

## Hero King 241

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

#### Chapter 241: CH 216: TEASING A DRAGON

'Interesting.'

Tiamat thought as she stood up from her throne.

Sol's training had been extremely interesting in her opinion. She was surprised to find that she had learned many things.

For one, his decision to cut short his training in Tartarus surprised her since this had happened in none of the futures she had seen.

At the end of the day, her foresight, future sight wasn't her specialty and she could only observe a limited amount of possibilities in the stream of time.

Still, she was gratified by his sight since it showed that he understood his limit very well and was ready to strive for greater heights.

Sol already had pretty interesting skills. What he did with his dimension in order to avoid Nabu's attack particularly intrigued her.

Dimensional Mages had the highest survival rate because even at the King or Demigod level, there weren't many who could directly affect space and time.

Even for those that could, it wasn't as if they could completely counter dimensional mages either.

One of the reasons was clearly because a dimensional mage could enter his dimension at any moment and the more skilled they were, the less time it took to hide in the dimension.

But what Sol did was completely different. In the first place, the different dimensions had different ways of working so it was expected.

For most of them, once they entered their dimension, they could not see what was happening to the other side without opening a portal.

But Sol, even in his dimension, could see everything that happened in another dimension. At least from what she understood.

This was perhaps the reason why he was able to do what he did.

'I wonder what his dimension encroachment would look like.'

She smiled at the thought. It had been a long time since she had been so excited about training someone of the young generation.

Not even for Blaze since there wasn't really much to teach to a Chaos Dragon aside from knowing what kind of hit one should take and what should be avoided.

With Sol, on the other hand, she had finally found a true inheritor that would receive all her skills.

'Let's work on the schedule program again. I will leave him to Kiyohime for a week or two to help him unwind.'

For the training in Tartarus, the most important wasn't how much they evolved while being down there, but how they changed after coming back to the surface.

Some of them became dominated by the killing intent while others never managed to get their sanity back.

Of course, this happened to a very small minority of weak-minded dragons. If Sol crumbled from only so much, then it would be extremely disappointing.

All she could do now was wait for the Nornes sisters.

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'Ugh! It feels suffocating.'

The moment Sol appeared above the sea, he was so surprised that he didn't even bother taking out his wing and fell down helplessly with a splash in the water.

Since then, he had been floating aimlessly, letting the waves send him wherever they wished to.

He felt so sluggish. He wished to do nothing. He didn't even wish to sleep - just letting his mind stay completely still and void.

Even now, he could feel his body slowly changing as it greedily absorbed the pure mana in the air.

Compared to when he initially entered, while it wasn't like he could crush his old self, he still went through an incredible growth. Just the circulation of energy in his core was a few times faster and he could feel that his mana veins were far sturdier.

Despite this, he couldn't find in himself the slightest feeling of elation. It was like a tight string was suddenly cut, making him feel hapless.

"You are here. Do you know how hard it was to find you? At least you should emanate some energy."

A shadow formed above his head, blocking the light of the sun from reaching him. Blinking a little as his awareness came back, Sol looked up at the intruder that awakened him from his stupor and couldn't help but mutter.

"What a beautiful sight."

"!!!"

Kiyohime, who had been floating just above his head was briefly confused before her face blushed and she moved away from above him in a flash.

"You saw it?"

"To think the dragon Queen would fly commando. The breeze must feel good."

Kiyohime became even redder,

“A gentleman would have acted as if he had seen nothing.”

“Since when did I say that I was a gentleman?”

Sighing, Sol shook his head as he stood up and began to walk on the water by applying mana on the soles of his feet.

He was too lazy to fly and didn't want to bother.

Kiyohime was a little startled before chortling in amusement.

Indeed, from what she had seen with Nent and Sol, her little nephew was in no way a gentleman.

Manipulating the flow of mana, her clothes changed and she was now fully covered above and below.

“Oh...How did you do that?”

Curiosity flashed in his otherwise dead listless eyes.

“What do you...Ah...Astral clothes? It's a pretty useful technique. You can create weapons with mana, right? Why not do the same with clothes?”

Sol tilted his head, “But...If you deplete your mana...?”

“You will end up butt naked.”

Kiyohime shrugged. “That's why Astral clothes exist. They are special clothes created by using Arachnid thread as the main material. That thread easily absorbs mana and can change shape based on the flow of mana.”

This kind of clothes was practically a necessity for divine beasts. After all, if they wore normal clothes, they would become naked everytime they transformed.

“Arachnid thread? Interesting...”

Sol couldn't help but think of Duchess Arachne Milaris. One of the four Dukes of Lustburg. She was also a very skilled woman or rather, a legendary woman when it came to art. At the very least, he didn't think anyone could be praised by the goddesses and receive a gift from them.

At the same time, thinking about Arachne and Lustburg made him think back to all his beloved ones that were waiting and worrying for him.

‘I miss home.’

Strength came back to his eyes as the depression and sluggishness was completely swept away.

He remembered why he came to the Astral World and how much he was willing to sacrifice for them. Even though his mind was tired and he did need some rest, he couldn't let his mental states deteriorate further.

Kiyohime, who had been observing Sol, was quite surprised. She didn't find his previous state foreign.

After leaving the gloom and darkness as well as the stained energy of Chaos in Tartarus, all young dragons would fall into a daze.

How long this lasted depended on the individuals but, while most always managed to break away, some others would fall further in the abyss of madness.

'Even after deteriorating, his mental state is still quite good.'

"Let's go back to my Island. You need to rest."

Sol didn't bother arguing and followed her Kiyohime.

The call of a comfortable and large bed did sound very appealing.

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[7th Heaven]

While Sol was climbing up the heavens on Kiyohime's ship, Isis was facing a very uncomfortable situation.

Currently, Isis was being surrounded by a group of people composed of dragons, elves, and dryads.

While Dryads were originating from the Territory of Yggdrasil, this didn't mean that they couldn't settle down outside of their home.

'I have been careless.'

The last time, when Isis descended on the 7th heaven alongside Nent, nothing noteworthy had happened and their outing had been pretty mundane.

This gave her the illusion that she could do everything herself and as such, she decided to come to visit a store with Sheherazade's help.

At first, everything had been alright and everyone was happy.

But suddenly one crazy woman came and asked her to sell Sheherazade to her. The worse was that, once this didn't work, she began to threaten them and even found a Dryads to play the witness.

Isis didn't care whether Sheherazade was really a criminal or if it was just a ploy. There was absolutely no way she was going to give her friend away.

"I said that this fairy is a criminal in our territory, are you really willing to protect her?"

"I don't care."

"You...!"

Faint black flames began to flicker as Nent wondered whether she should just burn all those bastards alive.

"What going on?"

Isis turned towards the source of the voice that interrupted them and then squinted.

She usually didn't pay attention to people in general because of her upbringing, but she still remembered the man that appeared.

After all, from what she heard, he was supposedly one of the most powerful young dragons Sol would have to face.

He was none other than the descendant of Fafnir—

—Kaiser.

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

#### **Chapter 242: CH 217: KAISER (1)**

Kaiser Superbia, the grandson of one of the four Dragon King, Fafnir.

In the dragon tribe, Kaiser and Nidhogg were the two brightest stars since they showed the most potential to reach the level of King.

The Dragon tribe had been rather unlucky when it came to King level since all those who became one aside from the first four ended up dying one way or another.

In the current generation, the two had been given many important resources and many believed that the one who would win the vacant title of prince would be one of them.

Kaiser in particular was extremely popular. Not only because of his looks and talent but also because he inherited a part of Tiamat's foresight power, making him a deadly opponent in battle. His power was less developed than her, but in a way, it was a blessing.

Tiamat's foresight was extremely specialized and she could only observe the future of people with dragon blood. But Kaiser, while losing a lot of power, suffered no such restriction.

"What's going on?"

That was why, the moment he entered the scene and asked with a cold voice, all the others who were clamoring earlier couldn't help but shut their mouths in uneasiness.

"Kaiser! I am sorry that you were disturbed. I wonder what you are doing in the Queen's territory?"

Kaiser sneered at the veiled intention in the words of the dragon who spoke to him.

While the 7th Heaven belonged to all the dragons, it was divided into smaller territories with each of them belonging to one of the dragon kings or princes.

Kaiser, as the grandson of Fafnir, had technically no authority in this part of the 7th heaven.

But-

"I believe I asked a question."

He completely ignored the dragon that spoke to him, as if he was nothing more than a pebble on the road.

"My lord..."

In the end, one of the elves decided to intervene to stop the situation from worsening. They did not want to see dragons fight for petty reasons. Even more so since the winner was already evident.

In the end, the elf began to explain the situation as it was. He did not bother to embellish or demean anyone. Such an action was beneath them after all.

When he finished, the dryad continued.

"I am not trying to start a conflict. The fairy on the shoulder of that...Phoenix is a criminal researched on our territory."

"I dare you! I swear you will be reduced to charcoal before you can even approach me."

Isis who had stayed silent this whole time growled. She did not miss the disgust in the eyes of the dryad as well as most of those present.

Since she wasn't fused with Sheherazade currently, her death aura was on full display and it was clear that it wasn't appreciated.

But for once, Isis did not care about those looks. Protecting her friend was far more important than this.

The moment Isis stopped holding back, those that had crowded around her couldn't help but take a few steps back in fright.

It had to be said that Isis was a very powerful Duke in her own right. She wasn't someone people at their level could afford to underestimate.

'Oh? What a fiery woman.'

Kaiser threw her an interesting look. If he had to be honest he did dislike her at first instinctively.

But it didn't take long for him to push back those instincts. Kaiser believed that only mindless beasts let themselves be controlled by instincts.

As divine beasts and superior beings, it was their duty to only judge people based on the most objective facts.

Sighing, Kaiser looked at the dragon that he previously ignored.

"You should drop it and go away."

"Kaiser! Aren't you acting a little too much?"

Kaiser pinched his eyebrows and sighed.

'This is why dealing with lustful morons is such a pain.'

He could smell the scent of the dryad on the dragon. Clearly, the reason he was helping her was either that he had received some kind of less than savory payment or simply because he was courting her.

Either way, this was another case of a dragon thinking with their lower members.

"Tell me. Do you want to start a diplomatic incident?"

"Wha-?"

"Shut up!"

Kaiser roared, barely containing his anger,

“Firstly, whether that infuriating fairy is a criminal or not, who gave that woman the right to chase someone down in our territory? In fact, who the hell does she think she is even?”

“Bu—”

“I said shut up! Secondly, when such a case happens, the regulations are to reach the lord of the territory to settle the dispute. The one who holds office in this territory is Aqua. Why the hell did you not inform her first before making a scene here?”

“...”

“\*Sigh\* Finally, you dumb fuck whose IQ lowered because of lust. Do you even know who the hell you are antagonizing? Or what? Do you think there are many Phoenixes shrouded in death in this world?”

The dragon that had grown sullen because of the repeated insult closed his mouth as he went deep into thinking. Though it didn't take long for him to remember the information.

After all, there was only one Death Phoenix alive in this world.

He looked at Isis in horror as realization finally struck him like a hammer.

“I...”

This time Kaiser smirked,

“From the pitiful look on your face, I think your little brain finally stopped disturbing the bigger one. Also, as if it wasn't enough. Do I need to remind you that they are guests of honor of the Empress?”

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“Whoooo! It was crazy! You went whoosh and whoosh. Completely destroyed those bastards with just your words! Badass!”

A few minutes later, after Kaiser berated that dragon until he realized how foolish he had been, the dragon profusely apologized to Isis and even promised to send some compensation.

As for the matter of Sheherazade being a criminal, it had been completely thrown on the wayside.

Currently, Kaiser and Isis were sitting in an open-air terrace as Sheherazade had proposed a meal as a thank you for helping them.

Listening to the excited words of Sheherazade, Kaiser's lips twitched as he fought to control his growing tension. That fairy had a little too much energy for him.

Tasting an ice cream, Isis nodded, “I didn't need your help there but thanks.”

Kaiser didn't know how to react to such a half-hearted thanks and shrugged.

“It seems like you don't appreciate my presence?”

Isis sighed, “I am sorry. That was too much for me.”

Looking at him in the eyes, she smiled.

“Thanks for helping us.”

“...\*Ahem\* ...It was nothing.”

Kaiser coughed as he could feel his cheek redden at the unexpected smile. The gap between the previous stone-faced Isis and this one was pretty wide and all the more striking.

“Well then. Time for us to leave. It was a pleasure.”

“Ah...”

Kaiser stood up at the same time as them unconsciously, prompting Isis to look at him with bewilderment.

“What?”

“\*Cough\* Nothing...I mean...I have a business with Aqua. Let me accompany you.”

Isis tilted her head, but in the end, simply shrugged. It wasn't like she could stop him from visiting his own family.

“Suit yourself.”

Like this, the two walked in near relative silence and used the tower of Babel to ascend to the 8th heaven.

Sometimes, Sheherazade would buzz around him and ask a few questions, and Kaiser would answer but that was it.

Kaiser couldn't believe how flustered he was because of Isis. After all, it wasn't as if he was an inexperienced man. He had his fair share of flings. After all, he was so popular.

If all the women who wanted him in this territory formed a line, it would be enough to cover a few hundred meters.

But this was the first time a woman really managed to make him feel that weird flutter in the stomach.

‘Well, not really the first time.’

He remembered that he did have a crush on his cousin, Nidhogg.

In fact, for a time, there were even talks about them becoming mates. After all, with their talents and identities, the two of them suited each other quite a bit.

Sadly, Nidhogg rejected him. She never explained her reason but there was nothing that could be done. Dragons respected each other's individual desires and there was no such thing as forced marriage in their tribes.

‘I wonder if she would be open to courting?’

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[8th heaven]

After getting out of the tower, the three of them easily reached Kiyohime's island.

All this while, Kaiser could see that Isis had absolutely no interest in him as a man and would have most likely not talked to him if not for his earlier help.

Still, he wasn't discouraged. Feelings needed time to grow and he was willing to take his time to woo her.

"Hah...A ship."

Suddenly, Isis, who had been completely silent, reacted.

'The white pearl?'

Kaiser was a little surprised at first at the sight of the ship.

The white pearl was the exclusive ship of Kiyohime and was also a weapon of mass destruction.

She normally only used it when on important business.

"Ah! Sol is back!!"

Next to him, Sheherazade cheered as she flew excitedly towards the young man that came down from the ship alongside Kiyohime.

Kaiser recognized the name. How could he not?

'What a heavy killing intent!'

Even though that intent was completely restrained the moment the fairy approached him, Kaiser could never mistake that feeling for anything else.

But from the information he had, Sol was still only barely an adult in human standard. How could he have such a big killing intent?

'Don't tell me...?'

Since Kiyohime was with him, the answer was pretty evident but not even Kaiser nor Nidhogg had the honor to step on the White pearl when it was their turn to go through Tartarus.

"So this is Sol..."

Muttering those words he threw a glance at Isis and immediately fell silent.

The expression on her face as she followed behind Sheherazade was something that he was used to seeing on many women who faced him.

No, in fact, it was an emotion far more pure and beautiful.

Giving a sullen smile, Kaiser ignored the weird churning feeling in his guts as he approached Sol and stretched his hand in a sign of handshake.

"Hello Sol, It's nice to finally meet you."

Sol smiled as he politely answered the handshake but inwardly, he was completely bewildered.

'Who the hell is this dude?'

### Son of the Hero King

#### **Chapter 243: CH 218: KAISER (2)**

Even as he shook hands with the man that came out of nowhere, Sol couldn't help but wonder what was going on.

Sol was not blind, nor was he as inexperienced as in the past. He had become way more adept at detecting ill intent after his experience in Tartarus.

That was why, even though it was well hidden, he could feel the veiled hostility of the man in front of him.

This left him quite baffled since he didn't remember offending anyone in the Dragon territory.

In fact, he didn't even remember meeting anyone aside from Kiyohime, Aqua, and Blaze.

'Is it perhaps because of the Contest for the title of Prince?'

"Excuse me. You are...?"

"Haha. Where are my manners? I am Kaiser. Grandson of Fafnir."

'Oh, so this is Kaiser?'

Sol thought as he eyed the man. Kaiser was a tall and lean, but well-built man. He had long black hair tied into a ponytail and a black and gold eye patch on his right eye.

He remembered that Kiyohime had talked to him about Kaiser. From what she said, the man managed to fight against Nabu and reached the 6th Circle, though he was riddled with wounds thereafter and couldn't continue the trials.

Then again 'fighting' was a little too much. From what Sol understood, he was simply trashed beyond belief and survived because Nabu wasn't going for the kill.

It was only after personally fighting against Nabu that Sol understood just how impressive that feat was.

Nabu was without a doubt a true monster of physical strength. It didn't help that her ice slowed down the regeneration process.

If Sol didn't have his dimension, he would have been forced to use his War form or die under her hits.

Even if Nabu didn't attack Kaiser with the intent to kill, it showed that at least his defense was at quite high.

'Kiyohime told me Fafnir War Form is geared toward defense. I guess it's innate.'

"Kaiser! It's a pleasure to meet you. What are you doing on my island, though?"

On the side, Kiyohime eyed Kaiser suspiciously. It had to be said that dragons didn't really visit each other regularly.

Kaiser smiled wordlessly as he pointed at the castle.

"I want to meet Aqua, there was a little problem on the plaza and I thought I ought to inform her since I intervened outside of my jurisdiction."

Sol tilted his head and managed to catch the flustered expression on Sheherazade and Isis's face.

"Hum...Did something happen to you two?"

Isis hesitated a little, but feeling the concern in Sol's voice and the curiosity in Kiyohime's eyes, she shared a glance with Sheherazade and explained the situation.

"I see. You don't need to inform Aqua. Even though you did overstep, I appreciate that you didn't use force. Fafnir has a good descendant."

Kiyohime nodded as she praised Kaiser. She was honestly happy about the way he handled the situation.

She knew that the Kaiser of the past wouldn't have even tried to help and even if he did, he might have worsened the situation.

'Truly, nothing better than a throughout beating to destroy the pride of insolent brat.'

She thought jokingly since she knew that it was only after being trashed by Nabu that he began to put his pride in check.

"I also thank you for helping my partner. She can be quite the handful."

Sol joked as ruffled the head of Isis who meekly tried to fight back.

"Stop! I am not a child, okay? If they continued to bother us I would have burned them to crips."

She moved her head away and punched in the air as she imagined punching the head of those annoying pricks.

"Pfft! Haha. As feisty as always."

Sol did not doubt her words. Isis wasn't someone who would accept getting bullied for no reason.

Looking at the interactions between the two, an unpleasant feeling churned in his guts. It was a sensation quite foreign for Kaiser.

Earlier, while Isis had been quite polite with him, she had still kept a certain invisible distance. A distance that clearly did not exist with Sol, seeing the way he could touch and joke around with her.

Also, there was one word in particular that caught his attention.

"Partner, is it?"

"Yep! Yep! Once Sol become Prince, he and Isis will enter a contract and then they will go kiss kiss and \*Ouf\*"

Sheherazade was stopped as Isis caught her.

"Hahaha. Well, I believe I will leave you guys, I have a fairy to punish."

Giving a strained smile with her face was completely red, Isis fled while ignoring the grin Sol was throwing at her.

“Well, I think I will also leave. Nice to have met you, Kaiser.”

Nodding to Kaiser, Sol waved at Kiyohime before chasing after Isis.

If he was bewildered at first at the hostility, now he could understand where it was coming from.

‘So he is jealous?’

This was the first time Sol felt true jealousy coming at him because of a woman. The white knight didn’t count since by the time they met, the boy had already given up on Camellia.

It was quite the novel feeling.

‘Well, not like it’s my problem.’

Sol knew it was hypocritical, but he was quite possessive of his women.

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After Sol and Isis left, Kiyohime threw a look at Kaiser.

“You should give up.”

“I don’t understand what you mean.”

Kiyohime ignored the fake smile plastered on his face as she continued.

“I am saying this for your own good. That girl is trouble incarnate. Don’t meddle in this.”

Kiyohime knew that Isis and Sol were embroiled in the games of the goddesses. She didn’t even want to think about what would happen should Kaiser try to mess with the situation.

Kaiser grew silent as he felt the warning in Kiyohime’s voice. He knew that she wasn’t joking around and was really worried about him.

Even so...

“They will only become partners if Sol wins the contest, right? Then, I just have another incentive to win the fight, or will you ask me to throw the towel?”

Kiyohime gave bitter smile and shook her head.

“I already warned you. Do as you like.”

She had already said what she had to. Whatever happened next had nothing to do with her.

“I will...” Kaiser nodded with a confident smile, “Well then, I think it’s time for me to go. Have a good day.”

Looking at his back as he walked away, Kiyohime shook her head as she wondered if Fafnir was cursed. Not only did Sol take away his crush, but now the same was happening to his grandson.

'Well, it isn't my problem.'

Her wings opened as she flew toward the 9th Heaven. Even though she was sure Tiamat had been observing Sol's training, it was still important to make a report and discuss how to caliber his training from now on.

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After Sol and Isis entered the castle, they took different directions. Sol knew that Isis and Sheherazade had much to discuss.

As for Sol, after teasing Isis a little, he went back to his room and was ready to take a long nap but-

"Oh? You are back."

Lying down on his bed was a beautiful disheveled woman wearing nothing but a see-through short dress.

It was, of course, Nent.

She had been using Sol's room as her own bedroom since the day he left.

When she saw him enter the room, she was briefly stunned before she showed a happy smile.

"Hello."

Sol smiled back as his eyes trailed down the appetizing body of Nent. Sadly he was too mentally tired and wasn't interested in any night activities currently.

"Come here."

Gently patting her laps as she sat down on the bed, Nent called out for Sol.

After laying down on the bed with his head resting on her lap, he released a sigh of relief.

It has been quite some time since he felt so comfortable.

"So, how was your training?"

Nent gently caressed his golden hair.

She could feel the changes in him and couldn't help but wonder just what had happened to him during his training.

Sol closed his eyes as he remembered all the blood, gore, and all those he killed while thinking of the mind-numbing pain he also received before giving a wane smile.

"I honestly nearly gave up a few times. But in the end, I held on."

Sol did not want to hide his pain and suffering and bear everything alone.

Having someone to confide in was always good and it was even better if it was someone close to you. By sharing your pain and worries, you could become even closer to that person.

It was impossible for two people to truly understand everything about each other. However, it was necessary to make an effort to reach as close as possible.

Sol began to explain everything that happened.

He did not give the exact name of the place nor did he go too much into details, since the information about Tartarus was confidential.

But as for his struggle, his fight, and his mental problem — he did not hesitate to divulge everything.

It was quite weird. He would have never thought that he would one day speak so honestly with Nent.

But perhaps it was precisely because it was Nent.

While they were lovers, the two of them were mainly allies walking towards different yet similar goals.

Hearing his struggles, the normally sharp light in Nent's eyes softened.

What Sol went through was like a mini introduction to the war back then.

She could understand how hard it must have been since he only awakened a few months ago.

"It must have been quite hard. Many people would have given up in your place. Now, you should just sleep."

She continued to caress his hair and gently emanated her holy aura in the room, creating a warm and calming atmosphere.

"I..."

Sol tried to fight back a little but his mind was too worn out and in the end, he closed his eyes as he fell asleep on her laps.

"Fufufu~! He is quite cute when he sleeps like this."

It was the first time she took care of someone in such a way and she had to say that it made her quite giddy.

She was happy to see that Sol had come back stronger than ever and was about to go through another level. But weirdly, she was even happier that he had come back in one piece.

'Sleep well and have a great dream.'

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

#### **Chapter 244: CH 219: WHILE HE IS AWAY**

[LUSTBURG]

While Sol was resting after an excruciating training in hell, the matters of Lusturb were going on as always.

A few moments or hours after the opening of the portal for the contract ceremony, the different candidates that had recently awakened came back from the Astral World.

For the vast majority of them, they had appeared on the fringes of the different territories, while some of them had been lucky enough to either appear at Crossroads or in the inner territory of some divine beasts.

At the end of the day, among all of those who managed to enter, only a select few managed to form a contract, with some of them even dying there. In the end, that was the harsh reality of the awakening ceremony.

The Astral Realm was not a paradise. It was a very harsh world where anything could happen.

Of course for the dignitaries of Lustburg, all of this was nothing new. They had seen the same thing happen every time, every year. What concerned them the most was, of course, the fate of their crown prince.

Some hoped that he would come back safe and well since he was the only heir of the throne. With the war looming over their heads, they needed a King to lead them.

Most others, selfish ones, wished for Sol to never come back. At the end of the day, even if Lustburg lost the war and lost many territories, Lustburg itself could never be destroyed and they would at most fall under the control of Wratharis.

Meanwhile, in order to have a new Blessed, Lilith and/or Lilin would have to take a husband and bear an heir. This was the best chance for them to rise up and take power.

As for what would happen to the soldiers or the peasants? Why would they care about them?

It was in this uneasy atmosphere that the days passed.

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“I miss Sol.”

Milia scratched her wrist as she complained while working on a large amount of paperwork about the Crown’s Shadow.

After the whole fiasco of the last night, the Crown’s Shadow went through a complete change as Milia and the other Fingers endeavored in making sure no such thing would happen again.

“Milia...”

Standing beside her, Ketia looked at Milia with worry on her face. It hadn’t even been a week since Sol left. But Milia was already showing symptoms of withdrawal a drug addict would go through.

One time, she had even seen Milia scratch herself until blisters appeared on her arm and blood seeped out of it. If not for her healing factor, she was sure that Milia's arms would be filled with scars.

“I am sorry... I must be worrying you.”

Milia was indeed not going too well mentally. She thought she knew how much she relied on Sol for her well-being, but it was only after going through a few days without seeing him that she understood how truly mentally weak she was.

Since the moment she began to take care of Sol, he had never left her sight for more than one day and even then, she knew that she could reach him at any moment.

But now, she was told that she wouldn't be able to see him for nearly a month, and no matter what she did, nothing could change that fact.

At first, she thought that it was alright. After all, it was just a month, right?

It was only on the next day that she went to Sol's room in order to wake him up and saw his empty bed that she understood that it wouldn't be that easy.

Since then, her situation had only worsened. The only saving grace was that she still had a part of her collection and had new added additions. This was the only way to keep her sane.

Another thing that helped her keep her sanity in check was the fact that she had to train Nuwa.

Her pride would not allow her to appear weak in front of her own student. No matter how weird and clueless the said student was.

Thinking about Nuwa, a small smile formed on her lips as she managed to calm down a little. Despite how much of a scatterbrain Nuwa could be, she was a good girl with an open heart.

Of course, Milia wasn't completely selfless in teaching Nuwa how to control and use her devouring power. Nuwa was destined to become one of Sol's partners.

Milia knew that her own power was limited. She was a powerful Duke but that was all she could ever be if nothing changed. The chances of her becoming a King were so small it was abyssal.

This would mean that as Sol grew stronger, she would become more and more useless., If not outright a weak point.

This was why she needed to train Nuwa. Nuwas wasn't like her. Her talent was at a completely different level. The stronger Nuwa was, the more protection Sol would have.

"Come back soon, Sol."

No matter what, no matter where he was, the well-being of Sol was all that mattered to her.

---

[Stop lazing around, you aren't the supreme daughter of Acedia.]

"\*Ugh\* Leave me alone."

Camelia groaned as she rolled around in her bed and ignored the voice of Castitas. During the last few days, she had become quite lethargic with the desire to do nothing.

It was as if all her motivation had vanished. Every day she would sleep in until the sun was high in the sky and she wouldn't even leave her room to eat.



If anyone saw her current appearance now, they would have a hard time believing it was the Saintess. Her current appearance was quite slovenly. Her hair was unkempt and the floor of her room was littered with underwear and clothes.

If Sol was there to see this, he would have said that Camelia was transforming into a NEET.

[You don't want to know about Sol?]

Camelia's eyes snapped open immediately.

"My dear and beloved goddess. Please grace me with your knowledge."

[\*Hmph\* I feel not an ounce of sincerity in your words.]

Castitas grumbled but she was already used to the Supreme Daughters having no respect for them. Camelia was at least on the better side. Unlike other Supreme Daughters like the one under Patientia, she didn't throw curses at every other sentence.

Camelia did not blush even though she was busted, "What do you want in exchange? I know you wouldn't give me information for free."

This world worked on the principle of near-equivalent exchange. Nothing for nothing. She knew that fact more than anyone else.

[A holy daughter.]

"..."

Camellia fell silent.

For a Supreme Daughter, the presence of a Holy Daughter wasn't really what you could call great news.

The maximum number of Blessed was fixed and any new addition meant that an older one died.

The birth of a Blessed Prince or Princess would mean that the King or Queen had a higher chance of dying as the Fate around them would slowly stop protecting them and push them towards death.

The same went for the birth of a Holy Daughter.

[You are the Supreme Daughter of the past generation. There should have been a new Supreme Daughter standing alongside Sol after he becomes King.]

This was indeed the case. Camelia's predecessor had ruled alongside Neptune and she had ruled alongside Mars.

If everything had been alright, Sol should have grown up with a Holy Daughter. But the candidate at that time fell asleep because of a weird disease.

[Perhaps it's because the Fate around Sol is too strong, it gave another wind into your declining Fate. But there is a limit to it. By strengthening your Fate, he is weakening his.]

Of course, just because a new Holy Daughter was born didn't mean Camelia would immediately die or any time in the close future. Furthermore, the upper number of Blessed was thankfully not filled currently.

[You know...]

"Alright, alright, I get it. I get. I guess you just want a new and gullible girl. Don't worry, I will be sure to thoroughly educate her."

Camelia cackled as she mocked Castitas.

"Either way, I have promised Gerald to wake up his granddaughter. So it will happen sooner or later."

It was time to wake up the sleeping princess.

"Now tell me what is happening in the Astral Realm."

----

While munching a cake filled with meat, Nuwa observed as Setsuna and Lilin fought against each other in order to hone their skills.

Different from the adult women, the younger ones were less affected by Sol's departure. It wasn't that they loved him any less than them. They were just less dependent on him than they were.

Lilin already went through this experience when she left Lustburg for her adventure and Setsuna was channeling all her frustration into her training.

[This Lilin really looks like that infuriating little girl. Nightmare Queen, was it? What an interesting time it was.]

Nuwa ignored the voice in her head and continued to occupy herself with her food. This voice had been bothering her since the moment she began to use her Devouring power.

It was faint at first, but the more she trained, the stronger the voice became. But at the end of the day, it was just a voice and it didn't bother her.

Feeling how unconcerned Nuwa was with the situation, the voice inside her was quite speechless.

[\*Sigh\* To think my backup plan would go haywire in such a way.]

She had prepared everything and was sure to survive even if her body was destroyed.

But how could she have imagined that a weak dwarf would destroy her master plan in such a way?

Even now she couldn't believe that she was now nothing more than wisps of a Soul. So weak and helpless.

Thankfully, her presence was undetectable by all but Asmodeus. She just hoped that the bastard wouldn't tattle on the goddesses.

As for Nuwa, the only thing that interested her currently was what she should eat next.

As long as the voice in her head didn't bother her, then nothing else mattered.

--

In the depth of the Tower of Babel in Lustburg, Persephone was gently massaging the muscle of a naked Lilith.

Of course, it wasn't just a simple massage. Every time her hand passed over a part of Lilith's body, Persephone would send a part of her life energy into it.

The massage had been going for a few hours already and Persephone was sweating quite a bit but she didn't stop.

She had promised Sol to keep Lilith alive and well for a month and she didn't plan to fail.

Outside of it, Lilith was a dear friend of hers and while Persephone wouldn't be sad at her death, as it was the natural cycle, she wouldn't stand and do anything either.

Once the massage was finally completed, she stood up and moved her stiff muscles.

"Truly, working on your body is quite the challenge."

Even though she looked like a fragile woman, the body of Lilith was nothing to scoff at.

Her physical strength was abyssal but the amount of Mana she possessed was large enough to put most King level to shame.

Said magic interfered quite a bit in the healing process. It didn't help that Lilith's body was also craving for life energy at a monstrous level.

Standing up, Lilith stretched a little, clearly not caring about displaying her naked body to her friend, and showed a complicated expression as she circulated mana in her body.

"I..."

She didn't know what to say.

Even though she had no wish to stay alive, she had so many people around her who loved and cared for her.

Even now, Sol was fighting and growing in the Astral realm in order to find a way to completely heal her.

The swirl of emotion going on in her heart was something she couldn't quite put her finger on.

In the end, she sighed and stayed silent. After taking a coat to cover herself, she walked out of the room in the direction of her bathroom.

The process didn't stop at just a massage. Since Persephone had prepared a large number of special herbs that could help her lifespan.

Even though she did not receive any words of thanks, Persephone was more than happy.

At her level, the things she cared about the least were mere words with no weight behind them.

The fact that Lilith did everything she was asked to in order to heal and showed such emotions was more sincere than thousands of words could be.

Still, at the end of the day, even with the holy energy of Camelia and Medea's time power, all they could do was slow down the inevitable.

"Everything will depend on you."

Persephone's heart was filled with excitement.

She wondered how this story would end.

Would it be a happy end where the prince saves the cursed queen from her death after surmounting all challenges?

Or would it be a tragedy where the prince arrived too late?

Either way, she knew that she would appreciate every last bit of this beautiful story.

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

#### **Chapter 245: SUCCUBI OF ENVILYA**

Out of the seven countries, two were mysterious for they were the only ones with races that had the particularity of being partially made of energy, not unlike the divine beasts.

For one, there were the flowing islands of Slothein, belonging to angels. Because of their laid-back attitude toward expansion, Slothein was basically the most respected country.

Meanwhile, the second one, Envilya, was a city created by demons. Like with the beast-men of Wratharis, the term <<demons>> was loosely used to describe a race composed of various sub races.

The Demon's generally lived in a rather anarchical society where schemes and betrayals were as common as pebbles on the road. Even the dwarves of Greed Dike could hardly hold a candle to them when it came to betrayal.

"Explain yourself, Dracula!"

Sitting on her throne, a voluptuous woman with golden hair and blue eyes was staring coldly at the man kneeling in front of her.

One of the four generals of Envilya—Dracula Nosferatu

Even though the pressure she was emanating was so powerful that he could barely breathe, the man did not lose his composure. After all, with all his years of experience, he has grown used to such situations.

"Your highness, I believe that I have made no mistake worthy of such remonstrance. If it's about the vampire attack on Envilya, I believe that I already atoned for the mistake of my subordinates."

Pandora gave an angry laugh as she remembered something so unpleasant in a situation where she was already angry.

"You dare speak so boldly about what happened back then?"

Vampires had attacked Southern Pride, some had even infiltrated deep within the upper echelon.

Even now, she did not understand how they did it. After all, the only way vampires could entice people was by promising them longevity after they were changed into thralls.

But such enticement should be worthless for the prideful elves. It wasn't as if vampires lived that much longer than elves anyways.

"Back then, if I hadn't sent my daughter; Anastasia, as a way to show our complete support. Those warmongering elves would have not hesitated to declare war on us! In the end, all it resulted in was fostering a good relationship between Lustburg and Southern Pride."

Pandora massaged her temple in weariness. As a friend, she was happy that Lilith's daughter had managed to create some good relationships between humans and elves.

But as a queen, this was something unacceptable. She didn't want an outright war. But having all the countries in a cold war was the best for them.

Dracula kept his head lowered and gritted his teeth as the queen continued to spew profanities above his head.

There was nothing he could do, for his plan had indeed gone wrong. Still, he had paid enough to the queen and had even sworn to help her in her fight for power against the supreme daughter, Wisteria Humanitas.

Why was she attacking him once again then?

As if reading his thoughts, Pandora sneered and snapped her fingers and the scene of the throne room changed to one completely different.

Dracula hissed between his teeth as cold sweat covered his back,

'Dreamscape!'

This was the special skill of the queen. The power to pull people in illusions and nightmares. He did not even know when he had been ensnared.

'Is she going to kill me!?'

"Your highness!"

No matter how powerful he was, he was no match for a King ranked powerhouse like the queen. If she decided to stop playing the political game, then it would be the end for him.

Thankfully,

"Do not worry. I will not tear open all pretense just because of you. So shut up and watch."

Dracula had never felt so happy to be insulted in his entire life.

Sadly, the more he watched the scene that was presented to him, the less happy he felt. Until all that was left was a cold feeling of dread in his stomach.

Even after the scene stopped playing and everything went back to normal, Dracula still kept kneeling as low as possible without uttering the slightest word.

“Do you know why you are still alive?”

The voice of the Queen took a gentle and slightly seductive tone but for the Dracula, the more it was so, the more he was frightened.

“The only reason I did not take your measly worthless life is that I know that a pathetic coward like you would never dare to truly ally with those Chaos bastards.”

The look she gave him was one of utter disgust and disregard.

Even so, Dracula knew that it wouldn't end like this. He knew very well how much the Queen hated everything related to Chaos after what happened to the King of Lustburg.

“Now then, Worthless bloodsucker. Because of your stupid daughter, our relationship with Lustburg—Nay. My relationship with Camelia and Lilith might come to a freezing halt. Tell me, how should I punish you?”

The cold smile on her face showed clearly that she would show no pity.

Once a shivering Dracula left the room, the woman made out of steel who cursed like a professional sailor vanished and was replaced by a young-looking woman with softer features and a pure white robe that showed no skin as well as long and beautiful blonde hair.

“Hgh! Acting like mother is so tiring.”

The girl slightly grumbled as her headache slowly stopped. The skill she had just used was called <<Acting>>.

By superimposing the image of her mother on herself, she was able to impersonate her down to the very thought she would have. Basically, she was dreaming of becoming Pandora and thus she became Pandora.

Of course, there were many limitations for this skill and it wasn't without risk.

Acting was only that. While it was true that Dreams could become reality, it was important to never let oneself get blinded by dreams. If she failed to do so, she would slowly lose her sense of self until she really began to think that she was Pandora.

“Good job, Minerva.”

Walking out from a secret door, a purple-haired girl wearing a knight attire smiled warmly and opened her arms wide

“Anastasia!”

Screaming in glee, Minerva jumped in the arms of her big sister and hugged her tightly.

“There, there, there. It must have been hard. I am sure that mother would be proud.”

“Really!?”

Looking at the sparkling eyes of her little sister, it was hard to believe that the little girl was the one who had pushed the powerful General Dracula into a corner. Then again, she knew under how much stress Minerva was currently.

If it was revealed that Pandora was currently outside of Envilya, the situation would spiral out of control. The power of the royal family was already pretty low as most of it had been seized by the church of Humanitas and they could barely hang on because of how powerful Pandora was.

Minerva was still a young girl. Barely a baby when counting the longevity of demons like them. Still, simply because she had been Blessed, she had to take responsibility too heavy for her small shoulders.

“Of course. Never forget that you are the greatest pride of our family.”

Minerva beamed as she received a small kiss on her forehead.

“Still, why did mother rush toward Lustburg while disguised as you, again? The same happened when she went to Southern Pride.”

Anastasia smiled bitterly. This was also one of the reasons most succubus became crazy. Because they always impersonated people and always lived in dreams, they slowly rejected reality and would rather dream forever.

Anastasia had heard so many legendary feats done by <<Anastasia>> that sometimes, she didn't even know if she was truly Anastasia or if she was just a dream.

Shaking her head, she explained calmly

“Since I am not Blessed, using my identity to travel around is the best. Meanwhile, I will stay here and guard you should anything happen.”

“I know but...”

Anastasia understood the worry in her sister's eyes. After all, Minerva may be young but she was wise beyond her years. How could she not understand the mental state of her beloved sister?

Still, now was not the time to falter. She couldn't endanger the royal family because of her own health.

She just hoped that her mother would be done with her business in Lustburg before she became crazy.

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

#### **Chapter 246: CH 220: SHEHERAZADE'S STORY**

When Sol woke up, he had never felt so refreshed. His head was completely clear and awake.

He didn't have to stay tense all night while sleeping, nor did he have to keep his senses searching for threats all around him. He was in a safe and relaxed environment, where nothing could hurt him.

It was only after going through the training in Tartarus that Sol realized how important such small things were as they were so easy to take for granted.

“You are finally awake, sleepy head.”

Opening his eyes, his gaze met with a smiling Nent. The curve on her mouth showed how entertaining she found the current situation.

“You watched me sleep all this while?”

“Indeed.”

Nent nodded with an even larger smile. Watching Sol sleep after he came back from Tartarus had been quite entertaining. Staying in the same position all night was no problem for her as she didn't particularly need sleep anyway.

Sol brought his hands to his face in embarrassment. He wasn't foreign to waking up in the bed of a woman since he had shared his bed with many. But for some reason, this particular instance felt way more embarrassing than any previous one.

“Stop thinking so much.”

Nent chuckled as she took his hands away from his face before giving him a small kiss on the forehead.

“Let's go take a bath.”

From the enticing smile on her face, Sol did not doubt that it would be quite the long bath session.

--

After a few hours of 'bathing', Sol, now in sage mode, wandered in the hallway of Kiyohime's castle, leaving a defeated Nent on his bed.

Now that his mind was clear, unlike the previous day, there were many things he began to think of.

One such thing of course was about the events of yesterday.

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

“Who?”

“It's me. Sol.”

\*Crash\* \*Bang\*

“Wait! Wait a minute.”

\*Crash\*

“...Give me five minutes.”

Sol gave a strained smile as he imagined the chaos that was happening on the other side of the door. It was clear that Isis's room was quite messy.

After way more than five minutes of standing there with nothing to do as his mind wandered, the door was finally open to a welcoming room.

“...It took quite a while, just how messy it was?”



Sol was really curious. This castle had servants who should regularly take care of all this. How did she manage to make her room so messy then?

"Haha...Don't sweat the small details. Will you enter or stay there?"

"\*Shrug\* If you say so."

Despite what he had imagined, the state of the room wasn't as bad as he had initially imagined it to be. Taking a seat on the large Sofa, Sol leaned back and looked at Isis and Sheherazade.

"I believe you guys have something to explain."

Sol did not ignore the fact that Sheherazade had been accused of being a criminal and a fugitive.

The only reason he didn't insist on more details yesterday was because of how tired he was and because he believed that as her friend, Isis had the right to listen to what happened first.

Sol did not believe that Sheherazade could commit any big crime. But then again, he believed that his uncle Gerald would never betray him.

Once bitten, twice shy.

Sol wouldn't let someone with a sketchy past follow him if he couldn't be sure that the person in question wasn't a danger for those he held dear.

Sheherazade and Isis fell silent. They could feel the silent determination Sol was emanating. Clearly, he wouldn't leave without getting an answer.

During the night, the two of them had indeed discussed and Sheherazade was able to ascertain the truth. No lie could go undetected in front of her after all.

"You see. I am not really a fairy. At least not entirely."

"A hybrid?"

"Not really?"

Sheherazade frowned as she tried to explain.

"Do you know the difference between fairies and faeries?"

This was Sol's turn to frown. He did have some knowledge about fae but he never really studied this topic deeply.

"I can see you don't. Ugh. How to explain it... Well in short. Faeries and Fairy are fundamentally the same[1]. But you could say that Faeries are a more powerful version. Ah...I know."

She shouted excitedly. "Imagine Wyverns and Dragons. See? It's basically like that but to a lesser degree."

"I see."

"Mhm... Anyway. A fae is an evolved version of a fairy. They have a special power that allows them to affect reality in different ways depending on the Courts they belong to."

"Courts?"

"There are a total six. Four Dukes Courts: Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring. And two Kings Courts: Sun and Moon. All of them are under the control of the Tuatha de Danann[2]."

"I see... So how is this related?"

Sheherazade sighed, "Only royal fairy can evolve to become Fae and even their power is limited by where they belong to. But...I am different."

The rest of the story was pretty simple. Sheherazade was a rare commoner fairy that was lucky enough to evolve into a fae.

As if that wasn't enough, the power she awakened was an extremely rare and potentially powerful one.

The power of wish. A power that could affect causality itself. Of course, like all power, this was a power limited by the one controlling it.

Another reason was that while a wish could be made, the way it would be realized was unknown. One had to be as careful as possible when wording the wish to avoid nasty results.

However, there was no doubt that in the right hands, the effects could be devastating.

If the one that had awakened this power was a royal fairy, then there would be no problem.

Sadly this wasn't the case. Sheherazade was not affiliated with anyone and as such became fair game for everyone.

Her days became a true hell as she had nowhere to hide and had to run from everyone.

This was why she wished to leave that place.

Her wish certainly worked. But in what way?

By opening a crack between two different territories that sucked her in as she fled desperately.

This was how Sheherazade managed to leave Yggdrasil's territory and entered Gabriel's territory where she met Isis.

Back then Sheherazade had nearly died and she wished for someone to help her, that thankfully just resulted in Isis meeting her.

From this last part, Sol deducted that her wish power should also be affected by how hard her wish was.

Initially, she wished to escape while in a situation where it should have been nearly impossible to do so. But for her second wish, since Isis was already in the zone, it was way more easier.

Sheherazade finished her story before looking at Sol worriedly. She had been completely honest, but this didn't mean that Sol would necessarily believe her.

Furthermore, Tuatha de Danann was headed by a very powerful Demigod. She wondered if Sol would believe she was worth the trouble.

Of course, Sheherazade was thinking too much.

"I see. Thanks for sharing your story."

Sheherazade was a little bewildered.

"That's it?"

"What did you expect?"

"I-I mean..."

"Haha. No need to be so tense. I honestly like your bubbly personality more."

Sol laughed a little before shaking his head, "I am happy to know your past. I am even happier to know I don't have to worry about you. As for those chasing you..."

Sol frowned and stood up.

"Why don't we visit Tiamat?"

"Wha-!?"

Isis and Sheherazade were aghast at the bold words of Sol.

But it was Sol who showed a disappointed expression as he shook his head.

"Let me teach you something important."

He looked at them seriously, "It's admirable to want to do things by yourself. But when you are unable to do so, there's no shame in relying on your connections. In fact, the dumbest thing to do is to let pride cloud your judgment and not use all the cards at your disposal."

Why should Sol bother facing a demigod faction alone when he had two powerful divine beasts at the demigod Level behind him?

"Well...It's time to act cute."

Of course, he also wished to use this occasion to verify the reality of the Sheherazade situation.

After all, he couldn't just hear one side and make a decision, right?

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

#### **Chapter 247: CH 221: BALLS MADE OUT OF STEEL**

After deciding what to do, Sol briefly wondered whether he should take Isis and Sheherazade with him to visit Tiamat.

But with how guarded the 9th Heaven was, Sol didn't want to presume.

It was better to visit her alone and bring the other two if she gave permission. After all, infuriating the one you wished to ask help from wasn't exactly the smartest decision.

Since he liked to act fast, he began to move and left them after assuring them.

He didn't know whether Tiamat would give a hand but in the worst case, they would go hide in the Mortal Realm.

He didn't believe that those Fae would dare to wreak havoc in the mortal realm.

“Well, let’s go.”

...

...

\*Ding\*

The elevator finally opened after it reached the 9th heaven where Tiamat resided.

‘This is my second time coming here but I still feel overwhelmed.’

The atmosphere and aura in this part of Tiamat’s territory were at a completely different level.

“Come inside.”

Before he even knocked at the gate, he was told to enter. He easily recognized Tiamat’s beautiful voice full of authority and didn’t hesitate to answer.

The gate opened wide and gave access to the throne room where Tiamat used her throne as a makeshift bed.

The way she sat on her own throne was quite the wonder but Sol understood very well how boring it was to sit on one. It was hard to stop oneself from playing around while on it.

When Sol reached a certain distance from Tiamat, he could once again feel the gravity suddenly change. This was the same level as the last time.

The first time it happened, Sol had been nearly unable to move without mobilizing all his power.

But this time, aside from a slight stagger at the unexpected change in gravity, Sol showed no visible strain as he continued to advance.

“Oh?”

Tiamat, who had been nonchalantly playing with a crown raised an eyebrow at the display and sat more properly on her throne.

She had once again forgotten to stop the increased gravity around her. But this wasn’t her fault. For her, only this level of gravity felt somewhat right. She was so used to it that for her the normal gravity made her more uncomfortable than anything.

Still, as she watched Sol advance one step after the other one, each step completely steady with no excess strength until he finally stopped in front of her, a smile lit up her face as she clapped.

“Beautiful. I see that your trip to Tartarus was really helpful.”

In terms of pure power, while Sol had somewhat evolved, it was hard to say that he was vastly more powerful than in the past.

But, true power wasn't just about having strength, but knowing how to use it well. The flow of mana in Sol's body, the toughness of his veins, the sturdiness of his body, and the mind honed by hundreds of fights to the death.

All of this combined to bring an explosive result. A result that she was really pleasing to see.

Hearing her praise, Sol smiled and nodded, "I have realized many things through the training and I believe my vision of myself is clearer than ever. Entering the Duke rank shouldn't be a problem."

Tiamat shook her head, "Entering the Duke rank is just a formality for you. What is truly important is how you will enter it. Don't forget my warning. I will teach you my own art to help in the formation of your Zone. Don't go doing anything stupid before that."

If Sol broke through to the Duke rank with some trashy concept like bloodlust, she would go crazy at the wasted potential. While she didn't like the thought of helping further the plans of the goddesses, this was her grandson they were talking about.

Of course, it would be even better if Sol's Zone changed him into a singularity. The chances were low but it wasn't impossible. Everything would depend on how they played it.

"So? While I am happy to have you visit me, I believe that this wasn't the reason you came."

Sol nodded and began to explain the situation. The worst thing to do when facing people like Tiamat was turn around without bringing up the main topic.

Tiamat listened attentively while he explained the situation and the more she did so the more her eyes gleamed.

In the end, she couldn't help but laugh lightly, "How ridiculous."

The power of wishes?

This was indeed a quite dangerous power. Though it still fell within the bounds of the rules, it could bring quite the unexpected power when used well.

She could understand why the Fae courts were going crazy about her. Though she doubted that Tuatha De Danann itself had intervened yet. After all, this organization had quite a number of demigods.

'Should I give them a warning?'

Tuatha De Dannann or not, the fairy was now Sol's possession. How could she let those upstart bastards disturb her beloved grandson?

Then again, "If they know Anubis' daughter is involved, they will back off immediately."

Tiamat was very powerful. But because she wasn't interested in expanding her influence and such things, her presence was quite weak. The only thing people knew about her were her legends.

Anubis, meanwhile, was the bogeyman of the Astral world. He had destroyed quite the number of worlds in his crusades and his death army was the stuff of nightmares.

In Crossroad, his name was synonymous with death, and even crying children would shut up when he was mentioned.

'Huh. Now that I think about it, will we become related through his daughter?'

The relationship between her and Anubis was quite stiff.

In the past, when he spread the art of necromancy and some bastard thought of making bone dragons, she stormed into his lair and destroyed a good chunk of the underworld in vengeance.

She then proceeded to storm the mortal world and brought chaos to quite a large part of the world.

"...Grandma?"

"I told you to call me Big Sis."

Sol called out to Tiamat as she had fallen strangely silent after his demands but her automatic response made him laugh.

It reminded him of Theresa back in the Mortal World and how insistent she was about him calling her aunt.

"Anyway, you did well in informing me. I will send a warning to them and that will be it. While a Wish fairy is extremely rare, she hasn't reached the level where they would dare to fight me over her."

"I knew that Big Sis was the best."

Tiamat chortled at his actions, while she knew that he only acted to please her and stroke her ego, she had to admit that being looked at by those eyes filled with pure admiration was quite the mood booster.

"By the way, Sol, do you already have a mate?"

Sol was quite bewildered at the sudden topic shift but simply nodded and explained some of his relationships.

"Hum. Well as expected of my grandson I guess. Not even the daughters of Ambrosia and Gabriel escaped from your clutches."

She laughed out loud but then shook her head, "But this wasn't what I meant. I was wondering if you were interested in taking a mate in the dragon tribe."

Tiamat exposed her worry. She had already lost all hope in someone else awakening as a Chaos Dragon or a Dimensional Mage.

But then after Blaze came Sol. Perhaps his children could also inherit her power?

"Well, should I remind you that just after coming here I was thrown into Tartarus?"

"Hahaha. That's true. Oh well, what does it even matter? You can choose any female and any number of them and mate with them. The more the better in fact."

Tiamat wasn't into forced marriage so she didn't choose to impose anything on Sol. As for the female dragons? She was sure that many of them would fight it out just to have Sol for one night.

Even those already in a relationship.

Break up between a dragon couple wasn't rare and in fact, happened quite often. After a couple had children together, the female would generally kick the male away from the nest and take care of the children if she is stronger.

'Why does it seem so familiar?'

Sol meanwhile found the situation quite familiar. It reminded him of the day everything began to change for him.

The day when Lilith called out to him and explained the situation of the royal family in Lustburg and how having more children was necessary.

Back then, he had one thought he hadn't dared to blurt out. Sometimes, he wondered how things would have changed if he had the courage to voice out his hidden desire.

This was why, unconsciously, he blurted out.

"What if I choose you?"

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**Chapter 248: CH 222: A GOOD DAY**

'Shit!'

The moment Sol uttered those words, he immediately regretted them. While Tiamat was without a doubt a beautiful woman and Sol did not really see her as his grandmother, there was the simple fact that Tiamat wasn't just any woman.

She was one of the oldest beings in the world and even to this day, she had chosen no mates.

"Ohoh? Who were you thinking about when you said this?"

Tiamat could see that those words hadn't been really addressed to her at the given moment. Sol hesitated a little before explaining the situation and the facts about Lilith.

"Heh, so you thought about your aunt when you said this."

Tiamat wasn't offended by Sol's words.

Dragons and divine beasts in general had a very skewed view about incest. After all, most of the children of divine beasts weren't 'born' in the conventional way.

Most divine beasts gave birth by separating a part of their energy to create totally new beings with the same energy wavelength as them. It was similar to how spirits were born from concentrated mana in a special environment.

As such, in the proper sense of the term, Tiamat wasn't the mother of the dragon race but its creator.

Thanks to this, any problem that might arise from inbreeding was nonexistent and incest wasn't frowned upon either.

In fact, many dragons had courted her throughout history, such as Nabu's father. But even to this day, she was still alone without a mate.

“Yes, I am sorry if I offended you.”

Tiamat gave a mischievous smile as she shook her head and stood up from her throne.

“Well, it isn’t impossible. But...”

Sol was utterly floored by the words coming from Tiamat.

\*Step\*

Tiamat took one step and stood in front of him.

In terms of height, even though Tiamat was a tall woman, Sol was still somewhat taller than her.

Even though it was Tiamat looking up at him, Sol immediately felt suffocated. As if he was standing in front of an insurmountable wall.

“\*Ugh\*”

He felt as if the walls of his mind were being shattered.

In one instant, an overwhelming feeling of kneeling down and worshiping Tiamat filled his heart.

His ears rang, his heart stirred, his mind screamed.

“Kuh...”

“You are really special.”

The moment Tiamat said this, like a lie, the feeling disappeared and she was back to her throne.

The only thing that had changed was the way she was looking at Sol.

“I am impressed.”

Sol shook his head as he tried to get back his bearings.

“What was...No.”

Sol was about to ask what happened when a flash of inspiration struck him. This wasn’t the first time something like this had happened to him after all.

“You used Pride?”

Sol worded, a little confused.

“Oh? You know about this?”

“I looked at Luxuria's face.”

“...”

“...”



“...”

An awkward silence fell as Tiamat looked at him as if she was looking at a crazy bastard causing Sol to cough awkwardly.

“You are...”

Tiamat tried to speak but in the end she simply pinched the bridge of her nose and released an exasperated sigh.

“What I just used on you was indeed the concept of Pride. But more exactly, I didn’t use it. I simply stopped restraining it. That was my most natural state. Do you understand now?”

Sol nodded in understanding. Even though he somehow managed to fight back, it was mainly because Tiamat once again restrained herself.

How could Tiamat have a mate when that mate couldn’t stop himself from kneeling and worshiping her?

Furthermore.

“Of course, that isn’t all. You may have a breathtaking talent. But you are simply too weak now. You wouldn’t even be able to impregnate me since your seed would be crushed by the mana in my body. In the first place, you wouldn’t even be able to perform the deed since lust would be the furthest thing from your mind.”

“Haha...”

Sol gave an awkward laugh. Somehow his slip of tongue was pushing the conversation in a truly weird direction.

Sol wasn’t stupid enough to miss the hidden meaning behind Tiamat's words.

He wasn’t worthy of being her mate...Yet.

It was clear that she would be willing to give him a chance if he reached a certain level.

This made Sol not quite know how to feel.

“Well, that is for the future. Now we need to think about the present.”

Tiamat's smile vanished as she began to speak about more important matters than simply mating.

“You should go rest. I will deal with the problem of your black phoenix. Five days later, it will be time for you to inherit my knowledge.”

Tiamat would have wished to take more of her time and prepare him more, but she could feel the pull of destiny calling Sol.

The future was becoming more blurred as if something was interfering with her. She hoped that with the help of the Norn sisters who were coming, she would be able to access a wider range of futures and prepare in case something happened.

----

After discussing the measures with Tiamat, Sol went back and explained the situation to a relieved Isis and Sheherazade.

For Sheherazade, it was like a mighty weight had been lifted away from her shoulders. She had always felt threatened because of the target on her back and always tried to not show her anxiety because she didn't want to worry Isis.

Now though, at least nothing could happen to her in Tiamat's territory.

After that, the three of them decided to spend some time together to sightsee.

Once Sol became prince of dragons officially, he wanted to form a Lust-type contract with Isis. In order to do so, it was imperative for the two of them to cultivate the feelings they had for each other.

Sol was sure that Isis was interested and had some slight feelings for him, but he also knew that it was far from enough. In a way, his relationship with Nent was stronger than the one he had with Isis.

All of this stemmed from the fact that Sol and Isis had few things to share together until now.

Aside from their great adventure in the desert that ended with him fighting Rio and White, he didn't have much time to talk with her.

This resulted in them having settled in a comfortable relationship that was more about friendship than love. Which was of course something that couldn't be accepted.

Thus he had an idea of a date to become closer to her.

The different floating islands had different facilities. After getting permission from Kiyohime, the three of them visited what could be likened to a theme park on an island in Hydra's territory.

It was hard to imagine how a dragon famed for his powerful and sinister poison was the owner of a chain of parks for lovers and adventurers but that was the truth.

This time, the little date didn't have any unexpected accident.

He had been a little worried because until now all his dates ended with him either having a mysterious encounter or simply ending badly, but this time, everything went perfectly well.

Sheherazade fused with Isis' body and completely stayed silent in order to allow Sol and Isis to have a great time together.

The park had many interesting ideas that were all about reinforcing the relationship between two or more individuals. After all, dragons were mainly polygamous.

For Isis, this was the first time she had so much fun. With Sol, she had a total blast as they went through the different events proposed that were as embarrassing as they were interesting.

This day allowed both Sol and Isis to witness a different side of each other.

Isis had always seen Sol as a battle maniac and a sex-driven maniac. Of course, she also knew that he was a kind man who accepted her for who she was, but those two previous impressions were the strongest.

Isis was not against harem in general.

She just didn't want to be nothing more than a +1 in Sol's harem. She didn't want to end with someone who only wanted her for her power and nothing more.

She wanted to be loved the same way her father loved her mother. She wanted to be with someone who would be able to face all adversities for her the same way her father didn't hesitate to kidnap her mother despite Gabriel's potential fury.

For Isis, Anubis represented the ideal man and thankfully, Sol didn't disappoint her personality-wise. The way he thought and acted were very similar to her father. Albeit, way less jaded.

But was it really enough?

Could she really give her future away to Sol?

After all, becoming the first contract of Sol was not something to take lightly. It was a choice that would affect her for the rest of her life whatever the outcome.

All those worries had always plagued her mind.

But after the recent events, those worries were slightly abated.

While Sol did doubt Sheherazade, and reasonably so, he did his best in helping them despite the situation and did not hesitate to ask for help from Tiamat.

No matter how appreciated Sol was, asking for too many favors would make this favor deflate over time.

Even so, he did not hesitate.

This helped her understand once more that Sol was someone special.

He was without a doubt a battle-crazed maniac.

He was also without a doubt a lustful bastard.

But, in the same way, he was someone she could believe without a doubt. His warm sun-like soul brought peace to her heart and his actions brought peace to her mind.

Was she in love with him?

She didn't know. She had no experience and couldn't really explain his position in her heart.

Even so, the thought staying with him didn't seem so bad.

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

#### **Chapter 249: CH 223: SAYING SORRY IS NEVER ENOUGH**

That night, Kiyohime was sitting alone on the deck of the White Pearl, gazing at the ever lasting stars in the sky.

Sipping on her wine, she released a wistful smile as she thought about how Sol was enjoying his date after coming out from Tartarus.

'It's good to be young.'

She let out a chuckle. When Sol had asked her for a good spot for a date, she had been quite lost about what to do. It was only thanks to Aqua that she managed to avoid making a joke out of herself.

Still, looking at him becoming so close to a phoenix made her feel a little agitated.

"Why is your beautiful smile marred by a frown?"

'Speak of the devil.'

She sighed and looked at the intruder with cold eyes.

"Nent."

Nent smiled seemingly unbothered by the cold reception. Looking at the wine on the table, she smiled even more brightly.

"Purple Destiny. I didn't know you still had that bottle with you."

Kiyohime's eyes narrowed dangerously before she once again sighed.

"It's said that with every sigh, a little bit of happiness leaves us."

"The happiness already left the moment you took a step on my ship."

"Our ship, you mean."

Kiyohime pursed her lips. This ship was indeed something that belonged to both of them.

It was a powerful weapon of mass destruction, but nearly half of the functions needed Nent's energy in order to bring out its true might. This was why it had been relegated to just a transport tool since a few centuries ago.

As for Purple Destiny, it was a special batch of wine bottles that had been created with Hathor's help, but whose sole and only drinker had been Kiyohime and Nent. After all, the main ingredient for that wine was the blood of the two of them.

The purple part of the name came from the mix of their hair's respective colors. Blue and Red.

As for the Destiny part...

Kiyohime released a final sigh and stopped arguing.

Even though Kiyohime stayed silent, the fact that she didn't outright chase her away from her ship was already a plus for Nent.

Taking a seat, she looked at the bottle as various emotions flashed in her eyes. Finally, with reddened eyes, she finally spoke,

"I am sorry."

Kiyohime was astonished, to say the least. She was a dragon and prideful as she may be, she knew that Nent's pride was no less than hers. For such a woman to apologize in such a meek way was truly incredible. However...

"You think just saying sorry after five hundred years can change everything?"

"I..."

Nent opened and closed her mouth a few times but was at a loss for words.

When was the last time she apologized to someone?

'Hah...'

Her mind drew back to the scene of her helplessly bawling her eyes out at the sight of the lifeless bodies of her two friends.

It hadn't been the first time she had lost people close to her. But all those who died before that did so heroically during a war where they fought for their own conviction.

Compared to that, what happened to Hansel and Gretel....

"\*Sigh\*"

This time it was Nent who sighed as she took Kiyohime's glass and gulped the wine in it.

"Hey! Why are you drinking using my glass?"

Kiyohime blushed a little when she remarked that Nent lips were on the same spot hers previously were.

"Oh?"

Nent rose an eyebrow at the reaction and couldn't help but chuckle before giving a suggestive smile.

"I remember we did way more than share an indirect kiss. Why are you acting so embarrassed?"

Nent casually threw a bomb that would rock the entire realm if it was heard.

It was a secret only shared by the two of them. Something not even their own families knew.

Nent had tried to crack a simple joke in order to liven the atmosphere. Unfortunately, she had chosen the wrong words.

Kiyohime's face became completely cold at the reminder of the relationship she once shared with Nent.

"You dare mention this?"

A deep and heavy aura began to fill the zone as if a calm sea was about to rage and throw a terrifying tempest.

"I am sor—"

Swiftly realizing her mistake, she tried to take her words but-

"Don't apologize!"

Kiyohime stood up abruptly and screamed right into Nent's face. Her eyes had already changed into a slit and the aura she was emanating was just short of turning a full blow killing intent.

Looking at Nent deep in the eyes, Kiyohime continued, each of her words more biting and cold than the previous one.

"Nent Castitas... I hate you. From every fiber of my being, I despise you. Your filthy name fills me with disgust and I wish for nothing more than to crush you and reduce you to smithereens."

Dragons were amorous creatures and even Tiamat nearly had a mate in the past.

Why then was Kiyohime still alone and never entered any relationship?

The answer was in front of her—She was in love with Nent.

During the war, the two of them had been the greatest partners and Kiyohime was not shy about confessing her feelings. But she had always been rejected by Nent. This was something only the two of them knew.

All of this changed 700 years ago when suddenly, Nent accepted her love.

Kiyohime was very happy.

She could still remember how she babbled and acted like a complete fool blinded by happiness—This was how much it meant to her.

She didn't know why Nent suddenly accepted but she did know about what happened to the darwin siblings and she simply thought that Nent had accepted because of her sadness.

Even so, Kiyohime didn't mind. She thought that her love would help in supporting Nent through a hard time. She was ready to be there for her whatever had happened.

Surely then, her love would truly be reciprocated, right? — at least, that was what she thought.

...How naive she was.

"You lied to me. You made use of me. Abused my trust and feelings for you only to throw me away like trash once you realized I was useless to your goal and then threw your sight on my brother like the despicable wench you are."

Her words toward the end became a literal hiss as she poured all her grievance.

Nent had never loved her.

The only thing she tried to do was to create a powerful offspring by trying to meld both their energy in an experiment to see if two divine beasts could use their energy to conceive together.

In the end, Kiyohime had been nothing more than a convenient tool. A failed tool to boot.

"And now what? You are sorry? Haha... What? Did you expect that I would jump down in happiness and say that everything is alright? Do you think my five hundred years of anguish are a joke?"

Her lips twisted in a disdainful smile.

"Take your apologies and stuff them in the place where the sun doesn't shine."

At the end of her words all that was left was a heavy silence disturbed by Kiyohime's shaky breath.

Lowering her head, she took a deep breath and exhaled before gazing once again at Nent. A faint polite smile appeared on her face.

"I am sorry for my previous outburst. It was quite unsightly."

Nent's face grew pale. Even when Kiyohime had been raging and raving, she still managed to keep calm under the torrent of insults.

But right now, she could feel her heart beat uneasily.

"I suppose you came to apologize because you fear that I will explain our past relationship to Sol and tarnish your image in his eyes? If so, don't worry. I am not someone who loves to gossip. I had already given him enough warning by now. Who he chooses to fuck doesn't matter to me."

"Please, Little Hime..."

Kiyohime ignored Nent as she adjusted her collar.

"I already told you that you lost the right to call me like this long ago." Her voice was scarily calm as she continued, "You can have the wine if you want. It's the last bottle anyway. I guess it's truly fitting."

Giving a bland smile, Kiyohime gave a graceful bow full of elegance and departed from the ship.

Now alone, looking blankly at the bottle, Nent poured herself a glass of what was once the proof of the relationship between the two of them.

The opposite of love wasn't hatred, for hatred showed you still cared about the other person deep down.

Indeed.

The opposite of love wasn't hatred...It was pure indifference.

"How bitter."

Nent said as she drank the wine.

Whether she was talking about the taste of her wine or her own feelings... Only she could know.

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

#### **Chapter 250: CH 224: ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS**

The moment Sol came back to his room after a rather interesting date with Isis, the first thing that greeted him was the stench of alcohol that permeated the room from every corner.

'Weird.'

Smelling this, Sol couldn't help but frown. After all, while Nent was a drinker, she wasn't like Hathor. She only drank occasionally in order to fit the mood.

Looking at the woman laying down while curled into herself, Sol couldn't help but feel a pang of pain pierce his heart.

Over the few weeks he had spent with Nent, he had come to appreciate the qualities of this woman even though she was filled with flaws.

Even when she had cursed the power of Fate over this world, she had never shown such a despondent appearance. Showing such weakness now...

A part of him wondered if this was all a scheme made in order to make him lower his guard in front of her.

Another part of him felt sadness and wished for nothing more than to comfort her and protect her.

In the end, he decided that it was more important to be sure of her current state than anything.

"How was your date?"

Surprisingly, as he walked up to her, the first one to strike up the conversation was none other than Nent herself.

Raising up, she gathered her feet under her while she sat on the bed. In order to keep her pride intact, Sol did not comment on her puffy eyes and answered.

"It was quite alright. I believe the two of us are now closer than before. At this rate, I will soon be able to form a contract with her."

"I see. All you would need then would be to win the contest."

Sol shrugged, he honestly had no fear about the challenge itself. He doubted that there were any dukes at the level of Nabu outside of perhaps the four dragon princes. Even then, for all he knew, Nabu was still stronger.

Seeing this, Nent sighed.

"Most dragons won't be a match for you. But Kaiser and Nidhogg are different. Even if they cannot win, they can surely make you suffer quite a bit or even defeat you if you are careless."

She proceeded to explain.

"I don't know much about them but I do know Fafnir and Hydra. Since those two are the most compatible descendants, then they should have used the same base for their Zone."

"Oh?" Sol's interest was piqued, after all, it was always good to have intel.

"Fafnir's Zone is called <<Ten Fortress>>. A Zone born from his overwhelming desire to protect. During the war, Fafnir's army always had the least casualties since his Zone is a conceptual one that brings the concept of near-absolute defense."

Nent smiled but there was something she didn't say. As the eldest son, and the one most expected to take after Tiamat, the fact that he wasn't born a Chaos Dragon had always been a torn in his heart.



Nent believed that the Zone of Fafnir was more born from a desire to create a form of defense even stronger than what the Chaos physique could give.

Of course, there was no denying that he was a man who really took care of his loved ones.

"I don't know if Kaiser's Zone will take the same concept but it should be close. Then when added with his Emperor Eye that allows him to see a short moment in the future, you can say that he is one of the worst enemies in a prolonged battle."

"Indeed...what about Nidhogg? I heard her poison is quite powerful."

"Hydra poison is something no one aside from him and some special skill such as Nirvana can hope to heal. I don't think Nidhogg would use such poison on you but you never know what could happen."

Like this, the two of them continued to discuss how the challenge might go but the two of them knew clearly they were just trying to ignore the elephant in the room.

In the end, Sol was once again about to ask what happened, Nent threw herself at him and kissed him on the lips.

"Please, I don't want to talk."

"Nent..."

"I beg you. Just for tonight."

Sol closed his mouth and released a sigh before pushing Nent away.

"Sol..?"

The pain in her eyes as she thought she was being rejected was unmistakable but Sol hardened his heart and refused to let her use sex to drown whatever she was going through.

Shaking his head, he hugged her tightly and asked,

"Would you tell me what happened?"

It was a simple and gentle question asked with a soothing voice.

Nent hesitated a little and began to explain her story.

While listening to her, Sol said nothing and showed no expression on his face.

He was used to dealing with slightly troublesome women and knew that what they needed now wasn't sex or him giving him advice, but simply listening to her story in silence would be enough.

Nent did not go in detail, but simply after she became obsessed with evolution and bloodlines, Nent began to experiment with different possible situations as she developed her ideology.

One such idea was the birth of a offspring between two divine beasts, not through mating but through energy fusion and infusion.

Goddesses were pure energy beings, then wouldn't the creation of a pure energy divine beast be equal to a god? Or at least a false god?

For this Nent had hesitated many times to find the best partner possible. For divine beasts, melding their energies was no different from having sex itself so Nent couldn't realistically make her choice without deep thought.

For one, her partner would need to be at the same level as her, King Rank, to make the melding more equilibrated.

Furthermore, it should be another divine beast.

Finally, it had to be someone pleasing to her eyes.

Back then, the only choice Nent logically came was none other than Kiyohime.

Sol's lips twitched a little at the knowledge that his aunt and his current lover used to be in a relationship but there was nothing he could do aside from listening.

At first, everything was alright.

Kiyohime loved Nent and Nent had a good feeling about Kiyohime. But the problem was that the experiment was a complete failure.

It was impossible to give birth to another being in such a way.

This should have been obvious. After all, if it was possible, there would have already been such an example after so many times.

But for Nent who was still mentally unstable and had climbed on the hope of easy success, this failure came as a blow that broke her down.

"Hahaha. I became completely hysterical and said words that could never be taken back."

Nent searched for no excuse for herself as she told her story, but even so, she couldn't help but occasionally throw a look at Sol's expression to see how he was taking her confession.

When Nent thought back to this period, she could only feel an overwhelming amount of disgust and self-loathing.

It was after the events with Kiyohime that Nent swore to herself to never force anyone to follow her goal and dream.

At the same time, losing Kiyohime after losing Hansel and Gretel made her become colder and more recluse, with only her goal and dream to sustain herself.

The number of times she came to think about ending herself was immeasurable. But every time such a thought came, she would feel deep indignation from the very depth of her being.

The simple thought of giving up and losing to this world made her so revulsed she would physically throw up.

She wanted to win, she wanted to show the world that she, or rather, her friends weren't wrong. She wanted to smile and say that all the sacrifices she made and all the things she lost had been a necessary price for a greater gain.

“At the end of the day, I was just a sore loser. But...”

Strength came back to her eyes as she thought about Nefertiti and the awakening of her True Name, “I wasn’t wrong.”

Sol frowned and bonked her head with his fist.

“Sol!?”

Nent exclaimed in surprise. Even though the hit itself was not painful, it was the meaning behind it that mattered.

Taking a deep breath Sol answered,

“Firstly, you were really an abusive piece of shit and for Kiyohime, leaving you was undoubtedly the best decision ever. I had to get this out of my chest.”

Nent winced as she felt an arrow pierce her heart but didn’t refute his words. Not like she could refute even if she could.

“But I won’t comment on this. What really astounded me is how you simply went with a sorry and hoped to be forgiven.”

Nent felt a second arrow but once again couldn’t refute his words. She had indeed been a little too reckless.

She thought that because Kiyohime didn’t act aggressively against her from the start, there were chances of being forgiven. However, of course, she had been wrong.

Sol gazed deeply at Nent, “You remind me of someone very dear to me. That person also lied to me, though in that case, it was for my own good. Still, I have learned something very important from this...An apology without changes is just manipulation.”

Sol sighed, “I don’t know you long enough to know whether you are really sorry or not. But when it comes to apologizing, words alone will never be enough. The most important isn’t what you say, but what you do and what you did there, was looking down on Kiyohime by acting like her accepting your apologies was a matter of course.

Honestly, it’s a miracle she didn’t outright attack you. I know I would have if I was in her place.”

“I...What do you think I should do?”

Nent felt humiliated at the thought of asking advice from someone so much younger than her. But, she had to admit that while Sol lacked her wisdom in some matters, when it came to relationships, he was overwhelmingly superior to her.

“Be honest.”

“...Huh?”

“No matter what you do, there is nothing you can do to repair your relationship as it was. Even becoming friends again is a dream hard to realize. Simply apologizing is useless and will only make her even angrier. Simply be honest and forthright. Tell her what was on your heart and your mind.

Honesty is the first step.”

“Then...?”

“There is no then.”

Sol shook his head, “You hurt her deeply, more than I can ever imagine to be honest. In the first place, forgiving you is her prerogative, not yours. You should be ready for months; years or most likely decades of showing through your actions that you are indeed sorry.”

“...”

“Of course, all of this hangs on whether you really want to show that you are sorry. The choice is yours.”

Nent closed her eyes and thought deeply about everything Kiyohime meant for her. Ultimately, she opened her eyes and looked at Sol with a gentle smile full of gratitude.

“Thank you.”

Sol gently caressed her head, “The same way that ‘sorry’ isn’t enough. ‘Thank you’ alone isn’t enough. How do you plan to show me how grateful you are?”

His playful tone left no doubt about what he meant.

Letting out bell-like laughter, Nent bent down towards his crotch while licking her lips seductively.

...The night was still young.