

Hero King 311

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 311: EPILOGUE 2

Somewhere, in someplace beyond, in a space filled with unsettling grey fog, a castle floated quietly in the midst of the eerie fog and the silent surroundings.

The interior of the castle was rather desolate, but at the same time imposing and magnificent.

Directly under the towering ceiling of the immaculate white castle, a golden table appeared with fifteen high-blue chairs on either side in a symmetrical arrangement. 7 on the right, 7 on the left, and 1 on the helm of the table, representing the leading seat.

The back of each chair dazzled and shone faintly with golden light, drawing the outlines of weird constellations that differed from reality yet were somehow very much real.

Sitting around either side of the table were fourteen women whose features were shrouded in veils of darkness.

On the middle of the table, a large chessboard was placed and a game seemed to be ongoing for who knew how long.

The chessboard in itself didn't look particularly special, but if one took a cursory glance at the pieces on top of it, they would understand that it was anything but ordinary.

On one side, 5 Kings, and 7 Queens, clad fully in gold stood at different places.

Some of them were cracked, some were rather dim, while others shone brightly.

On the other side, a red queen, and nine red pawns stood tall.

No matter how one looked at it, this chessboard made no sense, but the players did not seem to care about that.

It was hard to say how long those women had been facing each other.

It could have been one day or it could have been thousands of years, the notion of time had become convoluted for them far ago... they were simply beyond it.

...At least this was how their meetings in this desolate palace usually went.

This time though... All of them were staring fixedly at one place, at one particular piece.

Where once there should have been a golden pawn...

Now... There lay nothing.

The place stayed empty for a long while, enough for the beings observing this ludicrous phenomenon to wonder in astonishment and incredulity, before a new piece appeared in that place, out of nowhere— A King Piece.

“Explain...”

It was hard to determine who had spoken, the tone reverberated from everywhere and still nowhere, but all of the beings' gazes were riveted on one person and one alone.

Goddess of Lust, Luxuria...

"Sister... What did you do?"

Castitas asked with a worried frown, she could feel the mounting tension brimming between them and knew that this wasn't good... not good at all...

"What do you mean?"

One of the goddesses growled in rage at the plain mockery in Luxuria's tone and question, "Don't take us for Idiots! Sister, explain to us why in the nine hells did a piece vanish from the chessboard!"

Luxuria shrugged and looked at Ira, the goddess of wrath, calmly as she spoke out, "Firstly, how would I know more than you about the situation? Neither of us is omniscient. Secondly, the piece is still here, right? What might be the problem then? Perhaps it's simply an error in the system? After all, we aren't the one who created it, in the first place."

Ira was left speechless at Luxuria's calm rebuttal, this angered her further and further but she had nothing to say nor refute, leaving her particularly vexed.

"Sister... You know very well that this is something that has never happened before. Fate was wrecked and manipulated, profoundly changed in ways that shouldn't be possible without our direct intervention, and we do not even know why. The source of all this is your Blessed, that eerie mortal. For a moment, he went past simply being a singularity. He became something akin to a player, just like us... he became... a god? You owe us an explanation!"

Luxuria stood up and faced the new speaker, Diligentia, the goddess of Diligence.

"My dear sisters. I repeat, I owe you nothing. The rule between us is crystal clear. No interference in our personal projects. None of us spoke when Invidia brought the one who would later become known as the Necromancer King. So do not bother me about Sol. He is mine to do as I please."

Invidia snorted, "Indeed. But look how it ended for us. I fucked up and now we lost control over a big chunk of the Afterlife. I believe your Sol will be a greater menace to our Order. I vote that we end him. Purge his existence from reality."

"I DARE YOU!"

The realm shook, cracked, and shuddered, almost being destroyed right then and there, as the divine might of Luxuria crushed down on a helpless Invidia.

Out of them all, Luxuria was the oldest and also the strongest with might far surpassing them all, maybe all of them combined. This fact was once again reminded to the trembling goddesses— the fact that... Luxuria reigned supreme...

"Calm down, sister..."

Thankfully, Castitas' worried voice calmed the ire of Luxuria but Invidia looked with unprecedented shock at her enraged sister, "You threatened me? Me, your sister? For a mere mortal?"

She was completely at a loss. So astonished that she couldn't even form coherent thoughts... In their opinion, all mortals were simply a way of passing time.

Would a player insult his family because of an NPC?

They could not understand her sudden violent reaction. They refused to...

But Luxuria did not answer and simply vanished with last words of caution directed to her sisters—

"I do not care what you decide to do, sisters of mine. But, any direct interventions from you guys will be severely punished."

—Leaving a group of confused goddesses, wondering just what in tarnation went wrong with the head of the wisest of them all.

Once Luxuria appeared in her divine kingdom, her serious expression vanished as jubilation took over, forming crescents on her immaculate face...

'Did I succeed? Was it a success?'

Such thoughts kept swimming in her mind.

Luxuria did not know why she was doing this. Why she was so obsessed with bringing forth the birth of a god?

What would even happen if Sol became a god?

All she knew was that it was something she wanted from the bottom of her heart. As if something was driving her on to this goal and she had to complete it, no matter the cost.

As a goddess, she should have hated such a feeling. But she could not. Would not and refused to even entertain that thought.

Still, Sol had pulverized all of her calculations.

His actions and powers went far beyond anything and everything she had been trying to do.

That was why she started to worry.

Was it a good thing?

Would she regret it?

Luxuria did not know and this lack of knowledge simply thrilled her to no end, a feeling that she forgot before chancing upon Sol, her beloved Blessed.

'Soon...'

An echo of a memory, long forgotten and removed from reality, sounded in her mind, filling her with delight.

Indeed. Very soon, things would never be the same.

The goddesses of Order weren't the only ones shaken by what had transpired.

Somewhere deep in the Astral Dimension, a woman that was curled up with hundred of chains surrounding her form slowly opened her eyes, confusion evident in their chaotic hue.

"What... happened?"

She had been preparing for a year, keeping a hidden hand despite the seals shackling her, and finally used it at the most opportune moment possible.

But the result was a failure.

If that was all, she wouldn't be upset. Failure or success were just transient things to someone like her who was beyond all concepts.

What she couldn't accept was something else entirely.

"I can't remember."

She couldn't remember what happened. She remembered sending her avatar in the mind of Luxuria's Blessed.

She remembered seeing a gate while corrupting him in the bliss of chaos, and she remembered taking a peek at what lay beyond that door.

But that was where her memory ended.

She could remember nothing else. She had completely lost connection with her avatar and the only thing she knew was that the avatar was erased.

"Sol... Dragona... Luxuria..."

Ymir muttered this name while licking her lips as if savoring the name with delight. The light of curiosity shone strongly in her pupils.

"I will remember that name."

Soon, she would break free from the restraint imposed on her, and for that, she needed her herald to work harder on her behalf.

She could feel that something had changed.

The laws of the world itself were reshuffled and broke down to welcome the beginning of something long past.

As if something that was long forgotten was about to awaken once more.

She idly wondered whether it was a good or bad thing for her, for everyone.

But she realized it did not matter to her in the slightest.

After all... She thrived in chaos and destruction, and reveled in the state that was soon going to ensue in all the realms...

Thus, she closed her eyes again, falling back into her slumber.

A faint smile on her luscious red lips as she thought of the chaos that was soon to follow...

And in that, she would revel, once more, in the blissful chaos that she would bring in her wake...

Thus she smiled, and slept, with those thoughts in mind...

Thus she smiled, for the eternity of chaos to ensue once more...

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Chapter 312: BOOK 3/VOL 10/CH 281: WAKING UP

Today, the territory was filled with activities as everyone worked together to count the spoils of war as well as working on repairing the damages that have befallen some of the floating islands.

After all, some of those islands had been completely destroyed, while others were simply made inhabitable, thereby leaving many people homeless so to speak.

Belying the activity in the lower heavens, the 9th Heaven was as calm and serene as always. Of course, the silence was soon broken by a shout filled with anger.

Sitting in the throne room in the 9th heaven, Tiamat could be seen speaking with two people through translucent floating screens.

“You are fucking insane!”

A roar resounded from one of the screens— something rare as the people who would dare to scream at the Dragon Empress were so minuscule they could be counted on one hand. Even then, most of those who dared would be enemies rather than friends.

Thankfully, this time it was a friend.

The one to do so of course was none other than Yggdrasil, the divine beast representing Modesty. His muscular frame could be seen clearly on the floating screen and his face was red with vehement anger.

“While I would use tamer words, I must admit that Yggdrasil is right.”

On the screen next to Yggdrasil’s was Gabriel, the divine beast of Chastity; worry evident in her beautiful eyes.

“Why did you not call us?”

Tiamat simply shrugged at their reactions, not minding them in the least, “Divine beasts can’t leave their territories as they wish. What if you were ambushed on the way? Or if their plan was to lure you guys away from the start and strike your territories in your absence?”

Of course, there was also the fact that Ymir herself acted and the knowledge of the future that they received from Skuld. However Tiamat wasn't stupid enough to mention those pieces of information, of course.

It has now been a week since the attack and subsequent failure of the Wings of Freedom.

During those few days, many things changed in the Dragon realm.

For one, this week has been one of mourning for the lives lost in the war. After all, while the war had been going on, many dragons and other soldiers fell on the battlefield.

This was without adding to it the body count caused by the traitors of the realm and the corpses of the traitors themselves.

War was never kind. It knew no mercy, and demanded blood as a sacrifice from those brave enough to blow its horns. There could never be a bloodless war, that was merely an idealistic fantasy—maybe even lunacy.

Outside of the somber happenings, there was the growing fame of Sol, resonating throughout the dragon realm.

Dragon Emperor, they called him.

While the fight with the demigods had been far removed from the actual battlefield. It was still visible to everyone, they could feel it with their senses.

All of them had been able to witness the power displayed by Sol. Seeing him toy around with two powerful demigods was a sight to behold for everyone.

Even Tiamat herself had her heart beating slightly faster at that ludicrous sight, so she could understand what the other dragons must have felt very clearly.

Thinking of this, a small smile formed on her face as she released a chuckle.

“And you are even laughing!! Have you lost it already?”

She laughed even more at Yggdrasil's shout full of wrath, “Sorry, sorry!”

She waved her hand in order to placate her old friend then finally went back to her characteristic serious expression, “I am really sorry for not warning you two.”

Tiamat was many things. She had eyes that stood higher than the sky, looking down on everyone with a contemptuous gaze. She was haughty and proud and could also come out as an unfeeling bitch to many.

Still, she knew how to recognize friends and appreciate their worth.

She knew that Yggdrasil and Gabriel were truly worried about her and what happened to her territory. She also knew that the anger they felt stemmed from the fact that she did not ask for their help, even though they were ready to step in anytime she needed their assistance.

Once Tiamat made her apologies, Yggdrasil's breath hitched slightly, fumes leaking from his nostrils even then, before he finally released a tired sigh. He knew that for someone as proud as Tiamat, bowing her head and giving apologies was already something monumental and unprecedented for most.

"Forget it. Forget it. Either way, you are alright and my daughter is also alright. So there is that."

While she didn't participate in the war itself, his daughter did help in healing the wounded, and many more dryads and creatures of his genealogy came from his territory to help out in the war.

"I would have sent my daughter too. But she vanished and I don't know where to find her."

Gabriel sighed, feeling a headache, she knew that Hathor had left the territory not long ago but she didn't know where that drunkard went.

The atmosphere had lightened up a little bit from its previous tense state...

"Now then.... Let's discuss what we shall do from now on?"

"Indeed. I believe it's time to convene a meeting between us divine beasts to decide how to act on this troublesome situation."

Tiamat nodded, "This promises to be interesting."

"By the way..." Once Yggdrasil cut the communication and left, leaving Tiamat with Gabriel, the latter couldn't help but ask, curiosity brimming in her deep eyes, "You downplayed the achievement of Sol. But I am sure you are hiding something. Care to share?"

"I didn't downplay his achievements in the slightest."

While Sol had shown overwhelming might in the war. It was what he hadn't shown, or rather one couldn't perceive from his display, that was clearly terrifying.

She would never tell anyone how much control he had over Fate.

Gabriel gave a skeptical glance but didn't insist on the matter.

"Very well. Once he wakes up, tell him to come and visit our territory before leaving. After all, he is now officially my grandson-in-law. Also, tell Anubis to stay away, I don't want him hitching a ride with Sol dearest."

"Hahaha! I will make sure of that, don't worry."

Once the line went silent, and the windows all vanished, Tiamat, now alone, could finally afford to rest. Fatigue washed over her mind, body, and soul; she was truly tired in all senses of the word.

This week had not been the easiest of days. There had been so much work to do. So many little things to take care of. So many things to fix and make functional.

It was a wonder that she didn't scream out in frustration. Of course, she knew that the one who truly wanted to scream and might have done so already would be none other than Kiyohime.

'Truly, I have been blessed with a capable daughter.'

She would never tell them this, but she was happy to know that all her children survived the tumultuous ordeal.

She might not show them how much she cared and she was without a doubt very biased toward those truly talented few.

But...She still loved her children. All of her children.

“You can show up now.”

“My, my, I can truly hide nothing from you.”

A man with a tall stature and an extremely handsome face opened the door and entered the throne room.

His slick black hair seemed to reflect the light and a mischievous light danced in his golden eyes.

“Your divinity has increased.”

“Heh, even though those demigods were trash, devouring their souls was truly helpful. Furthermore, with their memories. I know the coordinates of their territories. What do you think? How should we share?”

“Territory...Well, we would have to wake Sol up before even talking about sharing. I believe he should get the highest share?”

“As you wish.” Anubis shrugged and began to walk around the room, looking everywhere as if he was a child filled with curiosity.

“Stop dawdling around and fess up. What do you really want?”

Anubis stopped, “From you? Absolutely nothing to be honest. I am just staying here because it has been some time since I spoke with my little baby daughter. Furthermore, I am waiting for that boy to wake up.”

Tiamat frowned, “I hope you will not try anything funny.”

“Well...We shall see. Everything will depend on his performance, in the end.”

The ruler of the underworld chortled with a cryptic smile hanging on his lips. He had nothing against the young boy and his baby daughter was smart enough to know who she wanted to end up with.

Still, it was his duty as a father to verify that the boy was alright.

He hadn't raised his little princess just to give her to some no-good man.

Of course, while thinking like this, Anubis completely ignored how he had literally kidnapped his own wife from the Phoenix's territory.

Shameless people could never be beaten.

At the same time, waking up from his week-long slumber, Sol finally opened his eyes—

“An unfamiliar ceiling.”

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Chapter 313: CH 282:FATHER-IN-LAW (1)

“An unfamiliar ceiling.”

Sol smiled as he looked up at the “unfamiliar ceiling” above him. It was a sort of joke for him— another way to remember vestiges of his past life that were becoming hazier and hazier as time went by.

Nowadays, he could barely remember what his old life had been like. His reminiscence was akin to watching blurred photos that signified his past.

"Darling!"

“Ouf!”

Sol was soon brought out of his musing when he felt something or rather some ‘being’ jump at him with the force of a cannonball.

Of course, he immediately recognized who the culprit was.

“Skuld...”

In a way, Sol wasn’t really surprised that she was the first one he would lay his eyes upon when he woke up, already predicting that outcome long ago.

He could vividly imagine her being at his side for however long he had been asleep.

He gently patted Skuld's head as she kept suspiciously sniffing his scent, while his eyes focused on identifying where he currently was.

For one, he was sure that they weren’t in Kiyohime’s castle. The room was rather dreary with little to no decorations, but it was nonetheless, well-lit and organized. The room only had a huge bed as furniture, but it didn’t make the room cramped as the room itself was sufficiently spacious.

Of course, that wasn’t all.

‘The scent of the sea.’

Looking to his right, from beyond the bedside window, Sol gazed at the sea that seemed to spread as far as the eyes could see. The sound of the waves resonated in his ears with a gentle rhythm while the unmistakable salty scent, representing the sea, drifted to his nose.

‘A beach house?’

“Where are we?”

His throat was a bit parched, but he had no problem speaking.

“Oh!”

As if remembering she had something to do, Skuld looked up hurriedly and smiled at Sol before replying, "We are on a resort island belonging to Kiyohime in the lower heaven. We decided that the air of the sea would perhaps be useful to let you relax."

"Hah..."

"Just how long was I out and what happened during this time?"

Skuld nodded as a reply and began explaining the situation to Sol, filling in the void in his memories.

Once Skuld finished her explanation, she immediately left and closed the door on her wake, saying that he had to rest more to recover fully. She had already asked someone to prepare food and it would be shortly delivered.

It was clear for anyone to see how happy she was to see that he was well.

Now alone with only his thoughts as accompaniment, he felt a slight bit of loneliness for some odd reason. At least until the food came, Sol just closed his eyes, not in order to fall asleep but to fully analyze the current condition of his body.

"Ugh. This is a mess."

His mana circuits were so fucked up, the pathways became so twisted and jumbled up, that it was honestly unsightly to look at them.

The fight had simply been too hard on his body and Sol was sure that if he didn't have the speedy Super Regeneration ability that he got from the phoenixes he would have overloaded his mana circuits, thereby making him unable to bear the pressure and break apart from the inside.

One couldn't mess with Fate that easily. There would always be consequences...

Taking a deep breath, Sol focused even more on his inner self and when he opened his eyes, he could once again see himself sitting in his mindscape.

A boundless extent of a blue sky above and a tranquil blue sea below his feet, both converging together in the horizon with him in the middle.

Despite everything that happened, his mind was as calm as ever and not particularly different from its initial state with the exception being the existence of a huge black sun hanging above in the clear blue skies.

'This should be the influence of Isis's soul.'

Sol wondered what his mind would look like when he finished filling up all his capacity. However, it seemed that thought of his would never be fulfilled.

If his hunch was right...soon, things such as Capacity Points or even racial limits would be utterly meaningless to him.

'Well, this isn't why I came here though.'

Whoosh

A wind seemed to blow from everywhere and the calm sea stirred as ripples appeared everywhere below. Soon, Sol began to sink into the sea until all of his body was deep under.

His goal wasn't just to observe the surface of his mind. But to go far deeper within.

Everyone seemed to think that he had obtained his divine power from Luxuria or Castitas or perhaps even Superbia.

After all, those were the only goddesses he was related to directly or indirectly.

Only Sol knew that that wasn't the case. He didn't know why but something...something had happened inside him.

Something monumental.

Sol had always been curious. This was his true nature. He was even more curious since it was something that had to do with his own body and being.

The deeper he sank, the harder it became for him to move. But Sol forced himself to dive further and finally, he stopped sinking.

He was now in a completely white world, and standing before him was a gate.

The first thing that startled him was the state of the gate, it was now closed.

When someone became a Duke, they had to assess and understand a truth that belonged to them and them alone. The representation of that Truth showed itself in the form of a gate.

Each gate was different, as no two people could share the same truth. But there was a thing common among them all. Once someone became a Duke, the gate would always stay open.

Why then was his gate closed?

Walking closer, he took a deeper look at the gate. It was a simple gate with no markings engraved on it.

A simple and huge Black gate.

'Ugh...'

Sol groaned.

Something was definitely wrong here.

This should not be...

Something flashed in his mind and the pain vanished.

Blinking rapidly, Sol looked around and realized that he was back in the real world.

He had been booted out of his mindscape and the only thing he could remember was a message.

No. It wasn't even a message but more like an intent.

It was to come back to that place, in front of the gate—

his truth, when he would be able to shield his own thoughts from the goddesses.

His eyes narrowed.

‘It seems like I need to visit Tiamat.’

He remembered that Tiamat could even stop the goddesses from observing her and talking to her without her permission by using her dimension.

Now that he was a Duke... The breadth of applications he could cover with his dimension was on a completely different level.

‘Now though, I should rest.’

He was extremely tired.

Mentally drained.

Physically weakened.

It wasn't just that. He felt so useless in his current state. He could still feel the sweet pleasure of being an all-powerful demigod.

The electrifying and rhapsodical feeling of making Fate itself bend to his whims. The joy of toying around with two powerful demigods as if they were just kids in front of his almighty presence. The power to even escape the constraint of life and death. The power to transcend all...

This was a level of power he could have never imagined wielding before. A level that could have allowed him to even face the goddesses without any fear.

But now?

Now he was just a puny Duke.

The dissonance of his two states was jarring. He felt like he was crippled. His mind and body felt so slow and weak.

It was the first time Sol truly realized how disgusting weakness could be.

He could also understand just how huge the difference between his current self and his self empowered by Divinity was.

He then had a clear grasp of how absurd the Other Sol who literally inverted all the timelines, in one point, back to thousands upon thousands of years was.

This was a power that surpassed even the goddesses. After all, their full might could not stop that Sol from the other Timeline to act as he wished.

‘There are many obscure points I need to discuss with Skuld.’

Sol groaned. He had just woken up and already, his head was buzzing with world-ending problems.

It was then,

“My, my. I see that you are awake.”

Sol looked up as a man with black hair clad in nothing but swimming shorts and an open shirt as well as a cocktail in his hand stepped into the room.

He tilted his head as he forced himself to remember who the man was...

“You are...”

The man chuckled, “I am Anubis. Some call me the Necromancer King, others call me the Demon King and some call me the Horror of the Night. I have many titles to my name. But there is only one I am really proud of. Do you know which one?”

Sol gulped as he realized what the man was about to say,

“I am Isis’ father. Nice to meet you, Son-in-law.”

The way the words ‘son-in-law’ was said made Sol close his eyes and exhale deeply. It seemed that this would be quite a prickly discussion.

‘Perhaps thinking about world-ending problems would have been better?’

Thus it was with those slightly bitter thoughts that the first meeting between Sol and Anubis, the Dragon Emperor and the Necromancer King, took place...

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Chapter 314: CH 283:TAKE CARE OF HER

Anubis, his father-in-law.

To say that Sol was flustered would be the understatement of the century.

He was completely lost.

While it was sad, the fact was that until now, all his women were basically without any parents. All of them were orphans in one way or another.

The only exception was Lilin and Medea. But for one, Lilith actively encouraged his relationship; on the other, Ambrosia had a rather laid-back attitude. Furthermore, the two of them were mothers.

In conclusion, he had never meet the parents of most of his lovers, and for those who did have parents, he had had only met his mothers in law and without having to brag, Sol knew how to deal with women and he was charming enough to smoothen some edges.

This would be the first time he would face a father-in-law.

Sol wondered what he would feel if some young man appeared out of nowhere and had his way with his daughter without him knowing anything about it.

What if it was a ruffian?

What if the man was a lying scum?

What if the bastard hurt his precious daughter?

This would in no way be a pleasant feeling.

"Don't be so tense. If people saw us they would think I am trying to bully you."

Contrary to what he thought, Anubis was pretty chill.

"So, tell me. Was it Truck-Kun?"

....

....

....

"Pardon?"

"I am asking how you got offed. Truck-Kun? Or one of his numerous cousins?"

Sol tilted his head in confusion for a short while before his eyes opened wide in astonishment.

"You...!"

"Hello~I am your senior."

"How did you..."

Sol was about to ask how Anubis guessed but immediately stopped.

Anubis was one of the first mortal demigods. Meaning that he had been on the Mortal realm even before the creation of Lustburg.

If he had observed it even a little, it wouldn't be hard to guess that most, if not all the kings and queens were reincarnators.

Furthermore, from what he remembered, like Isis and Camelia, Anubis could see souls.

Camelia already once told him how his soul was different from normal people's.

Anubis, who had been observing Sol and his reactions nodded inwardly.

'At least he has good reactions.'

He liked how Sol stayed calm despite receiving such news.

Keeping a cool head was the only way to survive if you weren't one of the apex predators.

"I...I don't really remember. I...I think I was a university student. I...Was I studying history? Archeologist? Mythology? Something along those lines."

"As for how I died...I honestly do not remember."

'Hmmm....'

Anubis took a deep look at Sol before shrugging. Honestly, he didn't care in the slightest about what kind of life Sol had before coming here.

It wasn't as if it was the first time he had met a Reincarnator in his long life. From what he understood, the goddesses always took turns bringing the soul of someone from earth into this world in order to have fun and observe the changes the Reincarnator would bring.

Out of those Reincarnators, many had partially broken souls who could not remember much from their past life or simply forgot the cause of their deaths. So it was nothing surprising.

The only one that never did so was Luxuria. At least this was the case until one thousand years ago.

Then it was like she was coping with all the time she didn't bring a Reincarnator and began to bring one every generation.

One would be a fool to not know that Luxuria had a plan afloat. But once again, Anubis did not care.

He had enough confidence in his power to never fear the goddesses and from what he had seen, Sol had the potential to do the same even on a much larger scale.

What only interested him, was the man named Sol.

He had already judged that some twisted feeling didn't taint Sol's soul. This was more or less enough in his opinion. Though, he had one last question.

"What did you do for a living and how old were you?"

It was a pretty ridiculous reason when you knew people here lived by the thousand but he simply wanted to know.

"I ..."

Sol again was left speechless.

"I said I was a university student."

"Hey! Don't you know there is no age for studying? Even a 90 Years old granny can be up and shiny and get her diploma if she wants."

There was nothing Sol could retort to that.

"Haha...Well, I was just out of high school and still pretty young. That at least I remember."

"Hum...Well, I guess this is good enough. I would be pretty bummed out if you were some old creepy dude preying on my daughter."

"Huh...You do know that Isis is far older than me, right?"

Anubis shrugged, "So? I am unashamedly and unreasonably biased."

"Hahaha..."

Sol really found Anubis quite interesting. This wasn't really the image he had when he heard titles like Necromancer King.

"You just thought that I am not really like the rumors, right?"

"Well..."

"Did you expect some cold dude that acts like he doesn't shit, a domineering aura and me screaming things like <<you do not deserve my daughter!>>?"

"..."

"I will take your silence for a yes."

Anubis smiled, the aura around him changed slightly, becoming a little more serious.

"Even though Isis will always be my baby daughter. She is not a stupid kid."

He shrugged, "The girl I raised is a mature woman who knows what she wants and can make her decision in life for herself. Generally she will succeed and when she fails, I will be there to take care of her."

"I won't say cliché things like, <<if you hurt my daughter I will kill you.>> As long as you don't die, you two will live for ten of thousands of years.

"Anything can happen during that time so no, I won't threaten you. You two will have your ups and downs. Perhaps this is only an episode in your long life. Perhaps she will find someone better or worse and leave you, or maybe you will leave her.

"This is normal. This is how relationships are. Nothing is eternal in this world. Love even less.

"So, I will not threaten you. I will just ask you.

"Please, don't hurt my baby daughter.

"Please, protect her as much as you can.

"Please, never betray her trust in you."

Silence befell the room as the two men looked deeply into each other's eyes.

Sol knew that the goofy Anubis that was joking around was not present here.

Nor was the Necromancer King.

Here, was a father who asked him to take care of his daughter— To the point of nearly begging him.

Nothing more, nothing less.

'Isis. You are truly blessed with good parents.'

Be it Nephthys back then and now Anubis. Sol could feel the fierce love they had for Isis.

This was perhaps the most functional family he had managed to observe in this world. And also the family with the least drama.

How could Sol answer such a plea from a worried father?

Words flashed in his mind from crude to flowery.

But in the end, they could not fulfill his objectives.

"I...am still just a kid."

Sol identified himself more in this current life and despite all he went through, he was still a kid with much to learn.

"I am not perfect either."

Perfection was a goal many strived for but none could ever reach. The most they could do was come as close as possible.

"I have made many mistakes because of my inexperienced self."

Little mistakes, big mistakes. They could not be counted.

Sol was growing, learning, evolving.

His self from before his awakening and his current self was like heaven and earth and the same would happen in the future.

"But..."

Despite all this, there was one thing he was sure of.

Nay... One thing he swore to himself.

"I will always be there for her."

Be it Isis or any of his loved ones. Sol would never cast them aside. Even at the price of his life.

"How can you be so sure? What about in a thousand years? Ten thousand? Or even more?"

"I will not falter."

Sol had no doubts about this. After all, he knew that in order to bring everyone back to life, "He" did not hesitate to become the enemy of the world.

Even though it took an unknown amount of time.

Even though it was a path filled with pain, blood, and tears.

Even then..."He" never stopped walking resolutely.

Since "He" could do it. Then Sol knew that he could do the same.

After all, from a different timeline, they may be, but they were one and the same.

'How beautiful.'

Anubis gazed deeply into Sol's soul.

Few things shone more brightly than a soul filled with conviction. Be it good or evil.

This was why Anubis knew.

The boy was not lying to him.

His conviction was firm like an immovable wall.

Anubis did not need to worry.

The boy would never betray Isis.

Even if their relationship as a lover was to end one day, the one as a partner would stay.

"Then I leave my daughter to you. Take care of her."

Still, nothing was eternal in this world.

As such he would simply watch.

Would this conviction become tainted in the future?

Or would it continue to shine as brightly or even more?

"I will."

This was something only the future could tell.

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Chapter 315: CH 284:PARENTS AND CHILDREN

When Anubis came out of the house, one could see that the house in question was a small cottage house with a few trees around on a relatively small island.

It was a beautiful house perfect for relaxation thanks to the open air and the calming sound of the waves.

Not far from the island was the White Pearl, Kiyohime's flagship. Anubis could see a few dragons flying around and serving as guards, showing just how much importance was put on Sol.

Of course, rather than this flimsy security, what made Anubis smile was the heavy gaze he could feel on him.

That gaze had somewhat retreated when he began discussing with Sol but it was always there, lurking.

'Tiamat really likes the boy. Though I also kinda like him now.'

His discussion with Sol had been far more pleasant than he thought it would ever be. If the boy had been indecisive or swollen with pride then Anubis would have given him a good punch, Tiamat's opinion be damned, and would have severed the contract he had with Isis.

He was a father and he believed in his daughter; As such would never meddle with her love relationship. But he would not let her joke around with her life.

If after severing the contract she decided to stay with him then he wouldn't have intervened further.

Thankfully, this hypothetical situation did not come to pass. Sol was a good boy that would not let his daughter down, be it as a partner or a lover.

'Sigh. Now I would have really liked to have a smoke.'

It was bittersweet to see his daughter growing up and creating her own family. This was a feeling most parents had to go through one day. Watching the little chick leaving the nest was always sad.

"The stars in this realm are really beautiful. Perhaps I should change my territory a little to have more such wondrous sights? What do you think?"

The light of the stars shone with a soothing light on the beach, giving a somewhat mystifying impression. As if one was stepping on a fairy tale.

A black-haired girl walked out of the shadow with an impish smile, "I believe the dead have other problems than spectating the sights in the underworld."

"Hahaha! Indeed."

Anubis laughed and began to walk on the beach, Isis falling in step beside him with her hand behind her back.

The two were silent. But it was not an awkward silence. Rather it was one where the two were savoring each other's presence.

Anubis knew that despite doing his best, he was not really the best father around nor even the best husband. Mainly because of how absent he was.

Being like this with his daughter was one of the few moments of true peace he could feel and he was thankful for all those little moments.

"So you heard everything."

Of course, they could not stay silent forever. As such Anubis opened the discussion.

"I did not mean to eavesdrop."

Isis blushed a little.

"Oh. Don't worry, I totally meant to let you listen to it."

Anubis chuckled, when Isis approached he shielded her presence so that Sol would not be able to perceive her.

"Whatever he said, you are the one who needs to hear those words the most. I must say, the boy is quite passionate. Hah, no wonder you fell so easily for him."

"Father!"

"Heh, I miss the day when you called me daddy. *Sniff* My little daughter is really a grown-up now."

Isis could only facepalm as her father continued to tease her. But inwardly, she was full of excitement.

After all, she had been worried about how Anubis would take her relationship with Sol. She was glad that he approved.

“By the way...”

Isis looked up and saw a mischievous glint in Anubi's eyes, giving her the chills,

“I remember back then you asked me quite the embarrassing question.”

The sensation of dread continued to grow.

“What was the question again, hmm?” He tilted his head before nodding as if finally remembering, It was something along the line of, <<“How are babies made?”>> right?” [1]

Anubis smirked, “Now you must have the answer. So I wonder. When will I be able to hold my grandchildren?”

If before Isis was a little red, now she was positively scarlet and couldn't help but hide her face behind her hands.

Anubis meanwhile exploded out in laughter while jumping back to dodge a fireball Isis threw at him. He couldn't forget how embarrassed he had been back then when his little daughter had asked him this.

Sadly for Isis, Anubis was a very petty man. who would stop at nothing to take his revenge.

Like this, father and daughter run on the beach, one laughing like mad and the other fully intent on committing murder.

Anyone witnessing this sight would be astounded beyond belief if they were told that the two were the most powerful Necromancer in existence.

After all, the word joy was rarely associated with Necromancer.

But Anubis was different.

Because he understood death more than anyone, he loved life all the much more and taught this way of living to his daughter.

Life was beautiful.

Even though this world was rotten, dirty, and ugly.

Life was still beautiful.

As such, one should enjoy life as much as possible.

Pain and suffering were inevitable.

Loss and regret were a given.

But as long as one never gave up and continued to trudge on the road that was life, one would surely find a form of happiness and if they failed to find happiness in life—They would do so in death.

Thus was the way of Anubis.

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[Phoenix Realm]

While the soothing light of the stars was bathing the Dragon realm, the Blazing light of the suns was still shining on the beautiful sea of sand that was the Phoenix Realm.

Sitting in her throne room, Gabriel was looking down at her daughter that was working on the betterment of the realm.

“Why don’t you ask me?”

In the end, Gabriel couldn’t help but speak, to which Nephthys scoffed.

“You think this is the Dragon realm? We barely make enough Vira with what we get. Opening a gate from here directly to the Dragon realm would put us in the red.”

Gabriel winced. Vira, or Faith coins, were produced from faith and prayer.

Half of Tiamat’s realm was filled with different facilities used to make people happy and produce more coins. Because of this, she had a very high population which in turn brought more profit.

Meanwhile, her realm was one that was more likened to hell than anything else. This was why a great part of her income came from Bandits and the like.

Since Nephthys was the one who actually had to deal with all the money, it was normal for her to not wish to spend on useless things.

The reason for this discussion was the presence of Anubis.

Anubis was an elusive man who spent most of his time exploring the universe. So the time he could spend with his daughter and wife was quite small.

“But don’t you want to meet him?”

Nephthys bit her lips. Of course, she wanted to meet her husband. But the words that came out of her mouth were the perfect opposite of how she felt.

“Humph! I don’t care about that heartless man. If he wants to see me, he will come here.”

Gabriel could only laugh blankly, after all, she was not deceived by those words.

‘I see from where Isis got her dishonest mentality.’

Gabriel released a sigh. It wasn’t like they were forced to use a direct gate. If Nephthys went to the Crossroad and then entered the Dragon realm from there, then it wouldn’t cost much.

The problem was that it would only be possible in a peaceful time. Right now, all the fourteen territories had closed the gates that were connected to Crossroad.

The recent events were simply too great to ignore. This situation would last until the council of divine beasts was held and decisions were made.

Gabriel groaned before sighing, “I will take a loan from Tiamat.”

Gabriel could already imagine the greedy dragon cackling in delight when she will ask for this.

Sometimes, Gabriel wondered what the goddesses thought when creating dragons. Not all dragons were prideful. But all Dragons were definitely greedy and lustful.

Nephtys seemed to hesitate a little,

“Don’t hesitate. That greedy dragon will still give me a loan with zero interest.”

All she would have to sell was her dignity. The last time Gabriel took a loan from Tiamat, she had to disguise herself in a bunny suit and call Tiamat ‘Master’ every time she spoke.

But it was worth it.

This was for the happiness of her little daughter after all.

In the end, tears welled up in Nephtys’s eyes as she hugged Gabriel, “I am really grateful.”

Gabriel laughed and hugged her daughter back, “Don’t worry. Take it as a reward for all your hard work. A vacation would do you good. Your sister will take care of the realm in your absence.”

Nephtys winced, “But the only one remaining here aside from me is Neith.”

Nent was already in the dragon realm and Hathor had vanished without leaving a word. The only one left was Neith.

Gabriel shrugged, “It’s time for her to stop being a recluse. She should be able to handle some paperwork.”

Nephtys made a small prayer as an apology to her poor sister. There was no way the amount of paperwork necessary to deal with the operation of an entire realm could only be described as ‘some’.

“Hah, before you go, you should also call Nerftiti and go with her. I feel like the girl is about to become crazy because of how much she misses the boy.”

“Very well.”

Nephtys was also a little worried so she accepted readily.

Like this, everything was decided.

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Chapter 316: CH 285:OBSESSION (1)

[Phoenix Realm, Nent’s City]

As always, the city managed by Nent was bustling with activity as people were all in search of making more money in order to live a more easy life.

Whenever they passed by the main palace standing proud, their eyes would show fear as well as reverence. After all, it was thanks to the ruler that they had better living conditions than many others in this realm.

In their minds, phoenixes were perfect beings full of grace and might and were worthy of their fervent admiration and respect.

What they couldn't have guessed was that one of the people they were worshipping has seeped in worldly desire.

After all, at the end of the day, phoenixes were in no way devoid of seven emotions like any other living beings graced with intelligence.

--

In the depths of a palace in the Phoenix Realm, the groans and moans of a woman filled the main bedroom of the huge palace.

The room was a spacious one, sparsely decorated with a huge king-sized bed in the middle.

The one true decorations in this room that would catch anyone's eye upon entering was none of other than the large painting on a wall.

The painting was depicting a young man with a boyish smile clad in nothing but a white robe that only stopped at his hips.

His torso was completely naked, showing a beautifully well-sculpted body. His golden hair seemed to shine under the sun and his sky-blue eyes seemed to be looking at the world with gentleness.

"Ah~! My Beloved lord, when will you come back and take me with you?"

Gazing feverishly at the painting while kneeling down on the bed was a brown-haired young girl with beautiful brown skin glistening with sweat.

Her hair and clothes were completely disheveled while she continued to move her hand to caress her most secret place, showing a slovenly appearance that would shock anyone who knew how prim and proper the girl always acted when outside.

Her eyes were filled with love and worship as she gazed at the painting of her beloved that she made herself but no matter what she did, no matter how much she moved her hand, the sweet release of an orgasm refused to come to her.

"Ah..."

Still, it did not matter to her. After all, what she wished for went beyond mere physical pleasure.

Only him. Only he could bring her to the highest peak.

Her eyes began to glow as a pink light emitted from them and her pupils took a heart shape.

She was Nefertiti and her King's name was, <<Ishtar>>.

Even though she was yet to become a proper king, Nefertiti had realized one truth—This name was not just the result of her own effort nor was it just the result of Nent years of careful selective breeding.

This name was a gift of Fate and her destiny was to serve him.

Her only Lord—Sol Dragona Luxuria.

The King of her heart.

Be it Nent or the other divine beast, they seemed to hate the concept of Fate more than anything else in the world, struggling to fight it.

However, Nefertiti was different.

She had no care for fighting Fate and simply embracedembraced it, relished it. After all, why would she fight a Fate so sweet?

If Sol was here and could use the eye of Akasha on her, he would realize that the numerous thick pink and red threads would be tying the two of them.

This went far beyond the simple string of Fate. For Nefertiti, Sol was no different from the sky and the oxygen.

His absence was weighing down on her heart and her mind was slowly sinking in confusion.

But this was not without advantage, Nefertiti realized this fast. Her King's name was clearly related to love in one way or another.

The deeper she felt for Sol, the greater the resonance of her name. This was why she was bringing herself to the brink but never released.

In a way, one could say that she was taming her own heart to make it dependent on Sol.

She was basically enslaving herself.

Was she that desperate to become a King?

Indeed she was.

But not for any selfish reason.

Nefertiti had long since realized that Sol was something above everything she could understand.

For someone like him, a mere Duke like her would basically be useless.

Inwardly, she knew that Sol had no care for her power level. Whether she stayed as a Duke or not, he would never give up on her. But she did not want to be something to be protected. She wanted to serve him in the best possible way and for that, she needed power.

Enough power to be worthy of standing alongside him.

Her eyes flared with determination and fanaticism as she stood up and approached the painting with reverence before kissing it.

'I will be back, my lord.'

She needed to take a little bath and think about an even more efficient way to torment herself for Sol.

She missed Sol and she wanted to impress him once they finally meet each other again.

Knock *Knock* *Knock*

“My lady, the Queen wishes to see you.”

Nefertiti tilted her head in wonder as the voice of her servant sounded through the other side of the door.

She had recently begun selecting a new batch of beautiful servants from the charm spirit race, just in case Sol decided to have his fun with them.

Of course, all the servants she recruited knew beforehand what was the true job description and in fact, were quite excited. After all, while they were slightly different from Succubus, the essence was still the same.

As for the queen, Nefertiti never had direct dealing with her. It was quite curious but in the absence of Nent, she was the one with the highest speaking right.

‘I hope nothing grave happened.’

“I understand. Prepare a bath for me, I cannot go meet the queen in my current appearance.”

“Understood.”

Nefertiti could hear the steps of the servant as they went away to do as asked. Looking up at the painting of her beloved lord, Nefertiti felt her worries settle down.

“Whatever will be, will be.”

[Mortal Realm, Lustburg.]

While Nefertiti was dealing with her own mental and physical problems, someone else, someone that was surprisingly similar to her more way than one was also having her own set of troubles.

In the mortal realm, thanks to the 12:1 ratio between the mortal realm and the Astral realm, it has only been around ten days since Sol left for the Astral realm in order to make a contract with a phoenix and hopefully save Lilith from her eventual doom.

Currently, Milia, the head maid of the Tower of Babel in Lustburg was struggling with new applications as commoners and nobles alike wished to enter in service of the royal family.

Since the execution of the traitors and with the help of the three remaining Duke families, the influence of the Royal Family was at an all-time high.

It wasn't just that, many people were sending invitations to Lilin, the only princess of the royal family, in hope of her visiting for tea parties and the like. Of course, all those invitations were just veiled attempts to have a better understanding of Lilin and for some houses, ask her hand in marriage.

Of course, the same went for Sol. The matter of who would be his fiancée was a national affair of the highest importance.

All of this came from one truth. Be it Lilin or Sol, the next King or Queen of Lustburg would be the child of one of those two and nobles were betting in order to obtain the maximum influence.

‘How filthy.’

Looking down at the different proposals, so many that they seemed to form a small hill, Milia couldn't help but have her expression distort.

‘Wouldn't it be better if we simply killed them all?’

Sweet whispers sounded in her ears but Milia ignored them. She knew very well that her own mental state was deteriorating quite a bit.

The withdrawal symptoms from not having Sol close to her had slightly subsided, but it was only because she had been working on a special new Sol collection lately in order to distract herself.

Furthermore, she had simply been too busy to have time for herself.

“Why am I even doing this? This isn't supposed to be my job.”

“I am sorry. But I need your help. Without you, I don't have enough influence.”

The one who spoke was a beautiful elf with a well-endowed figure.

Her name was Clara.

Of course, for Sol, she was more known as the forgotten elf.

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Chapter 317: CH 286:OBSESSION (2)

The elf was a beautiful woman, clad in a white jacket and white pants that fully embraced her ravishing form.

She wore a pair of black rectangular glasses that could barely hide the fatigue etched in her eyes and her long brown hair seemed to not have been brushed for a few days— what else could explain the frizzy edges and the slightly disheveled hair...

Her jacket was opened, showing a hint of her breasts, in order to let her breathe more easily. After all, with how large they were, her clothes were quite constraining.

Milia had no doubt that if she had been absent, the elf would have simply been working naked. Not that she could blame her. Milia wished she could do the same. Maid clothes were quite stuffy after all.

The elf was none other than Clara. She came to Lustburg with Lilin in order to have a chance to prove herself.

Sol had officially taken her as an employee and sort of a proxy before going to the Astral realm so while the amount of work Milia had was huge, what Clara had to do was simply astronomical.

Clara wasn't just any elf, she was from an honorable family of elves who had dedicated their life to dragons and entered their service.

The most recent one, her mother, had been at the service of Blaze while she had still been in the Astral realm. As her daughter, Clara took it as a personal honor when Sol had given her this opportunity and she refused to fail in her services.

Sadly, an elf having so much power wasn't really appreciated by the nobles of Lustburg and she had trouble getting obeyed. This is where Milia intervened.

"Milia, I have good and bad news— Which one do you wish to hear first?"

Of course, the same went for a cow woman like her. As a beastman, Milia was under scrutiny by most. But since she was born and raised in Lustburg, there was no problem with her origin. She had the advantage of having her own sphere of influence.

Furthermore, it was now a known fact among the nobility that she had been heavily favored by Sol and would most likely become a concubine of his. Few nobles wanted to mess with her even though they didn't know her identity as the leader of the Crown's shadow.

Looking at the clearly overworked Clara, even Milia couldn't help but feel a little pity. She stood up and went to prepare a relaxing tea.

This was one of the ways she had managed to stay sane. Tea was indeed a great way to calm the mind.

"Thanks..."

Clara smiled when the steaming hot cup was placed in front of her.

"Just how dire is the situation?"

Clara groaned at that question...

"The situation is bad. Very bad. We need to prepare fast."

"From the different reports I compiled, I can say one thing with confidence."

Clara looked deeply at Milia, "The war may not have officially started, but it will happen soon."

Milia stayed silent, "How long do we have left? Winter is already coming."

"Winter might be harsh for humans, but for beastmen, it's an inconvenience at most. Furthermore, the belligerent king of Wratharis is not a patient man, if you understand what I mean."

Milia gave a polite smile at the small joke. After all, the virtue opposite of wrath was patience.

"Either way, Wratharis is already moving. When the lakes will freeze and the world will become covered in snow – They will strike. Two months from now, at the earliest. Three months at the most – The war will surely happen."

"We need to prepare."

Milia sighed and looked up in the direction of the church.

"I hope his highness will come back soon."

Clara muttered, causing Milia to smile.

“I believe his highness will surprise us all.”

She missed him so much. But she knew that once Sol came back, he would officially become a King. Then, he would dazzle the world with his magnificence.

“So this was the bad news. What about the good news?”

Clara shrugged, “Well, us having two or three months to prepare was basically the good news.”

Milia sighed, she really needed to ask for a raise.

She wasn't paid for this sh... Then she remembered once again that she was the leader of the Crown's shadow and as such was indeed paid to deal with such a problem.

'Shit! What does a maid have to do to just be able to stay in her room and gaze at the handmade sculptures of her beloved master? It isn't too much to ask for, right?'

'This girl is more perceptive than I thought.'

The evaluation she had of Clara continued to rise. However, the question was... Would Milia really take her time to help someone she did not care about?

Of course not... would be the definitive answer...

Rather than helping Clara, Milia was simply observing the girl and her work.

Clara could not know this, but the higher-ups of Lustburg were already in discussion with the leader of the Oni clan as well as the Supreme daughter of Patientia.

Thanks to this they had access to a great deal of information.

Not all of them could be believed but Milia had determined that the alliance could be trusted.

The reason Clara was not told anything wasn't just because she was an elf. But rather because she was an elf born in another country.

The Forest of the Elves shared a border with Wratharis and Lustburg. It would be problematic for them if the two countries were to hold hands.

What would Clara do if she was supposed to choose between her loyalty to her country and her loyalty to Sol?

Milia did not know.

Since she did not know, she could not simply bet on her good nature. She had to be sure. One mistake of hers could bring terrible consequences. Like what happened not long ago with the attack of Wings of Freedom.

'I wonder if she will be able to infer that something is afoot.'

If Clara managed to do so, then she was worth working on to convert her loyalty.

Such a talent could not be wasted.

"Well then, now that the tea break is finished. Let's continue working, shall we?"

"Right."

--

'I feel like I am dying inside.'

By the time Milia finally ended her share of the work, it was very late. The moon was already high up and the soothing darkness of the night worked wonders to soothe her taut nerves.

She wished for nothing more than to enter her sanctuary and be surrounded by his scent, or whatever was left of it.

It was the last place that helped her keep her sanity.

"Your highness, I wonder how much you would have changed by the time you come back."

Sol was a bright young man who had been more or less imprisoned all his life in a castle of gold.

But now, he was a free bird soaring in the sky after learning how to fly. She had no doubt that Sol would experience many interesting things and witness many wondrous sights.

She simply hoped that by the time he came back, the Sol she knew and loved would not be negatively influenced.

'May the goddesses protect you...?'

Milia was not religious. The goddesses did nothing to save them when she and the other children were suffering because of those experiments. In fact, the main source of their suffering was a Blessed.

Even before becoming a spymaster and having access to confidential information, Milia had long since realized that the goddesses had no care for the woes of mere mortals like them.

Still, Milia prayed. She hoped that her beloved liege would be safe from all danger.

'I need to grow.'

Caressing the face of the sculpture and wondering if Sol would have also changed physically, she couldn't help but reaffirm her resolve.

She needed to become stronger.

All this time, she had been satisfied with being a Duke-level being. Why would she not? In all the mortal realm, out of billions of people, only a few thousand at most were Duke.

The probability of becoming a duke was so low it was abyssal, but she had managed to do it. Though she hated the experiments, there was no lying when it came to the results.

She was strong. Milia, a simple cow woman whose greatest accomplishment would have been to become a wet nurse had managed to rise in rank, become one of the most powerful beings in the world, and had control over the dark side of an entire Kingdom.

This was a life worthy of a protagonist.

At least this is what Milia had thought until she came in service of the true protagonists of this world.

The Blessed.

As if that wasn't enough, she could now see Nuwa, Setsuna, and Lilin progressively growing stronger. Setsuna and Lilin were now already proper Dukes and Nuwa wasn't far from becoming one.

Then there was Camelia, Lilith, and the witches, all of them being on the King level.

Milia could see it. In the end, she would be left behind by all of them.

Her artificial talent could not keep up with the pure natural talent of those monsters. At least this was what she thought until she realized that Lilith and Lilin were not different from her.

Like her, they were the results of the experiment of that crazy king.

If so then, why should she feel inferior?

If Lilith could become a king, why couldn't she?

Lilith's genes mainly came from a King level Blessed. But hers came from the Monster Queen herself, Echidna, the Mother of Thousand Monsters. A demigod powerhouse who terrorized the mortal realm for centuries.

She wanted to become stronger.

She needed to become stronger.

Otherwise, if a day came that Sol no longer needed her, Milia was sure that she would kill herself out of depression.

She didn't just want to be some sex doll for him. She needed to be useful. She wished to be someone he could never cast away.

Inwardly, she knew her fears were groundless, the Sol she knew was not that kind of man.

But what if he changed? What if he decided she had no more worth? What if she was thrown away like all the failed experiments back then?

"My current mental state is worse than I thought."

Milia had many traumas but most of them were hidden behind her tough exterior. Sadly, the more her mental strength fell, the worse those fears became.

The saving grace was that, rather than cowering because of fear, Milia was advancing with steadfast conviction.

'I guess I should try to meet her.'

In this kingdom, there was only one person who knew enough about Echidna and science in general to give her the advice she sought out.

Ambrosia— the Thousand Spells Witch.

It was time to seek her audience...

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 318: CH 287:SCAM

"So, let me get this straight...."

In the throne room of the 9th Heaven, Tiamat crossed her legs and slightly leaned back on her majestic throne.

Her head was resting on her palm, her elbow resting on the armrest as she leaned to the sides, as she looked at the floating screen with a visible smirk on her regal face.

"You want me to lend you the sum necessary to open a direct portal between our two territories so that your daughter can come and have some fun with her husband and daughter?"

Gabriel groaned inwardly – seeing that conniving smirk on the face of the lecher that was Tiamat – and nodded, albeit reluctantly.

"Indeed."

"Ohoh! Interesting, truly interesting."

Tiamat's lips formed a toothy grin, looking at Gabriel with amusement.

"You do know that all of this is happening because you just suck at managing your territory, right?"

Gabriel sighed at Tiamat's blatant remark. She couldn't say anything because what she spoke of was indeed the bitter truth. But she still tried to put forth her reasoning, "I am not the only one in this case. All the remaining old generation divine beasts have territories that are hard to live in."

Tiamat laughed, she knew that fact very well. In fact, out of all those first generation Divine Beasts, Gabriel was the most tame.

Asmodeus's territory, for example, was a complete land of unending ice where life was basically impossible to thrive in.

Same was the case for the territory she inherited. Before her, this territory, under the control of Lucifer, was just a big power supply to amass the power of the sun.

Of course, Tiamat perfectly understood the reason behind that...

Demigods were extremely hard to kill. That fact multiplied innumerable times over in the case of the Divine Beasts.

For so many of them to have died at a time, one didn't need to explain just how harsh, merciless, and unforgiving the war was back then.

In such a harrowing situation, who would...could...develop their territory with the thought of it being an attractive place for outsiders?

In fact, accepting outsiders in your territory was considered the signs of a lunatic.

Once the main foundation of a territory was set, it would become very hard to revamp it to fit a new standard.

"Well, that isn't important currently. Let's discuss our payment first."

"I will be able to pay my debt back in around two years."

Tiamat shook her head in derision, clearly, Gabriel wasn't able to infer or at least tried not to infer what she really meant.

"Money isn't a problem and I don't care if you take your time to pay me back.

"The payment of the debt isn't what is interesting to me. What can you give me as interest?"

The part Gabriel dreaded to no end finally came. She had tried to deflect it somehow but Tiamat was relentless in her chase, leaving her no way out in the end. Since she was beaten, she knew she had to accept the reality of her current precarious circumstance.

"Very well, I will do the same service as last time."

"Tut~ Tut~ Tut. Last time was last time. Now is now. I won't be satisfied with that anymore. You must do something else or give me something that would be amusing enough to intrigue me."

"Then... How about I serve you as a maid for four days?"

"Oh, you have my interest now."

Tiamat thought for a while, sketching the abominable things she could make Gabriel enact, before nodding to herself.

"I want two months and you have to address me as Mistress or Lady the entire time."

"One week. No calling special names."

"One month, still the same proposal with the appellations."

"Two weeks of serving you as a maid and I will call you Lady. This is my last and final offer. Take it or leave it. I'll whip up another way to send my daughter there."

"Hmmm~ You are driving a very tight bargain. But very well... Let's not say that I am too greedy. I accept your proposal."

After quite the lively haggling, Gabriel finally smiled, happy to have been able to haggle such a bargain out with Tiamat. After all, whenever they had a deal in the past, she would be the one to sorely lose out. There was no moment where she was the one to win out.

"My bottom line was one month, honestly. I would have done it for way less than you proposed."

Gabriel wished to see the smug face of Tiamat vanishing for a chance, sadly for her— this was an impossible dream for her.

"Well, I would have done it for free."

Immediately, Gabriel fell silent.

“...Huh?”

“I mean, I already had plans of taking either Sol into the phoenix territory or bringing the girl called Nefertiti here. If your daughter took the ride along with us then it wouldn't have been a problem. I wouldn't mind, and neither would Sol, in fact, I think he would welcome it...”

She was not lying or trying to gloat to Gabriel. She knew that...now that Sol had become a Duke, his days in the Astral Realm were numbered. Soon, he would leave this realm and get enthroned as the king of Lustburg.

Of course, now Sol had the coordinates to the Astral realm. But it was impossible for a Duke to have enough energy to open a portal between two territories. Once he left, she wouldn't be able to see him anymore until he became a King at the very least.

Since that was the case, Tiamat wished for Sol to have the best holiday possible for the rest of the days he would be here. Her only wish was for him to leave this place with good and joyous memories.

Thankfully, unlike Gabriel, Tiamat's territory was vast and the seasons came and went to form a cycle of multitudes of seasons. Currently, it was summer so this was the perfect moment to relax. Maybe go to the beach and have some fun in the sea...

‘Though...Hehehehe, her reaction is really cute.’

It was taking all of Tiamat's strength to not explode in laughter while gazing at the dumbfounded face of her old friend and comrade.

“So you mean...”

“You paid for something that could have gotten essentially free.”

“Argh!!”

Gabriel had never felt so embarrassed in the entirety of her life. Not even the moment when she had to enact the lecherous deals she had with Tiamat. She covered her face with her hands and groaned and screamed like a little girl throwing a tantrum while berating herself about how dumb she was.

“Hahahahahahaha!! You should see your face!”

This time Tiamat could not stop herself from laughing out loud. It had been a long time since she could laugh so joyfully without any sort of worries.

‘Perhaps I should tease her more later on.’

Be it Gabriel or Yggdrasil, all the Divine Beasts of Virtue had this slight naivety in their personalities that they could never get rid of no matter how old and experienced they became. Perhaps it was the fault in their creation, as was the case for all that was created by the goddesses.

Perhaps it was something intended. She could easily imagine the goddesses creating divine beasts with such an idea in mind.

Gabriel was well and in the truest sense of the word...distracted. She knew that there was no way of taking back her words. The deal was made and the conditions were now set. Even if she did manage to

erase the monetary debt, then the special interest would only increase exponentially with the passage of time.

“Why the hell do you act like an old pervert?”

“Hey, I resent that statement. Take it back! I just like looking at beautiful things and feel good when strong beings bow to me in respect. There is absolutely nothing perverse about that.”

Gabriel waved her hand dismissively with a sniff of utter disdain. Her eyes were looking at Tiamat as though she was looking at utter trash. Nevertheless, she responded with a defeated sigh... “Well, it’s my fault for having fallen into your trap. I am not one to renege a debt. When can you open the portal?”

“In one or two days. So you should prepare on your side. I am honestly rather interested in seeing Nefertiti. She seems like an interesting girl.”

Gabriel coughed a little, hearing Tiamat's remark and the intrigue in her tone...

“Indeed... Very... She's very... Well, interesting is indeed a good way to describe her.”

She couldn’t help but wince when she thought back to what she had seen in Nefertiti’s room.

‘Well, perhaps she will come down once she meets her beloved.’

At the same time, she couldn’t help but feel envious— really envious...

Be it her two daughters or Nefertiti, they seemed to have all changed for the better after entering into a relationship.

Meanwhile, here she was, a woman whose age merely determined how many years she went by without a man or any significant other of the sorts.

Looking at their happiness — craziness also, sometimes, she couldn’t help but wonder what it would be like to be with someone for the first time in her entire existence.

It would surely be an interesting experiment.

Perhaps, it would also lead to a bond that stretched beyond eternity....

Who knows....?

Right!?

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 319: CH 288:G.O.D

[1st Circle of Hell, Tartarus]

Entering the place and feeling the dreary atmosphere, Anubis chuckled.

“I always said that you guys should work on the atmosphere of these prisons.”

He looked around and watched as the Chaos spawn, mindless beasts that would generally rush at anyone with every bit of semblance of a deranged lunatic, slowly retreat because of his sheer presence.

No matter how mindless those beasts were and no matter how they did not fear death in the slightest, it seemed that they realized that Anubis was an entity that should be avoided at all costs.

Standing behind him, the warden of Tartarus, Kiyohime, simply shrugged as a reply, "You changed the mood of your prison but you still had two important prisoners escape."

"Touché."

Anubis could say nothing about that. He had indeed underestimated both the current Nihil and Drei, he had thought they were just helpless weaklings, but in the end, it was clear that he was wrong.

They were still weaklings... Just not helpless ones.

Even though Anubis had stolen authority over a part of the Afterlife realm, and created his own territory here, he was by no means a Dimensional Mage.

He could not move it with him as he pleased.

Those two had used his absence and escaped from their chains. It had to be said that sealing a dimensional mage like Nihil was already quite the difficult task.

Anubis, of course, was too proud to try to find any form of excuse.

A mistake was a mistake.

That was all there was to it in his opinion.

Of course, there was no one who could punish him for the mistakes he committed.

'Hah, the feeling of abusing power. Such a marvelous feeling.'

Kiyohime took a step back to distance herself from Anubis who was busy chuckling to herself.

Kiyohime, like any other Divine Beast, did not particularly like Necromancers and liked Anubis even less since he was the one who shared the knowledge of the power in this world.

She had no prejudice. She knew that Anubis was not a "bad" person in itself. In fact, he had done much good for the world. One could even say that Anubis was an unsung hero. A man worthy of respect – and she had much respect for him...far more than she was ever willing to admit even... She just didn't like him.

Giving a glance at Kiyohime's frowning expression, Anubis smiled. He perfectly understood Kiyohime's dilemma.

This was also why, out of all divine beasts, Dragons and Phoenixes were the only ones he was willing to work with.

"Well, we are finally here."

The two of them stopped in front of a cross where a naked woman was held, almost crucified, with wild hair that looked like the mane of a Lion.

"Leo. Daughter of Echidna. But... I wonder... Which Leo are you?"

Funf, once one of the 12 constellations under the order of Echidna in the mortal world, opened her bloodshot eyes and growled in the direction of Kiyohime, before giving a meek look at Anubis.

"I am...was...part of the G.O.D project. I do not know which generation I am from."

"Heh... So she is still working on this project."

G.O.D.

Originally, it should have been G.D.O. Standing for Grand Divine Order. But Anubis found it boring and switched the letter of order a bit.

Yes, that was right. He had once worked with Echidna.

In fact, he hadn't been the only one to do so.

Anubis, Ambrosia, and Echidna.

The three mortals who, against all odds, reached the level of Demigods.

The first Witch.

The first Necromancer.

The first Chimera.

How could those three never have dealings in the past?

In fact, they had once been comrades and in Echidna and Anubis's case... lovers.

Sadly, Echidna became too obsessed with the G.O.D project even though it was a failure and since Anubis decided to stop sticking his dick in crazy, he simply walked away from her side. He just couldn't associate himself with a lunatic no matter how much affection he held for her.

"The one whose understanding in Mana and Law is above everyone else.

"The one whose understanding of the Physical body is above everyone else.

The one whose understanding of the Soul is above everyone else."

Leo with dried blood on her cracked lips chuckled with mirth, "Mother likes to talk about how if the three of you had stuck together until the end, G.O.D would have been a success, you would have been able to create the perfect being."

Anubis scoffed, "Indoctrination is truly a terrifying thing. Perfect this, perfect that. Fuck this shit. This is why I left on the first occasion. Ambrosia also didn't stick with her."

The meek look in Leo's eyes vanished as she growled, "Do not insult mother's dream!"

"If you aren't happy then fight me. If you can't fight me shut up before I make you shut up."

The growl immediately stopped and a slight whimper escaped her cracked lips. Anubis had not even released his aura but Leo felt like a cold blade was placed under her neck, ready to take off her head at the slightest mistake.

All this while, Kiyohime had stayed silent. She was learning new things and she was quite surprised to know that those three were once companions.

The fact that Anubis and Echidna had once been in relationship simply made her shudder in fright.

“Well, enough discussion. Honestly, I want to just kill you and end it all. But in a way, you are my daughter— A descendant of my daughter? My creation? Hard to give an exact name to our relationship.”

He shrugged, “I won’t ask much. Why did you attack the Dragon Realm? Why do you want those divines weapons? Are they the key to unsealing Ymir?”

Anubis was curious, truly curious. The seal on Ymir was done with the power of the 14 Goddesses, but there were only seven divine weapons.

Those weapons shouldn't be enough to break the seal.

Furthermore, why attack the Dragon Realm? What would they get from it? Was Sol their objective? If so, then why not capture Sol when he was still weak and in Lustburg?

Or perhaps something else?

So many questions...

Anubis was curious. As curious as Sol was even.

Leo stayed silent for a while, “You have Drei with you. Why not ask him?”

“Heh. I would have. But that man is truly someone dedicated. It seems like he completely erased most of his memories the moment he saw me. I guess it was a backup measure he put just in case. Gotta say, loyal people like him are quite rare.”

For a moment, Leo felt a little sad, she might have not liked Drei but he was still someone she shared some companionship with.

Of course, those emotions only lasted for a single instant. When she remembered that capturing Sol and Isis had been one of the main reasons for this mission, she shuddered once more.

“No need to tire yourself, Anubis. Right now, she is still a Duke. There is something Sol wants to try with her. If he fails, then she will be all yours.”

"Oh?"

Anubis immediately lost all interest in Leo.

The power of Sol's dimension was perhaps the most intriguing thing he had ever seen in this universe.

Furthermore his exploration of the Universe would be far more interesting if he had someone like Sol helping him.

Anubis already made plans about having Sol help him once the boy became a proper demigod.

There was no doubt in his mind that Sol would accept his proposal.

It wasn't because he was Sol's father-in-law.

Nor because he had skills in negotiating.

But one simple reason.

A truth that all Reincarnators would go crazy for.

After leaving Anubis alone in Tartarus, Kiyohime came up and went to the island Sol was recuperating on.

On the way, she passed by many young dragons who were guarding the surroundings.

They all saluted her with reverence and she nodded to them.

Even though the Dragon Realm was still in a period of mourning, she could feel a new vitality emanating from the entirety of the realm.

Those young dragons who had witnessed an inkling of what war truly was would become stronger.

That was a good thing.

The living would thrive by stepping on the remains of their fallen companions.

It was a sad thing but one could not let death stop them from advancing.

When she finally reached the island, Kiyohime let out a sigh as she witnessed the young man moving on the beach with his torso naked.

She could even see droplets of sweat on his finely sculpted muscles.

Gulp

Kiyohime flushed weakly at this delightful sight, while memories of the night she spent with him floated in her mind.

She wondered just what had taken over her for her to do such a thing with her nephew.

'Sigh, I must have been crazy.'

She cringed visibly at that recollection.

"Just what kind of training are you doing for you to sweat so much?"

Sol was now a Duke. One with a body not any weaker than even a King-ranked dragon thanks to his most recent evolution through the blood pool.

At this point, the level of physical training necessary to make him sweat would be insane.

"Kiyohime! I would hug you but I am a little bit too sweaty sadly."

'This kind of smile is simply cheating.'

Kiyohime might not know it, but this was the kind of thought all those who were in love with him felt. She might try to deny it, but she was already deeply ensnared in a trap she could never hope to escape from.

In the first place... Would she even try to escape?

Food for thought...

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 320: CH 289:FIVE STAGES

After taking a good bath to clean himself up, Sol entered the bedroom and turned to talk to Kiyohime but he was interrupted by her sudden query.

"...Why are you still naked?"

Kiyohime blushed again when she saw Sol coming out of the bathroom, wearing nothing but training pants, showing his well-toned and muscular body.

In the past, Sol had been a little more scrawny, but all those transformations and evolution gave him the body of a true Greek god— He was the epitome of perfection.

Something that didn't leave Kiyohime completely indifferent. Of course, he was having his own share of fun just teasing her.

Sol always loved seeing the hardened warriors like Kiyohime, and the other women he was in a relationship with, act like shy maidens. There was something adorable and exhilarating about it.

"Well, let's just say that I am giving you a show."

He smiled, before taking a chair and sitting in front of her— face-to-face.

Calming down, Kiyohime released a strained sigh.

"So. Why were you training rather than resting and recuperating?"

She had been successful in steering the discussion back to its track and intended to keep it there no matter what.

"Hahaha. Sorry, sorry." Sol scratched his head awkwardly, "It's just that... I was becoming rather restless. Staying in bed really isn't my forte."

Sol knew that he was "slightly" becoming a total battle junky. The thrill of fighting and winning was a rush he relished a "little" and in order to never lose, he needed to become stronger.

Hence, training, training, and lastly...training....

"As for what I was doing..."

Sol mused a little, "Well when I faced Surtr and Nihil's last attack, let's say that I got some sort of enlightenment?"

It was hard to explain what he really felt at that moment.

"Well, to keep it short, I got some slightly crazy ideas and since I have a nearly immortal body now, I thought I might as well try them out."

The contract with Isis was without a doubt one of the best decisions he had ever made. He could now try so many things and he didn't even have to fear the idea of death. In fact, even if he did die, he would come back to life the next moment.

If it wasn't because the number of uses of Nirvana was limited, Sol would have decided to abuse this feature without any shame or restraint.

Of course, nothing was absolute. Not even the so-called immortality of the phoenix. But at least, if a random divine beast was hard to kill, a phoenix was indescribably hard to kill, to the point of being nearly impossible...

Sol wasn't really a phoenix now. But he had some advantages.

'Humans are truly bugged in this world.'

As long as a human had the right amount of CP and the right connections, then he was destined to be a powerhouse of unprecedented proportions.

Sadly, most humans could never even hope of having the CP necessary to make a contract with an S-rank being.

Kiyohime frowned slightly, wondering whether she should ask more questions about this particular subject. It felt ominous to her. Even though she had participated in Sol's training and had shared a bed with him, it didn't mean that suddenly she had the right to know all of his secrets.

Even more so, since it might involve some of his trump cards. Even now, Kiyohime did not really have a good picture of Sol's Zone. Tiamat had been tight-lipped about it, so specific information about it was really hard to come by.

Still, she needed to know, in order to avoid him creating any unintentional troubles in the territory.

Sol simply had too many dangerous abilities that needed at least some sort of monitoring.

"What exactly were you trying to do?"

"Hmmm... I guess it should be easier to show you?"

Sol stood up and took a few steps back. Then, after taking a deep breath, he clenched his fists.

Kiyohime focused on Sol silently, curious about just what kind of marvel he would show her.

"Ignition."

The moment Sol muttered those words, Kiyohime's eyes opened wide in absolute astonishment as she felt the energy in Sol completely go berserk.

A red hue formed on his skin, as his heart and core went into a frenzy.

It didn't take long for his energy level to jump straight to the roof, giving the illusion that he was like a monstrous beast waiting to awaken. The temperature in the room rose sharply, reaching staggering levels.

If this had been a normal house, everything would have already been doused on a scorching fire. Thankfully, the house was coated with magic protection runes.

"This..."

"I call this <<Overdrive>>".

Sol smiled, this was a special move based on his usual technique <<Mana Burst>> alongside the ability to manipulate holy fire, which he had obtained from his contract with Isis.

The principle was simple. He was literally burning up the mana inside his own body.

If a normal person used this, that person would simply be destroying his own body after completely drying up all his power.

But it was different for Sol.

Not only was Sol's body unmatched because of all the transformations he went through, but his control and understanding of mana also reached a new level he would have never thought to be possible.

This new level of control was possible thanks to his divine eyes. Though he could not use the full power of that weapon now that he was just a Duke, it was still a great support to him.

<<Overdrive>> had no limits. The stronger he became, the better it would turn out.

That technique wouldn't stop until he decided otherwise either, simply because he was constantly absorbing mana thanks to his Dragon Core.

Furthermore, any wounds he received would immediately be healed by the holy flames themselves.

Thanks to all those little details, he could use it in conjunction with his War form for even better results.

That technique was inspired by the SuperNova that Surtr launched at him. Of course, this understanding was also mixed with his memory of some super monkey with golden hair that he would rather not name.

"Pretty Impressive."

Kiyohime acknowledged his technique calmly. She had seen techniques with more intricacies than this one on many occasions but what made this technique so perfect was because of how simple it was.

Absolute and pure brutality. The only role of this was to boost Sol's natural power to explosive levels so that he could deal even more devastating damages.

Furthermore, because of all the conditions necessary to use it, one could say that only Sol and a few masochists could use this technique.

"Doesn't it hurt?"

Kiyohime asked and Sol winced, "It hurts like hell."

He was basically burning his own body from the inside out continuously while healing himself at the same time. How could it be painless?

But Sol knew that this was a small price to pay.

"This is still just the starting point. The technique is still a little impractical in a real fight. But it should be alright."

"You truly are..." Kiyohime sighed, completely speechless at the way he was talking. But she did not insist or try to stop him anymore.

"I won't stop you from training this technique. But, you should take a short break. You have been high-strung since you came to the Astral Realm. Fights after fights. Training after training. If you continue like this, you might snap. A period of rest is mandatory and I will hear no talk-back."

"...Meditating and intent training at least?"

Kiyohime facepalmed but at the same time sighed inwardly in despondence.

Just how much weight and pressure were on his shoulder that he could not even accept to rest without thinking of training?

Just how stressed was his mind?

Kiyohime felt a little sad at this thought.

This was the price of success and talent.

The more talented you were, the greater the expectations and the heavier the stress you would eventually have.

What about Sol?

From what she understood, Sol went from fighting a Duke to facing actual goddesses— all of that in the span of less than half a year.

In fact, if one took away all the time acceleration, all those events only happened in the span of a few weeks.

This would be enough to make even the most battle-hardened warrior reach his or her mental limits.

'What should I do?'

Kiyohime looked up at Sol as an idea flashed through her mind, causing her to blush furiously.

She tried to chase the idea away but, like a worm burrowing in a fruit, it refused to leave her.

She fidgeted a little. Wondering if she would really go through with this daring idea. Her brain nearly went into overdrive as hundreds of rather raunchy images filled her mind and the more she tried to fight them, the raunchier they became.

'How shameless! Just what the hell I am thinking?'

After denial, came anger. After all, she really shouldn't have such thoughts at the moment. She should be focused on more important matters like rebuilding the territory.

But, when she realized that those ideas of hers wouldn't leave her mind, Kiyohime was beginning to rationalize that...perhaps, this was not such a bad idea?

'Indeed. I am just trying to help him relax.'

There was nothing bad about this, right? She was just trying to help. This was for his own good.

When she thought of this, she hung her head in depression.

'Just what the hell am I thinking?'

"Sigh...."

In the end, Kiyohime was forced to realize,

'I should stop making excuses.'

Why was she even hesitating so much? It had already happened once. What was the big deal if it happened again?

'Very well.'

"Sol, I..."

Kiyohime could not finish her sentence as she was swept off in Sol's arms, and then silenced with a passionate kiss.

Some people did not know the meaning of the word hesitation after all.