

Hero King 291

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 291: CH 261:CONFRONTATION

War.

It was one of the things, no race, no matter how intelligent, could avoid forever.

They said that peace was only the interval entre two wars.

While floating high under the starry sky, Kiyohime couldn't but acquiesce with this saying.

She hated war.

From a practical viewpoint, it was a waste of resources.

From a sentimental viewpoint, it was a waste of life.

If at least it was a fight against the force of chaos. She would have fought heartily with no fear nor remorse.

Sadly...Once again...She had to stain her hands with the blood of her family.

“Kiyohime.”

His cap fluttering in the wind, his entire body encased in a black cloak that completely hides his features, Hydra approached Kiyohime, a frown marring his face.

He knew very well how conscientious Kiyohime was, back then he saw the sadness in her eyes while she mercilessly cut down the traitor Marduk and his group.

Most of the dragons were once under the care of Kiyohime and the more talented ones even received her personal guidance for many years.

It wouldn't be a mistake to say that Kiyohime was more of a mother for all dragons than Tiamat had ever been. Kiyohime knew each of their names and named some of them herself. Unlike Tiamat who rarely cared for any dragons, even if they were her direct children.

This was why, for many, Kiyohime was more than a Lord. She was a sister, a mother, a friend, and a master.

Hydra couldn't even begin to fathom just how heart wrenching it must have been for her to put down the children she personally raised.

Hydra Opened his mouth, intent on asking if it was possible for Welsh to take her place. But one glance from Kiyohime prompted him to close his mouth and sigh.

Those eyes of her...

They were indeed filled with sadness.

They were indeed filled with despondency and regret.

But...There was no hesitation.

“Traitors must die.”

Kiyohime spoke plainly, the chill in her voice enough to freeze the heart of the weak-minded and Hydra did not rebuke her words.

Her eyes were indeed filled with sadness and regret.

But more than anything, they were blazing with rage and a deep feeling of betrayal.

The bigger the love, the greater the hatred.

The moment they sold themselves to the enemy, there was no way to go back. Traitors had to die and because she was the one who trained and raised them—She would be the one to kill them.

The moment she opened her wings fully, all the ships began to shine with blinding light as if they were transforming into shooting stars.

They were currently above the white pearl, flying at full speed towards the Seventh Heaven.

The moment the traitors were discovered, they began to act and many traitors in different islands began to wreak havoc in all the heavens from the 7th to the 1st.

At this rate, the number of death on their side would rise sharply. This was why Kiyohime decided to deploy as much as and used her and Hydra soldiers.

A full buster call, an entire armada of 200 ships, 2 Dragon Kings, 24 pure blood elder dragons, 400 dragons of mixed blood, and more than 18000 soldiers composed of elves, spirits, and other races from the Astral world.

In this army, absolutely all the 42 Dragons were at the Duke level even if only at the entry of this level.

One had to remember that in the mortal world, none of the Seven Kingdoms outside of Slothein, the angels country, had more than 100 Dukes in their army. Meanwhile, at the King level, a kingdom would rarely have more than two King levels, three if they were lucky and four if they hit the jackpot.

The current armada alone was enough to absolutely crush any Kingdoms in the mortal world.

Sadly, what they were about to face were no mortal.

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While Kiyohime was leading the attack to quell the problem that came up internally, Fafnir and Welsh were going out with their armada in order to deal with the outside threat.

Beyond the gate of the territory, flying the void, was a large army composed of criminals in all genres and Chaos spawn.

From what Fafnir knew, it seemed that those criminals were tricked and didn't know they would face the dragons until the very last moment. But now that the arrow was thrown, they knew that they had no choice but to fight.

The armada of Fafnir and Welsh was at the same level as Kiyohime and Hydra. They had decided to use the army of the four princes as a way to help in evacuating those who were unable to fight and provide healing and help for those who could fight.

Facing them, the army of Chaos was composed of several thousand, Chaos spawn and a Fafnir could even feel a few Titans and Giants were hidden in their midst.

If Fafnir was told that they reunited all the criminals in the Astral realm, he would believe it.

All in all, an army of nearly a hundred thousand out of which, about 600 to 9000 were at the Duke level.

They were facing odds of more than 5 to 1 and they nearly had two times more Duke and a few Kings.

This was truly an overwhelming sight the like only seen during the start of the Great war.

Even then, no one in the army showed fear. They had no reason to.

After all, they had their guardian dragon with them.

The Dragon King Fafnir might not be the strongest King. But, for an army, he was the best general they could ever hope to have.

They believed in him and were ready to fight for and with him.

What they didn't know was that the admirable Fafnir was having a headache dealing with an unexpected intruder.

"I say, little lady, do you really plan to fight with us?"

"Did you forget what I am?"

Isis grinned, "I am not a helpless lady and war is where a necromancer like me, thrives the most. Furthermore..."

"Furthermore?"

"You will need my help. I can feel someone of my kind in that side."

Fafnir's eyes narrowed, "A Necromancer?"

"A King ranked Necromancer."

Isis said with a frown. She could feel the power of a King rank but it seemed diluted. Almost like a candle.

She was sure that it wasn't the main body of the necromancer. Using a fake body was a basic skill for necromancer after all.

Of course, she wasn't about to tell them that.

A groan escaped Fafni's lip at her words.

Necromancers were true game changers on a large-scale battlefield. There was nothing more depressing than saying those you killed, as well as your own companions, stand back up as undead.

Fafnir also has little experience dealing with them. After all, necromancy did not exist during the Great war. It only appeared after the Necromancer King begin to travel in the astral world and take in disciples.

The few necromancers he had faced were either small fry or crazy bastards who wanted to create bone dragons.

But at the level of a King? An entire legion could be created.

"Very well."

Fafnir nodded and turned to Nent, "I guess I you will also stay?"

Indeed, Nent had followed Isis outside.

"Of course."

Fafnir didn't argue this time. He may have some doubt about Isis, but Nent was a true veteran powerhouse.

He absolutely had nothing to worry about with her on the field.

He was sure of it.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 292: CH 262:AEGIS AND GUNGNIR

"Welsh, I will count on you."

"Roger."

"Kaiser..."

"Yes?"

"You will be in charge of the first unit."

"I will not disappoint you."

The moment the hostilities were about to begin, a great shield as tall as him in hand, Fafnir slowly floated until he stood at the very front of his army.

Was it because of how they lived?

The four Dragon King zones were different from most people at the Duke level.

But in fact, it wasn't weird.

Zones were never fixed. A zone could change, for the better or the worse depending on the psyche of the Duke.

During the Great War, more than protecting themselves, what the four Dragon King wished for was to prove their worth to their mother and protect their children.

Was it why?

They all gave birth to Zones which were extremely useful during large-scale wars.

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The first one to attack was unsurprisingly the force of chaos.

In large-scale war, the power of one individual was sometimes very trivial. This was even more so when said army was composed of a very powerful being.

As soon as the fight begins, all the mage types of the army begin to focus on sending their mana in a special matrix.

Since all warriors had different skills and elements, it was generally hard to have systematic attacks. Even more so in this case where a good part of the army was composed of criminals who never had soldier training. This was why such matrices were created. All they needed to do was fill it with mana. Those matrices were the equivalent of ballista or Canon and the mana needed to make it function was massive.

Sometimes deadly even.

But Drei did not care. Even though this current body was just a fake and his soul was wounded, reviving dead warriors like this as zombies would never be a problem.

Ten hundred-meter wide spell matrices opened above them, shining with an ominous light full of deadly intent.

The criminal chosen to power the battery screamed in pain as the mana in their bodies was forcefully extracted but there was no escape for them.

“Very well, this should be enough as a probing. Let’s give them a greeting.”

Drei grinned. He knew about Fafnir's reputation as the General with the least death in his army when compared to all divine beasts. He really wanted to see if the legend was true or exaggerated.

--

“Hum...Shouldn’t we do something?”

Looking at the ten spells that were about to fire, Isis couldn’t help but ask Nent. Even for her, if she took those attack directly she might end up in a very bad shape or even use a Nirvana and this was despite her being a top-level Duke.

Of course, she would never let such a crude attack hit her in the first place but behind her stood more than 18000 warriors. She doubted they could all dodge it.

Weirdly though, she could feel no sense of unease in the army. As if they were all filled with confidence. Something that confused her greatly.

“Do not worry, just watch.”

Nent looked at Fafnir's back and reminisced about the past. Since Nent and Kiyohime were such a good pair during the war, she had fought many times alongside the dragons and this was why she knew that there was nothing to worry about.

It wasn't for nothing that Fafnir had once been her potential mate.

This was all Nent said and soon...Isis understood what she mean.

Fafnir was strong. Mayhaps weaker than his sister, Kiyohime, but he was still a powerful Dragon King who survived through the Great war.

But...He didn't survive thanks to his strength.

The moment the spells were completed and fired, it was as if doomsday was upon them. Rushing toward them at an incredible speed, the normal soldier could all feel the pressure. But none of them flinched nor closed their eyes. Because they had full faith in their commander and was faith was perfectly rewarded.

"Listen well, miscreants!"

Fafnir's voice filled the battlefield with solemnity. His aura reached a level few could truly understand.

<<My name is....Aegis!>>

His words resonated with the natural law of the world.

Golden Light bloomed from his body and the tendrils of that light left him and immediately covered all the soldiers in his army.

This should have been an impossible feat.

The amount of mana needed to accomplish this would have hollowed even the strongest King.

But this was different for Fafnir. After all...He was a divine beast blessed with near-infinite mana thanks to his core.

Immediately, the army changed into shining golden soldiers as they were all covered from head to toe in full plate armors.

Fafnir King's name was Aegis, for he was the supreme shield who protected his territory.

If Lilith King's name, <<Tyrfing>> gave absolute attack power to her alone to the level where she could harm anyone in her vicinity. Then Fafnir's name increased tremendously the magical and physical defense and such protected all those he wished to protect.

But if it was all, then Fafnir would not be worthy of his legend.

<<Zone: Ten Fortresses>>

Isis could only widen her eyes in surprise.

The moment the spells were finally about to collide with the army, Fafnir lifted his shield and placed it firmly in front of him.

No matter how big the shield was, in front of those gigantic rays of death, it was so minuscule it was risible.

But no one could laugh.

“You shall not pass!”

<<First wall: Maria>>

From the shield, a burst of golden light once again flashed drowning everything as far as the eyes could see in gold.

From the void, walls that were more than fifty meters tall rose in front of the dragon army.

BOOOM!!!

The impact was immediate. The explosion was so devastating that it seemed to ignite the very space.

Some of the dragon warriors couldn't help but gulp at this sight for they knew what would have been their fate should those spells have reached them.

But...This fate was averted and the cause of this was none other than their commander.

“Wooooooh!!!!!”

Who was the first to scream in delight? They did not know. All that mattered was that soon the resonating war cry of all the soldiers filled the air.

Releasing their horns, tempests of mana swirled everywhere.

Once the wall Maria dissipated after doing its job, Fafnir immediately screamed,

“Sister!”

“I know!”

Raising her hand toward the sky, Welsh who had been silent until now immediately answered Fafnir's shout.

Why were Welsh and Fafnir put together to protect the realm?

It was simple. If Fafnir was the shield, then— Welsh was the spear.

<<My name is....Gungnir!>>

Thousands of crimson light shone above her as if she was recreating the starry sky. Anyone looking at it would be mesmerized...Without knowing that each of those lights was a spear of death.

<<Light Rain>>

Welsh never missed her targets.

Swoosh!

Rushing at a speed ten times faster than the previous spells from chaos, those lights pierced with absolute precision all the people that were used as batteries for the matrice. Furthermore, her attack did not just kill them. It completely incinerated them down to the slightest particular until all that was left was less than dust.

Calling down the soul of recent death was not impossible for a necromancer but the difficulty was extremely high and it was too taxing to do so on large scale. Even more so since they would still need a body to use.

In one instant, Welsh made sure to incapacitate those matrices for a certain time, after all, finding new people to serve as batteries would take some time and this time was what they needed.

Fafnir did not miss the opportunity his sister created and bellowed.

“First unit! Charge!!!”

The roar of dragons followed his order as half of the elders took their true form and rushed into the battlefield alongside a quarter of the army. Even in this form, they were still protected by the aegis armor.

They were ready to release their bloodlust and show the world once again why they were the strongest realm.

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“Incredible.”

Watching everything that was happening on realm time, both Skuld and Verdandi exclaimed.

Skuld more than anyone was very impressed. She had fought against the angels when they were under the order of Lucifer and Michael but she had few direct interactions with Tiamat’s army directly.

Furthermore, she was not physically present in the other world line where the dragons’ territory was crushed. This caused her to somewhat underestimate what they were able to do.

Now though? She had to admit it.

The Dragon Kings were truly on another level. Still, there was something that caught her interest.

“From what I have seen of Welsh and Fafnir, it seems like the true name of all your children are weapons... How sad.”

Like the Zone, the birth of a King’s name needed a certain mindset to be achieved. Clearly, in the deepest part of their mind, both Fafnir and Welsh saw themselves as weapons to be used by Tiamat.

This time Tiamat chortled.

“You are wrong on this. You see, my children aren’t so weak mentally as to see themselves like this.”

She showed a somewhat proud smile on her face,

“This is the expression of their wish to surpass me. To show me that I am wrong. Those names are the ultimate form of their Pride. Do not insult it.”

Tiamat's voice was low, with absolutely no threat nor anger in it and this was why Skuld shivered. For she knew that right here, right now, if she dared to continue on this topic, she would truly die.

As such, she wisely shrugged. The war outside would not end in one day. As such, she decided to see how was the handling of the traitor going.

What she saw then surprised her quite a bit.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 293: CH 263:ARTEMIS, KUSANAGI AND MJOLNIR

If the war currently going on outside of the territory was a glorious one opposing the dragons against the invaders, the civil war going on in the territory was much less glorious and much more somber.

After all, matter how much of a traitor those Dragons were, they were still dragons. All dragons were related. They were all family.

So none of the soldiers could really summon the moral strength necessary to fight.

...At least that was before they appeared in the lower heaven and saw what was happening.

Fire and blood.

No matter where they looked, all they could see where huge pillar of black smoke as the devilish fire incinerated everything on its path.

Unlike the 9th heaven where only Tiamat lived or the 7th heaven where the 9 children were, the 7th heaven was entirely populated by young Dragons be it hybrids or pure blood.

While dragons could reproduce more easily than the other races, it still didn't change the fact that as divine beasts, the number of children they had was overall pretty low.

And now those dragons where attacking their brothers and sisters without any remorse?

Anger.

Hate.

Disgust.

Murder intent.

In an instant, the rage of the subduing army shot through the roof.

Any ideas of holding back or begging to spare the rebels vanished from the mind of the soldiers.

They just wanted to kill the perpetrator so that those unwilling souls could find a rest.

The rebels were not numerous but they were relatively stronger than the average and they split in different directions or even heavens.

If the 7th heaven was like this, they didn't even dare to imagine how were the lower ones.

"Sister."

"I know."

Kiyohime nodded and began to walk until she landed on an island that was scorched to the ground. Everywhere she looked, she could see the devoured corpses of her family. Those traitors were not simply content with killing their brethren. They did not even let go of their corpses.

Surely, they wished to use the cores and horns to force of chaos.

'How disgusting.'

Once she was landed on the ground, she muttered,

It was time to hunt down those miscreants.

Kiyohime laughed. It was a laugh full of rage of sadness.

Her eyes glowed with an ominous red light.

She was different from all her siblings. Jealous she may be. Envious she may be. But she has never seen herself as inferior to anyone. Not even Blaze.

She was the queen of the Dragons.

The second in command who was just below the strongest dragon Empress and she had the power befitting of the crown she wore.

<<My name is Artemis.>>

A green light flashed from her body and began to cover all her soldiers.

Kiyohime was different from Fafnir. As the shield, his goal was to maximize the defense of the army.

Her goal meanwhile was to optimize the offense.

Grrrrrrr

Growling sounds filled the air as the soldiers were slowly filled with bloodlust. Their bodies grew stronger, their mind sharper. They were faster and their base regeneration speed improved.

It was an overall increase of power of more than 50%. In a fight with two armies of equal power, this skill alone was sufficient to change the tide of the battle.

But this wasn't enough,

[Blood revenge]

This was perfect one of the strongest and most dangerous anti-army and anti-personal skills.

<<May the rage of the dead give us the strength for revenge.>>

Sanguine light moved and bathed the full army. From now, as long as they faced the culprits of this massacre, all their strength would increase by more than 25%. What made this skill dangerous was the fact that it perfectly stacked with the previous increase.

Furthermore, since Tiamat could not easily move, Kiyohime acted once again,

<<May the rage of the spirit guide us toward the culprit.>>

Many portals began to form around her. No one could flee from her. This skill would activate irrelevant of distance. The only way to block it would be for the hunting targets to enter the mortal realm or a territory belonging to a demigod.

Standing up, she paused the formation of the portal and looked at Hydra who nodded. She could have used her zone but since she intended to split the army, it would be pointless. Right now, they simply needed to boost all the specs of the army and hunt down the enemies.

"I guess it's my turn."

Hydra stretched a little and lifted his hand. He was not as angry as Kiyohime but he definitely did not feel good.

Turning, he gave a look at Nidhogg who had obviously followed him as if telling her to watch and learn.

Fafnir, was the shield.

Welsh was the spear.

Kiyohime was the Huntress.

As for him...He was the sword.

<<My name is...Kusanagi no Tsurugi [1]>>

Like all his siblings, Hydra specialized in anti-army-type skills. His more lethal poisons were certainly dreadful and allowed him to kill a large swath of enemies with ease but he could not afford to use them in the dragon territory.

But who said that a poison master could only kill?

<<Poisonous claws>>

Under his power, all the claws or fingernails of the soldiers became purple. Hydra had never been found of complicated name and liked to go straight to the point. From now on and until the end of this skill, all the people wounded by a soldier would receive a multitude of poisons going from increased pain to hallucinogens, lethal poisons, and even drugs that clogged the mana vein.

<<Pain resistance.>>

<<Fear resistance>>

<<Reflex acceleration>>

<<Accelerated regeneration>>

<<Strength increase>>

<<Speed increase>>

Like Kiyohime, Hydra power allowed him to send a bunch of buffs to his army and once again they all stacked with the previous effects.

This was how the dragon's army always worked.

This was why they were considered to be nearly undefeatable if all the four generals of the army worked together at the same time.

Once Hydra finished his round of buff, Kiyohime nodded and released the control over the portal.

"Do not forget. Those we are about to face stopped being family the moment they turned their blade against us. They are dragons no more. Only fiends to be put down like the enraged beasts they are...Show no mercy."

ROOOOARR!!!!

What followed next could only be considered to be a one-sided massacre.

Standing next to the dragon pool, Tiamat watched everything that was going on. It has already been one full day since the start of the little war and the dragons were proving to be worthy of their legend.

She could see that in the territory, the different teams Kiyohime sent were nearly done cleaning up most of the traitors. Meanwhile, Nidhogg was leading a small team of healers and helping the surviving citizens.

Once they were done, they would be able to go help Fafnir.

Thankfully, most dragons were fighters so the casualty was mainly on the side of the other citizens. Tiamat knew that this was a pretty cold way to see things but she had always been honest with her sentiment.

She was a selfish empress. Not some kind of savior with a hero complex.

War would always bring death. This was inevitable. As such, it was better for her if those death were other people than her own.

The war outside though was proving to be more difficult than she thought.

In terms of quality, the dragons were overwhelmingly superior and thanks to Fafnir shield, the losses were only in double-digit.

The problem here was that while the quality was overwhelming, they were overwhelmed by the quantity.

'Cursed Chaos spawn.'

Tiamat always wondered what the Goddess of Chaos thought when creating those filthy creatures. They reproduced so fast and their number was so high. They were always the cause of much distress.

As if it wasn't enough, the necromancer of Chaos' side descended with his true body. Something that was rather surprising. But still, his legion was causing chaos and while Welsh made sure to always incinerate the body of the dead, it was impossible for her to keep track of everything.

'Should I ask Sekmeth and Nabu to act?'

Those two were a sort of trump card to catch off guard her enemy. She did not know if it was worth moving them now.

The only reason she stopped herself from doing so was her instincts. Something was going on. She could feel that this war was just at the start.

‘Well. At least she hadn’t made a move yet.’

Tiamat smiled when she looked at the phoenix that was standing quietly.

Kiyohime was one of the strongest King level being in existence but it was mainly because she specialized in wide-scale buff.

Why then, was she and Nent such a great teammates back then?

Tiamat knew very well that behind this lady-like appearance was someone very dangerous.

“Show it to me little phoenix. Let’s see how you will once again dominate the battlefield.”

Standing on the battlefield, as the storm of mana surrounded her and the odor of blood filled her nose, Nent could not help but think back to the old time.

Gabriel and Asmodeus were part of first-generation divine beasts. In fact, it wouldn’t be a mistake to say that the phoenixes and the snakes were the very first divine beasts in existence.

This was why, in a way, Nent had even more experience than Tiamat herself when it came to war. In terms of age, it wouldn’t be a mistake that she was one of the oldest living beings in the universe.

War. This was all Nent ever knew.

But even as everyone died, even as the angel retreated, she survived.

Wounded, sad, alone, afraid, scared. Again and again, escaping from the jaws of death by the most minuscule of chance.

Even then, she never once gave up on hope and continued to advance, determined in her beliefs.

The titans did not scare her

The giants did not make her waver.

Even the horrors of the depth and the darkness swirling inside it, did not destroy her faith.

Her belief was ever firm.

She believed in the possibility of this world. She believed what she did was for the sake of ‘good’, and to vanquish ‘evil’. She believed that she, as well as all the others, was born for some grand goal.

She was proud of who she was. She was proud of what she was and she was even more proud of what she had achieved.

Because this was her choice.

Because this was her own decision — Her freedom.

Her heart was left unshaken but...

When the war ended.

When she looked back at the trail of cold corpses, enemies and allies alike, she had left behind her.

She couldn't help but ask herself.

'Was it worth it?'

One year, ten years, hundreds of years later. She still continued to ask herself that question, never finding the answer she was looking for.

Until one day — seven hundred years ago. It was then that her belief was shaken.

Now, seven hundred years later, Nent stood again on the battlefield, and facing her was once again one of the people who shook her belief all those years ago.

Right here, right now, she stood at a crossroad. Her sole decision would change everything in her life.

What should she do?

She had agonized over questions over and over again.

"If this war happened a year ago. No...Just a few months ago, then my choice would have surely been very different."

She mocked herself but the light in her eyes became firm.

One step, two steps. Each time she advanced, her beautiful and somewhat sexy robe was replaced by the armor she once wore all those years ago.

Feeling mana course through her veins, she called forth a power she had forgotten she even wielded.

Lightning cracked.

"I am Nent, daughter of Gabriel."

But this wasn't all.

"I am Nent, mate of Sol Luxuria."

But once again, this wasn't all. Her eyes became filled with light.

"I am Nent... and <<My name is Mjolnir.>>"

The world seemed to fall silent as the might of a superior being filled the battlefield. For an instant, everything seemed to stop and the soldiers themselves all looked at the source of light that was standing alone like a shining beacon in the middle of the battlefield.

Lightning roared as the thunder queen, the ultimate valkyrie, finally woke up from her long and deep slumber.

Was it worth it?

Indeed. It was fucking worth it!

“Begone! With the roar of a thunderclap!”

The world was dyed white by lightning as she slammed her hammer down.

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 294: CH 264:TITAN

The moment Nent stepped on the battlefield, the balance that was already in favor of the Dragon fell completely on their side.

Nent being powerful was an understatement.

While she did not possess a large-scale destruction zone like the other Dragon King, she had something even more dangerous.

Pure elemental transformation.

At the core of their existence, Phoenixes were closer to the spirit than most divine beasts and their true form allowed them to become nearly invulnerable to physical attacks by transforming into their specific element.

As a lightning Phoenix, even without her zone, her most basic ability was to become Lightning.

As for her zone?

[Godspeed]

In essence, this was a rather basic zone that most lightning users could bring forth. But no one, not even a storm wolf-like Setsuna could truly transform into lightning.

This was further increased by her King name.

When all of this accumulated, this brought a sublimation effect to her zone.

Her zone [Godspeed] stopped being a simple element-type zone and changed into a conceptual one.

...The concept of pure speed...

—

The moment Nent used her power, she let out a sigh of profound joy.

This was a view of the world she had nearly forgotten since she had not fought in a long time.

But now this was it.

This was the feeling she had missed.

Looking at the world that seemed to slow down infinitely, Nent let out a bloodthirsty grin that clashed deeply with her usual elegant and ladylike expression.

There was no lady here.

Only a warrior.

A cloak of lightning covered her body and she moved.

Nent was fast...Too fast.

“Begone! With the roar of a thunderclap!”

She moved...

...Thunder roared.

...And people died

It was that simple.

No fancy tricks. No mysterious power nor exquisite technique.

It was the result of pure and unadulterated power and speed.

If Sol could observe the current scene, he would certainly be tongue-tied. After all, in his perception, Nent was weaker than Lilith.

And technically he wouldn't be wrong in a way.

Lilith had reached the summit in the concept of <<cutting>> through her understanding of swordsmanship and her King's name. She could cut through space, time, and even souls. No one could match her when it came to this concept which means that she was one of the King with the most potent attack power. Perhaps only matched by a few singularities like Siegfried and Sun Wukong.

But in the same way...Nent had reached the summit in the concept of <<Speed>>.

Had she not been born a phoenix, with her current understanding, Nent would have surely become a demigod long ago.

But at the same time, without her racial talent, it was hard to say if she could have reached the same height.

Thus was the eternal sorrow of Divine Beasts.

—

"No..."

Standing in his true body, Drei clenched his skeletal hand around his staff when he saw Nent wreak havoc on the battlefield.

His current state was already extremely unstable and it was only after begging Nihil that she accepted that he came with his true body.

'I am sure that she is simply pulling a scheme.'

Drei belief in Nent wasn't just because of what he knew of her 700 years ago. He was not that naive.

He had used the full power of all their sleeping agents and managed to understand just what kind of person Nent had become.

If before she was absolutely Lawful Good, after his and his sister's death, she was more Lawful Evil and even perhaps Neutral evil.

Her dogma and belief were slowly becoming more extreme to the point where she seemed to be the reincarnation of the Late Chimera Queen.

He had observed and studied all the reports and he knew that he had more than 80% chance to convince her.

A king's name and a zone were dependent of the nature of the person using them. A king's name could not be changed without falling from the King's rank but if someone changed too much, they would become unable to bring the full power of their name. Meanwhile, their zone would change with the new truth they understood.

In this case though, not only her zone did not change, but he could feel no incompatibility between her and her name.

“I need to verify.”

The soul fire in Drei socket's eyes flickered as he muttered.

Drei was a master manipulator with a great patience.

Had he been in his normal state, he would have immediately given up on all hope of convincing Nent and would have begun making appropriate preparation.

But right now, because of his wounded soul, his capacity to make judgments was seriously negatively affected and his thoughts became chaotic.

In a way, this went to show how devastating fighting Lilith was. Her immortal slaying sword style was not for show.

After all, even an immortal lich could be killed or tortured to such an extent.

Still, Drei was Drei,

“Since Nent entered the flow, let's bring out the king class Titan.”

Even weak and with his mind muddled, he would never make basic mistakes as long as it didn't concern someone close to him.

The war was about to enter the next level.

--

While everyone was busy fighting, Sol was facing a situation he could not understand.

The moment he opened the gate slightly should have been the start of the test of the world. The zone was the absolute truth of one person and this belief had to be firm.

After opening the door, Sol was ready to face many things. Perhaps fighting against a sort of evil twin, perhaps facing his dead parents, or even the cliché waking up in the real world.

All of this had been accounted to and Sol did not fear what would follow for he was sure that he would prevail.

But...When he opened the door, what he was behind was not some test about the truth.

But a black void that seemed to lead to the abyss itself.

He was wondering just what kind of thing he had stepped into when painful images of unknown sources begin to fill his head.

It was so painful that he couldn't help but grunt and groan in agony.

"Adam! Adam! Look! We succeeded. We ****"

A woman whose face he could not see was standing next to him as they looked down and discussed. But from her voice alone, he could feel infinite joy and love.

"Adam! The number of *** had surpassed the weight of ***."

This time the woman seemed a little calmer. In distress, she might be, but she still held hope.

"Adam! We still have a chance. We can still ***"

The same woman was crying and trying to stop him from doing something he could not understand.

"Adam, is it really time for the twilight of ***?"

In the same end, the same woman looked at him with sorrow while seemingly giving up.

Different images flashed and in each of them, the joy and innocence of the woman seemed to slowly fade until all that was left was grief and grim resolution.

"Adam....I am sorry."

The last image was a fight his mind could not process. But despite all the laws moving crazily around him, the only thing of importance was the tears of the woman who was facing him.

[Sigh...Is this Fate? Or should I say, as expected of Him...]

When all the images vanished, a calm but emotionless voice sounded in his ears. But this voice alone filled him with the desire to succumb to madness, hatred, and chaos.

It was a voice he did not recognize but he recognized this effect.

Only one kind of being could affect the psyche of people below them so easily.

It was...A goddess.

—

On the outside, Sol's body was convulsing like it was being wrung by someone.

His bones were broken, his flesh torn and his skin was burning.

One did not need years of experience to know that something was going seriously wrong and once Tiamat probed him with her divine sense, her expression immediately grew unsightly as she screamed.

“Ymir! You dare!?”

The world trembled under the wrath of the demi-goddess. She would have never thought that after all their preparation, rather than attacking her, Ymir would fall so low as to directly strike someone who was not even a Duke.

‘Why?’

Tiamat could not understand but she did not bother to try to understand either. She had to do something!

Sadly, just as she was about to act...

BOOM!!!

Cracks immediately filled the space of the starry sky and though those cracks were immediately repaired, Tiamat’s eyes grew grave.

[Oh, hear ye, my former enemy.]

A voice sounded in the void as a hand that could only be called gigantic seemed to cover the sky. In that hand was a flaming sword.

His voice seemed to come from everywhere and nowhere at the same time. Be it in the territory or those fighting outside, all of them stopped at the sight that surpassed their understanding.

The light of the stars seemed to be pushed away by a destructive crimson light and the heat in the surrounding rose so much that even dragons were affected.

[Upon my name as Surtr, the King of fire Giants.]

The sword rose high before pointing down, at the territory of Tiamat. Then...

[I shall bring you Fire and Destruction]

...The sword fell.

—

Meanwhile, somewhere at the end of the world, a man was walking leisurely while observing the stars.

Even though he was but a minuscule speck of dust in the immensity of the universe, all those who saw him would marvel at his devilish beauty while scorning the stars for trying to shine brighter than him.

Seemingly feeling something, the red eyes of the black haired narrowed before a smile lit up his entire face and the light of the stars seemed to dim.

“Well. It seems like I won’t be too late.”

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 295: CH 265:FREEDOM DOES NOT EXIST

What did it feel like to see a monstrously large sword fall on their heads from outer space?

‘The end of the world is coming.’

Only such a thought could flash in the mind of people in Tiamat’s territory.

Like ant watching a human step on them, all they could do was wait and watch helplessly as doomsday seemed to be upon them.

Titans were called Titans not only because of their monstrous strength but also because of their immense size. The taller they were, the more power they had.

A ten or so meters tall Titan was generally at the Duke rank.

Once they reached a hundred meters, they were equal to the King's rank.

Finally, those who were one thousand meters tall were Demigods.

As for Surtr? His full height had long since surpassed what was possible to understand for mere mortals.

10 kilometers?

20?

It did not matter.

At that level, numbers were simply meaningless to calculate.

He was huge.

Bigger than the full realm, as if covering the entire plane with his shadow.

Looking at the Gigantistic Surtr that seemed to cover the sky, Tiamat showed no fear but only rage and disdain.

“Bastard! You dare act so arrogantly in front of me!?”

Tiamat roared and the world roared with her.

Using her will, gathering her power, she fortified the dimensional walls. Then,

BOOOM!!!

A sun appeared in the eternal night of the Dragon territory.

This was the result of the flame of destruction colliding with the walls.

The explosion was so destructive as if it was about to swallow and erase all matters. But with a derisive snort, Tiamat used her mastery and threw the ball of pure fire far away outside of her territory.

“Hahaha! Tiamat! You are indeed worthy of your throne! Come, let’s face the end!”

Despite the failure of his attack, Surtr showed no despondence. After all, he had never thought about really destroying Tiamat's territory.

All he wanted was to bring her outside, where his allies were waiting.

Tiamat snarled, how could she not understand this trick? But she had no choice but to rush into it. After all, if she simply stayed passive, they would simply endlessly attack her territory.

"Impudent bastard! Let me remind you why you guys could only cower and hide in the depth of the abyss until now."

She had no choice but to move now.

"Skuld, I will leave the situation to you."

Even as she gave those orders, she continued inwardly, <<Bastet follow me in the shadow. Nabu, I want you to stay hidden and observe.>>

Tiamat would never truly believe in Skuld. This was why she decided to leave a failsafe.

After all, the current Nabu was no longer simply a Duke.

Tiamat was about to move but something made her stop.

She twirled a metallic pearl into her hand, her mind clearly struggling, but in the end she made a decision and threw it at Skuld.

Ideally, she wished to directly put it in the pool. But something muttered in her ears that it wasn't time yet.

Tiamat did not know why she did it, but her instincts and her power of foresight were telling her that doing so would bring surprising results.

As a dragon, Tiamat always trusted her instinct. This was why,

"Take it."

She gave the pearl to Skuld and left.

—

Skuld was truly panicking as she was utterly at loss about what to do.

'Shit! Shit! Shit!'

She wanted to take Sol out of the pool but she could see that the dragon's blood was being absorbed faster as it helped heal his wounds. If he was taken out now, the only result would be death.

In the end, Skuld despaired when she realized that all she could do was observe.

'No! Never again!'

Skuld screamed. There was no way she was going to be reduced to such a helpless situation. Her darling was suffering in front of her and all she could do was watch.

'Bullshit!'

"Verdandi! Sheherazade we are starting!"

Fate was inevitable but the future could change.

Since there was a future she could see where Sol lived, it means that it wasn't his Fate to die yet.

As such she could still do something.

"Let's thread the web of destiny."

Even if it could only bring a minuscule amount of help, she would do everything she could do.

She then looked at Sheherazade, "Little fairy. What we are about to do is force the future we want to happen. This means fighting against a goddess even if sealed. If you use the power of wish...The Backslash could bring your downfall."

"Heh..."

Sheherazade drawled but in the end, she chuckled, none of her usual bubbly act could be seen, "It doesn't matter. I owe him. So I will fight for him."

"I see. Your sacrifice will be remembered."

"Hey! Don't act as if I am already dead!"

She laughed and went back to being the gentle and insouciant fairy she always portrayed herself as.

Skuld looked at her sister with a sad smile and Verdandi shook her head, "I will help you. The two of us can easily support it. After all, it's impossible for Ymir to bring out her full power."

"Thanks."

She laughed heartily and sat down, Verdandi did the same and the two of them held hands together.

Immediately, black tribal markings began to form on their pink skin and their eyes became completely black.

Affecting the balance of destiny was in no way easy and the larger the scale of what they tried to change, the harder it was.

If they tried to affect the fight outside, they would surely immediately die. But what they were doing was different.

"We only need to tilt the scale in favor of darling."

Her darling was a Blessed one. As long as his Fate wasn't to die, his chance of survival, whenever he was facing a dangerous situation would always be relatively high, even if it seemed impossible.

As she made the preparation, Skuld held tightly to the pearl. In the past, Sol did use it but he said that it was incomplete, that he had missed the absolute best chance and it was clear that this was one of his greatest regrets.

The same Sol who had reached a power level enough to erase all timelines to create one unique and reset time there.

He had never really explained the situation to her but,

'Perhaps?'

If she was right, it seemed that the key to shifting the balance was in her hand.

—

Back in his soul, Sol was facing a truly complex situation.

"Should I say that I am honored? I didn't know I was worthy of a goddess directly visiting me in my own mind."

Not like he wanted this honor if he had to be honest. It was so stressful and now he would most likely die.

"You are quite calm. I am surprised. Mortals usually only have two options when they see me. Reverence or Fear."

Facing Sol was a red-skinned woman with black sclera and golden pupils, the sign of divinity. She was entirely naked, showing her beautiful and voluptuous figure that was enough to compete with Lilith herself. Such a glamorous body without a stitch of clothes on it.

If it was normal time he would have been observing her with relish but, Sol wasn't exactly in the place to leisurely observe her beauty.

"I guess I got used to such a situation now. After all, it happened more than once."

"I see...So you are Luxuria's new toy."

Sol's smile did not fade even when faced with her ridicule. His brain was too busy going overdrive to think about what he could do.

"I wonder, dear goddess, why target me so? I do not believe having upsetted you?"

"The power I can use is very limited and Tiamat is obviously ready. As such, I decided to change my approach."

Sol gave a bitter smile, they had indeed taken into account the possibility of Ymir changing her pattern.

But they could have never guessed that she would directly attack his soul.

"Why such a fixation on me?"

Ymir looked up and down at Sol and shook her head, "I do not know. Your existence makes me uneasy so I decided to erase you. Do I need any deeper reason than this?"

"Just a whim?"

Sol's eyes narrowed dangerously, but Ymir, ignored it. It seemed that she was focused on talking more since she hadn't spoken for very long, or as directly as a soul talk to be'

She gave a wane smile to his anger, "You must never forget. This world belongs to us goddesses. Our whims are the rules."

Sol growled a little but didn't show more signs of anger. For some reason he couldn't understand, this goddess was willing to discuss it with him.

He didn't know what she was planning, but the only thing he could do was to buy as much time as possible.

"Since you are willing to humor me, I have a question. Something that truly always bothered me. Do you truly pursue freedom?"

The smile of Ymir face stretched,

"What is freedom? Freedom can only exist in a world where everyone is equal. But not even the goddesses are equal. So how could true freedom exist between mortals?"

Join me on the server . Privilege user can also contact me to receive Privilege host which will give them access to exclusive P@treon and Priv channel where there will be Commissioned illustration of some characters. They will also be able to participate in special giveaway I will host once or two time a week. You just have to ping me or one admin and show the proof.)

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 296: CH 266:TO YoU 700 YEARS LATER(1)

The moment Surtr appeared on the battlefield, one could have expected the army on the dragon side to fall in panic.

In fact, this was one of the tactics Drei had come up with. After all, Surtr was at the peak of what could be possible for a demigod.

Sadly for him, he was disappointed to find that while there was indeed some unrest, the dragon Kings did not seem worried at all and the unrest was easily calmed.

Drei might be a king-ranked being but in front of powerhouses like Nent, Fafnir, or Welsh, he was simply too young.

A demigod?

What kind of demigod they didn't see?

Their job wasn't to worry about such things.

Mortal to mortal and gods to gods. Surtr may be powerful, but they had someone no less powerful.

This was why, even when Surtr brought down his blade, they did not feel fear.

And as they thought...

ROOAR!!!

A terrible roar that seemed to cause the very structure of space to tremble filled the battlefield as a gigantic dragon flew out of the territory to meet the titans.

Fafnir did not waste time admiring the mighty form prowess of his mother and immediately sent a message to Kiyohime who was still on the island and had finished dealing with the rebels.

‘Big sis, activate the islands.’

The 9 islands were the pillars of Tiamat’s territory and were only created thanks to her mastery on dimensional power.

9 heavens, 9 islands. This was of course done intentionally. The 9 islands could create a shield that would stop all outside interference and not even a dimensional mage would be able to enter the territory now.

This was something only Tiamat could do and this was the reason why others divine beasts could hardly leave their territories.

After all, it was nearly impossible for them to create a shield at the same level as the one created by the nine islands. Even if they had protection measures, the effect was in reality quite limited. Which in turn limited the movement of divine beasts.

This was one of the reasons why Tiamat didn’t ask for help from the other divine beasts. The fact that it would have alerted Ymir of their plan, aside, it could have been very dangerous for the divine beasts if they left the territory without protection.

As for being too prideful to ask for help? Tiamat never considered such absurdities. After all, there was a difference between Pride and stupidity.

When Kiyohime received the message, she nodded and gave a signal to Hydra before rushing toward the 8th heaven.

The four princes were already up and waiting.

If the four Kings were those who take care of the attack during the war, then the four princes were those who took care of the defense.

On the battlefield, four Dukes were pretty useless but it was different when they were helped by the formation.

—

The war went up to its final stretch now that the demigods appeared on the battlefield.

Funf, the fifth member of the Wings of Freedom, also a Chimera who was once part of the Zodiac, the royal guard of Echidna, was frowning heavily.

As the bearer of Lion star, her power was the ability to have a skin that could stop neither being slashed nor pierced. Her skin was more akin to an armor in a way.

Not long ago, she had dropped back from the rank of King to the rank of Duke in order to strengthen herself and become even more powerful After all, her goal was to unseal her lord and mother.

This was also why she accepted to participate in this crazy operation. Her goal was simply to capture Sol and flee with him. After all, only the blessed of Luxuria could use the divine sword and that sword was the key to the seal.

But the war had been going on for so long and she had not even seen a shadow of her target.

'Fuck.'

She seriously wondered if she should stay here. Already, she could see that Drei was slowly going bonker and she was not loyal enough to sacrifice her life for the Wings of Freedom.

The worse was that she couldn't even flee now. Some pesky dragon was stopping her from doing so.

At first, she was able to beat him up and push him back, but the more the fight went on the more she felt like he was catching up to her.

The dragon that was facing her, Kaiser, felt like he was about to cry out of joy.

'This is it. This is the feeling!'

Lately, his confidence in his zone and his overall ability had been quite low. First up he had been beaten up by Nabu in such a straightforward way that everything he did seemed useless.

Then, not long ago he faced Sol and he realized that his zone that was based on growth through combat was completely inferior to the pure talent Sol had.

But now?

Now he realized that it wasn't his zone that was bad. He had just been unlucky and meet two freaks of nature.

The battle between Funf and Kaiser was quite heated.

As a former King, the skills of Funf were undoubtedly superior to that of Kaiser.

This was a fact.

But there was another simple fact that rendered this reality useless.

Kaiser was Dragon.

Nothing else needed to be said.

In the Duke realm, only singularities or other divine beasts could hope to really suppress him and if one couldn't suppress him from the start, they would slowly realize that Kaiser was becoming stronger as time passed.

It was a cheat-like Zone in a way.

Kaiser had simply been unlucky until now.

"Are you sure you should waste your time with me? Isn't that girl there in need of help?"

Kaiser a little, he knew very well that Isis was in danger. He could see it in his peripheral vision.

But Funf wasn't so easy that he could take away his eyes from her.

"Isis! You have to hold on."

Kaiser shouted in hope of helping her calm down and not act impulsively.

--

While Kaiser and Funf were ducking out, Isis was facing quite a dire situation indeed.

"Heh, so two kings were sent my way. Should I say that you thought a little too highly of me?"

Facing her were two kings-ranked Titans and a few Chaos spawn at the Duke level.

She had advanced a little too far in the enemy camp but still, it was surprising that they threw so much at her in one go.

Isis was in no way stupid, 'I am targeted?'

She was quite surprised at the notion. She really wonders who had the courage to try to kidnap her.

The two titans were silent. They were feeling quite humiliated now. After all, they would have preferred to fight and devour a stronger opponent rather than such a weak little girl.

This was why they decided to end this farce as soon as possible and go to the true battlefield.

She was quite leisurely even though she was being surrounded but,

"Isis! You have to hold on."

When Isis heard Kaiser's shout, far from being happy or relieved all she felt was cold anger.

'I am being belittled?'

Her eyes narrowed. It seemed that people took her for easy prey.

[Throne of Heroes] [1]

When one thought of Necromancer, they would think of rotten corps and deathly aura. This was the case currently on the side of Drei battlefield.

But Isis was no normal necromancer.

She was a girl born between the first Necromancer and the Phoenix whose main power was the Holy flame.

Life and death intertwined and gave birth to something that shouldn't exist.

"Arise!"

The moment her zone appeared, hundreds of scarlet knights filled that seemed to be made entirely out of flame appeared at her command. Some of those knights were mouting birds, or nightmare horses or unicorns, and so on.

If Sol was here, he would recognize that one of those knights was none other than Rio and below her was her friend, White.

If there was something that had to be mentioned...It was that all the hundred Knights were at the Duke level.

“Attack!”

The two Kings Titans were flustered. Even for a king, facing hundred of Duke was no mean feat. Furthermore, the holy flame of those knights were extremely dangerous.

As if it wasn't enough, those knights all obtained the intangibility Phoenixes were so famed for. Making it so they were extremely hard to destroy.

As if it wasn't enough, even if one of them was destroyed, she only needed to spend some of her mana to make them go through something akin to nirvana and since she was a perfect hybrid, she managed to awaken her core like Sol.

Her mana was endless.

Which means that her army was immortal as long as she didn't die.

It didn't take long for the two Kings to understand this and they were ready to take some blows in order to reach her.

In the first place, the weak point of a Legion was always the necromancer himself.

Sadly for them.

Isis chuckled. Clearly not feeling threatened by the two kings.

<<My name is Ereshkigal>>

Even though Isis knew her true name, since she still wasn't a King, it was impossible for her to bring the true power of her name.

But...It didn't matter.

Lifting her hand high, a soul condensed in it.

“Father was right. The outside world is very dangerous. Thankfully, he gave me some insurance.”

What she held was the soul of a King ranked swordsman her father killed in the past. Even so, her father considered him as one of his strongest opponents and keep his soul.

Now that Soul belonged to her.

[Soul Resonance.]

The two kings halted. Dread overcame them when they witnessed the ball of light in Isis's hand transform into a beautiful silver sword.

At the same time, the aura of Isis began to grow until it entered the King's realm.

One of them gritted his teeth, the situation was really becoming bad for them,

“Her power up should only be temporary. Let’s hold on.”

Isis laughed. Not intent on giving any hint.

Feeling the power of a King's rank coursing through her veins, all she could feel was elation.

‘I only have a 30% synchronization with this soul. Let’s move fast.’

“Hahahah~! well then, I think it’s time to end this.”

She tightened her grips on her sword and a hundred knights around her blazed with the power of their zones.

“I am no damsel in distress in need of a knight on a white horse.”

What followed was a total massacre.

While all the parts of the battlefield were going on a crescendo, only one part was as calm as a dead sea.

“Nent...”

“Hansel.”

Standing in the void, two old friends who have not seen each other since seven hundred years ago finally faced each other.

It was time for Nent to make a decision.

[1]: What do you think of Isis’s power? She is a mix between a holy priest and a necromancer. Furthermore, thanks to her father, she doesn’t even need to create her own undead. Her father can give her the most elite ones at any moment. Once she become a true King she will be quite frightening.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 297: CH 267:TO YoU 700 YEARS LATER(2)

Gretel the witch

Hansel the scientist

Nent the Phoenix.

This was a story that began like a bad joke.

Even now, 700 years later, Nent could remember it vividly. How they meet at Crossroads, in the Astral realm, after Hansel followed his sister into the Astral realm.

How the three of them became friends thanks to Gretel's relentless probing and joy of life.

Even though the girl was a witch, she showed none of the solemnity witches were known for. Though she was as eccentric as the best of them.

Hansel meanwhile was a shy young genius who wanted to revolutionize the world through science. He wished to bring Luxuria and the world in general to the same technological level as Slothein, the flying city of angels.

Despite how he acted, he was a man of great determination and big dreams. Something Nent respected very much.

Sadly, the shy stuttering young man was no more.

—

“Nent...”

“Hansel.”

Standing in the void, two old friends who had not seen each other since seven hundred years ago finally faced each other.

“You are as beautiful as I remember. Then again, I guess that for a Phoenix, time is meaningless.”

Nent stayed silent for a while, “You have changed.”

“Heh. I guess getting executed and then crawling out of the Underworld would do that to anyone. Though, I am not the only one who changed. Isn't it the same for you?”

Natural undeads were different from those created by a necromancer. They were the result of much resentment and stubbornness. The strength of will necessary to defy death itself was impressive.

Nent could give no retort. She had indeed changed greatly over the course of those seven hundred years. The warrior who could confidently say that the world was a beautiful place was no more.

In its place was a jaded and cynical woman who hurt many of the people close to her.

But...She was changing once again.

“I will change again.”

“Indeed. I saw you use your power. Changing and growing is the greatest benefit the living can have. Undead has hard time growing. After all, we are already dead.”

Once the personality of an undead was set, it was basically impossible for it to change. Furthermore, since they were dead, undead did not absorb new knowledge very well.

Growth and change were the luxuries of living.

This was why the undead resented the living.

The discussion between Nent and Drei, or rather, Hansel was calm and composed. Which contrasted greatly with the chaos of the battlefield.

But never of them cared. Never of them moved. This was a decisive moment,

"It's still not late. You can still join hands with us. For a world of true freedom. For a world where everyone is really born equal. Do you not resent the goddesses? Do you not wish to break free from them? Work with us and I am sure we can bring great change to this world."

"Do you truly believe that?"

Nent could feel that Hansel's emotions were going out of order. "For you who lived so long! You should understand, right!? The longer you live, the more you realize that the only things that truly exist in this reality are merely pain, suffering and futility.

We are toys! Mere playthings destined to be used for the enjoyment of those above. I hate such a world. I wish to destroy such a world and with Nihil at our helm...We will create a new world."

"So, your solution is to bring a great war once again?"

"War has never ceased. We are merely taking off the hypocritical veil of peace this world was hiding behind."

"Hahahah."

Nent chuckled, "I hate the goddesses. For them, we are nothing more than playthings born for their amusements. I hate them from the deepest part of my heart. I hate the limitations that were put in this world."

"Then, Nent. Will you join us?"

Nent ignored the soliciting hand of Hansel and continued, "I indeed hate this world. I also want to change this world. But...I will not follow you."

Hansel hand froze, "Then...Do you wish to stay a slave of the goddesses all your life?"

She shook her head, "I have no loyalty to them. The only ones I am loyal to are my own ideals."

Her golden eyes shone with splendor, "I have already found my way. I already made my bet and I have no intention to go back on it."

"..."

"..."

"I see."

She looked at her surroundings, the sight of war. Something so familiar that she was sick of it.

"Hansel. No, the Hansel I know died seven hundred years ago. Drei. I do not hate you. It's nothing but our different ideals that make us stand against each other."

She looked up at him with pity, "Wake up to reality. Whether the goddesses exist or not, a world of true equality cannot come to be as long as free will exists. People are not born equals and duality is something that cannot be erased."

Lightning began to crackle all around her, “Everywhere you look in this world, wherever there is light, there will always be shadows to be found as well. As long as there is a concept of victors, the vanquished will also exist.

The selfish intent of wanting to preserve peace initiates war. and hatred is born in order to protect love. There are nexuses causal relationships that cannot be separated. True freedom cannot exist. Your goal is flawed from the start.”

Flaming wings covered in lightning grew out of her back and her aura seemed to rush to the sky.

“Hansel. No, Drei, member of the Wings of Freedom. As one of the divine beasts, I shall erase you from this world.”

Drei’s hand lowered. Despair clouded his mind and his already wounded soul began to crack even more.

“I see. It seems like Nihil was indeed right. I have been wasting my time.”

He looked up at Nent. He was currently using his true body and as such was very vulnerable right now. But Drei did not care.

One of the obsessions that have allowed his immortal soul to keep in shape was Nent and now that obsession was broken. With his soul as broken as it was now.

Drei knew that he did not have much long to live. This battlefield might very well be his final resting place.

But Drei did not care.

He had already faced death once and was ready to do so again.

[Zone: Requiem of Zero] [1]

If he had to die, then he would simply bring down as many people as possible with him.

‘I am sorry Nihil. It seems like I won’t be able to see the world you want to create.’

This was really a shame.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 298: CH 268:PAST AND PRESENT

If Drei had to describe his past life, then it was crap.

Oppressed and not needed by anyone.

With the memory of a world he could never go back to.

Those times were so painful that he felt like he would kill himself.

The only solace in this hell-like place was his sister.

Gretel. Though she was not called like that then.

Like him, she had a memory of another world. The two of them never asked what their past life was. They simply decided to live as they could.

They saw the medieval world and wished to change it.

Slowly, he began to see himself as some sort of messiah whose goal was to bring science to the world.

How laughable and absurd.

When the two of them finally became of age, they were sad to realize that they had in fact no talent. Their capacity points were ridiculously low.

This wasn't surprising.

90% of humans were born without the talent necessary to even make contact with the lowest ranked magical being.

That was normal.

But...In that world filled with war and death.

Being powerless meant that you were destined to be used and then discarded.

It was then that Hansel realized that he was no protagonist.

He was nothing but a kid with the disillusion of grandeur.

A brother who could not protect his sister.

If everything proceeded as normal, they should have simply died in a ditch because of hunger or gotten sold as a slave or even worse.

Gretel was beautiful after all and it was harder to hide her beauty as she grew.

One day though, the two of them met a witch in the woods.

It was no gentle witch.

Simply a woman full of malice who did not hesitate to absorb the life force of men in order to grow her power.

Once she got them, she helped Gretel become a witch in order to have some assistant help her with her experiments and she used him as a life force battery, always taking a little out of him as if he was some great source of food.

This was her demise.

Together, the two of them managed to take down the witch.

They even decided to change their names.

He could still remember her impish smile,

"Hahaha, do you know this story where two siblings meet a witch in a house made out of sweets and were nearly eaten by her?"

“Heh..?”

“Don’t you think this is really similar to what happened to us? If so, rather than using the name those shitty parents gave us. Why not take on a new name on our own?”

“Hah...”

“But this isn’t enough. We need a surname.”

“A surname? Only nobles have surnames.”

“Hehehe! Your big sis is a witch now! I am far nobler than a normal noble, right? Maybe?”

“You aren’t sure?”

“Don’t sweat the small details. Well then. Since I chose our name, how about you find us a family name?”

Hansel was startled, but looking at her sparkling eyes, he couldn’t help but nod and thought seriously. In the end, as a science fanatic, many names came to him, but only one really stuck with him. Because of a bold theory he had.

“Darwin...”

“Ohh? From the theory of evolution? Hehe. Okay, From now on, we are Darwin.”

Without waiting for him to change his opinion, she nodded to herself as if pleased with the way the names sounded, “Umu, this is decided. My name is Gretel Darwin. Happy to meet you, Hansel Darwin.”

Her smile. A pure smile full of joy without any malice or darkness in it. Even though they had luckily managed to survive, she showed no sign of fear.

On that day. Hansel swore that he would protect her.

...However, he failed.

He was powerless to protect her.

In the face of the power of the church, a weak witch like Gretel and a powerless human like him were no match.

They were executed for Blasphemy against the goddesses.

Thus ended the pitiful short life of two mortals.

At least....This was how it should have ended.

—

https://youtu.be/5Yamu70Z_FI(Mozart Lacrimosa)

As someone who was reincarnated, Drei was different from most Kings who awakened their name without really knowing the significance behind it.

In the past, the Duke rank was known as the Legend rank, while the King rank was called Myth.

He had long since understood a part of the reality of this world.

"Nent, do you ever wonder what an ant must feel like when it's put in a sandbox and lives its full life without ever knowing it wasn't really Free?"

Dark, heavy music began to fill the air. Meanwhile, the skeleton of Drei slowly was covered by muscle fiber then skin until what stood in front of Nent was no lich at first glance but a normal human.

In his human form, Drei, with his black hair and rectangular glasses gave the impression of being a great scholar.

For a human to reach the king level, he needed to act in a certain way and satisfy certain conditions. The more conditions were met, the higher the chance of awakening a name.

But what were the conditions? What path should they follow?

For being in this world, it was impossible to know and this was why they simply acted as they pleased.

But Drei was different.

He wasn't too interested in myths but as a man of modern society, there was simply too much he knew.

When he was still alive with his sister, he really wondered what name he should get.

Sadly he wasn't even able to become a Duke back then.

It was only after dying and coming back to life that he broke through his limitations and it was while imprisoned in hell that he understood his path.

His path was not one of gods nor spirits.

He wanted to show the greatness of humans to their world that did nothing more than underestimate them.

"Did you know? In a world with no spirit nor magic, humans obtained the power to destroy the world."

[Zone: Requiem of Zero]

By burning his soul now and giving up all chances of reincarnation, he could bring himself back to a true King.

Nent immediately shuddered.

'Not good.'

"FAFNIR!! INCREASE THE POWER OF THE SHIELD!"

She used her domain and moved as fast as possible to end this while screaming to warn Fafnir. But, no matter how fast she was, it was already too late.

Looking at the crackling hammer that was about to smash his skull, Drei showed no signs of fear.

After all,

<<My name is Einstein.>>

A thousand-strong army made out of skeletons and other undead, as well as recently deceased, shone with a red light and all their power was compressed in the body of the Drei.

All of this added to the power of a king self combusting.

As he thought about this, his lips stretched upward as he thought about a fitting name.

It was the most powerful know bomb mankind created when he was still alive.

Finally, the hammer smashed him but,

[Tsar Bomba] [1]

On that day, be it those on the Chaos side or Order's, all those present on the battlefield witnessed the birth of a supernova.

BOOM!!!

This explosion should have been enough to wipe out more than half of the dragon army even with Fafnir's shield.

Drei would have without a doubt accomplished his goal of dying with honor.

Sadly for him,

"How interesting."

A cold voice sent shudder to his soul as the supernova died out with a whimper.

"To think I would find one of the people who escaped from my prison here. Hahaha, this is truly funny. Don't you think so?"

Drei could feel his soul that should have dissipated slowly gather back and fading consciousness was once again awoken. Even the wound inflicted by Lilith was no more.

But...Drei did not feel happy.

Not even in the slightest.

All he could feel was immeasurable dread.

After all, in front of that man, not even death was a release.

"Anubis..."

A being even more absurd than Surtr appeared unexpectedly on the battlefield, bringing the silence of death with him.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 299: CH 269:NECROMANCER KING

Drei was a man who could face death with a smile and a man full of conviction in what he believed was right.

Because of those traits, it was extremely rare for him to show fear. After all, he even had a goal to overthrow the goddess.

Drei could say with assurance that he feared no man.

But that thing...

It scared him from the very marrow of his bones. A fear so deeply entrenched in his heart that his body couldn't help but tremble.

In his mind, Anubis was no man but instead — a “thing”. Something that could not be explained. Something that subverted his understanding of the world.

Anubis was partially a charming demon, a race akin to that of a succubus. Thanks to atavism, he had strongly inherited the blood of this race.

As befitting of his race, Anubis's physical features were outstanding to the extreme. It was even said in legend that Anubis first took a step in the world of necromancy after charming a few female ghosts.

Few people could fight his charm that was so high that it could put some succubus to shame.

But, as a necromancer, in Drei's vision, there was no handsome man in his sight. Only a powerful and all-encompassing darkness filled with hundreds of thousands of souls.

A darkness so large and so cold that even the darkness of space seemed to be filled with light in comparison.

In front of such a being, calling himself a necromancer seemed so laughable. Like the light of a candle trying to compare itself to a sun.

This was death.

The true and absolute personification of death.

Under the pressure, Drei felt as if his soul was once again being crushed.

“Oh! I nearly killed you without paying attention. I mean, hahaha, it wouldn't be fun now, would it? You will make a fun toy for my daughter once I am finished with you. She still lacks a lich.”

Anubis mused a little. He wasn't called the Necromancer King just for a joke.

Why would someone as selfish as him propagate the knowledge of necromancy in the world?

In the same way, the Queen of Chimera had absolute control over all chimeras.

The same way the Queen of Witches could obtain the power of all witches.

All necromancers were but puppets under his control.

Their lives were under his control and their armies could become his army with a simple thought.

Chuckling, he wiped out the body of Drei with a simple wave of his hand, as if blowing away some dust and only kept the most important thing.

His soul.

“But first, an escapee needs to be punished.”

He showed a malevolent smile as he thought about what kind of torture he would use to punish this soul when he heard a little cough.

“Your taste is as bad and detestable as always.”

“Oh?”

As if noticing her for the first time, Anubis finally turned toward Nent. The reason that he didn't notice her on his radar was simply that kings were so weak in his eyes that he had a hard time feeling their position if he didn't pay attention.

The same way an elephant wouldn't pay attention to the ants on the ground.

The moment he took a look at Nent, he was bewildered for a while.

“Who are you...?”

Nent's breath hitched, “Is this a joke?”

“Hum...Hum...Oh!!! So this is sister-in-law. Sorry, sorry, it's just that the last time I saw you your soul was so filthy. Man, I wonder what happened in the time I was exploring? I almost couldn't recognize you.”

Nent clenched her fists at the way Anubis so casually insulted her. But there was nothing she could do.

They weren't even in the same weight class.

Furthermore, she knew that Anubis did not look at the world the same way as normal people did.

Was it because he was so handsome himself? Anubis had no care for physical appearance, only the appearance of the Soul.

He would never remember someone's face.

While Nent was discussing with Anubis, the pressure he was outwardly emitting was so great that it seemed almost crushing.

Everyone, even Nent, felt as if there was a scythe right against their necks, ready to lop off their heads with a light swing.

It was incredible how the presence of one man could be so crushing. But while most of the people present were bewildered, those who did recognize Anubis, knew that this was to be expected.

Thankfully for them...

“Father!”

The pressure was completely lifted in a heartbeat, As if it was a lie.

“Oh, my beloved daughter!

As if the mighty being that weighted on everyone suddenly vanished.

All they could see was the expression of a doting father.

Walking toward Isis and ignoring the frightened King-ranked Titans as if they were dust on the road, Anubis approached Isis and hugged her deeply.

The expression on his face was full of love and joy. Anubis had really missed his cute little daughter.

How long did he have to move around in the lonely void of space just in search of an illusory goal?

The only thing that sustained him was the thought of coming back and pampering them.

But, it was then,

“Oh?”

“Father?”

Anubis stopped and tilted his head in wonder before focusing on Isis's soul more deeply.

His eyes immediately narrowed when he recognized the sign of a contract in her soul and the changes that occurred with it.

His first instinct was to cut the contract. Souls were something he was extremely familiar with. Perhaps not even the goddesses had more knowledge than him in this zone.

But...

‘Argh....So this is the pain of being a father.’

Anubis teared up inwardly but outwardly he showed no sign.

“Tell me, dear daughter of mine. Who is the lucky guy? Or is it a girl? Either way, I think we need to have a very deep discussion.”

The stiff smile on his face left no illusion of what he would do.

Now he could understand a little what Gabriel felt when he kidnapped Nephtys back then.

He laughed at himself while gently pinching the puffed cheeks of Isis. Her face was so red because of embarrassment. But she felt no uneasiness. She was sure that he would like Sol.

Sighing, he focused and opened a huge black door, from which walked out a woman with a face so pale that it was clear no blood was circulating in her body.

From her body, the aura of a king was emanating, “Wipe them out.”

The woman tilted her head, “All of them?”

She was clearly asking if she should eliminate the dragons as well. But Anubis shook his head,

“Isis, I guess you are with Tiamat?” When Isis nodded, Anubis seemed relieved. He didn’t want to kill dragons since Tiamat was one of the few Demigod divine beasts who never made things difficult for him when he was still weak.

Though of course if Isis was an enemy of Tiamat he would have massacred all the dragons without a once of remorse.

“Very well. Then, follow my daughter and take out a part of the army.”

He looked above with a grin, “I have something to do.”

When Anubis vanished, Isis looked at the woman in a daze.

Necromancers controlled their undead through mental control.

But, the higher the number of undead, the greater the burden. This was why they needed Generals under them.

Like a pyramid. Necromancers would control their direct commandant, who would control a certain number of lieutenants who would then control a group of undead themselves.

The larger the army, the more structured it was.

The woman in front of Isis was one of Anubis's weakest lieutenant. Like Drei, she was a lich.

But the level of power was completely different.

She bowed in front of Isis, “My lady. Your orders?”

Suddenly, Isis was so thrilled she felt like she would explode in laughter.

Isis was no damsel in distress.

But she was a spoiled princess and the new gift of her father, albeit temporarily, was an army composed of a hundred thousand undead.

A veritable sea of death. This was what it felt like when the undead army appeared with a simple command from that lich.

Until now, the force of chaos was always the craziest one on the battlefield. After all, they thrived in such an environment.

But now, for the first time, they understood what it felt like to face an army that had no fear and did not care about pain.

The undead of Anubis were not special undead that could regenerate themselves like Isis. But, they were an order of magnitude far more dangerous and more skilled.

What followed wasn't a fight. It couldn't even be called a war anymore.

It was simply and purely a one-sided massacre.

The army of Chaos stood no chance as they were swiftly and neatly eradicated.

The pure beings of Chaos were killed in body and soul since they could not be used.

As for the criminals who were forced into this fight because of Drei's machination?

They were simply considered a new addition to the undead army.

This was how Necromancers fought.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 300: CH 270:DRAGON EMPRESS

The primordial Dragon of Chaos.

Tiamat.

The only known current Divine Beast to have broken the limitations and reached the level of False God.

As Surtr faced the woman that was so small that she looked like a small bug, he couldn't help but show a serious expression on his lava-filled face.

Surtr was a Titan. A being born from the power of Fire and Destruction as willed by the Goddess of Chaos. He represented the personification of a Calamity. His appearance had nothing human.

A dark rock-like skin from which lava seemed to flow made up most of his body. As if he was the very incarnation of an erupting volcano.

Even then, Surtr knew that his chance of winning against Tiamat alone was rather small.

"Tiamat. I will ask you again, why don't you join our side? As the Dragon of Chaos, you will fit nicely in our midst."

Despite being in the void of space, his voice was rumbling.

All Chaos Beasts had very high magic resistance and all dragons were immune to one specific element. Meanwhile, as a Chaos Dragon, Tiamat was immune to all pure magical attacks.

Why did Tiamat have the title of Chaos Dragon?

For some, it was simply a joke of a goddess Superbia, made because of the similarity between the passive skill of Dragons and Chaos Beasts.

But...As one of the oldest beings, Surtr knew that the truth couldn't be so simple.

The goddesses might be childish but even children never gave names without meaning. In fact, it was because they were children that they wished to give even more impressive and full of meaning to their toys.

This was no coincidence.

Tiamat was unperturbed, and she scoffed, "Even though I hate them, I like the world as it is. Between two evils, I choose the lesser one."

Tiamat did not care about her origin nor did she feel any sort of shame. After all, she cared not for Order or Chaos.

She didn't know if she was really related to Chaos but even if she was, it wouldn't change anything for her at all.

In her mind, Chaos and Order were simply the same. But at least, the world under Order was more pleasing to live in.

She had no plan to live in a disgusting world where she would fight eternally with no rest.

“Is that so? Then, it’s a shame.”

Surtr wasn’t disappointed. In fact, if Tiamat really accepted this, would that have disappointed him?

Light shone and his humongous slowly began to shrink. From the gigantic body, he transformed into a warrior that was about 6 meters tall.

It was a far cry from his previous form, but Tiamat knew that this was his most dangerous battle form.

After all, at their level, a huge body was simply a waste of energy. Meanwhile, in a smaller form, they could condense all their strength more easily.

In this form, the black rock-like body of Surtr changed to a deep red, and the lava that was openly coursing his body changed into pure fire. Even his hair was entirely made out of the fire. In his hand was a beautiful sword that seemed to be just out of a furnace.

If Surtr were to land on a planet that wasn’t under the protection of a demigod in his current appearance, then it would only take a few minutes for all the water in the atmosphere of that planet to evaporate and slowly change into a sea of fire.

This was also why Tiamat had made it so the War form of Dragon King was developed. While the bodies of dragons were naturally powerful, they were also limited.

As she thought this, the flame began to gather around her body as her form slowly changed.

Two large curved and menacing horns appeared on either side of her head, while her clothes disintegrated and gave place to a body nearly entirely covered in purple gold scale, leaving most of her chest and a small part of her breasts. Even her dainty small hand were covered in scales and her nail changed into wicked claws that could tear monsters apart.

<<War form: Primordial Chaos Dragon>>

The aura that Tiamat emitted was so dangerous that the space seemed to quake. Her will alone could slightly affect reality. In the same way, Surtr could create a world of fire and lava with just a thought.

She allied beauty and dangerousness in a perfect way, bringing both fear and awe to those who faced her.

Surtr’s two eyes shone with golden luster as he looked at Tiamat with appreciation,

“It has been a long time since I saw this form.”

Tiamat shrugged, “The last time you saw this form was when you were fleeing for your life with your tail tucked between your legs. What gave you the courage to face me now?”

Surtr growled and his grip on his sword tightened. His last fight with Tiamat was the greatest humiliation of his life.

Not because he lost. After all, for a warrior like him, dying on the battlefield was in fact an honor. It was an even greater honor when the opponent was someone as honorable as Tiamat.

But, back then, the order of his goddess was clear. He had to retreat. While his pride as a warrior was terribly wounded, his pride as a soldier didn't allow him to reject the order of a superior.

"Indeed. All things said I was inferior to you back then, Dragon Empress. I am still, now. But it doesn't matter. For I am not alone."

As soon as he uttered those words, ten red portals opened all around Tiamat and people of different heights and appearances walked out of it.

Even so, if all of them had one thing in common, it was that...They were all Demigods.

Looking at the new arrivals, Tiamat showed no change in expression, she already knew that she was about to be besieged by demigods thanks to Skuld.

"Relying on numbers?"

Surtr showed no shame. He was a warrior and a soldier. If possible, he really wished to fight Tiamat one vs one and wash away his previous defeat. But the most optimal choice was to use numbers against her.

Once all the demigods appeared, another portal opened and an angel with golden hair and crimson eyes could be seen walking out of it.

Tiamat looked at the last demigod to arrive and chuckled once again, "To think the child of Michael, the most loyal Archangel, would become a traitor. How ironical."

"The most loyal Archangel? You must mean the most loyal slave, right?"

"Heh..."

Tiamat sneered at those words. After all, it was true. Michael managed to reach the level of Demigod by using the concept of Servitude. Calling him a slave was already an understatement.

He was the most loyal hunting dog of the goddesses.

Nihil looked down at Tiamat, even though she was facing the strongest demigod, she showed no fear, only unrelenting will.

"Then again, there is not much difference between you and my father. You might have more free will. But the moment the goddesses decide so, they can easily take away your will and control you like the puppet you are."

Tiamat stayed silent. "I have already broken free of the Chain of Heaven."

"That's what you think."

The frown of Tiamat grew deeper. She remembered something Skuld told her. Something about her hunting down Sol when he became a dangerous existence.

Back then, she had dismissed this as she was sure that she has broken all the restrictions the goddesses had put on her body when they created her.

She hadn't decided to train back from the beginning and discard the King's name and Duke power the goddesses had given to her just for fun.

But, what if it wasn't the case?

What if...?

Looking at the silent Tiamat, Nihil continued to speak.

"Tiamat, the only way to obtain true freedom is to join Chaos. Be it Ymir or the others, they care not about controlling or limiting us. The principle of the Mother Goddess is unlimited evolution. There would be no need to restrain your growth and you could even realize your dream and become a true goddess."

This was another tactic they had come out with.

Secrets should always be revealed at the most appropriate moment.

Beating Tiamat was extremely hard. But at their level, mana and technique were not as important as the power of their will.

Only a powerful will could use effectively the power of the world.

If they managed to shake Tiamat's will, even if nothing else changed, she would be much weaker than normal.

It would be even better if she really accepted

"Sigh...What a beautiful drama I encountered. Though... That thing about controlling divine beasts is intriguing me. I hope my little wife isn't under control."

Be it Nihil or Surtr, all of their expressions changed when they heard the voice that sounded in the void before a man walked out and appeared near Tiamat.

Nihil's face which was full of confidence a few moments ago even paled a little as she nearly took a step back.

"You are finally here."

The hesitation that was on Tiamat's face vanished like a lie.

Nihil immediately understood that Tiamat had never been shaken by her words, she was simply stalling for time until that accursed being appeared.

Indeed, while Tiamat was surprised by Nihil's words, she would never lose control because of this.

But she didn't want to fight 12 demigods alone. After all, she was also keeping control of her territory currently to avoid someone sneaking into it while she was absent.

But now that Anubis was here... Tiamat grinned.

"You take half?"

Anubis was stunned, before he exploded with laughter, “No problem, I will also take care of that fugitive on the way.”

It was as if fighting 6 demigods was no big deal.

Tiamat shrugged as she faced Surtr again who couldn't help but sigh.

Even though the current situation was two against twelve, he knew that even if they won, this would be at the cost of the life of a few demigods.

Since all negotiations broke down, it was now time to fight to the death.