

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 29: CH 27: CROWN'S SHADOW

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Thanks. It also made me really happy."

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

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

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

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

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

'Man, her throat has no end.'

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

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

'Wait what the fuck I am doing?'

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

'Get a grip.'

'But this is so good.'

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

Finally, with a mighty kick, the devil won.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"...!"

"*Groan* Be careful, I am coming."

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

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

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

Gulp

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

It was a code that he had created with Edea.

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

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

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

This message simply means, [obverse me].

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

But...

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

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

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

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

Still, it was just a speculation.

"Sol?"

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

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

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

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

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

'So this was then.'

She immediately made the link with his mana awakening.

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

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

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

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

Sigh

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Milia walked slowly before taking one knee in front of Sol, a serious almost religious expression on her face, "I am Milia. One of the five fingers and leader of the hand division of the crown's shadow. Sol. You and you alone are worthy of our loyalty. You are the legitimate king. Lilith, for all her merits, is only a substitute. There are some secrets she can never be privy to."

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

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

"I see."

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

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

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

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

Sigh

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

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

Chapter 30: CH 28: FIRST FRIEND

Woshhh

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

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

'I did not feel sick this time.'

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

"Welcome, your highness."

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

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

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

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

He could feel a slight enmity but more of a large curiosity in the way she was looking at him, but he did not really care. There was no way an enemy could be standing so boldly

here. Not even Echidna would dare. After all, churches, all seven of them, were seen as special asylums.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her flabbergasted expression was truly a sight to behold.

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

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

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

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

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

'Calm down Chloe. Calm down.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sol didn't have any friends.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Happy to meet you, Sol."

Chapter 31: CH 29: SAINT FALL (1)

It didn't take long for Sol to reach the innermost room of the church.

Even though he came regularly in the church, it was the first time he came to this zone. Along the way, they had met many patrols and inspections, showing just how important this place was.

"We are here."

Sol marveled at the scene carved on the black and white gate. A woman with fourteen girls behind her, all of them wearing golden robes on the white side of the gate, facing them was another woman wearing a bright red robe on the black side of the gate. Every one of them had no face, giving the scene a strange, creepy atmosphere.

"Mother order and the fourteen goddesses against Chaos."

Chloe's voice brought him back from his fascination. It wasn't the first time he saw such pictures and he also knew what they represented. But he wasn't particularly interested in talking about religion right now.

What bothered him right now was the enormous amount of mana he could feel from the other side. He nearly asked Chloe about it before remembering that people shouldn't know he had awakened. Chloe seemed trustworthy. But it didn't matter.

"Forget it, let's go."

Chloe shook her head at Sol urging as she said, "I can't enter here anymore. The ritual she prepared is already at its last step. Only you can enter."

Sol nodded and began to walk slowly toward the door. But he was about to open it, "Sol..."

"Hum?" He tilted his head at Chloe murmur from behind him.

"I hope that you will take care of her." Her voice sounded low and threatening as she continued, "What aunt Camelia is doing, is a supreme ritual and a form of cheating. What more it seems that she made an even more outrageous demand. Our world is regulated by contract and equivalent price. The price she has to pay for this ritual isn't something you can imagine."

Thump

A bad feeling bloomed in his heart. He stopped paying attention to Chloe's words, instead, he opened the door and rushed in.

The door immediately closed behind him.

Chloe, now alone, looked sadly at the door before turning around and going away. Her presence was currently useless and whatever happened, she knew her aunt was ready for it.

The first thing that caught Sol's attention as he entered the circular room was a strong metallic scent.

'Blood.'

The second thing that caught his attention was the beautiful naked woman standing on a hexagram drawn on the ground with magical circles floating all around her.

'Camelia.'

He couldn't see her face, since she was showing her back to him, but he was sure that it was her.

He wanted to shout her name but he held back since he feared disturbing her ritual. Whatever she was doing, was truly a high level.

An overpowering and crushing pressure-filled the room. Each step was more difficult than the last, and even breathing was difficult. The otherwise short distance that should have been covered in a few seconds, took nearly one minute.

"Hello Sol, I was waiting for you."

The weary voice of Camelia sounded in his ears once he was close to the circle.

"How are you?" It was truly a dumb question and Sol knew it, the chuckle that escaped Camelia told him she also knew it, but he didn't know what else to ask.

"I can't say that I am fine, but soon everything will be alright."

Sol frowned, "Turn and face me." He asked with a rather harsh tone. A hunch filling him with dread.

"*Sigh*" Camelia shoulders slumped a little before she slowly turned to face him. At first view, everything was alright, but—

"Your eyes..." Sol's voice trembled as he said that. One of the usual blue eyes of Camelia, the right one, was now of a simple and common black.

Seeing the wry smile on her face Sol took another deeper look at her. His enhanced senses allowing him to spot other details.

"Y-your h-hair."

This time it wasn't just a hunch anymore, her hair was still her usual golden, but the roots were... Black.

Golden hair and blue eyes.

It was the sign of an innate blessing of the goddesses.

This blessing was the most important criteria to become a Supreme daughter or a king.

Losing this blessing means losing the qualifications.

"Just. What are you? Doing?"

Camelia didn't lose her smile even in face of Sol's anger, she kept looking at him with the same look. One filled with love and longing, "Just what I should do."

"Saint fall. This is the name of the ritual."

"I don't care what the name of that ritual is. Stop it now."

He wanted to rush and extract her out of the hexagram, but he feared making things worse by acting rashly.

Camelia on the other hand completely ignored him as she continued to stand her with a smile. The golden color of her hair slowly vanishing.

"Sol, the most fundamental law of this world is the principle of contract and every contract has a price. The most direct example is how witch who gets power from a contract with Asmodeus with their fertility and much more as the price."

"Please, you can explain all that later. Now stop this."

Camelia nodded to herself and continued to ignore him. "Nuns can obtain power from the goddess they serve. This is also a form of contract. We do not need to have high capacity like normal people. We just need to be devout. In exchange, we can only obtain as much power as the goddess is willing to give."

Sol knew all that, but he didn't know where she was going.

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"-You must lose your blessings."

Sol finished for her, fists clenched. It didn't take a genius to guess where this was going.

"Exact. Ding Ding Ding. Sol is as smart as always."

"Why? You know that the king automatically gets one wish once he takes the throne. You could have waited for it."

"No," Camelia's smile turned wry, "The divine wish of the king cannot exceed the rules. The divine wish bestowed by Saint's fall, on the other hand, can do it."

Sol closed his eyes as he breathed deeply in and out to control himself. It was useless to keep trying to stop her. Since this was so, he swept his hair with his hand as he asked,

"I guess the divine wish of the king cannot help you get back your blessings."

Camelia didn't bother answering. The loss of the divine blessing was the price for breaking the rules. So, how could a wish that was contained within the rules give it back?

A deep golden aura began to emanate from Sol as he once again did his best to control his anger. Today was supposed to be perfect. He had finally broken the wall of Edea's

heart, he had become closer to Lilith and even found Milia secret. Finally, he had awakened. So why?

Camelia on the other hand showed an expression of surprise before elation showed on it, "Incredible! You awakened! This will make things so much easier."

She finally walked out of the hexagram and took Sol in a hug. Sol on the other hand simply closed his eyes, a feeling of powerlessness filling him.

"You will lose your blessings."

"I know."

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"No, I will not lose everything. After all," she looked up to him and gave him a light kiss on the lips, "I still have you. Or, " A mischievous smile formed on her face, "Would you discard me once I become useless?"

A bittersweet feeling his heart as he hugged her back, "Of course not."

'What did I do to be worthy of such women?'

"Hey, Sol..." A light blush covered her cheeks as she said, "The ritual still lack one last component. At the end of the day. We are both under Castitas and Luxuria. So..."

"Oh!" Light of understanding flashed in his eyes.

He wasn't really in the mood initially, but now that he was less upset, he remembered that he was holding a beautiful and voluptuous naked woman in his arms. This realization was immediately followed by a stiffening of a certain part of his body.

"Hehe! Seems like little Sol is finally happy to see me. But we will have to wait."

She took his hand and slowly began to pull him toward the hexagram.

The very moment Sol took a step on it, the scarlet hexagram went alight.

Camelia infused her remaining mana in her voice as she murmured,

"We need your blood for the final touch."

A ceremonial dagger inlaid with gold and jewels appeared in her hand and she looked at Sol with a questioning glance. Understanding what she meant, Sol took the dagger from her hand and slit the palm of his right hand before clenching his fist.

Blood slowly, very slowly began to dribble from his palm. The wound, to the surprise of Sol already showing signs of closing. Finally

Drip

With a splash, one drop of his blood touched the hexagram.

"I, Camelia Castitas. Suprême daughter of Castitas, beseech the goddesses to accept my request on the behalf of Sol Luxuria, crown prince and future king of Lustburg."

The hexagram immediately went from a deep scarlet to a deep golden.

A flash of light immediately enveloped them.

The very world seemed to fall silent in the wake of the power. As an aura of authority enveloped not only the ritual room but the totality of the capital.

No matter where they were, people could see a pillar of light coming from the church and reaching the sky.

No matter who they were, all bowed in submission in the face of power that they could never hope to understand.

Back at the ritual room, one sweet voice sounded in Sol and Camelia's ear.

[We are listening.]

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The hexagram immediately went from a deep scarlet to a deep golden.

A flash of light immediately enveloped them.

The very world seemed to fall silent in the wake of the power. As an aura of authority enveloped not only the ritual room but the totality of the capital.

No matter where they were, people could see a pillar of light coming from the church and reaching the sky.

No matter who they were, all bowed in submission in the face of power that they could never hope to understand.

Back at the ritual room, one sweet voice sounded in Sol and Camelia's ear.

[We are listening.]

Chapter 32: CH 30: SAINT FALL (2)

[We are listening.]

A seemingly soft voice sounded in the air. But for Sol, it was like being blasted by the biggest stereo in the world.

He took two unsteady steps before immediately taking Camelia in his hands. She seemed to have fainted. He didn't know why. Even with most of her power gone, she should have been way stronger than him.

Giggle

[How c-"How cute. It's really heartwarming that your first action was taking care of my rebellious daughter."

The voice, that previously sounded as if the sky was falling on him sounded suddenly far less dangerous.

Gathering his wit, he began to observe his surroundings, only to be awed by the sights.

He didn't know where they were, but they were definitely not in the church anymore.

A landscape that seemed to reach the horizon. A black sky full of stars. A soft breeze.

'It's like Teacher's world.'

"Please, do not compare my divine kingdom to a simple alternate dimension."

This voice was different from the previous one. If the previous one was kind and soft, the new one was charming and sensual.

Slowly raising his head, he saw that just above him, fourteen thrones made out of silver were gently floating and all of them except one were occupied.

One didn't need to be some kind of genius to understand who they were facing.

'So those are the goddesses.'

Step *Step*

The sound of the grass being crunched on brought his attention back to the ground.

The sound of those steps brought his attention away from the thrones.

Looking toward the direction those steps were coming from, he saw that they were coming from a woman.

She was wearing beautiful form-fitting golden dresses that seemed to show all her indecent curves. The skirt of the dress was so short that one would be able to see nirvana with just one blow of the wind. Her steps were full of grace and full of charm. This vision was heaven itself.

But, the moment he tried to look at their face,

'Huh?!'

He immediately understood that it was a mistake he should have never committed.

People say. "Never look at the sun with your naked eyes."

For Sol, looking at the sun at noon would have been smarter than what he just did.

All his thoughts immediately crashed down quite literally.

"...!!"

It was disorienting. His reason broke down, and blood boiled up in his body like a furnace. His thoughts stopped the moment he saw her face.

Her beauty, which was too fatal to be praised as beautiful, pierced into Sol's eyes. He couldn't explain the features he was looking at. The sight of this beauty which was outside the human domain of cognition was almost like a mental attack.

No, it could only be expressed as a mental attack.

'D-Damn, what is with this face...?' His eyes felt like they were melting away as he looked at the goddess's face.

An intrigued smile formed on her face as she walked closer to him.

"N-no.'

His five senses were running wild with desire for her, urging him to let go of his strings of reason. Urging him to lay down with her and forget everything. He wanted to fuck her. **** her. Make a mess of her. Cover her with his scent.

'I-I refuse.'

Something screamed in him.

That he shouldn't let go of his reason.

That he shouldn't listen to the urge that was burning him.

"Hah... If you look at me with those eyes, I am going to become shy, okay?" The corners of her mouth raised slightly, seemingly amused by his struggle.

The moment he heard his voice, his reason nearly completely melted away.

He understood.

This was a sin.

This was a god.

This was something that stood outside of human capacity to understand.

No male creature could resist her. Sol's instincts stopped responding as soon as he realized this fact

If he persevered more than this, his brains would boil up and he would die.

It wasn't a probability. But a fact. A reality. Her beauty was an authority. Something that could not be defied.

Urgh

His eyes were bleeding. His nose was bleeding. His skin was turning red.

The woman looked at Sol's state in shock before murmuring. "Impressive."

Shortly after that, Sol's head became as cold as ice as if doused by a bucket of cold water.

Huff *Huff* *Huff*

He nearly kneeled down, but since he was still holding Camelia in his arms, he did his all to not fall.

What does an ant feel when facing a human?

Sol once asked himself this question.

Back when he did so, he never really managed to reach an answer. After all, no matter what, he couldn't put himself in the place of an ant.

Now though? Now, he could perhaps understand their feelings.

No, it was way worse than that. Even the strongest human couldn't destroy the mind of an ant with a look.

In conclusion, in front of a goddess, he wasn't even fit to be called a bug.

It was truly a bitter thought. A sobering thought.

"Fufufu. You are the third man to see my face and not immediately become a slave to your desire. I am really impressed."

Sol wasn't happy in the slightest. But it didn't matter. He lowered his head and spoke calmly.

"I am honored to face you. My Goddess."

If he still didn't understand who she was at this point, then he should just kill himself.

This woman was a goddess. His goddess. The goddess of lust. Luxuria.

Thankfully, whatever she did, her voice didn't seem to melt his reason anymore and her face became obscured by a sort of veil.

"My, my my~! And you are polite to boot!! and so calm. Not even Mars's display was as good as your when he saw me for the first time."

"I thank you for the compliment." He answered as calmly as possible while inspecting his body. It was already beginning to heal so there was at least one good news.

It seemed that his father was one of the two before him who she mentioned. Well, it didn't really surprise him.

But, this wasn't the time to speak about that.

"Please goddess. Is it possible to cancel Camelia's ritual? I do not know what she asked for. But I do not think it's necessary."

"Oh?" He couldn't see her face, but from the movement of her veil, it seemed that she had raised an eyebrow in wonder. "Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Even if I tell you that one of her demands was for you to obtain a contract with a direct daughter of the sacred Phoenix?"

Sol's breath stopped short. A direct descendant of a divine beast. That one would be at the same level as his mother. At least in terms of pedigree. If he obtained such a contract, no one would doubt that he could reach a level close, similar, or higher than his father.

He didn't even have the time to answer before she continued,

"Even I tell you that she asked for your bloodline to be refined?"

Thump

His mother was the direct daughter of Tiamat. If his blood was refined. Him obtaining a core would go from an uncertainty to an absolute. Even without a contract, he would without a doubt grow into a powerhouse.

"Even if I tell you that she asked for you to have the right to obtain full access to the Astral world?"

Sol was shivering.

Not in joy.

Not in anticipation.

But in absolute fear.

'That crazy woman!!!'

Sol couldn't help but curse inwardly.

This world was dominated by the principle of contract and exchange.

Everything required a price.

Just how much would she have to pay for all those demands?

He nearly screamed in frustration but took a deep breath to calm himself.

All those things were extremely attractive. Obtaining any of them would be enough for him to wake up in the night and laugh out loud in joy.

But-

"Please. I ask you to cancel it."

He gently put down Camelia's body before kneeling down and bowing with his head deep against the ground.

Saint fall stripped the Saint who used the spell of his blessing in exchange for the right to make a demand that went above the rules.

He didn't know just how much was allowed, but he was absolutely sure that the request of Camelia was above any Saint fall ever performed.

"I beg you. Please."

Shame? Humiliation? Anger?

Sol felt none of that as he repeatedly begged Luxuria.

The women around Sol could pay everything to help him.

He could do the same.

"I see..." Luxuria drawled as she put a finger under her chin before tilting her head, mirth evident in her voice as she continued, "But I refuse."