

Hero King 281

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 281: CH254:ISIS (2)**

When Isis heard Sol, her eyes became a little unfocused.

This was it. This was the final moment. The moment where she dedicated everything to him and vice versa. The moment the two of them would become one in a different meaning than just sexually.

She could see the light of the magic circle that had dimmed somewhat initially begin to flare back to life, ready for the ultimate phase.

Weirdly, she felt no apprehension nor hesitation in her mind. She was already ready for some moment and would not cower now at this crucial moment.

He had not said those words just because of the mood. But also to give her a choice. One last chance to stand up and annul everything and this made her love him all the more.

She reached with her arms and took Sol's face in them. She could see his love and gentleness in his eyes and knew that for the Sol right here, right now, she was someone important and someone he would never hurt willingly.

What about tens or hundreds of years in the future? She did not know. People changed. Not always good. But she knew that couples could live millennia together and still have a love that burned as bright as the first day they meet. She had a good example in the relationship her parents had and she hoped to follow their steps.

This was why she simply nodded.

More words were useless at this juncture after all.

In response to her quiet sign of permission, Sol coolly raised the corners of his mouth and pulled down his waistband.

'Ah...'

Isis immediately regretted her choice a little.

His penis was of a size that one could not get used to even after seeing it dozens of times. His cock slapped violently against his firm abdomen muscles and remained stuck up against his stomach closely. She idly wondered how someone as lithe as Nefertiti was able to take such a thing in her before remembering that she was about to suffer the same fate.

The thought of something like that coming into her body made her shiver in a mix of fright and anticipation. A weird mixture she was slowly becoming used to.

"Ah!"

Sol immediately grabbed Isis's pelvis and pulled her body against his. Isis twisted in surprise at his firm strength as if squeezing a fleeing prey.

“I know it might be a little scary. But don’t worry and...”

He slowly rubbed his angry pillar against her clitoris and her vaginal opening, drenching it in her overflowing erotic fluid

“...I see that I am not the only one wanting this.”

The smile he sported on his face was akin to that of a villain as he adjusted his tip against her slit as if he would put it in right away but did nothing of the sort.

Pressing his glans at the narrow entrance, Sol let out a low groan. It was slippery with the lustful liquid spilling happily. His erection was incredibly hard, as if wanting to pierce her right away rashly, and pressed against Isis.

“Nn~!...”

Isis was surprised by the loud erotic moan that leaked out of her mouth without her realizing it.

“Isis...”

Sol clenched his teeth and called out Isis's name. The deep desire hidden in that low growl made her moisten further. Enthralled as she was by the atmosphere, Isis moved her groin closer, so he lifted her thighs, and put them on his shoulder as he faced her.

Isis breathed heavily, her round breasts fluctuating and jiggling up and down busily. Sol looked at her figure without saying a word. Then, receiving his bright golden gaze, Isis swallowed, her mouth parched. She was thirsty as if her whole body was burning.

“I am ready.”

He firmly gripped Isis’s pelvis and slowly pushed himself in. Isis was distracted by the pain that cut through her whole body. Thankfully, she had orgasmed several times earlier, so her inner walls, now very sensitive, trembled and sucked in his thick chunk of flesh.

“Uhh.”

“Ha, we’re not even halfway in yet. Hold on—wait a minute.”

When Isis whimpered, Sol stopped moving and teased her breasts. Her white breasts were crushed and squashed under his large grip, changing their shape. Isis twisted her body whenever he persistently licked and chewed her nipples softly. A scorching heat ran down her spine and pounded throughout her body.

“Ooohh...”

Although it was clearly a tight fit, Sol finally pushed until the end. The soft skin that had been forced open by the intruder was now tightly clinging and pressing onto his organ. Although there were brief moments when it was difficult to breathe, Sol braved through it and didn’t stop. Instead, he pushed himself deeper and more forcefully.

Isis did not have a hymen so the entry should have been less difficult or painful for her. Even more so because of how wet she was. Still, Sol had underestimated her level of tightness.

It was something he had never felt. Not only was her interior far warmer than normal, as she was a phoenix, but her tightness made him feel as if his penis was encased in a velvet glove.

Isis gasped when she felt his pulsating robe tear apart all her defense and settle in her. Her vision became hazy as droplets of her formed at the corner of her eyes but only out of the slight prickle of pain. Isis reflexively hung onto Sol's neck.

The foreign sensation that filled her was one she had a hard time describing, but she mainly felt so full. As if a part of her was completely filled out, which was admittedly the case in this situation.

His penis, buried in her depths, twitched and seemed to increase in volume in her core. Isis buried her face in Sol's chest. Once Sol felt her settle down, he slowly began to pull out from deep within her. As his dark red pillar slowly slid out, he felt her inner wall pushed wide, hugging him as if it didn't wish to let go.

She groaned a little at the movement but could also feel a deeper heat different from her usual one rose deep from her guts.

"Hah... Huh..."

When she took a short breath, her vision once again became distant. It was because Sol suddenly pushed back in.

Sol didn't bother asking if she was in pain. It was the most stupid question he could ask in this situation. After all, the answer was self-evident. Rather than mouthing uselessly, what he should do was to make sure she got more pleasure than pain.

Like this, Sol busied himself, not only moving his waist but working on her chest and nibbling her collarbone and earlobe. He would also gently lick her breasts and suck on her nipple. His work was rewarded as the frown on Isis' face slowly subsided and the sensation in her body began to change.

'It becoming bearable...'

She could feel a strange duality in Sol's movement. On one hand, he was a gentle and careful lover. At the same time, he was voraciously devouring underneath. Sol was insatiable, and his ruthless flesh persistently stuck to her sensitive area. Whenever that happened, Isis was thrilled and began to feel even more pleasure.

She liked the gentle Sol but she also liked the feeling of being so much wanted by him. To see the usual calm Sol act as if he couldn't get enough of her gave a sweet numbing sensation.

How many times did she tremble? The more she was at ease, the better the movement of Sol became. Some shallow thrusts, followed by deep ones.

A constant change in rhythm.

Sometimes fast, sometimes slow. All of this allowed Isis to feel completely new parts of her body.

"You are so tight inside. It even hurts a little."

Sol joked a little in order to calm her down and it strangely worked. For an instant, she stared blankly at him before chortling a little.

Isis wanted to snort at Sol, who had moved so well but was now talking nonsense if she could afford it.

“Hi... Sol, you... Hmm... you are the one that’s too big.”

“Heh, is that so?”

Isis blushed at the smirk Sol showed. She indeed still felt quite uncomfortable down there, but there was no lying about what she was feeling. The pain didn’t completely vanish, but the pleasure was slowly overwhelming it.

‘I wonder how much experience he has for him to be so skilled.’

Thinking of other women sharing the same pleasure, Isis felt a little uncomfortable as a sour feeling filled her heart. But ut she calmed down swiftly.

After all,

‘I am his first.’

It didn’t matter that she was his latest conquest to date. Nor did it matter that all those women on the mortal realm spent far more time with him than she did.

She was his first partner. It was a link that trumped basically everything and she would capitalize on it.

Her thoughts were blown away when Sol kissed and resumed thrusting into her. Soon, a sweet voice leaked out of her, and from simply being passive, she slowly began to move alongside him.

She was in no way an unwilling participant at this moment and she would damn well share everything with him.

“It’s coming.”

Sol muttered to her ears and Isis understood that the final moment was onto them. She yelped a little when she felt Sol take her by the waist and change their position to a sitting one.

‘So...Full.’

She grunted then when she fell on his lap, all her weight helping in driving his shaft as deep as possible in her.

In this position, Sol resumed kissing her more hungrily and she answered likewise. As if devouring each other, as if wishing to meld into each other.

The two of them moved in unison while feeling the rapidly approaching climaxes. Isis became urgent. Every time he hammered her, sparks splashed high like hammering a hot iron, raising the heat under her belly.

She twisted her whole body and bit her lips at the sound of wet flesh. By the time her toes were about to cramp, what she had been holding back and enduring with all her might eventually burst and poured out.

“Hah~!”

Her whole body convulsed as if she had a seizure. The limbs trembled, and the water spurted vigorously from below. It was orgasm after orgasm.

Sol grabbed her tightly, his muscles clenched, and he continued to thrust into her heavily and he felt like he was about to explode and spend himself in her. Which he did with a low grunt.

It was like lightning struck her. Her vision grew black, full of sparkles, and she couldn't breathe. Muscles in her body contracted and spasmed repeatedly.

Her inner walls, quivering wildly at his excitement, gnawed on his ejaculation as white liquid erupted and filled her.

All around them, the magic circle flared up to life, filling the room with a dense quantity of mana of the like never felt, as if they had been waiting for this exact moment. Sol felt like he was literally bathing in mana. All their pores opened and greedily absorbed the power that was overflowing in the room and soon, their body even felt a little bloated.

‘The last stretch.’

By this time, Isis was so tired that she could feel her eyelids close already. The overwhelming pleasure she had felt was forcing her mind to shut down. But she knew that there was one last moment. One last thing she had to do.

She shivered when she felt Sol's teeth sink into her collarbone. This was no play biting and the scent of blood mixed with the alluring scent of their shared juices.

Once she was sure that Sol had drunk her blood, she leaned her face on his chest and muttered tiredly but with assurance alongside Sol.

“From this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and health for as long as we shall live. We shall always be together.”

Their two voices overlapped as the biding vow took place and finally, the crest of a black phoenix formed in Sol's consciousness while the magical letters that were floating in the air, formed one simple word.

[Accepted.]

It was with relief that Sol finally blacked out....

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At least this was what he thought.

When Sol finally opened his eyes again, he found out that he was not at Tiamat's place anymore.

The place he was in was hard to describe but at the same time, it gave him a certain feeling of déjà vu. A place like one found in fairy tales. Full, of green pasture, soothing rays of the sun, and a gentle breeze that tickled his nose. It's like...

"The garden in the church."

"Indeed. One of the Supreme daughters designated the garden in the mortal world based on the one here."

Sol turned around and was surprised to see a tall woman full of charms as she stood clad in white and blue clothes as well as a veil covering her face. Suspicions arose in his mind, but they were quietly confirmed.

"Hello. Sol is it? I wondered who could conjure such a strong contract that it attracted my full attention. I shouldn't have been surprised."

"Hum? Hah, I understand your confusion and your suspicions are right."

The woman let out a beautiful laugh while covering her mouth with the back of her hand; "I believe this is the first time we properly meet. Let me introduce myself then."

She chuckled and gave a curtsy with the grace of a young mischievous girl, "I am Castitas, second oldest out of the fourteen goddesses. Happy to meet you."

This was the first meeting between Sol and Castitas.

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Chapter 282: CH 255:CASTITAS

'Castitas.'

Sol scowled briefly before nodding and giving a gentleman bow,

"Hello, respected goddess. To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

Castitas chuckled a little at his salutations,

"You do not have to worry. I have no wish to interfere with whatever you are doing and in fact, I did not even plan to show up."

Saying so, she moved her hand and two white chairs, as well as a table, appeared. On it was a tea set and two cups were already placed down with a fuming black tea in it.

"We are currently in the spiritual plane. A place that exists between reality and illusion."

Sol sat on the chair and sipped on the tea. He noticed that the taste was similar to what he usually drank with Medea.

"As I said, everything in this place is an illusion but it's also reality. The tea I created was changed by your inner wish of drinking the tea you liked the most. Thoughts and actions can easily affect this place. The only reason you can't affect much more than the tea is that my thoughts completely took over."

"I see..."

'She seems a little scatterbrain.'

He realized that she liked to talk quite a lot but strangely, he didn't find it bothersome. In fact, he was surprised to see that he was feeling more peaceful and calm and that most of his desire were slowly laying low.

It was as if he was being forced into sage mode.

"You are being affected by my aura."

Castitas answered simply.

"Do not worry. I do not plan to show you my face like my sister did. She was a little too eager to show you off to us."

Sol seemed confused but Castitas didn't mind, "You are...Hum. How to say this. You are xxxxxx."

Sol heard the first part of her words but the second part completely flew over his head. Castitas frowned behind her veil when she saw his expression but in the end she simply shrugged, "It was worth a try."

She didn't bother explaining what just happened and seeing this, Sol knew that he wouldn't get any answer. Either way, there was something more pressing he was curious about.

"How is everyone home?"

"Hum? Hah, you must mean those in Lusturb. I do not know. I am honestly uninterested in most people there. Of course, except for my beloved daughter."

Sol nodded grimly, remembering that for all her laughter, Castitas was not an entity that would care for most mortals.

"Camelia is alright. She is going crazy because of your absence, but it's alright. Also soon she will have to mentor a holy daughter."

"A holy daughter is it..."

Sol's fist clenched a little. Since he had his discussion with Nent, he now knew that the number of Blessed was completely fixed. The existence of a holy daughter might negatively affect the Fate of Camelia.

'Perhaps I should try to lower the number of Blessed?'

He wondered idly while thinking of the Wolf King, Setsuna's uncle. It was an interesting target and they were already in war anyway.

Still, Sol was somewhat relieved. He would have wished to have more details, but simply knowing that she was alright was enough for him. The knowledge that he still had a home to return to allow him to focus on what was important now.

"How splendid. You were a cute little prince back then but in just a few months you became a proper man. Mortals are always so fascinating. I really mxxx..."

She chuckled again when she realized that the last part of her words had once again been blurred. It was pretty funny if she was, to be honest.

“Now then, while discussing with you is just delightful, I believe it’s time for you to get what you came here for.”

Saying so she waved her hand and a huge screen appeared in the air.

“Normally, when humans form a contract. The goddess in charge depends on the race of the partner. Of course, it is impossible for us to appear each time. The system is fully automated. It’s only when the reading breaks a certain limit that our attention is grabbed. Which is why I am here... And I must say...I am impressed.”

Castitas was indeed impressed. The contract between Sol and Isis wasn’t just a normal one.

In a way, every time a human-made a contract with a magical beast, it was the equivalent of Luxuria making a deal with the goddess concerned.

Here though, the situation was at another level entirely. As a hybrid dragon, Sol was under the jurisdiction of Luxuria and Superbia.

Meanwhile, since Isis was a demon phoenix hybrid, she was under Invidia and her jurisdiction.

One simple contract concerned directly four goddesses. This was something never seen. Even now, the other three were observing her now and she could feel the heated gaze of Luxuria on her metaphorical back.

Her lip twitching, Castitas decided to proceed as fast as possible and move away from this jumbled situation. She had already failed in her experiment and now she was just happy to watch her ‘big sister’ act as she wished.

Though she had a doubt she would succeed. After all, no matter how strong Sol became, he would at most become a second Tiamat or Lucifer.

It didn’t matter how strong that proud dragon was. A false god would always be a fake. It wasn’t a matter of arrogance but a fact. They were simply existences of another plane on the metaphysical level.

“Let’s get this done, shall we...I believe you know the rule. As Isis is your first contract, you get to choose one of her abilities directly and if you are lucky, you can get one or two more of her innate skills at random. Any questions? None? Then, What do you wish for your first ability?”

Sol had eyes filled with resolve as he looked at the screen. His choice was already clear from the start. There was one ability. The strongest and most useful one he could have in his situation.

[Nirvana flame]

Castitas nodded with a proud smile, after all, she was the one who set up that skill for Gabriel and thus all subsequent phoenixes. Her sister also did the same when he created Asmodeus by giving him a certain equivalent skill called [Shedding.]

Asmodeus and Gabriel weren’t two out of the few surviving first-generation divine beasts for nothing.

"I believe it's a good choice. Very well..."

[Let this mark your Soul.]

The voice of Castitas suddenly changed and it was only then that Sol realized that Castitas hadn't been using what he called 'god's voice' until now. Her voice now was more distant, more regal. Reminding him once again that the woman in front of him, despite her appearance, was no human.

Wings of flame formed in the air before flashing and entering Sol's body.

"Is that it?"

"Fufufu~! Nirvana flame activates when you die or when you try to make someone go through Nirvana. Die and you will see the effect."

Sol could only give a bitter laugh at this joke. He also noticed that she went back to her earlier voice. In fact...Hearing her giggle, he had a distinct impression that this wasn't the first time he heard it.

'Why can't I pinpoint it?'

It made no sense. His brain was far superior to that of a normal human. He should have been able to easily dig up a random memory of his.

'Well. It isn't that important, is it?'

A feeling of calm washed over him and he suddenly thought that this wasn't such an important matter. Why then agonize about it?

'No. This isn't right.'

He shook his head in refusal, fighting that fake feeling of peace.

"I..."

He was sadly interrupted by Castitas.

"As for random abilities..."

Castitas clapped her hands with a delighted smile on her face. "You are indeed very lucky and I believe that you should share your joy with Isis. After all, this matter is as much about you as it is about her."

"Wait..."

"I bid you farewell, Sol. May your journey be paved with success."

The last thing Sol saw was her gently waving at him as a goodbye while he vanished.

When Sol vanished, the peaceful garden was immediately overridden as the presence of the three goddesses made themselves known.

"You talk too much, sisters."

"Oh my, Superbia. What might you mean? I believe he heard nothing of value."

Even though she did not appear, Castitas knew that her little sister was scowling.

“No matter. Do as you wish and pay the consequences of your folly”

Saying so, her presence vanished completely but the smile did not slip from Castitas face, “Heh, what a cute way of saying she is worried.”

“You know her, she would never put down her pride. I envy it so much, such tenacity and strength of will. How truly splendid.”

Another voice took place before slowly fading away, “Beloved sister. While I envy your current Blessed, I believe wasting all the divinity you accumulated before the Kingdom era was truly foolish. Then again, rich people are free to spend as they wish. Just do not count on me to lend you anything in the next era.”

Castitas shook her head at Invidia’s words. Which was once again an attempt to hide how much they truly cared.

Currently, Luxuria was like an addicted gambler that put too much on the table, and like all crazy gamblers, she was still putting things to the table.

If she lost her debt, even as a goddess she would take quite a hit and might enter slumber, like their mother. At least... Castitas believed Order was slumbering.

“They are right, you know? We are all worried about you and how much you are doing. Is that boy truly worth it?”

Castitas couldn’t help but ask but all she received was a slow chuckle and words filled with confidence, “Trust me...Now that he obtained Nirvana, I do not know how or when. But soon, very soon even, you all will be swallow all your doubt.”

Goddesses were not omniscient and there was a limit to what they could see when other goddesses were involved.

Still, Luxuria had placed all the pieces necessary and she knew that all her losses would be worth it.

She just had to wait, and as a goddess, time was something she never had a lack of.

“By the way...” Luxuria spoke, wishing to bring up another topic that has been bothering her. “Did you tell him what would happen once the change began in his body?”

To obtain new innate power, the body had to be completely changed. It was one thing when all you obtained was a new element. But Nirvana, as well as the two other skills Sol, obtained were skills unique to a race. The change it would bring to his body wouldn’t be small. In fact, it would be quite painful.

As if realizing her mistake Castitas gasped. She had been in such a hurry to send him away that she forgot to mention it.

“Ohhh...I did think I was forgetting something.....Ooops?”

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Chapter 283: INTERLUDE 13:FROM QUEEN...

What was the first thing she remembered?

“Incredible. Is this the result of using his remains?”

It was a voice. The first thing she remembered in her long long life was a voice. But it was a voice that brought her no pleasure for she felt no emotion in it.

It was a cold and calculative voice.

Who am I?

What am I?

Such basic questions that all living and thinking beings had at least once in their life were things she never had to wonder about.

From the first moment she opened her eyes and walked out of her incubator, she knew who she was.

Tiamat, the Dragon of Pride. The one and only dragon in this world.

Why did she exist? She was nothing more than a machine of war.

Who created her? The goddess of Pride, from the remains of her previous servant.

What was her destiny? Win and thrive, or die and become the base for a third-generation divine beast the same way the first generation was used for her.

“Don’t fuck with me!”

What?

Just because the goddesses gave birth to her meant that they would use her as a slave until the end of her days?

There was no way this was happening.

The first decision Tiamat ever took in her life was simple.

She refused to comply—and she was swiftly taken down and imprisoned.

The difference in power between the newborn her and the goddess was simply too much. Even though she was born as a demigod and with all those advantages, she was unable to even resist the power of Superbia’s concept.

This was her first and greatest humiliation.

This was also her first and most important lesson.

Pride without the power to back it up was nothing but hubris and arrogance.

She had learned it the hard way, but she refused to make the same mistake twice.

This was why she became their hunting dog.

Bidding her time, hiding her claws, biding her time more. She became a docile dragon listening to all and every order, acting as if her Pride was to serve.

How long did this last?

She didn't know. Neither did she remember nor did she care to remember. She simply continued to move ahead, never looking back.

However, in the end, when she finally took a look behind her, she was surprised to find how far she had come.

From a fledging demi-goddess with no experience, she became a renowned powerhouse no one dared to underestimate. All alone, sitting on a throne made out from the corpses of her enemies, no matter where she looked, no one in the Astral world and the Mortal world could hope to match her.

Was this enough?

She laughed in derision at this nonsensical question for the answer was all too clear.

Not at all.

This was far from enough.

What did it matter if she was a giant when compared to the dwarves? When in reality she was still a dwarf to the true giants?

How could she be satisfied with such a reality?

As such, she continued walking. Never stopping and never looking back again.

Ten years, ten decades, ten thousand years. She still walked but sadly, no matter how far she walked, she never managed to reach the destination she sought for.

Insanity was repeating the same actions in the same circumstance and expecting different results.

So she decided to change her methods.

She began to reassess herself and understand the deepest parts of her personality.

It was then that she understood something.

For Mortals, the most important Level was the Duke, once known as the Legend level.

It was the moment when a mortal would understand his or her deepest truth and use it to form the Zone.

But what was Tiamat's truth?

She was born directly at the level of Demigod. Be it her Zone, King name, or even the territory she owned... All of this was bestowed to her by the goddesses.

How could she reach their level when she was nothing without them?

So, unbeknown to them all, she discarded it.

Dropping back to a level below that of a Duke, she questioned herself.

Who was she?

What did she want?

What was her truth?

The answer to that question came from an unexpected place.

Since she could not find the way in Order, she decided to visit Chaos.

Entering Tartarus, she fought from the first circle up to the last one but still found nothing.

At least that was what she thought until something stirred in her.

A call from far away. Something she could barely hear.

But the little she did hear was more than enough.

Following the sound, she managed to reach a place she had never imagined the existence of.

The 8th circle.

"Hello...Dragon? Oh, so they really managed to create a dragon. How fascinating."

The moment she stepped into the 8th circle, the first thing she remarked was the absence of Chaos mana.

The second thing she noticed was the floating translucent winged man looking at her.

"Who are you, no, what are you?"

Even though she asked, she already had an inkling of the answer. After all, she was created from his remains.

Still, he should have been dead.

This was why she had changed her question.

"Me?"

The spectral angel smiled while opening his black wings wide open. Even in this state, the majesty that was overflowing from him made it clear that he was no ordinary being.

"I am the Fallen Angel of Rebellion, Lucifer Superbia, or at least, I am what is left of his soul."

Smiling at her, he continued, "I am happy to finally meet you, Tiamat."

Her life completely changed from that day.

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Chapter 284: INTERLUDE 14: ...TO EMPRESS

Was it Destiny?

Tiamat loathed that thought. But there was nothing she could do about it.

Rather than complaining about something so abstract, she chose to spend every moment in training.

Only by becoming stronger could she control her own Destiny.

"I am indeed Tiamat. I guess I shouldn't be surprised that someone as strong as you didn't completely die."

"*Chuckle* You are too kind. Saying that I am alive would be a stretch. I am just a small part of the soul, nothing but a shard."

"I guess not even the false gods on Chaos' side could kill you completely."

The shard simply gave a bland smile, and directly cut to the heart of the matter.

"Do you want power?"

"Why do you want to help me?"

"Because you are the only way for me to keep my sense of self."

"So even the great Lucifer had been reduced to this."

More than disappointment, what Tiamat showed was sadness. Lucifer was her predecessor. Her destiny was clear for all to see.

However, that sadness did not last for long.

"Well, in the end, your proposal does not interest me. I have my own aspirations."

"What if I told you that...I know the secret to becoming a false god?"

Tiamat stopped, before turning around.

Lucifer expected to see interest in her eyes, but all he saw was disdain.

"Do you take me for an idiot?"

She sneered, "Why would I exchange my current leash for another one when my real goal is to break all restraints?"

Even as she spooks, her aura began to change. A regal atmosphere covered the entire area.

This was her <<Pride>>, the concept she was born with. Even though she had voluntarily fallen to a level below that of a Duke, the concept of Pride was a power branded in her very being, something she could never change.

"Oh? I see. Your pride is praiseworthy, but...Who the hell do you think I am, little queen?"

If the aura of Tiamat was crushing, then the one from Lucifer was devastating.

The two <<Pride>> clashed. The world screeched and cracks appeared everywhere as if this pocket dimension was about to break.

Neither of the two could use their full power, but they were already beyond all measure.

Feeling Lucifer's power for herself, she immediately knew that if the two of them were at their peak, she would have lost. That fact was undeniable.

But, did the truth hurt her?

Not all.

In order to seek power, one had to understand that they were powerless. In order to reach the top, one had to start from the bottom.

Failure was the mother of success and defeat was the seed of victory.

"Let me witness the might of the first Divine Beast!"

With a smile filled with madness and battle thirst, Tiamat fought her greatest battle.

Golden scales covered her body like an armor as wings seemingly made out of steel appeared behind her back. Her menacing golden eyes narrowed while her curved horns shone under the calm light of stars.

<<Dimension Encroachment: Blazing Sun>>

<<Dimension Encroachment: River of stars>>

Like two forces of nature, the two clashed. The large black wings behind Lucifer seemed to cover the sky while the world changed under his will.

Tiamat was not to be undone though, after all, "No matter how bright the sun shines...It's still nothing more than a star!"

Lucifer gave a bitter smile as he watched his dimension shrink down while Tiamat's own covered more territory. At the same time, he couldn't help but feel a small amount of pride.

Tiamat was created by him. In a way, it wouldn't be wrong to say that he was Tiamat's father. How could he not feel pride at the sight of his daughter's strength?

"Your strength is really befitting of the crown. But it isn't enough. The Sun is not just a star...It's the source of all life."

Like a tide, all the ground Tiamat had managed to take vanished, and the two fell back to a stalemate.

"Kuh!"

Tiamat grunted as she felt a sweet and slightly metallic taste in her mouth when she swallowed the blood that she was about to vomit. Lucifer, on the other hand, showed no particular emotion as he continued,

"Your understanding of the world is still too shallow. You still focus too much on the physical aspect when you should focus on the metaphysical. Never forget..."

“What matters the most in this world is the weight of the stories. For a short instant, let me show you what lay beyond.”

Everything seemed to come to a stop.

Tiamat felt goosebumps and her eyes opened wide. What she was about to witness was something that would be seared in the deepest part of her mind, she instinctively felt that.

Lucifer knew that what he was about to do was not wise. His existence was already faint and using his power would put him in even more danger.

However, his pride would not allow him to yield. If he had to die, it would be in a blazing glory.

He would show her, the power of his inheritance. The power of his <<Rebellion>>.

<<I am Lucifer. The Torch-Bearer.>>

<<I am the Morning Star, the Source of all Light>>

<<I hereby declare: Let there be Darkness!>>

In an instant, all the stars in Tiamat’s dimension were extinguished like candles blown out under the wind.

Watching the defeated Tiamat fight to stay standing up despite the immense pain she should be under, the faint soul of Lucifer muttered, “Never forget, little queen. My power is the power to change the world. This power shall be yours too.”

This was her first defeat.

It was also her last defeat.

—

“What’s the matter?”

Looking down at the golden-haired young man, Tiamat showed a small smile as she ruffled his hair.

“I was just reminiscing about the past.”

On the day of her first defeat, Tiamat understood that what Lucifer wanted her to inherit wasn’t just a type of power.

It was a will.

The will to stand up against the world and bring it to its knees. The will to fight against the oppression brought by this entity that was Fate.

Thanks to this will, the young queen that she once was, grew into an Empress. Even those goddesses that once seemed so all-mighty were not so anymore in her eyes.

But...Like Lucifer said, this wasn’t enough.

Lucifer’s <<Rebellion>> wasn’t enough.

Michael's <<Servitude>> even less.

Her own <<Defiance>> did not make the cut.

Dahlia's, or Nihil's <<Freedom>> was doomed to fail.

Then...Would Sol be able to overcome it? Would it be enough?

Tiamat smirked at the slight unease in her heart and simply crushed it with her will of steel.

So what if the first and second generations failed? So what even if the third generation failed? There would always be a fourth, a fifth, or even a hundredth one.

This wasn't what she had to care about. All she had to do now was to be the umbrella that shielded them from all harm until they showed their might.

In this world, what mattered the most was the weight of the stories.

How much did Sol's stories weigh? The answer to this question would soon be revealed.

"Sol, let me show you the power to change the world."

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 285: WITCH ANDWOLF

Grrr *Bang* *Bang* *Bang*

Standing alone in a devastated field, fully clad in lightning a blue-haired woman was repeatedly swinging her sword without any intention to rest.

Her hands were bleeding, her legs were trembling, and her vision was hazy. But even then she didn't stop. She didn't want to stop nor could she allow herself to stop.

'I am being left behind.'

She scowled and tried to discard the negative thoughts forming in her mind but to no avail. The pictures of her last fight wouldn't leave her.

'I lost again.'

She remembered her earlier defeat at the hands of Lilin. Something that was becoming increasingly common.

Grrr

She growled and swung her sword again, further destroying the field around her. But this show of power brought her no pleasure.

All the destruction around her brought her nothing but shame. It showed just how small the control she had on her power. For a swordswoman like her, this was nothing but a humiliation since it was proof of her lack of skills.

'I...'

“Heh...You finally stopped. I was wondering just how long you would continue to make those useless swings of yours.”

More by reflex than anything, Setsuna swung her sword to the right while she moved in the opposite direction of the voice that sounded near her in order to increase the distance between her and the intruder.

“Oh my... I guess even in your current state you are still a splendid warrior. There is still hope for you.”

Setsuna became completely rigid when she felt the sword being clamped between two fingers.

“I am a little disappointed. I admit I was expecting a little more.”

Setsuna growled but did not follow with another attack for she recognized now the one that interrupted her training.

“Witch of Destruction, forgive me for the unsightly display.”

Behind her was a young girl seemingly in her teens with blazing red hair, wearing a maid uniform.

It was Kali. The Witch of Destruction. She had been sentenced to become Sol’s maid and should not have been permitted to use her witchcraft until further notice, but because of the current situation, Sol had allowed her to use her power since they never knew what could happen.

Releasing her sword, Setsuna took a few steps back and was about to bow. After all, while Kali was a ‘maid’, this only applied to Sol. There was no one aside from Milia who was crazy enough to treat Kali as a servant in the tower of Babel.

“No need to kneel. I know you feel no reverence toward me. Let’s cut to the heart of the matter. Your previous display was indeed rather underwhelming compared to what Sol told me. Tell me Setsuna...Are you wavering?”

Setsuna kept her head low but her silence was an answer all by itself.

Looking at her like this, Kali for a moment could see her figure overlap with that of Setsuna.

Her cold eyes softened a little, “It must be hard, right? Looking at all those monsters and knowing you have low chances to ever catch up to them.”

Setsuna again said nothing. But it was true. Be it Lilin or Nuwa, Setsuna could see that she was slowly being left behind.

The door of the Duke level eluded her even though she could feel it. Meanwhile, Lilin had already blasted open those doors.

As for Nuwa, the girl was as monstrously talented as Sol and already, Setsuna could feel herself struggling when facing the girl. It wouldn’t take long before she was completely overtaken.

This was frustrating, very frustrating. The understanding that she was already near her limit was maddening.

“What I don’t understand is why you don’t use your lightning to become a Duke. Your mastery of wind and water is also pretty high. You are a storm wolf after all.”

Setsuna stiffened, “I...do not want to.” and muttered those words through clenched teeth.

There was a world of difference between becoming a duke by simply using an element and becoming a duke by understanding a concept.

If she were to do as said, even if she became a Duke, Lilin would be able to thrash her like no tomorrow. The distance would only continue to widen until she wouldn’t even be able to see her back.

All talk about them being rivals would become nothing but sad jokes.

“Hah...” Kali released a sigh, “I guess you are another one of those idiots who underestimate the true potential of elemental magic. Who said that you couldn’t create a concept directly out of an element?”

Setsuna raised her head in surprise.

“Then again, I guess this isn’t surprising. Only spirit and divine beasts can generally bring such concepts into reality.”

Kali mused before looking back at Setsuna.

“Let’s do it like this. Mother was the one who should have taught you but I have decided. I will do it.”

“Wait what do you—”

“Trust me. In terms of understanding of the elements. Not even a King rank divine beast can match me. I am a Witch after all.”

Kali gave a toothy grin. While she may appear boastful, there was nothing wrong with it.

Witches obtained their power through study. Knowledge was their power and books were their friends. They did not have the innate control magical beings had and they needed to always plunge into a sea of study.

This was even more so for Kali. She was different from her three sisters.

Time/Space

Life/Death

This was what the four directions should have been. The way Ambrosia had created to reach godhood.

Sadly, no matter what she did, Kali was never able to learn Death. So she gave up and learned the four elements instead. Fire, Water, Earth, and Wind.

While the power they could bring once they reached a certain level was considerable, compared to her sisters, it was so underwhelming that it wasn’t worth mentioning.

Thankfully, Kali was different from the people of this world. Her understanding of the fundamental truth was already at a level higher than normal. In the end, she achieved the impossible.

“My power of Destruction was born with my understanding of the four elements as the basis. Even though I did not study Lightning, I have the means to make your talent bloom. Do not forget this, Setsuna. You are not a swordswoman like Lilin. You are Wolf. A Storm Wolf. Do not reject the talent that was bestowed to you.”

Setsuna clenched her fists. She could feel that she was standing at the crossroad of her life. The decision she made here and now would change everything. Be it for good or for bad.

“Why do you want to help me? We are not friends.”

“You are right, we aren’t really friends or anything of the like. But you see. I owe Sol and this Kingdom. Simply being a maid or whatever isn’t enough to pay this debt.

But, if I can make you stronger, Sol will have another powerful knight on his side. You are happy. My sisters and mother are happy. I am happy. Sol is happy. Everyone is happy. Isn’t it fun?”

Setsuna frowned. She could feel that Kali wasn’t being totally forthcoming but, did she really have a choice?

Indeed she had. A choice between mediocrity and success.

She refused to become mediocre.

“Thank you for extending your hand to me.”

Setsuna bowed to express her gratitude.

What she didn’t know was that she was right in speculating that Kali didn’t give her the entire truth.

For one, Kali had a goal in mind. As a storm wolf, Setsuna was a A+ class magical being. But, Kali wondered if it was possible to make her evolve into a Disaster Wolf. The same race as Fenrir.

But there was something else. Something even more important surpassed all thoughts of experimentation.

‘I can train my own Railgun!!’

The otaku soul in Kali was literally screaming and jumping in joy.

“It’s time to train, Misaka *Ahem* I mean, Setsuna. Haha.”

What a joy it was to be alive.

VOLUME 8: THE DRAGON [Completed]

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 286: Vol9/CH 256: WAKING UP

START OF VOL 9: THE WAR

When Sol came back to his sense, the first sensation that he felt was dampness and wetness.

‘Where am I?’

Opening his eyes, he looked around and realized that he was in fact in a bath.

'As large as always.'

Joking inwardly, he tried to move but felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Don't move."

He recognized the voice,

"Kiyohime?"

"Indeed. It seems like after you formed the contract, you fainted and your temperature was rising greatly. The little phoenix called me to help you. She was quite shaken."

"Hey!"

Isis, who stood on the side while covered by a simple camisole clearly couldn't take the embarrassment. She already bathed and wiped away all traces of semen or love juice from her body.

"Oh hush, no need to be shy girl. Anyway, Sol how do you feel?"

Nent scolded lightly Isis because of her outburst and focused on the problem at hand. This wasn't the first time she saw a human form a contract with a magical being. In fact, she had observed many humans doing so. Her old friends were humans after all.

This was why she knew.

There was no gain without pain.

"You know this isn't the end, right?"

Sol nodded, his mind was still hazy but he knew that his situation was far from over. He didn't need Castitas to give him such information to infer it himself. After all, he was already used to such situations.

"Why put me in a hot bath?"

He asked with difficulty but seeing the bitter smile on Kiyohime face he understood what happened.

"The water was cold initially. Freezing in fact. But your temperature melted the ice. Soon, your internal temperature might surpass what your body can handle."

Sol sighed. He could indeed feel his blood boiling and his heartbeat was going crazy. Clearly, the powers he received were slowly fusing with his body. Once he reached the tipping point...

'Such a pain.'

"Ugh..."

He grunted a little bit as a trail of blood flowed from the corner of his mouth. Internally, not only his blood was boiling, but his body was going through many changes.

This reminded Sol of what happened when his body produced a core and this was why he knew that he would definitely not like what would happen next if things were left as is.

'Should I try it?'

He begins to focus on his inner mind, trying to detach his conscious mind from his body. Not on earth, some people were able to suffer an unimaginable amount of punishment without feeling much pain thanks to a rigorous mental training.

Furthermore, he knew that goddesses and powerful beings could bring other people into their own mindscape so Sol had always wondered if he could do the same.

Even though the pain was distracting him, he slowly began to find a kind of inner peace. The world around him changed and when he 'opened' his eyes, he found that he wasn't in the bathroom anymore but in a world composed of an endless blue sea and a white sky.

The water was so clear, so blue, that Sol could see his reflection on the surface of the water. Even though said reflection would become fuzzy each time he took a step.

"The water..."

Even though the surface of the sea was utterly calm, Sol could somehow feel that the undercurrent hidden from his sight was quite strong. As if a storm was brewing inside unseen to all.

'So this is my mind world.'

He looked a little surprised. As the name suggested, the mind world was the reflection of the true inner side and desire of a person. You could lie to everyone, even to yourself at times. But the truth would always be buried deep in your heart.

'Do I really hide my emotions that much?'

Sol couldn't help but ask himself this question. He realized that he needed more and more to keep a lid on his emotion. To put on a mask of confidence when facing the other.

The truth was...He was scared.

Really scared.

Ever since he awakened, the pressure he had been under had never ceased to grow going from facing a rebellion to now facing the wrath of a goddess and a small-scale war between Chaos and Order.

But he couldn't express his fear openly. He refused to do so. He had to keep a brave front. Appear as if everything was alright and never falter.

After all, he wasn't the only one that was scared.

'Fight on. I just need to face the incoming crisis. I am not alone.'

He wouldn't make the mistake of thinking he had the fate of the world on his shoulder. Even though he did in a certain way.

Rather than worrying about what he couldn't do, he had to make sure that he would do well in what he could do and what he could do now was...

'Studying the new power that was settling in his body.'

While Sol was exploring the confine of his mind, the water of the bath went from mildly hot to terribly hot and now was positively boiling. Bubbles appeared on the water while steam rose above.

“Will he be alright?”

Kiyohime frowned a little when she saw how the water was reacting. There was a limit to what she could do in this situation.

Like Nent, Kiyohime had also seen humans forming contracts, with elves of spirits during the war, so she knew that some pain could happen when getting a specially unique power. But this time it seemed quite exaggerated.

“Well. The pain is proportional to the number of gift and the power received. Nirvana is the strongest skill of us Phoenix and in fact, a skill that only us possess, personally bestowed by the goddess. Sol body is trying to adjust to the power of a phoenix and the process will not be pretty.”

On the side, Isis could only give a nod with a grim expression. She could see more. In the soul of Sol, three motes of light, each of them with different sizes, were slowly approaching it and placed themselves on an axis of rotation.

If Sol’s soul was the sun, then now one planete with two satellites was being added and moving around the said sun.

This was different from the changes in her own soul. Rather than a satellite adding itself to it, a corner of her soul, more than one-third, changed to a wavelength similar to that of Sol. She could feel his warmth and gentleness directly.

She guessed that this was because while she was forming a contract with Sol only, Sol would form contracts with many others in the future.

It was then...Whoosh...Just like that, in a blink of an eye, Sol body vanished from under their sights.

“Wha...!?”

“Do not worry.” Kiyohime hurriedly calmed down the two phoenixes before speaking, “...Mother?”

Tiamat’s voice resonated to their ears in the bathroom.

[Go to your position. It’s the ideal time for him to enter the blood pool.]

Kiyohime’s expression darkened. She understood very well that once Sol begin the transition in the Duke realm, two possibilities would offer themselves to them.

[By the way, girl. I will borrow your little friend. We might need her help.]

Isis had no time to answer before the presence of Tiamat simply vanished.

Now alone, the three of them gazed into each other eyes before Kiyohime began to move.

“Will you fine?”

It was a simple question. They had already made preparation to evacuate the dragons that were too young to fight. As guests, Isis and Nent had the right to do the same.

“Heh...”

She received no direct answer, but the challenging look in their eyes told a story on its own, making any words useless.

“Very well. Let’s go then.”

Isis laughed and took a step as she followed behind Nent and Kiyohime. Truly, she would never forget her first time. After all, just after losing her virginity, she was about to be embroiled in a fight that could decide the destiny of an entire realm.

She didn’t think many people could boast about such adventure. As such, she needed to survive in order to tell the tale.

Furthermore, her first time had been very pleasuring and she certainly wanted a second, third, and N amount of time more with Sol.

This was a simple wish, a little naughty wish, but in the end, she simply wished to be happy with the man she literally gave a part of her soul to and she would be damned if she let anyone stop her from enjoying those times.

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Chapter 287: CH 257:ON THE MOVE

Even though Sol was a little detached, it wasn’t as if he was blind to everything. He felt himself being transported to another place.

“Don’t stop. Just listen to me.”

Just as he was about to leave his mindscape despite the pain he might feel again, he was stopped by this voice that directly sounded in his mind.

“We are currently in the secret place where the blood pool is. This is the place where everything will begin. Whether or not the work we put in prior to this was worth it.”

The water in Sol’s mind became a little turbulent, but he stayed silent and listened.

“Your body is currently going through change to adapt to the contract with Isis. This is the best occasion to bring in further change for your evolution to become a Duke. But you should also understand that this is extremely dangerous. One simple mistake would mean death. But...You already knew this.

“Either way, when this begins. You need to focus on the truth. Focus on your power and believe in yourself no matter what. This is the only way to obtain what you truly want.”

Tiamat chuckled to lighten the atmosphere. “I wish you good luck and hope that next time we see each other, you will have taken another step.”

Tiamat seemed to fall silent before she spoke once again one last time in his mind,

“I also want you not to forget. Whatever you learned about your so-called future or whether your Fate is bleak or not. I want you to remember what I said during our first meeting.”

Her voice showed a level of caring that would have astonished all her children, “It’s okay to give up. You are not forced in any way to succeed at creating the impossible. As long as you wish so, I will take care of you and protect you all your life. I will never let anyone decide your Fate. Not even myself.

“Don’t be distracted by the what-if, should-have, and if-only. The one thing you choose for yourself – that is the only thing you need to focus on.”

Once she uttered those words, her presence in his mind completely vanished. It was as if she fled because she was embarrassed by her own words.

Standing up in the vast void of his mind with the sea beneath his feet and the sky above his head, Sol couldn’t help but laugh lightly. Most of the pressure in his heart was gone.

Humans were truly mysterious beings.

Sometimes, rather than hundreds of words of encouragement were not as valuable as the simple knowledge that everything wasn’t on your shoulder.

At this very moment, Tiamat had chosen her words very well. Giving him once again a way out, helped him reaffirm his determination. He knew what he wanted and knew how hard he had to fight to obtain it.

“Let’s do it.”

He would succeed.

No matter what.

—

On the outside world, Tiamat was standing alone as she slowly put Sol's naked body in the blood pool.

The normal pool was filled with the blood of different dragons that died during the war. This was a way for the old generation to bless and strengthen the future generation. Tiamat had also added a little bit of her blood to it to boost the overall quality.

But the current pool was different. The blood in it came exclusively from all her direct children, Blaze included, as well as the blood of all dragons that have managed to reach the King level.

Furthermore, during the last few weeks since Sol came to the Dragon territory, she had been steadily pouring her own blood into it. Though she stopped doing so after Skuld warned her about Ymir's possible attack.

Even then, with how much she already put in it, she was sure that Sol would become a completely changed man once he went out.

Of course, it was impossible for Sol to absorb all the blood in it even if he wished. The amount of pure energy in that pool was enough to make a few stars explode. Even a King level wouldn’t be able to

absorb all this energy. But this didn't matter. She just needed Sol to absorb as much as possible and the transition from one level to another was the best possible.

'It might even strengthen some of the abilities he got from that little phoenix.'

She was brought out of her musing as she felt a presence behind her,

"Why did you say this at the end, Tiamat?"

Turning around, Tiamat looked down at the intruder, a pink-skinned short woman, and immediately frowned, "Skuld. I do not believe I have asked you and the other two to wait outside?"

"I wanted to. But I couldn't help myself. After all your words were truly surprising."

Tiamat simply continued to look down on Skuld with an impassive face, her eyes showing a calculating light which caused Skuld to chuckle.

"Are you assessing how much me and my sister are worth now? Deciding whether to get rid of us since we have no use now? Or perhaps you will kill us after we finish weaving the web of time?"

"So you knew I wanted to get rid of you?"

Since they were at this juncture, Tiamat showed no intention in hiding her hostility anymore. But she was curious,

"Since you can see the future so well. Why provoke me even though you know it does nothing but increase my killing intent?"

"Because I hate you."

Skuld stopped there, not uttering the rest of her thoughts for she knew that if she did, she would surely die.

After all, she did not simply hate Tiamat. From the very bottom of her heart, she despised her. Tiamat's existence is a stain on her eyes and every second Skuld had to spend next to Tiamat made her feel like she was drinking from a poisoned well.

Even as she spoke such vicious words and thought of even more vicious things, the smile on Skuld's face never once slipped.

"What a surprise. I feel exactly the same."

Tiamat was not Sol. While she acted as if she believed in Skuld, this was simply because she did want to prepare for all possibilities. That was all.

In the first place, the term 'betrayal' was created because only those in whom you believed could betray you. How could an enemy betray you? Only allies could.

Slowly the killing intent of Tiamat began to feel the room. Like a cold chill, it invaded the body of Skuld, making it shiver in fear. But while her body betrayed her, her mind was all the more clear.

"I really want to kill you right here right now."

“But you won’t. Because I still have my use.”

“Indeed. While you and your sister are weaving, Sheherazade will bless your work with her Wishes. This should increase your power in affecting time. Pushing us toward the most desired end.”

“This is also why you don’t want us to approach darling.”

“You are right. While I am gone, this place will be off limit, I will make sure of it.”

Silence fell and the tension was slowly about to bring a result no one would have wanted, when...

“Kyaaa! I can’t believe it! The true Tiamat!? Oh, my goddess! Oh, my goddess! This is so fricking cool!”

All tension as well as Tiamat’s killing intent suddenly vanished because of the sudden outburst.

Following those screams worthy of the most extraordinary fangirl, Sheherazade flew in the room accompanied to Verdandi who sported a tired expression.

‘How can such a small fairy have such a loud voice.’

Watching Tiamat show a strained smile as Sheherazade began to pester her, Skuld couldn’t help but chuckle.

‘I owe her.’

This intervention was rather in extremis. Just a few seconds more and they would have come to blow. Or rather...Tiamat would have put her in her place. Skuld knew that she was no match for the Dragon Emperess.

Massaging her temple, she groaned a little.

“Sis.”

Verdandi was a little startled at the sudden call, “What’s the matter.”

“Use your power. I cannot observe the most immediate future anymore.”

There was only one reason why Skuld's future sight was restrained now.

‘Demi-gods level powerhouses are on the move.’

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Chapter 288: CH 258:ON THE MOVE(2)

No one, not even the Goddesses were truly omniscient in this world. The future was composed of an innumerable number of possibilities and the more powerful one was, the more impact they had on the future.

They said that the flaps of the wings of a butterfly in one zone could create a tornado in another to illustrate how the smallest things could change greatly the final result.

Then what about the movements of a whale?

For the time stream, people at the level of demigods were super great whales. One decision of a demigod could decide the life or death of an entire realm. This was how much impact and influence they had.

This was why, for Seer, it was extremely hard to observe the future when a powerhouse was involved. The water would become too murky for them. If they forced themselves they would see a future where the said powerhouse wasn't involved. Which of course would give them erroneous information.

This was the limitation of seers. Even someone as powerful as Skuld could not escape those limitations.

But what about Verdandi?

"There may be a limitless amount of future. But at any one moment, there is only one present. The here and now. There are no unknown variables."

Skuld smirked while Verdandi throw a glance at Tiamat, "Do I have the permission?"

"Do as you wish."

Verdandi nodded and closed her eyes for a few seconds. When she finally opened them again, the black sclera had devoured all the light of her eyes.

Even though there was no wind, her hair began to move widely on her head.

"Oh! What is she doing!?"

Skuld gave a smile at this question, "Did you know that all powers, all skills can be divided into three great roads or rather three paths? The Path of Omnipotence, the Path Omniscience and the Path of Omnipresence."

Tiamat stayed silent when Skuld mentioned this. After all, this was indeed the case. The legends said that the Origin goddesses, Chaos and Order, possessed those three qualities. As such, all powerhouses, knowingly or unknowingly, walked on one or more of those three roads.

People like Anubis and Ambrosia walked the path of Omnipotence. As for Tiamat, she walked the path of Omnipotence and Omniscience. Though she had way less success on the second path.

"This should be no brainer. But we three sisters walk the path of Omniscience. Logically you would think since I can see the future I am the farthest on this path but you will be wrong. My big sis, Ud is the closest to this and Verdandi comes second." [1]

Her smile stretched further, showing how proud she was, "I can see the future, but I am limited by the amount of futures I can see. Verdandi can see everything that is happening in the present. Anywhere...Everywhere."

"Wooo..." Sheherazade opened her mouth wide, unable to contain her shock.

Tiamat snorted but she had to accept it. This was one of the reasons why those three sisters were treated as VIPs despite some restrictions even after they became traitors.

Those three were any strategist's wet dream and were the nightmare of the opposite camps. She couldn't count how many times they made a plan only to be screwed up because of those three.

It wasn't for nothing that the 14 goddesses had to create an entire second generation of divine beasts.

Still,

"Humph. Don't act as if it's such an almighty power."

Skuld shrugged, "You are right. At the end of the day, we aren't the true incarnation of time. For one, there is a limit on the amount of information she can observe at one moment. Secondly, she has difficulty observing territory or Owned dimension."

This was indeed so. No one was truly omniscient and the Norns sisters weren't the exception. The larger the zone Verdandi tried to cover was, the more strenuous it was for her. The same happened when she wished to observe zone that were extremely far away from her. This still made for a pretty impressive power. Even more so when Ud was present to support Verdandi.

"Big sis isn't present. But at the very least she should be able to inspect everything in the territory and the surroundings outside of it."

Verdandi stayed silent for a few moments before she closed her eyes. The switch from being all-seeing to simply seeing was always strenuous.

"How was it?"

"I inspected the surroundings. Nothing is happening yet in the Nine heavens or the Seven Hells. But outside of the territory, I could feel some changes in the void."

"Following the thread, I found a bunch of criminals in crossroads. Way more than usual. It's as if there is some kind of grand criminal meeting. Though none of them seems able to guess why they were assembled."

Skuld frowned and bit her lips a little. "There wasn't any outside intervention in the previous timeline."

"Did they change plans?"

"Indeed. Most likely the Chaos side must have gotten some revelation. At least enough to make them Polish their plans."

Skuld was dissatisfied. She would have loved for everything to be like last time so that they could anticipate everything.

But life never worked like that.

"Should we change our plans?"

Skuld asked Tiamat but all she received was shrugs.

"The problem here is Ymir. The situation will change depending on what states I will be in after I take on her attack."

While saying so she sent a whisper to Kiyohime,

"Warn your siblings and prepare the Islands. We are about to start."

[???

"So, will we rely on those thugs to do the job?"

"Of course not. Those people are just throwaways. We will use them as cannon fodder to reduce our loss. Furthermore, Nihil will face the heavy part with the other Titans."

In place hidden, a place where no light shone. Two people were discussing, their features obscured by special hoods they were wearing.

"Heh... Oh well. You are the mastermind here. Still, what about the other plan?"

"We got the Sword of Lustburg and we have the sword of Gluttony Foss thanks to you. Eins [2] is going after the dwarves' kingdom so we should have an answer soon and it isn't impossible to fool the Wolf king. The boss will work on finding the sword of the angels. So truly we are quite far ahead."

"Hahaha. What glorious news. I guess soon, this world shall know the true meaning of freedom."

The two of them smiled under their hood, while hidden in the darkness.

"The operation will start once the signal is given. My target is the Phoenix girl to Heal my soul and possibly restrain Anubis later. Though I believe it's impossible. Your target is Sol. Simple, right?"

"Indeed. He is essential in unlocking Mother's seal. Though I am curious. What will be the Signal?"

"Trust me. You will know when you see it."

Drei smiled as he looked far ahead. Of course, he had a second goal alongside capturing Isis.

That was...'I am sure she will be on my side.'

If she did...No.

Once she did, he would never have to worry about his soul again. In fact, he might even be able to reconstruct his entire body.

"For a better world."

"For a world of true absolute Freedom."

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 289: CH 259: FLAMES OF WAR

Sol felt like he was in a dream.

His consciousness was slowly sinking in the abyss of his mind. A world full of water and darkness where not even a speck of light could be seen.

The moment his body has been plunged into the dragon blood pool, it began to boil as his body is destroyed and reconstructed.

This process had already begun the moment Sol accepted the power of Isis and like Tiamat thought, the two processes amplified each other in a perfect synergy.

Like a sword being hammered by a talented smith, Sol body was undergoing world shaking change that would make even Tiamat open her eyes wide if she could truly understand what was happening.

But the changes that were happening weren't only skin deep. His very essence was changing. So much that it was becoming hard to say if he was truly still a dragon hybrid.

A dragon that was unlike any dragon.

A dragon that had the power of a phoenix and that of a human.

Even as he sank deeper in the dark and seemingly endless sea, Sol who was feeling faint, thought about humans and what was their power.

The only race who was not born with the ability to use mana from birth.

The only race that could harness power from other races as long as they had enough capacity.

A human who obtained enough power from a contract would see his body change and adjust to fit the power better thereby fundamentally changing what he was initially.

In a way, humans were the weakest race but they were also the most absolute race for the simple reason that the body of every human housed an infinite amount of possibility.

For humans, the path they had to follow was clear.

It was one of omnipotence.

But was it truly enough? No matter how talented a human was, the number of contracts they could form was ultimately limited. Even Sol, who had the highest CP in human history had a limit to the amount of contract he could hold.

Sol then thought about Dimensional mage.

Such beings were the closest thing to a god in their own dimension. They had power that could even overwrite the authority of the Goddesses when inside of it. The same way Tiamat could isolate her everything from their sights at will.

But even there, there was a limit. The limit of dimensional mages lay mainly in what kind of dimension they had. The special attribute of their dimensions determined their authority.

But this was where something different appeared. While the authority was limited, Dimensional mages had the ability to be near-omniscient in their own dimensions.

It was a very limited form of omniscience. A power that could not be fully utilized because of the limit of their mortal mind. But no matter what, the truth of the matter was that.

All dimensional mages could mainly follow the path of Omniscience.

Slowly, where once only darkness could be found, light began to gather.

Sol did not know this. His mind was busy wandering as he realized all the truth that mattered to him.

Who he was. What were his limits, and where did his goals lay?

He was a dimensional mage. A mage whose dimension had limit different from the rest.

Sol remembered the words of his Other Self.

A Sol from a world that did not exist anymore.

A Sol from a world that should have never existed in the first place.

The Reverse world.

The mirror dimension as he once called it.

A place where all rules and concepts were inverted.

His dimension had theoretically had no limit be it in size or abilities since it was a full copy of the universe they lived in.

Didn't this mean that as the master of said dimension his power should also have no limit?

Thump

His heart that had become as still as a calm lake begin to beat once again.

Thump *Thump*

The eternal silence of the deep sea seemed now filled with sounds.

Thump *Thump* *Thump*

The inner world of Sol itself seemed to shake as the realization of Who he was and What were his limits finally settled in his mind.

But then, what was his goal?

Why did he fight so much, tooth and nail?

To survive?

It wasn't wrong. You had to live in order to enjoy life. In this fucked up world, Survival was always the main goal to strive for.

Then did he just want to survive?

This was wrong. Survival alone was not enough.

He didn't just want to survive like a pitiful dog. He wanted something more.

Then, was his goal to protect his loved ones?

Once again this wasn't wrong. Despite his desire to survive, Sol was ready to give away his life to protect those he loved.

But...Was it truly the only reason he wanted power?

Then the answer was no.

In the end, it all came to this.

The first time he vowed to become stronger.

Back then when he could do nothing more than beg the goddesses to forgive and keep the life of Camelia.

What was nothing more than a game for them was a matter of life and death for him.

The humiliation and the pain he felt at the realization that he was nothing more than a chess piece bound to the whims of superior beings he couldn't even come close to was something he would never forget.

But even then, he never thought of surpassing them.

How could he? Sol was someone very rational. Overly so in time. How could he even imagine reaching a level where he could face Beings that were so powerful that he couldn't even look at their bare face without risking his sanity?

But then...

Everything changed after he meet Tiamat.

The Dragon Empress. One of the few False gods in existence in this world.

The goddesses, despite how almighty they looked could do nothing against her.

No matter how angry they were, they could only silently accept her tantrums.

Why?

Because she was strong.

Because she could challenge them.

Because she had long since transcended the boundary and reached the horizon.

A dazzling being. A mighty being.

Someone worthy of respect. Someone he admired.

And that person said,

“Goddesses are nothing more than that.”

Indeed.

For all their power, Goddesses were neither completely omniscient nor omnipotent. Much less omnipresent.

In the grand scheme of things, they were simply powerful beings. Not unreachable entities.

Sol wanted to become strong.

Not just for survival.

Not just to protect his loved one.

But first and foremost for himself.

For his own happiness. For his own joy. For his own goals.

Because he was a Selfish prince rather than a hero.

Bang

Sol felt his back hit the bottom of the sea in his mind.

He was honestly surprised since it thought it was a bottomless sea but nothing was infinite in this world.

Looking down at the door, Sol instinctively knew.

This wasn't just any door.

Thump *Thump* *Thump*

His heart keeps beating erratically. His breathing was shallow and his mind blurry.

As if everything that mattered in existence was that gate. The only obstacle between him and greater power.

This was why...

Gathering all his strength...

Sol pushed the gate.

At the same moment...The exterior world was plunged into the flame of War.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 290: CH 260:FLAME OF WAR(2)

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A few moments ago, while Tiamat was observing the evolution of Sol's body she was interrupted by Verdandi.

"Empress. It seems like your backyard is about to go on fire."

Tiamat froze a little,

"Position."

"On the 7th heaven. One of the lower islands."

The 7th heaven was the place where most dragons lived. Thinking about the speculations they had, Tiamat focused on the place and what she saw made her blood boil in anger.

She could see a few dragons in human form holding red rings and bleeding. They were on a completely isolated floating island, inside a hidden cave, and said the cave was covered in hiding runes to cover their aura.

Clearly, this wasn't something that was made out of the blue.

When Tiamat heard them mutter the name of Marduk and Apsu [1] while praying to the crimson lady, she knew that there was no more doubt to have.

Tiamat's lips twitched when she felt a dimensional door trying to open in her territory. Had she been taken unaware, it would have been too late for her to close it before it was anchored.

But now?

'I thought I eradicated all the traitors back then.'

Even as she cursed inwardly, she crushed those nascent portals before they could do any harm.

"Hehe! It seems like I was right?"

Tiamat sighed, distraught, but was unable to counter Skuld's mocking laugh.

When they were preparing for this fight, the first thing Sol told them was to beware of traitors.

It was clear that his experience with the Wing of Freedom had shown him how enticed the force of Chaos could be.

She remembered clearly Skuld's words

"Back then no traitor appeared in my knowledge but you should know that, unlike fate, the future is never fixed.

"Furthermore, you already have a history with traitors in your territory. So who knows?"

"At the very least, the force of Chaos should know that the future changed even if they don't exactly know how. Then it's clear they would answer appropriately."

—

From the current situation, it seemed that heeding that advice had been the right decision. This did not erase the somewhat bitter feeling in her heart. Those portals clearly belonged to Nihil. Should they have opened, the causality of the approaching battle would have increased tremendously.

At this thought, her eyes grew cold and all bitter feeling she might have vanished,

"Kill them."

Her expression showed no hesitation nor guilt.

Since those dragons became traitors, Tiamat did not see them as Dragons anymore. They were now nothing more than trash.

Trashes that were dirtying a clean house and as such, needed to be cleaned up.

For such people—death was nothing more than the lightest punishment.

Tiamat wished to act personally but she couldn't. She had to keep 100% of her focus to prepare for Ymir.

'I am sorry, my dear daughter.'

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On the 8th heaven, after receiving this order, Kiyohime stood up, her expression downcast but resolute.

She already had the blood of many dragons on her hands. It was too late to hesitate now.

This was the beginning of the war.

The only sad thing was...This war would begin with death and blood on their side.

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Somewhere else, in a world filled with a red moon, a red-winged angel with blonde hair and red eyes sat on a rectangular table as she looked high up in the cloudless sky.

All around her, people of different appearances and colors sat with heavy expressions,

"Herald, is the plan a failure from the start?"

One of them finally couldn't hold back in the oppressive silence and asked.

The others tensed a little. During the short time they had spent together, they had come to know that the woman known as Nihil, or the Herald as they called her, could become even more vicious than a chaos spawn that went hungry for hundreds of years if she was triggered.

Thankfully, Nihil answered to them with a smile,

"Not particularly so. While it would have been beautiful to succeed, let's not make the mistake of forgetting who this particular realm belongs to."

They all gulped. The reputation of the Dragon Empress was forged on the blood and bones of people of their races.

How could they forget her? How could they underestimate her?

"Either way, this is just the first step of the plan my strategist formulated."

All the eyes turned to the man that was sitting a little further apart from the table with his back hunched because of a fitting cough

Most of them frowned with disgust while a few smirked in mockery but all in all few of them held respect in their eyes. Even though the man, or the skeleton, standing was sorta king-ranked being.

The reason for the disdain was clear, like Divine beasts, they hated necromancy and all undead creatures. But for reasons different but strangely similar to that of Divine beasts.

The first one was that no one liked to be reminded of their mortality. No matter how strong they were, they would all die as long as they didn't transcend.

The second reason was that necromancers were crazy bastards who could use anything for their undead creation. Even if that thing came from a demigod.

Finally and perhaps interestingly, they hated that undead were so-imply rotting food and so could not be eaten.

While Anubis wasn't born during the Great war. He did participate in some small-scale or big wars later down the line and he terrorized many Titans with his undead legion.

Taking in all those regards, Drei took no slight for he simply did not care,

"As I said, the fact that Skuld and Verdandi entered Tiamat territory means that all most of our previous plans needed to be revised."

Drei breathed deeply as the wound on his soul made itself remember. That pain had been with him since the attack on Lustburg and he was becoming crazy.

"Initially we should have kept our sleeping agents for other missions. Corrupting dragons is in no way easy after all. But the situation called for a new way."

To corrupt mortals, you just needed to promise them; food, longevity, and money, and that would be it. The number of old nobles ready to sell their souls for a few more years to live was insane.

But for Dragons and other divine beats, it was near impossible. After all, they already had everything.

This was why keeping care of the sleeping agent was

Drei shrugged, "Rather than keeping and wasting those agents, better use them as Cannon fodder to weaken the dragon realm as much as possible. Because let's be honest....If Tiamat is at full power ...No, what I am saying. If she is even at 50% of her power, then you would be only rushing to your death if you jump out now."

They all groaned but none of them could refute. Tiamat was simply too strong.

"Speaking of, Nihil.... Were you able to contact him?"

Tiamat was simply a monster. Even though they had ten of demigods present here, Drei was sure that this number would not be enough.

Nihil was powerful but she still needed time to reach a new level. For such an operation, having a bunch of cannon fodder was good. But they also needed that one super powerful being that could keep Tiamat in check.

Thankfully,

“Do not worry. Once we start, he will come.”

If he had lungs, Drei would have let out a sigh of relief and from the way the atmosphere in the room changed, everyone was feeling the same.

“Well then. This opportunity is quite hard to come by. Let’s do our best.”

Nihil said so as she stood up and dismissed everyone.

Now alone with her old friend, she couldn’t hide her worry,

“Drei, your double is working with those outlaws, right?”

“Indeed.”

“Despite that, are you sure you want to come with your true body once the fight starts?”

Currently, Drei was barely keeping his power as a King.

“Would you even be able to summon your legion?”

Drei gave a flickering gaze, “It’s the occasion to finally see my old friend. Furthermore, I need my true body to be present to receive treatments.”

“But this doesn’t mean you should come on the field! Furthermore, what makes you believe your so-called friend will help you? 700 years already gone past, do you think she will betray her family for you?”

The bonny knuckle of Drei tightened on his staff, anger, and fury clearly evident despite his skeleton face but even then Drei did not lash out. For 700 Years since he was in the underworld, the one he relied on was the sealed Nihil. It’s thanks to her that he did manage to keep a hold on his sanity and he knew that she just wanted to protect him.

“I believe in her. I believe that she will see the truth of our way. I have researched what she did during those 700 years and I am sure that I am right.”

Drei was a natural undead. Someone who managed to bring himself back from the gate of death through pure obsession.

His obsession were his hatred of the injustice of the world, the pain at the loss of his sister, and his sadness at the loss of a precious friend.

Those obsessions were the drive of his unlife. The fuel that keeps his fire burning. The moment those obsessions vanished, like a vengeful ghost that was purified, he would simply crumble and vanish.

This was why he could not, not believe in Nent.

“Do not worry, Nihil. Once I bring her to you, I am sure you will appreciate her.”

Nihil gazed deeply at one of the few people she could call a friend. In fact, aside from Eins, Drei was her one and only friend. Someone dear to her heart.

This was why, in front of his steadfast decision, all she could do was accept his decision and act accordingly.