that hid her features and a large snake coiling around her. In her right hand was a large book.

Bowing slightly to the statue, a woman clad in an elegant long black cloak began a short prayer before walking toward the cathedral.

This was the center of command of all Salem.

Once she entered, all the witches that were busy stopped a short moment to salute her before continuing their works.

The cloaked figures whose features seemed to be shrouded in darkness did not answer as she walked steadily until she reached her destination—A room exclusive to the members of the council.

Even though Ambrosia and the four directions were technically the rulers of Salem, 90% of the decisions for everyday life were made by the council. In short, the five great witches represented the royal family, while the council represented the government.

In order to assure fairness, all council members always had to hide their features when in official duties, and of course, they could not divulge their identity during their terms.

The only ones that knew their identities were the five great witches.

Any witch that specialized in prediction and analyzing type magic or had talent in administration could be chosen by Ambrosia to enter the council for a term of fifty years.

Though there were no limits to the number of times a witch could be chosen to enter the council, a witch could never hold the position for more than two consecutive terms. After which she would have to wait for one hundred and fifty years before being eligible again.

The room was void of any decorations except one long rectangular table in the middle.

"Now that #10 is here, we can officially begin the session."

Even though all the ten witches were present, only four of them were physically present in the room. The others were just Astral projections.

Most witches who had reached a certain level would travel outside of the mortal realm by using their towers and travel without a fixed destination in order to discover more and increase their knowledge or obtain special resources.

The council was composed of twelve members, two permanent ones and ten non-permanent.

At the head of the table, a projection of Ambrosia sat steadily.

For the next few hours, the session moved normally.

The council's members discussed mundane problems such as the destruction of a particular dimension, the explosion of a star, ways to conquer and exploit some dimensions rich in resources, and so on.

This was basically how a regular session went by.

After all, while the witches were shunned in the mortal realm, they were powerhouses in the Astral realm and were respected and feared by many.

In the Astral realm, they were more known as Eternal Lilies because of their young appearances.

A nickname many witches absolutely hated, since it always reminded them of the fact that they could never look older than middle or high school students.

Even though the session was proceeding normally, all the members, even those not physically present, could feel an invisible pressure on their shoulders.

After all, it was extremely rare for Ambrosia to participate in a meeting more than once every one or two hundred years.

"So, for the last point in the program which was to decide whether experimentations on rock life form were ethical or not, after a vote it was decided that this would only be considered unethical if the rock showed signs of intelligence equal to that of an adult human. Any other questions?"

""None.""

"Then, Mother, I leave the rest to you."

Nodding to #1 who had been directing the session since the start, Ambrosia watched all her daughters before releasing a sigh.

"The topic of discussion today is a possible opening of the gate of Salem."

At her short words, silence befell in the room before it was filled with a cacophony of complaints.

"*Sigh*There we go again..."

"*Ugh*..."

"I vehemently protest!"

"Did one of four directions get tricked by a man again?"

"Why should we need to open the gate!?"

"... Outside... Scary..."

"*Groan* Why did it happen during my terms!?"

Even though their features were hidden, it was extremely easy to discern the displeasure.

Ambrosia gave a bitter smile at their reactions as she knew that it was perfectly normal.

Most of the witches present here were not alive during the last opening, but the great library, a special building that held all the history of the mortal realm, had obviously clear and detailed records about what happened then.

In fact, she knew that the only reason none of them flipped the table or cursed was because of her presence.

Of course, Ambrosia could simply force them to obey her order, but she would never do such things.

She had created the council for the well-being of the witches in general and not one in particular.

If she forced all the witches to listen to her just to fulfill the wish of Edea, it would without a doubt leave a seed of resentment in their hearts.

She would never pretend that all witches were equal. More powerful witches had better advantages, this was the natural rule of society and nature. But, she would not oppress the weaker witches.

After all, in her heart, they were all her daughters. She may have her favorites and they may not be related by blood, but it wouldn't change the fact that she loved them all.

In the end, their effervescence only lasted a few moments before all the council members took control of their emotions.

No matter how reluctant they were, they had to sit through the meeting and give their opinions.

They knew that Ambrosia had the absolute power of veto and could push through any of her decisions.

Thankfully, she was not a dictator and would explain the reasons for her decision.

"I am sure you guys are curious as to why I brought up this topic. But, I will not be the one to explain it to you."

They were confused for a short while before all of them turned their head towards the other end of the table, where another projection appeared.

Even though many of those present here were too young to have met her, they knew that the only one who could sit in this place was the second permanent member of the Council—Medea.

Since what happened to Medea was not any hidden secret, all of them were surprised for a short while. But, remembering what the topic would be about, they all scowled inwardly.

After all, the last opening of the gate had also been because of Medea, and the result had been catastrophic to say the least.

"Hello everyone."

""Welcome, Elder Sister.""

As weird as it sounded, the official title of Ambrosia was indeed mother, while that of the four witches was Elder Sister.

Observing this conference room she hadn't been in for so many centuries, Medea released a sigh before beginning to speak.

"The reason I want to open the gate is..."

...

...

...

What followed was a discussion that lasted more than a week.

None of the members were naive women and all of them fought for the best interest of the witches.

They argued and argued, using the law, the precedent case, or her inadequacy as a leader.

Even though some of their comments were hurtful, Medea did not mind them for they were right and never went overboard in their words—which hurt her even more.

Many times, she had been on the verge of crying when they showed her the number of victims her last decision had directly or indirectly caused.

Guilt and sadness filled her heart, but she held on and calmly explained her point, trying to convince as many as possible.

In the end, after a vote, the decision was taken,

"The final decision for the topic is to put it on hold for the time being."

No matter how eloquent Medea was, there was no way she could fight against the years of prejudice. But she at least managed to avoid getting the motion denied on the first try. Which was a win in her book.

What she had to do now, was to slowly win them over.

'When you come back, I will have a nice surprise for you.'

She smiled while praying for the return of her beloved.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 218: VOL 8/CH 193: BLUE DRAGON

VOL 8: THE DRAGON start

'Whooosh!

As always, the passage through the portal was near-instantaneous. It didn't take long for Sol to feel himself leaving the cold void and entering a completely new zone.

'Heavy.'

The moment he set foot on the ground, the first thing Sol felt was how heavy he suddenly felt. He didn't have clear numbers, but the current gravity seemed to be a few times higher than that of the mortal world or the Phoenix's territory.

It seemed like he wasn't the only one who felt a little uncomfortable since Isis was wobbling a little next to him.

'Salty.'

The second thing he felt was the taste of salt omnipresent in the air. This was followed by the sound of rushing waves and the caws of birds flying in the sky.

"So much water! and the land! It's floating."

Finally opening his eyes, Sol could only smile wryly at the surprised shout of Scheherazade, not that he couldn't understand her. After all, the sea was stretching as far as he could see. Furthermore, numerous floating islands could be seen in the surroundings.

Going from the desert to the sea was a little jarring, but there was nothing that Sol could do. Still, there was one thing that surprised him.

“It’s night? I thought that all the territories were synchronized time-wise?”

When they had left Gabriel’s territory, it was still the morning, or rather, there were still suns hanging high in the sky.

Nent, who had been observing them, shook her head, “This territory is called the Land of Eternal Night. More precisely, it’s the [Eternal Night under the Sea of Stars].”

Sol mulled and remembered that Tiamat’s personal dimension was called the Sea of Stars.

Looking up, his eyes widened and his heartbeat accelerated, all thoughts about the bothersome gravity completely vanishing.

If the sight of an endless sea and the floating islands had been surprising, then the beauty of the starry sky was something Sol could not even express correctly.

It was as if thousands upon thousands of fireflies were flying high in the sky and illuminating the world. Even the milky way could not be this beautiful. The stars were so numerous, that even though it was night, one could see as well as if they were in the morning.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The fear of the endless depth and the endless space were two of the most primitive types of fear humanity ever felt. There were no humans who never thought about how small and helpless they were in this vast universe.

At the same time, those two worlds far from the reach of normal people were the source of thousands of fantasies...dreams and nightmares alike.

Thump *Thump*

Sol was no exception to this rule. But, what he felt now wasn’t fear. In fact, far from it, he felt giddy, happy, and relaxed as if he had finally set foot where he belonged.

He could literally feel the entire world welcoming him and he knew that it wasn’t just a misconception.

“It seems like our ride came.”

Looking up at the direction Nent was pointing, Sol was surprised to see a flying ship slowly advancing toward them.

No matter how he looked at it, that ship was no different than those used to travel the sea. It was a large ship made out of wood with a black flag and white skulls drawn on it.

Sol couldn’t help but tilt his head.

“Are you sure it’s our ride? This seems more like a pirate ship.”

Nent’s smile cramped on her face and she coughed to hide her embarrassment.

Chuckling, Sol ignored her and focused on the flying ship.

‘Sigh. So now I am facing pirates? Don’t tell me that One Piece exists here?’

“Hum...I don't mean to sound alarmed...But they are pointing their cannons at us, right?”

Sheherazade, who sat on Isis' shoulder since flying was rather difficult, now asked meekly.

“Yep. They are.”

“Humm. Then shouldn't we do something? You know, right? Some pow and boom and bam and caput. Pirates are finished.”

Sheherazade asked while looking at Nent. After all, she was the strongest currently and technically their chaperon.

“What do you think, Sol? Should we deal with them?”

Sol frowned a little unsure. After all, he didn't really know what black flags and skulls meant in this place. For all he knew, those signs could be the insignia of the police or something of the like. Still...

“Since they pulled out their canons, let's destroy the ship. We never know what kind of surprise it could bring.”

‘Underestimating an unknown enemy is the straight path toward death.’

Sol even wondered if it was some kind of test. But he hoped it wasn't.

Otherwise, it would really irk him.

Thankfully, he was soon shown that it wasn't a test.

—

On the ships, “Captain! The canons are ready!”

“Good. The prey seem to be high class. Perhaps the members of some aristocratic family had a shipwreck. I am sure they will sell for a large amount of Vira.”

The captain, a human-looking man wearing sailor clothes and a large hat on his head with the logo of his ship grinned hideously while encouraging the members of his crew to prepare the cannon.

For those who had little experience in sailing in the sky, shipwreck was a common conclusion and a way for pirates like them to get some coins.

It was even more necessary now since the governors of the sea were increasing the minimum protection fee small-time pirates like them had to pay.

“Anyways, be careful. You never know, perhaps one of them is a Duke.”

The crew laughed out loud,

“The captain is as careful as always!”

“Hahaha! A duke? Why not say that one of them is a King?”

“Pffft! Or perhaps a Dragon!?”

The laughs increased because of how ridiculous the worries of their captain were. This place was so far away from the central power that even seeing a Count level would be a miracle. Even more so since it was impossible for a ship with a Duke class in it to get wrecked.

The captain wasn't angered by the laughter. He knew himself that what he said was completely ridiculous. It was just a habit. It was clear that he was worrying for nothing.

Furthermore, he had just equipped his ship with the latest shield edition. It was said that it was strong enough to take a few blows of a Duke head-on before breaking. At least this would give them enough time to flee in case things went astray.

The said shield had cost them all their savings and this was another reason why they needed more money urgently.

Putting his worries to rest, he focused on the three targets on the small floating island and was about to threaten them and make his demands clear.

But...

"YOU DARE!"

ROOOAR!!!

A majestic roar shook the air as a twenty meters long blue dragon appeared and jumped out from the sea to the sky, casting a giant shadow by eclipsing the light of the stars.

"D-d-dragon!! A dragon!!"

"Pull back! Fucking damnit!"

The scene froze for a very short instant before the pirates woke up and shivered in fear while screaming.

They didn't even hesitate one instant and turned their ships around in order to flee while praying that the dragon would spare them.

They had no thoughts about begging for their lives. They understood already that the ones they were about to attack were related to the dragons. It meant that negotiations was already out of the table.

Dragons did not negotiate with ants after all.

They managed to flee like this for four or so kilometers and since they were already quite far, the captain speculated that the dragon spared them because it couldn't be bothered to deal with shrimps like them.

But, just as he was about to relax, he suddenly felt a chill as all his instincts began to scream death.

"Active the shield!! Full power!"

<<Dragon roar>>

The instincts of the captain were spot on as, the moment a spherical energy shield formed around the ship, a laser beam made out of pure energy seemed to split the sea as it rushed toward them.

The captain had his heart in his throat, hoping that the shield would stop or at least diminish the power of the beam but sadly for him and his crew...

BOOM!!!!

The shield did not even manage to last an instant before it was erased alongside the entire ship and all those on it.

Once the explosion abated, only dust was left.

This was how yet another pirate crew vanished on the unforgiving sea.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 219: CH 194: BROKEN RELATIONSHIP

‘This is a true Dragon Roar...’

Looking at the light ray that completely obliterated the fleeing ship and reduced it to nearly nothing, Sol could only stare in awe.

From the moment that dragon appeared to the moment everything ended, only a few seconds went past but it was enough to subvert the world view of Sol.

Tearing away his gaze from the scattering dust, Sol focused his attention on the massive beast flying a little above them.

It was a beautiful snake-like dragon, more commonly known as Oriental Dragon. It had deer-like horns, a long serpentine body, and flowing whiskers. The blue scales covering its body were reflecting the light of the stars, giving it an awe-inspiring appearance.

Once the dragon was seemingly satisfied with its job, it nodded and, with a flash of light, vanished.

What replaced it was a petite blue-haired girl wearing silver arm and leg guards as well as a blue skirt with a blue top. If Sol didn’t see her transform firsthand, with her appearance and her unicolor, Sol would have thought he was facing a witch.

“Hello everyone. I am Kiyohime, though everyone simply calls me Kiyo. Happy to meet you.”

This was Sol’s first official meeting with a dragon.

‘So this is my nephew.’

Kiyohime looked up and down at the sole man in the little group and frowned a little.

‘He really looks like that man.’

Kiyohime did not like Mars. In fact, most dragons did not like him. His ways and actions were simply too different from the rules and personalities of the dragons in general. It didn’t help that Mars was the indirect cause of Blaze’s death.

Though she died in an honorable way by fighting a worthy foe, it did not take away the sadness they all felt at her death.

For Sol who looked so much like his father, the amount of resistance he would face in the tribe would increase by two or three times at a minimum.

'Well, at least, I hope that the similarities are only physical.'

Shaking her head at the thoughts, she began to introduce herself.

"Hello everyone. I am Kiyohime, though everyone simply calls me Kiyo. Happy to meet you."

It was only after doing so that she began to observe the little team behind him and she was astonished by what she was seeing.

'Nent? Anubis' daughter? A fairy and a...A cat?'

The last one seemed more outlandish than anything else, but aside from it, the rest were quite an interesting bunch.

There was nothing to say about Anubis's daughter. As for that fairy, Kiyohime could recognize her as one of the members of the Springs Court. The cat was just a cat, though it seemed to be a little unusual.

The only problem was...

"What are you doing here? I think I was pretty clear five hundred years ago. Only Hathor is allowed to enter our territory."

Her expression became frosty the moment she finally recognized the woman accompanying Sol.

An imposing aura filled the atmosphere suddenly. It was as if they were in the face of a famished predator ready to tear them apart.

Sol could instinctively recognize what it was.

<<Dragon Fear.>>

Even while facing such a pressure, Nent's easy-going smile did not slip as she shrugged.

"Your face is as grumpy as always, Little Hime."

"Do. Not. Call. Me. Like. That. You already lost that right long ago."

An expression of pain flashed in Nent's eyes, but it vanished so fast that no one could see it.

What replaced it was a taunting sneer.

"If you aren't happy, then talk to your mother. She is the one that allowed me to come."

Kiyo's eyes flickered, deep in thought.

With her current authority, chasing off Nent was no problem. But since her mother was the one that allowed it, she might destroy some of Tiamat's plans by acting rashly.

She groaned a little, torn between the choices, but in the end, her sense of duty triumphed over her personal duty.

"I see. Do not forget that you are unwelcome. Be sure to not give me chances to expel you... As for the child of death..."

She frowned as she looked at Isis. Like any divine beasts, she had no love for necromancers. This was even more so because necromancers had the bad habit of searching for dragons' corpses to use as material for their undead.

Though she had never officially met Isis, she knew very well who she was. In the end, she decided that she would only decide after observing the situation more closely.

After calming a little, a gentle smile replaced her earlier expression when she faced Sol.

"My dear nephew, I am really happy to finally meet you."

Though she didn't really like how Sol's appearance reminded her of his father, she liked his eyes.

They showed that the dragon's blood was strong in him and she hoped that it meant his personality would be to their liking.

Sol, who had been observing the situation, nodded and returned a smile.

He had been a little surprised at the vehemence she showed after meeting Nent and couldn't help but wonder what kind of grievances they shared but...he could satisfy his curiosity another time.

"There are many things that I need to tell you, but this is neither the place nor the time for such a discussion... Hum, are you able to fly?"

She had asked out of curiosity because most hybrids had a hard time manifesting wings and had no way to fly.

If it had been the case, she would have been forced to transform into a dragon and take him in her claws to fly with her. There was no way she would let him or anyone for that matter, ride on her back.

"Excuse me. I have a question."

"...Hum?"

"Tiamat, Or should I call her grandmother?"

"Tiamat is good, or call her big sis. She hates being called grandmother."

Aside from her direct children, all the other dragons could only call Tiamat by the title of Supreme Dragon or Dragon Empress.

But she knew how fond Tiamat was of Sol, even though she didn't even meet him.

Kiyo felt a little bitter, but she was already used to this feeling since it was the same when Blaze was alive.

Tiamat was someone who could be extremely strict to some while she would spoil others to death.

Sol on the other hand was a little taken aback about why he should call his grandmother, big sis but remembering how Gabriel looked, he had to admit that calling someone like her as grandmother would always feel weird.

“...That is weird, but anyways... My question was why didn't she just teleport us to wherever she is?”

This is what he couldn't understand. Even Gabriel, who didn't have full control of her territory could teleport control the space in it.

For Tiamat who was not only the most powerful divine beast but also a dimensional mage, it should have been a piece of cake.

Kiyo cringed a little, it was a perfectly legitimate question, but explaining the reasons currently was so embarrassing.

She couldn't really say that her mother did all this just to show off and brag about her territory to her grandson, right?

It would be a total humiliation. Even more so if she had to say it in front of Nent. But she wasn't the kind to lie either. That's why...

“*Ahem* Mother wishes for you to see the territory as it is now and to observe everything carefully in order to open your eyes.”

...She chose her words carefully to express the whims of her mother and changed them into something far more respectable.

Sol felt like something wasn't quite right, but couldn't pin point his finger on the matter. He also ignored the snickering Nent.

In the end, he decided that he didn't care for now as it was something unimportant. The most important thing now was to meet this grandmother of his.

“Then, which direction are we going?”

He looked all around him, though since they were in the middle of the sea, all directions looked the same.

Kiyo gave a meaningful smile as she raised a finger and indicated the sky,

“She is at the top of the Nine Heaven.”

[Phoenix Territory]

“Stop gazing at the place. She is gone now for her adventure.”

Nephthys showed a bitter smile at the remonstrances of her mother.

“I am not just worried about my daughter. I wonder if it was really a good idea to send Nent rather than Hathor. You know that her relationship with the other divine beasts isn't exactly harmonious. It is even worse with the Dragon Queen Kiyohime.”

After the events of seven hundred years ago, Nent's personality had greatly changed and she slowly began to alienate herself from everyone, her previous war buddies included

She even caused many little incidents that made it so that she, who was initially the ambassador of the Phoenixes in other territories, was banned from entering them. The one who replaced her was Hathor. After all, many divine beasts owed their life to Hathor.

Gabriel showed a sad smile, "This is exactly why I sent her. You should have noted it, but since she got into a relationship with Sol, her obsession settled down a bit. I was hoping that she could mend her relationship with Kiyohime now."

Back then, Nent and Kiyohime had formed the best team on the battlefield. When the two of them fought together, they were basically unstoppable.

She didn't know if they could regain their previous relationship, but she hoped that at least, they could once again become friends.

'I guess everything will depend on Sol.'

Gabriel laughed lightly. She wasn't that worried. Sol had many deficiencies and he was still relatively weak. But, when it came to soothing women, that boy was already at god level in her opinion.

She really wondered how many divine beasts he would conquer by the time he leaves the Astral Realm.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 220: CH 195: DIFFERENCE IN PERSPECTIVES

Sol had been a little lost when Kiyohime talked about the nine heavens, but it didn't take long for him to understand.

When setting up her territory, Tiamat had taken inspiration from the structure of the universe and divided her territory into nine layers—The Nine Heavens.

The first three Heavens were accessible to anyone. Even pirates with powerful enough flying ships could reach the third heaven.

The next three Heavens were only accessible to powerful spirits, elves, and subordinate families acknowledged by Tiamat.

Those families could be said to be somewhat noble since most of them were descendants of people who fought with Tiamat in the past - descendants of the true heroes.

Following this was the Seventh Heaven, home of the young dragons.

The Eighth Heaven was the home of the nine, or rather, eight children of Tiamat.

As for the very last heaven, it was obviously the residence of Tiamat.

It was only after hearing Kiyohime's explanation that he understood how incredible it was for him to have the permission to meet Tiamat.

At the very least, until now, there were only a very small number of dragons, aside from the first nine, that had been allowed to reach the ninth heaven.

“Well, that’s all for now. Of course, I left some little details, but you will slowly learn them while acclimating. Do you have any other questions about the nine heavens?”

“No, thank you.”

“Do not worry. This is my duty.”

Kiyohime patiently explained the situation to Sol. For one, she was used to teaching and she also knew that Sol really lacked a great amount of information.

“If you are ready, shall we go?”

“Are we going to fly up there?”

Kiyohime was a little startled at the question but she chuckled when she finally understood the misunderstanding,

“Haha, no. It’s totally impossible to reach the different heavens through flying. Mother had distorted the space upward so even without counting the ward, people would simply become lost and wander without ever reaching the destination.

‘Tiamat is really incredible.’

The more he heard about her power, the more he understood just how truly impressive she was.

“Follow me. We will have to fly for a while, but once we reach our destination, it will be easier.”

After a rather strenuous flight, the reason being the increased gravity, a tired Sol and an exhausted Isis finally landed on land.

“Is this...a tower?”

Isis, who had mostly stayed silent, asked after gathering her breath and wiping away her sweat. Since coming here, she had been exposed to one wondrous sight after the other, but this one completely took the cake.

All around the tower, people could be seen mingling and entering different doors of the tower after paying a fee but that wasn’t what shocked her.

The tower was tall, so tall that even with her special vision, she could not see how far up it went.

Furthermore, from her point of view, it seemed to be like this tower was supporting the very fabric of this world.

Kiyohime didn’t want to speak too much to Isis, but she wasn’t one that could accept being rude to someone who was polite. She could also see that Sol was curious about and as such had no reservation.

“This...is the tower of Babel.”

“What!?”

“Why do you seem so sho—oh! Indeed, I do remember that you also have one in Lustburg. That tower is a copy based on this one right here.”

Kiyohime easily dismissed Sol’s concern, after all, it was impossible to compare the two towers,

“The tower of Babel is a tower created by a group of mortals who did not accept the separations of different heavens. Their goal was to reach the highest heaven through their own means. We wanted to destroy them because of their sacrilegious thoughts, but mother stopped us. She even took away the spatial restrictions just to see how far they could go.”

Kiyohime looked at the tower with emotions.

“Back then, we thought that it was just a way for her to pass time. We looked down on the stupid mortals because we were sure that they would fail. We even made a game out of it. Most of us bet that they would fail without even reaching the first heaven.”

Kiyohime blushed when she thought about her past personality and actions.

“Of course, we couldn't laugh for long. One generation, two generations, three generations. Again and again without ever stopping. Parents passed down their dreams to their children, and once those children became parents, they did the same to their children. How long did it take? By the time we understood what was happening, they were already past the Fourth heaven. In the end, they managed to reach as far as the Seventh heaven, and as a reward, mother helped them finish the last two floors.”

Kiyohime remembered the dumbfounded expression she and her siblings had when they witnessed that scene. The fruit of the obsession of mortals.

“That day, mother made us understand two things. The first was that there was nothing wrong with being prideful, but one should never underestimate anyone even if they were of humbler origins. In this world, even an ant would bite an elephant if it was threatened. As for the second one...”

This time she shook her head, “She said that struggling was the destiny of the weak, but if the weak manage to overcome all those struggles, then it was possible for them to rise even above the so-called strong.”

That day was the first time she felt how small and how shameful all her previous actions had been. She understood that there was no pride to be found in one race or in one birth. Those things were nothing more than useless titles that were obtained because of pure luck.

Only those who rose above their own stations, those who desperately held on even against the mighty waves of fate and always stood back no matter how many times they were knocked down, had the right to feel Pride.

This did not mean that only the weak who became strong should feel pride.

The same went for those who were born strong. As long as they continued to advance. As long as they did not stay content by leaning on the glory of the past. Then and only then could they stand tall and full of pride.

While explaining the story behind the tower, Kiyohime was observing Sol and the others’ reactions.

This wasn't the first time she was retelling this tale. In fact, she had told this story to basically all generations of young dragons. This was a way to slowly knock down their useless pride.

She was satisfied by the expression Isis and the fairy were showing, even the cat seemed shocked. Though it was odd how expressive a cat, even if it was a magical beast, could be.

This was also why she was a little disappointed when she perceived no awe nor respect or admiration in Sol's gaze.

'It seems like he is a difficult case.'

Kiyohime jumped a little early to the conclusion. Of course, it was hard to blame her. From an outsider's perspective, Sol was a prince who had been pampered since birth by the most powerful women in the world and had one of the highest pedigree in the world.

He wasn't born with a golden spoon, but with a spoon made out of all the most expensive jewels in the world and some more. The fact that Sol did not seem like an asshole was already a big plus in Kiyohime's opinion.

Of course, if Sol could hear her thoughts, he wouldn't know whether he should laugh or cry at the misunderstanding.

After all, Sol came from a world with no magic where humans literally walked on the moon and brought objects into space.

A world where, with a single push of a button, a man with no magic could bring more destruction in the world than anything most Duke or King-ranked individuals could ever dream to do.

Only the goddesses and other reincarnated people could understand the true potential of mortals more than Sol. This was why his gaze held neither awe nor admiration.

Nent on the other hand was watching this tower with pure derision. The words and actions of Tiamat were commendable, but they were hiding an ugly truth that Kiyohime had seemingly overlooked.

All that crap about potential or whatnot was only possible in the first place because Tiamat had relaxed her own ward and gave them permission. Otherwise, no matter how many generations passed, they would have never gone past the third heaven.

Even then, they reached their limits, and only after Tiamat helped once again were they able to finish the last two floors...and all that for what?

Generations after generations of pain and sacrifice...all of this to end up as a simple moral lesson for future generations of Dragon.

When she looked at the tower, she did not see how full of potential mortals were, but rather how helpless they were in the face of superior power—Like how divine beasts were helpless in the face of the goddesses' whims.

'How laughable.'

Keeping her thoughts to herself, Nent took Sol by the arm and walked toward the tower,

“We have wasted enough time. Sol, this tower will bring us directly in our direction. Let's make haste. I don't believe Lady Tiamat likes to wait.”

Kiyohime bit down her lips at Nent's action but did not comment for she was right. As such, while people kept 'furtively' stealing glances at them, the small group moved forward.

Kiyohime rarely used her human form when walking in the lower heavens because of how petite and unimposing it was. Still, the aura radiating from her as she walked was enough for any passerby to understand that they shouldn't mess with her.

Like this, after entering the tower and reaching what looked like an elevator, Kiyohime entered a secret code using the display on the side of the door and finally hit the button with an 8 on it.

“We will enter my palace on the eighth heaven and I will settle you there. Only Sol can go to meet mother.”

Isis wanted to complain, but she was stopped by Nent. Even entering the 8th heaven was already an honor and an exception so it wasn't wise to complain.

Still...

'Tiamat is really spoiling her grandson.'

She couldn't understand why. No matter how loved Blaze was, it shouldn't have been enough for Tiamat to love and spoil Blaze's son that much.

It wasn't as if he was her first grandson and he would certainly not be the last. She even had a bunch of great-grandchildren and great great-grandchildren.

'Is she also investing in him like I did?'

This was the most likely case...Or perhaps she was reading too much into it and Tiamat was really just spoiling her grandson?

'Well, it isn't like what I think will change anything.'

She did not care what goals Tiamat had for Sol as long as it wasn't harmful to him and didn't foil her own goal. She had become quite fond of Sol after all.

Trivia: There are many other types of dragons in Chinese myth. Like bruh. There are basically 100 types of dragons in Chinese myth and I don't even know if it's all of them.

For example:

Huang Long: The yellow dragon, the first of all dragons.

Tianlong: Sky dragons that live with the gods.

Shen Long: A spirit dragon that controls the weather.

Dilong: An earth dragon that lives underground.

Fucanglong: Underground guardians of hidden treasures and places of powerful energy.

Nie Long: An evil dragon that brings destruction.

Jiaolong: Crocodile dragon that can change form.

Panlong: Snake-like river dragon.

Feilong and Ying Long: Winged sky dragons.

Qing Long: The Azure Dragon symbolizing the East.

Long Wang, Dragon Kings who rule over the waters.

If Sol had to be compared, he would be the Qinglong which means “light dragon”. It is a dragon said to be associated with the sun's power and the spiritual life force of sunlight, or Zhulong also known in English as the Torch Dragon, a giant red solar dragon and god in Chinese mythology. It supposedly had a human's face and snake's body, created day and night by opening and closing its eyes, and created seasonal winds by breathing.