

## Hero King 301

### [Son of the Hero King](#)

#### Chapter 301: CH 271: GATE OF TRUTH

While Tiamat and Anubis were about to face the full might of twelve demigods, In the depth of the sea in Sol's mind, the discussion between a goddess and a mortal continued.

"What is freedom? Freedom can only exist in a world where everyone is equal. However, not even the goddesses are equal. How can true freedom exist between mortals?"

Sol was a little stunned by those words, but in the end, he nodded. He knew that above Ymir and the sins and virtues goddesses stood the Mother Goddesses of Order and Chaos.

True absolute freedom could not exist as long as someone above you existed and restrained you. Not even the goddesses were genuinely free.

If even the goddesses were not free, then what about mortals?

Thinking about this, a ridiculous thought flashed through his mind, "In the end, you are just playing around with the Wings of Freedom?"

Ymir smiled as if she couldn't see Sol's attempt to buy time.

She only had to destroy this avatar of hers, then the boy would be erased body and soul with no possibility for reincarnation.

She could guess what Luxuria was planning and while she was sure that the poor little girl would face failure, there was nothing that was one hundred percent certain in the world.

It was better to nip it in the bud.

However...Just as she was about to end him, a small thought suddenly occurred to her.

'Wouldn't that be boring?'

She had stayed so long with no way to amuse herself, perhaps...?

Rather than doing as she initially planned, she decided to answer him.

—This was her first mistake.

"No. Lying to mere mortals is beneath me. Be it the current Nihil or her predecessors, even though they all had thoughts of freedom, each of them had a different philosophy. The current Nihil is...Let's say...more to my liking."

Sol observed Ymir as she spoke. He could not hide how bewildered he was.

Ymir was the goddess of destruction and the creator of Titans and Giants. She was the one whose power was so high that even the 14 goddesses had to work together to seal her.

After meeting and fighting Chaos Spawns, Sol had imagined the different personalities Ymir could have. But what he was witnessing was beyond everything he could imagine.

As if reading his thoughts, Ymir walked toward him with a bright smile, "Surprised? Did you think you would meet some kind of crazy woman? Or someone with a bloodthirsty personality?"

She laughed lightly, causing her heavy breasts to jiggle in an enticing way. She was truly a stunning woman.

Once she reached him, she began to walk all around him as she eyed him from head to toe.

"Hum...What a fine specimen."

She muttered to herself, before looking up and licking her lips. "When people imagine destruction, they have the tendency of thinking about the brutal aspects of destruction brought by absolute power. They aren't wrong per se. But you see. While I am able to do so. I like the subtle aspects more."

Ymir laughed once again, "Like right now." She blew a hot breath near his ear.

Sol shivered and looked up immediately, his eyes wide. He could see that the dark sea of his consciousness seemed to be slowly eroded by a crimson hue and was changing into a crimson sea.

"You aren't the only one who wants to buy time you know."

"You...!"

Sol immediately realized what was happening.

Ymir hugged him and giggled, "Luxuria, Luxuria, how stupid she is. Hahaha~! How could she leave a treasure like you without more protection?"

She gently bit his earlobe, "I changed my opinion. Killing you would be such a shame. Why don't you join me? If you do so...I can promise you a pleasure no mortal ever obtained."

She continued in a hot and hushed voice, "Do you wonder what it would feel like to have a goddess moan under you?"

Sol was ashamed to admit that for an instant, he was tempted by her words and the moment this thought flashed in his mind, he could see the sea reddening further.

That was when Sol understood what Ymir meant when she said she liked the subtle approach.

Rather than destroying something herself, she liked seeing that thing self-destruct.

At the same time, he gained a deeper understanding of the mentality of those goddesses.

As he was now, Sol was nothing but a talented mortal. The goddesses did not know how powerful his dimensions could become and most of them were sure that Luxuria would fail.

Then why was Ymir trying to entice him?

He guessed that for her, this was nothing but a game.

Rather than simply destroying the toy of her opponent, she wished to steal it in broad daylight.

In fact, it would be even better if he betrayed the Order himself and joined her by his own will.

“Heh. Is this how you enticed Nihil?”

Ymir was a little surprised to see that Sol could still keep his sanity.

What she just did wasn't just speak sweet words. Even though she was sealed and couldn't corrupt his mind with just him looking at her face, her words should have been enough to bring him into the abyss of indecision.

The more he struggled in this state, the faster his mind would be corrupted. But right now, aside from some lust, she did not feel his mind fluctuate much.

This was absolutely impossible for a mortal.

Something was afoot.

Ymir ignored Sol's question and turned to look at the partially opened gate of the Zone.

She was immediately beyond astonished.

‘How is it possible! Why did that thing appear here!’”

On the gate, she could see different symbols drawn on it. As if representing an inverted tree.

She recognized it. There was no way she could not recognize it.

After all, this was the same symbol that was always on the clothes of the Mother Goddess of Chaos.

‘The Spehirotic tree of life!’

It was the ultimate truth!

The truth beyond all truth!

This was not something that should be in the mind sea of a mortal.

If that thing was already on the gate, then...What could be beyond it?

As if she was possessed, Ymir took a step forward, intent on observing the sight beyond the gate.

Later on...She would realize that this curiosity was her second and greatest mistake.

—

The moment Ymir took a step toward the gate, back in the real world, something flashed in Skuld's mind and she screamed in pain.

One had to remember that even though she wasn't a warrior, Skuld was still a King-ranked titan. The level of pain necessary to make her scream helplessly like this could be imagined.

Her eyes began to bleed profusely as if she had seen something that should not be seen. Her mind was cracking and she felt like she was about to burst.

‘It hurts! It hurts so much!’

She convulsed as the pain filled her body entirely.

“Skuld!”

Verdandi was about to come to her help.

“Don’t stop!!”

She was stopped by a hysterical Skuld.

Verdandi shivered. She had never seen such a crazy side of Skuld. She knew that right here, right now, if she really stopped weaving the thread of fate, Skuld might attack her with the intention to kill.

As if she was possessed, Skuld fought through the pain and accelerated the weaving.

This was it. This was the way.

They had already managed to change the future slightly.

Using her knowledge and understanding of Ymir, they managed to go from a future where Sol was instantly killed to a future where Sol was corrupted.

Most people may not understand it, but Luxuria was a sort of aberration for a goddess. She could plan for years and years in order to reach her goal. This was not normal.

Goddesses were beings who moved with their whims.

Like little spoiled children, they only saw the world as their chessboard and mortals as their pawns.

Plans? Scheme?

Goddesses did not do that. They only played and if the game didn’t go their way, then they would simply give up. After all, losing means nothing to them.

This was why despite their difference in power and with the help of Sheherazade's power, they managed to induce a new future. After all, destroying or stealing a toy for a goddess was just a matter of whim.

They would never think deeply about it.

But this was theoretically the limit of what they could have done.

They could shift from a future of “assured death” to a future of “corruption” because this still went in the normal way of thinking Ymir had.

But there was no future where Ymir simply gave up on Sol.

Sol could either be stolen or destroyed. There was no third option in Ymir’s mind. Like a petulant child throwing a tantrum and screaming, “if I can’t have it, then no one will.”

Skuld had already made plans about betraying Tiamat and the others if Sol was really corrupted. After all, she cared not one bit for the dragons nor even Chaos or Order. Her only loyalty was to her darling.

The fact that she followed him to the end even when he was the enemy of Order and Chaos was proof enough.

But...Just as she was about to give up...Something happened.

A pivot.

A point that could change everything and tilt the balance.

Feeling this, Skuld did not hesitate. Using all her power, she peered into that new branch of the future, and what she saw then, nearly broke her mind.

“Hahahah~! As expected, Darling is indeed the best!”

Skuld laughed out loud, despite the fact that her mouth, eyes, and ears were bleeding. She knew that she looked like an absolutely crazy woman but she couldn't care in the slightest.

What she saw was a new future that did not exist until now or rather it was one with such a small chance of happening that she had never managed to see it until now.

But now? Even though she only saw a glimpse of that future?

Skuld felt like the pain that was coursing through her body was nothing compared to her current sense of euphoria.

“Sheherazade, I need you to throw this into the blood pool.”

She took out the pearl Tiamat had given her.

This was indeed the key that would change everything.

Sheherazade was also not feeling very well. She was obviously very tired. After all, she was only a Duke.

She had absolutely no place in such a situation and was more the icing on a cake. Even then she gave her all and wished for the survival of Sol again and again. Not caring how much it affected her.

Skuld was very satisfied with such devotion. After all, this was how it should be. Her darling was a supreme being in her mind.

The jewel was a little bigger than Sheherazade, but she did not hesitate and took it before flying slowly toward the pool.

Once she reached it, she gasped. Nearly all the skin of Sol had vanished. As if corroded by a powerful acid. She could even see some of his bones sticking out.

It was truly a disturbing sight, but rather than disgust, it only brought tears to her eyes.

Focusing, she threw what she was holding in the pool, wishing that it would be as effective as Skuld seemed to think it would be.

The moment the pearl fell in...At first, nothing happened.

Then...all the blood began to swirl around the pearl and was absorbed by it.

In but an instant, more than half of the pool was sucked dry by the pearl and it seemed like it wasn't about to stop.



'Luxuria...what have you done!?'

She screamed in her mind but could not bring herself to look back at the door. She had already decided to dissipate this avatar of her.

Endless regret filled her heart and mind.

Why didn't she stick to her decision to simply kill this boy?

Why did she have to gaze at this door despite discovering the symbol on it?

Why? Why? Why? Why? Why?

Ymir entered a daze, as she felt even her most basic thinking capabilities collapsing.

As a goddess, her thinking speed was something that even the greatest super calculator created by the angels could never compare to.

Even if it was only an avatar, her mind processed information at an insane speed.

But now, she could feel all of this slowly leaving her. Her mind crawled until it nearly came to a halt even as the pressure and primordial fear in her vanished.

Only silence was left.

A heavy silence.

As if a weight was pressing on her soul.

From her crawling position, with her face filled with tears of blood, Ymir slowly raised her head and looked up.

What greeted her was the sight of a blurry entirely white figure sitting close to the door while 'looking at her.'

\*Crack\*

The moment Ymir gazed at this figure, all her deepest fears were confirmed, making her mind reach the limit.

She felt her mind breaking. Like a broken mirror, her avatar began to show fissures.

As divinity left her body and was sucked into the eye of the door.

'I need to run! I need to escape from this place!'

Run! Run! Run!

She had to flee as fast as possible and inform absolutely all the goddesses that he was back.

That Luxuria was a crazy bitch who would bring doom to them all.

That they had to break all rules and kill the boy named Sol.

No. The goddesses weren't enough.

Perhaps she could even try and wake up the two Mothers.

She had tried to directly send the information to her main body but she found that the link between the two of them had been completely cut.

She then tried to destroy this avatar of her in the hope of perhaps killing the boy but she was startled to see her body slowly dissipate.

“No!”

She immediately understood what was happening and fear once again occupied her mind when black poured out of the door and encircled her body before slowly dragging it back toward the door.

“Nonononononono!”

She wriggled, fought back, screamed, cursed, and even tried to claw at the ground as she was inevitably dragged closer and closer to the gate but to no avail.

All her struggles were simply pointless.

Even as she felt the power she accumulated after so long, Ymir felt no anger, only fear,

When she felt her body finally enter it, she could only turn toward the white figure that had stayed silent all this while and with a voice full of begging,

“Please...”

The white figure answered her with a large smile.

The disturbing picture of a large mouth opening on a faceless white figure was disturbing enough for anyone else to have a nightmare.

“Fa...”

\*Boom\*

Her plea was cut short as she completely vanished behind the gate while said gate closed behind her.

Now, the only people present in this place were Sol and the white figure.

Then, the figure that had stayed sitting all this while slowly stood up and advanced toward Sol.

—

Was Sol scared?

He was scared shitless.

‘What the fuck is wrong with my soul?’

Firstly, the goddess of Destruction entered his mind like it was her own backyard.

Now there was some super entity worthy of a horror movie that devoured said goddess like it was a light meal.



Even though it was only an avatar. It was still a fucking goddess.

Sol held back the desire to curse.

The situation was not bright at all.

Still, even now in this situation that seemingly had no hope, Sol refused to give up.

He did not try to escape because it was useless. This was his own body. Where could he escape to?

If he had to die then so be it. But he refused to go down without at least struggling for his life.

It was with this mentality that he continued to observe the pitiful and disturbing scene of the Goddess getting devoured like a light meal.

Sol had no disilusions. He would surely die if that thing decided to eat him.

But...

“Hi.”

The thing suddenly spoke.

This was like a gong sounded in his skull.

Sol opened his eyes wide with incredulity.

“H-hello...?”

Silence filled the place as the white figure sized Sol up and down before finally sighing and muttering under its breath.

“How interesting...”

Sol was confused about the meaning of those words, but he was also relieved that the figure wasn't some kind of mindless monster.

Since it could think and talk then it could be reasoned with.

Of course, Sol knew that his situation was still very precarious.

With some trepidation, He looked at the figure and asked.

“Who are you?”

“Who am I?”

The figure seemed to be a little surprised by this question and once again gave an unsettling grin.

“I am many things.”

He moved his finger playfully,

“I am the Origin of all that exists.”

“I am the absolute Truth of this world.”

"I was once called Adam."

"Now — I am you."

### Son of the Hero King

#### **Chapter 303: CH 273:ORIGIN (2)**

"Now — I am you."

Adam threw a bomb the moment he opened his mouth.

For a short moment, Sol's mind completely blew up as he repeated those words in his head. However, it didn't take long for him to calm down as he coldly analyzed the situation.

"What do you mean?"

Some sort of super entity that just devoured a goddess was now saying that they were one of the same.

Who wouldn't be shocked?

But being shocked wouldn't change the situation. He had to obtain as much information as possible.

"Oh? I thought you would be more surprised. Then again, I like the look in your eyes."

Adam was surprised, when Sol heard this news, while he did panic for a brief instant, he immediately entered a thoughtful mode.

It was clear that rather than entering an outburst, he was more prone to calmly analyzing an unexpected situation.

"Ahaha. Do not worry. Even though I am you, at the same time, you are not really me. The two of us may have the same source but we are two different entities."

Adam was glad to see that. This meant that this one wouldn't die too fast this time.

Who knew perhaps this time it would succeed?

Adam chortled silently.

Unfortunately, He couldn't see the future.

Though, he had very high expectations this time. After all, this current body was the closest to his original self.

It was such a great fit that he couldn't help but wonder who arranged the birth of this boy.

It was impossible for it to be an accident.

He searched through the memory sea before understanding dawned on him.

'I see. So this is the work of that little girl.'

It was quite surprising. He honestly thought that they would all try to bury him rather than bring him back.

“If you wonder what I mean, it’s exactly as you must have summarized. I am your past life, rather the first of them all.”

“That’s...not impossible.”

Sol narrowed his eyes as his mind went into overdrive.

“It wasn’t a coincidence that I was reincarnated into this world.”

Adam shrugged, “I cannot tell you. My knowledge is limited by your current situation.”

Sol continued, “Then if you are the so-called Origin, are you at the same level as the 14 goddesses or the two Mother goddesses?”

“Hahaha! Mother goddesses, heh. I guess Eve really got completely crazy after my death.”

“...What do you mean?”

Sol tensed. He felt like he was about to hear something extremely big.

Adam meanwhile fell silent as a stream of memories filled his mind, in the end, he simply released a sigh.

“From Nothingness was born the Origin of the universe. Then there was Chaos and after Chaos came Order.”

“???”

Sol was confused by what seemed like the ramblings of a madman.

“From Origin and Chaos came the Day and the Night which gave birth to Light and Darkness. From then on, Space, Time, and Matter appeared. Then Nature appeared which gave birth to the Sky, the Earth, and the Sea.”

But the more Adam spoke —

“If there is Creation, then there must be Destruction. If there is Life then there must be Death. Only after Life and Death came into existence did emotions appear.”

— The more Sol seemed to see a magnificent picture being drawn in front of him.

“Good breeds Evil, and Evil breeds Good. Good cannot be purely Good, and Evil cannot be purely Evil. Therefore, Good is Evil, and Evil is Good.”

This was an era totally different from the current one.

“It’s neither Good nor Evil, but both Evil and Good. From them came the concept of Sins and Virtues.”

Sol inhaled deeply.

“You seem to have understood. I have skipped many steps, and did not bother to consider what came after the Seven sins or Virtues.”

Sol understood one thing.

It was fake. Everything about the goddesses, everything he knew about the world was fake.

He did not doubt Adam. Even though there was absolutely no proof of what he was saying, Sol could not bring himself to doubt him.

No wonder Ymir was so much more powerful than Luxuria and the others. After all, she represented Destruction.

He swallowed with difficulty

“Then...Why...?”

“Why do only a few of the gods remain?”

Adam grinned.

A large toothy grin stretched on his featureless face.

“I killed most of them. Of course, I would have killed them all if Eve did not stop me back then.”

Adam continued, no remorse in his voice, “From Nothingness came Everything. Then to Nothingness, Everything must return to.”

“That is the inevitable cycle of the universe. Eternity could not exist for the simple result that nothing is truly Eternal — not even the gods. If there is a Beginning. Then there must be an End.”

“I represent the Origin in the world. But a part of me wished for the end — so came the Twilight of the Gods. Unfortunately, I could not truly obtain the power to End everything. Thus I failed.”

‘At least...That was until now.’

Adam thought in silence.

Sol looked down as he remembered the picture that flashed in his mind when he opened the gate.

The woman had said, “Adam, is it time for the Twilight of...?”

Back then he did not hear the last part. But now everything was clear.

Still, there was something tugging at his mind,

“Then...What am I?”

Adam was clearly startled before he exploded in laughter for a short while.

But Sol was not laughing. Not at all.

He thought he would get answers, but now there were even more questions that were swimming in his mind.

Furthermore, he was sure that Adam did not tell him everything.

“Well, if you want to know... You are...”

“Wait!”

Adam stopped mid-sentence.

“What I am does not matter in the end.”

Sol closed his eyes. He could already somehow guess. But for the first time he did not wish to hear the truth from someone else's mouth.

What was he?

It did not matter.

All that mattered was who he was.

He was Sol Dragona Luxuria.

The past did not matter. Only the present.

Adam tilted his head before nodding,

“I guess that is alright. Either way, as you are now, knowing the truth will only hurt you. After all, if the goddesses were to learn everything from your mind then you would die.”

“If you want to know more about the truth and what happened before or during the Twilight of the Gods, then become stronger and open the gate once again. For now, though, I leave you with gifts. A temporary and a permanent one. Do as you please.”

Sol looked down on himself and realized that his ‘body’ was slowly dissipating. He then remembered that this was nothing more than a mental projection of his own self and that he was still going through the transformation as a Duke.

So many crazy things had happened one after another that he had completely forgotten this.

“When you wake up, you will see the world from a totally different perspective and forget everything that had happened here up until my appearance. Only when you are strong enough to shield your thoughts from the gods will those memories come back.”

“You...”

“Talking with you has been a pleasure. I do not know if this is the last time we will have the pleasure to discuss but I await the time you will be strong enough to once again open the gate of truth.”

Those were the last words Sol heard as he completely vanished from the bottom of his consciousness and rose up above the sea.

Now alone, Adam walked back toward the door and gently caressed the insignia of the Tree of Knowledge drawn on it.

“What came first, the chicken or the egg?”

He laughed as he asked himself a rather mundane question that had stumped many philosophers.

Thinking back to Sol, he laughed lightly.

So young yet so full of potential.

He really wondered what was the goal of the little girl in trying to bring him back to life.

Then again, the little girl now was only half of the one he once knew. The same went for the others and Eve was no exception. Not even he could escape this.

Gods, as they may call themselves, but in the face of the rules, they were helpless.

No story lasts forever.

If there was a Beginning, there must be an End.

The boy should have already guessed it.

After all, from what that Titan said, he already ended this world once.

Then, he would usher in a new beginning.

And the cycle would go on.

Again and again.

At least...That should be the case.

But...

Since Eternity did not exist...

Then why would the cycle exist eternally?

Everything had an End.

Absolutely everything.

—

After what felt like a very long dream, Sol finally woke up, and with his awakening, the gear of Fate began to accelerate.

### [Son of the Hero King](#)

#### **Chapter 304: CH 274:NEW HORIZONS**

As if rising from a long ephemeral dream, Sol slowly opened his eyes slowly, the light of the stars entering his eyes,

“Darling!”

Only to be greeted with the feeling of colliding with a literal cannonball as Skuld threw herself at him the moment he opened his eyes.

“Skuld... Is that you?”

Sol opened his quivering eyes and nearly gasped aloud when he felt the frail and weak girl cuddled in his arms.

Even though Skuld had the looks of a little girl in her toddler years, as a King-ranked Titan, she was obviously far from being merely a little girl.

Now though, looking at her gray streaks of hair and the once childish face now looking slightly wrinkled in some places, covered in dried patches of blood, he couldn't help but wonder just what the hell had happened here.

"Hehehe...it's nothing important. This is just the backlash from using my powers. It will be alright. Don't worry."

Sol looked down at her frail form before finally gazing at his surroundings, trying to assess the situation.

He could see Sheherazade lying flat on the ground and gasping for air on one side. Her current life force seemed perilously weak, like a candle flickering under the whims of a blowing wind, ready to vanish at any given second.

Meanwhile, Verdandi, who seemed to have come out of it better than the other three, also had a completely withered hand now hanging off her shoulder. He could see the threads between her fingers slowly dissipate and immediately understood what had transpired when he was passed out.

The last thing Sol remembered before fully losing consciousness was Ymir entering his mind-sea just as he was about to break through.

From the looks of it, the only reason he came out of that ordeal alive was thanks to the sacrifice of these wonderful companions of his.

Standing up with Skuld still cradled in his arms in a princess carry, Sol finally looked down at the pool that was now void of any blood inside.

"Darling... How do you feel now?"

Despite her current critical condition, it was clear that the most important thing for Skuld was still the well-being of Sol.

Even if it was at the price of her own.

In a way, Skuld was both the most selfless and selfish being he had ever met in his entire life.

"How do I feel?"

Sol repeated her question absentmindedly before he finally realized all the changes his body had gone through.

When he finally focused on himself, he was so shocked that he couldn't even speak... He was simply left utterly speechless...

Ever since he awakened, Sol had always wondered about certain things...

For instance...

What would it feel like to become a Duke?

Of course, after a while, this interest waned for the most part. There was no helping it, actually, as he could already crush beings on the Duke level before even being close to becoming one himself.

If that were to be the case, then what use could there be in advancing to subsequent levels? At most he was simply looking forward to his growth because it could act as a boost to the mastery of his dimension.

But now, Sol understood that his mindset had been too narrow all along.

Or rather, he received so many boosts, stacked one after the other in a ridiculous fashion, in order to become a Duke that the final result had simply been astonishing, to say the least... One could even call it mind-numbing, at least that's what he felt.

The world in his eyes seemed to have changed completely. As if an illusive and intangible veil was taken away from reality, allowing him to finally see everything, and perceive every single detail for what it truly was.

His thinking speed greatly increased to the point that he wondered if he was now equal to or perhaps greater than a supercomputer.

Even when breathing, his attunement with mana itself, and the amount of mana he could hold in one go had increased to outlandish proportions, simply incomparable to his previous attainments.

Of course, all of these were, at the end of the day, just normal increases brought by a change in life order due to his increase in level.

Feeling the truly important changes that had occurred in him, a smile crept on his lips as he exhaled out loud and spoke in a tone full of jubilation.

"I have never felt better, in the entirety of my life, as I do now. It's surreal..."

Slowly walking up to the sprawled-out Sheherazade, he carefully lifted her up by using a hand made out of finely controlled mana, and finally reached the exhausted Verdandi.

"Thank you guys...for everything."

His expression was as complicated as the feelings that were brimming inside his turbulent mind.

Skuld aside, neither Verdandi nor Sheherazade needed to suffer so much for him. He truly had no direct relationships with them. Not in the least. Though, now that he thought about it, he could think of himself as being friends with the little fairy.

"Sol?"

"Now...You can rest comfortably... I will take care of everything else."

He planted a gentle kiss full of love and care on Skuld's forehead and placed her down next to the still-exhausted Verdandi.

In the next moment, a golden flame filled the place with an incandescent and soothing light, which made the three of them moan out in pleasure as their bodies were being slowly rejuvenated.



Sheherazade was the first to open her eyes wide into full circles. She had stayed silent until now because she really had no more strength left in her to even utter the slightest words. She was even sure that she might die soon at this rate.

But now, all the life force she had lost in trying to fight against the almighty Fate was coming back to her as if all her weakness till now was an illusion all along.

Even better still, since she had used her powers in order to face a literal goddess, her powers of wish seemed ready to evolve to the next stage. She could feel that, in a few days, she would be able to know her True Name and take the first step towards becoming a King rank.

“Now, just sleep. When you wake up, everything will be resolved. I will put an end to everything.”

Skuld fought back her looming urge to sleep and forget about everything for the desperate chance at staying awake. But, even though she was suddenly healed from all her injuries and ailments, her loss of life force still impacted her to her very soul which made it difficult for her to remain awake.

Now that she knew that Sol was alright, her mind couldn't help but slowly drift into the realms of sleep.

“Thanks for keeping a lookout for them.”

Sol turned around and was greeted by the sight of someone that he hadn't met since coming out of Tartarus.

Nabu.

She was the same as she had always been. Though right now, she had one cat sitting on her shoulder.

Sekhmet.

“It's alright. We were left as a backup in case someone tried to infiltrate this place.”

Behind Nabu was a trail of myriad bodies completely frozen and encased in blocks of ice. From their features, it could be discerned that they were mainly hybrid dragons.

Sol wasn't surprised that there were rebels among the dragons. Tiamat was a powerful ruler who could inspire fear and respect in her people, but he doubted that she could inspire a high degree of loyalty with how distanced she was from the dragons.

Though he was still surprised that they dared to come to the 9th level.

More than anything, however, he was feeling a great sense of relief. If those two hadn't been here, with how weak Skuld and the rest had become, the end result wouldn't have been pretty.

“You... You have become... Strong... Truly strong...”

Nabu muttered while observing Sol.

The Sol she remembered was dangerous but now...it felt like she was watching a deep abyss with no signs of its depths.

Sitting lazily on her shoulder, Sekhmet nodded to her words, and also to the unspoken thoughts of her mind. She really wondered just what kind of monster Sol had now become.

“Heh...Well. I will leave everything here to you. Please take care of them for me.”

Sekhmet opened her eyes wide at Sol's sudden remark, “What do you mean? The only fight still ongoing should be the one between the demigods...Wait... Don't tell me?”

She gasped when she saw the lopsided smirk of confidence adorning Sol's handsome face.

Then, without answering anything, Sol levitated up into the air.

“Do not worry... I do not know why, but as I am now... Even if it's only for an extremely short while, I don't think that I will lose to anyone, nay, I'm fully sure no one can defeat me...”

A grey portal immediately opened above him. This was without a doubt a dimensional portal created by Sol's powers.

Something both Nabu and Sekhmet knew that he was unable to create until now.

Still, they were left speechless at the ludicrous idea of a Duke mixing in the fight between the nigh-almighty Demigods.

Just what the hell could he do there?

They would be given the reply to that thought soon enough...

### [Son of the Hero King](#)

#### **Chapter 305: CH275:PLAYING AROUND (1)**

Flitting back to the battlefield that Anubis and Tiamat were occupying, the fight taking place there could only be said to be rather bitter for the demigods opposing these two monsters...

Firstly it had to be noted from the start that, aside from Surtr, only two of the other demigods in their camp were Titans.

The way beings, one born in the influence of Chaos and the other in the cradle of Order, evolved in power was fundamentally different from one another.

In one word, the beings of Order evolved externally. By gathering the power of the very world itself to fuel and shape their own. Reaching the Duke level was the first step of this transformation and it ended by carving a territory atop the existing world and finally becoming a Demigod — the undisputed sovereign of the lands they carved out and brought into existence.

The ones belonging to Chaos, on the other hand, evolved internally. They did not seek to create a world or carve out a territory that they could overlap with reality. Instead of that tedious task, they opted to make their own bodies become equal to the vast world itself.

There were advantages and disadvantages to both ways. But this became more apparent in the Demigod stage.

When a demigod belonging to the influence of order was brought outside of their territory, their power would be considerably lowered. The same was not the case for the side of chaos as their bodies were the fuel for their powers in the first place.

This was the main reason they decided to bring Tiamat outside of her territory. They knew how powerful she was inside her domain and knew for a fact that she was practically invincible there. It would've been extremely difficult to defeat her there and the resulting damages would've been far too great. To top it all off, she was also a dimensional mage.

However, they had made a foolproof plan, considering all the variables to go against her. In their original plan, Nihil should have used her own dimension to stop Tiamat from bringing out the full powers of her own. Then the others would simply gang up on her and take her out with a long-winded battle of attrition. In this way, they could defeat her efficiently with the least amount of losses.

It was a simple plan but at the same time a very effective one indeed.

It was more so since in their initial plan, Surtr wasn't present, and now with him here, the plan could definitely be said to be nearly perfect. It would have been even better if they had been able to draw Skryrim in, another false-god level Titan— it would've become the perfect plan. But they couldn't put all the eggs in the same basket.

Even if they couldn't win completely, crippling the dragon realm would have been possible, and with the destruction of the territory, Tiamat would have received a very heavy backlash. This would've been enough to weaken her by a great margin. It would've been enough to put their next plans into motion.

With Tiamat firmly pushed out of the equation, the chances of their side, belonging to the Chaos faction, rising again from their suppressed state would have been way higher.

Sadly, Fate had a way to mock people in the strangest of ways.

Who would have thought that 'He' would appear here? In this crucial moment...

Anubis. The Necromancer King, sometimes also epitomized as the Demon King and so many more monikers that clearly showed that this great being was anything but a kind individual.

They could not understand for the life of them as to why this absolute monster of a demigod had come here... What they knew for a fact, however, was that the situation was now turning out to become extremely perilous for the Chaos faction. They had to move now...

<<Dimensional Encroachment: Fallen Paradise>>

<<Dimensional Encroachment: Sea of Stars>>

Immediately, both Nihil and Tiamat fought head to head to establish control of the battlefield with their dimensions. Though, in reality, it was more of a situation where Nihil was fighting with all she had so that Tiamat didn't simply steamroll them into meat paste.

A crimson-red paradise for the fallen, and a world filled with endless stars forming a never-ending sea clashed with each other, creating a blistering spark in the void of the realms as if they were ready to annihilate everything in their path.

For a moment, Tiamat was hit with a bout of nostalgia as she remembered her fight against Lucifer. Back then, rather than a Sea, her dimension was nothing but a small river— a shallow stream at best. But now it has become so incomparably stronger.

Why was a territory important for a being of order?

A territory increased the power of the user.

A territory lowered the power of the ones that were designated to be the intruders inside it.

This was the most basic yet the most deadly feature of a territory.

But it wasn't impossible for a dimension owner to do the same when their proficiency and power had crossed a certain threshold.

"You must also have inherited this power of yours from Michael, right?"

Tiamat laughed, disdain and mockery coloring her face and voice, but Nihil had no leisure to answer her back. After all, she was already strained just trying to stop Tiamat from imposing her rules and control on the surrounding battlefield.

The difference in power was evident for all to see. That was just how powerful Tiamat was once she was serious. Even though she was already close to the power of a false god, she could not face the full might of the Empress of Dragons. The ruler of pride.

No... In the first place could this even be called her full might?

"Oh my, I am so envious of those dimensional mages."

Anubis mumbled in a teasing tone as he ruffled through the Library of his Mind Palace, ignoring the blatant fact of how he stole an entire part of a full realm just for himself from the almighty goddesses themselves.

This was his source of power or his "cheat" as he liked to call it when he was in a jesting mood.

When he was reincarnated in this world, he really thought he wouldn't be able to last long in this harrowing world. But thankfully he was born with a rather unique and rightfully insane power.

The power to absorb the full memories and all of the skills of those he killed in the form of a book. Then said book would enter a Library stored in his mind palace, slowly forming a great collection of books that would be free for him to use as he wished.

Of course, that wasn't all. What really made him a monster was that he could directly impart those stored skills to his Legion— his army of undead directly under him.

Looking inwardly, at the seemingly endless Library, situated inside his Mind Palace, filled with more than a million books...

"I don't have the undead demigods with me but no matter... This is already more than enough..."

Anubis grinned as he wondered how he should deal with those puny demigods. Ever since he had beaten those Divine Beasts and sealed them as a punishment for opposing, no one dared to oppose him again, much less fight him.

So his life had been rather dull in the fight and thrill department. He was just itching for a battle.

Now that he had finally gotten what he wanted at long last, it would be a great shame to crush them too fast. He was fully intending on receiving his fair share of fun...

Anubis chuckled at that mischievous thought...

Two large grey wings of light flashed behind him.

In any other circumstance, he would have been in no mood to play around. But now, he had to meet the man who had taken away his little baby girl, so he needed to blow off some steam before the eventual meeting. Those helpless demigods were simply the perfect punching bags in this case.

Thinking about something hilarious, he summoned more than ten king-ranked undead who then rushed swiftly toward the demigods.

“What was the name again? Haha yes.”

A twisted grin formed on his face as he looked at Nihil.

“Little girl, here is a little gift from me, for you guys.”

The demigods were wary of these undead for they knew that the demonic Anubis wouldn't just send Canon fodder their way and sure enough...

The undead began flashing with an ominous light and the level of energy in them jumped to an incredible degree.

Nihil's eyes widened when she felt a familiar fluctuation from this technique. A heart-wrenching thought filled her mind as she understood why Anubis could use this technique.

Still, now wasn't the time to grieve for a friend lost...

“Shit.”

[Tsar Bomba!]

### [Son of the Hero King](#)

#### **Chapter 306: CH 276: PLAYING AROUND (2)**

[Tsar Bomba!]

Indeed, this was Drei's technique. The same one he used in an attempt to suicide and bring down everyone before Anubis intervened. Of course, the current result was at another level altogether... It couldn't even be said to be close to the original.

BOOM!!!

Blinding explosions filled the void of space, of the battlefield consisting of the opposing demigods, as Tiamat watched speechlessly at the blatant scene of destruction. Meanwhile, Anubis, the instigator of said destruction, began to laugh like a mad and deranged lunatic.

“Hahaha! I would have never thought that I would get such an interesting skill from a mere King-rank. Heh... As I thought, reincarnators are really the best of the best.”

The last part of this sentence of his was mumbled in a way that only he could hear them... The existence of reincarnators was a thing few needed to be aware of after all.

Then, waving both of his hands in the air, he materialized two daggers in his palms before using his powers to make them float. Promptly, the daggers began spinning, gaining momentum at breakneck space.

They spun and spun picking up a speed so fast they were nearly invisible to the naked eye, even to the mighty demigods.

When the carnage of multiple explosions finally ended, except for Nihil and the Titan demigods, the other individuals were left in quite the embarrassing state. Parts of their bodies were burned in places and the state of their clothes was better left unsaid.

Such an attack was of course not enough to kill a mighty demigod, much less a bunch of them. Still, the explosion was powerful enough to wipe out all life on the entire continent. It was no joke to take something of this caliber head-on.

Sadly for them, they had no time to rest and recuperate from the aftermath of the devastating blast. Before they could even recover their senses, the two daggers flew at them filled with a deadly and eerie intent.

Demigods were incredibly hard to kill.

It wasn't just a question of power or destructive force. After living for so long, demigods had many life-saving tools and methods collected as their final cards throughout their long lives. Some could even fake their death or find a way to reincarnate into a new body and state of living.

This was why demigods rarely fought outside of great wars. It simply wasn't worth it for them to join a battlefield. Who knew if the one you "killed" would suddenly come back to life and give you trouble some time down the line?

Of course, this problem never bothered Anubis— king of demons.

When he killed someone— either they stayed dead for all eternity or became one of his Undead and joined his ever growing army.

There was never a chance for a third option...

Feeling the threat of the hostile daggers, the few demigods separated in all directions in order to avoid getting blatantly hit by them...

At the same time, Surtr who had not even registered the earlier explosion stayed still like a rock as he looked at Tiamat.

He knew very well that currently, he was her target and that Anubis, despite all his jester-like attitude, would not attack him as a sign of respect for her.

As such, rather than wasting time by focusing on the carnage around him, he had been focusing all of his powers on his sword.

The Fire of Destruction. A flame that could erase all life from an entire planet, if not controlled properly, in an instant. A power that was bestowed to him by the goddess Ymir, herself— The herald of destruction...

He was a natural disaster and while he didn't believe he could completely triumph over Tiamat, he was sure he could bring her down with him if he decided to sacrifice himself.

"I never understood how those goddesses had such loyal followers."

Tiamat, seemingly understanding the determination of Surtr, shook her head in bemusement and that sense of confusion she always felt. She was also very impressed inwardly. No matter what, loyalty was an admirable trait that was worthy of respect. While she felt no loyalty to her creator, she would not insult those who did.

Everyone needed to place their faith in something or someone— an entity that would serve as their point of worship...

In Tiamat's case though, she was only loyal to herself and those that followed her...

The goddesses, all of them, could go and die for all she cared.

Like this, the fight between the demigods commenced with an all-out bang.

From the get-to-go, the side of Chaos was already somewhat suppressed by Anubis' sole and unsurpassed might...

But it was still within their limits as they could still hold on.

Whenever one demigod was about to receive a mortal blow, Surtr and Nihil would come to help them out of their peril...

Nevertheless, it was sad to see twelve demigods struggle so much against two. But none of them felt any shame about this perilous situation of theirs...

They were too busy fighting to stay alive to bother about something of the likes of shame and dignity.

Some of them even regretted coming to this place after being bewitched by the allure of the treasures they could get from the Dragon Territory.

But it was too late to regret now and all they could do was fight. Fight for their survival so that they could get the hell out of there, at least.

Nihil was tense all throughout the fight as she felt how Anubis was targeting her constantly.

At this rate, it wouldn't take long before one or two demigods were taken out of commission or simply died, outright...

But they could still hold on. Despairingly so but still hold on.

As long as no other variable appeared.

As long as there was no other abrupt accident.

They could at least escape if all hope was lost in order to stay alive and come back later more prepared.

Sadly... Nihil should have realized it by now.

The more you rely on Fate— the greater the chance that Fate would betray your expectation in the most unexpected and cruelest ways possible.

Using a lapse in their defense, Anubis manifested a scythe, one weapon that was rather useless in combat but was still his favorite one.

The blade of this weapon was one that could bypass all physical defense and directly target the soul.

Anubis hadn't simply blown up those undead for fun — even if fun was still a great aspect of that action...

<<Switch>>

Anubis could exchange places with his undead legions— even if there was only some small part left of them. This was one of the way he used to travel the universe. Distance did not matter with this skill.

Once he switched, he appeared directly behind one of the demigods that he inwardly named as 'Demigod 12' as it was the weakest one here and the one with the least experience overall...

When Anubis appeared like a god of death with his scythe held high in order to cut his head, the demigod froze in fear.

Of course, this wasn't simply his fault.

<<Soul Shock>>

A simple skill with little to no lethal power that could only daze people at the demigod level for a short instant.

But, at their level, a short instant was the difference between life and death.

“No!”

While Demigod 12 was dazed, Nihil was not. Bringing out the full power of her dimension in order to transfer him out of the way, she was shocked to realize that all her control over the surrounding space had been overridden.

The result of her incapacity to act was evident for everyone on the battlefield.

No blood splashed as the scythe simply phased through the body of the demigod. But from his diminishing aura, it was clear that he was deadlier than dead.

Sadly for that demigod, even his death garnered no attention as all the people of the field turned towards the source of this incident... except Anubis who was busy collecting the body of that demigod.

Nihil felt a chill run down her back at the horrifying scene. It was only thanks to her years of experience that she managed to move out of the way fast enough as an attack passed through space.

Though she couldn't get away unscratched.



Nihil's brow furrowed as she appeared next to Surtr and looked at her right sleeve which was now bloody and empty.

Looking back at the place she left, she could see a young man grinning while waving the severed arm at her.

“Hey Nihil. It isn't fun when someone puts a wrench in your plan, right? Payback is a bitch.”

Mocking words sounded as the crimson world of Nihil was eroded by a world fully dyed in achromatic colors...

<<Dimension Encroachment: Inverse World>>

It was finally time for the greatest variable of the great war to appear on the battlefield of the demigods...

### [Son of the Hero King](#)

#### **Chapter 307: CH277:STEPING ON THE BATTLEFIELD**

In the dark void of space, a tall and proud kingdom covered in a crimson hue, akin to freshly drawn blood, slowly began to crumble as a monochrome world — of black and white with grey in between the two extremes — slowly covered and tried to replace it whole.

<<Dimensional Encroachment: Inverse World>> [1]

All the participants on this battlefield of epic proportion, or at least all those who were alive, stopped and gazed at the figure of the new arrival.

*\*Step\**

The figure's presence... slowly advancing toward them, the first thing the demigods noticed about him was how young the intruder was in age.

This wasn't about how he looked, but the aura of time surrounding him— his existence. Unlike old monsters that adopted a young form but were in reality thousands of years old, the new arrival was truly still nothing but a young cub. His appearance reflected his true age, that of a youngling.

At any other time, they would have mocked him. How could such a young child dare to step on such an important battlefield, consisting of old monsters that challenged the lengths of time itself?

But right here, right now, no one could utter a single laugh. The bloodied cut-off arm dangling in his hand and the vast dimensional power emanating from his very existence were proof of his competence and qualification to stand on this battleground.

“Sol Luxuria...”

Nihil muttered the young intruder's name, confusion, and disbelief evident in her blue eyes. She knew who Sol was. He was supposed to be Funf's target and it seemed that he had been used as a way to target Tiamat indirectly.

In her memory and from the information Drei gave her, Sol was a very talented young man. Even more talented than the previous king, the hero king— Mars Luxuria. But even then...

“Why...?”

She couldn't understand what was happening. It wasn't just because Sol had managed to sneak attack her and cut her arm off without her even being able to do anything about it. It wasn't even because of how powerful he was currently or how he was, slowly but surely, effortlessly crushing her dimension.

All of this, while hard to explain, was still within the realm of what she could understand. She wouldn't be surprised if Luxuria herself used the body of the boy. After all, the Blessed were the perfect vessels for the goddesses to take control over.

In fact, with the way Sol's eyes were blazing golden in the color and power of divinity, she was pretty sure that Luxuria had pulled off something. This was the most logical explanation.

The real problem was...

“Why can't I heal? What did you just do?”

Everyone, even Tiamat and Anubis were shocked... They had ignored how Nihil had lost an arm until now, but not anymore, not when they learned that she couldn't heal her arm. Even if they weren't Divine Beasts, the moment one became a demigod, they would become partial energy beings. Losing a limb or two was just a momentary inconvenience at best.

But now Nihil was saying that Sol inflicted her a wound that could not be healed?

“Heh, are you curious? Of course, you would be. You must be pretty confused too, right? But you see... the thing is... Why should I tell that to you?”

Sol laughed mischievously as he opened a portal and threw the arm there with complete nonchalance.

Meanwhile, Anubis whistled quietly...

“What a nasty little kid.”

He could see more than anyone else present here. After all, what he was looking at, what he could look at, was the very soul— the de facto existence of a being...

The moment that kid tore apart Nihil's arm, it wasn't just a mere wound on the physical level. The part of her hand that existed in her soul form, the true form of her existence that manifested on reality, was cut off along too. Essentially, her very existence had been severed and reformed in her current armless state.

It was impossible to heal, to bring back, to reconstruct what did not exist in the first place. Such was the gravity of the wound that Sol had inflicted on Nihil.

And because of this, Anubis immediately understood how absolutely absurd the existence of the boy in front of him was.

‘Hahaha. I need to observe a little bit more but, if it's really true then this boy is a fucking goldmine of unprecedented potential.’

Tiamat though was excited due to contrastingly different reasons than the king of the underworld.

All of this, this war, this fight, everything that was transpiring right now, started for one simple reason— Sol's awakening of his Zone.

Feeling Tiamat's gaze on him, Sol's lips formed a cheerful smile and nodded in her direction.

"It was a success."

They did something unprecedented— nay, they created the impossible. They had managed to create a power that should not be obtainable by someone at his level, nor any level bar the ones at the very top of existence.

"I can see it. I can see everything."

A small scar formed on Sol's forehead. Like a wound about to be opened, it cracked and golden blood began to flow from said crack.

It was a mixture of eeriness and absolute wonder.

Surtr moved, seeing that.

His warrior instincts were screaming that he had to stop him from finishing whatever he was about to do.

He was intent on crushing Sol as fast as possible. He wasn't the only one. Nihil's wings opened wide as she flew towards Sol too. The humiliation and pain of having her arm cut off like that was something she could not accept.

Anubis was not surprised. Only morons would stop and watch the enemy use an ultimate technique. He was about to move too when —

"No need."

— Tiamat stopped him in his tracks.

"Why?"

He couldn't understand why she stopped him. Wasn't the boy related to her? Why did she seem so nonchalant about it?

But soon, he realized something weird...

With how fast Surtr and Nihil were, reaching Sol should have been faster than a snap of a finger. Why then were they still so far from him?

Tiamat smiled, clearing him of his doubts, "His Dimension lacks a direct attack method but is incredibly nasty in its own way. At this moment, the distance separating them is basically infinite."

Anubis' eyebrows shot up in incredulity before his lips formed a lopsided smirk, a sliver of a laugh escaped his mouth as he voiced his impressions, "Truly nasty."

This was fun. This boy was becoming more pleasing to the eye.

"Though, you do know that his current state is temporary, right?"

Tiamat nodded, she was happy to see that Sol had managed to obtain a powerful Zone, even though she didn't know what it exactly was. But, this didn't change the fact that the power he was currently emanating did not belong to him.

She suspected that the source of that divine power was the goddess Luxuria herself, but the source did not matter. What mattered was that once Sol went back to the Duke level, no matter how strong his zone or dimension were, he would get utterly crushed.

"While he can hold on, let's deal with the small fries. You can keep half of their souls."

"Doing business with you is always a pleasure."

Anubis and Tiamat's gaze settled on the remaining demigods as if they were sheep waiting to be butchered.

After all, now that Nihil and Surtr were busy, it was the ideal moment to kill as many of these puny beings as possible.

---

Over to the battle between Sol and the demigods— Nihil was using her dimension to slowly offset the effects of Sol's own.

This caused him to sigh in lament. After all, while he was overpowering her at the moment, his skills as a dimensional mage were of course inferior to that of this woman.

Be it Nihil or Tiamat, they were all wrong about the source of his current power.

Sol did not know why he suddenly tapped into such a large amount of divine energy. But he was sure that it was not from Luxuria.

But it didn't matter. For now, he could only use it to deal with the situation.

'I don't have much time left.'

However, it was more than enough to finish this battle.

When Surtr and Nihil reached him, it was already too late for them to stop him.

It finally opened.

A blue jewel, that looked like a third eye appeared from between the crack on his forehead.

In an instant, from his perspective, everything seemed to have stopped. The golden color of his eyes was replaced by a rainbow hue of myriad colors.

Time stood still as Sol finally witnessed the very Truth of this broken World.

<<Divine Weapon: Eye of Akasha>>

Then he realized.

The world was really ugly.

Threads everywhere his eyes could witness.

Threads that connected people, things, and even the concepts holding reality together.

The threads of the illusive Fate were laid bare for Sol to witness.

The world was controlled by these thin threads that would probably break with the most minuscule of force. How ironic it was, that such a frail-looking aspect dictated the reality, the truth of this broken world.

It was Fate— the controller of everyone's destiny.

The invisible threads of Fate moving the world and the people inside.

This was the result of Theresa using Blaze's core and horns as well as the jewel soaking and absorbing the blood from the Dragon Pool.

Even then this could only be considered a miracle, at best.

The amount of information rushing toward his brain was simply impossible to calculate.

He could see it all.

He could see everything, therefore, in essence, could see nothing at the same time.

A huge amount of information was clustering in his mind.

There was a reason why each of the sisters of Norn had a specific power. There was a limit to how much a mortal could comprehend.

By opening this eye, Sol had officially stepped into the realm of the gods.

He could not simply see the future, past, and present. What he could see went much further than that.

He could see the very existence of Causality itself.

'Theresa has truly created something great.'

He wanted to laugh. This godmother of his was truly something else.

Of course, this divine weapon was sorely limited in a way.

Sol could only see. The weapon itself could process the huge amount of information partially but that was all.

If this stopped here, then Sol would have simply been an Observer.

However, that was not where his limits lay.

Ever since he realized how small and helpless he was in this world, Sol always had one wish.

To be able to control his own Fate rather than letting it be in the hands of others.

Today, right here, right now.

He finally realized his wish and for the first time acted upon it with the fulfillment of his zone.

<<Zone: Deus Ex Machina>>

He would not simply observe Fate.

He would change it to fit his whims, shaping his own path ahead.

### Son of the Hero King

#### **Chapter 308: CH 278: I AM STRONG**

Alone, each of those abilities was enough for one to reach the apex of the universe. Together? They gave him the power to transcend everything in existence. In his current state, Sol could say that he was at his strongest ever.

When he finally opened the Eye of Akasha, from his perspective, everything stopped in its tracks.

The world itself became completely still as if time itself became a meaningless notion. All that remained was a world filled with threads connected to each and every thing in existence. It felt as if a great puppeteer was moving strings to control reality.

As if...Someone was writing a story and everyone here and the universe itself were simply characters that could do nothing but follow a fixed path— chosen by the whims of the storyteller.

Of course, he knew that this was just a misconception. His brain was simply working and perceiving everything at a speed so fast that everything became still in his eyes. Fate was not a sentient creature but simply a force of the universe.

The world...was weaved by threads of different colors. This was at least how he perceived and identified the strings of fate that he was granted the opportunity of witnessing thanks to the amalgam of all his powers.

Looking down, observing himself, he could see a great number of pink-colored threads covering him, connected to his soul. He could also see one bright golden thread, clearly representing Luxuria, and two dimmer ones, representing Castitas and Superbia, standing out among them.

He could instinctively feel...that, if he willed so, he could easily sever those threads that bound him, that controlled him like everything else. Which, in a way, meant that he could erase the blessing of the Blessed People. This alone showed how scary the power he wielded was.

'Will I even be able to use it correctly when I go back to the Duke level?'

He sighed in dejection, but soon gathered himself. The silver lining here was that...even though he couldn't keep this power level for long, getting back to it would be a breeze. After all, once he reached the King level there will be no barrier for him towards the Demigod level thanks to him being a Dimensional Mage.

'My thoughts are wandering.'

His mind was filled with so much information that staying focused was becoming harder.

'I need to end this fast.'

He was currently like a luxurious hybrid car burning down fuel. The fuel itself was extremely limited. But it wasn't like he had to use it all in one go.

He knew that he might reach the demigod level in just a few years but his enemies might and will not give him that time.

In such a situation, having an ace in the hole would be necessary.

'Focus!'

His mind once again wandered towards the future against his will.

'Let's lower the output first.'

He was slowly getting a hang of this power of his. The more he wished to see, the more computing power he had to use. It was necessary to lower the amount of information first.

He focused on the interior of his mind, following the image of a computer program that needed to be closed.

Like this, one after another, different features closed down and the number of threads he could see went from nearly infinite to a barely discernible few.

'Let's keep only the causality and death perception.'

In Sol's opinion, causality was a superior version of future sight.

If future sight gave one the answer to a question without explaining how to reach it. Then causality allowed one to understand how to reach the desired result.

In fact, it went way above that. But there was a limit to what he could do now as he still didn't have full control over this power.

...Even then...

'This is more than enough.'

Sol wished to win and...the path towards victory was drawn in front of his eyes like the perfect blueprint.

It was as though he was playing a game while holding the full walkthrough guide towards every possible ending.

A maniacal grin formed as he twisted his lips in a lopsided smirk. The feeling of being almighty and all-seeing was something mortals could never understand.

A part of him wished for nothing more than to stay in this state for all eternity. But he knew that, as he was now, this was a luxury he could not afford.

'First things first.'

He moved his hand gently toward Nihil. There were also many threads of different colors entangling her.

Red, Black, Gold, and White were the main colors. Furthermore, he could see a Purple thread connecting the two of them.

The black threads represented her life and death. The black threads were so thin that it was almost imperceptible. Sol moved his hand towards that thread but could feel some resistance to it.

It was too bad that he could not directly cause her death but he was not disappointed. After all, not even a god could kill a demigod with just a mere thought.

'Let's tweak it a little.'

He changed directions and looked at the purple thread that connected her to Anubis and laughed mischievously.

Once he was done with his adjustments, he took a look at the golden and crimson threads, realizing that those threads linked her to the goddesses. He hesitated slightly before deciding to not touch them.

He wished to cut those red and gold threads. Only by doing so could he lower the power of destiny around her and bring her assured death without having the world intervene in the process. But doing so would immediately alert the goddesses of his power.

He didn't know why, but something was telling him that he shouldn't let the damn goddesses know of this ability yet. He needed to bide his time.

'Well, this should be enough.'

Once Sol was satisfied with his work, his mind finally stopped running at high speed and the world went back to its normal state before his eyes.

—

From the perspective of everyone else, everything happened in an instant.

Both Nihil and Surtr were finally close to reaching Sol as Nihil had managed to offset most of the effects of Sol's dimension.

The two of them could already feel victory in their hands.

But that victory was destined to never come.

"Argh!!"

The <<Fallen Paradise>> — trademark dimension of Nihil's, flickered and vanished while she held her head in pain and roared in absolute agony.

'Impossible. I was sure I had nearly completely healed.'

Her body was racked as the old wounds she sustained while imprisoned by Anubis re-opened.

Those wounds were the reasons she had not attacked at full power when she appeared in Lustburg back then. But after so long she was basically 90% healed. How could those wounds open again in this situation?

It was truly a coincidence that this happened just as she was about to capture Sol... or was it?

"Heh..."



Surtr could feel the precarious state Nihil was currently in. While he was confused, he knew that they had to deal with the boy first.

"Die!"

Surtr swung his sword with all his might, intent on erasing the little monster from the face of this world. The heat of his sword was so high that Sol felt his skin sting already. Taking that attack head-on would surely bring him to near-death.

'False gods are truly no joke.'

Thankfully, he already knew what to do, a smirk formed on his face at the very last moment when the sword was about to hit him.

"Switch."

To the utter astonishment of Surtr, Sol vanished from where he stood and the one to replace him— was none other than Nihil.

It was so sudden that Surtr nearly screamed in surprise and fright. His years of experience and his godlike reflex allowed him to diffuse most of the momentum and power behind his attack at the price of hurting himself, but the initial power was already too great. He did his best in trying to stop his attack but the momentum was simply too much for him to nullify.

If Nihil had been in perfect condition then this would have been nothing— Sadly for her, she was not.

As a result, all Nihil could do was cover her body with her large crimson wings as she bathed in the sunfire of her own ally.

"Hello!"

Of course, Sol was not one to miss such a good opportunity.

Standing where Nihil previously was, Sol gave an amicable wave to Surtr. As if they were long-standing good friends passing by each other on the road. The mockery in his voice was all too evident.

Of course, he didn't stop at simply taunting him. Emotional damage was good but Sol liked giving physical damage too. Of course, perfection was when the two were given simultaneously.

Golden blood flowed out from his hand before transforming into a huge hammer with a one-meter-long handle. This was another ability he had obtained after fusing with the divine weapon.

At the very least, he would never have to worry about lacking appropriate weapons in the future.

"Goodbye!"

Surtr immediately focused when he felt the hammer about to hit him. While the power behind it was astonishing, it was still far from being able to hurt him in any meaningful way.

He was ready to counter-attack and capture the boy in one go but he was startled to realize that the pressure of the incoming hit had vanished.

'Don't tell me.'

He immediately realized what was happening.

BOOM!

The one who received the full brunt of Sol's attack was none other than the defenseless Nihil whose place was switched with Surtr.

\*Crack\*

"Heh! I guess this should be a home run. What do you think, big guy?"

"Bastard!"

The shout full of anger brought an untold amount of joy to Sol. Fighting a hard fight was surely exciting, but utterly crushing the opposition was without a doubt the best feeling ever. Few things felt better than humiliating someone who once looked down on you.

It was sad that his current power level was only temporary otherwise he would have played around some more. But it was time to end this shitty war, once and for all.

### [Son of the Hero King](#)

#### **Chapter 309: CH 279:LAST EFFORTS**

Sol could not infuse the power of annihilation in this move, it just consumed far too much energy to be able to use it efficiently, but the power behind it was enough to throw Nihil away like a Cannonball straight out of its barrel.

From the sounds, it was clear that she was now suffering from multiple bone fractures and most likely internal bleeding.

"You bastard...!"

Flames flared as Surtr shouted in a guttural roar of anger and indignation. He was a great and proud warrior who had been fighting wars for millennia. How could he accept being toyed around like this by a mere kid?

Sadly for him, Sol had no care for his anger, nor the indignation he felt, and Surtr could only helplessly watch as his position was once again switched with the now faraway Nihil.

He understood that Sol did not wish to deal with him and was well intent on finishing Nihil instead. While anger rapidly brewed and boiled in his heart, he couldn't help but marvel at how insidious this dimension of Sol's was.

As long as Sol could switch them around as he wished they would be nearly helpless to mount any counterattacks.

The only way to fight against this would have been for Nihil to use her own dimension to balance out the effects of Sol's, but because of her resurging wounds, she had been unable to do so until now.

Now her state was even worse than it was when she had first escaped from Anubis.

Sol was very clear about his current situation. He was merely a fake demigod right now. Meanwhile, Surtr was a genuine false god. At the end of the day, the amount of damage he could deal to that monster of a being was extremely limited in the pseudo-state he was now in.

But it wasn't the same for Nihil.

By manipulating causality, he had brought up the minuscule possibility of her wounds resurging into reality.

By using the gimmicks that his dimension allowed him to execute, he was able to stop Nihil and Surtr from properly teaming up and could even stop them from bringing up their full power in fear of hurting each other.

'Sadly, I am not strong enough to deal a finishing blow to Nihil.'

Sol immediately realized this harsh fact. It wasn't just a question of power or brute force. His reserve of divine energy was dwindling swiftly. Switching around two mighty demigods like them was no mean feat, after all, and took a lot out of him with each switch.

'If only I had two or so more days.'

If he had enough time to consolidate all his insights and understanding of his new skills, then with the power of a demigod, Sol was confident that he could bury one of those two right here and now.

Once Surtr found himself at the edge of Sol's dimension, his flurry of ravenous attacks immediately diminished and he tried to cool his burning mind of rage.

Wrath could enhance his powers but falling into the tempo of the enemy was unwise.

"Very well, little dragon, or should I call you the Dragon Emperor? Haha... I acknowledge you as someone worthy."

The very reason he felt that he was being humiliated was that he kept seeing Sol as a young dragon— a being he deemed unworthy.

It was important to change his cognition of the young man.

No matter if the power of the boy was borrowed or not... The one in front of him was a warrior with strength and smarts worthy of respect— his respect...

Surtr could feel that the fight between the demigods and the duo of Anubis and Tiamat was not going so well. They were still holding on, but they were so weak now it was practically deplorable.

'This is why coming with those fake demigods was a mistake.'

He chortled. Not everyone managed to become a demigod through their own efforts and talents. Some bastards were simply lucky to inherit the decaying territory of a dead demigod. In fact, the vast majority of the demigods were in that situation.

After all, too many demigods died during the various wars that opposed Order with the advent of Chaos.

Still, these incorrigible trash could be used for stalling time. Sol alone was a handful. If the Dragon Empress and the Necromancer King were added to the fray then they would most definitely be buried here today.

'We cannot die.'

Nihil was Goddess Ymir's first blessed. She was their herald. It was impossible for such a chess piece to die in such a meaningless battle as this.

The same went for him. If he had to die, it had to be with blazing glory where he, at the very least, inflicted a deep wound to the force of Order.

All those thoughts flashed in Surtr's mind as he watched Nihil finally create some semblance of a distance from Sol.

The current Nihil was rather pitiful. Her clothes were completely ripped apart, showing the luscious, or in this case grotesque, view of her naked body. There was not even a single bit of eroticism about that view.

After all, she was completely covered in blood from head to toe, with many deep wounds opened all over her body. A part of her hair was even burnt and many sections of her flesh were seared or charred because of Surtr's sun sword.

"Hm? Neither of you two is going to attack me anymore?"

Sol chuckled, raising his eyebrows, his voice transmitting clearly to the duo. As they were now, it was meaningless to switch them since they were quite far apart and not using any attacks.

Clearly, they were wary of what he could do.

'Hum. This is quite problematic.'

Even though he was jesting and mocking them, Sol was quite happy with the current situation. His goal had never been to win. But to keep them occupied.

Right now, he felt like he was a jester, pulling up a performance for his beloved audience.

The look of hate and fury those two were blaring him with was truly heartwarming in his opinion.

The leader of the Wings of Freedom, Nihil, had difficulty calming her emotions, unlike Surtr. Surtr was a powerful and experienced warrior used to defeat and endless suffering. In the first place, he reached his current level by devouring hundreds of thousands of spawns of Chaos.

Nihil also faced her fair share of hardships. But the difference in experience was simply too much. This was even more so since she was the one getting blasted apart, not Surtr. This simple fact could explain the current difference in their psyches.

"You must be quite happy."

She spat those words with such intensity that Sol was surprised there was no literal power of curse in those words.

His smile remained the same as he gave a deep bow to her.

"I am but a humble jester. Giving my all to please a less than satisfactory audience. I do hope though that my performance was able to meet your expectations, milady."

His lips formed into an elegant smile, laughing he pointed at Surtr with a small movement of his chin, "Of course, if you are not satisfied why not go for another round? I believe our friend there, hovering at the edge of my dimension behind, will be once again a willing participant."

"You...little piece of..."

"Pardon madam. What are these uncouth words coming from such a beautiful mouth? But please... If it helps you feel better, do continue. I have heard that cursing could help lighten the burden on the heart. But madam you see..."

All expressions vanished from his face, morphing into a look of cold indifference as he looked down at her, "I am honestly quite disappointed. I had many expectations from you. Your grand ideals, while laughable and naive, managed to intrigue me. Your plans were vicious, ruthless, and insidious. I had a great opinion of you in my heart. But now that I stand at the same height as you, I realize that you are naught but a child with too much power."

Sol was indeed quite disappointed in Nihil. He had been expecting some deep mastermind who could stay calm no matter what situation or disadvantage she would be put under, but her childish rage was simply ridiculous.

'Is she really the one who made all the plans of the Wings of Freedom?'

Sol tilted his head inwardly in confusion. Now that he thought about it, how did she create the current WoF? She had been imprisoned with Drei for quite a while and when she got out, she should have not been able to move into the mortal world.

He was tempted to see her past but doing so would be a waste of his divinity. As a demigod, Nihil's age was in the thousands. Searching through one thousand or more years just because of curiosity was unwise.

"I have heard enough boy."

"Oh? Are you finally going to attack? Not scared of hurting your princess?"

Surtr laughed loudly as his body slowly began to grow.

From ten meters to a few hundred meters, then one kilometer and even more.

The shadow of his mighty form covered everything in front of Sol's view, obscuring even the light of the stars.

Under the pressure he emitted, Sol's dimension showed signs of cracking, unable to fully withstand the full power of a false god with his dwindling divinity.

"Now then, Dragon Emperor, I believe it's time to end this farce."

Surtr's voice resounded like the crackles of almighty thunder, filling every part of the world. Sol knew that switching such a huge target was basically impossible. Still, he did not feel any semblance of fear.

He knew that Surtr was trying to escape. In his current form, there were few things Sol could do to stop him. Messing around with a false god in his dimension was one thing.

Stopping him from fleeing was another matter altogether. Not even Tiamat had been able to stop him from doing so back then during the war.

This was why Sol had decided to not even stop them.

Rather than wasting time and energy doing something so meaningless, it was better to go all out for one last attack.

"Firstly, I like the title of Dragon Emperor you gave me. Though I would like something more personal, this would have to do for now. Secondly... It's indeed time to end this."

From the corner of his eyes, he could see Nihil bringing her dimension back. She was still horribly wounded, but with his dimension weakening, she had enough power to bring hers back and superimpose it.

Now it was impossible for Sol to switch the two of them.

Flames flared in the night sky as the heat of the radiating sun was brought into the world.

<<Cruel Sun>>

A supernova formed high above him as if a sun had seen its eclipse and the resulting explosion was ready to reduce everything into ashes.

Now that Surtr was not limited by Sol's dimension, it was once again easy to see just how truly powerful he was.

A being of cataclysmic proportions, able to reduce all life on a planet to nothing with a mere thought.

"Your might is truly worthy of respect."

Sol could see the sun constantly growing and even his dimension showing signs of breaking down. It was now only a question of seconds before it was destroyed.

If he was here with his original powers of a mere Duke, he would have already been evaporated.

Surtr wasn't the only one preparing a big attack.

<<Dimensional Fissure: Black Hole>>

"Haha, how absurd."

Sol could only laugh dumbfoundedly, a Supernova and now even a Black Hole? It seemed that he really pissed them off.

He also realized just how ridiculous his own body was currently. After all, standing so close to a black hole should have been impossible.

Still, once those two attacks hit, then it would be game over for him for sure.

“Well, let’s see if it will work or not.”

Sol closed his eyes and opened his arms wide, and the two attacks finally landed on him.

### Son of the Hero King

#### **Chapter 310: CH 280: NOT EVEN DEATH CAN STOP HIM**

Space fractured, light bloomed, and heat spread all around as the two attacks clashed, blinding everyone and even pulling both Tiamat and Anubis's attention back to Sol.

Tiamat was obviously shocked, not understanding why Sol didn't try to escape or counterattack and simply let himself get swallowed by this nightmarish attack.

‘Does he want to rely on the phoenix’s Nirvana?’

But that power was extremely limited. One could indeed come back from the ashes with that power, but if not even ashes remained, then Nirvana could do nothing in that regard.

The only reason Tiamat wasn't going crazy was that even though the light of Sol's star had vanished, the star itself was telling her that he was still alive. It was incomprehensible to her but it was still the truth.

Meanwhile, Anubis wasn't phased in the slightest. So what if Sol died? In the worst case, he could just revive him as an undead. In fact, since the dipshit was clearly in a relationship with his daughter, then having him as an undead and giving him to Isis would be the best solution, in his mind, that is. At least, in this way, there was no way for Sol to hurt his daughter.

Surtr, meanwhile, went back to his smaller form and flashed a smile toward Nihil.

“Herald, the mission is a failure. Let’s use this occasion to retreat.”

Surtr was sure that Sol was now dead. Nihil was close to a false god and even though she was terribly wounded, she was still quite powerful all the same. As for him, <<Cruel Sun>> was the strongest technique he could use in an instant, that was at his disposal.

Only a false god could survive the explosion from the two attacks and no matter how powerful Sol was, it still wasn't close to that level.

The thought of retreating again filled him with a feeling of sadness and humiliation but his personal pride was of no importance in the face of the big picture.

\*Huff\* \*Huff\* \*Huff\*

Nihil ignored Surtr as she stared at the raging storm of cataclysmic mana shredding time and space, creating a void of nothingness. Her breathing was rough and her vision was blurred. She was hurting all over because of all the wounds she received and the last attack she threw didn't make it easier on her either.

She was on the verge of falling into hibernation. The damage to her body and soul was simply too extensive. All her plans for future events had to be put on hold as she would be asleep for a long time,

perhaps years on end, in order to recuperate. She had lost her soldiers, a group of demigods, and her best friend in a fruitless endeavor.

A blazing feeling of rage burned her whole being, agony wrecked her sense, when she thought about how disastrous the current situation had become. She was living through the greatest failure of her entire life.

All of this... because of one man.

'Sol Dragona Luxuria.'

Never had Nihil hated a name so much. Not even Anubis elicited such a feeling of rage and hatred from her.

"Did we... Did we get him?"

Nihil wasn't so deep gone that she didn't know they needed to escape. But she wanted to see. She wanted to confirm.

That he was dead. That he was erased from reality. That the brilliant flame he represented was finally extinguished.

Only then could she rest calmly.

Sadly for her, her hopes were dashed when a peal of mocking laughter exploded out from between the collision of the attacks.

"Hahaha, wondering if you got your enemy means you definitely didn't manage to get them?"

Nihil felt like she was about to have a heart attack, seeing Sol's sudden appearance, all alive. If it was just that it would have still been alright.

If Sol had been grievously wounded and was struggling on his last breath, she could have accepted it. But when she realized that he was not only alive but well, with nary a wound on his body?

It was simply too much. Blood surged as she spat a mouthful of blood mixed with seared portions of her internal organs; she nearly fainted then and there.

"H-how...?"

Nihil wasn't the only one shocked at seeing him alive. Surtr was positively astonished. He was sure that Sol was dead. In fact, he wasn't even able to feel any energy from Sol after the attacks had hit him. So then why was he able to stand here in front of him? All fine and dandy like that.

Of course, while he was shocked, he was not slow at all. A red portal immediately opened behind them and he began to bring Nihil, who was now too weak to protest, with him and flee this cataclysmic scene.

"Hehe...I can't stop you from leaving but..."

<<Deus Ex Machina: Rule of Three>>



An illusory and intangible lock formed between Sol and Nihil, creating a loop between their existence and their reality itself. Surtr was unable to stop this attack and could only watch as the light dissipated with the loop of fate formed between the two sworn enemies.

"Do you know the rule of three?"

Sol spoke as he looked directly into Nihil's eyes.

"The first time we met, you won."

Sol was speaking about the Wing of Freedom's attack on Lustburg. If both Sol and Nihil were chess players, then Sol lost the moment the Divine Sword, his king piece, was stolen and most of the WoF, Nihil's pieces, managed to escape from Lustburg.

"I won our second meeting."

This was related to the attack of WoF on the Dragon Realm. Nihil failed all her big objectives and lost most of her subordinates and even received severe wounds herself. Now she could only flee like a bereaved dog.

This was the creation of the pattern, the pattern between the two. A set of three.

"We are now Nemesis, enemies that cannot exist in one reality. No matter what the outcome is, our third confrontation will be our last— that too is Fate... our Fate..."

Those were the last words Nihil heard as she was swallowed by the portal alongside a silently observing Surtr.

All Surtr did was silently observe Sol, observe every aspect of him. As if wishing to memorize every corner of Sol's face. He did not utter any third-rate line of revenge. Such a thing was beneath his very existence.

This was war. There was no right nor wrong. Only the side that triumphed and the side which was vanquished. They were the ones to be vanquished this time. And in a war, the one to be vanquished didn't have any right to say anything against the triumphing side.

That was all. The winner takes all, even the rights of the losing side...

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The moment the red portal closed, the golden glow in Sol's eyes began to dim, until he nearly passed out himself.

He had been using a power far above what he should be physically capable of. The only reason he hadn't exploded until now was thanks to the regeneration powers of the phoenix that was constantly healing him.

Though this didn't take away the pain he was constantly being wracked with.

'My Divine energy is nearly drained.'

The reserves were bottoming out, but Sol heaved a sigh of relief when he realized that he still had a small, extremely minuscule, amount left. He had a specific idea about where to use it and when. So he was thankful.

“You were really reckless.”

Sol's mind calmed down when he felt a soft embrace wrap around him. Mainly, his head was resting on a particularly soft and bouncy object.

It was Tiamat, now bereft of her combat form. Feeling safe, all strength finally vanished from his body and his power level decreased at a breathtaking pace until he went back to the Duke level.

“Damn... This fucking sucks.”

He felt like he was suffocating. Like heavy shackles had been placed on him, robbing him of all possible movements.

'How weak and fragile.'

He couldn't help but think.

“Hahaha. Going back from a top-level Demigod to a Duke must be quite the troubling sensation. I know what you are feeling right now.”

Tiamat wasn't lying here. After all, she did destroy her own powers to re-cultivate back from the Duke rank in the past.

“However, this will be a valuable experience for you.”

Growing to become a demigod was like passing a test with a limited number of places, let's say the top 10. Some people studied greatly in order to succeed and some people were lucky enough to get the place of those who “dropped out”.

The vast majority of people simply failed.

But it was different for Sol now. Now he had the equivalent of a cheat sheet and knew all the answers necessary to become a top scorer.

Sol laughed lightly while feeling his eyes growing heavier by the moment. Now that he was back to the Duke rank, he felt like he could fall asleep at any moment.

“How is the situation with the demigods?”

“Don't worry. Without Surtr or Nihil, that Anubis fellow there can perfectly take care of them alone. Killing is the only thing he is good at anyways.”

“Hey! I resent that! Your words are truly hurtful!”

Tiamat ignored the vehement complaints that Anubis was voicing out, and looked at Sol. She knew he was tired and needed rest. His body needed to acclimate to all the changes he went through in just one evening.

But still... There was one thing she needed to ask. Just one thing she needed to desperately know. And she needed it as soon as possible.

“How did you survive?”

This, just this, she was dying to know this all this time.

To her question, Sol leaked out a mischievous smile.

“Do you know about Schrodinger?”

When the attack landed on him, Sol should have really died without a single chance of survival. But at the same time, his death was not something that could be confirmed by anyone observing him. There was always a chance of his survival in his oppositions’ minds, no matter how sure they could’ve been of his death.

Because of this, he fell into a quantum state where he was neither really dead nor alive, juggling between the inverse states, and waiting for the confirmation of the spectators of his final state. In this reality, for the people observing him, there was always a 50% chance that he was dead and a 50% chance that he was alive. The probabilities of a simple coin toss.

By affecting causality, Sol changed the 50% chance of being alive into 100%, akin to rigging a coin toss to always produce the same result, affecting reality and keeping himself alive in the process.

<<Deus Ex Machina: Schrodinger's Cat>>

Looking at the now passed out and sleeping Sol, with a gentle smile of triumph on his face, Tiamat couldn’t help but leak out a dumbfounded laugh...

“How utterly absurd!”

She couldn’t help but wonder just what kind of monster she had created. Of course, she knew it was impossible for Sol to use most of those skills now that he had reverted back to being a Duke, but as she said, the road to becoming a demigod was wide open for him. It was only a question of time before he could access all of his monstrous potential.

Tiamat couldn’t hide the proud smile from being formed on her lips. Even though Sol was now a little monster, he was her monster. That was all that mattered in her opinion.

“Sleep well, little one. You were really incredible this time around.”

Like this, the curtain fell on the event that would later be known as The Awakening of the Almighty Emperor...

What happened on this day would be remembered as the spark that lit the fire of events that would engulf this entire universe in chaos and change the destiny of everyone involved.