

Hero King 33

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 33: CH 31: SAINT FALL (3)

"But I refuse."

Those words of her cooled down Sol who was still kneeling in front of the goddess.

The clear mirth in her voice, as if everything that was happening was just a game in her eyes, gave birth to an unprecedented feeling of anger.

He had never felt so angry in his life. He wanted to simply rush and tear her face down. Beat her. Destroy her. Make her pay for her mockery.

Inhale *Exhale*

'I am once again losing control over my emotions.'

Sol desperately calmed down the sudden burning Wrath that was birthed in his heart.

Right here, right now, lashing out and screaming was useless and simply a waste of time.

Edea always told him.

"Never let your emotions control you. Whatever situation you are in, always analyze it from all angles before making a decision."

Inhale *Exhale*

'I need to calm down and think. I will have all the time to rage and whine later.'

His head cooled down a little and he began to think as fast as possible.

Simply begging was useless and understandably so.

Why would she listen to his begging?

What could he bring-

'Oh!'

It was like a flash of inspiration in his muddled mind.

It was so clear that he couldn't help but wonder why he didn't think about that sooner.

Taking a deep breath, he asked while still kneeling, "If I may ask. What price do I have to pay?"

Everything in this world has a price. This was the rule. The absolute system.

Sol couldn't see it from his position, but a kind smile formed on Luxuria's face when he uttered those words. Her respect for him grew increasingly.

Said smile was immediately replaced by her mischievous one as she said, "You finally understood~! Let's see. Any of the three demands Camelia made was enough for her to lose her blessing. Two of them

together would mean paying her life as a price. The three of them together? Hehehe sorry, even her soul would have to serve us for a long long time. And that's because she is one of the most devout and powerful Saint ever born. The last time Saint fall was performed, the supreme daughter needed the help of so many others to share the price."

'This ritual was done once?! Forget it, no matter.'

Luxuria, as if not caring about his thoughts continued, "Let's talk sincerely. Sol, my dear child, you cannot bear the price of saving her. The contract was already formed. The rules are the rules, you see. You will receive what she asked for you, and she—will die."

"What is the price?"

At this moment Sol was surprisingly calmer than either. Now wasn't the time to panic.

"Hum? I see. Let's see. Since she wished for you to get a powerful beast. Then you will lose your ability to use mana. Since she wished for you to refine your dragon blood, you will lose all your hybrid characteristics and become a pure human instead. Since she wished for you to enter the Astral realm as you wish, then you will never be able to enter that realm, nor form any contract—"

Her voice sounded calm and full of mockery as she continued,

"So? What will be your choice? You always wished to surpass your father right? If you accept those conditions you can say goodbye to your dreams and the throne. You will—"

"I accept."

Silence settled in the scene. Luxuria and the goddesses were clearly taken aback by how fast he answered.

"What?"

"I said I accept all of your conditions. I am willing to lose all my power, all my potential if it can save her and allow her to keep her power and title. In the first place, she should never have to pay such a price for me."

"Don't you feel reluctant?" Luxuria asked in genuine wonder. She could have read his mind, but it would have made the situation boring. She wanted to hear it directly from him.

"Of course I am!" A little heat escaped from his voice as he raised his head and glared at Luxuria. He wasn't a Buddha. He couldn't take everything calmly without changing his expression.

Surpassing his father had always been one of his hidden goals. And as the goddess said, losing not only his mana but also his capacity to contract meant that he was doomed to be a normal person for the remaining of his life.

But,

"I really feel reluctant. But, I do not mind paying this price for her."

Sol would never abandon his loved ones simply for more power. He refused to be such a bastard.

"You are truly different from all the previous kings. Even Mars. Should I say that your mindset isn't suitable to be one?"

Luxuria spoke lightly. "A king is the father of the nation he presides over. He must be impartial and his power uncontested. He lives for his subjects and his subjects live for him. A king must not be selfish. A king must always put the interest of his nation before his own."

She raised her head and watched the sky. "Jupiter manipulated your little teacher from start to finish to make Lustburg what it is today. His son, Pluto didn't hesitate to use all his descendants as bargaining chips to calm the deteriorated relationship between Lustburg and the surrounding kingdom. The most recent one, your grandfather didn't hesitate to use his daughter to assure the power of the next generation."

Sol's eyes widened as he asked hurriedly, "What do you mean?"

Luxuria completely ignored him and continued, "Your father sacrificed himself to protect his kingdom. All of your ancestors had different personalities. Different dreams and different circumstances. But—they were undoubtedly all worthy of the title of King—Not you."

Understanding that Luxuria wouldn't explain to him what she meant about Lilith, Sol decided to ask directly to her later. Now though, he had to answer her. Not that he had much to say.

"So what?"

Sol wasn't particularly interested in power.

"What was wrong with being selfish?"

Sol had no particular attachment to the kingdom of Lustburg or even to his world.

The number of times he walked outside of the tower of babel or church could be counted.

His sense of belongings was so weak it wouldn't be a mistake to say that it was non-existent.

What more he knew one thing. Citizens were the most fickle and ungrateful beings in the world.

One moment they were singing praises about you, the next they were screaming for your head.

"In this world, only those people close to me matter to me. For them, I am willing to pay any price and I know that they are willing to do the same."

He didn't even doubt that should he lose all his power he would become the laughing stock of the kingdom. He would also lose his rights to the throne and would most likely be used as a breeding stud to give birth to the next generation.

But, as sure he was about the kingdom giving up on him at any moment, he was also sure about the fact that the women who surrounded him would never give up on him no matter how low he fell.

As long as they were with him, what did it matter if he lost his power?