

# Son of the Hero King

## Chapter 26: INTERLUDE 2: THE WITCH AND THE KING

Why is it so difficult to keep on living, without gazing anywhere but straight ahead?

A question without an absolute answer...

An asymmetrically splendid pipe organ was placed on the stage of a small concert hall.

The melody produced with grave notes was truly majestic and splendid.

It rampaged as if rupturing the hall from the inside.

In the lonely concert hall, a fantasia was played by the highly famed musical instrument.

In contrast to the giant-like organ, the instrumentalist was comically small.

She looked no older than a very young girl.

Her hair was colored white. Her dress mirrored her hair. Her doll-like skin, almost as though lifeless, was also of a pale white color. Furthermore, she wore long white gloves, made of satin and silk, that stretched to her upper arms.

Only the color of her eyes that were a unique contrast of deep gold and blood crimson, shone in the dark shade of the room.

Displaying her small delicate fingers, the cool girl was entranced by her own musical performance.

Childishness and expertise.

Extravagance and solemnity.

The melody created by the girl and the famed musical instrument perfectly harmonized these conflicting elements, sublimating them into art.

The audience seats on the first floor were all empty.

In the lonely concert hall, the girl continued her musical performance without paying attention to anything else.

Playing the keyboard of the pipe organ to her heart's content, the girl finished her glamorous musical performance.

Without sweating or taking a pause until the very end.

She closed her eyes as if being immersed in the trailing notes of the aesthetic piece she played with her instrument.

At that moment— A calm applause echoed from the ceiling of the silent hall.

The girl, startled, immediately jumped in fright.

For someone had managed to enter this building without her being able to feel anything or even detect the slightest of their presence.

She did a full body turn and pointed her gaze towards the balcony seats on the front of the second floor. Seeing the cause of the applause, she asked with an ear-tickling and fascinating tone that didn't fit her young appearance.

"Who are you? Do you not know it's considered rude to spy on a lady?"

"I'm not insensitive enough to make a sound during your musical performance..."

The man replied in the darkness of the balcony. He also spoke in a unique tone.

His voice felt like a whisper, but she could hear him clearly. Hence, she couldn't help but ask, intrigued that she was, for this was the first time she played for anyone other than her sisters and surrogate mother.

"I played a note. But if that is the case, may I hear what your impressions are?"

"Your musical performance was as wonderful as always..."

As always, meaning it wasn't the first time he had observed her.

Her face was suddenly covered in blistering heat. Was it because she had been spied on so many times and was never aware of it, or was it because she was weak to such straightforward praise? She did not know, honestly.

The man slowly moved to the handrail. Then, his appearance was revealed. He was a youthful, yet stylish person.

His facial features suggested that he was in his early 20s.

However, his facial expression was that of a person in the prime of their life wrapped in bitterness with the slightest tinge of melancholy.

The thin-frame glasses sitting on the bridge of his nose gave him an intellectual appearance, suiting his overall aura.

The three-piece suit style perfectly fitted his disposition.

Handsome was the first word that came to her mind.

Powerful, was the second word resonating in her psyche.

"May I know how to call you, my lady?"

"My name is Me— No, my name is Edea."

She did not wish to lie, but she did not wish to give her name to an ambiguous stranger either, no matter how handsome and stylish he was.

A small smile formed at the corners of his lips and he eloquently muttered in his characteristic low but crystal clear voice,

"I see. Then Edea, I am enchanted to be of your acquaintance. You may not have asked, but I am named...Jupiter."

This day marked the first meeting between the witch of time and the one who would become the first king of the Lustburg Kingdom. Jupiter Luxuria, the Conqueror King.

[FORTY YEARS LATER]

"So, it has finally come to this."

Edea looked at the room that had basically become her sanctuary and was now about to become her glorified prison.

"Indeed it has come to this conclusion. I am sorry, Edea or should I call you Medea?"

A bitter smile quiveringly formed on her childish face, as she looked at the man that stood outside of this caged room. Even now, his long golden hair seemed to shine with holy light.

"How many years has it been now? The two of us came so far together. From a simple noble in a kingdom under the control of the elves to the king of one of the seven nations. Everything I have, everything I am, is thanks to you."

"...And yet, you will still choose to betray me."

"Indeed, I have."

"Why?" She whispered, lost and distraught, "Did I not fight enough for you? Did I not bleed for you?!! What about our promise?"

"Promise? Hahaha~! Oh, my dear goddess. Are you serious? Are you really that dumb? Did you seriously think that we could have a completely platonic relationship? Why should I torture myself with a woman I can't even touch?"

Each of his words was mercilessly striking at her heart. Her whole body shivered as her tears slowly fell on the ground of her prison.

"Why... I could give up everything for you. I even refused to listen to my mother and sisters for you. I believed in you. If it's about your urge there's no problem. I do not mind you having other women. As long as you keep staying with me, as long as you keep loving me. I can accept everything. So please. Do not discard me! Please...please... "

She became an utter mess as she vented out her suffocating emotions and crumbled while bawling her eyes out, whispering, pleading to him to not discard her, to not abandon her.

This blow was simply too great. For her, who had never loved anyone before, the weight of this betrayal felt like a knife plunging deep in her heart and twisting it into a bloody mess.

The pain she was now feeling was immeasurable.

But, at this sight that would have melted even the most hardened warriors,

"Pathetic."

Jupiter simply sneered derisively in the cruelest way possible.

"I am sorry, but you are a thorn on my path. My wish is to conquer. That's why I am the Conqueror King. You can discard everything for me, but I will never do the same. Your light is simply shining too brightly, and people are doubting my power. So, you need to vanish."

His words struck Edea dumb so much so that even her incessant sobbing had stopped, she threw an incredulous look at Jupiter as she blankly asked.

"... Just because of that? Just because I am outshining your light?"

The light vanished from her eyes as she realized for the first time just what kind of man she had fallen in love with.

"Heh, Haha. Hahaha~! I was truly stupid. Oh so stupid and naive."

Jupiter looked at her indifferently before simply ignoring her mad laughter as he turned to leave, the door slowly closing on his parting words.

"That door will not open before at least 200 years. By then I should have conquered the other six kingdoms. Sit tight. I will free you once I reach my goal."

Edea continued to laugh hollowly without paying any attention to him. It was a burst of shrill laughter full of self-mockery and inner hatred.

She laughed at her foolishness.

She laughed at her naivety.

More than anything, she laughed at the man whose desire for conquest blinded him from the reality of this world.

From a certain point of view, Jupiter wasn't wrong. What truly helped him receive Luxuria's blessings, the assistance of Castitas' church and the independence from the elves was her existence, her identity as the student and surrogate daughter of the first and strongest witch.

Now that she wasn't at his side anymore, what would happen she wondered.

Only the inevitable, of course...

"I am sorry, mother. I was truly naive."

Once her mad laughter full of burlesque and sorrow calmed down, she kept her head lowered in shame as she murmured.

Then, from behind her, two arms mysteriously appeared, as if bending reality and appearing out of the void, before hugging Edea and gently rocking her body.

It was a woman. Her features hidden, as she held Edea deep in her chest,

"Do not worry my child. You have nothing to apologize for. A parent has to allow their children to make their own choices and assume the consequences of those choices. But no matter what, I will always always be by your side."

Fifteen years later. Jupiter Luxuria, the Conqueror King, died on the battlefield against the republic of Wratharis, home of the beast-kins.

His son, Pluto, took the throne and became the king at the tender age of ten and ushered in a new age. He would later become known as the peaceful king.

(END OF VOL 1: THE WITCH)

## Chapter 27: VOL2/CH25: GOOD OR BAD NEW?

"So, if I understand well, Sol might get kidnapped and gang-raped by a bunch of Witches if your conjecture about his gift is proven."

"Indeed."

"I am too old to deal with this shit."

Lilith sighed as she pinched her brows while she sat on the chair next to Edea. Sol and Edea hide a snicker at Lilith curse.

They were still in Edea's world, but after her revelation, Sol decided it might be wise to bring Lilith here.

"Okay. I understand. Firstly, " She stopped cursing under her breath before finally raising her head, "Congratulations on awakening. It came a little earlier than I thought it would but it's alright. Now we just have to test your capacity and then wait for the opening of the Astral realm."

"Thanks. I must visit Camelia tonight. So I will also ask her to test me."

It was impossible to know one's own capacity through normal means. The only way was to use a special device the church had the total monopoly on.

No one could replicate it since it needed Castitas divine blessing to work.

"I see." Lilith frowned a little at the mention of the name, but, this didn't last long and she nodded, "then no problem. We will make a little special something to congratulate you."

"I understand."

"Also," she gave a rather good smile, "Now that you have mana, you can train in the true arts of our family. I had Setsuna as your instructor all this time because I wanted her to give you the basics. Now you can learn higher-level techniques. You should also get your own weapon."

"I can't wait." He was indeed rather excited. Mana was the key to open the world toward a totally different world. He could now enter the world of superhumans and protect himself.

"Also," Lilith fidgeted a little before speaking calmly, "We need to hide your awakening. It would be best if no one knew that you awakened early. Not even Setsuna nor Milia."

Sol narrowed his eyes at this. There was absolutely no reason for him to hide his awakening. Rather showing off his talent would make the citizens happy and tell the nobles that the royal family was still powerful and that they shouldn't think about manipulating him as they did with his grandfather, Neptune, the fearful King.

"I believe in Milia and Setsuna. Should there be a reason why I shouldn't?"

He wasn't naive enough to believe that all those who smiled at him were people he could trust. But he refused to believe that Milia and Setsuna could have any bad intentions towards him.

"This isn't about trust. They are simply not suitable. Setsuna is simply too straightforward. People would immediately feel the difference in how she treated you if she knew you had mana. As for Milia..." She shook her head, "I simply cannot believe her at 100% for now. I am sure that she is loyal, but she is hiding something and I do not like that."

Sol tapped his finger on the table in deep thought, 'She is hiding something?'

He couldn't believe it. No, he refused to believe that Milia could be in any way possible a traitor. Still... Reality did not care about his beliefs. After all, didn't his father die because he gave his full confidence to someone else?

"I see."

He didn't say whether he would say everything to her or not and Lilith didn't insist either. She would never order him to do anything. He was always free to make his own choice and assume the consequences of those choices. She didn't think that Milia was a traitor either but she was the kind who believed that being cautious never hurt.

\*Clap\* \*Clap\*

"Enough. Even though there's some little problem, Sol awakening is a day that we should be happy for. Not about complaints or schemes," Edea managed to burst the awkward atmosphere that was settling in. "Right?"

"Indeed."

"You are right."

The two easily accepted her word.

"Sol, as Lilith said, now that you awakened, your training regime will completely change. What's more, we must ascertain just how many characteristics of the dragon kind you have and to which degree. The most important thing is—Did you awaken a core?"

Beasts were divided into different levels of grades going from E to S and in 3 tiers. The rank S was a tier into his own and that for a simple reason.

Lilith, hearing Edea's questions shivered a little. That was just how much it means for Sol.

"A core?" Sol was a little surprised. It was the first time he heard about that. He also never saw anything about something called a core in the book he reads.

"... Hum." Edea lips twitched a little. "I guess this is my fault. I forgot to explain it to you. Okay. Do you remember the difference between the tier 3 and tier 2 being?"

"Of course." Sol nodded before continuing, "Tier 3 beings who go from rank E to C have their mana veins awakened from birth. It allows them to circulate mana in their bodies. This is the greatest difference with humans like us who can only normally awaken our veins once we reach 15 years old."

"Indeed. The mana veins, like normal ones, are connected to the heart. Meaning a stronger body is necessary for having a stronger and faster mana circulation. That's why you received comprehensive training since you were young. What about tier 2?"

"Tier 2 not only have mana veins, but they can also have what is called a second awakening. By emerging their horns."

"Yes, " Edea let out a smile. " B and A rank beings can have horns. Of course, they aren't true physical horns but rather a sort of mana construct. This horn is a kind of booster of sorts. They can accumulate mana in those horns and they can also boost their physical and mana capacity depending on how strong or numerous their horns are."

"Now tell me. If tier 3 has veins and tier 2 has horns. What about tier 1?"

"I guess it's the so-called core. What made it so amazing?"



"Hehe. All S rank beings have a core. This core not only allows them to store an incredible amount of energy but the most important is that it allows them to absorb mana directly from the atmosphere."

"You mean?"

"Indeed. In theory, S rank can fight basically endlessly."

Sol was completely dumbfounded. The amount of mana one could hold was basically one of the greatest ways to judge power and talent. After all, the more mana you had the longer you could fight and the more powerful spell you could launch.

Sol could already imagine himself throwing an endless amount of fireballs before snapping out of this dream.

'There's no way it could be that simple.'

Lilith felt pride at how fast the expression of Sol went from elated to thoughtful. She was happy because he understood that nothing in this world was simple. She continued Edea's explanations.

"It seems like you felt it. I was also impressed when I learned that. But your mother told me that it wasn't that easy. Veins, horns, and core. This trinity forms a complete circle. All three have to grow together. Even if you have endless mana at your dispositions. How much you can absorb in one go depends on the thickness of your veins. How much you can use it to increase your power depends on the sturdiness of your horns."

"I see... So, how do I know if I have a core and the horns?"

Edea winced a little, "There aren't many records of Hybrids between an S rank and a human, but," She fidgeted a little, "Technically, in the next 72 hours you should have no doubt about the existence of those."

'I don't like the way she is phrasing it. It doesn't seem like it will be a particularly good experience.'

"Please be frank."

"...\*Sigh\* it will hurt. A lot." She shook her head, "You weren't born with a horn or a core. So your body basically has to shift and create new organs that will connect to the already existing one. Saying that it will hurt is just an understatement."

She hesitated a little before finally saying everything she knew, "From the record of my master, she once met a Pegasus hybrid. A close friend of hers. When master asked

what she felt while awakening her second and third characteristics, she said that it felt like giving birth."

...

...

...

Sol never felt that this world could be so cold and unwelcoming.

A few hours later, Edea now alone in her world couldn't help but laugh out loud while thinking about Sol's expression when he learned what he would have to go through.

She felt a little bad for him but she knew that it was something he couldn't escape to. Using anything to dampen the pain could make the process fail or incomplete.

"Still," She stirred her tea with a faraway look, her face slightly blushing, "Perhaps it's indeed time for me to leave this prison."

(START OF VOL 2: THE SAINTESS)

## **Chapter 28: CH 26: SILENT STEPS**

"Mother, bless me."

\*Splash\*

In one of the innermost rooms of the church, a ritual was happening.

Despite being completely devoid of any decoration, the room seemed to be covered in a holy atmosphere.

In the middle of the room, standing over a large concentric circle in the form of a pentagram, Camelia could be seen with her two arms stretched and bleeding from the slit made on her wrists.

She kept mumbling about a blessing from her "mother" as she bathed the circle, that was drawn in a special chalk, with her own blood.

This blood, even though it was seemingly coming from a human, had a slightly golden hue.

Her expression was as pale as a sheet and her breath was getting weaker. Still, she did not stop.

Next to her, a young blonde-haired girl wearing a blue knight armor had a worried expression as she opened and closed her mouth again and again but still didn't voice her worry.

She knew that any words getting from her could disturb the entire ritual and since Camelia had been bleeding herself out to the limit of fainting every day for exactly seven nights and seven days she would never forgive herself if she made this ritual fail.

'All of this because of that human, Sol. Why is she putting herself into such a danger for him?'

She clenched her fist as she gripped the hem dress while a feeling of powerlessness washed over her.

She couldn't understand why this woman she respected so much was willing to pay such a price for a boy.

'Sol Luxuria.'

A name that made her extremely curious.

She had just entered the church of Castitas for a short time to complete her paladin training and she didn't really understand what was so extraordinary about that human.

Why were all the girls in the church and even the supreme daughter so enamored with him?

'Does he even know how much sister Camelia is sacrificing for him?'

Camelia wasn't just asking a blessing from Castitas. By praying for seven days and seven nights she was doing a demand to the fourteen goddesses all together.

She didn't know what exactly, but it seemed that she was asking the goddesses to bend the rules of the Astral world during the next opening so that Sol had a direct shot at obtaining a powerful spirit.

She was basically asking the goddesses to cheat for Sol,

'From the record, it seems that the previous Supreme daughter did the same for the hero king. Though she had to use her blood as well as the blood of all holy daughters.'

"Chloe, come and help me."

The weak voice brought her back from her musing and, with extremely careful moves, she took the cloak she was holding and covered the previously nude body of Camelia with it.

"I am thankful."

"You shouldn't be. It's my duty."

"Fufufu~! The clumsy Chloe is now a proud paladin in training from the holy order of Industria. Your mother must be proud of you."

Chloe blushed in embarrassment but was extremely elated inside. During their training, all paladins of all seven churches had to complete their training in another church.

Generally, it was done at random to avoid unbalance, but Chloe, as the top of her promotion in Slothstein, was given a choice and she didn't hesitate to choose Lustburg.

She grew up hearing the legend of the hero-king and his band of companions.

The supreme daughter of Castitas and her own mother being part of them. Though she was a little disappointed that the son of her hero was nothing more than a womanizer.

"Thank you, my aunt. Mother always scolded me by saying that I would do a funny knight."

Camelia simply chuckled, at that, she would never tell this niece of her just how bad her mother was at first before becoming the supreme daughter of Industria. Parents had to keep some dignity after all.

"Now, help me walk towards my room. I need to wash myself and get some energy potions. I can't let Sol see me in such a pitiful sight."

'Sol, Sol, Sol always Sol. Does she have nothing aside from that boy in her mind?'

She hesitated a little before asking carefully, "My aunt, why are you doing so much for a human?"

Camelia gave a wane smile, she understood that this question wasn't done with ill intention, "Firstly, I am also a human."

Heat covered once again Chloe's face as she stammered, "S-sorry. I-I didn't mean it like th-that! I just mean—I thought you weren't interested in men like him. Didn't you reject King Mars because he wasn't your type? Prince Sol is basically an exact copy of the king. They could even pass for twins."

Camelia closed her eyes, as she thought back to Mars, one of her most precious friends, before slowly saying,

"When I said my type, I wasn't talking about his look. For me who can see farther into people, physical appearance held little appeal. What initially attracted me was—his soul."

As she said this, her eyes took a vacant and dreamy look as if reminiscing the most beautiful thing she ever saw.

While Camelia was finishing the preparation for her ritual, Sol was currently lying down in his room in deep thought.

He still had a few hours to go before evening and his meeting with Camelia, but he did not really know how to spend it.

Lilith had canceled all his lessons for the day, because she decided that he needed to rest a little and acclimate himself to the feeling of mana.

Mana was a mysterious form of energy that filled the world. For Sol who came from a normal world, mana was basically the stuff of legend and fantasy. Being able to use it felt like a dream.

He stood up and walked toward the large full body mirror fixed on the wall of his room.

Once in front of it, he began to take off his clothes until he was only in a pair of boxers.

'OK, let's do it.'

He closed his eyes and began to look inwardly. Well, not literally, just that he could feel more easily the circulation of mana when his eyes were closed.

\*Inhale\* \*Exhale\*

His chest rose and fell as he continued to repeat this movement. Using mana was like breathing. As such it should be an almost instinctive movement. You shouldn't need to "think" about using mana. Rather it should be the most natural thing for you.

Everything was in the rhythm.

Sol, even though he didn't have mana in the past, was already trained in the correct way of breathing. So it didn't take long for him to grasp the feeling now.

'This is it.'

A feeling of warmth coursed through his body, as he felt his heartbeat with renowned vigor.

When he opened his eyes, he was surprised to see that they had changed from his usual blue to deep gold. What more, his irises had a reptilian shape confirming once again his ancestry.

He could feel his vision sharpening and all his senses becoming stronger. This wasn't just the effect of circulating mana. He knew he was receiving a boost from being a half.

"This looks badass and all but I hope this isn't all."

There weren't enough records about hybrids to make an educated guess about the standards changes.

One would think that with all those contracts between humans and magical beings hybrids between the two species would be more numerous. But it wasn't so.

Sol guessed that one of the reasons could be genetic. After all, even in his old world, hybrids between two races could only exist when the difference was minimal.

One example could be the Tigon who was a hybrid between a male tiger and a female lion.

Of course, trying to use reason like genetic in a world where goddesses, dragons, and other mythical creatures existed was just a waste of time.

'Anyway, now, I can truly become stronger.'

The awakening was the first step towards his future. He had spent years preparing for it. Endless hours of physical and theoretical training.

'By the way, she said I had an attribute right?'

He knew his mother was a chaos dragon. But that didn't give him any clues.

A dragon title wasn't about the magic or elements they were the best at, but rather the magic they had an immunity to.

For example, a fire dragon was immune to fire magic but could perhaps be a master in ice magic.

This was what made dragons all the more dangerous. Not only you had to guess what kind of magic they were immune to but you also had to guess which magic they mastered.

Sol thought about all that as he continued to admire himself in the mirror.

"Sol, I wanted to talk to—"

The door suddenly opened to a stunned Milia.

She wasn't just stunned about his rather ridiculous pose but more importantly because of his eyes as she saw them in the mirror.

"Sol?"

Sol on the other was also stunned for another reason. He wasn't just doing some pose. He was also stretching his sense in the radius outside his room. He could hear all the maids walk and talk as they giggled be it under his room or on the side.

Even though he couldn't clearly hear their words it showed just how powerful his senses were.

But... Just now—he didn't hear the steps of Milia.

## **Chapter 29: CH 27: CROWN'S SHADOW**

Sol frowned a little at the fact that she could slip past all his senses.

'Perhaps it's because I am still not used to it?'

It wasn't impossible. He just obtained mana recently and he certainly didn't get the total control of it.

Still, he didn't wish to create excuses for her.

"Sol, you awakened?!" Milia immediately closed the door behind her as she exclaimed in surprise.

"Indeed." He answered calmly with a smile. Now that it was discovered there was no reason to hide it. "I just awakened it this morning, during a discussion with teacher."

"Incredible!" Milia walked fast towards him and took him in a hug as she giggled in happiness.

Seeing her like that made the suspicion of Sol abate a little. He smiled and he also hugged her in turn.

"Thanks. It also made me really happy."

"Should I reward you?" Milia asked with a sensual smile as she slowly trailed her finger over his trousers.

Sol didn't need to be told explicitly what kind of reward she was talking about. He debated a little and simply nodded,

"Then," She slowly began to lower herself until she was completely kneeling in front of him. She took off his belt and lowered his pants before giving an appreciative glance at his already erect dick.

Licking her lips, she took his dick firmly in her hand and slowly began to pump it.

Following that, she placed her lips around the tip and pressed her saliva-covered tongue against it. Then, opening her mouth wide, she slowly, very slowly, began to engulf it.

'Man, her throat has no end.'

She took him deep inside her mouth and used her tongue on the bottom as she moved her head back and forth.

Sol marveled at the way she took more than half of his dick in one go,

'Wait what the fuck I am doing?'

His mind snapped awake instantly. He just remarked something suspicious and now he is still getting a blowjob?

'Get a grip.'

'But this is so good.'

Lust and reason fought again and again. Sol could literally feel like an angel and a devil were speaking to him at the same time.

Finally, with a mighty kick, the devil won.



'Well fuck it. If I have to ask what's wrong I should at least get a blowjob first.'

Now free of worry, he closed his eyes and took Milia by the hair before slowly accelerating the movements. He was careful to not be too forceful.

The visual effects of seeing a beautiful woman such as Milia kneeling in front of him was always a huge turn on.

As she continued the skillful movement of her tongue, he felt the pleasure of orgasm spreading through the entire base of his penis.

His rational mind had kept ejaculation away even as the pleasure grew, and that still reduced the amount of pleasure.

But it could not stop the fluid that had begun to flow. His giant stake throbbed as it flowed out into the urethra in the center.

"...!"

“\*Groan\* Be careful, I am coming.”

The head swelled out even further. As his thick semen burst out deep within her mouth, the intoxicated maid's eyes widened in surprise.

Still, she didn't let out and continued to suck out all his semen.

When the ejaculation finally ended, she opened her mouth wide to show him before slowly swallowing it.

\*Gulp\*

A few minutes later after he caught back his breath and put an order on his clothes, he walked toward his mirror and tapped rhythmically on it. Exactly seven times.

It was a code that he had created with Edea.

The tower of babel was initially a wide-scale spell used to seal Edea. Over the years she totally took control of it and was able to see and feel everything that happened in the tower.

Of course, she wasn't a goddess. She couldn't control everything at any moment.

This was where this code came into action. As long as he tapped seven times in a certain rhythm on any surface such as a wall or mirror then it would alert her.

This message simply means, [obverse me].

He did not believe that Milia was a traitor and neither did he believe that she would harm him in any way.

But...

One should always hope for the best while preparing for the worst.

Once it was done, he could feel a gaze immediately falling on him. Initially, he never could have felt it, but now that he had awakened, it was clear to him.

Assured to now be safe no matter what happened, he asked, "Milia. I think it's time for us to talk."

He already had a rough idea about who she might be and he couldn't help but think about how stupid it was to have never thought about it. It seemed so evident now.

Still, it was just a speculation.

"Sol?"

"I want you to be honest with me. I will only ask it one time and I will not insist. No matter what answer you give me I will believe in it. But... If I were to either learn that you had lied then I would absolutely lose all confidence in you."

Milia confused eyes flickered in wonder. Sol on the other hand simply asked most naturally,

"Milia... Would you either harm me or those close to me in any way?"

Silence settled between the two. Milia closed her eyes as she entered deep into thoughts.

She thought about what happened. What could have brought such a sudden question? Then she remembered his surprised expression when she entered.

'So this was then.'

She immediately made the link with his mana awakening.

'Did he awaken some sort of super sense that allows him to see truth from lie? Did his awakening sharpen his senses? Did he obtain a special power? Did he always doubt me?'

Different scenarios went through her mind but she came to a simple conclusion. It didn't really matter how he knew. What mattered was that he had doubts about her.

She knew Sol and she also believed his claim. She knew that if right here right now she said she was just a normal maid he would simply believe her.

But—sooner or later he will learn the truth and then—She would lose him.

\*Sigh\*

'Well, he already awakened. So I guess I don't need to hide it anymore.'

Having made a decision, her shoulder relaxed noticeably as she gave a peaceful smile to him.

"I sooner die than hurt you in any way possible."

"I see." A bright smile also formed on Sol's face while a sigh of relief escaped through his nose. "I was a little worried but I am happy."

She tilted her head in wonder. "That's it? You aren't curious about my identity."

The smile on Sol's face became even brighter as he said, "Why would I? After all, you have always been my shadow."

Milia slightly raised eyebrows but otherwise didn't show any other expression of surprise.

Still, she didn't deny and asked calmly, "How did you guess?"

"Well," Sol rubbed the back of his head as she said, "I didn't really have much to go with. You know. I always wondered who was my shadow. Frankly, it could have been anyone. But from the way you walked, I simply guessed that even if you weren't my shadow you had something to do with the assassin or spy profession."

"I see—" She didn't seem sad at being busted so easily, "Sol is really all grown up now."

"What I don't understand is—" Sol wasn't finished. There was something still bothering him. Lilith had suspicions about Milia. Why?. "—If you are a member of the crown's shadow, why does it seem that my aunt does not know your identity? "

Milia walked slowly before taking one knee in front of Sol, a serious almost religious expression on her face, "I am Milia. One of the five fingers and leader of the hand division of the crown's shadow. Sol. You and you alone are worthy of our loyalty. You

are the legitimate king. Lilith, for all her merits, is only a substitute. There are some secrets she can never be privy to."

The crown's shadow was divided into three divisions. The hands, the eyes, and the feet.

The feet was the division charged for foreign relations. The eyes were the spy division placed all over the kingdom and finally the hand—was the assassin division. The one charged to do the dirty job.

"I see."

He looked aside. He didn't really like the way she was looking at him currently. It felt like the way fanatics looked in his old world.

Milia, seemingly understanding the reason for his discomfort calmed her fervor as she bowed her eyes. "I am sorry. But it's just that—I wanted to tell you who I was for so long. Being able to serve you was one of the best things that either happened to me."

"Heh." Should he be happy right now? No, he wasn't really, this discovery did not really make him happy. It created waves in what he thought was one of the most solid relationships he had.

'Though I guess having a super sexy assassin protecting me from the shadows isn't bad.'

\*Sigh\*

"Well let's forget it for now. I think there are many things we have to talk about, but today I have to meet Camelia. We will talk after that."

Milia looked crestfallen, but simply nodded, "I understand."

## **Chapter 30: CH 28: FIRST FRIEND**

\*Woshhh\*

Sol slowly opened his eyes as he once again appeared in the special teleportation room belonging to the church.

This time, it was a private meeting between him and Camelia so he had no reason to wear particularly special clothes. Though he did make the effort of dressing nicely by wearing a simple black and white cloak over his white suit.

'I did not feel sick this time.'

A wide smile plastered his face. He had always hated this form of transportation because of the resulting sickness. Now it seemed that he did not have to worry anymore.

"Welcome, your highness."

Other than him, ten others were present in the room. Though the hair color of one of them, in particular, caught his attention.

'Blonde hair and blue eyes? And—an armor?'

Those two colors were the sign of someone blessed. Genetic had absolutely nothing to do with it. Children wouldn't inherit this particular set of colors. The only way to obtain it is to be blessed or recognized by one of the goddesses. As for the armor, it didn't take long for him to understand that she was a paladin or one in training.

'But why is she giving me such weird stares?'

He could feel a slight enmity but more of a large curiosity in the way she was looking at him, but he did not really care. There was no way an enemy could be standing so boldly here. Not even Echidna would dare. After all, churches, all seven of them, were seen as special asylums.

"Good evening everyone. Could I ask where Camelia is?" Giving a polite smile to everyone, he asked calmly while ignoring the blush spreading on the faces of those young pretty girls.

The only one who wasn't blushing was the blonde-haired woman. Rather her expression warped in a slight frown. This made Sol take another look at her as he asked,

"Is there a problem?" He was truly curious. Perhaps Camelia wasn't present? Or something came up?

The girl's frown tightened a little before finally relaxing as she let out a sigh as she said calmly in a clearly unwilling voice, "I do not really like the way you call her without using her title or any honorific. But I guess this isn't my place to intervene."

Sol was rather impressed and also intrigued. From the way she talked it was clear that she didn't take him as someone superior to her. This could only mean two things—

'She is either fearless or she is from a background equal to mine.'

Sol knew about the exchange program of the paladins done between all seven churches. This girl was most likely a holy daughter being groomed for the title of Supreme daughter, or the heir of one of the seven kingdoms.

From her mostly human characteristics and her lack of apparently distinctive features,

"Hehe... So you are an angel? I must say that it's the first time seeing one. Happy to meet you."

Her flabbergasted expression was truly a sight to behold.

The exact number of races in this world was difficult to count.

For example, take the beast-kin, there were hundreds of different subspecies in their group. The same went for the demons.

Still, if one were to regroup all races, they would find that there were seven grand races, and each race—was the ruler of a kingdom.

The angels were the main race living in the floating islands called the Slotsthein Kingdom. They were under the church of Industria and the royal family of Acedia.

Chloe held a frustrated expression as she walked along with Sol next to her. The small smile on the side of his mouth was so infuriating that she had to give her all to not insult him.

'Calm down Chloe. Calm down.'

She was truly stunned by the way he simply guessed what she was from just a few clues. Even more so when he explained to her his speculation while they were walking.

'Sigh. I guess at least he isn't just a womanizer.'

If there were two quality angels respected above all, it was diligence and wisdom. Scholars were extremely respected in Slotsthein, to the level that if the crown's princess didn't show some talent in any scholarly discipline, it would be nearly impossible for her to be respected once she took the throne.

Thinking about that, the lazy smile of a red-haired girl as she tinkered with machines flashed in her mind, making her lose another sigh.

"So, it seems like we still have some time before reaching the place where Camelia is. Why don't you tell me a little more about you."

Sol could hardly hide his excitement. It wasn't just about the fact that he was seeing one of the fabled angels in his old world. No, what really excited him was that he had finally found an equal.

Sol didn't have any friends.

He had lovers, he had people with authority on him, he had servants, and a loyal knight/slave. But... He didn't have any friends.

Sol was the heir of the Lustburg kingdom. Only another heir of either a church or kingdom could match him. He had never met the current holy daughter of Castitas.

Chloe hesitated a little, even though she couldn't read his mind, she could feel the eagerness in his voice, she wasn't the smartest of the bunch, but she also understood a little of what he was feeling. After all, before meeting that redhead—she also felt a little lonely.

"My name is Clover. Clover Industria. I am the daughter of Iris Industria as well as a paladin in training and the holy daughter of Industria. Those close to me call me Chloe as it was my original name before being sanctified."

Chloe decided to cast aside her initial impression of him. She still didn't really like him, but it was just because of seeing Camelia bleed so much.

Sol nodded, all "daughters" be it supreme or holy had to shed their original name once they received their Title and take a name related to a flower. He didn't really understand the logic in such a rule, but then again the fact that all crown princes and kings of the seven kingdoms had names related to stars or planets was also weird in itself.

"You should already know me, but I am Sol Luxuria. Crown prince of the Lustburg kingdom. Those close to me simply call me Sol. Happy to meet you, Chloe."

He stretched toward her and Chloe after a short hesitation simply clasped his hand in her,

"Happy to meet you, Sol."

