

## Hero King 251

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

#### Chapter 251: CH 225: SHE REALLY LOVED HIM

Over the next few days, the drama that was the relationship between Nent and Kiyohime continued.

As Sol expected, Nent's earlier actions had already brought Kiyohime's feelings to below zero. So getting her to completely forgive Nent in a few days was simply impossible. Though making it cordial at least was far easier.

This was why all they could do was play the waiting game. Thankfully, Kiyohime hadn't resorted to violence nor did she trample on Nent.

No matter how wrong she was, Nent was still a prideful King ranked phoenix. There was a limit to how low she was willing to go in order to apologize.

This made this whole situation pretty tricky and Sol wasn't willing to intervene personally between the two of them.

He did become closer to Kiyohime, but even if she was his aunt and sort of his teacher, the two of them weren't close enough to have a discussion about such a thing.

Sol knew for a fact that he would be quite angry if an outsider who knew nothing about the situation tried to intervene in his relationship with his woman.

Aside from Nent and Kiyohime's situation, Sol made the habit of visiting Tiamat every day.

He knew that he didn't have to train but he didn't want the relationship with one of his family members to be simply a kind of transaction.

Tiamat had been extremely welcoming toward him from the start and he wished to treat her as sincerely she was treating him.

Thanks to those visits, he could feel like an invisible gap that previously separated the two of them was slowly closing up.

Furthermore, for someone as curious as Sol, Tiamat, who had lived for thousands of years was a true treasure trove.

Aside from asking her taboo questions, there was so much she could share with him and Tiamat was happy to share her knowledge.

It has to be said that divine beasts weren't exactly the best when it came to familial relationships.

Perhaps it was the way they gave birth, or perhaps it was simply in their nature, divine beast usually took an off-hand approach when dealing with their children.

This was why Gabriel's relationship with her daughters was quite stiff and this was even more so for Tiamat and her children.

The way Tiamat obviously pampered Blaze when she was alive didn't help in making the relationship better.

Sol could see that while she didn't show it, Tiamat was quite lonely inwardly and his passing time with her brought her a modicum of happiness.

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"You are wondering why Blaze went away with Mars?"

Currently, the two of them were not in the throne room of Tiamat but rather walking near a beautiful lake that completely reflected the canopy of the sky.

While standing there, Sol had the impression that he was floating in space. The beauty of this place brought peace to his heart.

This lake was a wondrous sight on the normally sealed island of Blaze. Tiamat had brought him here after he expressed his wish to take a look.

"Indeed. In the past, I didn't know much about my parents. But later, the more I learned about Mars—my father's personality, the more incongruent I found their relationship."

Sol still found it weird sometimes to address Mars and Blaze as his parents. It wasn't as if he rejected his birth parents in this world.

Had they been alive long enough to raise him, he would have been more accepting. But with the way things were, he could only think of them as strangers.

Still, he was deeply thankful for them for having given birth to him and this was something that wouldn't change.

Listening to Sol's question, Tiamat shook her head with a bitter smile

"I have once asked her the same question and her answer was pretty straightforward."

"What did she say?"

"She said and I quote, 'His helpless and flustered appearance is pretty cute.'"

Sol tilted his head in confusion for a while before he somewhat managed to grasp the situation.

In short, Blaze was a bully and Mars was her target.

Still, there was something he couldn't understand,

"But they made a Pride type contract, right?"

"Right. 'While he can be cute, his face as he fights alongside me makes my heart flutter.' Those were her words."

Tiamat gently opened the door of the castle and they entered.

The first thing that greeted Sol's eyes was the painting of a tall beautiful and vaillant-looking woman with a long heavy spear in one hand and blazing scarlet hair seemingly flowing under the wind.

Her voluptuous body was clad in a tight tank top that showed her somewhat muscular belly and long pants.

She was without a doubt a beautiful woman with the body of a warrior that did not affect her femininity.

Sol's eyes opened wide at this sight,

"This was my daughter, your mother – Blaze."

Tiamat looked at the portrait of her daughter with a motherly smile unlike anything Sol has ever seen.

"Blaze was...a complicated woman. She didn't need a strong man. Nor a particularly handsome one or even one full of pride like most dragons.

What she wanted was someone she could be at ease and happy with. Mars was talented. Incredibly so but if that was all, he and Blaze would have simply remained as partners. Nothing more.

What attracted her to him was the candor in his heart. The innocence that would not die even in a world as shitty as this one. Someone who could walk with her until the end and that would never betray her and would love her more than anyone else in the world."

Tiamat reminisced one of her conversations with Blaze.

'I like his cute appearance as he blushes and stutters while seeing me. It makes me feel loved.'

'I like his troubled appearance as he rejects the advances of other women even though he didn't need to. It makes me happy.'

'I love his courageous and fierce look as he fights alongside me. It makes me feel safe.'

'I love the way he acts while always thinking of the good of his kingdom, it makes me respect him.'

'Mars is far from perfect, he has many bad habits and many defaults like anyone else. But it's those imperfections that make his qualities stand out even more and make me love him even more.'

She could never forget that day for this was this day she understood that her daughter had stopped being the mischievous little girl that would bring trouble while fighting everywhere.

The one who stood in front of her back then was a mature and adult woman completely and hopelessly in love.

Tiamat shook her head, "Of course, if you ask me personally, I still think her choosing Mars was a mistake. His kindness only worked because he was strong and the proof is that he died and brought down my daughter with him because of his kindness and naivety. In my opinion, he was nothing more than a fool."

Tiamat shrugged.

She didn't like Mars. Never liked him and never would. Still, there was nothing she could say about their relationship itself since Mars had always treated Blaze like the jewel in his eyes and always made her happy.

Ruffling Sol's hair she continued to gaze at the portrait of her beloved daughter.

"Still...While I wasn't present to see the last moment of my girl, I know that even then, she had never regretted her choice and loved him until the very end, and you, Sol, are the crystallization of that deep love. This is why you need to be happy Sol. I will make sure that you stay happy. No matter what."

For Tiamat, the pain of losing Blaze was something she could never put in words. This was further compounded by the fact that she had been asleep while her daughter was facing her last moment.

Like a thorn in her heart, it continuously made her bleed.

Thankfully, while the past was impossible to change, the future was filled with infinite possibilities.

Sol stayed silent as he listened to Tiamat speak before asking.

"Why are you telling me this much?"

Sol found the situation weird. Tiamat wasn't the kind to confide in people. Even though he was the one who had asked her about Blaze, Sol felt like Tiamat was the one who acted in a way to make him ask this question.

Tiamat's eyes shone with deep fervor.

"In a few days, you will undergo the baptism in a special pool. Until then, I will impart to you all my knowledge and all my way of thinking. But this isn't enough.

It's far from enough. What you need isn't to just obtain an inferior version of my Zone. You need to break all boundaries. If you wish to surpass the current me, your first need to surpass the past me."

Tiamat's grip tightened on Sol's shoulder, threatening to crush it. But Sol did not flinch and looked deep into Tiamat's eyes.

"Why are you in such a hurry?"

"Fate is calling, I guess."

Tiamat grinned. The best way to destroy Fate was to first follow it.

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

#### **Chapter 252: CH 226: GIDDY TITAN**

"Ohhh!! The domain changed quite a bit since I last came. I remember it was an eternal day when Lucifer was the one in power."

On a floating Island in the Eighth heaven, a portal opened as four people stepped out of it.

The one who spoke was a foreign-looking short girl that had the appearance of a young teen. Her skin had a beautiful color hue and her scarlet red eyes seemed to shine in the night of the Starry Sky. One striking feature of hers was her sclera which was entirely black.

Draped in a short white robe that barely hid her body, she began to look around, excitement clear on her face and her neck-long pink hair swayed in the wind.

“Skuld, stop being an embarrassment.”

A young woman with features surprisingly similar to Skuld spoke on the side. In fact, their features were so similar that one would think that the second girl was Skuld a few years later.

Even the clothes they wore were the same, albeit hers was a little longer and went a few centimeters after her knees.

The only true difference between the two of them were the bracelet around Skuld’s wrist.

“Verdandi...”

Verdandi ignored the pleading look of her little sister. She knew that if she didn’t set up the rules now, this girl was very likely to cause an incident.

Her little sister was simply too mischievous. It was alright when they were in Yggdrasil’s territory since the old man and their eldest sister, Urd, were quite friendly. Furthermore, the old man himself was pretty kind and forgiving despite his appearance.

But Verdandi knew that Tiamat was completely different. Even if Tiamat ended up killing them, no one on Order or Chaos’s side except Urd would cry for their death.

Thinking so, she turned toward the two that had stayed silent behind, “Phoebe, Nidhogg, forgive my little sister’s enthusiasm. It just has been a while since we left Yggdrasil’s territory.”

Phoebe, a dark-haired brown-skinned woman with golden eyes and amazing body curves that were barely hidden by leaves, smiled.

“Don’t worry. I know her personality.”

Phoebe was a Dryad and one of the Kings under the direct order of Yggdrasil. This made her one of the most important women in the world.

Even so, as a divine beast under the virtue of humility, her personality was quite gentle despite her warrior-looking appearance.

However, Verdandi was not tricked. At this very moment, a powerful poison devised by Yggdrasil was circulating in their bodies. Even as a King ranked Titans, there was no doubt that they would die should that poison activate and the one who held control over that poison was the one in front of them.

In Skuld’s case, it was even worse since the bracelets around her wrists were in fact seals that stopped her from using her power. After all, even though she was the weakest out of the three of them, her power was without a doubt the scariest.

“I am alright.”

The fourth and final person in their atypical group answered.

The girl was another case Verdandi couldn’t make a head of. In fact, the only reason Verdandi even knew she was a girl was because of her voice.

Nidhogg, the granddaughter of Hydra and a powerful poison user. This was all she knew about her.

Every time she met her, Nidhogg was entirely clad in a black robe that covered her from head to toe, long black gloves around her hands and arms, and a black mask that reminded Verdandi of a bird. Even the hair was bunched up under a shawl.

In her hand was a stylish walking cane that she used to put even more distance between her and others.

Verdandi knew that the entire body of a poison user was a weapon as any part of it could be highly toxic. But as divine beasts that were partially energy beings, controlling that toxicity should have been innate.

Still, Verdandi had no interest in knowing more about her since she admitted that the girl was quite eerie. She would sometimes even feel a little threatened when standing next to her.

While Verdandi wasn't a battle-type King, she was still a King ranked Titan at the end of the day. This showed just how dangerous Nidhogg was.

"I get it, I get! Stop acting like I am going to cause a disaster, geez! It's just, I am so excited today!"

Skuld pouted after watching the actions of Verdandi and stopped jumping around. Still, one could see that she couldn't stay in place.

Verdandi couldn't help but be confused because while Skuld liked to play around, it was still weird for her to be so jubilant.

Her eyes narrowed a little,

'Will something happen?'

Whenever Skuld was like this, it meant that one of her visions was about to happen.

"Anyway, now what do we do?"

Thinking about it now wouldn't help so it was better to know where they should go.

"I welcome you."

"!!!"

The four of them flinched and turned around only to realize that they were not on an island anymore, but in what looked like a large beautiful garden with pasture, rainbows, and beautiful lakes all around.

Behind them, two people could be seen. One was a beautiful woman wearing a qipao and with an eyepatch. Next to her, sitting on the ground with his eyes closed was a golden-haired young man with an air of nobility.

Verdandi immediately broke into a cold sweat. While she did not recognize the young man, she easily recognized the tall woman next to him.

Tiamat. One of the most powerful demigods to ever exist. Just standing in the same space as her made Verdandi's senses go into overdrive as she contemplated how she should address Tiamat.

After all, the reason why Tiamat called for them was still unknown. She couldn't help but worry and the only reason she even accepted to come was that Skuld assured them it would be safe.

Verdandi was still worrying when...

“Darling!”

Before she could even express a proper salute, Skuld ran past her and everyone else before jumping in the arms of the golden-haired boy who had just opened his eyes.

‘Oh, mother goddess!’

Verdandi felt like her heart was about to explode at this sight.

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“Darling!”

Sol looked bewildered as he held a rather alien-looking but rather beautiful young girl in his arms.

A few moments ago, he had been getting advice from Tiamat about how to cover a wider area with his senses and control the influx of information.

Tiamat had said that this was a very important step in order to increase his control over his own power as well as his dimension and in fact, was the first step to learn <<Dimension Encroachment>>

This was why he had been closing his eyes and trying to focus.

Still, he hadn’t expected that the first thing he would see after opening his eyes was a beautiful girl plunging at him with a wide smile.

His first reflex had been to move to the side because of his experience in Tartarus, but the girl moved like a cannonball and plunged into his arms faster than he could react.

“Darling...?”

‘What the hell is going on?’

Sol lived through many weird situations with even weirder women, but this was the first time he was hugged by a perfect stranger like this.

Not even Theresa had been that proactive, and this was the woman who sat on his lap just a few minutes after their first meeting.

Tiamat on the other hand narrowed her eyes dangerously.

While training Sol, she had felt the entry of those four and had transported them to her sanctuary since she wanted them and Sol to meet, but it seemed that there was a secret she didn’t know.

She couldn’t help but have her face turn grim. After all, Skuld had power over the future. One didn’t need to be a genius to deduce how she knew Sol.

Whether this would be a good or a bad thing was yet to be known.

“Are you done ignoring me?”

Skuld, who was happily hugging Sol flinched a little and tightened her grip around Sol while looking at her warily.

This prompted Tiamat's eyes to narrow even further as she could feel that Skuld wasn't just looking at her with fear, but with clear and undisguised hostility.

But she was clear that she had never discussed it with Skuld until today.

"I am terribly sorry!"

Verdandi ran with all her might and yanked Skuld away from Sol and placed her behind her back before bowing hurriedly to Tiamat, fear dripping all over her face.

'We are going to die!'

For a prideful powerhouse like Tiamat, what they did was no different from asking for death.

Thankfully, her fear did not come to be as Sol stood up and placed himself between them, his back to Tiamat, and he looked at Verdandi and Skuld with a gentle smile that made Verdandi's heart skip a beat.

"Hello, you two. I am Sol. Could you explain what happened just now? I assure you nothing will happen to you."

Feeling her fear alleviate a little, Verdandi calmed down and turned to look at Skuld, who was still staring at Sol with stars in her eyes.

"Skuld..."

Snapping back, Skuld looked at Verdandi with embarrassment. Sol wasn't sure whether she was blushing or not, pink face and all, but from the look on her face, it seemed like she did.

In the end, just as Skuld was about to open her mouth, Tiamat waved her hand, "We will talk about that later. You two should just stay put for now."

Both Skuld and Verdandi immediately vanished from the place.

Leaving only two other people in the place.

'I wonder who they are.'

Today seemed to be a day full of new encounters.

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

#### **Chapter 253: CH 227: NIDHOGG**

After the two women vanished, Sol focused on the two remaining ones.

'I wonder who they are.'

He couldn't help but ask himself.

One was in a get-up that seemed to show as much as possible. The leaves on her barely concealed her luscious body and if Sol didn't have as much experience, he would have been lost as he gazed at her two large hills.



The other one was the complete opposite. Not even one inch of skin was visible in her case. She was completely clad in dark from head to toe.

What surprised him though, rather than the amount of skin the clothes were hiding, was that he knew this uniform.

It was one used by doctors on earth in the past during the plague. Those clothes had the purpose of protecting the doctor from any external contact and even the mask was specially made.

“Phoebe, it has been a while.”

The woman with leaves for clothes, Phoebe, bowed in greeting. She had stayed silent until now because it wasn't her place to intrude in the earlier events.

In fact, she was surprised that the golden-haired young man had the audacity to stand between Tiamat and someone she was about to judge. Even more so by the fact that Tiamat didn't contradict him.

However, no matter who the boy was, it didn't change her situation

“I salute the Dragon Empress.”

Tiamat showed an exasperated expression but didn't comment. She knew that this politeness was ingrained in the way Dryads were raised by Yggdrasil. No matter what she said, nothing would change.

“You are really stubborn. Even more so than your old man.”

“I am delighted by your praise. I will make sure to tell father.”

Tiamat laughed and placed her gaze on the fully clothed girl.

“Do I need to ask you to reveal your face?”

Keeping such an attire in front of Tiamat was in a way extremely rude.

“I...I do not want to cause any problem.”

Sol had expected many things, but the gentle and sweet voice that came out of the mask was not what he expected.

“Should I care about your desire?”

Sol frowned a little but this time stayed silent. He might have forgotten because of how gentle and caring Tiamat was toward him, but in reality, Tiamat was no gentlewoman.

She was a cold and ruthless Empress who would accept no slight. An extremely domineering woman who only put her pride aside for a select few.

Clearly, the girl wasn't one of those.

His earlier action was already pushing it but he had an excuse since the matter seemed to be related to him.

This time though, it was a matter between Tiamat and one of her descendants. As a junior himself, he had no place to say anything. So he stayed silent and simply observed.

“...Understood.”

In the end, the masked girl released a sigh and began by taking away her gloves.

\*Whoosh\*

The moment she did so, a slight fragrance floated in the air, and immediately, all the pasture around her withered.

“Oh my...”

Sol and Tiamat’s eyes narrowed while Phoebe showed no surprise. After all, she had been one of the people who trained Nidhogg.

“Intriguing. I felt those clothes were special. But to think Yggi did this for you.”

After inspecting the gloves more closely, she could feel that leaves of the Yggdrasil itself had been used on them. Otherwise, it was impossible for normal clothes to block such a deadly aura.

Tiamat moved her hand slightly and light seemed to reflect around Nidhogg before everything went back to normal.

“I have isolated you in a different layer of space. Disrobe yourself now.”

Nidhogg nodded. She had no more reason to hesitate now and she could feel that Tiamat’s patience was running thin.

As such, slowly, she began to take away all the clothes that covered her body until she was left with a small black and transparent camisole.

“I am sorry for my earlier impudence.”

“No matter. You are certainly quite prideful and understandably so. Your power really evolved to become something quite impressive. But learn to not let it go to your head.”

Tiamat scoffed. The reason she said all this was because the earlier actions of Nidhogg were implying something pretty impudent.

She did not take off her clothes earlier because of her power. In short, she was worried that her power could hurt Tiamat in a certain way.

The simple fact that a Duke-level existence had such a thought was ludicrous and made Tiamat wonder if she should ask Kiyohime to harden the training she gave to younger dragons.

Sol meanwhile was assessing the physical appearance of this new girl.

‘She is so pale.’

The girl behind the mask was extremely beautiful. But Sol was already used to such beauty. To this day, he didn’t remember meeting someone who wasn’t handsome or beautiful.

Like all divine beasts, Nidhogg had beautiful golden eyes. She also had long black hair with tints of green near the end.

Figure wise, there was nothing much to write about. She wasn't exactly voluptuous and rather had a more slender frame despite her height. In a way, she looked like a top model from his old world.

However, what really caught his attention was something else.

"Her ears..."

Hearing his murmurs, Nidhogg trailed her eyes toward him and introduced himself.

"I am Nidhoog Superbia. Granddaughter of Hydra and daughter of Siegfried."

"Hah..."

Sol was left speechless.

'If I remember right, Siegfried killed one of Hydra's favorite children right?'

How could he forget the story Kiyohime told him and the others on his first day here.

Even though that dragon, Ladon, had gone insane, the fact that Siegfried was the one to kill him was a reality that couldn't be erased.

But even then he gave his daughter to Siegfried?

Or perhaps he was already married to her before tyat?

'Well, not like it's my problem.'

He hadn't even talked to Hydra.

"I am Sol Luxuria, son of Blaze."

Nidhogg squinted a little as the light of understanding flashed in her eyes.

The reason she came back was to fight for the title of Prince and it seemed that this was the one who gave her this opportunity.

"Thank you."

"...??"

"Thanks to you, I will become the new Princess of the tribe."

Sol stilled before his eyes narrowed dangerously. But in the end, he only let out a small chuckle.

The meaning behind her words was quite clear. She did not see Sol as an equal opponent and was already sure to win the title for herself.

Being underestimated so much was quite a weird feeling for him. It was something that hadn't happened since the time with the Gorfards and even then they had been quite cautious of him.

"Wake up to reality." [1]

Sol didn't know how powerful Nidhogg really was but from the earlier display, it was clear that she was extremely dangerous. Sol wouldn't make the mistake of underestimating her.

If even after becoming a Duke he couldn't win against people of the same rank as him, it would be an insult to all the natural gifts he was born with.

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While Sol was getting to know Nidhogg, Verdandi was having a meltdown as she raised Skuld by the throat.

"Are you trying to get us killed!?"

Verdandi was positively and righteously furious.

The situation had been grave.

Not only did Skuld jump on someone related to Tiamat, but she also showed open hostility toward the Empress.

Even if Tiamat had heavily wounded them then and there as a punishment, not even their elder sister would have been able to say a word.

Even though she was raised until her feet dangled in the air, Skuld didn't show any struggling expression.

In the first place, like all Titans, she didn't even need oxygen to survive and lived by absorbing mana through her entire body.

Still, she knew she should have controlled herself more there.

Sighing, she pushed away her hands and landed calmly on the ground.

"I am sorry, I let my feelings take over my mind."

"I don't need words of apologies, I need answers. Tell Me What Happened."

Verdandi enunciated each of those last four words very deeply and Skuld understood that it wasn't the time to play around.

While she was willful, she knew that actions shouldn't cross certain lines.

"I don't want to explain a second time. So I will wait for Darling to come back. But...Do you remember why we left Chaos?"

Verdandi's eyes narrowed.

When the three of them left Chaos, the fight between the two sides was still going strong. So there was no reason to change sides.

The reason was that Skuld had insisted they did so.

Verdandi and Urd had been skeptical, but they trusted Skuld's power and knew that she wouldn't joke around about their life so they did as she proposed.

When Chaos lost later, she thought that Skuld had already foreseen the defeat and made them change sides before they were forced to flee like helpless rats in the Abyss or worse—die.

Now though, from what Skuld was showing and her earlier actions, it was clear that it hadn't been the only reason.

"Is that boy really that important?"

Verdandi frowned but not out of distrust towards Skuld. It was just that the situation was too unbelievable.

A Hybrid Divine Beast and a Blessed one at that? It wouldn't be wrong to say that such an entity should be the antithesis of Titans like them.

"Furthermore, Skuld, do not let the future affect your emotions."

Verdandi warned with a deep but worried voice.

Titans were even more attuned to their concepts than divine beasts. After all, divine beasts had the inherent limitation of the goddesses above them.

Meanwhile, there was no such thing for the Titans. They had the absolute freedom to follow whatever path they wished to.

As the one with the deepest link to Fate, if the three of them did not pay attention and delved too much in the time they were linked to, they could easily lose their sense of self.

This danger was even more prevalent for Skuld since she was linked to the future.

"Don't worry. I am alright."

"You should know that the more you say it, the more worried I become."

"I am really alright. As for Darling..."

Skuld's eyes shone with a fervent light.

"Everything will be alright. I will make sure of it."

She would never let that awful future happen.

[1]: I wonder if anyone can catch this reference. It's the starting sentence of one of the greatest speeches made in anime.

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

#### **Chapter 254: CH 228: SKULD**

The discussion didn't last long as Tiamat wasn't that much interested in Nidhogg herself.

She generally lacked interest in anyone aside from her eight direct children and even then it was to a limited amount.

The only reason she even wanted to meet the girl in the first place was that she got interested in what kind of girl Yggdrasil would teach and what kind of power she had that interested him.

After all, as divine beasts who lived for thousands of years, few things could really pique their interest. They had simply seen too much.

What she saw didn't disappoint her. She had to admit that the result was pretty impressive and that her old friend's vision was still as good as in the past. He had found a raw gem.

Tiamat wasn't one of those who shunned poison users for some reasons such as it being too sneaky. She believed that a warrior should use every weapon in their arsenal when it came to fighting.

After all, people only had one life. During the war, people like Yggdrasil and to a certain extent, Hydra, were far more useful than having an entire army on the battlefield.

They could easily tear apart the rabble and avoid having them drowned in a sea of chaos spawn while Tiamat and the other heavy hitters took care of the powerhouses.

As such, she was happy to have another powerful poison user on her side. Should the war resume, Nidhogg would be incredibly useful.

What made her lose interest in the girl was that while her poison was incredibly powerful and deadly, there was nothing else to it. Nidhogg was now the pet project of Yggdrasil and she had no wish to meddle in the situation.

Looking as Nidhogg and Phoebe left together, Sol understood once again how lucky he was.

Tiamat's affection was not something she granted so easily. It was clear that she was extremely utilitarian and rather cold. He wondered if he would be appreciated like he was currently if he wasn't Blaze's son or didn't have Chaos Physique and Dimensional magic.

"Your face is pretty scrunched."

Tiamat commented idly on the side, causing Sol to turn towards her. He simply shrugged.

"I just thought you were quite harsh."

Sol didn't hide his feelings for there was no need to. Tiamat had clearly grasped them so it would simply be a waste of time.

"I like how direct you are." Tiamat smiled, "I understand how callous I seem, but this is how I have always been. Are you disillusioned now?"

Tiamat wondered how he would answer. She distinctively remembered the same discussion happening between her and Blaze in much the same circumstances.

Though back then, the one she had sent away was Fafnir.

Blaze had been pretty outraged by the difference in treatments between her and her siblings and this had been the spark for one of their biggest disputes. All of it ended in a huge fight where Tiamat completely whipped Blaze's ass.

She didn't need anyone to tell her how she was. She knew it very well more than anyone in this world and she had no wish to change it.

Was it wrong of her to do as a mother?

Probably yes. However, Tiamat never pretended to be a good mother.

She was a selfish, callous, prideful, and warmongering woman. She had many qualities but also had just as many flaws if not more.

But, did someone flawless even exist in the first place? At the very least, Tiamat knew that even the so-called Goddesses were not flawless.

Sol did not know Tiamat's thoughts but he didn't even need to think deeply about his answer. He shook his head with a smile.

"I have no reasons to be disillusioned. To be honest, I have no interest in how you treat other people. As long as I am being treated well, that is more than enough."

Sol wasn't a saint. Why would he risk his current position to fight for people he didn't know nor care about?

The only dragon he was close to aside from Tiamat was Kiyohime and the woman clearly didn't need anyone to fight on her behalf.

Tiamat opened her eyes wide at his answer before she exploded in laughter.

'Truly, how delightful.'

Tiamat realized that she had been projecting the image of Blaze on Sol unconsciously. Perhaps it was out of her desire to see her daughter again? She didn't know.

But with this, the illusion was completely broken.

Sol wasn't Blaze. He had his own ideas and his own thoughts.

"I like your way of thinking."

If before she had been caring for Sol out of guilt and a desire to see how far he could go, now she began to truly appreciate him for who he was.

Like her, he was a selfish, callous, prideful, and warmongering man.

But unlike her, he had way more people he cared for, people who also cared for him equally in return.

Having obtained more insights into Sol's personality, Tiamat decided to cut the conversation short.

"Well, let's go visit those two Titans. We have something to uncover."

She had been listening to the two sisters while they were imprisoned and from what she gathered the current situation was rather interesting.

She had been wondering how to get the help of the sisters. After all, while they were tightly constrained, there were limits to how much she could push them. The number of Titans that had defected to Order's side was extremely low and they didn't want to push them away.

Thankfully, it seemed that the situation was easier than she thought.

Once again the power of Fate was something incredible.

"Let's go."

With a wave of her hand, both Sol and Tiamat vanished.

--

“Look Skuld, we need to discuss how to...”

“How to do what?”

Verdandi tightened her fists at the unexpected voice before she turned to face Tiamat with a polite smile.

“Empress, it is very kind of you to honor us with your presence.”

Tiamat looked deeply at Verdandi, not misled by her fake smile. She knew that while that woman was one who acted weakly, once she decided that there was no other way, she would fight in the craziest way.

Her power represented the present. There was nothing more important than the present for her and so she was able to act however she wanted.

Verdandi meanwhile was sweating buckets. She had already contacted Ud to inform her of the situation but even though Ud was a demigod, intruding on Tiamat’s territory without justification would be suicide.

She thought that Tiamat would take more time in order to reminisce and whatnot with her descendants. It seemed that she was wrong.

Thankfully, Tiamat didn’t scrutinize her for too long and focused on Skuld.

“Little girl...”

“I am older than you.”

Skuld interrupted calmly, causing Tiamat to narrow her eyes.

In a way, Skuld wasn’t wrong. The Norns were part of the first generation of Titans. They were part of the same generation as Lucifer, Tiamat’s predecessor as the divine beast of Pride.

As such, despite looking like a teen, Skuld was indeed older than Tiamat and that by quite a bit.

However, age was not everything.

“Are you provoking me?”

“Skuld!”

“Don’t worry sister. She won’t hurt us. At least not now. She still needs our help.”

Tiamat snarled, there were few things she hated more than people presuming what she could or not do. She could let it pass when it was from people she cared for. But from strangers?

A heavy aura began to emit out of her as she prepared herself to crush the impertinent girl.



“Before you decide to do away with me. Are you not curious about whether we can really help darling do what neither you nor Lucifer could? Because the answer is yes, we can do it.”

Tiamat stopped, “Speak and know that if your answer disappoints me, you will regret your insolence.”

Skuld's disposition had clearly changed. She wasn't the smiling and excited young girl she portrayed herself to be but rather a wise woman whose experience and knowledge belied her appearance.

“Darling alone is really talented. More than you can imagine. He will create a zone out of this world. However, it won't be enough. No matter what you do, he won't be able to break the wall. But, if he has our help...He will succeed.”

As she said so, she threw a look filled with love at Sol. A look none present missed.

“Why do you want to help me?”

Sol, who had stayed silent until now, finally asked. He had an inkling of the answer, but he wanted to hear it clearly from her.

“Because you are my one and only Darling.”

Skuld gave one short answer that explained nothing but at the same time was filled with meaning.

The love Skuld had for Sol was clearly real or Skuld was a godly actress.

Still, there was one thing that was really puzzling Sol.

“Big sis. Tell me honestly, just what do you wish to do with me?”

This was seriously becoming worrying.

In order to just help him awaken his zone, Tiamat was using her own inheritance, the dragon pool, and the help of two Kings and perhaps another demigod-ranked Titans?

Just what the hell kind of Zone was she trying to make him awaken?

“Do you want me to be able to kill a King ranked as a Duke or something?”

Tiamat smiled bitterly.

“If only...”

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

#### **Chapter 255: CH 229: REVERSE**

Hearing Tiamat's bitter murmur, Sol closed his eyes and massaged his forehead.

This world was a world that worked on the principle of near equivalent exchange.

There was no denying that the greater the result sought, the greater the price that would follow it.

Sol understood this lesson deeply about what happened with Camelia and the goddesses. He understood it, even more, when Nent made him realize the price all Blessed had to pay eventually.

Continuing that line of thought, how astronomical would the price be of creating an unprecedented Zone that needed the help of so many powerhouses?

As though reading his thoughts, Skuld spoke on the side.

"If we do this, all those who participated will receive a great backlash. But...It isn't as bad as you think and in fact is necessary. It's at least way better than Tiamat alone doing it."

Skuld grimaced, "Firstly you must understand that the rules of this world are like a law. Of course, there is a certain difference. Normally, when you break the law, you get punished and the punishment changes depending on the rule broken. No matter how numerous you were, this will not change the sentence that all of you will receive. Or at least, not lower it. "

"But this doesn't apply in this case. What people don't realize though is that the higher the number of people who break the same rules at the same place and moment are, the lesser the resulting punishment becomes since the burden will be equally shared between all of them."

"You mean..."

"In another world, at another time, where my sisters and I didn't leave Chaos, Tiamat did the same, however, she did everything alone. In her hubris and supreme confidence in her power, she paid a huge price in helping you obtain an admittedly very powerful zone. The problem is what came after..."

Skuld spoke grimly, "Ymir acted."

"Impossible!"

Tiamat exclaimed in surprise.

Ymir. The first goddess under Chaos and the strongest of them all.

That being wasn't just powerful, she was essentially the incarnation of destruction and power.

She alone had enough might to suppress most of the Sins and Virtues goddesses.

At the end of the war, all the goddesses had to work together in order to seal Ymir alongside the mother goddess of Chaos, and only then did the war turn in the favor of Order.

Even Tiamat, despite all the confidence in herself, had to admit that she was far inferior to that monster, even after becoming a false god.

Skuld didn't bother arguing and continued, "The attack of Ymir was one she had accumulated a very long time for a very specific moment. After doing it, the seal around her tightened even more but her job was already done. She had opened the way and the results were quite tragic."

"Because of her attack, the seal of Tartarus in this territory got undone, the Titans, Giants, Chaos Spawn, and others that were imprisoned all rushed out to wreak havoc. Meanwhile, using the opening, the Wing of Freedom entered the fray and used the dimension of Nihil to smuggle in the few free demigod Titans that had fled in Tartarus."

"Blood flowed and dragons died in troves. And..."

Skuld gave Tiamat a complicated look,

"You were really a monster. Even under the assault of this coalition, even though you were more weakened than anyone, you still stood proud and managed to kill a large number of them."

"So, I died?"

Tiamat asked calmly.

"No. You were too strong. In the first place, their goals had never been to kill you. They just needed to stall you long enough."

She threw another look at Sol, "You were the target all along."

Sol immediately felt a splitting headache.

"In the end, Darling managed to escape thanks to the help of another demigod. Bastet was a very surprising appearance for the coalition. At the price of her life, she managed to send you out of the encirclement. This is where you meet us."

When she said this, love seemed to overflow from her heart as she took a step forward toward Sol until she was close enough to hug him.

She wrapped her arms around him in a gentle embrace and continued.

"The Darling back then was completely different. You were filled with guilt and self-reproach. You became cold and focused on seeking power for vengeance. You were...really sad."

Skuld closed her eyes as she thought of all the visions she had seen.

Words alone could never convey what she really felt. That was why, looking up, she tiptoed and—kissed Sol.

The moment their lips came into contact, Sol blacked out.

'Where am I?'

When Sol came to himself, he realized that he wasn't in Tiamat's palace anymore.

Rather, all he could see were the ruins of a once-mighty castle.

[This is...]

Sol has never felt so horrified in his entire life. Everywhere he looked, all he could see was death.

Far away, he could even see the gigantic body of a blue serpentine dragon impaled by a spear the size of a mountain. All around her were the destroyed bodies of equally gigantic beings that Sol did not recognize.

'Kiyohime?'

A bubbling feeling of fear mixed with anger welled up in his heart while he clenched his fists unknowingly. He certainly recognized the 8th Heaven that had been completely destroyed.

[Don't worry. This is my mindscape, and what you are seeing is the vision of a world that will not come to be.]

Sol frowned as he looked at the floating Skuld with increasing suspicion. His heart was still thumping loudly in his chest, but this didn't stop his mind from working.

He had some knowledge about foresight but everything Skuld told him was too accurate for it to be simple foresight.

[Explain yourself. This can't just be a normal vision of the future. No one aside from a goddess should be able to do this.]

Skuld did not seem surprised. In fact, her smile widened even more.

[It's exactly as darling said. Then again this wasn't hard to guess.]

She mused and nodded to herself.

[Darling said that if you didn't believe me, I just had to say this. \*Ahem\* Tell me, what does it feel like to see someone who regressed? Pretty neat, right? Isekai and Regression in one go for the win.]

Skuld spoke in a deeper voice, clearly impersonating someone else. Sol cringed hard at those words but at the same time, he became increasingly sure that Skuld wasn't lying.

[You were right, Sol. It's impossible for a King ranked like me to see so far and so precisely in the future. But, this was never a vision of the future. After all, I did live through most of this.]

Saying so, she smiled cheekily and bowed.

[Hello darling, let me introduce myself again. I am Skuld. One of the three Norns. I came back from the future in order to save you and everything you care about. It is a pleasure to meet you.]

Sol's thoughts went into overdrive as he tried to make sense of the situation.

He received too much information in just that one sentence to not be confused.

A Regressor.

It is a term used for people who for one reason or another managed to go back to the past, generally with only their memories intact.

Sol was no foreigner to this term since he had been an avid fan of such literature. Thus he was all the more astonished.

Going back to the past shouldn't be possible.

It wasn't a simple question of power. The price necessary would simply be astronomical.

Even someone as powerful as Medea could only rewind time for a maximum of 24h and she was unable to rewind any deaths.

Now, from what Skuld was implying, she completely went back to more than thousands of years in the past.

[...You must have paid a huge price.]

[You are right, the price we had to pay was tremendous.]

It was impossible to send her full memories of all future events. The disturbance in space-time would have been too great and the only result would have been a failure.

All they could do was send a pocket of memories accompanied by clear feelings.

The candidate to receive the memories had been Medea at first, due to her control over time and identity. She was the most suitable because she was close to Sol since he was a child and could have trained him and educated him in the best way from the start.

If they sent the memories further down, she could have even helped in changing Mars' and Blaze's death, thereby obtaining even more allies.

That would have been perfect. However...

[Medea died during an ambush after she opened the gate of the witch world.]

[Wha-?]

Sol blanched at those shocking words.

With a wave of Skuld's hand, the mindscape completely changed. Sol felt his heart tighten at the sight presented to him. There laid Edea as her hand was held in the hands of someone.

Even as her body was breaking down, the weak smile on her face never faltered. The drops of tears that fell on her face rolled down her cheeks into the blood soaked ground. She opened her mouth with what little strength she had left, sadly...Sol could not hear anything.

Even as his vision turned blurry, there was no sound reaching his ears. It was only after touching his own face that he realized that he was crying.

Sol couldn't even bother to think about how he could cry in a mind world. But Skuld, seeing this, understood.

Only a pain so deep it affected his very soul could bring such a result. She wanted to stop showing him the terrifying visions, to hug him and to console him.

However, she knew she couldn't.

This was a necessary step in helping Sol create a brighter future. No matter how painful it was, he had to go through it.

Even though she knew it was necessary...

[Should we stop?]

Sol closed his eyes and felt his mind roar. It was painful. He felt like wanted to just break down right then and there.

Even though he knew that this was nothing more than the vision of a future, just the thought of losing Medea was so heart-wrenching it felt like he was dying.

Despite the pain he was experiencing, there was only one answer he could give.

[Continue.]

He couldn't stop. He refused to stop. He had to see it through until the end. He had see for himself just how hellish the future was.

[Darling....]

Skuld hesitated a little but finally nodded.

Following Medea's demise, different scenes presented themselves to Sol one after another while all he did was watch in silence, even as he wiped his eyes to stop his vision from getting blurry, any more than it already was.

It felt like going through a living nightmare that he would never wake up from. Sol knew that he might be completely traumatized after this but, even then, he never tore away his gaze from the scenes shown.

When the world was finally plunged into darkness.

[Those memories...]

[They are mostly yours.]

[Why....]

[Why didn't your future self simply send his memories to you directly? It would have been useless. There was nothing you could do that would change the fact that Ymir was ready to strike. Medea, for example, had the influence necessary to move the Witches and Ambrosia. But what about you?]

Skuld shook her head and continued.

The plan with Medea had to be scrapped. But future Sol did not give up. Years after years and decades after decades.

The people around him dwindled. Some left and some died, but he never lost faith.

[You didn't just want to create a parallel timeline, that would have been useless. What you had in mind was much, much more ambitious. You wished to completely erase and reset the time we were in. It should have been impossible. It was something that broke all common sense. Everyone thought you were crazy and we all tried to stop you. But against all odds...You succeeded.]

Skuld looked like she was in rapture as she told this story.

[How...]

However Sol did not have enough capacity to pay her any attention. He was having a difficult time wrapping his mind around Skuld's explanation.

Rather than answering, the darkness around them faded as a new scene formed.

This time it was a man looking at himself in the mirror.

It was a middle-aged man whose eyes seemed to blaze with a mad conviction.

[Is this...me?]

[Yes.]

Sol had a hard time believing it. The man looked nothing like the current him.

A gaunt body with a cold and emotionless face with one scar running down over his right eye.

However, more than anything, the greatest shock was the fact that the man did not possess the characteristics of Golden hair and blue eyes Sol currently had.

His golden hair was replaced by common black hair while his blue eyes were of a beautiful golden hue full of divinity.

[I didn't want to speak since it would be useless but I believe I need to do it at least at this juncture. Too many words would overwhelm the spell but you need to remember.]

The man, Sol, spoke with a raspy voice.

[We underestimated the power of The Reverse Side too much.]

'The Reverse Side?'

[I believe at this moment, we still call it—The Mirror Dimension.]

\*Crack\*

The world cracked and crumbled like a broken mirror.

The last words from his future self were echoing loudly in his ears as the mindscape was broken.

When Sol opened his eyes in the real world, none of the usual easy going attitude was present in them.

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

#### **Chapter 256: CH 230: CONFUSED**

The moment Skuld kissed Sol, Tiamat narrowed her eyes and was immediately about to separate the two of them.

For mortals, a kiss might be something romantic, but it wasn't only that for people like them.

For any magical being, the exterior of their bodies gave them a protection against magical attacks of varying degrees. This was even more so for Chaos Dragons like her and Sol.

Since Sol wasn't able to nullify all magical attacks like her, kissing him was the perfect way to break past his defense and use a spell on him.

Tiamat immediately remarked on the oddity of the situation. After all, for Skuld to act like this, it meant that she already knew that Sol was a Chaos Dragon and prepared herself for it. It gave even more credibility to the gibberish she was spouting.

Still, Tiamat wasn't willing to play around with the security of her grandson. There were plenty of ways to discover if all of this was the truth or not.

"I am alright, Big Sis."

Tiamat immediately yanked Skuld away and approached Sol to inspect his current state.

"I am really alright."

Tiamat stopped and looked at the calm but firm eyes looking back at her.

'Something changed.'

She couldn't pinpoint what exactly, but it was like Sol had matured in just an instant. For a boy already as mature as he was, such an obvious change in such a short amount of time should have been impossible.

"What did you do?"

Tiamat spoke quietly as she directed an icy gaze towards Skuld. It was clear that this time, she was well and truly angry.

The world itself seemed to react to the anger of the Empress as both Skuld and Verdandi felt an urge to kneel under the pressure that was crushing them.

It wasn't even gravity. It was just a pure and unadulterated feeling of awe that was filling them down to their marrow.

"Please."

Hearing the pleading tone in Sol's voice, Tiamat faltered and her pressure receded as fast as it appeared.

Now she was really worried.

Even when Sol had asked her help the last time regarding Sheherazade, he had done it with an air full of confidence.

After passing the last few days with Sol, Tiamat understood that Sol was truly a dragon. Despite his gentle and mild exterior appearance, he was someone full of pride.

The only thing that could make him lower his head was a problem that concerned people he cared about and it shouldn't be a small problem.

Thinking about it like this, Tiamat decided to not act rashly.

When Sol saw that Tiamat had once again listened to him, he gave a weak but gentle smile full of gratitude. He really appreciated that Tiamat was willing to do so much for him.

'All of this is my fault.'



The love and care Tiamat had and showed for him made him feel even more guilty about all the pain and destruction his presence would bring to her and her family.

Clenching his fists and gritting his teeth, he shook his head and berated himself inwardly.

Now wasn't the time to act like such a wretch. He could wallow in guilt and despair all he wanted once the situation was resolved.

"Let me explain everything..."

----

Tiamat listened silently as Sol explained everything to her while Skuld unwillingly chimed on the side as she gave further precision.

If at first she had been full of disbelief, when Sol finished with the last words of the future him, Tiamat entered deep in thought though, compared to what Sol may have imagined, her thoughts were following a completely different track.

The fact that the future Sol had a hint of divinity even without being Blessed showed that he had traced an entirely new and different path.

If he had truly managed to become strong enough to rewrite and rewind the entire world back to thousands of years... Tiamat could only shudder at how strong he must have become.

Inwardly, she couldn't help but wonder if she should keep everything on track just to see the birth of such a mighty being. However she immediately discarded this thought.

She didn't want to see Sol go through unneeded suffering and she certainly didn't wish to see her realm get destroyed.

Of course, all of this hung on the fact that what Skuld said was the truth rather than an elaborate trap to trick them.

"You are saying that you can make him even stronger than he was in the vision?"

"I don't know for sure."

Skuld admitted frankly and explained the reason. Future Sol had reached a height of power unheard of. He was unable to enter godhood in the end but he still managed to become a false god that was no weaker than any of the goddesses.

Be it Ymir or the Sins and Virtue Goddesses.

Still, the transformation of his Zone as a Duke or the True Name he received as a King, none of them were fixed.

After all, those were dependent on too many external factors such as the experience, memories, and way of thinking.

If they managed to avert the approaching crisis, would the Sol who didn't go through all that pain and suffering still manage to reach the same level or surpass his future self?

This was a question no one could answer.

“So this is why you showed me all those memories.”

Sol muttered to which Skuld concurred.

“That’s right. While it’s impossible for us to completely recreate the situation, by showing you those memories we can at least bring you to a state of mind that is a little closer to him. Well, whether it will be enough or not is uncertain but Darling was never worried about this.”

Tiamat nodded, “One last question...Why did Sol lose his blessings?”

Skuld sneered at Tiamat, “Do you think those haughty goddesses would accept getting erased because of Sol's wish to go back to the past? The spell wasn’t safe. Darling literally collided the normal world and the reverse world against each other to fuel the energy necessary for the rewind.

“Failure would have meant the death of everyone. In the last moments of his life, darling could be said to have become the enemy of the world itself. Of course, you were no exception and were even one of our greatest hunters. If not because of the Supreme Witch and the Necromancer King giving help, we would have never succeeded.”

Tiamat frowned.

Would she really chase after Sol because of the goddesses order?

No matter how weakened she might have been, Tiamat did not believe that she was the kind of person to do something like this.

Did her mental state deteriorate? Or was it because she was unwilling to put her destiny at the end of Sol's crazy plan?

Sol didn't even try to think about this. What the future Tiamat did was of no importance to the current situation.

As for Anubis and Ambrosia helping him, Sol wasn't particularly surprised.

Whatever he did, having the knowledge of Ambrosia who was a master at witchcraft and of Anubis who was one of the first mortal demigods would have been a great boon.

Furthermore, while he didn't know Anubis, if he loved his daughter even half as much as Ambrosia loved hers, then with Isis and Medea dead, the situation was normal.

Ruffling his hair, Sol tried to keep his train of thoughts straight and steady.

His head throbbed and all he wanted was to lay down and sleep but he couldn't afford to.

Not now at least.

Even as he closed his eyes, he could still see the horrors that were previously shown to him.

If he had seen those pictures before his training in Tartarus, he would have most likely snapped.

"Sol?"

"\*Sigh\*....Okay. Okay. I am good. Don't worry. I..."

"I believe this is enough for today."

Sol wanted to continue the discussion but was stopped short by Tiamat.

"There is no point in insisting. My decision is taken. You need to rest today. We will continue later after all of us have rested a little."

Sol closed his mouth as he had been on the verge of complaining but since he knew his current state more than anything, he understood that his mind wasn't at its best now.

"I understand. So please, let's make things a little clearer."

Sol rained his fingers, "First, while I believe in Skuld, we need to investigate the truth of the matter. After all, it isn't impossible that she may be getting manipulated without her knowledge."

Skuld simply shrugged, not surprised. In fact she would have been pretty disappointed if Sol simply accepted everything she said, even though she would have been happy for the trust.

'Darling is still darling after all.'

Skuld thought with a complicated smile.

Sol, who did not know Skuld's thought, continued, "Second, if everything is the truth, we need to make preparations. I don't know if Ymir will still use this moment to strike. But it's necessary to prepare ourselves."

Sol wanted to understand everything about his future self and all his power. The better understanding he had the more he could make a difference later.

"As for the last one..."

Sol thought about a beautiful but lazy cat that had been following him since the Phoenix's territory.

It seemed like it was time to make a decision.

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

#### **Chapter 258: CH 231: SHE IS STRONG**

After Sol left the premises and both Skuld and Verdandi were sent away, Tiamat began to reflect on everything she learned today.

"Have I been in too much of a hurry?"

She couldn't help but ask herself seriously. Initially, her plan had been to thoroughly train Sol in all possible ways so that he became ready both physically and mentally.

This mainly stemmed from her foresight about his future that would be filled with blood and death.

'Well, I guess I wasn't exactly wrong.'

She chuckled bitterly.

The more time passed the worse the rush became. Even though she should have known that patience was necessary for all great undertakings.

However, there was something that still bothered her.

‘Nothing like that happened in the future I have seen.’

There were infinite numbers of possible futures, so seeing even hundreds of them was indeed not enough.

Furthermore, in most of those futures, she did see the Wing of Freedom attacking. But generally, it was only two of them accompanied by some giants. Nothing complicated.

Finally, their target wasn’t Sol, but Isis, and in none of those futures did Ymir act.

Tiamat could feel that she was at a crossroads. How she decided to act now would change everything.

The first road was to simply believe in herself and refuse to believe the Titan Skuld.

The second one was to believe in Skuld and act accordingly.

The third road was to simply give up bringing Sol to the Duke level. In the first place the transition to Duke wasn’t hard and with Sol’s talent, she was sure that Sol could still become very powerful.

[...Zzz...mat...Tiam...]

‘Oh.’

Hearing the intermittent sound in her mind, Tiamat remembered that she had completely cut her connection with the goddesses the moment Skuld screamed ‘Darling’ for the first time.

She was happy she did because she couldn’t even imagine what would happen if those goddesses knew about what happened.

[Tiamat!]

“No need to scream in my head, I can hear you.”

[...Explain.]

“What do you mean?”

[Luxuria is going crazy. She is screaming that something has changed and she wants to know what.]

“Heh...”

[I am not joking this time. She is really about to explode. If you don’t give her some explanation she will...]

“She will? She will what?”

Tiamat’s eyes narrowed in a fit of cold and silent anger. Today had been a day where she had to repress her anger many times.

She was tired, angry, and confused. Now she was being threatened?

[...]

“Finish your sentences, please. What will she do...mother?”

The word mother was uttered with such a disdain and disregard that it felt like nails scratching on metal.

"Let me remind you something. You may have created us, but we are not your slaves. Never ever threaten me again."

[...I see. It seems like reaching your current level made your head swell and transformed your pride into arrogance. I think it's time to remind you that no matter how powerful —a false god will always be a fake.]

This time another voice intervened in the discussion. It was a voice Tiamat rarely heard but still knew very well.

‘Luxuria.’

Silence fell between them as Tiamat stood up. Blazing determination shone in her eyes as her form changed until the beautiful woman was replaced by a gigantic Dragon.

Under the might she radiated, the whole world seemed to quake.

‘Finally!’

ROOAARRR!!!

The sea stirred, tempest roared and the stars in the sky shone so much more brightly that they became blinding.

All of this happened in but an instant before Tiamat vanished from her palace to reach the depth of a realm few ever stepped in.

The Divine Realm.

Two days later, Sol could be seen sitting near Tiamat's throne while he meditated.

Initially, he had planned to openly discuss with Bastet, but since Tiamat mysteriously vanished after causing so many world-ending phenomena, he decided to wait.

What he did during those two days was meditate on exploring his Mirror Dimension or the Reverse World as his Future self said.

Unfortunately, he came out empty and found nothing particularly new. He couldn't find Skuld to discuss either as it seemed that Tiamat had imprisoned them in another space before leaving.

“I guess I won't be able to do much more without first becoming a Duke first. Perhaps I should change my way of thinking?”

Sol muttered while keeping his position.

The creation of a Zone mainly depended on external factors such as way of thinking, memories, and possible inheritance.

All of this would culminate into one truth. The ultimate truth for the one using the Zone.

In terms of inheritance, while he couldn't say to have understood everything Tiamat said, he slowly grasped what her zone was about and its underlying power of it.

The fact that it was based on her dimension was one of the reasons Tiamat had chosen to share it with him since he also had a dimension.

So the inheritance was no problem.

What then was his Truth? Sol thought to himself.

Bipolarity. Action and Reaction.

People said that there was no such thing as a world of only black and white and Sol thought the same but in a different way.

The world was a spectrum where black and white were the ultimate ends.

All...

\*Whoosh\*

Sol's train of thought was interrupted when a circular portal opened in the middle of the throne room.

There could only be one person who could enter here in such a way.

"Oh...Sol, you are here."

As he thought, the one who stepped out of the portal was indeed Tiamat but...

"What happened!?"

Sol stood up hurriedly and rushed towards Tiamat, worry evident in his eyes.

Tiamat was surprised at his outburst at first, but once she looked down on herself, she immediately understood.

The current Tiamat had none of her usual poise.

Her body was covered in blood and wounds. One of her arms was hanging and her eye that was usually hidden behind an eyepatch was closed but had tears of blood streaming from it.

While it was clear that none of the wounds were particularly deep, the simple fact that Tiamat herself was wounded was astonishing.

"Ah, This? Don't worry about it. The more dangerous wounds already healed."

"Your wounds were even worse!?"

Understandingly, her words did nothing to abate Sol's worries and in fact only increased them.

Tiamat was powerful.

This was a simple reality. In the same way that life and death coexisted or that people needed the energy to sustain themselves.

Who could wound Tiamat so much?

'Don't tell me, she was attacked?'

As if understanding his worries, Tiamat stretched her blood-free hand towards him and ruffled his hair gently.

"Once again don't worry. For people at my level, physical wounds alone are far from enough to really affect us."

"\*Sigh\* I understand. At least tell me what happened."

Sol did not push away her hand but continued to inspect her condition. His actions warmed Tiamat's heart after all, it had been forever since anyone was worried about her.

"I fought Luxuria."

"Wha—"

"Well. Saying that we fought is a stretch since we only traded blows in the physical plane."

Physical wounds could easily be healed but it was different for wounds inflicted through conceptual attacks.

"What about the result?"

Since he saw that Tiamat was indeed alright, Sol asked quietly while observing Tiamat's expression.

"It was a tie."

Tiamat gave a bitter smile. Sol watched her with his mouth open wide causing her to chortle in amusement.

"What makes you so surprised. I am a false god, you know? The fight might have gone differently if we fought with our concept but in the physical plane, I am not inferior to any of them."

Pride and confidence literally seemed to ooze from all of her. Even though she seemed to be in such a sorry state, Sol could say that she was truly at her most beautiful today.

More than anything, when the thought that Tiamat was able to fight against a goddess without losing settled in, it was like something finally clicked in him.

Gods weren't all that special.

"Sol...? Are you alright?"

Tiamat frowned a little as she felt the atmosphere slowly change.

Sol stayed silent for a short while before finally raising his head and smiling at Tiamat.

"I have never been better. Thank you."

“You...You realized something?”

“Indeed. You made a deep fear that had settled in my heart vanish from it.”

What was a goddess?

For Sol who had personally met and whose life had always been manipulated by the goddesses, they were like supreme beings that could crush and toy with everything in this world.

The first meeting between them had ended with him groveling and begging for the life of his loved one before being tied into some forced debt. As if it wasn't enough, he had been nearly mind-whipped just for taking a look at them.

This had clearly set the tone of their relationship and it was clearly not one between equals.

Ever since then, even though he refused to admit it, a feeling of dread was born in his heart.

He lived in a world where his existence could be erased at any moment and where his destiny had already been decided from the start.

He could only console himself by thinking about he had a pretty good life but this did not take away the bitterness of his reality.

But now?

Now he was ready.

He still feared them, for he was still not even a Duke.

He still respected them, for everything he had was thanks to their machinations.

But he no longer saw them as insurmountable mountains.

And that alone...made all the difference.

“Shall we talk with my cat now? This is the last missing piece of the puzzle. I think I am ready now to take the next step.”

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

#### **Chapter 259: CH 232: BASTET OR SEKHMET**

\*Whoosh\*

Under the illumination of the starry sky, the wind blew gently, bringing a chilly air with it as it rustled the leaves of the tree in the large garden.

Sitting on a beautiful chair that seemed to be made out of pure crystal was a crimson-haired woman with a voluptuous figure, sipping on wine as she waited in silence.

Despite the cold of the night, she was clad in an attire that showed a great amount of her skin without seeming obscene in the slightest.

\*Crack\*



The sound of a twig breaking under the step of someone intruding in the serenity of this sanctuary rose her from her wandering spirit.

Taking a look at the intruder, Nent showed a gentle smile.

"I am surprised you came."

Giving her a supercilious stare, Kiyohime did not bother to answer as she took the seat opposite to Nent.

"You wouldn't call me here for no reason. What is the problem?"

Her tone was cold but Nent was already happy that Kiyohime at least was willing to speak with her.

"Did you feel it? The way the atmosphere in the territory changed lately."

Nent crossed her legs, showing an enticing sight as her dress parted and revealed a hint of her beautiful thighs.

Ignoring the tantalizing sight in front of her, Kiyohime mulled a little and reluctantly nodded.

The atmosphere in the air was indeed becoming heavier. Everything began on that night. The night where Tiamat showed her might once again.

Kiyohime still did not know where her mother went, but the aura and power she showed on that day had made the territory incredibly calm. She had indirectly reminded everyone why she was the supreme ruler here.

Still, this didn't stop here. Through Kiyohime, Tiamat had sent different orders related to increasing the spatial defense of the territory and regulating the flux of people entering and getting out of the territory through the official portal at the crossroads.

As if it wasn't enough, she was even asked to eradicate all the Duke levels in the lower circle of Tartarus. The culling generally happened at a fixed time so it was surprising for the date to have been pushed forward.

At the end of the day, Kiyohime was no idiot.

Though Tiamat never said anything, it was clear that something big was going on. Still, there was something that disturbed her.

"Sol should know what's going on."

Kiyohime clenched her fists at Nent's declaration. Sol had been acting more withdrawn lately. Always brooding. He emanated a slightly nervous feeling.

It was clear that Sol had gotten hold of more than troubling information and it was disturbing him. But there was nothing Kiyohime could do.

"Jealous?"

Kiyohime did not answer the question. The response was already more than evident.

'This murky feeling in my chest is spreading again.'

She was already used to that feeling. The deep and searing disgusting feeling of jealousy and envy. The kind of feeling that could destroy you from within progressively with no way of avoiding it.

She hated that feeling. She hated feeling jealous. But how could she not?

A brat that hadn't even lived for a century, nay not even two decades, and had met Tiamat not even a month ago was already closer to Tiamat than Kiyohime had ever been.

Worse, Kiyohime was the Queen of the Territory. But even then, she was kept in the dark from information Sol clearly had access to.

'Ugh. I haven't felt this bad since a long time ago.'

She was no stranger to that feeling and that was why she hated it even more. She did not want to feel jealous.

Sol was a good and interesting kid as well as the only son of her little sister.

She liked him quite a bit and saw him as a sort of her student. While they didn't spend much time together, the moments they shared in Tartarus made the two of them become closer.

She also knew very well that the only reason she could still talk to Nent like this was because of the effort Sol was putting in. She held no feelings for Nent now. But at least she recognized that Sol had acted with her best interest in mind.

This was why those dark and disgusting feelings made her feel even more awful.

"It's alright to be jealous, you know?"

"....What do you mean?"

Nent gave a gentle smile as she looked at the confused Kiyohime.

"Jealousy may be an ugly feeling but it's one only a select few people manage to never feel in their entire life."

"So my feelings are nothing particular?"

"I wouldn't say that. Jealousy is common, but it can become extremely ugly very fast if not controlled. However, being jealous by itself isn't bad."

Kiyohime closed her eyes for a short while before she shook her head, "You are right. I guess I should face my own feelings properly. I will talk to Mother tonight."

Standing up, Kiyohime began to walk away as she prepared to fly up and meet Tiamat.

"Thank you."

Those words drifted in the wind and the ears of Nent as Kiyohime vanished.

Nent, now alone once again shook her head and looked down at a crumpled piece of paper that she had been hiding all along.

Despite its appearance, this particular piece of paper was a secret way of communication that allowed messages to be transferred between two people who possessed the same piece of paper.

The words on those pieces were: <<We need to talk.>>

Looking at the paper that hadn't received any message since 700 years ago, Nent sneered before tucking it away.

She had been lost and wondered what she ought to do until now. But, her doubts were finally cleared.

Her decision was made.

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While Kiyohime flew high until she reached the 9th Heaven and entered Tiamat's Palace, she thought hard about what she wanted to say to Tiamat.

Tiamat's act of favoritism wasn't done unconsciously. Tiamat knew very well what she was doing. She just didn't care in the slightest.

This was why going there and whining would be nothing more than a terrible waste of time that would only result in disdain coming from Tiamat.

Still, all her life, Kiyohime had acted as the understanding big sister so for once she wanted to be a little selfish. She just wanted to say exactly how she felt and there was nothing in particular she expected.

The moment she opened wide the door of the throne room and strolled in,

“Mother! I want to...”

Kiyohime was stopped by the weird scene she was witnessing.

In the throne room, only two people were present. They were both Tiamat and Sol. If that was all there was, she wouldn't be so surprised but that wasn't the case.

On the ground, sitting on what looked like a ritual circle with lit candles all around was a white cat that Kiyohime easily recognized as Sekhmet, Sol's magical pet.

“Hah...Kiyohime? Look, this isn't what you are thinking.”

Kiyohime threw a weird look at Sol, “You mean to say that you didn't put the cat that has a high chance of housing a demigod that was officially dead under a seal in order to inspect it while preventing all possible problems?”

Sol's mouth hung open while he kept a finger in the air before slowly lowering it with a puzzled expression.

In the end, “\*Ahem\* Well, I take back what I said. This is exactly what you are thinking.”

Sol shrugged while Tiamat snickered as she threw a look at Kiyohime, “I can more or less guess why you are here today. Let's talk alone later, you and me. There are many things we need to discuss. But now...”

The smile in her eyes vanished as she looked at the cat that was watching them innocently with its head tilted to the side,

\*Meow\*

“Heh, how cute. To think the fierce Bastet really fell so low.”

Tiamat mocked openly. Bastet was one of the rare independent demigods that she recognized. The woman was a fierce warrior who didn't hesitate to rush in any and everything fight.

The simple fact that a normal magical beast had managed to evolve to the level of demigod and bring normal elements such as ice and fire to the conceptual level was more than a little impressive.

\*Meow\*

Even as Tiamat spoke, Sekhmet did nothing but look cutely at Tiamat and then proceeded to ignore her to lick her paw.

“You....”

Kiyohime, standing on the side, took a few steps forward to have a better vision. She was surprised that Tiamat wasn't using force. She knew that her mother wasn't really the patient type when people defied her authority.

In the end, it was Sol who spoke, as he crouched down; “Look, are you Bastet or Sekhmet? I don't really know, nor do I care. Even though I do not know your circumstances, I believe that you hold no ill will toward me.”

Sol of course was bluffing. Many reasons could explain why Sekhmet didn't hurt him until now even if she had wished to do so. But, from Skuld's vision and words, he knew that Sekhmet would protect him until the end.

He didn't know why, but the only thing that mattered was that she did.

“I want to protect people I care about. But as I am now, I am helpless to do so. This is why I need help—your help. We are not trying to threaten you or force you in any way. Please, lend us a hand.”

Sol gave his plea sincerely. If his earlier words were a lie, now he was being serious. He knew that his words weren't spoken in the best way. But in this case, rather than beautiful sounding words, he believed honesty was the best answer.

As the silence that filled the room grew longer, Sol was slowly losing hope and wondered if they should give up on obtaining her help when...

\*Sigh\*

A low sigh filled the room as the expression of the cat changed to a quasi-human-like one. The circle below her paws began to shine and flicker as they were activated because of the divine energy that coursed through the body of the once normal cat.

Looking up at Sol, Sekhmet or rather, Bastet, finally spoke for the first time,

“Tell me exactly what you want my help for. Then I will decide.”

### Son of the Hero King

#### **Chapter 260: CH 233: BASTET OR SEKHMET (2)**

Sol looked at the cat that had obviously changed.

If before the cat could pass for a house cat, now that illusion was no longer. Rather than a cat, what stood in front of them was a true lioness. It was still rather small, but the transformation was nonetheless impressive.

“Heh, I thought you were asleep.”

“My conscience had begun to rise either since I have been in contact with him and I became aware of the exterior world when he came back with the scent of my apprentice’s aura all over him.

Though, I only woke up completely because of the surge of energy you showed a few days ago. I guess my mind woke me up because of the potential danger.”

Sekhmet answered disinterestedly while observing the circle around her. Putting a paw on it, she pulled it back immediately when a spark zapped her.

Sneering, as weird as it was to do with the face of a cat, she turned toward Sol.

“Tell me, little master. What is the meaning of you seeking me out?”

“Little master...?”

Sekhmet shrugged, “Answer my question first.”

Hearing this, Sol threw a look at Kiyohime before looking at Tiamat and nodding at her.

“Don’t worry. I already used my dimension as a cover. You can speak without any problem. As for Kiyohime...”

Kiyohime had wondered if she should simply go back. Since it seemed like she was unwanted.

“You should stay. Or rather, you need to stay. After all, this also concerns you.”

Sol stopped the dejected Kiyohime from turning back and going away. He believed in her and knew that her influence would be necessary if they wanted to reach the goal they had set for themselves.

Turning back to Sekhmet, Sol coughed and spoke.

“Should I call you, Sekhmet or Lady Bastet?”

“Hum...Quite sly aren’t you, dear little master.”

Bastet answered with a chuckle. She knew exactly what Sol was doing. If she chose to be called Lady Bastet, then she was putting a distance between the two of them. But if she chose Sekhmet, then it would mean that she still recognized the relation between them.

As for her choice....

“You are quite lucky. The little one in me is found of you. Because you see—I really hate sly little guys like you.”

Her eyes shone with a golden hue but Sol stared at her without any fear in his eyes. The stand off between them lasted for quite a while before she released a sigh.

“Call me Lady Sekhmet. That would do for now. Now then, for how long do you plan to keep me in here? Or do you think I will be able to harm you with the Dragon’s Empress right here?”

Tiamat nodded to herself but shook her head with a little smirk.

“You are very slippery. I didn’t put this circle because I feared you would hurt us. I did it because I do not wish to let you run using a time node.”

“Tsk~! I thought I would be able to avoid something troublesome.”

She plopped down on the ground like a sleepy cat and yawned,

“Let’s get this done with now. I can’t stay awake for too long.”

“Well then, Kiyohime, Lady Sekhmet, let me tell you a little story.”

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A few minutes later, Kiyohime sat down with a somber expression.

Who would have thought that her wishes to discuss with her mother would make her a part of such a dangerous topic.

“Is it really the truth?”

Unlike Kiyohime, Sekhmet seemed rather calm. After all, unlike the blue dragon, she had no reasons to believe in Tiamat and Sol.

More than anything else, she couldn’t phantom why she would sacrifice herself for a boy she barely knew.

While she had observed Sol in action and found him interesting, it was far from enough to warrant her dying for him.

In fact, his earlier actions made her good impression of him drop a little. So it was even more unimaginable.

“Do you believe I would waste my time lying to you?”

Sekhmet grunted at Tiamat’s words. Indeed. While she was a demigod herself, this was in the past and even then, Sekhmet knew that she was nothing in front of a renowned being like the Dragon Empress.

Lying to someone like her would be beneath the consideration of such an exalted being. Even more so since all they had to do was to force her to obey. There was little she could go against a monster like Tiamat in her current state.

In the end all she could do was nod, "Since you gave me all those information, I guess I have no other choice. I..."

"Wait, there seems to be a misunderstanding. We really don't plan to force you to participate. If you don't wish to, we will simply seal you down here until everything is resolved. Then you will be free to go and do as you like after swearing a binding oath to never reveal the truth."

Sol was clear and concise with his words. He made her understand that while they did not wish to force her, they would not give her the slightest chance of spreading any form of rumours before and after the event.

"Heh...I guess I should be thankful to you?"

The sarcastic tone in her voice showed her true feeling but this was the only thing Sol would not compromise on.

The future Sekhmet died for him. But this hasn't happened currently.

In the same way she didn't trust him, Sol did not trust her yet either. He wouldn't endanger his loved ones for something he wasn't absolutely sure of.

Gazing deeply in his eyes and feeling the conviction in them, Sekhmet finally relented.

"Let me see my disciple first. I want to see how she doing. Furthermore, if you really want my help, then I ask you to free her. I may not be essential for your plan, but it never hurts to have one more ally, right?"

Sol and Tiamat traded glance. The two of them had developed a certain tacit understanding and since Sol saw no reluctance in Tiamat's eyes, he nodded.

"No problem. Your conditions are acceptable."

"Of course, I hope I don't need to mention that I will place a seal on the two of you. Even if you try to flee by traversing history, I will make sure to find you and..."

Tiamat did not finish her words, but the silent threat was clear nonetheless.

She wasn't as nice as Sol and she didn't have any intentions to waste her time.

"Kiyohime, come with me, I will put on the seal. We will talk later."

Kiyohime nodded. She really needed to speak about everything she had just heard. If not for her years of experience, she would have been hysterical by now.

"As for you Sol, why don't you visit that Titan? Don't worry, I have made sure she won't be able to hurt you even if she wanted. Though I doubt she would even try."

No matter how distrustful Tiamat was over the whole matter. She had to admit that Skuld was pretty damn convincing.

Either way, she had put up a failsafe. So she would leave the rest to her little boy.

After Tiamat vanished with Sekhmet and Kiyohime, Sol, now alone, began to walk in the direction where Skuld was detained.

There were things that needed to be discussed a little more with her.