

Hero King 271

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 271: CH 244: EVERYONE IS READY

Still tied down in this weird pose, Sol sighed,

“Untie me.”

Skuld hurriedly listened and released him before jumping in his arms while laughing sheepishly.

“Don’t be angry please.”

“I am not. Do not worry.”

Like this, Sol closed his eyes as his mind wandered, trying to forget the phantom pain. The hot and supple body of Skuld helped him calm down quite a bit and wondered if he should simply go for another round with her but fought the urge.

‘I shouldn’t use sex as a means of escape.’

Doing so was no different from drugging himself. Though it was pleasurable, Sol did not wish to become the kind of man who used sex to cope with any pain.

Furthermore, it wasn’t as if it was useless for him to conquer the pain by himself. There was nothing wrong with increasing his pain threshold. He knew that the dragon baptism in the blood pool wouldn’t be easy and his transition to a Duke even less so. But he had no choice.

The world was not a kind place and he was still too weak. Sooner or later there would come a day when the women who protected him until now wouldn’t be able to continue to do so and he would be able to do nothing but to wallow in his own weakness.

This was unacceptable for Sol. He did not wish to live in regret and madness like the him from the other word line.

But no matter how many times he repeated to himself that wasn’t enough.

What was the Duke level?

Becoming a Duke means finding one own truth. It means knowing and accepting oneself. Be it the bad or the good.

No matter how ugly your inner self was.

This was what it means to become a Duke.

Of course, this wasn’t the only way. One could become a Duke by understanding the truth about one element, one object, or even one concept.

It did not change that the path of power was the path of seeking the truth even if the answer we found at the end wasn’t quite pleasant.

Meditating with Skuld in his arm, Sol's mind wandered between his own understanding and the information Skuld sent in his mind.

Once he finally assimilated them and incorporated them into his own understanding, he would once again ask Skuld to send him more knowledge.

Even though it was painful.

Even though it hurt so much he wished to die.

He would not stop, could not stop, nor could he falter.

His life had long since stopped being his own.

He had to continue to advance until he finally reached his goal.

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Standing a little afar and watching the display of affection, Tiamat nodded to herself. She didn't feel the same pain Skuld was feeling in seeing Sol suffer.

Better suffer now, here where it was safe, rather than finding himself inadequate on the battlefield.

In order to become stronger and reach the level she was at now, she had not hesitated to tear down the base power the goddesses had bestowed to her during her creation and she felt no regret about it.

She was sure that later Sol would look back on those days with a certain fondness. But in order for him to do so, they needed to go through the ordeal.

Tiamat would not underestimate how much damage Ymir could bring her. Even if she wasn't in a bad shape like in the future described by Skuld, the little titan wasn't the only one who could read the future.

This was why she needed to prepare. She needed a failsafe. Someone she could count on to keep everything afloat.

'I wonder if He received my message.'

As long as He came, she would not fear even facing an army.

Thinking so, she approached finally approached Sol that was still lying down on the ground with Skuld, and asked,

"When should we have the contest?"

Sol gave a strained smile, wondering if Tiamat had witnessed his foolish appearance when Skuld tied him down. Still, he answered smoothly and with confidence,

"Twenty-four hours will be enough. I already nearly grasped what I am seeking."

In fact, he would want it to happen even sooner but he wanted at least one last session of knowledge absorption to finalize his preparation.

Tiamat gave a grin, "Do not disappoint me."

Even though she said that she knew that he wouldn't. There was no way Sol would lose the contest as long as he was willing to use all the cards he had in his disposal. At his current level, only top Dukes like Nabu could threaten him.

Of course, if Sol underestimated his opponents and ended up being caught off guard this would be a totally different.

'Well, this is why I sent him to Tartarus initially.'

She was thinking so when she remembered another reason she initially came to him,

"Now that I think about it. So in the end you choose Kiyohime?"

This time it was Sol's turn to give a sheepish laugh.

"Don't worry, I immediately stopped observing you when you became frisky."

She wasn't lying. She stopped observing when they became hot and heavy. Then she got curious a few moments later and took another look and damn was she surprised.

She would have never imagined one day seeing such expression on her ever serious daughter, this had been truly eye-opening for Tiamat and it made her even more curious about Sol's prowess.

Initially, she wanted to wait until he became at least a King or a demigod. But now she wondered if she shouldn't simply go for it when he become a Duke.

Nodding at her wise decision, she turned and walked away.

"You should rest. The harder part is still to come."

"Very well."

When the news of the contest happening soon swept through the eight heavens, it was like a storm was taking up.

All the Dragons less than a few hundred years old who were sure of their skills could participate. There was no limit to the numbers permitted and all skills and equipment were allowed.

Everyone immediately went into a frenzy, as they left whatever they had at hand to rush toward the 7th heaven where the contest would take place.

Be it because they were confident in their skills or because they thought they might be lucky. The number of participants continued to swell without end.

Of course, while many dragons and hybrid dragons were participating, the others were more interested in betting faith coins.

Money would always make the world go around no matter where it was and the Dragon's territory was no exception.

The most likely participant to win the contest in people's minds were of course Nidhogg and Kaiser. The two of them were the well-deserved leader of the young generation and had never been disappointed with their performances.

What made people curious though, was the third one on that list. A dragon that had never been raised by a dragon.

A hybrid born from the union of the third but deceased dragon queen and the King of a human in the mortal world.

Of course, those uninformed found those claim ridiculous. After all, while only a few pieces of information about Sol were available, something that was made clear was that he was not even a Duke and in fact was did not even awaken for more than one year.

A non-Duke hybrid winning against the two most talented dragons of the generation as well as a number of other powerful dragons?

This was logically and realistically impossible. Most of them could only express their disbelief at the news.

Some even speculated that the whole contest was just a show and that Tiamat had already decided to give the championship to Sol.

After all, Tiamat wasn't known for her fairness. She had always been openly partial toward people she appreciated and never made a show of the opposite.

In the end, be it dragons or elves or any other living in the territory, they knew that no man sane enough would come to humiliate themselves on the ring. If Sol decided to participate, it means that he had something that gave him the confidence to win.

Whether it was a misjudged confidence would be known sooner or later.

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[8th Heaven, Hydra's island]

"How is it going?"

Looking at his granddaughter as she prepared and ingested different poison, he couldn't help but ask.

For poison users like them, once they ingested a particular poison, their bodies would be able to analyze it down to the deepest level and recreate it to an even higher degree by mixing it internally with their mana and other poisons they already had.

When beginning on this path, the pain was so excruciating that most people simply never went past a certain level before giving up. Every step had to be taken carefully in case they absorb a poison they couldn't handle and killed themselves. Such cases were not rare and in fact, this was the ending of most poisons users.

Either end in mediocrity or die trying to become stronger.

Of course, there was a third road. One of success. This was a road Hydra walked and this was the same for Nidhogg.

In fact, Nidhogg was even more talented than him. This was the advantage of being a perfect hybrid.

Inhaling the toxic fume, Nidhogg finally opened her eyes, "I am ready. I will not lose."

Hydra clenched his fist in excitement.

[8th heaven, Fafnir's island.]

"You seem more invested in this contest than I thought."

Fafnir looked puzzled as he spoke to a panting Kaiser. They had just finished a rather brutal session of training and he was surprised why Kaiser suddenly had such a desire to win.

After regulating his breathing, Kaiser stood up, "I want to win. Not only as a dragon but also as a man."

Fafnir tilted his head, "You are interested in the little phoenix girl?"

Kaiser nodded, causing Fafnir to frown,

"You do know that just winning against Sol doesn't mean that his girl will magically fall for you, right?"

"Please, don't take me for a moron, okay? I am not that stupid. I know she won't fall on my lap just by me showing my muscles. But if I don't win this fight I won't even have the opportunity to give it a try."

He proceeded to explain how Sol and Isis would form a contract if he won the contest.

"Heh...In this case, go for it."

Fafnir laughed. He was a simple man. If you were interested in a woman, you had to do everything to win her favors. But if she still didn't reciprocate after all this, you should simply give up and search for someone else.

The world was filled with women there was no need to pin for one so much you destroy yourself.

"Do what you can to get what you want. But never close your mind to other opportunities. The world is wide after all."

Thus was his way of life.

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Chapter 272: CH 245: REVERSE WORLD (1)

"Not only are people not doubting me that much, but even my odds of victory in the betting stands aren't that bad?"

"That's right."

"How regretful. I thought everyone would look down on me and make a bet of like 100 to 1 and then I would bet a huge amount and win big!...or something."

"You really have a weird imagination. Why would anyone look down on Tiamat's candidate?"

Isis gave a weird look at Sol while all he could do was shrug innocently.

He was once again reminded that this wasn't some kind of xianxia world.

While some people did not think highly of him, it wasn't as if they were outrightly looking down on him either. They just had logical and reserved opinions about him since they had little information.

"Anyways, what brings you here? I thought you were sightseeing?"

"Hehe! I know the answer. Isis was worried about— hmm!"

Sheherazade was stopped from further speaking as a red-faced Isis caught her.

Sol could only laugh at this cute interaction of theirs. Isis' little quirks were truly soul healing in his opinion. She gave a certain candid aura that attracted and appeased him.

Though he knew that that aura was the most disgusting thing for most divine beasts in the world.

Nature was truly a weird thing.

"Well, thanks for worrying."

"Humph. Don't let Sheherazade's words mislead you. You are my partner and future mate, how could you lose to those guys?"

Isis sniffed disdainfully while crossing her legs, showing a little bit of the image of spring hidden by her robe.

"Ohoh? My mate, huh. It's the first time you openly acknowledged it."

The two of them knew that Sol wanted a Lust-type contract and they knew very very well what such a contract entailed. Even then they had never really spoken openly about this fact.

"Now that it's coming closer, you are more open to it?"

Soon he will fight and soon he would win, becoming a prince and thereby forming a contract with her.

"I guess? I was a little lost."

"Heh, then...Do you regret it? It isn't like we can't form another type of contract."

He expected her to explode in her usual outburst but, for once, Isis stayed calm. Her expression was hard to describe.

"I certainly don't regret it. For better or for worse, I believe following you was the greatest shift in my destiny. I like being with you, Sol."

Sol was surprised as his lips turned into a smile.

"...You are acting quite honestly this time."

Isis gave a graceful laugh that seemed like a melody and put Sheherazade in the palm of her hand.

“My little friend always tells you what I really think and I always act embarrassed about it. It was fun at first and very helpful for me. But I just realized that...just that I need to grow up.”

Isis sighed. She wasn't stupid. In fact, far from it, she had a great and insightful vision of the world thanks to the education she received from her father. While she generally didn't act on it, it was simply because she couldn't be bothered.

From everything she had observed, something big was about to happen — Something even bigger than the whole contest.

She felt it even more clearly when Sol suddenly expressed his envy to form the contract as soon as possible. The Sol she knew was very careful when it came to relationships and he would never press her like this for no reason.

This only meant that Sol urgently needed the boost obtained from forming a contract. Moreover, the first contract.

Why would he need such power urgently while in Tiamat's realm?

All of this led to one conclusion.

Shit was about to hit the fan.

The kind of shit that even Tiamat could not avoid completely.

There was no time for her childish outburst in such a situation. Death was omnipresent and she could not afford to play around anymore.

Sol looked deeply at Isis. It was the first time in a while the two of them had such a serious discussion. Sighing inwardly about how lucky he was to meet a woman like Isis, Sol advanced forward.

“Huh?”

And then he kissed her.

At first, Isis' eyes opened wide as she tried to fight back. But soon, she seemed to melt in his arms while their kiss continued to grow deeper.

‘Ohh!!’

When their kiss finally ended, Sol gave a boyish grin and told the completely flushed Isis.

"This is just a sample of what is to come, I hope you are ready."

Standing up and arranging his clothes, Sol began to walk toward the door of the room they were currently in.

Once he reached the door and was about to open it, he stopped and turned one last time toward her. “Wish me luck. Though I think it will be unnecessary.”

He waved his hand and left.

Now alone in the room, Isis looked down at Sheherazade, "I think it's time to go." Her face was still red and her breath a little unsteady, but Sheherazade acted as if she didn't see it. The fact that she always acted bubbly and cutely didn't mean that she didn't know how to read the room.

"Yeah! I don't want to miss any of it."

The two of them left the room using another door on the opposite side of the one Sol used.

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After walking through a very long corridor with his thoughts wandering, Sol was surprised to see a place of intersection with two other corridors. Standing there were two people he recognized.

One was wearing an attire that covered her entire body from head to toe, while the other was wearing simple clothes but with an air of confidence around him.

They were of course Nidhogg and Kaiser.

Seeing them, Sol showed no surprise and continued to walk unimpeded. The other two didn't seem like they wanted to lose this silent contest as they walked alongside him.

It only took a few more minutes of walking for them to finally see the light at the end of the tunnel.

Wooooo!!!

The moment they walked out of the corridor, what greeted them were cries and cheers full of enthusiasm.

Sol looked up and for one instant felt like he was back to the coliseum in Lustburg. This image didn't last though, since what he was seeing was much more absurd.

In front of them, already standing in rows were about a hundred or more seemingly young people. All of them had tense expressions as they looked up to the sky in the east where a massive floating throne could be seen with one woman sitting on it.

"Now that all the participants are present, I believe it's time to announce—the start of the contest for the title of the Prince!"

Standing, or rather floating next to Tiamat, Fafnir shouted out loud to all the people present.

Wooooooo!!!!

The cheers resonated even more. The atmosphere was electrifying and heated up to the maximum.

"The rules are simple. A battle royal. In a few seconds, you will be transported to a deserted island for you to fight.

Everything is permitted! You can team up, hide, sneak attack, and many more. You just need to understand that every hour, the border of the island will be destroyed until there is no other place to hide. In the end, there will be only one victor! No prize of consolation to the ones who lost.

"Winner takes it all! and the prize is....the crown!!"

At the same time that he finished his speech, a gate opened below everyone's feet and teleported them all.

When Sol opened his eyes again, he found himself surrounded by a very tall tree that nearly blocked all the light of the stars.

Clearly, they had already reached the venue of the fight.

He smiled while remembering the short explanation Fafnir gave. They were easy to understand. A battle royal in a zone that was progressively shrinking. This was a pretty common type of game in some FPS in his previous life at one difference.

The ability to team up.

Not everyone would form a team.

Sol didn't need to look around to feel all those prickling gazes on him when he was in the stadium. He knew very well that the weaker one would form teams in order to hunt down the candidates with the highest chances of winning and it seemed like he was on that hitlist.

'Haha, it would be so much easier if they ignored me.'

Though it didn't matter in the end, in terms of hiding, with his dimension he could hide and eat popcorn until the end and fight the last one to stand but—

'It wouldn't be fun now, would it?'

He didn't just want to win. He needed to win beautifully.

"Perhaps I should try a little bit of the inheritance Tiamat taught me?"

Theory should always be followed by practice.

Placing his hands together, Sol focused for a while before finally muttering.

<<Dimension Encroachment: Reverse World>>

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Chapter 273: CH 246: REVERSE WORLD (2)

What did it mean to be a dimensional mage?

In a world filled with mighty beings, having the power of a dimension already made you stand out from the masses.

Dimensional mages were also known as born demigods for the reason that as long as they didn't die early, reaching the level of Demigod was never a question of IF but a question of When.

Normal demigods could only bring their full power when they were in their territory. Outside of it, their power dropped sharply.

This was also why Dimensional mages were so feared.

Because of the existence of one signature skill that all of them could master—

<<Dimension encroachment: Reverse Side>>

"How uncanny."

Welsh, who as always was entirely covered in bandages from head to toe, muttered as she watched what was happening through the special screens floating in the stadium.

The fight for the throne should have been an exciting fight full of passion and bloodthirsty moments. But right now, what they were witnessing was completely the opposite.

Sol's dimension encroachment could only bring a small part of the dimension in reality. Only covering about five kilometers in diameter.

Still—the effects were simply devastating.

Wherever he passed, dragons would simply lose the will to fight and surrender as long as he asked. As if they suddenly didn't care at all about winning.

"Just what's this power?"

"This—this is the reason why Sol now will never lose against anyone in this competition as long as he is willing."

Tiamat humored her children by briefly explaining.

"Is there a limit to this power?"

"Of course. The effects are only active on Dukes. Kings are partially affected but are spared from the effects for the most part because they have created their own true self."

Fafnir paled when he caught the key word, "You mean...All Dukes?"

The fact that this passive effect could not affect anyone above the Duke might seem like a weakness but this was far from it.

Sol was not even a Duke now so his encroachment had a low coverage. But once he became a demigod, he would be able to cover hundreds or even thousands of kilometers.

King-ranked beings were extremely rare and even Dragons only had less than ten Kings dragons in all their history. This would mean that everyone else was fair game for Sol.

"You understand, right? Even a King can die if he is swarmed by an army of Duke. But for Sol, number tactics are simply meaningless."

Of course, Sol's dimension didn't simply stop there. It didn't simply reverse emotions.

"Well. It seems like I was right in putting the three of them in three extremities."

Fafnir sighed in relief but also despondence.

Indeed, while Sol was without a doubt impressive, he wasn't the only one.

Wherever Nidhogg passed, Dragons would fall in swarms.

Paralysis, sleep, hallucinations, fear, and other such things would bring down anyone that so much as turned in her zone of action.

The scariest was that she still didn't even use her domain, showing the disparity of power between her and the others.

On Kaiser's side, while he lacked the mysteriousness of the previous two, he made it up with overwhelming brute strength.

Sweeping off anyone who so much as got his way. No matter how many times they attacked him, they were unable to even put a blemish on his skin. Meanwhile, he never needed more than one or two hits to put them down.

Fafnir and Hydra were really satisfied with the display their descendants were putting forth. Sadly they couldn't find themselves feeling happy.

For they knew that as long as Sol willed them, their deep desire to win would become a deep desire to lose.

As if seeing the worry on their face, Tiamat chuckled, "Do not worry. I already talked with Sol and he told me that he would not use this skill for the final fight."

"Haha..."

Fafnir gave an awkward laugh while Hydra snorted.

The fact that Sol wouldn't use his strongest skill meant that he intended to use Nidhogg and Kaiser as a way to display his might.

In short, in his eyes, those two were nothing more than stepping stones.

This was truly an unpleasant feeling.

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After looking at two people who were clearly friends and about to team up and tear up each other until they were completely incapacitated, Sol realized how insidious his dimension truly was.

It was the first time he used it on such a large scale and on so many people and the effects were proving to be quite detestable.

'If I could do this during the attack on Lustburg, things would have gone very differently.'

Because this simple passive effect was so potent, Sol didn't even need to use what Tiamat taught him.

Still, the one major weakness of his dimension was that he couldn't use it while being surrounded by his own teammates.

Thankfully,

'Tiamat said that I would obtain greater control of this when I officially become a Duke.'

This would be very important, after all, the greatest desire that got inverted wasn't always in his favor.

'How many, six? Ten?'

He could feel some dragons rushing towards him with an all time high fighting spirit.

Clearly, those dragons initially had no wish to fight him nor even win this contest. But since he inverted their feelings...

"Well, this is also good. Finally time to try what I really wanted.'

Thinking about it, Sol stopped and began to focus deeply on the power of his dimension.

He tried to stretch it more, increasing the distance it could cover, but it was clear that he had hit a limit. Whenever he tried to do so, he could feel the world around him fighting back and even eroding his dimension.

If Tiamat willed, he wouldn't even be able to open it at all and if he was in the mortal world, the pressure would be so high he would only be able to bring out a tenth of the current coverage. Most likely, even less.

Since increasing the distance was impossible, Sol began to focus inwardly.

It was His dimension.

His will was the will of the world.

His words were the laws.

In his dimension, he didn't only invert feelings. Far from it,

<<Reverse World: Labyrinth.>>

On the side of the assailants, they didn't really understand why they were filled with such a deep desire to win. Still, they didn't hesitate to rush toward what they perceived as the greatest problem.

But, suddenly, one of them who had been clearly rushing forward realized that he was somehow back behind him at the edge of the monochrome world.

"Huh...?"

Looking around in a daze, He frowned and decided to rush in again. Trying to run right and left, but no matter what he did, the distance that should have been covered in a short time suddenly seemed like it was never-ending.

It was as if he was in a maze with absolutely no exit in sight no matter what he did.

"Well, it looks like the experiment was a success."

Looking up suddenly, he saw a golden-haired young man he easily recognized as the Black horse of this competition.

"What...What did you do?"

"Hum?"

As if suddenly paying attention to him, Sol smiled and punched him hard on the head, thereby knocking him out before he could get back his bearings and activate his Zone.

Once Sol made sure the dragon was out cold he shrugged and walked away.

What he did was simply inverting the concept of [Direction] in his dimension.

Left became right and forward became backward. As if someone was looking at a mirror.

Once again he was the only one exempted from the nasty effect of his dimension.

Sol knew that he still had yet to unearth the full potential of his dimension.

After all, at the highest level, his other self had been able to invert the time of the entire universe.

'Well, most of the small fry should have been taken care of.'

He closed the encroachment, feeling as if a burden had been lifted from his shoulder.

Keeping the Encroachment for too long did not affect his mana reserve since they were night infinite thanks to his core. But the mental burden could not be easily shrugged off.

He was already satisfied with what he could do with it and was even more so since he knew there was still so much more he could do.

Now though, it was time to deal with the main dishes in this concept.

ROOAAR!!

Looking at the huge red dragon flying in the sky towards him, Sol, who recognized Kaiser's signature energy, smiled.

It was clear that he wasn't the only one who wanted to end this fight.

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Chapter 274: CH 247:SOL VS KAISER(1)

Sol wasn't the only one who saw Kaiser flying high in the sky.

Nidhogg, after finishing with all the ones in her zone, also looked up.

'Should I also go there?'

She hesitated for a while before shaking her head, in the end, even if she did go, it wasn't as if she would fight two against one. She wanted to win, but not at the price of her pride.

Of course, she knew that not all dragons thought like her, this was why, rather than going in the same direction as Fafnir, she began to walk in the opposite.

She would clear out absolutely all the other remaining contestants. This contest was one between the three of them and she would absolutely never let some straggler win after fighting them while they were tired or something like that.

Growling, the sclera of her eyes began to darken and her form changed, her body began to grow until a fifteen-long metres gigantic western black Dragon replaced the sweet girl that previously stood there.

ROOOAAR!

Letting out a huge roar her wings opened wide before she flew in the sky, bringing with her a cloud of poison. She was well and truly intent in wiping out everyone else.

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BOOM!

When Kaiser landed in front of Sol, the earth rumbled under his weight.

For anyone else, this sight would have been incredibly overwhelming, but Sol knew that being bigger didn't mean being stronger. Lilith had more power in her small frame than ten dragons at the Duke rank.

Moving his hand, he summoned a huge black halberd twice his size weighing nearly a tone, and hoisted it with one hand. It was made out of a special metal that absorbed mana very well. He had already decided that his weapon of choice would be a hammer or a halberd.

"I am surprised you came alone. I was sure that you would team up with Nidhogg and in truth, your chance of winning would have been far higher should you have done so."

[Do not insult me!]

Obviously, in this form, Kaiser was unable to speak normally. As such his voice seemed to come from all sides as he projected it with mana.

The eyes of Kaiser blazed with fury and it was only now that Sol realized that in this form, the eye that was usually hidden by an eyepatch was now free of all constraint. The pupils rotating in these eyes gave the illusion that a sea of stars were hidden in that eye.

'So this is the special power he inherited from Tiamat.'

Even though it seemed that Sol was belittling his opponent, the reality was far from it. Sol would never underestimate anyone. He was simply observing Kaiser while intentionally making him angry.

"Still, why take this form? Don't you think you are just a sitting target for me like this?"

Sol asked, truly confused.

[Foolish, this is the ultimate form for people of our race. The form that allows us to express our power in its strongest state. Our most natural form.]

The boastful and prideful tone in his voice was easy to spot but Sol didn't care. He knew that he had indeed asked a stupid question. But who could blame him? After all, he knew very well that this dragon form wasn't the true ultimate form.

'I forgot that not everyone is like me.'

Only King could use the War form. Sol was nothing more than an exception to this rule. Like he was for so many others.

“Well then, since it seems like there will be no interference in this fight, should we go on?”

It seemed that Kaiser had been waiting for those exact words as he answered by bringing down his right arm on him.

Sol, of course, wasn't surprised, his brain began to work on high drive as the world slowed down around him and he thought of many possible ways he could easily stop this palm. Still, he had to admit that Kaiser wasn't simply boasting. The pressure the palm was bringing on him was different from everything he had felt until now. It was like the sky was slowly falling down on him, trying to crush him.

BOOM!

Jumping out, Sol was able to leave the coverage of the attack, but the damage Kaiser caused to the surrounding with this simple attack was astounding.

Still, this wasn't all. While Sol was in the air, he could feel his senses screaming danger at him. Turning around, he saw the tail of Kaiser coming at him like a whip.

Almost by reflex, Sol created three platforms of mana and used them to move in the air and avoid the second attack.

Then, using the momentum, he threw his halberd with a chain of mana tied to him.

'Gotcha!'

The halberd wound up around Kaiser's tail and Sol pulled himself up until he landed square on it.

Then he began to run from his tail to his back.

[Little rat!]

“Big clumsy bastard! Hahaha!”

Sol was having the time of his life.

Kaiser was moving while doing his best to throw Sol off, but Sol was running, jumping, and using a series of 3D spatial movement as if he was flying. He felt like he was like a certain angered god of war fighting against a titan.

He just lacked some fire and it would be perfect.

Whoosh!

'Damn. Here the fire!'

Sol laughed dumbfoundedly while jumping out of the back of Kaiser. After all, he wasn't the one who had used the fire.

ROOOARR!!

Letting out a thundering roar, Kaiser was suddenly surrounded by a blazing radiance as fire covered his entire body.

Following that, moving at a speed so high that the sound wall was shredded apart, he turned around and rammed into Sol, propelling him more than hundreds of meters away from Kaiser.

‘Gah!’

Sol coughed violently at the impact but he knew that this wouldn’t end her and braced himself for the next attack and he was right in doing so.

Raising his head toward the sky, Kaiser opened his maw wide opened and breathed in very deeply.

<<Fire Dragon breath: Super Nova>>

A red beam erased everything on its path before hitting a helpless Sol.

BOOM!!

The explosion that followed covered a radius of more than a few tens of meters until nothing but a huge cloud of dust was left.

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“That my boy!”

Fafnir exclaimed joyfully in his seat. He had been a little worried at first, but after this, he was sure that Kaiser had his chances. There was no way Sol was uninjured after such an attack.

Fafnir wasn’t the only one who thought so. Already, many spectators were sure that they would witness Sol's defeat. Those who had bet on him were not particularly surprised while those who did on Kaiser were jubilant.

Of course...This only lasted a few instants.

“!!!”

Everyone gasped at the sight that was shown on the screen.

In the place where the explosion happened, all the trees had been razed down to the ground and the ground was changed into a sort of magma.

But, from that place, a young boy stood up slowly before twirling his shoulders in total relaxation.

Of course, if it was just that, people wouldn’t be so surprised. No one thought that he would be one shot. What surprised them though—Was the absence of any wound on his body.

Fafnir's jubilation immediately died down when he finally remembered that Sol wasn’t just a Dimensional mage.

After all—He was also a Chaos Dragon.

—

“Damn, I really need to do something about my clothes.”

Sol muttered while trying to move a little his shoulders. He could still feel all the bones in his body rat Kaiser's previous hit. The weight and the speed behind that hit were no joke after all.

As for the fire beam? Sol had simply shrugged them off. The heat from the fire had made more damage than the beam. His clothes could attest to that.

'How humiliating.'

Moving his mana to create small pants to at least protect his privacy, Sol couldn't help but blush slightly.

The thought that he showed his penis to nearly all the inhabitants of the dragon realm was quite maddening. Thankfully, he had nothing to be ashamed of.

[You...You are very impressive. Worthy of your mother.]

Kaiser spoke with a small amount of awe in his voice. The attack hadn't been his best, but it was still quite the blow for Kaiser to see that Sol suffered basically no damage while the little he did suffer through was swiftly healed.

Sol's shrugged, "Whether I am worthy or not of my mother shouldn't be what worries you. If this is the most you can bring to the table, then you will lose. Not like you had any chance of winning in the first place."

Sol swapped the halberd with an equally huge hammer. What followed promised to be quite bloody and he didn't want to accidentally cut out Kaiser's limbs.

"You said that this dragon form of yours was the ultimate expression of power for a dragon? Haha...Let's me show you how wrong you are."

Crouching down with the hammer in hand, Sol's eyes flashed as power filled them.

<<Dragon force, Final Step: War.>>

In an instant, Sol jumped so high he was directly above Kaiser's head.

Then, like a shooting star—he fell down with his hammer landing on the head of the giant dragon in front of him.

BANG!!

It was time for Sol to show who was the best in his generation.

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Chapter 275: CH 248:SOL VS KAISER(2)

"Impossible!"

Fafnir and the other two Dragon Kings stood up with incredulous expressions plastered on their faces when they saw Sol's draconic transformation.

Dragon Force was an instinctive technique Hybrid Dragons learned to reach, as close as possible to, the natural form of a dragon. In the latest or the very ending phase of this penultimate technique, a hybrid

with a high concentration of dragon blood flowing in their hybrid veins and enough training, with the handling of the dragon force, could even potentially take the form of a fully grown dragon.

An example of such a rare phenomenon was Nidhogg. But even then, such a thing was very rare and almost unheard of. If Sol did such a thing, they would not have been surprised. After all, with his talent and monstrous potential, this was almost a given with enough time and effort.

But the War Form was a completely different notion altogether. It was something on an entirely different level than a normal transformation into a full-fledged draconic being.

“How...?”

They cocked their heads simultaneously, straining their gazes at Tiamat for any potential answers to this absurd phenomenon, only for her to simply shrug at their incredulity-filled query.

“Don’t look at me like that. I was as surprised as you are feeling right now when I initially found out. He earned this power during a fight in the Phoenix territory.”

Fafnir sighed and sat back, his posture slumped and gloomy, wondering where he could find some alcohol to calm his nerves down. He initially thought that as long as Sol didn’t use his dimension, his chances of winning against Kaiser were rather low.

But now, it was clear that Sol’s refusal to use his dimension wasn’t just false bravado but an expression of confidence in his power as a dragon.

He couldn’t help but become worried about the outcome. Thankfully, what he saw next allowed him to calm his nerves down even if slightly.

BOOM!!!

The earth rumbled and quaked as the ground was entirely leveled because of the devastating attack Sol recently used.

Even though he had put quite the amount of force behind the attack, Sol couldn’t help but frown at the feedback he was receiving from his hand.

Whoosh!

A gust of wind swept away the dust, gathered due to the vacuum of the attack, on the battlefield, showing glimpses of a smaller draconic being now facing Sol.

If before Kaiser was a hulking mass of flesh and scales, now he had a more lean appearance, standing on his hind legs. Even then, he towered slightly over Sol with his 3 to four meters tall frame. His scales changed color from red to a deep and bright golden that radiated with a powerful light intermingling with a terrifying force. His face, still fully that of a dragon, gave a threatening growl as his maw opened slightly and showed myriad flickers of a gathering flame.

<<Zone: Golden Fortress>>

“Impressive looking indeed.”

Sol opened his wings wide and shifted from his position in a swift movement as he sent another mighty hit with his hammer.

But this time, it was Sol's turn to be surprised.

BANG!

The hammer landed directly on Kaiser's face, Sol having opted to once again target the head but...

Crack

Fissures immediately appeared on the hammer at the moment of the impact. One had to remember that while they were standard weapons, they were still created by master craftsmen. There was no way Kiyohime would have gifted them to him otherwise. The fact that just one hit managed to create cracks on the weapon was a testament to the toughness of the scaly hide Kaiser currently boasted. The only damage done was a small trail of blood trickling from the point of impact.

Kaiser did not miss the opportunity and opened his maw wide again, letting out a destructive stream of deep crimson fire.

At that moment, Sol had two potential choices.

Tank out the hit since basically 90% wouldn't go past his magical resistance while the pitiful 10% remaining wouldn't even have the power to put a dent on his scales.

Or pull back, and retreat, evading the attack altogether.

Sol immediately chose the second option, trusting in his instincts rather than his rational thinking, and he was right in doing so. Kaiser's tail had attacked exactly where he had been a mere moment ago.

'Always watch out for the tail.'

In his War Form, Sol's tail was a true weapon of slaughter and in the earlier part of the fight, it was clear that Kaiser also knew how to use it very well for offensive purposes.

[You are quite wary. I was sure that you wouldn't avoid this attack.]

Sol shrugged as a response while keeping a lookout, raising his vigilance to an all-time max, for any surprise attack, "I was taught that just because I have a high resistance, it doesn't mean that I should simply take on all attacks like an idiot."

The best way for an immortal to die was to think that nothing could beat his immortality. Sol wasn't an immortal but when he used his dimension or simply relied on his high magical resistance, he always did his best to avoid taking hits. After all, there was nothing absolute in this world.

"By the way, I am quite impressed by your heightened defense. Mind sharing what this is about?"

Sol just wanted to banter, never really thinking that Kaiser would share his ability but he was proven wrong for once.

"I don't need to hide it. My zone is honestly pretty lame when compared to what others can do. It simply increases my defense and my attack. The more you hit me, the higher my overall stats increase."

Kaiser was not particularly proud of this Zone of his.

Fafnir's zone, <<Ten Fortress>> was a zone born from his desire to protect others. It created a powerful dome of light where all allies found their defense, regeneration, and other traits, and stats greatly increased.

As his most talented descendant, Fafnir obviously gave him the inheritance to his zone. But what Kaiser created from it wasn't something to protect others, but only him and him alone. It was the very epitome of a selfish zone that catered only to his survival and nothing else.

'Damn, are you the hulk?'

"I guess there is a limit."

It wasn't a question but rather a statement. Even if the skill had an unlimited ceiling, there was a limit to what Kaiser's body could handle at a given time.

In the end, all of this meant only one thing.

"Let's see whether you will bring me to my limit and win or lose trying to do so."

The two of them grinned and rushed at each other simultaneously, ready to fight until the other was put down.

Sol discarded the hammer and swung his right fist at Kaiser who answered with one of his own.

There were no further thoughts about the true goal of the contest. No careful movements or tactical techniques — just a display of pure speed and strength.

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

Shockwaves were flying left and right. There was no holding back here and the surroundings were paying the price for it by being pulverized into dust. In a short moment, a large zone had been cleared out as if an earthquake had destroyed everything in its wake. The more they fought, the bloodier they became but they did not stop even for a split moment.

At first, Sol was completely dominating the fight while all Kaiser could do was take the hit he could manage while avoiding those he couldn't.

Sol in his war form was far superior to Kaiser, physically speaking, but thanks to his high defense, Kaiser could still hold on. Furthermore, the more they fought, the stronger he became and the less damage he received from Sol.

As long as they stayed at the same physical level, Kaiser was sure that sooner or later he would surpass Sol and beat him but...

'How...?'

Kaiser could not understand. Whenever he rose to a new tier of power, Sol seemed to also grow to a new tier alongside him.

‘How is this possible!?’

It wasn’t just his strength. If at first Sol seemed a little awkward in using the War form, the longer the fight lasted, the better he became at it. The evolution that he was undergoing was almost nonsensical with the speed he was showing for growth and adaptation.

“Hahaha! This is fun! Let’s keep going!”

Even after receiving a hit to the side, Sol simply laughed it off and answered with his own fists. His joy and amusement were clear for all to see, sending shivers down the spine of some who watched the fight.

Sol once again realized that deep down, he was a brute, a fighting maniac, who simply loved fighting. No complicated schemes or world-ending threats. Just him in a blood-boiling fight, going all out without needing to hold anything back.

The more he fought, the deeper his understanding of the War Form grew.

The more he fought, the stronger his battle intent became.

The more he fought... The happier he became, like a god of battles that relished in fighting and surpassing their limits.

The taste of the blood in his mouth, the sharpening of all his senses, the need to always be quick on his feet, all of these newfound sensations only brought him pure and endless happiness.

His soul itself seemed to sing a song of joy and happiness, like a wolf howling freely at the presence of the full moon. He felt like his energy reserve was endless. That, no matter what, he would simply come out stronger and better.

No matter what Kaiser did, Sol seemed, in all sense of the word, unstoppable, no matter how Kaiser grew, Sol grew even more and unlike him whose boost was only temporary, Sol’s growth was absolute and would not vanish. As if his potential was simply infinite.

‘What a monster...’

Not even the Chaos spawn had been so relentless. What he didn’t know was that all in all, Sol only used his War Form all in all two times in a fight, and both times he had been so overwhelming that the fight did not last very long. It was the first time he could truly go all out in this form of his, which allowed him to slowly unearth the potential of this form.

Still, even if Kaiser had such knowledge, it wouldn’t change how frightening Sol looked like currently. Kaiser shuddered and faltered for an instant — but that single instant was all Sol needed.

Grabbing him by the face, Sol swiftly lifted him high before bringing him down with all his strength.

A large explosion resonated as the entire area that was already leveled because of their fight suddenly sunk more than five meters deeper. But Sol didn’t just stop there.

Lifting him yet again, Sol left him floating in the air for a fraction of a second before punching him in the stomach, causing Kaiser to open his maw wide in a silent scream of excruciating pain. The hit was about to propel Kaiser far away but Sol refused to let it end like this.

Grabbing him by the leg, Kaiser was stopped short before Sol immediately once again brought him down on the ground, hard.

<<Mana Burst!>>

All the muscles on Sol's body bulged as his already insane strength increased to an absurd degree once again. Tightening his grip on Kaiser's leg, so much that the sound of his bones breaking could be heard, Sol began to relentlessly lift up and bring down Kaiser face-first against the ground as if the poor boy was a hammer only meant for the purpose of relentless pounding.

Every time he did so, he would laugh out loud in glee as if it was the most amusing thing to him in the world.

In the end, after the umpteenth time, Sol threw Kaiser high in the sky, until he rose more than two or three hundred meters in altitude before coming to a still. Kaiser was barely conscious and the sudden shift in centrifugal force didn't help his condition at all.

He tried to move, but by the time he reached the peak of the height Sol threw him to, he found out that Sol was already there to welcome him with a bloody smile that was scary enough to make his soul shudder in fear.

Then, catching him by the waist, with Kaiser's head down in the direction of the ground far below them, Sol filled his entire body with so much mana that it radiated out from every pore of his body then, fluttered his wings and propelled them back to the ground at hypersonic speed.

"Try to not die, okay!?"

<<Liger Bomb!!>> [1]

The resulting explosion once they entered into contact with the ground looked like a mini nuclear explosion that could destroy everything in its wake from the shock alone.

[1]: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-0_sq4m-_V4&ab_channel=RelaxMusic Watch this to get a better image of what happened;

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Chapter 276: CH 249: FACING NIDHOGG

In the stadium, silence was currently the rule as everyone watched with anticipation the cloud of dust slowly dissipate and reveal the monstrously large crater Sol's last attack created.

While not every dragon understood the meaning of the War form, as many of them were born way later after the war, those who did understand knew that Sol was now undoubtedly the best candidate for the title of Prince. Something he had proven during this fight.

When they remembered that he was in fact not even a Duke yet, all they could do was look back at their life with bewilderment and wonder what the hell they have been doing all this time.

A Dimensional mage.

A Chaos Dragon.

A Blessed.

A perfect hybrid with a War form.

Any of those four powers was enough for one to assuredly become a renowned powerhouse of the King level at the very minimum. But they were, watching a man having all those four special powers and wielding them as if it was perfectly normal.

They understood now.

Sol wasn't a genius.

Every generation would have tens or hundreds of genii, one higher than the other. But at the end of the day, the limits they could reach were clear.

Sol was indeed not a genius since calling him such would be an insult to the level of talent he displayed.

He was simply a pure monster, an irregularity. The kind of incomprehensible entity that appears once or twice every thousand or ten thousand years. Who took a look at common sense and spat on it before crushing it mercilessly.

In the heart of all the experienced warriors that were watching this contest, they knew that they were witnessing a historic moment. They were watching the first step of a being that would without a doubt reach the rank of top-level beings such as the Dragon Empress or the Necromancer King as long as he lived long enough.

They understood now why Tiamat had been so sure despite the odds that were seemingly against Sol.

This contest had never been a contest for the title of prince. This was nothing more than a pure display. A formality for the sake of showing them the rise of a new star that would shine brighter than all the others.

At the same time, seeing on another screen another strong contender nearing his position, they couldn't help but wonder...

Will he win again?

Will this night end with his absolute supremacy?

A surge of excitement filled their chest as they watched the scene, wishing to not miss even a second of it.

—

"I lost."

When Kaiser opened his eyes and saw the ceiling above him, he immediately understood that he had been transferred out of the island. Something that would only happen if he had been judged unable to continue.

“Indeed you lost.”

Next to him stood Fafnir, a small smile on his face as he watched his grandson.

“You are not disappointed?”

Fafnir tilted his head, before grinning, “Why would I be? You fought and gave your all against a strong enemy and lost despite doing so. There is no regret to have.”

“But I...”

“You could have indeed done better. Entering a brawl contest against a War Dragon was foolish to the extreme. If you used your foresight to slowly corner him while letting him hit you some time to increase your power, you would have lasted way longer without a doubt and would have even cornered him. But...”

“...”

“Do not forget that he is first and foremost a dimension mage. You might have not seen it but had he used it from the start, you would not even have managed to do the slightest things.”

Kaiser clenched his fist and gritted his teeth.

“So he used me.”

He wasn’t dumb. Clearly, Sol had simply used this fight to hone his ability as a War Dragon. In the end, he had been nothing but a stepping stone.

“Frustrated?”

“...Yes.”

“Good. It means there is still hope for you.”

Fafnir was happy. This wasn’t a fight to the death. There was no shame in defeat. As long as he learned the lesson and stood up again despite the blow then he could continue to advance and grow. Being frustrated simply means that his spirit hadn’t been crushed yet.

“How is the contest?”

“Nidhogg and Sol are about to face one another. What you see now is just an avatar of mine.”

Moving his hand, Fafnir made a floating screen appear.

“Watch and learn.”

After those words, Fafnir, or rather his avatar, vanished. Leaving Kaiser alone. He knew that the boy needed some time to himself.

But he also knew that his little boy wouldn’t simply wallow in sadness.

Back on the island where the contest was taking place, Sol was sitting on a rock with an apple in his hand as he looked at the result of the fight.

While not at the same level as Nabu, Kaiser had been a rather interesting opponent. One of the rare that was nearly equal to him in power either since he awakened. This had allowed him to unleash his inner beast and fight to his heart's content.

But at the end of the day, true power was in wisdom. He could act berserk as he wanted but he should never stop watching back to the fight.

What could he have done better? Thus was the question that turned and turned around in his head. He needed to move better, smarter. Fighting like a beast was refreshing when facing people equal to him but his enemies were not idiot.

Why would they send people of an equal or only slightly higher level than him if they wished to hunt him down?

Since he awakened, Sol had realized that his training had been geared too much towards 'human' blocking him from realizing his full potential.

But did it means that it was really a wrong training?

Of course not. Thanks to her skills, Lilith could crush anyone even though she did not possess even a tenth of the strength and mana he had. He was sure that even if he faced her at the Duke level, her sword intent would mercilessly cut him down War form or not.

What then if Lilith had the same body as him?

'As a hybrid, I should bring the best of both worlds.'

Thinking like this, he took a bite out of the apple and looked at the woman that was meditating not far from him.

"I am surprised you let me rest."

"Do not make a mistake. I need rest as much as you. Fighting and eliminating the remaining contestants took out much of my strength."

Sol whistled. He had been able to clear those on his side easily thanks to his Dimension. But he wondered just how powerful Nidhogg's poison was.

'Well, it seems like I will need to use my dimension.'

Kaiser may be stronger than Nidhogg physically, but in his mind, she was two or three times more dangerous than him.

Even now, while Sol seemed to be here with her, his body was in fact in his own dimension and what she saw was only the astral projection of his physical form.

He knew very well that one of the best techniques for a poison user was to slowly spread the poison in the fighting zone without the opponent being the wiser.

By the time they noticed, it would be already too late.

'Once the fight begins, I will go all out.'

He didn't want to brawl with her since the longer the fight lasted the less advantaged he would be. He needed to end it fast and clean.

Sadly, he couldn't yet invert abstract concepts otherwise he would have simply made it so her [poison] become a [cure].

Ever since he realized that his dimension wasn't just a mirror, he realized that the only limit to this dimension was his imagination and his own power and he was excited to find what he would be able to do once he became a Duke.

'Perhaps I would even be able to invert the curse of Asmodeus on the Witches.'

At the thought of Medea, his desire to go home suddenly became greater.

He could only go home after signing a contract with Isis and for it to happen he needed to become one of the four princes.

This means that currently, Nidhogg was the roadblock standing between him and his beloved home.

"Let's finish it now, shall we?"

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Chapter 277: CH 250:END OF THE CONTEST

Nidhogg gazed silently at Sol, she wasn't clad in her usual gloomy clothes since she had no reason to hide her poison currently and in fact was actively trying to use it.

"You know, I realized once again that I truly dislike you."

"Hum?"

Sol, who was ready to begin the fight, stopped and looked at her curiously.

He had noticed that Nidhogg disliked quite a bit the last time but thought that it was simply because of the competition.

After all, he had never met her prior to this.

As if uncaring of his confusion, she continued, "Do you know why my Hydra became a specialist in poison?"

Sol didn't even try to guess the answer for he knew that he would receive one pretty sure and indeed,

"Because of your mother."

'And here we go again.'

Sol had to fight the urge to roll his eyes. Pinching his brow he continued,

"Let me guess, Hydra was pissed or jealous or whatever because Tiamat favored my mom and begin creating poison to show that his poison could break through the Chaos body Tiamat is so proud of. Am I right?"

Nidhogg fell silent but from the way her eyes widened, it was clear that Sol had hit the bullseye.

Sol groaned inwardly, the moment Nidhogg said it was about his Mom it wasn't hard to guess.

Nent had already told him that Fafnir created his Ten fortresses to obtain a body invulnerable to all physical attacks. In the same way the Chaos body was invulnerable to all Magical attacks.

Clearly, Hydra also wished to show off to Tiamat. It was hard to say where poison stood since even though it was created by her mana, it wasn't exactly a magical attack either.

So Hydra was successful in a way.

'Mars left a bunch of traumatized women in the mortal realm and Blaze left a bunch of traumatized siblings in the Astral realm.'

Either way, those two had left chaos in their trails and now that they were dead, the responsibility fell to him.

If he had to be honest...It was truly becoming a pain.

"So what now? Beating me will prove the power of poison?"

"Indeed. I..."

"Am I supposed to give a single fuck about your reason for fighting me!?"

Sol shouted while rushing at her with a flying kick that was easily evaded by a startled Nidhogg. Mainly because Sol hadn't tried that hard to get her.

"How rude..."

"Look. I couldn't care less about your reason to dislike me. Jealousy, duty or whatever, it's your call."

Sol spoke in a dirtier way than usual. His polite and regal bearing was nowhere to be seen as he currently looked more like a wannabe thug spewing curses left and right.

Clenching his fists and readying himself he continued,

"I neither dislike nor like you, Nidhogg. But unlike you, I don't need to spew some convoluted reason to explain why. I just do and as such, I will simply beat you and get to more important things."

He said so with a calm voice and a beautiful smile.

Everyone has his or her backstory but Sol was in no way obligated to listen nor care about them. Just because Nidhogg was a beautiful woman didn't make her entitled to a different treatment.

He already had enough trouble juggling with his own problem and that of his Lovers. Why would he care for someone he didn't even really know?

Moving once again to attack her he stopped when he realized that Nidhogg was showing a rather apathetic expression as she took out a notebook before scribbling something.

"You still show no symptoms despite all this time. I see. From the faint feeling of existence I got from you, I guess you phased out or are somehow immune to poison? How intriguing."

"You..."

She raised her head and snapped shut her notebook. Before turning around while mumbling, "Perhaps I should create a poison that can affect space? Corrode it? Or directly affect the mana particle in the air? Hum...So much to think about."

Sol for the first time in a while was incredibly bewildered.

"Oh, I nearly forgot."

She suddenly turned around and nodded to Sol. "I give up."

She shrugged at the astonished look he threw, "In the first place, I have never been a Frontline fighter. The whole thing with poison is coming at people from the dark. Had it been a fight to the death, I would have killed you while you were facing Kaiser. Sadly, it wasn't like that."

Nidhogg had absolutely no doubt about her ability to kill Sol if she caught him off guard.

But in the same way, she recognized that she had absolutely no way to harm him if he was acting carefully.

Sol was finally able to calm down as his brain caught up to the situation and the sudden change in personality Nidhogg was showing, "So you decided to give up."

"Of course. I hate wasting my time after all. Why fight when I already know the outcome? Struggling pointlessly for this contest would be unsightly."

"What about the title of Princess?"

This time Nidhogg smiled sardonically, "The only reason I am helpless about you is your dimension and Chaos Body. But...Do you think the other four Princes are like you?"

Waving her hand she turned around once again,

"Remember this Sol. At the Duke level, there's no one I cannot Kill one way or another, and sooner or later...It will be the same for the King level."

Leaving this bold declaration as she vanished from the island.

Even a few moments later as Sol was transported from the island and appeared on a large podium above everyone else, Sol felt like he was dreaming.

But not in a good way, he felt strangely cheated. As if he somehow had lost, and it was deeply frustrating.

'Well...I guess I shouldn't complain?'

Even though the end was pretty anti-climatic, it didn't change the fact that he won and was now officially the new fifth prince.

As such, it was finally time for him to form his contract with Isis.

--

When Nidhogg opened her eyes, she found that she was in the room she occupied a few minutes before the competition began.

"I am sorry, even though I said I wouldn't lose, it seems like I had underestimated Sol too much."

Hydra simply looked at his granddaughter before asking, "Did I burden you with my expectations too much?"

While short, the discussion Nidhogg had with Sol couldn't help but make him question himself and from the silence of Nidhogg, he realized that this was indeed the case.

"Sigh...I..." He opened his mouth and hesitated before covering his face with his hand, "I am sorry. I guess I was too bitter."

Hydra was the youngest of the four kings but also the weakest. He didn't have the overwhelming power of Kiyohime, nor did he have the supreme defense of Fafnir or the all-consuming fire of Welsh.

All he had was poison. Something that was practically useless against most divine beasts and was even more useless against Titans and Giants since their physiology was completely different from Divine beasts.

Because of this, even after he managed to stand up for himself and became famous all over the universe, deep down, he had always felt an inferiority complex.

This became even worse after Blaze was created.

She was simply the epitome of talent and power. There was even talk of her replacing Kiyohime as the Dragon Queen in the territory when she was alive.

He didn't know how his other siblings saw her, but for him, Blaze was the supreme expression of his envy, jealousy, and inferiority. Whenever he looked at how tall and bright she was, he was reminded of how small and obscure he was.

That's why he put even more effort in his poison to an almost crazy degree. To show the world that Blaze and by a certain extent, Tiamat, weren't all that impressive.

But, as petty and ridiculous as it was...It was HIS own aspiration. Not that of Nidhogg. Him burdening her all those years with his ugly dream was an unforgivable sin and all he could do was apologize and promise to change.

"Do not worry."

Nidhogg smiled, she had never hated her grandfather, she knew how much he loved her and this was also why she disliked Tiamat and Sol to a certain extent. But it didn't matter. Not now.

“I managed to accomplish my main goal. Now that I have samples of so many powerful dragon Dukes and the sample I collected from Tartarus...I think I may be able to create a true king ranked poison soon, very soon even.”

“You mean...?”

“Indeed. I have finally realized one. A true name that is... and that name is Ophiuchus[1].”

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Chapter 278: CH 251:TIME TO SIGN A

“So, how does it feel to become Prince?”

“Honestly? Pretty anti-climatic.”

It was a few hours after the closing ceremony and officially being recognized as the 5th prince, Sol was currently in his room in order to finish the actual important part.

After all, becoming Prince had never been the true goal. Just a means to an end for a way bigger goal.

Sol had received the cheer and warm welcome of the dragon as a whole, but that was all there was to it. He didn't even have to do a speech or something of the sort nor did he wish to.

Still, in a way, this event had been very similar to what he went through in Lustburg and he answered as such to Isis, who had been the one to question him.

“You see, in the human world, the royal family had traditions slightly similar.”

Proceeded to explain the events that happened on that day. His training with Lilith and his fight with Setsuna as well as all the small details. [1]

Looking at Sol getting animated while speaking, something she rarely saw since he always liked to keep his polite smile, she understood just how important Setsuna and all the other women back at home were to him.

‘I really want to meet those women.’

For him, becoming the Dragon prince, something many saw as an honor, was nothing more than a troublesome problem and the only reason he participated was that he needed to.

Now though,

“The second part of your contract had been completed. All the dragons recognize you wholeheartedly as a prince. As for the reward...”

Sol prompted her, “You aren't a reward in my eye. Not in this way at least, I do not want you to think that the only reason I am making a contract with you is that I want to use you.”

Sol didn't want to leave any doubt in her mind. There was nothing nastier than the seeds of doubt. They always managed to worm their way into the deepest part of the mind before progressively destroying people.

Sol liked Isis, perhaps loved her? He didn't know but he liked her enough to form the lust contract and make her his first partner.

This was precisely why the two of them found themselves alone in this room now, after being thrown in it by Tiamat.

Once they signed the contract and were tied together, Sol would have the possibility to choose one of Isis's numerous abilities as a phoenix and a necromancer and would be able to use it at the same level as her from the get-to go. If he was lucky, he could also get one or two more randomized innate skills from her for a grand total of three.

Though of course, he would have to be extremely lucky for it to happen..... Sol didn't think he would have many problems there.

For the contract after this, what he would get would be randomized and at a lower level, needing much harder training because of the difference in species.

Still, with all of this, it means that Sol could transcend his race and obtain more ability as time passed and with each new contract.

This was the advantage all humans had over the other race and also one of the reasons why all King or Queen of Lustburg had been so dangerous despite the inherent disadvantages humans had when compared to magical beasts.

They were the kind to always win the RNG when it came to this mechanic.

"So now...What do we do?"

Isis fidgeted a little, a flush on her face as she looked everywhere but at Sol himself. This time, even Sheherazade wasn't present with her and it was for obvious reasons.

Sol knew that in such a situation, he was the one that should take the initiative.

For all her bluster and tough act, he knew that deep down, she was a fragile girl with a big heart and promised inwardly once again to do everything in his power to never make her suffer any slight.

Approaching her, he took her hands in his and gave a kiss on them before looking her in the eyes, "Do you believe in me?"

Isis stopped trembling as she also gazed into his beautiful blue eyes. She had only known him for a few months all in all but she liked everything she knew about him.

Her eyes allowed her to see the soul and she had always liked Sol's soul and as her power reposed on judgment, she could see all falsehood and knew that right here, right now, Sol only held goodwill for her.

"I do believe you."

She truly did. This was why she was here. Why she didn't simply leave despite her small fear, why she was waiting.

She believed in him and she was willing to take the next step with him...Well...Many new steps.

Sol was elated at her words, "Then, leave everything to me."

He would have loved to do it in better circumstances but as it was, he would still do his best for it to be a moment she would never forget.

—

While Sol and Isis were preparing themselves for the final moment of their courtship and entering a new stage in their relationship, Tiamat was floating in front of Blaze's island, a melancholic air on her face.

"Mother, it's rare to see you like this?"

Tiamat chuckled at Kiyohime's words,

"Do you take me for some unfeeling monsters? Of course, I also have my moments of weakness."

She let out another chuckle as she could see the disapproving expression on Kiyohime's face. She knew that her children didn't really have the best impression of her but she didn't particularly care either.

From a certain point of view, her children were more like clones or extensions of her with their own consciousness than anything else. The fact that they were also born as nearly fully adults didn't really help in forging loving relationships.

If she was honest with herself though, she sometimes wondered what it would feel like to have her own children growing from her stomach and born out of love rather than a simple desire to create another weapon.

'I can't really blame the goddesses for their lack of love toward divine beasts.'

Shrugging, she focused once again on the island,

"I know that Sol doesn't really see this place as his home, so I am debating about whether I should open the island to him."

The Islands were not unlike a witch's tower. Bastion of power that attuned themselves to the mana of their master and for all that Sol was the son of Blaze, the feeling of their power couldn't be any more different.

Once Sol officially became the master of the island...

"You don't wish for the last remaining of her aura to vanish."

Kiyohime did not ask a question, this was a fact and the two of them knew this and Kiyohime didn't bother mentioning that Tiamat would have felt no such hang-up if this happened to one of the other princes.

"I would be sad too if you guys died you know?"

Kiyohime gave a sarcastic smile, "How great. I am in tears because of happiness."

Her smile slipped however at the next sentence, "Though....Perhaps I won't be there to see it myself."

Silence fell between the two of them, the two of them knew that after the events that would soon happen, while Tiamat would undoubtedly survive, the same couldn't be said about the others.

Death was all too real for them and Tiamat made no false promise nor gave empty words of comfort. They were all warriors and they all knew that they would either die on the battlefield or not at all.

In a sense, the fact that none of them died during the great war was already a miracle of sorts and Kiyohime didn't know how long this luck would hold.

"You know, I never mentioned it but you guys are pretty hypocritical you know?"

Tiamat shook her head, "You always complain about how I played favorites with Blaze but...Be it you, Fafnir or Hydra and the others, aren't you doing the same? The dragons who fought today were all your descendants, right? But did you care about anyone outside of Kaiser and Nidhogg?"

She chortled at that,

"I play favorites and I am the monster.

"You do the same and you are the good parents?"

"This doesn't seem very fair."

A tense silence followed those words as Kiyohime was left speechless. While she only had Aqua as her daughter and obviously cared for her, it was true that she cared more about talented individuals like Kaiser and Nidhogg or Ladon and Nabu in the past.

She had long since even stopped trying to remember the name of most of the dragon she raised. Only caring for a select few.

This didn't make Tiamat's actions any more right, but they were ill placed to throw stones at her again and again.

Tiamat snickered inwardly, but didn't keep the silence lasting longer. She truly didn't care once again and just wanted to point out something she had always noticed. She simply went back to their earlier discussion.

"You are right. I do not know how many will die. Perhaps none, perhaps everyone? We shall see."

Whatever happened, she was ready to give her all and she would show them all the price of attacking her domain.

"Well...Rather than wondering whether I will cry or not at your death, let's make sure no one dies, alright?"

Laughing lightly despite the tense situation, Tiamat turned around, whether Sol would occupy the island or not, they had to make sure that there would be an island left to occupy in the first place.

"Let go prepare the blood pool. Once Sol finishes with the phoenix girl, we shall begin. Meanwhile, I will call Gabriel. Gotta share the good news."

Her laugh became even louder at this mention. Sol would become the first dragon to unite with a phoenix.

Truly a wondrous moment, that would be recorded in history.

[1]: Read vol 3 the Wolf to get the events again. Damn, been really a long while.

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Chapter 279: CH 252:LUST CONTRACT (1)

In the room, the atmosphere had changed to a very ambiguous one. In front of Isis, who was clad in a simple robe, Sol took her hand between his and gently kissed the knuckles.

Feeling the touch of his lips on her hand, she shivered a little out of excitement and a small part of fear.

“How...What do we have to do?”

She wasn't so naive that she didn't know what they were about to do. Her question had more to do with the ritual part of the night.

“Pretty simple. We begin with an oath. Repeat after me when I give you the signal. Though, with some twist.”

He then proceeded to explain how she would have to answer and how the ceremony would go before they went to the main part. The more he explained, the more Isis was blushing, until her pale skin was nearly completely red.

For once, Sol didn't make fun of her since he admitted it was a little embarrassing. But compared to some of the things he said, this was absolutely nothing.

Standing up, he held her hand and helped her do the same.

‘Are you ready?’

He asked with his gaze,

‘I am.’

She mouthed, her eyes filled with determination,

‘Well then...’

“I call the attention of the world and that of the goddess.”

The moment those words sounded, a large magical circle with intrinsic patterns appeared below them and filled the room with a soft light accompanied by a certain feeling of heaviness that was hard to explain.

This was a vow to be done with the goddess as a witness. This was also one of the reasons why Sol had no choice but to follow Luxuria's order for him to become Dragon Prince. After all, if he refused, outside of any punishment she could give, he wouldn't be able to sign any biding vow without her or any other goddesses as a witness.

But this didn't matter now, he nodded at Isis and began,

"I, Sol Dragona Luxuria, affirm my love to you, as I invite you to share my life."

Isis fought against her own embarrassment as she answered,

"I, Isis Crow, reciprocate your love and accept your invitation."

The light of the circle that was initially simply white flashed for a while before changing into a beautiful pink hue, prompting Sol to release a sigh of relief. This has been the important part.

The circle had just judged the feeling they had for each other and determined that they were indeed in love enough to pass. Had it not been the case, the circle wouldn't have changed color. Depending on the type of contract, the introduction would be different and the same went for the change of color.

Motes of light began to fly around, making it as if they were in a fairyland while words slowly formed in their minds,

[Do you swear loyalty, love, and devotion to each other?]

""We do.""

[Then, make your vows.]

"Isis Crow, I promise to love you, to be your best friend, to respect and support you, to be patient with you, to work together with you to achieve our goals, to accept you unconditionally, and to share life with you throughout the years."

Tears brimmed in the corner of Isis's eyes, a profound feeling of joy and confidence filling her,

"Sol Dragona Luxuria. I pledge my undying love to you. I promise to be kind, unselfish, respectful, and trustworthy so that together, our dreams of a beautiful future can come true."

The light between them became far stronger. The words they uttered appeared in the air before swiftly reaching them and entering their bodies and reaching their hearts.

Sol could feel as if a part of him was being filled. As if a pool that was initially completely void of anything was filled with a little more water. Sol easily understood that this pool was his overall capacity and the part being filled represented the number of points Isis was costing him.

He didn't know by how much exactly but once the ceremony ended, Sol was sure that Isis would cost far more than the 100 points S class magical beings were supposed to cost.

The light of the circle slowly dimmed then, as the first part of the ceremony ended. All the contracts were divided into two-part. The first one consisted of the vow itself, while the second part necessitated an exchange.

If this was a Pride type, Isis would have needed to kneel and swear her loyalty. A Greed one would have Sol giving her one of his most precious possession, and a sloth one would have her sleep in his arm.

As a Lust-type contract, it was of course impossible for it to end without anything lustful happening and the second part of the contract needed one of the contractees to give his or her virginity to the other.

The two of them gazed deep into each other eyes again, a feeling of euphoria washing over them, they could already faintly feel each other existence and once this was done, the two of them would become inseparable.

Sol wanted to ask her once again if she was really sure. If she was ready to follow him in his crazy life. But he refused to voice those questions. They had already come too far and asked her this now would be no different from insulting her.

This was why, leaning down, he delicately raised her chin with his hand and bent down to land a gentle kiss full of love and affection on her lips.

Isis closed her eyes as she felt his lips on her. Then she shivered as he kissed her forehead, her cheeks, and finally nibbled on her earlobe.

His actions were slow. Deliberately heightening her sense of anticipation as he rained hot kisses on her.

In the end, he once again came back to her lips. But this time, the kiss was far different from the earlier chaste one. Partings her lips at the feeling of urgency she felt from him, she moaned when she felt his tongue slither in her mouth while he took her by the hip and hugged her tightly.

Once their lips parted, Sol gently parted a strand of hair with a smile on his face before moving down the strap of her dress, revealing her bare body to his sight.

“Ah...”

Isis let out a gasp as she felt the small breeze move on her skin. Her nipples, like small cherries, were erected and she would be lying if she said that it was only because of the cold air.

Now that she did not even have a stitch of clothes on her, Sol once again realized how beautiful Isis was. She wasn't at Nerfitti level and he honestly doubted he would meet someone more beautiful outside of a goddess.

Even then, Isis was so beautiful that there was no doubt she had nothing human about her. Her pale skin seemed to glisten under the moonlight. Her breasts were average in size compared to some of the women he knew but no less attractive.

Even though Isis was a little embarrassed, she was happy to see how he reacted to the sight of her body. She had lacked a little confidence since she knew that he was surrounded by women as much if not sometimes more beautiful than her but now she knew she had nothing to fear.

“You like what you are seeing?”

Giving a cheeky smile, she showed boldly her assets to him.

Sol gulped a little, his voice thick with desire when he finally spoke, “Oh Isis. You have no idea what you are doing to me.”

He said before bending down and sweeping her into a princess carry.

Isis let out a cute yelp at the sudden movement and laughed a little bit, “This reminds me of when we first visited the desert. Back then you weren't so tender with me.”

Sol chortled at that. Indeed during their adventure at that time, the two of them were still quite cross with each other. It was weird how so much time had passed.

“Back when we first meet, I would have never thought that the two of us would end up like this.”

Their first meeting had indeed not been the smoothest and Isis knew that was totally her fault. Then again, Sol didn't blame her for he knew what her reasons for this were.

Walking toward the bed, he placed her as carefully as if he was handling a fragile piece of crystal that could break at any moment and indeed. Lying there with a mix between sultriness and innocence, Sol was even more excited than he was at first. He felt like he was on the verge of exploding. But he knew that he couldn't rush. Not now at least.

“Leave everything to me.”

He promised her a night she wouldn't forget and he would keep that promise no matter what.

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Chapter 280: CH 253:ISIS (1)

After an intense kiss, Isis was barely able to huff a thin breath in. Sol's swollen lips climbed down her chin, then along with Isis's ear, trailing down her neckline and settling down on her collarbone.

His hot, heavy tongue ravenously gobbled up her soft flesh and sucked and rolled it out of his mouth. Isis's toes curled with the strange sensation. One part of her wanted to escape, but another, more decisive part was following this strange sensation up a dark and unknown path leading Isis to hug Sol's neck tighter and hang off of him.

A sticky kiss hit her lips again. A lump of flesh came into her mouth and pulled her tongue. If she tried to avoid it, the more he responded obsessively and persistently followed her. She soon was out of breath again as if she had been fighting for days, and let out a muffled moan through her blocked mouth and nose as Sol sucked up her soft flesh and invaded her mouth deeply and persistently with his tongue.

Sol's earlier kisses had been gentle and caring but now they showed the deep hunger he had for her and Isis felt her heart jump in anticipation when she thought of what he would do to her.

Sol's lips headed back to the back of her neck by the time her head became mushy and was about to explode. It was full of strange enthusiasm as he licked her as if he was readying to bite her impatiently.

While Sol chewed on her pale, vulnerable neck, his hands moved diligently. One of his hands encircled her, holding her tightly, while another unhurriedly split the soft flesh of Isis's lips. Then his hand, slippery with her spit, trailed up like a snake looking for its place, found her tongue, lightly pressed it, and twisted it.

“Ahk...”

As Sol slipped between her legs, not allowing her to run away, he slowly stirred Isis's mouth. While his thick fingers teased her, they swept every inch of her mouth and crushed her tongue as if it was not enough.

All Isis could do was sob and close her eyes, moaning at the unfamiliar sensations of Sol's fingers that tenderized her flesh.

"Haa..."

Then, with a suppressed groan in Isis's ear, he began rubbing his sharp nose against her neck.

His erratic motions were as if a gigantic beast was intent on imprinting his body odor on her.

Confronted with an unfamiliar face stained and flushing with passion, Isis's mouth went dry, and she gulped, feeling parched. Sol took Isis's hands and restrained them with one of his hands above her head. Sol gave a leery smile.

It was an appearance that she had never seen or could have imagined. It was unbelievable that that pretty and innocent Sol had such a cold smile. He was like a stranger.

As his bright yellow eyes appreciated Isis's red-hot face, it looked like another person was wearing Sol's skin.

To receive such a blatant gaze would have been scary if he had been a stranger, but because it was Sol's familiar face, Isis felt more excited than afraid. As soon as she realized it, she could feel the concentration of her wet arousal pouring over her already soaked underwear and wetting her thighs.

"Sol..."

She didn't know what she wanted, or rather she wanted so many things but she didn't know where to even begin. So she raised her chin and called his name anxiously; Sol sighed and grabbed her swollen breast.

Isis twisted her waist at the hot sensation of her sensitive areas rubbing thus by his beautiful hands.

Sol took a big bite of the breast he rubbed in his grasp. Her pointed nipples were crushed in Sol's mouth. More than a dozen times did he wrap his tongue around the nipple, licked it, sucked it up thickly, and chewed it finely.

"Oooh..."

Even though she had been naked countless times and her body shouldn't have been affected by the change in temperature, this couldn't be any more different.

It was exhilarating to feel a chill one moment and then instantly heated up the next moment with Sol's body heat. Isis couldn't even think of pushing Sol away for a single second. Instead, she wanted to embrace Sol even more tightly.

"Ahh..."

Isis was confused as to why today she felt so unbelievably embarrassed and twisted her body to hide giving her a vulnerable appearance.

As soon as he saw that, Sol lost his reason and began to covet her soft breasts with both hands. It was like he was a big bad wolf about to swallow whole a gentle like sheep.

He rubbed and fondled her breasts as if he were going to burst. He buried his face in her breasts impatiently and sucked them up, gathered them, grabbed them, and rubbed his face all around them.

When he ate her out, it was as if lightning struck her, but when her breasts were teased, a burning heat spread like the pigment in a watercolor painting. Even though she felt that her breasts were so hot that she thought they were going to melt, his firm grip on her breasts supported them as he held her nipples with his tongue while licking and sucking.

Isis was able to cling to Sol freely with her free hands. Then, without realizing it, she whispered that she felt so good and liked it while breathing in his ears.

Sol's lips, which moved diligently as if eating delicious flesh, gradually turned downward.

'Yes. A little lower. A little lower.'

She didn't know that her heart and ass shivered with longing and an ache. When Isis unconsciously pushed Sol's head further down his soft, smooth movements of meandering and teasing her flat stomach had abruptly stopped.

"Unn... Please suck it."

Isis's knowledge about sex might be thin but it was far from non-existent and from the different books she read, there were many little things she wished to try.

Isis couldn't meet Sol's eyes, ashamed and very aware of the fact he knew exactly what this situation was. Even though she feared an accusing finger pointing out how lascivious she was and maybe being criticized for being lewd—it was more pressing to relieve her burning passions that were about to explode.

Of course, Sol would never judge her and in fact, was happy to see her positive response. Tearing apart the last bastion that protected her chastity Sol leaned down and took a look at her secret part, causing her to fidget a little.

"Do not worry. It's beautiful."

Sol somehow anticipated her question and gave an answer to calm her down. He knew that women attached quite an importance to how this part of them looked and this was even more for those without experience.

Like all his women, Isis' place was of a beautiful pink with bountiful transparent liquids flowing down from it. A sweet scent filled the air and Sol gulped as he felt his desire to eat her out overflow. Thankfully, there was no reason to hesitate.

"Huh!"

As soon as Sol's red hot tongue reached her enlarged clit, Isis's spine curved back, round. Her whole body instantly trembled. At the same time, a lot of slippery fluid poured over Sol's face.

The sensation of him licking and sucking her most intimate place was terrifyingly overwhelming, a feeling like no other.

'If this keeps up like this, isn't it dangerous?'

It clearly felt amazing, but it was such a strong stimulus that she wondered if she could do this. Each cell became sensitive as if it were reborn. To the point where she was trembling from touching his breath.

"Sol—Unnn, lick it gently."

It was an explicit request, something she would have never thought she would once ask someone. But Sol wasn't deterred. He knew very well the signs of her impending climax and wished to bring Isis to the peak at least once to facilitate what would happen next.

Without even raising his head at her words, he raised his tongue and persistently licked and sucked out the outer area before once again going back to her pearl and rolling it between his tongue.

Isis was shaking as if she was going to get cramps in her legs because her toes curled up so tightly. Unbearably aroused, she grabbed Sol's hair tightly in the heat of the moment.

Whether she was pulling or pushing, her arms were full of strength without her even realizing it but once again Sol didn't falter. He just held open Isis's thighs with strength and spread them apart for sucking and hastily whirled his tongue and sucked it all up.

In the end, what should happen, happened.

"Ahh~!"

For a moment, a thrill that could not be compared to the petty pleasure of prior experiences hit her whole body. Her back bent like a bow and trembled in waves of convulsions to the point that afterward, she was surprised she was so flexible.

Raising his upper body, Sol looked down with a smirk as he watched Isis's disheveled appearance while she lost herself in pleasure. It did not need to be said further, but for Sol, the sight of a beautiful woman screaming and losing herself because of him was the most erotic thing possible.

He wanted to do more. So much more, give her even more pleasure until she went crazy. But now wasn't the time. He wanted her first time to be not only filled with rough pleasure but also gentle love.

Leaning down, he gently caressed her hair and gazed into her hazy eyes,

"From here to here. Give me your everything."