

## Hero King 32

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

#### Chapter 32: CH 30: SAINT FALL (2)

[We are listening.]

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

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

\*Giggle\*

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

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

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

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

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

'It's like Teacher's world.'

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

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

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

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

'So those are the goddesses.'

\*Step\* \*Step\*

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

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

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

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

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

'Huh?!'

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

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

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

All his thoughts immediately crashed down quite literally.

"...!!"

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

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

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

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

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

"N-no."

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

'I-I refuse.'

Something screamed in him.

That he shouldn't let go of his reason.

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

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

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

He understood.

This was a sin.

This was a god.

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

No male creature could resist her. Sol's instincts stopped responding as soon as he realized this fact. If he persevered more than this, his brains would boil up and he would die.

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

\*Urgh\*

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

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

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

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

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

What does an ant feel when facing a human?

Sol once asked himself this question.

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

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

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

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

It was truly a bitter thought. A sobering thought.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes."

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

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

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

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

\*Thump\*

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

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

Sol was shivering.

Not in joy.

Not in anticipation.

But in absolute fear.

'That crazy woman!!!'

Sol couldn't help but curse inwardly.

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

Everything required a price.

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

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

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

But-

"Please. I ask you to cancel it."

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

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

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

"I beg you. Please."

Shame? Humiliation? Anger?

Sol felt none of that as he repeatedly begged Luxuria.

The women around Sol could pay everything to help him.

He could do the same.

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