

Hero King 231

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 231: CH 206: 4TH CIRCLE OF HELL (2)

A few hours later, Sol was sitting in an abandoned cave.

Next to him, tied down to a rock, were the remains of the insectoid-like monsters.

"Hum...do you have anything else to add?"

"P-please...Kill me."

The chaos spawn spoke in a significantly weaker and low voice, compared to the vigor it showed in the beginning.

Since the moment it had been captured by Sol, it had been under constant torture as Sol explored all the possible ways to hurt it, also obtaining intelligence about the power structure of the 4th Circle in the process.

Even though the chaos spawn had been used to scenes of carnage, those few hours had been the worst of all his life and the only wish it had was to be put to rest.

"Damn. The way you talk...it's as if I am the bad guy."

Sol sighed inwardly, eyeing the monster.

'Should I send it to my dimension and see the results?'

Sol hesitated a little. He was really curious to see if his dimension could inverse the feeling of these monsters.

'I will ask Kiyohime first when I meet her.'

Now wasn't the time to experiment with something like Chaos Spawns. He didn't know how territories were stained by Chaos and it would be wise to not take useless risks until he had clear information.

"Well, I guess you are indeed useless to me now. "

For that monster, Sol's words were heavenly – so much that Sol was even sure that it was tearing up in joy.

Focusing on his hands, Sol's nails slowly sharpened until they were as long as small blades and he plunged it in the chest of the monsters before swiftly retrieving them.

Aside from the blood and gore, he procured a small scarlet orb which he proceeded to destroy. The monster began to slowly disintegrate until not even dust was left of it.

Looking at this sight, Sol showed no joy. There was only a cold and calculating light in his eyes.

'This might be somewhat difficult.'

During the short interrogation session, Sol had discovered many things.

One was that, while high-level chaos spawn like this one had organs close to that of mammals, such as a brain, heart, lungs, and others, those organs were in a way more of a decoration as they were useless.

Destroying the brain would not stop them from thinking. Piercing the heart would not kill them. They did not have the need to breathe either. In short, they had apparently no fatal points and could regenerate any wounds.

Even after cutting all their limbs, pulling their tongues, piercing their eyes, decapitating them, or dicing them into pieces.

The only true weak point they had was their core. Something that formed once they became close to the Duke level. Only by destroying their cores could they be completely killed. But therein lies the problem.

The emplacement of the core was only known to the spawn. This would mean that even just fighting two or three such creatures would be a monumental pain in the ass and would change into a fight of attrition. Fights that Sol would lose, since they could absorb the mana in the air way more easily than him in this stained environment.

‘Thankfully, they are sentient and feel pain.’

They could feel pain, fear, joy, and a plethora of feelings. At least the situation wasn’t completely grim because of that.

Standing up, Sol took off the completely bloody clothes and changed swiftly after wiping the blood off his hands and face.

Opening the map, he compared the information he received and traced the shortest road toward his goal. After all, his goal had never been to fight and kill everything in this circle. All he needed to do was to reach the safe zone created by Kiyohime and that would be it.

Sol was the kind of person that would stop playing a game as long as he finished the main story and the minimum required side quests when he was alive.

‘Currently, I am in that Lord Dordonii or whatever territory. Passing through without alerting him is impossible. After that, I will have to pass through the territory of Lord Drachmae and finally, Lord Liya.’

“Well, time to leave.”

Sol briefly considered using his dimension to finish everything. If he so wished, he could bypass all blocks and reach the main target directly.

But he soon discarded the option. Things that came too easy were not cherished. This was a great opportunity for him to hone his fighting skills and increase his strength. If he simply avoided all obstacles, he would reach his goal, but he would ultimately fail.

He had to remember his goal for entering this place — Training.

That was not all either. A competitive spark flashed in his eyes. He wanted to see just how he would fare when compared to other elite young dragons.

Sitting on a large throne made out of stone, a creature entirely clad in armor addressed two of its subordinates.

“Kert. Prepare the legion. It seems like we have an intruder. I lost all contact with Derk. He must have been erased.”

Kert, who was another insectoid-like monster, nodded before leaving.

“Merk, you are the fastest under my order. I want you to rush at your highest speed to the territories of other Lords and warn them.”

A crimson light shone in the place where its eyes should have been, “It’s time to hunt a dragon.”

Dordonii chuckled, they were currently in a territory stained by Chaos, which even made Tiamat’s control over this part of her territory limited. This was how they managed to sometimes kill and devour young dragons. As long as they were able to hide their core carefully, at least one-third of the current lords would have a chance to survive.

Dordonii itself had managed to live through three purges and the same went for three other lords.

Evolution was their ultimate goal. To reach it, they would be even willing to bet their life. Furthermore, as long as one of them managed to reach the King level, they would be able to destroy the dimensional wall and enter the abyss. After all, the walls in the 4th to 6th circles were far less sturdy than those in the 7th circle.

‘Finally...’

Sol was stealthily observing a very large gathering while hiding in a six meters tall tree.

It had been three days since he entered the 4th circle. Initially, he had been expecting to face a huge number of enemies on his way toward his target but, he was surprised to find that aside from some lone ones, the 4th circle was basically void of anything to kill.

This made him heighten his guard as he decided to slow down his march to avoid any kind of trap that could be sprung on him. Even so, he finally reached the headquarter of his first target without encountering any obstacles. Because of the situation at hand, he had managed to conjure some guesses, but now that he was here, he was sure of it.

‘They have gathered all their strength at one point.’

The beings born from Chaos were extremely hierarchical. Being higher in the chain of evolution could easily order those lower, despite the fact that those yet to evolve were nothing but mindless beasts.

Sol could see hundreds of Chaos Spawn. The sight alone was enough to make his skin crawl in disgust.

‘This will be complicated.’

This wasn't like during his fight against Rio and White. Back then, even though those two also had some soldiers, those soldiers were nothing more than cannon fodder. Here though, if he wasn't careful, he might get swarmed to death.

Once he observed the surroundings and made sure that he could feel the presence of a powerful being, Sol carefully began to formulate a plan.

The target was further back, protected by an entire army. No matter how powerful Sol was, fighting such an army before fighting a Duke was too dangerous.

That's why he needed to be smart. He decided to deal huge damage before retreating for now.

His eyes changed into slits while wings appeared on his back. Just one flap of his wings was enough to propel him high in the sky where he could observe all the chaos spawns gathered.

Taking a deep breath, he visualized a certain image in his head—

<<Dragon Roar: Phoebus Catastrophe[1]>>

—And roared toward the sky.

What followed was a veritable rain of destruction.

[1]: It's me being shameless. Watch the video to get a better picture in your head.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IgISI9x2BeM>

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Chapter 232: CH 207: FIGHT (1)

<<Dragon Roar: Phoebus Catastrophe>>

ROOARR!!!

The moment Sol flew in the sky, all the chaos spawns immediately raised their heads in unison.

Unfortunately for them, before they could even react properly, a powerful roar filled the air, followed by a light beam rushing towards the clouds.

Just as they were confused about the direction of the attack, the beam fell back toward the ground while scattering into a literal rain of light.

It was beautiful, so beautiful that they were lost for words. It was as if hundreds of stars filled the crimson sky showing a deep contrast between the two.

But as beautiful as it was, it was just as destructive.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Explosion after explosion filled the surroundings as the beams of light fell and destroyed everything indiscriminately. Nearly everything in a 700 meters radius was erased without any chance of survival.

...At least this should have been the case.

Even though the ground was filled with nothing but corpses, it didn't take long before many of them began to regenerate.

In the end, though many of them died, there were even more that were still alive.

Sol, who was still floating in the air, observed all of this indifferently before swiftly flying away. His speed was so high that he easily broke through the sonic barrier.

BOOM!! BOOM!!

Hidden underground, Dordonii groaned as he felt the ceiling shake.

"How many times has it been, now?"

"I believe it's the seventh attack in two days."

"What about the casualties?"

"About 60% of our army has been wiped out. The others are going restless and it's harder to keep control over them."

'Is it really a dragon attacking us?'

Dordonii couldn't help but grow frustrated at how the situation was dragging on. Over his long life in this hell, he had seen many elite young dragons. But no matter how powerful they were, they all suffered from the same arrogance and stupidity.

They would always recklessly attack the army by relying on their powerful bodies and magic. Forgetting how restricted they were in a stained territory and believing that nothing could happen to them.

The current bastard though was too patient and careful. He would always appear unexpectedly, launch a powerful attack and, no matter the result, would turn around and run.

In their original plan, they were supposed to completely exhaust the energy of that young dragon by throwing hordes of monsters on him. But now? Because of that tactic, he was steadily culling their numbers.

The last time he had felt so frustrated was when a female dragon filled their territories with powerful poison, killing most of them in one go. It had been the greatest massacre in all of his memory.

At least, she had come fast and left for the 5th circle fast. Right now though, it was pure agony to wait.

"What about the other Lords?"

"Aside from Lord Drachmae and Lord Liya, only three others answered positively. The last four said nothing."

Bang!

"Those bastards!! They want to use us as bait and measure sticks."

Dordonii seethed. He knew that the Lords were no kind souls. After all, each of them evolved after eating countless members of their own kind. The ones who answered positively were those who had chances of being on the path the dragon would take toward the gate.

The others were not only more powerful, but they also had more remote territories. In the end, he sighed.

Getting angry was useless. They were no friends and he also had tried to use them. The fact that five lords were willing to help was already enough.

From his hereditary memories, he knew that a dragon at the Duke level could fight evenly against ten normal Duke. But they were no mere Dukes. They were Lords, spawns of Chaos, a pedigree no inferior to that of a dragon in the later stages.

No matter how powerful that dragon was, it was impossible for it to win against six Lords at the same time.

Once they reached his territory...It would be time.

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A few hours later, Sol, who was sitting on a rock deep in the jungle, opened his eyes.

"I guess it's time."

Sol had been very careful since entering the 4th floor. After all, he was greatly weakened here.

Not only did using mana becomes harder, but even all his senses were hampered. As if it wasn't enough, his mana and health regeneration were seriously diminished and he couldn't use external mana. Even absorbing mana with his core was extremely inefficient and gave him nausea.

He had asked Kiyohime if absorbing the mana here was dangerous, but she had said that it would be like drinking a disgusting juice. Even if he absorbed too much, it wouldn't kill him, but it could make him seriously sick.

"Seriously handicapped and alone in enemy territory. Was it how the war was?"

Sol sighed as he stood up. Thanks to the small evolution he went through a few days ago in the 3rd circle and his own talent, he had managed to more or less take back full control of his body.

During those two days, he had been slowly whittling away the army that was facing him. He had no doubt that he would soon face the lord itself.

In order to always keep himself at hundred percent, every time he attacked, he would immediately fall back. His hit and run tactic had been very successful since even though there were few Chaos spawn that could fly, they were simply too weak.

If he had rushed in carelessly, then it would have been a pyrrhic victory for him and there were high chances he would have gotten killed later by the Lord.

Thankfully, soon it would be time to go all out. After all, there was no way the Lord would watch him eradicate all his army without acting.

Sol was sure that this time, he would be able to fight for real.

Flying in the sky at high speed, Sol stopped once he finally found the place where the army was.

This time, the protection had completely changed, and just in plain sight, Sol could see many wards, magic shields, traps, and other such things.

Those were incredibly crude, but since they were powered by using the bodies and blood of many dead Spawns as well as living ones, they were also incredibly sturdy.

This was one of the reasons he hadn't managed to wipe out the army despite all his attacks even though his first attack had been so devastating.

This time, the wards were a little different.

'Cloaking devices.'

He could feel, or rather...couldn't feel some places. Even after extending his senses, some places were blank in his mind.

He was a hundred percent certain that those places hidden in his perception were hiding ambush or deadly traps. Either way, it showed that this would most likely be the final act of this long-drawn fight.

Of course, this wasn't all. Floating in front of him was a being entirely clad in armor. Though, with how he could feel the armor pulsating, it seemed more like the being was the armor itself.

Either way, from the power he was emanating and the light in its eyes, Sol was sure that he was now facing a superior Chaos Spawn.

'I wonder if they also have a domain?'

He thought idly.

"You seem relaxed, young dragon. Does the sight of me and my army give you only amusement?"

They were quite far apart, but Sol perfectly heard the voice of the man, causing him to sneer in derision.

"What else should such a pathetic army under a pathetic lord give me?"

He could feel that the guy was way stronger than Rio and White. But he didn't think he would lose. The only reason he suffered so much against those two was not only because they were teaming up, but also because Rio's skill was a perfect counter to his abilities.

In one vs one, Sol was sure that only very few Duke could possibly win against him and at the very least, that Dordonii was not one of them.

"I wanted to end this fight today anyway. Now that the Lord showed itself, I guess it's time to erase all of you guys."

Sol grinned as he released his bloodlust.

At the level where he was, even without training his killing intent, he was still at a higher level than Lilin. If he so wished, he could already become a Duke by using it as his truth.

But since Tiamat had forbidden him from forming his zone for now, he decided to wait.

Feeling the pressure of the killing intent in the air, Dordonii also grinned. For someone like him who rose after stepping on the corpses of thousands upon thousands, killing intent was the last thing he was afraid of.

“Since you mock us so, let me witness your power, young dragon!”

“Hahaha! Then, I will not hold back.”

His aura greatly increased while he laughed madly. Horns made out of energy formed on his head. At the same time, his skin grew slightly tanned.

<<Dragon Force: First step>>

“Let’s dance, shall we?”

The two of them grinned. Each of them perfectly hid their true trump cards. Victory would follow the one who hid them the best.

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Chapter 233: CH 208: FIGHT (2)

The clash between the two was immediate.

BOOM!

In just a blink of an eye, both of them vanished and appeared with a flash and punched at each other with all their might. The resulting shockwaves were enough to bring fear in the heart of anyone witnessing it.

The two of them were like two enraged bulls as they clashed again and again with no pause. Each successive hit became stronger, more vicious, and more precise than the last. This was a fight to the death. A dangerous dance where one mistake could mean the end.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

‘Incredible.’

Even as the fight prolonged, Dordonii couldn’t hide his astonishment. When evolving to the Lord level, all Chaos Spawns could remodel their bodies and bring them toward a certain direction of evolution. In order to assure his survival, Dordonii had focused on defense and endurance. This was why his entire body was one tall living armor.

Even so...

‘I can’t get the upper hand?’

It was something he could neither understand nor accept. Even though he had prepared a great ambush to deal with Sol, that didn’t mean he was willing to accept such a humiliation. He needed to at least suppress Sol a little to show his might.

Otherwise, the other Lords would think that he was weak and here, the weak were devoured without pity.

Thinking so, he suddenly howled to the sky and began to grow taller.

Three meters

Four meters.

Six meters.

In an instant, he went from a somewhat tall man to a gigantic being. Furthermore, his armor was covered in spikes and each of them was covered.

As if it wasn't enough, in his hand was a massive double-headed ax with a long shaft. It was without a doubt a fearsome weapon.

[Assault Mode]

Since they reached the level of Lord by eating, Chaos spawn did not possess a zone. After all, they had realized no truth.

But this didn't mean that they were weaker than any Duke. In fact, they were generally stronger because of their own version of a Zone.

Assault Mode.

A form that allowed the user to bring the full strength and talent of their bodies. In a way, the assault mode also formed around the deepest fear of the user.

For Dordonii who cherished his life more than anything, his assault mode not only reinforced his already high defense but also made other people unable to hurt him without hurting themselves.

When Dordonii's transformation was completed, he caused a strong sense of crisis to rise up in Sol's heart, as if his instincts had sensed danger.

From his body, a savage, violent air erupted abruptly. The power of his chaotic mana and blood surged, even fiercer than anything he had ever seen.

Sol witnessed that transformation speechlessly. There was no way he would have stood without trying to stop the transformation.

But everything happened so fast that he could only be left speechless.

'Then again, I shouldn't be surprised.'

Moving his hand to relax his stiffened muscles, Sol thought as he prepared himself for a new onslaught.

In a world where it was literally, eat or be eaten, having a long transformation time was basically a death sentence in itself. One could call it a stupid way to suicide.

Most likely, the first thing any Dukes, or rather Lords, learned was to bring down the time necessary for transformation as much as possible.

The fight suddenly entered a new crescendo after the transformation. Even though not as much as its defense, all the stats of Dordonii had been greatly increased in one instant.

Raising his hand Dordonii abruptly brought down the massive ax he was holding.

'Damn.'

WHOOSH! WHOOSH! RUMBLE!

Nimble like a fish in water, Sol avoided hit after hit of the great ax. From the viscous liquid glistening on the blade, he could deduce that the ax was also poisoned and it would be quite troublesome if he was wounded.

This wasn't all, though he didn't specialize in strength, the devastation brought by each of those attacks was incredible.

Whenever he swung his ax, razor-sharp wind blades would be stirred, destroying the ground below them despite how high they were.

"Hahaha! Come on! Come on! Weren't you all gun oh earlier!? Come on and fight me head-on!"

"Tch! You don't seem to care about your subordinates."

"Why should I care about those worms? The stained territory will never lack Chaos Spawns. Just a few months are enough for new ones to grow. Dragons on the other hand are pretty rare, how sad one of them will die today!"

Sol tsked at the childish provocation. His eyes began to blaze with a fighting spirit while a golden-colored energy covered his body.

'I just need to not get wounded.'

Awakening.

Manipulation.

Reinforcement

Manifestation.

Intent.

Those were the first five steps one needed to thread through before reaching the level of the Zone.

But this didn't mean that, just because one reached the Zone or was close to it, those steps were useless.

In fact, Sol understood that since they were the very basics of everything, having a great mastery of them was paramount.

By [manifesting] his mana to cover his body like an armor, [Reinforcing] his body with his powerful mana and filling his mana with killing [Intent], Sol managed to block the ax and stopped it from touching him.

"What!?"

Capitalizing on the surprise, he broke past his guard and sent a flurry of hits, each more powerful than the last.

The intensity was so high that his mana armor couldn't take the strain and began to break down, but still, Sol did not stop.

After one last hit—

BOOM!

—Dordonii was blasted more than five hundred meters away, with parts of his armor breaking down.

Huff *Huff* *Huff*

Sol meanwhile was breathing quite roughly.

'What a troublesome opponent.'

In the first place, covering his entire body with killing intent was an extremely wasteful way of protecting himself.

It would have been easier if he could have fused the mana of his body with Defense Intent or whatever of the like, but if Intent was so easy to use, the number of powerful masters wouldn't be so little.

It didn't help that in this place, his application of Mana was so awful that Lilith would have had a stroke if she could see him.

'At least I wasn't wounded...but this isn't looking good.'

Sighing, he looked at the Lord that was still flying far away and slowly, began to take away the mana that was covering his body.

Using killing intent to protect his body was undoubtedly a waste. This was why he needed to be smarter and faster.

"Ready! Set!"

BOOM!

Breaking the sound barrier as if it was nonexistent, Sol rushed towards Dordonii and, focusing all the mana in his hand, he punched.

Bang!

"Argh!!"

It was like a gun went off. This time, rather than spreading the damage, Sol focused all the energy in this hit at one point, easily piercing through the armor of his opponent and punching him down to the ground.

The impact caused the earth to rumble and dust to rise.

Still floating in the air, Sol showed no delight in the prowess he demonstrated. While it was true that he wasn't doing his best now and had still even more powerful form, this fight was making him greatly dissatisfied.

Not being able to absorb mana and replenish his reserves as he wished was incredibly stifling.

It made the fighting style he had learned during his fight against Rio and White completely worthless.

After all, that style depended on a nearly limitless supply of mana and a very reckless use of it.

"*Sigh* I must admit, I am surprised. Nay, astonished."

As he analyzed his weaknesses, the voice of Dordonii sounded through the dust as he slowly floated back up.

The dust dispersed and Sol's expression stayed unchanged at the sight of Dordonii being completely unscathed.

He was sure that he had managed to wound him internally quite a bit. But here was the problem.

As long as his core wasn't destroyed, such wounds were nothing to Dordonii. Of course, Sol didn't believe that the core was the only weakness.

The core had a limit to the amount of energy it had in it. By depleting those reserves, it was possible to bring death to them.

Sadly, the core of Chaos Spawn seemed to work much the same as divine beasts, although to a lesser extent.

Sol was thankful that these monsters didn't have a Zone. After all, their near immortality was already a cheat of the highest grade.

"You are back already. Do you want to go for a second round? I have to say, I always lacked a good punching ball."

Touching the droplet of blood that was flowing from his body as his wounds closed, Dordonii took a deep breath and finally looked at Sol seriously while ignoring his provocation.

"Young dragon, you are strong. Very strong. At this rate, I might really never be able to win in a fair match against you. But—"

"—Who said I was willing to play fair?"

Sol showed a surprised face as formation broke one after another and revealed the presence of more Lords, as well as their armies.

"Hahaha, die!!"

He had been somewhat prepared but still, looking at the sea of monsters facing him, he had to admit that if he had been a normal dragon, he would have either died or gotten saved by Kiyohime or Tiamat.

But...He wasn't a normal dragon, was he?

A savage grin split his face as he looked at them like prey on a chopping board.

'I guess I will have to awaken my inner Obito soon. But this isn't the time yet. For now? Let's see if I can recreate the feat of the 3rd Raikage[1]. Of course—without dying, that is.'

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Chapter 234: CH 209: END OF THE FIGHT

Explosions, shockwaves, lasers, fire...destruction filled the horizon as far as the eye could see.

If a mortal were to witness this scene, they would believe it to be the end of the world, or something even worse if that was possible.

Nothing was spared, the environment itself was reduced to dust and the ground had sunken in so much one would believe the battlefield had always been a valley. A deep one at that.

This was the result of the fight between Sol and the six or rather, four remaining Lords. One of them had already been killed by Sol because he had chosen to put his core on his forehead.

That Lord in question had initially chosen to do so as a form of reverse psychology.

After all, who would believe that a lord would place their fatal points in such an obvious place? In fact, even Sol had been led to believe that it wasn't really his core and had only killed him because of a stray shot.

Even so, the situation Sol was currently in was the most bitter state he had ever been in. There wasn't a place on his body that was not wounded and in fact, he could even feel his vision growing dimmer and one of his eyes was completely busted while the flesh around it was sizzling.

He had difficulty breathing since one of his lungs was pierced. He also could feel some of his ribs were broken and his right arm was limping powerlessly, completely broken. Worst of all, all the skin around that arm was nowhere to be seen and only the bloody and wriggling flesh could be observed.

His face was so battered and bloody that even Milia would have a hard time recognizing him while his reserves of energy were at an all-time low.

It was while killing the second Lord that he had decided to sacrifice his arm in the action. The entire body of that particular Lord had been filled with acid, both inside and outside.

Sol decided to kill him because he posed simply too much danger for him. His acid was extremely potent and Sol thought it was lucky that he only had to lose some skin in this endeavor.

'*Sigh* If the past me could see the current me, I wonder what he would think? Pretty sure he would throw up and faint or scream and faint.'

He chuckled inwardly.

'Man, I wonder if it's the acid on my face and my arm that's fucking with my mind. Or perhaps the curse of confusion of that other Lord? Or the poison of Dordonii?'

Sol couldn't believe that he still had the mood to joke around in such a situation where he should have normally felt despair. The him of the past, the unrecognizable and untalented him that was living on earth, would have been crying and screaming should he have been in such a state.

Or...Would any normal human even be still alive if they were in his place?

His mind wandered. He knew that he had reached his limit. At least, the limit of 'him' before he entered the Astral Realm, that is.

'Let's crank it up a bit.'

A malevolent grin split his disfigured face as his aura rose wildly.

"What a monster..."

A lull had fallen on the battlefield as everyone was trying to rest even if a little bit. Even now, Dordonii couldn't understand what had just happened and why this fight, which should have been done swiftly, was still ongoing.

An army composed of six Lords and thousands of foot soldiers had been unable to take down one enemy. Anyone who heard such a news would have been beside themselves in astonishment.

The fight between them had lasted for a full day. There was nothing they didn't try. Curse, poison, kamikaze attack, traps, bewitchment, and so on, but the bastard refused to fall.

The worst was that they had even lost two Lords during the fight. But as if it wasn't enough...

'He isn't a Duke? Nor is he a full dragon?'

This notion made him feel like waves were crushing his mind. During the fight, he had come to understand that Sol did not emanate the power of a Duke level nor did he show the aura of a full dragon.

Those things could be hidden normally, but in such a fight, it was impossible to hide those characteristics.

This was the true reason as to why he couldn't understand the situation.

If Sol had been a pure Dragon that could take his massive dragon form and thereby greatly increase all his stats while adding the buff from his zone, while Dordonii would have been surprised, he would still be able to laugh it off.

But this wasn't the case here. The difference between a Duke and those below it didn't need to be said. In fact, in any and all wars, anyone below the Duke or Lord level was only considered as Canon fodder. Even a Divine Beast at a level below Duke would only be considered as a slightly stronger Canon Fodder.

Because of this, even though they had managed to corner him, he couldn't help but worry.

'Will we really be able to kill him?'

Their plan relied on not only the weakened power Tiamat had here, but also the lack of interest she showed to young elites. But the present case was different. The boy here was clearly no ordinary young elite. It was quite possible that Tiamat had set up a way to ensure his safety no matter what they did.

Even so, they couldn't give up. They had sacrificed too much by now already. If they didn't kill Sol and ate his flesh to grow stronger, the other four Lords who didn't participate would use this occasion to eat them.

"Hahaha Dordonii, stop showing such a conflicting face. Look, that bastard is already on the verge of dying. Kuh, I can't wait! Don't forget our promise, I will take his heart."

"As for me, I am more interested in his brain."

Dordonii scoffed as he heard the words of his companions.

'Morons.'

They couldn't even analyze how uncanny the current situation was. In fact, Dordonii wouldn't even be surprised if a King Level dragon was hiding in the surroundings.

"Let's go at it slowly, we should wilt away—"

He was briefly wondering if she should prepare a path of retreat, when—

'What!?'

A chill suddenly went down his spine and he abruptly raised his head to stare at Sol.

'What is happening?'

He wasn't the only one that could feel the changes in the atmosphere. Even the other Lord, drunk as they were in their dreams of victory, shut up when they perceived the weird sense of pressure surrounding them.

In an instant, the world seemed to fall silent, as if announcing the arrival of a great catastrophe.

'It's him!'

"Stop him!"

"W-what!?"

"Fucking stop dawdling around! We need to bring him down, now!"

Even while shouting his order, Dordonii was already rushing at full speed toward Sol. All plans of retreats vanished from his mind.

His instincts were telling him, screaming at him, that death was upon him and running away would be futile. The only thing he could do was to give his all in stopping Sol before he did whatever he was about to do.

'I am close!'

In one instant, he reached Sol and raised his ax above his head in order to bring it down.

“Arghh!!!”

His muscles bulged and his aura soared as he put all his strength in that one swing. A swing that exceeded everything he did until now.

For one instant, he felt like he was at the top of the world. If it was this swing; if this was this attack, he was sure that he could cut through anything no matter what stood in his way.

The wind stirred and space quaked in the wake of that mighty attack. It was one so powerful that it left the other Lords completely baffled at what they were seeing.

Unfortunately, the events that followed left them even more baffled, as their eyes constricted in terror.

“Is that all?”

A beautiful hand covered in scales stopped the powerful swing in its track.

There was no explosion of energy, no waste of power, and no flashy movements. Only complete and absolute silence as if falling into a deep murky swamp with no end.

This was this strange silence that made the situation even eerier.

Everything seemed to stop at the sight of the young man stopping the big ax that was twice his size with only one hand without even moving.

Ignoring them, Sol looked at his previously charred arm and was glad to see that all the wounds had vanished. Not only the wounds on his arm but also all the wounds on his body had disappeared.

‘The experiment is nearly successful.’

During his last fight against Rio, he had remarked that using his War Form had replenished all his energy and healed all his wounds. He had been wondering if it was a one-time thing but never had the occasion to test it until now.

This was why he had fought so crazily against them earlier. Using everything he had and exchanging a wound for a wound. He wanted to see what would happen if he transformed later and he was glad to see all his wounds healing.

...Though, there was a little problem.

“Bastards! Stop staring slack-jawed and help me! Only by giving our all now can we win...”

“Oh? I nearly forgot you.”

Dordonii had been trying to take back his ax while calling for the others to help, but no matter what he did, the weapon would not bulge from Sol's grip.

Crack

He had just applied a little more pressure, but this was enough to make fissure appear on the weapon, showing it was on the verge of falling apart.

Whoosh *Bang*

Swinging his spiky tail at a speed too high for most to follow, he swatted Dordonii aside like a mere fly. The mighty Lord famed for his defense was sent flying with his body literally falling apart.

Looking at the ax that was still in his hand, Sol showed a surprised expression before grinning,

“I see. So this was your secret.”

This ax was not a conventional weapon made out of any metal. It was in fact, a part of Dordonii’s body and it was also the part that held his core.

Gazing at Dordonii who barely managed to stabilize himself in the air, he snickered at the look of despair the bastard was showing and — heartlessly crushed it.

The result was immediate as Dordonii’s body began to crumble until nothing but dust was left behind.

Even though he had just completely crushed a Lord, Sol’s gaze showed neither joy nor pride, not even elation.

It was as if what he did was the most normal thing in the world as if he had done nothing more than crushing an insect.

Finally, his gaze landed on the last three Lords that had been petrified by fear and unease.

“Three dead, and three left.”

Gulp

It was hard to say who was the first one to move, but in the end, the three of them came to the same conclusion.

‘Run!’

In an instant, they all vanished from where they stood as they fled in different directions. Even the army below them had long fled from the premises.

The wind blew as the place that was filled with monsters of all kinds was now devoid of any presence.

“Hahaha. Cowards. If they had stayed a little longer...”

He was honestly quite tired physically and mentally. If they had tried to fight more, he would have been left helpless.

Chuckling, Sol ignored the fleeing Lords and immediately phased in his mirror dimension before putting his full speed in rushing in the direction of the Safe Zone created by Kiyohime at the end of the 4th Circle.

His goal in fighting this time had been to get more experience and face more hardship. After all, only by doing so could he evolve more.

Now that this was done? It was time to use the advantage of having his own dimension.

As for the Lords that were busy running away with their tails tucked between their legs?

It was only after not being chased nor feeling any fluctuation of energy that they understood that they had been tricked.

Sol had been on his very last leg even after transforming. Had they helped Dordonii as he begged them to, not only would it have been possible to keep him alive, but Sol would have most likely lost as well.

Of course, they did not know about him being a dimensional mage. If Sol had been cornered, he would not have hesitated to use his dimension and take them out one after another.

As such, running away had indeed been the right decision.

Unfortunately for them, they would never know this and could only lament and wallow in regrets.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 235: CH 210: YGGGRASIL

"Pfft! Hahaha! Marvelous. Truly marvelous. Such a good kid."

Sitting on her throne, Tiamat, who was observing the fight between Sol and the Lords showed none of her usual dignity as she laughed loudly and boisterously - A proof of how pleased she currently was.

In all the immediate futures she had seen, most of them ended with Sol's victory or with him bailing out. Still, this one victory was the most hilarious and the one with the smallest probability.

She was both elated because of the power her grandson had shown and also because he was indeed slowly leaving the grasp of destiny.

Even so...

"A dragon that's not a Duke with a War Form..."

The War Form was the most optimal way of fighting for dragons at the King rank. Compressing power, strength, and energy in a small frame for explosive results.

But because of how powerful it was, the energy necessary to keep it was off the chart.

In a normal situation, in a world with enough mana, the core would do its work and allow the user to keep the form as long as he wished to. But in the current environment of Tartarus, where absorbing and controlling Mana was so hard, the upkeep was too much.

It would be like a fish trying to breathe on land. Even though the two places had oxygen, it was impossible for the fish to survive without water.

The worst was that Sol shouldn't even have been able to use this form at his current level. Not even pure dragons could do so, much less a hybrid one. But, since he was Blessed, this didn't come as a surprise for her.

In the first place, it was a waste of time to be surprised at what a Blessed could do. The best thing to do was simply roll with it and not mind anything that happened.

'Thankfully, he won't be able to just steamroll everything with his War Form.'

The goal of this training wasn't to simply kill chaos lords or prisoners that were jailed. The goal was to make him realize his strength and weaknesses, as well as to adapt and evolve his body to the most suitable level.

This was the best way to optimize the benefits brought by bathing in the dragon pool since his body would naturally absorb the propriety most adapted for his path.

The following circles would be very hard for him since the numbers of Lord class spawns increased tremendously and giants, titans, as well as traitors, would begin to appear.

The Titans were no weaker than Dragons and if they were to gang up on him, victory would be impossible without using his dimension. But this was alright. After all, the more he used his power, the more his body would become adapted to it.

"I wonder how he will solve them."

She couldn't wait to see how he would surprise her.

"Tiamat."

"Hum?...Yggi?"

"..."

Just as she was about to look back at what he was doing, another screen popped in front of her.

On the screen, an imposing old man could be seen. He had a long white beard, bushy eyebrows, and was completely bald. Even though he looked quite old, his hulking 3 meters tall body was covered in scars, and his bulging muscles made it so that none who saw him would dare to take him as an ordinary old man.

He was Yggdrasil, the divine beast of Humilitas.

Yggdrasil's eyebrows twitched a little at the cutesy nickname his old friend had been using for him for as long as they could remember. After all, even though he looked like this while she looked like a young woman in her twenties, she was older than him by quite a bit and even took care of him many times on the battlefield.

"*Sigh* Firstly, please stop calling me Yggi."

"Sure, Yggi. I promise to stop...One day."

"*Groan* You will be the death of me."

He couldn't count the number of times he begged her to stop calling him like this or at least use a less embarrassing nickname. Sadly for him, Tiamat was pretty stubborn. It didn't help that she beat him to a pulp when he tried to use a nickname for her.

Her argument back then had been, "You can call me whatever you want the day you beat me."

Just thinking about it made him want to spit blood in anger. If he was a human, he was sure that he would have died because of the high blood pressure.

Chuckle

He could hear the chuckles of his favorite daughter behind him, but he ignored them. This was the little amount of dignity he could keep.

“Okay, do as you like.”

“Hehe. You know I will.”

The two continued to banter like this for some time. It was hard to imagine how two people representing two different concepts could be so friendly to each other, but this was how it was.

“Now then, Yggi. Not that I hate discussing with you, but I know you aren’t the type to make friendly calls for no reason. What brought you out of your hibernation?”

“You tell me.” Yggdrasil shrugged, “My daughter, Phoebe[1], informed me that you and Gabriel want to hold a summit. I know how much you hate formalities like this.”

Tiamat stayed silent for a short while before she nodded, “The daughter of Michael managed to escape The Tartarus in Anubis’ territory. It means the force of Chaos now has a demigod with a dimension in their midst. I don’t need to tell you how much of a pain it will be once she contacts the hiding Titans, if she hadn’t already done so.”

Yggdrasil frowned. “Why do I always wake up during shitty situations?”

For one, demigods with their own dimensions had an inherent advantage since they could use their full power no matter where they were, unlike normal demigods who were weakened when outside their territories.

But if that was all it wouldn’t be a problem. The true danger came from the fact of the strategic application a dimension gave. It means that now, Titans didn’t need to flee and hide in the Abyss.

They could hide in the dimension and all they needed to attack was use one person to open the gate wherever they wanted and allow their army to rampage and retreat at will.

It wasn’t like there was a lack of traitors during the war. But this time it was one of the worst.

“I am too old for this shit.”

Tiamat didn’t mock her old friend this time. She knew very well that none of them wished for another war.

Unlike the side of Chaos who thrived in such a situation, for them, war brought nothing more than pain, suffering, and sadness.

There was nothing beautiful about war. Anyone who thought the opposite was either a crazy bastard or someone who never fought on a battlefield.

“Well. Nothing we can do about this. There is another reason why I called you. Your granddaughter, Nidhogg, finished her training. Phoebe will bring her to your territory. Take care of her.”

‘Hum...Who?’

Tiamat had so many descendants that it was impossible for her to remember all of them instantly as long as they didn't catch her attention.

Still, at her level, it was possible to access any part of her memory at will. Even those that were thousands of years old.

It didn't take long for her to remember who he was talking about.

'Hah. The one under Hydra... Interesting.'

She remembered that the girl was quite talented. Furthermore, her poison was at another level entirely.

"By the way, I allowed her to take some of the poison from the Dryads."

"Ohoh?"

If she was only mildly curious, now he had her full attention.

While he may look like a kind but imposing old man, in terms of poison skills, there were very few beings who could match Yggdrasil.

His understanding of nature was so thorough that there were very few things he couldn't kill with poison.

Yggdrasil was the humblest of them all and because he was so humble, he never underestimated any enemy and would always use the most vicious and destructive poison possible.

It reached a level where he poisoned an entire small dimension and erased all forms of life in that place for more than a hundred years.

The Dryads were Yggdrasil's direct daughters and while their poison didn't reach the same level, it was still pretty scary.

"I guess she is coming back for the title of prince."

"Indeed. I am really curious about that grandson of yours. The little Blaze was truly a ray of sunshine. Though she was as much a bully as you."

Tiamat laughed out loud. Hearing the name of Blaze always made her sad, but she was used to losing those she cared for.

Rather than crying about those who were dead, she was more interested in the living.

'This will be interesting.'

She grinned before another idea flashed in her mind.

"Hey, Yggi."

"What? Just so you know, I will not give you any of my branches. You know how much it cost me."

Yggdrasil gave a look of wariness at Tiamat as he prepared to cut off all communication.

"Hey...I resent that. I only asked those once and I used them to plant world trees for the Elves."

Yggdrasil grumbled but still showed a look that said that he would not yield to any unreasonable demands.

"Well... Let's cut to the chase. The Norns are still with you... Right?"

Yggdrasil frowned. "Yes. But you know that we can't believe in them."

The side of the Order wasn't the only side with traitors in their midst.

Though far rarer, some Titans did not believe in the ideologies of Chaos and decided to join the Order.

This was the case of three very powerful Titans known as the Norns[2] who had power over time and destiny. They were:

-Urd, who held power over the past.

-Verdandi, who held power over the present.

-Skuld who held power over the future.

Out of the three, Urd was a demigod Titan while the other two were Kings.

"I want Skuld and Verdandi. Let Phoebe bring them alongside Nidhogg. Please."

"... Alright. I don't know what you are planning, but I will believe in you."

"Thanks, old friend."

Tiamat answered with a gentle smile free of any of her usual pride and arrogance.

[1]: Phoebe in myth is a name belonging to a dryad as well as to a Titan who incidentally was the grandmother of Apollo and Artemis. I don't need to remind you that Apollo is a sun god, right?

[2]: In Norse mythology, the Norns basically control Fate itself, or rather they spin the thread of Fate and as such can perceive it more clearly than anyone else.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 236: CH 211: NABU

While Tiamat was discussing with Yggdrasil, Kiyohime was looking at Sol with a complicated expression.

Sol was floating in a bubble of blue water, and his body was going through slow changes.

Her healing powers weren't as incredible as those of Hathor from the phoenix clan, but they were still extremely good. Even more so since her healing skill favored more self-growth.

By the end of this training, Sol would find that he was at a completely different level.

But this wasn't why she was looking at Sol like this.

'This is what it feels like to meet a Blessed.'

All Blessed were people favored and cursed by destiny and the fight between two Blessed generally meant the death of one.

Tiamat had always told her to never be surprised whenever she met a Blessed, but even now, she could only gasp in surprise and bewilderment when she remembered the fight she witnessed.

Initially, she hadn't been keen on following Sol. She had decided to wait for him at the safe point because she believed he should be able to deal with one or two Lords alone.

But, after feeling the movement of those Lords, she had hurriedly rushed to save him.

After all, at the end of the day, Sol wasn't a Duke yet. Even for a Dragon Duke, facing such an ordeal would be dangerous.

...How wrong she had been.

Not only had he managed to fight back 6 Lords alone, he even managed to kill three of them.

Though he didn't manage to kill the other three and had to use some tricks at the end, it was mainly because he still wasn't used to the environment and didn't have the mana reserves of a Duke to maintain his War Form.

Indeed, there lay the problem.

Sol wasn't a Duke yet. Furthermore, he hadn't even awakened for a year yet.

Not even Mars had shown such a monstrous growth rate. Even less so such a fighting prowess, and Mars was without a doubt one of the most talented mortals she had ever seen in her life.

Only Anubis came close to him in her opinion.

At the same time, Blaze had been one of the most talented divine beasts of her time.

Kiyohime chuckled helplessly.

Should she say that he had good genes?

Sol would only become even more frightening once he became a Duke.

After all, she knew that Tiamat wanted him to become her inheritor. She would help him obtain the domain in the same branch as her [1] and once that was done, he might even be able to face a King rank without dying instantly.

"Would it be better to stop here?"

While he could still grow a little more if he continued training here, she was wondering if it was worth it.

After all, that child was imprisoned on the 5th circle.

"Why do you want to stop it?"

Kiyohime looked up at Sol and saw him walking out of the healing bubble.

"*Cough* Put some clothes on now."

No matter how one looked at Sol, it was impossible to see his true age. He was tall and had a well-structured body. His features were streamlined and well defined.

His short golden hair and his beautiful blue eyes were eye-catching. Not only was he pretty handsome, but after all those days in Tartarus, the faint childishness that could be seen between his brows had vanished completely.

While he wasn't cold and silent, anyone experienced enough could feel the killing aura surrounding his body.

'Hum...Once this ends I should help him relax. Perhaps I should send some Nymphs to him?'

Taking care of the mental health of her student was as important as helping him grow stronger.

Sol shrugged at Kiyohime's words. He was so used to being seen naked or being observed that he honestly didn't care much.

It wasn't like he had anything to be ashamed of. He might sound a little narcissistic, but his body was a true work of art. Still, he didn't want to make her uncomfortable so he did as was told and changed into another set of clothes.

After that, he gorged himself with the food Kiyohime had specially made and asked once again.

"So...Why do you want to stop?"

"Because you showed way more talent than I thought and I am wondering if the risk is equal to the gain."

Kiyohime was pretty blunt with her words. They lived in a realistic world.

Why did Tiamat love Blaze so much?

There were hundreds of reasons. But at the end of the day, no one could deny that the fact that Blaze was a Chaos Dragon played a huge part.

There was nothing wrong with it. Love could not exist without a reason. If Sol had been a normal hybrid. He would have been welcomed, but Tiamat would have simply given him a few flying Islands the size of a kingdom and a few powerful servants as well as a territory on the 6th and 7th heavens.

She would have most likely also sent him a huge harem of beautiful elves and nymphs as well as charm spirits but that would be it.

Nothing much.

Sol wasn't surprised by Kiyohime's bluntness. Though, if he knew what she considered as 'nothing much' he would have some curses to throw.

"Is there something or someone dangerous in the 5th circle?"

"There..."

Kiyohime hesitated a little before sighing. There was no need to hide it since she could feel that Sol would still continue no matter what she said.

"You remember what's the difference between the 4th, 5th, and 6th circle?"

“Of course, even though only Duke levels are imprisoned in all of them, the level, number, and their identities differ completely.”

“That's right. The 4th circle only has a few Lords. But these numbers increase greatly on the 5th. Furthermore, on the 5th circle, some of the traitors are imprisoned there; Dukes, not Lords.”

Sol understood what she meant. Dukes and Lords were equivalent in terms of the power scale. But there was one great difference. The upper level a Duke and Lord could reach was totally different.

A Lord could only use [Assault] i.e. they could only influence the physical world.

But a Duke had the [Zone] and some [Zone] were downright scary since they could affect concepts. Like Lilin's Zone or Milia's Zone. If one such Duke had been present in the previous brawl, Sol didn't think it would have been so easy.

He still remembered how much a pain Rio had been just because she could absorb energy with her metal.

But...

“That isn't all, is it?”

Kiyohime sighed, sadness clouding her features, “There is one particular traitor in the prison. Her name is Nabu, an ice dragon. Back then, her father, Marduk, rebelled against the goddess alongside a man named Apsu[1]. A powerful demi-god who might have become mother's mate if things had been different.”

“What was the result?”

“Since they came from our territory, it was our mess to deal with.”

Kiyohime shrugged, “Mother killed Apsu with her own hands and I killed Marduk.”

Her voice was calm without any visible changes. But Sol could only imagine how sad she was.

At the same time, he couldn't help but become speechless. He wondered if the dragons were cursed.

Marduk was the first King rank dragon outside of the four original ones, and he was killed by Kiyohime.

Ladon, son of hydra, also became a King, making a contract with Jupiter, and he got killed by Siegfried.

Finally, his own mother, Blaze, became King rank after contracting with his father and she died fighting Echidna.

One is an Accident. Two is a Coincidence. Three is a Pattern.

“What about Nabu? Why is she still alive?”

Tiamat and the other dragons weren't the merciful kinds. There should have been no mercy for the girl.

“Mother spared her. Even when she betrayed us, Nabu never changed her faith to Chaos and she had never killed anyone from our side. Her sole crime was to have followed and helped her father. As long as she purges her sentence, she will be released.

“Unfortunately, she had become quite vicious and whenever a dragon tried to pass the trials here, she would do her best to kill them and I would be forced to interfere and save them. Do you remember how I mentioned Kaiser reached the 6th circle after nearly dying? And how no one ever got past the 5th circle? It was her fault.”

Of course, Kiyohime knew that there was another more important reason. But Tiamat never shared it with her so there was no need to mention it here.

Sol was once again left speechless.

If he remembered correctly, the age of gods had been more than ten thousand years ago.

‘I would be cranky too if I had to serve such a long time in a prison filled with Chaos energy.’

"Either way, you should be careful—her domain is quite tricky."

Sol frowned when Kiyohime explained Nabu's skills in more detail.

This could become quite tricky.

[5th Circle]

In the depth of the 5th Circle, on a large ice boulder, a massive white dragon was observing her handicraft with frustration.

She had been sleeping soundly when this coalition of Lords had tried to kill and eat her. Sadly for them, those new Lords didn't know why no one came close to her territory.

"This was quite fun."

All around her, an innumerable number of ice sculptures were littering the ground.

Even in this large army, five of them were clearly different from the others. They had all been powerful Lords.

Sadly, their end was the same as the others.

Frozen to death.

Nodding to herself, the dragon moved her massive wings and flew away from the scene of carnage.

The only thing she could do now was sleep. Sleeping was the only way she could somewhat keep her sanity.

She wanted to sleep for one or two hundred years.

It was only in her sleep that she could see that woman.

Her one and only teacher. The one who taught her everything she knew about Ice magic.

'Teacher...'

Grief oozed out of her body as she reached her nest and forced herself to sleep.

She hoped that no one would disturb her sleep and dreams this time.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 237: CH 212: ACTION

[8th Heaven; Kiyohime's Island]

In the main office of the castle, Kiyohime's daughter, Aqua, could be seen working on a stack of paperwork. Her expression was extremely focused and many similar stacks were scattered all around her..

50% of them were complaints about the mischieves of dragons and the calculations necessary to compensate the victims.

Auction houses destroyed.

Restaurants destroyed.

Roads destroyed.

Streets destroyed.

Ships sunk.

Merchandise stolen.

Princesses kidnapped.

The list was so long that working on it was a true pain in the rear, but she had no other choice than to deal with this hell.

Thankfully, the other half of that paperwork was more normal things such as new laws, food regulations, settling conflict between islands and kingdoms, and dealing with the treasury.

'Mother really does a lot of work. I guess she used the occasion to rest a little.'

She was thinking so when someone suddenly opened the door.

"Who the hell—Hello~ Lady Nent. How may I help you?"

Nent chuckled at how this little girl's expression shifted from wrathful to respectful in such a swift way.

"I remember you used to call me Aunt Nent when you were smaller."

Aqua blushed a little. It wouldn't be wrong to say that Nent had partially raised her when she was just born. After all, Kiyohime didn't really have enough time to raise one child alone.

In a way, Kiyohime was the 'mother' of all dragons so it was hard for her to really act as a mother for one dragon. In those times, Nent would take care of her and play with her.

Of course, those were the old-time during the second era. She didn't know the details, but she hadn't seen Nent since seven hundred years ago. Even for her, this wasn't a small-time since she was still only in her early thousand years.

At the end of the day, she couldn't act chummy with Nent when Kiyohime hated her, right?

Nent, who understood all this did not show any changes in expression. She had already been long used to being isolated. She cut to the chase.

"Sol has vanished for a while. I am quite worried now about him. After all, he is sort of like my mate. Where is he?"

Aqua's lips twitched. It felt so weird to know that the young cousin she barely knew was fucking someone who had raised her. But she didn't let that bother her.

"Haha. I am sorry lady Nent. But I cannot disclose such information."

Nent smiled. She knew all the places in this territory. The only place that someone as high ranked as Aqua would refuse to talk about could only be that place.

"Hum...well I already had my inkling. But from your reaction, I can be now sure that he is in Tartarus."

"..."

"*Snicker* No need to emanate dragon fear, little Aqua. For one, you are simply too weak and two, I already know that the Tartarus' locations are all highly confidential. I just needed to confirm."

Not even goddesses were completely omniscient, much less demigods.

The location of Tartarus in all the territories was highly confidential and thoroughly sealed.

In fact, most demigods didn't even know which territories had a Tartarus in them.

All this secrecy was for protection.

It wouldn't be funny if some lunatic managed to hide under the observation of a demigod and open Tartarus.

If she had been offended by Nent's words, she showed none of it. Her pride was in no way wounded because she knew that Nent was a powerful King ranked being who could have become the queen of Phoenixes.

Furthermore, since Nent had been quite close to Kiyohime in the past, it wasn't that surprising for her to know about Tartarus.

"Oh well, I didn't come just for that. Since Sol is training, we can't just stay here like prisoners. Give us a pass to visit the sixth and seventh heaven."

There, she hesitated a little.

"Lady Kiyohime... things might be quite troublesome."

"*Snort* Are you thinking about those horn dogs?"

This was indeed the case. Both Nent and Isis were extremely beautiful and exotic-looking women.

The seventh heaven was filled with young dragons and the sixth was filled with elves of ancient families.

While elves weren't as lustful as dragons, they were quite the romantic bunch.

"Don't worry, we can protect ourselves."

'I know! It's them I am worried about!'

She wanted to scream in frustration. She could already smell trouble coming from a thousand miles.

But in the end, all she could do was sigh in resignation.

As she had said, neither Nent nor Isis were prisoners and in fact, they were honored guests. She couldn't stop them from going out and sightseeing.

Even more so since the island's belongings to Kiyohime were void of basically any form of entertainment.

"I understand. I can give you a pass to have full access to the Island's belongings to mother in Seventh and Sixth Heaven but that's all."

The eight dragons didn't only have one island on the eighth heaven. They all had their own territories in the lower heavens for their children, servants, worshippers, and so on.

Technically, she could have given them full access to all but, since her mother was currently absent for an undetermined amount of time, she wanted to diminish the amount of trouble she would have to deal with.

While all young dragons would be trained by Kiyohime, it wasn't as if the results were always perfect or even positive.

At the end of the day, what a teacher could do was limited by the willingness of the students to learn.

But dragons and elves in Kiyohime's territory had all gone through special focused education since their birth and were less driven by their instincts.

Nent was perfectly satisfied by the arrangements. Not only could she move around, but she wouldn't end up meeting Fafnir by accident.

"By the way, forgive me for asking, but is that cat yours?"

Caressing the white cat that was resting in her arms and sighing at the slightly cold aura it was emanating, she wondered what kind of magical beast it was and why it couldn't communicate even though it could already use magic.

"No. It belongs to Sol."

"I see. It's a beautiful creature. What's her name?"

"Sekhmet."

She nodded and approached the cat before gently petting it. Sekhmet on the other hand was acting as arrogantly as any cat, melting the heart of the two women.

The previously awkward atmosphere between the two warmed up considerably thanks to the cuteness of Sekhmet.

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[4th Hell]

"Now then Sol. Before you go, what kind of weapons do you use?"

"Hum? Why the sudden question?"

"I need to understand something for your future training. I left quite a number of weapons with you, but I remarked that you used none of them."

"I was trained in the sword. but..." Sol frowned before shaking his head, "Swords don't suit me. Before I awakened, I used swords. But after that, I slowly realized they weren't for me. In fact, I have never fought with one since then."

Sol didn't quite finish his words. When he fought with a sword, he had to think about many things. Wielding a sword wasn't just about swinging it around recklessly.

In comparison, when he fought with his fists, the feeling of exhilaration as he tanked one hit after another before pummeling the face of his opponent was something a sword could never give him.

In short, he liked bashing people more than cutting them.

"As I thought..."

Kiyohime mumbled a little while confirming that sending Sol here was indeed the right choice. His fighting style needed him to become tougher and have a much higher regeneration speed.

She still wanted him to consider using a spear since it could greatly enhance his power and reach. Furthermore, some beings like the Lord made out of acid were quite a pain to deal with barehanded.

'Well, I will take all that into account.'

"From now on. Whenever you fight, I want you to keep certain images in your head. The War Form you obtained is still incomplete so it's time..."

"Incomplete?"

"Ah... Incomplete is not the right word. Hum...how should I say this? Let's see. When you put on new armor, You can't just use it right away for battle, right? You need to become used to it, change some little things until it truly fits you."

Sol immediately understood what she was trying to say. In short, it was fine tuning.

"I see."

"The same goes for War Form. There's no standard form because the final result is the one that suits you the most. For example, Fafnir focused extremely on defense. His scales are so tough that even I have a hard time dealing any wounds to him. In his war form, he is nearly indestructible."

"What about you?"

Kiyohime smiled, "I will tell you when you finish your training."

'So you sold out your brother's information but kept yours secret?'

Kiyohime chuckled as she continued, "The fighting style you pursue needs high defense, but not to the point of sacrificing speed, strength or regeneration. In short, what you seek is a balanced state. Quite greedy, but dragons are greedy by nature. It's good."

By focusing on this path, Sol's immediate evolution would be a little slower, but once he bathed in dragon blood, his base stats would skyrocket.

"Well then...That's it for the briefing. Since you decided to continue, I wish you luck."

With those words, Kiyohime vanished.

Sol, now alone, sighed as he continued to eat and prepared mentally for what will happen next.

High in the sky, watching as Sol used the transfer matrix, Kiyohime couldn't help but think about Nadu.

The poor girl was still imprisoned to this day.

From what mother had told her, staying in this place would one day be very useful for Nadu.

She didn't know how staying in such a place filled with madness could be good for anyone in the long run, but she decided to not argue.

The fact that Nadu was still sane to this day was already a miracle.

Many divine beasts of her generation had killed themselves because they could not support the flow of time even after hibernating regularly.

Without a doubt, Nabu was someone extremely admirable.

But she was sure that the girl was reaching the limits of her sanity. She was slowly becoming more bloodthirsty and would attack anyone trespassing on her Territory — Dragons or not, it didn't matter.

During the past training, she had warned the young ones to not disturb her, but since Nabu was a sort of legend in the clan, they always tried to fight her and they also always ended up nearly dead.

She had been about to warn Sol about this trait but Tiamat had communicated and stopped her from doing so.

'Does mother wish for Sol and Nabu to be in contact?'

She neither knew nor cared much about it. Since Tiamat was interested in this situation, then nothing would happen to Sol.

That was more than enough for her.

[5th Hell]

When he entered the 5th Hell, Sol frowned a little but managed to keep the disgust in his heart.

It seemed that he was slowly becoming used to the air here. Once he went back to the normal world, his mana circulation would without a doubt become much smoother.

'Now then...what should I do?'

Sol thought a little before deciding to go into hiding and scout the surroundings. The reason he could finish the 4th Circle so easily, minus the whole super ambush, was the fact that he had intel about the best road to follow.

Right now, rather than rushing head first, he should find some helpless straggler and 'discuss' with them, 'gently' extracting the information he needed.

He took a deep breath before slowly releasing the air accumulated in his lungs. His state of mind became cold while his eyes became listless.

The threatening and killing aura that now always surrounded him completely settled and his presence itself vanished.

This was a technique he recently came up with. In the past, he had to superimpose his existence with his dimension in order to 'vanish'. Now though, he 'fused' his aura with that of the environment.

Short of direct sight, it was basically impossible for anyone at his level to feel and find him.

Picking up a direction without much thought, he began to walk. No matter what happened next would be left up to Fate.

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Chapter 238: CH 213: FIGHT AGAINST NABU

Considering how numerous Chaos Spawns were, it didn't take long for Sol to capture one.

What ought to be noted was that he didn't just capture one spawn but a bunch of them and also a traitor.

It was a scantily clad woman whose body was covered with nothing more than a short skirt that barely covered her plump butt and a small swimsuit top used to cover her large breasts.

Her skin had a slight blue hue, giving her an exotic and alluring appearance.

Anyone who saw such a woman would be reluctant to bring the slightest harm to her. But Sol had long since been educated about the equality between men and women.

If you could punch a man, there was no reason you couldn't punch a woman.

It was with this mindset that he did not hesitate in knocking her out cold when he chanced upon her.

Initially, he wanted to send her to his dimension and see the effect, but he didn't want to test whether or not the taint could enter his dimension. He could only use the good old method.

Threat. Coercion. Blackmail. Torture.

As always, those were awfully effective.

"I beg you, I will tell you anything you want! Just—please...ask something! Don't stay silent!"

The woman begged and screamed as she watched what had happened to her cellmate.

Her day had been one like any other. She was a nymph, one of the spirits living in the dragon realm in the past. Since traitors of Chaos were so few and they didn't need to eat each other to grow as Chaos spawn did, the traitors were quite united in Tartarus.

At the very least, they wouldn't threaten each other and would even protect each other when needed. After all, if their numbers fell too much, the Chaos Spawn would devour them without hesitation.

Them being on the same side wouldn't matter. After all, if they could eat people of the same species, what couldn't they eat?

This was why, until now, her life had been pretty relaxed even though she was imprisoned.

Aside from avoiding the rampaging crazy dragon whenever she had a fit, everything was alright.

But everything changed this morning. She was just playing around in her bath when an intruder busted through her castle and killed all her guards before capturing her like a helpless chicken.

She had been utterly helpless. As if it wasn't enough, that lunatic had been torturing a bunch of Chaos Spawns one after another in front of her without asking her anything.

Furthermore, the more gruesomely he killed them, the happier he seemed to become. Sometimes he didn't even bother asking any questions and would torture them before crushing their cores.

She even wondered who was supposed to be the monster.

This was simply too much for her. She had neither participated in any great war nor was she a great warrior. Her psyche wasn't forged through war and death. She did not have the mental fortitude to keep watching such a scene.

Hearing those words of her, Sol smiled as he put an end to the life of the Chaos Spawn in his hand.

"You said that you will tell me everything, right?"

"Yes!! Yes! I will!"

Those words from Sol were like salvation for her.

"I see. Then...Let's chat. I hope your illustration skills are up to par. What's your name?"

"Mia."

"Heh, Nice to meet you, Mia."

...

...

...

A few hours later, Sol managed to gain incredibly precise information. Mia had been incredibly forthcoming and had not hesitated in sharing information with him in order to save her life.

This had without a doubt allowed Sol to save a tremendous amount of time. The happier he seemed to be the happier Mia was since it meant that her chances of survival were increasing.

However, "...W-why?..."

Mia gazed with disbelief as Sol slowly lifted a war hammer with his hand.

"I never said I would spare you if you fessed up everything. Well then...Farewell. It was a pleasure knowing you."

Boom!

Those were the last words Mia ever heard as her head was crushed by the hammer.[1]

Gazing expressionlessly as the brain matter and other bits splashed the ground below, Sol wondered if it was really alright for his mental health to become so desensitized to death.

The corpse in front of him was that of a woman with a story. Perhaps she had her own reasons for joining Chaos. Perhaps she wasn't all that bad.

But, so what?

As he was now, he found it hard to find any compassion in his heart.

He could feel that his mental fortitude was deteriorating fast. He had been fighting non-stop thousands of monsters for days and killed enough of them to paint the ground red.

The killing intent in his heart was soaring, becoming harder to control. In terms of pure quantity, he was sure that he wasn't far from the kill count of Lilith, and that was the result she reached after years of warfare.

No matter how one looked at it, there was no way he could still be healthy.

'Man, when I go back home, I will organize a big fuck feast.'

For normal people, drowning in sex to avoid their mental issues could only end badly. No one could heal by becoming dependent on temporary pleasure brought by sex or drugs or alcohol.

Thankfully, the rules in this world were pretty different.

'Well, I will think about getting a good fuck later. Now, time to work.'

Mia was surprisingly skilled. The drawing she made was so lifelike and detailed, he was surprised that it only took her a few hours to complete it.

In the 5th Circle, because of the presence of Traitors and Chaos spawn, the situation was a little complicated.

Firstly, even though they were officially on the same side, the traitors and the spawns' territories were far apart from each other. It was something that was in no way surprising when you knew the nature of those beasts.

Out of the thirty lords present normally, the best and shortest road would make him face one particular enemy...Nabu.

'Should I give it a try?'

Sol had many ways to protect his life, so he wanted to face her.

From what Kiyohime said, Nabu was basically the strongest Duke she knew.

If he could beat her, then there would be no need to continue this trial and if he lost, there would still be no need to continue the trial.

At the Duke level, the difference in power between two individuals could be pretty huge.

For her to be judged like that, it was clear that her Zone didn't just rely on her element like many of those born with Mana and Magic did. But rather, it was a conceptual type.

Either way, fighting against Nabu could be a good way to finish this whole test and get out of this hell hole.

He wanted to breathe fresh air.

Thinking so, he walked in the direction that had been indicated on the map, and slowly, the surroundings began to change. From a lush forest to one filled with dead trees, then filled with snow and ice.

The moment he first stepped on the white snow, he immediately stopped as he felt a chill like none other invade his body.

ROOOAARR!!

Without any warning, a roar so powerful the earth rumbled filled the air.

'She is coming.'

Sol was surprised that he had been found so easily but did not let that bother him.

He knew that the roar was just a warning. She felt him step foot in her territory and was ordering him to leave. He had no doubt that this would be the first and the last warning he would receive.

This gave him a pause.

Not because he was scared, but rather because her actions did not match what he had expected.

He had thought that he would have to face a crazy dragon but just from this alone, it was clear that Nabu wasn't the kind to attack as long as she wasn't provoked first.

From her story, he knew that she was just a pitiful girl that had been implicated in the sin committed by her parents.

She wasn't like the Chaos Spawns.

Then why did he want to fight her so much? Why bother someone who means no harm and only wants to be left alone?

'My mental state is in a worse state than I thought....'

He wondered if he should just end the training now and go rest. His mood was changing too fast and he felt as if he was becoming bipolar. He knew that this was in no way a good sign. The longer he stayed in this place, the worse the situation would become for him.

But, just as he was about to move away.

Whoosh

The snow around him moved and formed an ice sculpture before the ice sculpture changed into a woman.

'Beautiful.'

Sol had seen many beautiful women in his life and to this day, Nefertiti and Medea were still the most beautiful women he had ever seen.

Still, the woman that appeared mysteriously in front of him was no slouch.

She was a relatively tall woman with a fair complexion and had long silvery-white hair styled in a low, loose, thick braid fastened at the top with a red cord tied in a bow.

Her outfit consisted of a black backless bodysuit that faded into turquoise at the legs.

At the back of her bodysuit was an article bearing resemblance to coattails, consisting of white fabric patterned with gray.

The top of her bodysuit was covered by a cropped white-and-gray sleeveless qipao that accented her above-average-sized breasts.

"You..."

Even though the woman did not introduce herself, Sol could guess who she was. After all, there was only one dragon imprisoned in this place.

Her cold silver-white pupils were gazing intently at him while her grip on the long spear she was holding tightened.

"Why..."

With a dreamy voice, as if she was not used to talking, she spoke.

"Why...do you have...Master's scent on you...?"

Sol couldn't help but wonder what kind of shit he had just been pulled into.

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Chapter 239: CH 214: END OF THE FIGHT

'She isn't someone to be taken lightly.'

This was the second time Sol felt such an emotion facing a Duke ever since he awakened his War Form.

The first time had been against Isis, which wasn't surprising knowing her origin. Now though, the woman in front of him was clearly at another level. It was as if what he was facing wasn't a living being, but rather one made out entirely out of ice and snow.

"I...asked...why do you have a master's smell...on you?"

Even though her voice had the same emotionless tone to it, he could feel a hint of impatience creeping in it.

"Are you...her enemy?"

Her silver-white pupils slowly changed into a deep scarlet red.

Whoosh BOOM!!

Acting on more of a reflex than anything else, Sol used his arms to guard his side, but this did not stop him from being propelled like a cannonball and colliding against a huge mountain.

Rumble *Rumble*

Under the force of the collision, the mountain crumbled like a castle made out of cards.

"*Cough* *Cough* Holy shit. I felt that one."

Walking out of the rubble with his clothes in tatters, Sol couldn't help but curse as he looked with astonishment at his left arm that was limping because of a deep cut. A little more and his arm would have gone flying.

Blood was dripping not only from the deep wound on his arm but also from his lips. Clearly, some organs in his body had been shaken quite a bit. He was even sure that he had some broken ribs.

As if that wasn't enough, his regeneration was hampered. The frostbite on his arm and the chill in his guts were the obvious reasons.

'What is this strength?'

While it was true that he had been caught off guard and didn't have time to put up a proper defense, the amount of damage he had received with just one hit was off the chart.

Step *Step* *Step*

The sound of ice being crushed sounded in Sol's ears as he raised his head and looked at the Nabu.

The aura covering her body had completely changed. If before she looked like a transient fairy, now she was like an Ashura drenched in blood and filled with madness.

Be it her clothes, her eyes, or her hair, all of them had been completely dyed in a deep scarlet. In her arm was a long bident, seemingly made out of blue crystal. Blood could be seen on the tip, showing that it was the weapon she had used to attack him.

Sol initially wanted to talk and explain that he didn't know who her master was. At the very least, if said master really had her scent of him, he was willing to discuss with her as they tried to understand who, out of all the people he came in contact with, could be her master.

But after being attacked for no reason?

“Fuck it.”

Sol cursed again. Because of his upbringing in this world, he didn't like to curse and rarely did so. But now he was really angry.

His eyes shone with a menacing glint as he released a deep growl and immediately entered the first form of the dragon form.

Summoning a hammer from his dimension, the same one he used to crush Mia's head, Sol rushed like a bolt of lightning.

BANG!!

His speed was so high that he immediately tore through the sonic barrier as if it was nonexistent.

BOOM!!

This was immediately followed by a loud roar as he swung his hammer with all his strength. The hammer was shining like a star because of all the mana it was filled with.

But what followed refreshed the world view of Sol.

Just one palm. One palm was all she needed to stop a hit strong enough to reduce any other Duke to ashes.

Rumble *Rumble*

The ground below them was already crumbling because of the shockwave and a huge twenty meters wide pit formed around them.

Even so, she did not take even one step back.

‘Not good.’

Sol's hands became numb. What would happen if a normal human swung a sword at a wall with all his strength? Physics would do its job and the reaction force would most likely hurt him.

The same was happening in this case. Nabu was like an impenetrable wall that could not be breached.

Furthermore, her other hand wasn't idle. She counterattacked with a fast jab, fully intent on piercing Sol with her bident.

“!!!”

For the first time, Nabu's expression changed as her eyes widened in surprise.

Her bident did pierce Sol as she had expected, but she felt nothing. It was as if she had pierced a mirage.

Sol's figure vanished before reappearing a few hundred meters farther.

“Incredible. If I didn't use my dimension, I would have become a shishkebab.”

“How...did you...do that?”

Despite the distance, Sol could clearly hear her voice.

“You think I am some kind of third-rate villain that will explain how my skills work?”

He scoffed inwardly. What he did was by no means simple. He didn’t even know if other-dimensional mages could do the same.

In short, by superimposing his body in this dimension and the other one, he essentially became intangible while in the normal dimension.

Of course, this move wasn’t invincible. If he faced someone like Lilith, Lilin, or Freya, he would still be unable to escape.

He didn’t know if the crazy girl in front of him could affect space, but there was no way he was willing to take the risk of exposing his trick.

After not receiving an answer, Nabu seemed to lose interest in talking and changed her stance. As if holding a gun, she pointed her bident at him.

Immediately, a powerful chill began to gather at the tip of the bident. Frost began to form all around her and it seemed as if she wanted to cover the world in ice.

Sol of course hadn’t stayed idle while she was preparing her attack.

Opening his mouth, mana began to condense like never before. A supernova of energy that would erase everything in its wake.

For a moment, the world seemed to be divided into two zones. One chilling blue and the others warming gold.

<<Dragon Breath: Chilling Light.>>

<<Dragon Roar: Supernova.>>

Whoosh

Whoosh

At a speed indiscernible to the naked eye, the two beams of energy flew at the same time before clashing.

There was a short instant of complete silence, a silence so deadly that it felt as though the world had come to a standstill. It could even make any onlooker doubt whether everything was an illusion or not.

It was at this moment that—,

BOOOOOOM!!

—With the thunderous sound of an explosion, a blinding light occupied everyone’s vision before a mushroom of dust rose so high in the sky that it could be seen from several kilometers away.

The very atmosphere seemed to be repulsed as a shockwave spread apart from the point of impact, covering several kilometers and absolutely destroying everything in its wake.

The air burned, the wind stirred and all sounds in the space of the explosion vanished, replaced by a silence full of devastation and destruction. It was like the aftermath of a nuclear explosion.

When the explosion finally stopped, all that could be seen was a deep crater spanning more than a kilometer. At the same time, the aftereffect of the explosion affected a radius of more than 15 kilometers.

The battlefield fell silent as the two opponents had vanished from it in a mysterious way.

But it didn't take long for Sol to appear, completely unscathed, as space rippled. The moment the two beams clashed, he had immediately felt the danger and decided to hide in his dimension. Thereby avoiding the backlash that proceeded.

"Well, is she dead?"

He mocked in jest. He didn't believe that this could have been enough to kill Nabu. But surely, she should have been quite wounded.

His smile vanished when the particles of ice seemed to float aimlessly in the air before slowly gathering together.

In the end, appearing with nary a wound, was none other than Nabu.

The moment she appeared, she did not say a word and rushed at Sol, slashing with her bident.

Sol, this time wasn't taken aback by her attack and managed to avoid it by leaning backward. At the same time, he condensed a blade of mana filled with killing intent at the sole of his feet and with a backflip, slashed at her while taking further distance.

Nabu did not lose momentum as she avoided the sneak attack by sidestepping and continuing her relentless attack.

Meanwhile, Sol showed his growth as he dodged, countered, and sometimes redirected her attacks.

He had learned his lesson in the previous clash and knew that in terms of pure strength, he had absolutely no way to match her.

This fight was extremely exhilarating for Sol. He couldn't think, couldn't prepare. All his moves were done by pure instincts and experience. All his senses were working in overdrive in order to grasp the situation.

Even so, Sol was slowly losing ground and he knew it. Twirling, sidestepping, and so many different moves. It was as if Nabu was dancing to a piece of music that only she could hear.

The rhythm of the fight had completely fallen in her hand.

There was nothing he could do. Nabu was clearly a close combat expert and had ten thousand years of experience compared to her.

The fact was he had already activated his horns while Nabu was still in her base form. This showed the difference in terms of pure stats between the two of them.

She was faster than him and stronger than him. He could only stay on the defensive while she attacked him from all sides with her bident.

He briefly thought about using his war form, but he knew that no matter how fast his transformation was, she would be able to slash his throat five times before he could finish.

Eventually, Sol slipped up and Nabu did not miss that mistake. Like a predator pouncing at its prey, she broke his guard and was about to hit him heavily, but once again, her attack went through him.

This was followed by Sol vanishing once again and appearing far from her.

Drip *Drip*

Sweat flowed from his forehead as it dripped on the ground.

'It is incredible.'

Sol had no choice to admit that Nabu was completely on another level compared to all those he faced until now without using his war form or his dimension, he had absolutely no chance of beating her.

The fight seemed to fall to a lull as the two adversaries faced each other.

"You are very strong."

Sol was the first one to break the silence as he admitted frankly.

The girl seemed taken aback at his praise before nodding.

"You are...very weak."

Sol's smile froze on his face for an instant before it changed to a wry smile. While being called weak could be quite hurtful for some, Sol, on the other hand, did not mind.

Since the moment he left Lustburg, he had decided to stop caring about what other people thought of him. Furthermore, he knew very well that his growth was unequalled.

He was still in his growth phase and the him of tomorrow would always be stronger than the him of today.

No matter how much stronger than him Nabu was now, it did not matter since he would soon surpass her like he did with so many others.

Taking a deep breath, he focused briefly on his arm and was happy to see that it was completely connected. At least this was one worry away.

Dropping all useless thoughts, he was about to continue the fight but was surprised to see that the deep red that colored Nabu began to fade. Clearly, she didn't want to fight anymore.

"Why are you stopping?"

She shook her head.

"You...cannot be... Master's enemy...Too weak."

“Oh? Is your master very strong then?”

“My master is...a Demi-god.”

Nothing else needed to be said. But who said that one had to be strong to have strong enemies?

Of course, Sol wasn't dumb enough to mention this to this girl that seemed to have a pretty simple thought process despite how strong she was.

Still, he couldn't help but ask as he was quite curious about who the master of Nabu was. After all, even demi-gods had different levels and for someone to become the master of a Dragon, then that person must have been one of the top tier demi-gods.

But the only demigod Sol had personally met were Ambrosia, Gabriel, and Tiamat.

'Is it Ambrosia?'

It wasn't impossible. After all, Ambrosia had quite the number of students and was one of the first mortal demi-gods as well as a Singularities. She was without a doubt a top-tier demigod.

“Is your master called Ambrosia?”

Nabu shook her head, “My master...Is not the Supreme witch.”

'Oh, so she does know Ambrosia. Then again that woman is quite old.'

Nabu fell silent for a short while before making her decision.

This was the first time she had found a lead to her most beloved master. She couldn't afford to lose this occasion.

“My master is the Blazing Lioness... Her name is...Bastet. [1]”

'Huh?'

Sol was completely dumbfounded at this name. If the conjecture that jumped in his mind was right, then...

'Holy shit!'

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[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 240: CH 215: I CAN DO WHATEVER YOU WANT

“My master is the Blazing Lioness... Her name is...Bastet. [1]”

'Huh?'

Sol was completely dumbfounded at this name. If what he was thinking was really the case, then...

'Holy shit!'

The reason for Sol's surprise was that he had an inkling about a clue towards the whereabouts of her master.

In his previous world, Bastet was the name of an Egyptian deity related to the god of sun, however, that Goddess had two identities.

As Bastet, she was a goddess with the head of a cat who could also take the form of a cat. In that form, she was a benevolent goddess protecting humanity. She was also a goddess of love and lust, representing the warm aspect of the sun.

But in her other form, she was a goddess with the head of a Lioness. In that form, she became a warrior goddess who represented the destructive aspect of the sun.

People called her "(One) Before Whom Evil Trembles", "Mistress of Dread", "Lady of Slaughter." and "She Who Mauls". She was once sent to punish humans and ended up destroying most of humanity.

Her name was — Sekhmet.

Back then when he got his cat from Nent, he had given her the name 'Sekhmet' because she was a magical beast with Ice properties. He had thought that it would be an ironic twist to give the name of a fire-breathing lioness to an ice-breathing pet cat.

Now though, it seemed that the real irony had been in trying to be ironic.

'Still, Nabu was imprisoned during the 1st Era. Is my Sekhmet really her teacher?'

This would seem like too much of a coincidence.

The cat that he luckily got in the Phoenix territory ended up being a demigoddess and the master of a dragon?

Furthermore, he had only given her the name Sekhmet on a whim. For all he know, he could have named her little red or some stupid name of the like.

Finally, from her title, it was clear that Bastet wielded the power of fire. Meanwhile, his cat was a pure Ice magical beast.

Of course, all of this was pure speculation.

What really made him doubt that Sekhmet was Bastet was one simple fact.

How could a demigod walk under the radar of both Gabriel and Tiamat?

Still, it was a fact that Nabu felt the scent of her master on him.

He shrugged, even if the cat Sekhmet wasn't the demigoddess Bastet, at the very least, the two of them were related one way or another.

Then, his gaze fell on the fidgeting Nabu. Clearly, his reaction made her understand that he did have information about her master.

She seemed so pitiful looking. Should he just tell her what he knew?

A gentle smile formed on his face.

'As if.'

Information was power. This was a truth Sol realized long ago, even more so in this fantasy world.

Sol didn't forget that she had been trying to kill him just a few moments ago over a simple misunderstanding.

If his body wasn't as strong, or if he couldn't use his dimension, he would have been greatly wounded and be at death's door.

Sol didn't think that he was petty. But he wasn't so kind that he would smile and joke around with someone who had just tried to harm him. No matter how much he looked like his father, he wasn't as forgiving as him.

In fact, the only reason he had stopped the fight was because he had judged that he had few chances to kill her as he was now.

'Now then, how should I maximize my advantage?'

He had no information on her master. But the clues he had should still interest her a great deal.

While Sol was thinking about getting the maximum price from her, Nabu was becoming more restless. While she was simple-minded, she wasn't stupid.

She had enough experience to understand what the calculating gaze of Sol meant. She knew that there was no way she would get what she wished for easily. She also knew that she had no one to blame but herself.

If she hadn't attacked him impulsively, the situation would be different.

During the war, her master was one of the rare mortals who reached the level of demigod.

While she didn't reach a transcendental level like the Necromancer King, Mother Of Thousand Monsters, or The Thousand Spells Witch, her master was still a very powerful demigoddess.

This was even more so since she had managed to use a normal element like Ice and Fire to a conceptual level that allowed her to 'Burn' the space and 'Freeze' even the time.

Back when she followed her father, she knew that her master was about to be ambushed by her father and a few Titans.

In order to save her master, she didn't hesitate to transmit their location to Tiamat.

This was perhaps one of the reasons why she hadn't been executed as a traitor like her father.

She had been ready to pay any price to save her master then and she was still ready to pay any price in order to meet her master now.

"What...Do you....Want?"

Her voice was still coarse because of the thousands of years with no one to speak with properly.

"Hum...I just realized that we never really introduced ourselves."

"....??"

She couldn't understand why he suddenly changed the discussion.

"My name is Sol. Sol Dragna Luxuria."

Nabu was now completely bewildered.

"My name is... Nabu."

She couldn't help but feel strange. How long had it been since she had properly introduced herself?

She even thought that she had forgotten her own name.

"Mhm. Nabu. An interesting name. Heh... As you may have guessed, I do have some information about your master. But..."

'Here is it.'

"...It won't be free."

"What do you...want?"

Nabu repeated herself. This time though, her tone had more strength behind it, prompting Sol to smile.

"Heh. Don't look at me like I am some bad guy... Let's go with five favors. I believe it's a fair deal."

Sol didn't want to form a contract with Nabu.

It was partially because forming a contract with a dragon when he was partially one himself would be a waste of Capacity Points, and also for a simple reason.

He didn't believe in her.

"Favors...?"

"Yes. Five times. I can ask anything and everything I want and you need to obey."

"That...That's all?"

She was a little surprised. She had thought that Sol would use this occasion to ask for an astronomical price. After all, it was quite clear that she was desperate for information about her master.

Sol shrugged, "Of course."

Sol was sure that before those five favors were consumed, he would find a way to make her even more in his debt.

"I agree..."

"Beautiful."

"But...I have one condition."

"Go on."

"I will listen to everything you want...and I will even give you my life if you want. But...only if any of those favors don't bring harm to...my master."

This time Sol fell silent as he scrutinized Nabu's face.

"You must really respect her."

"Master taught me everything...I know and almost raised me by herself...Everything I am... Everything I have...The power I wield...all of them are gifts of my master."

Sol remembered someone uttering those exact words not long ago.

It was when Kiyohime was talking to Tiamat.

"What about Tiamat?"

"...The Empress is the reason I am alive and for that, I will always respect her...But her place in my heart is incomparable to that of my master."

Dragons; Prideful creatures, they were.

Dragons did not submit easily, for they always wished to stand higher.

But once they did submit to someone, that person would become their pride and honor.

That was the reason Blaze could follow Mars in death.

If given the opportunity, Kiyohime would do the same for Tiamat.

Now, Sol could see it clearly in Nabu's eyes that were reminiscent of the snowstorm. Without any hesitation, she could do the same for her master.

This did make him appreciate her a little more. After all, he was also ready to sacrifice himself for those he loved if it was necessary.

After obtaining Nabu's promise, Sol briefly explained his doubt and the situation of Sekhmet.

He made sure to not give her any false hope. For all they knew, what if Bastet was dead and Sekhmet was just distantly related to her?

Once he finished explaining everything, Nabu pinched her eyebrow while thousand of thoughts swirled in her head.

It had been so long since she had properly talked to someone and she had learned so many new things.

Her head ached as she tried to organize everything.

"What will you...do now?"

She needed to find a place and think for herself but she couldn't simply leave like this.

"Heh...Nothing, I will leave Tartarus."

Sol wanted to continue to the next circle, but his rationale made him stop.

Despite how powerful Nabu was, she was only imprisoned on the 5th circle.

What about the 6th, where Titans and Giants were imprisoned then? How powerful would they be?

But there was another more fundamental fact,

“I refuse to go on the 6th circle without beating you.”

His eyes were lit with a fierce competitive light.

He wanted to win. He wanted to be the strongest. But as he was now, he was still quite limited.

Taking the talisman Kiyohime had given to him, Sol immediately crushed it.

“Once I become a Duke, I will come back.”

It was clear what would happen once he did.

It was only after standing alone in the wasteland that resulted from their clash for a few seconds that Nabu finally caught a very important point.

“He...wasn't a Duke?”

She was briefly surprised when she recalled the intensity of his power.

‘I wonder if he will come back.’

She sighed and discarded any useless thought. She had been ready to give up and put an end to her life.

But now that she had information about her master, she couldn't help but feel a spark of hope burn in her chest.

‘Perhaps, I should finally break through the level of King?’

She had been standing at the peak of the Duke rank for more than a few thousand years.

She had already long awakened her True Name. But she hadn't evolved because she feared what would happen once she became a King while in Prison.

After all, she had a few acquaintances in the 7th circle that would be pretty happy to tear her apart if they caught her.

Betrayal.

Thinking so, she threw one last glance at a certain spot in the sky before walking away.

She could do nothing else than wait.

High in the sky, Kiyohime was floating silently with her wings opened wide.

The moment Sol began to fight Nabu, Kiyohime immediately appeared in order to observe and was surprised by what she saw.

She was even more surprised by how decisive he had been in leaving.

'He really is a dragon.'

Pride was the foundation of all Dragons. Her job as an instructor was to temper that pride to make it a strength rather than a liability.

The fact that Sol understood his own level and left this place of his own volition made her particularly happy.

Now it was time for her to begin with a more hand-on approach.

She would help him find a fighting style suitable for him and help develop all the basics as a dragon should. Then, she would leave him to her mother.

'Once he is done...I am sure that the current Nabu would have no chance.'

She smiled as she activated her own talisman.

She had nothing left to do here. As for Sol's discussion with Nabu about Bastet, Kiyohime was a little curious about Sol's cat but didn't care much more than that.

After all...Bastet already died all those years ago.