

## Hero King 331

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

#### Chapter 331: CH 300: BUT MY HEART IS HERE,SO IS MY HOME.

'I just want to go back– to my real home.'

Anubis' voice was calm and soft, vulnerable even. He was showing a rare moment of vulnerability that Sol didn't believe a being like Anubis was able to show.

"Sol, did you meet any other Reincarnator in your life, other than me, of course?"

Sol reminisced back to the moments he shared with Kali – the Witch of Destruction, one of the four witches of the cardinal directions, and the daughter of Ambrosia...

She was the very first Reincarnator he was able to meet with in this life...

"I did. Only one though. Then again you can also add Drei into the mix as well, even though we all know how that ended. So I guess that makes it two. I can't recall meeting anyone else sadly."

Anubis nodded to his words, even chuckling at the part about Drei before continuing his monologue, "In my case, I have met quite a number of them and observed the others from the shadows. It was too many to count and I couldn't keep track after a time so I won't even try to mention a number..."

Since Anubis was originally born in the Mortal Realm, through his reincarnation into this universe, even though he became a Demigod, he could easily enter the realm. The restrictions of divinity didn't apply to him. As such he could see the changes and the state of the singularities, different people he suspected to be Reincarnators, brought to this world.

Sadly though, few of them lived long enough or managed to go past the power level of a Duke.

"After observing all of them, I came to a startling realization. Do you know what it is?"

"What?"

Anubis smiled at his question, answering his query with another question instead, "Sol when did you die?"

Sol's eyes narrowed sharply as he thought back about a particular detail of his past life, "2019."

"How about that Reincarnator you knew?"

"2017."

Anubis smiled, seemingly everything being under his calculations, "Drei also died in 2017. He may have erased most of his memories, but he did keep the ones that linked him to his home world."

Then he pointed at himself, "As for me, I died in 2016. Merely a year before Drei and 3 years before you, yet the time we are loitering around this world for differs so much, centuries even millennia! Didn't you wonder why this is so?"

His eyes narrowed, "For others who reincarnated, basically all of them died in the same time zone, between 2015 to 2019 not a year before or a year after. Those four years only, nothing else. It doesn't

matter when they came here into this world, but their time of deaths never deviated from that zone. Don't you find it weird?"

Anubis looked up at the starry sky again, simply growling with impatience, "It's normal that the time and space between two different universes would work differently. But how come the difference is so great? Everything in this omniverse is ruled by a general constant. There's a pattern everywhere, and nothing deviates from the fixed difference."

Anubis shrugged, "You may not understand the feeling, you're different from me after all, but when I first came to this world, my only goal was to go back to my homeworld."

Anubis sneered condescendingly, reminiscing the memories after he just reincarnated to this heinous world, "My life was the personification of hell and relentless suffering. I had no love for this world and I crawled from the darkest deepest pit of the world to stand where I stand now. It was no wonder then, right? That I simply wanted to go back home. But then, years turned into decades, and decades into centuries. So I gave up. After all, all those I loved should be already dead by now."

But it was a bit different now.

"Now I am happy with my life. I am powerful. I am almost untouchable. I have a beautiful wife and a beautiful daughter as well as my fair share of women whom I love and care about. Despite the rough start, my current life is quite perfect. But you see... There is one imperfection I cannot get rid of."

He was curious.

"How does the Earth I came from, look like now?"

He was very curious.

"Are my loved ones back home dead?"

He wanted to find out the truth behind that matter.

"Why were we chosen to be reincarnated among so many people on Earth? What made us different?"

Was it just luck? Anubis was not anyone particularly special in his past life, he was the visage of ordinary. So then, why choose him? What about the others? There were definitely more competent people than him.

"And finally, the most important thing I want to know..."

Sol perked his ears at that statement, curious about what a man like Anubis was the most intrigued about learning from his lifelong search...

"Can I slap the goddesses once I become a god?"

Anubis was itching to know all those things.

Sol choked a little at the unexpected turn this serious discussion took. He was almost disappointed by this sudden turn but then shrugged it off.

“What? Why the surprised look? Don’t tell me you don’t want to punch them in the face at least once, right?”

Sol was speechless, but he could not retort to that statement.

Sol was thankful. His life compared to Anubis was clearly heaven. So, did he hate the goddesses?

It was hard to say so. No matter what the reasons, it was thanks to them that he had his current life.

But did he love and respect them?

Not at all. Like Anubis said, he did want to slap them at least once to calm himself down due to all their shenanigans.

“Getting back on track, I have been exploring this universe for years. There are simply too many similarities to take note of and I was going crazy. But, I will find a way to leave this world and go back home. Even if it’s just for a moment. What about you?”

Sol mused and answered, “I... Honestly, I am not interested.”

Sol stood up, his voice was quite cold and filled with clear disinterest in this matter.

“I love this world and I have no interest in my old one.”

Both Anubis and Sol's gazes clashed.

This was the first disagreement between them.

The silence stretched for a while, an uncomfortable silence filled with tension.

“I see. What a shame.”

Anubis stood up and was about to leave when,

“But...”

He stopped at his remarks and then turned back to Sol.

“I am quite interested in finding how Reincarnation works and how to stop it.”

“Hahaha, how hypocritical of you.”

Sol shrugged, showing no shame on his face. “I never said I was an honorable man.”

This may be quite hypocritical of him, but Sol really did not wish to have a reincarnator as a child.

The simple thought of perhaps having some middle-aged man or woman in the body of a baby and sucking on the breasts of one of his women or taking a bath with them made his skin crawl with disgust and dismay.

Sol recognized that this was incredibly hypocritical. But life itself was filled with hypocrisy.

“Furthermore, imagine if it’s Isis who gives birth to a Reincarnator.”

The smile slipped from Anubis’ face as his complexion darkened at that thought.

“Indeed. That is quite the unpleasant image.”

He shivered violently with unbridled disgust, not willing to think more about it.

Sol smiled, this wasn't just a case of mental age. A reincarnator simply did not see the world and their relationships the same.

In the same way, Sol did not really see Blaze and Mars as his parents, the chances that a Reincarnator recognized him as family were quite low.

What if the soul was a horrible criminal in his or her last life? A murderer? A rapist?

There were so many possibilities that it wasn't funny.

Until now at least it was clear that the goddesses choose people with relatively good morale. But he did not wish to leave the future of his children in their hands.

“Then...” Anubis stretched his hand toward Sol, “Let's shake our hands on it, partner?”

Sol gave a wild smile as he shook hands with Anubis.

“To a happy cooperation.”

“...And may we slap the goddesses one day.”

Anubis added with an impish smile. He could give up on many things, but that alone was something he would never give up on.

That slap would without a doubt be the greatest slap he would give in his life and he was sure that it would feel greater than anything he could imagine.

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#### **Chapter 332: CH301:HIS PAST NAMES**

While Sol and Anubis were bonding over their mutual desire to beat down the goddesses for their shenanigans, Kiyohime was busy taking notes as she interrogated a compliant Leo of all the details.

‘If only all interrogations were like this... Wouldn't have taken so much time and effort that way...’

It was the first time Kiyohime had such an easy time interrogating someone. Leo wasn't even trying to struggle. She was complying with everything all the way.

Sadly, the answers she was getting out of her were not that interesting.

It was clear to see that... Funf was not a particularly loyal member of the Wings of Freedom and the amount of information she had access to was quite lacking to say the least.

“The true core members are Ein, Zwei, and Drei. They are the ones who actually have most of the information related to the core secrets of the group.”

“I see. Then, what about the number four of the group? His code name is Vier, right, or is it a woman?”

Funf shrugged her shoulders, clearly she didn't know about her, “Honestly, that one is an oddball. She always moves alone or with Ein.”

Kiyohime was now interested, the Wings of Freedom she remembered were always pretty cohesive. But it seemed like the Wings of this generation were full of people with their own objectives.

“What makes you think that?”

Leo shrugged, “I don’t really know. For one, she doesn’t seem to take orders from anyone but Ein. Also...”

Funf gave a weird look at Kiyohime.

“Oh?”

“I don’t really know her reasons, but I know that most of the dragon bones in Drei’s collection came from the dragons she killed. So yeah.”

This time Kiyohime furrowed her brow at the words that followed.

“Vier is an elf who hates dragons. Pretty weird, right?”

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[9th Heaven]

Sitting high up on her lonely throne, Tiamat was busy twirling a ring between her fingers.

This was the dimensional key created for that member of the Wings which allowed them to directly open a portal that linked them to Nihil’s dimension.

They had taken the ring and had been hopeful of using it to find the nest and kill them all and be done with it until Ymir chose new agents. But it proved to be pointless.

The two rings, the ones belonging to Drei and Funf, had ceased functioning at the same time and the link had been broken.

This was awfully convenient how all their chances to actually end the Wings were being rejected one after another.

Tiamat wondered if this was the result of extensive preparation on their parts or the effects of Sol’s power when he changed Fate at that time.

After all, Drei erasing his memory was one thing but how was it impossible for Anubis to find any trace or interrupt it? She doubted Drei had a better understanding of souls than Anubis.

Tiamat never created anything like this, but she should have still been able to find traces of the coordinates at least. However she also couldn’t find anything.

‘What a dangerous power.’

She didn’t know if she was looking too much into it, or was completely wrong, but this showed that Sol needed to better understand his power to avoid such a possible mistake.

In short...

‘Nothing changed.’

Tiamat sighed in boredom. It had been so long since she had a good fight.

She had been quite excited about fighting Surtr again, but Sol intervention, while welcome, really cut her fun short.

She didn't even count the demigod they killed. Those people were just lucky bastards with no particular skills and who were completely helpless once outside of their territories.

"I am bored."

Because the high of her adrenaline fell, she was feeling boredom even more than usual.

Normally, she would go and sleep for a few decades because of this, but she knew that they were currently at a nexus.

She could not even read Sol's future anymore using her dimension, even though he was a dragon.

His stars in her dimension had become a weird mix of more than ten colors and even trying to take a look at it made her dizzy.

She had expected Sol to become a singularity and have his Fate blurred. But, this was something else, something completely different.

"Deus EMachina..."

She muttered blankly. All power that manipulated Fate generally had great limitations or price.

Like how at least two Norns sisters were necessary to slightly alter events, or how Sheherazade could make wishes but could not control how those wishes would be realized.

This was fair. This was how this universe worked.

Everything had a price and limitations.

But from what she had seen, for such a great power, the sole limitations seemed to be his power level rather than anything else.

In a way, this was a Zone that broke all the rules of this world at no price.

'It's as if Sol is the actual rule maker.'

She shook her head at the absurdity that was jumping in her mind. Now she had to focus on what to do with his king's name.

"Skuld."

"Oh, her majesty finally remembered me."

All along; Skuld had been sulking while standing on the side. She wished she could have spent more time with Sol and taken care of him but Tiamat had basically kidnapped her to use her power.

"Don't be so sassy. You have outlived your use. Now you are simply a liability and the sex toy of my grandson. The only reason I am not killing you is that I am not an ingrate backstabber."

Tiamat's voice was cold but Skuld simply shrugged. She knew that Tiamat wasn't kidding.

She knew how to skirt around the line without really passing it.

"First question. You said that in the now erased timeline, I have been pursuing you and Sol relentlessly."

"That's right."

"But then, why did I never catch you?"

This was something she didn't understand. Even though Sol became a powerhouse, it wasn't like that happened suddenly. It must have taken time.

Furthermore, that Sol had never awakened Deus Ex, so Tiamat should have been able to pinpoint his location by using his star if she really intended to hunt them.

"Sol focused more on his dimension than his zone and as such had a greater mastery. You have seen some of what he was capable of. Trust me, no one could catch him."

"Hum..."

This didn't really answer the question but Tiamat nodded nonetheless. Either way, she had to become more wary of the goddess.

Even though she was nearly their equal in terms of power, as the goddesses they were, they had many means Tiamat could not fathom.

"My second question is more straightforward."

"What was Sol King's name and do you think he should follow the same path?"

Skuld shrugged, "Sol had two names."

"...What?"

"As I said, Sol had two names as a King."

Tiamat began to massage her forehead.

"A King name represents one's true self. We can only have one True name. Do you know how absurd it sounds!?"

"Do you know how absurd the very existence of Sol is?"

Tiamat nodded, "Touché."

She mused and there was indeed no need to care about logic. An absurd being would do absurd things. This was all there was to it.

Once she calmed down, Tiamat realized that she should stop trying to apply common sense.

"So then, what were those names?"

Skuld pointed at the sky to which Tiamat waved her hand dismissively, "I always shield this place when discussing."

"I see. Then give me a minute. I have sealed my memories regarding this. Also, once this discussion ends, I will once again seal them. So do not mention the second name to me."

An 8-pointed star appeared on Skuld's forehead as pictures and images began to flow. She had in fact sealed many of her memories. She didn't even know how much since she also made it so she would only remember them being sealed when specific keywords were uttered.

There were many reasons for such security. For one, there were simply too many memories stored and Skuld feared forgetting important ones.

For two, she did not trust the goddesses and did not want to take a risk.

Once the seals regarding that specific memory were unlocked, Skuld opened her eyes wide for a bit before chuckling,

"His first name was Hyperion." [1]

Thanks to this name Sol got great power and control over fire, to the point he could even burn space and time.

As for the second name...

"His second King's name was—Armageddon." [2]

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#### **Chapter 333: CH302:DON'T KNOW; DON'T CARE**

"Armageddon."

Tiamat muttered each of those ten letters with a dreary expression on her face. Her frown got progressively worse the more letters she spewed out of her mouth.

There was one particular concept in this world that people could not really understand.

From where did the Avatar Name appear?

How did they even appear?

Who was the one to assign them?

What was the story behind them?

Few people outside of the goddesses and the Reincarnators could give an answer to this mystifying question. One of them being Asmodeus— the divine beast holding dominion over Lust.

But even if they could not find an answer, or hope to learn about it in this lifetime, when a Avatar Name was uttered, the people who heard it would have an innate understanding of the power and meaning behind that name.

It was a phenomenon that was particularly hard to explain, but it was common sense in this world. Even if everyone were confused as to how the answer would innately come to them, there was nothing they could do but accept it for what it was.



So what did Tiamat feel when she heard the name <<Armageddon>> – Sol's second Avatar Name.

Fear.

Pure, unadulterated fear, a primal sense of absolute terror that she thought to have forgotten long ago...

This was the greatest fear she had ever experienced in the entirety of her existence.

"Just what..."

The name was an epitaph only the harbinger of death and total destruction could have.

This simply went beyond the silly and egoistical ideological war between that of Chaos and Order.

This was something closer to the absolute end of all creation, the destruction of the providence that held reality together.

"If that was Sol's Avatar Name. Then I can sort of understand why my other self wouldn't hesitate to hunt him down even though he's my grandson."

What she felt was a primordial fear down to her very bones, penetrating her marrows.

But she could instinctively feel that what was really reacting to this name was her divinity.

Superbia's Divinity. The Sin of Pride...

"Hahaha!"

Tiamat began laughing lightheartedly, as if trying to shake off that primal fear in her heart, "I see now why Sol had become the enemy of the world. I understand now why he was able to do what he did with his dimension."

This had been a detail that always bothered her to no end. Even though she said that Sol had managed to do everything with his dimension alone....

No matter how she spun it, it still sounded forced and somewhat false even to herself.

Now she could understand that claim more easily. It became more believable to her.

"I expected a more visceral reaction to my announcement. I admit I am surprised."

"You will need more to truly surprise me, Skuld."

"Heh?" Skuld gave a small smile, mischief dancing in her eyes as she spoke the next words, "If so, what will you do if I tell you that this name was a downgrade from what he should have really obtained."

....

....

....

"You..."

"I do not know the full story. But what I do know is that Sol obtained power from a source other than the goddesses. Even after losing all his blessings."

"That...thing gave Sol power when he was at his lowest and Sol accepted the offer graciously. But he was unable to inherit the full might of that name. As such, what he got was a downgrade from what he should've really obtained."

The smile on Skuld's face stretched further, as she reached the end of her speech.

"I remember saying that one of Sol's greatest regrets was not having completed the ceremony and obtaining a more powerful Zone.

"But now I wonder. What would happen if Sol accepted that deal once again? Would he be able to inherit everything this time? \*Gah\*..."

Skuld held her throat as she was being lifted in the air, finger marks clearly deforming her throat as Tiamat used her telekinetic powers to choke her.

"What is your goal? Speak."

"Hahaha."

Skuld let out a gargled laugh and once Tiamat released her hold on her ever so slightly, she found the leeway to eek out the rest of her speech, the tone contained no fear whatsoever, however,

"My one and only goal is Sol's well being. Nothing more, and goddesses forbid nothing less..."

Tiamat once again realized that... She should completely forget about logic and common sense when talking with this mad woman.

Skuld was someone whose whole life and goals now revolved around Sol's existence.

She was no different from a fanatic who would happily slit her throat and spill blood if her deity wished so. She had forgotten all about reason, fully investing herself for Sol's needs and wishes.

Sol was not just her love. He was her faith and her whole world. He was the center of her whole existence, and without him her existence thus held no meaning.

Tiamat couldn't help but wonder.

Just how did Sol manage to obtain such an allegiance from a mad woman like her?

"Just why do you love him so much?"

She was so startled that she couldn't help but ask that thought out loud.

"You cannot understand."

Skuld continued to smile. How could anyone understand what it feels like to fuse the feelings of hundreds of thousands of Skulds into one?

She didn't just glance at those possible futures. She felt them each and every one of them through her other selves.

Skuld herself knew more than anyone else how sick and distorted her love was.

But in all itineraries of her future selves, in all the timelines, there was only one constant that never changed.

"I will never harm Sol intentionally."

"I want Sol to have enough power so that no one ever dares to even think of harming him."

She would make sure that the current Sol would never feel the bitterness his other self had to face. Not again, not ever...

Tiamat sighed, "I really want to kill you right now."

"..."

"You are obnoxious. You are taunting me constantly and you are filled with innumerable secrets. Dangerous ones that could threaten all the realms..."

"..."

"I feel like I am at a crossroads and later down the road, I will look back on this instance with either regret or joy at the choice I made."

Tiamat did not even bother trying to read the future. Doing so was a waste of time.

Time was simply too volatile nowadays. The future so ever changing that even a chameleon would pale in comparison...

"Will you make me regret it?"

Skuld was still held in the air, but the light in her eyes was unwavering till the very end.

"Sol's happiness is my only wish."

"And what will make him happy, if I may ask?"

The answer was simple, "Keeping those who are close to his heart alive is the first way. Giving him the power to face everything is the second way."

"What if bringing him happiness mean destroying this world."

"We already erased everything once for his happiness. I will be willing to do it a few more times, no problem..."

Having the reset button to nuke everything and begin anew was the best insurance possible.

"You are crazy."

"Always have been."

The standoff lasted for a while before Tiamat completely released her hold on Skuld.

Once she landed, she could see that Tiamat was once again sitting aloofly on her throne with none of her earlier agitation left to be seen... It was clear that she had calmed herself down in a split second, one of the few necessities of a true monarch.

"You should warn Sol that his lover and his mother-in-law, who, as amusing as it is, also happens to be his sister-in-law, will come either tomorrow or the next night. Heh, that kid has no limits, if I say so myself..."

Skuld looked up at Tiamat, "You are really going to let me go?"

Skuld was genuinely surprised. She was sure that she was going to die today. In fact, she had been unable to read the future as it involved Tiamat but she had managed to deduce that her chances of walking out of this place alive and kicking were minimal at best.

Why then was she still alive and well even now?

"What is Sol's happiness, again?"

"Protecting his loved ones."

Tiamat shrugged, "I am part of his loved ones and will perhaps be even closer to him in the future if everything works out well. As such, there is no reason for us to be enemies, right?"

"That... Works?"

Tiamat flashed an impish smile seeing Skuld's bewildered face, "Don't mind the small details."

Her expression then switched to a more serious one in a split second.

"The entity that gave such a power to Sol... What is it?"

"I do not know."

"You do not know...or are you unable to remember?"

"I am sure of this one. Sol had many little secrets he never shared with anyone and it was one of those.

"Though I do remember one thing. Two sentences that Sol once said offhandedly."

Tiamat leaned back, curiosity evident in her eyes.

The Sol of that timeline was a powerhouse of the like she had never seen, neither did she think she'll see in this timeline, other than perhaps him of course. Anything he said, any words he uttered were sure to be of great importance.

"Once that 'End' comes, 'They' will awaken from their timeless slumber and bring forth a new Era.

"'They' have always been present. 'Their' messengers walking amongst mortals, simply waiting and observing for the opportune moment to arise..."

"That's all you remember?"

"That's all."

Tiamat sighed and pinched her eyebrows in frustration.

"I hate cryptic messages like this the most. Did I ever say that?"

"Being a seer means giving cryptic messages and watching people be filled with frustrations as they try to decipher the meaning. Those are the few perks of the job."

Skuld wasn't worried, once she walked out of this room, it would be Tiamat's job to worry about the meaning of the words.

She would simply have fun playing around with Sol.

Was it irresponsible?

Yeah, pretty much.

Did she care though?

Not in the slightest.

This would be a problem for the future her.

Now she was living in the present.

A pretty ironic way of thinking for a seer.

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**Chapter 334: CH 303:MAD FILLED NIGHT**

[Phoenix realm]

Nefertiti felt like she was constantly being tortured out of her mind.

"Oh my Lord, why impose such a trial on me. Why make me suffer so much?"

She had to be patient now. She couldn't let herself lose her calm.

Sitting in her room and gazing lovingly at the portrait of her beloved lord, Nefertiti continued feeling as though each and every second stretched into hours, while hours felt not unlike days, as days also stretched into months, years, and so on and so forth.

She had to be patient now, she told herself as she kept gazing on at her lord's picture.

The last time she was called to the queen's chambers, she had been notified of a news that she had longed to hear ever since her lord had left her side to further his training in the land of the dragons – the eponymous land of the ones that govern over the sin of pride.

When she heard that she would be able to finally see her beloved again, Nefertiti felt like she was literally flying on cloud nine, as though the gate of heaven were beckoning her with open arms, calling her to the embrace of paradise.

She had to be patient. Extremely patient. So...very...patient...

But what she couldn't have guessed was that it was merely the start of her hell.

Patience, patience, patience. And all the more patience...

It was one thing to hold herself back, knowing that her lord would come sooner or later. In that situation, she was able to restrain her most primal impulses and focus on herself one way or another.

She had done great till now and was sure she could have held on for even longer. If only...

If only she didn't hear that news... She could've done everything in her power to hold herself back...

But now?

Now she was going crazy.

Absolutely crazy!

She wanted to go now!

She wanted to meet him now!

She didn't want to wait even a single second more, and wanted to just teleport to his side even a millisecond early...

She continued to curse in her heart as she wondered just why they had to wait for so long.

Why couldn't they simply directly open the portal to his location?

Why...? Why....? Why....?

Of course she knew why, damn it. She knew that it wasn't easy— to open a portal to another realm. She knew that there were many steps that needed to be taken in order to safely open a functional passage between two territories and that it cost an astronomical sum of Faith Coins just to make the connection.

She was extremely thankful to both Gabriel and Tiamat for giving her the opportunity to meet her lord again.

But that part of her represented merely a small part of her rationality that was still intact, the rest of her functional capabilities had gone down the drain already.

'Let's take a deep breath and relax.'

She inhaled deeply then proceeded to exhale. She did this step a number of times...

One, two, three, four.

She continued to do so but to no avail. It just wasn't working out for her.

But she knew that she couldn't continue like this.

She then walked toward a mirror and looked deeply at her current self.

Her beauty was still present, unbeatable and unequalled or so she liked to think. But with her bloodshot eyes, her hair in total and utter disarray and her clothes were in total tatters, she looked more like a shrew than a princess of the phoenix race.

'How unsightly I look!'

Nefertiti scowled at her current appearance, completely dismayed by how she looked.

‘What would he think if he saw me like this?’

This... What...

That one thought completely brought her mind back to the present state.

She couldn’t allow him to witness such a filthy and slovenly appearance of hers. She knew that the concurrence was rude and the time she had spent with him was miniscule and short.

She had no great adventure nor memories shared together with him. Her obsession was her own and for Sol, perhaps she was only one of his many many women. And she didn't really mind that for the most part. But she couldn't help but ask herself a question.

Did he even consider her a lover of his? Or was she simply someone to vent his desires on and then discard the next moment if he so wished.

She did not truly care. All she ever wanted was to feel his touch and his gaze on her and for that, she needed to maintain this unparalleled beauty of hers.

This was the only thing she had going for her after all.

Looking at the mirror, Nefertiti smiled, a smile she thought to be beautiful.

So beautiful that it managed to hide the sadness swirling behind her bloodshot eyes.

She loved him, but she knew that he did not love her as much as she did.

She dreamed of him everyday but he might never think of her if she were not before him.

He was her world, her obsession, her love, her everything— plainly, the reason for her existence. But to him, she was just one of many, nothing more, maybe even less.

She did not want this stalemate in their relationship to continue. She wanted to give a meaning to their relationship, to let it grow deeper.

She knew that mere beauty would never be enough to keep a man like him tied down to her.

Sol would never lack women and so she wanted more. So that she would want her for himself...

‘Stop thinking negatively.’

Standing up, she walked toward the bath.

Until the day she became strong enough to stand beside him, she would shine more brightly than anyone else in order to keep his gaze on her.

Until that fateful day comes...

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[Dragon Realm]

After having a pleasant chat with Anubis, his now father-in-law, Sol was now alone in his room after a pretty charged day, though there was no sun, so it was pretty hard to tell.

Now though, Sol looked up at the ceiling and wondered what he should do now that he was free.

He had already visited Sheherazade as he wanted to thank her, but she was hibernating currently. So, meeting her was out of the question.

Clearly, what she did in order to help Sol had been too much for her tiny body and equally tiny existence.

She was in need of a long long rest. Long enough for her to recover.

Sol also wanted to simply rest, but he couldn't do that now.

There was so much he needed to do and so little time to do it all for himself.

Thankfully, by outing Nihil, Sol has managed to obtain some needed breathing time.

Without a demigod breathing on his neck, he had obtained the time necessary for his growth and the protection of Lustburg.

Sol was anxious and understandingly so.

He didn't like having something in his body he did not know the origin of.

There was also the constant feeling that this was just a period of peace before a great storm.

Then there was the problem with Lilith he had to take care of.

"What makes you so worried?"

Sol looked up as he saw Skuld appear out of nowhere in his room.

The only thing he felt was dimensional transfer.

'Why did Tiamat send skuld here?'

Sol knew that neither Skuld nor Tiamat appreciated each other and this was putting it mildly.

The only reason they were even working together was that they were both very rational beings who could separate business from emotions.

Otherwise, he had no doubts that they would tear each other apart. Though, with the difference of power, it was Skuld who would get completely destroyed.

Thinking about this, Sol couldn't help but have a weird image pop in his head.

That of a small Chihuahua barking relentlessly at a silent but dangerous big dog.

"Pfft! Hahaha!"

Skuld pouted and jumped on Sol, pushing him on the bed.

Now, straddling him like a cowboy on a horse, Skuld looked down at Sol with her puffed cheeks.



"I am happy that you are happy. But why do I feel like you just thought something very rude?"

Sol continued to chuckle, the image in his head refusing to go away.

It was simply too accurate. But he wasn't crazy enough to describe his thoughts.

There was some things a man should never divulge if he wished for a happy relationship.

"Heh...I had a very good new for you. But it seems like I will not tell you anything now."

Sol's eyes narrowed playfully as he hand went up to her slender hips.

"Is that so?...How should I convince you?"

Skuld shivered slightly and slowly began to grind herself on him.

"Why don't you try to impress me? It will depend on your performance."

The heat in the room this time had nothing to do with Sol power.

Skuld's eyes shone with an eerie light. Love and passion filled with madness and desire. Right here, right now, she wanted Sol to focus only on her and no one else. This was a moment only for them.

But this wasn't enough. As she was now, she was not complete. She needed her sisters.

She was even more so of it now with Sol power. They would form a whole. The start of a new order, a new beginning.

Of course, all of this was for the future. All that mattered now was becoming one with him.

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

#### **Chapter 335: CH 304: SKULD (3)\***

They began with a kiss, a hot and fiery kiss filled with passion.

Their first time together had been incredibly rushed, there had been no preliminary and they directly went at the penetration.

For one, this was because Titans did not have the same sensibilities as those from Order, Virginity was not a concept that even existed in their midst and the first time was nothing special.

Furthermore, Skuld was then besieged with many worries and wanted to become one with Sol in order to reassure themselves.

But this time, there was no hurry.

Skuld wanted to savor every moment she could spend with Sol because she could not follow him to the mortal realm.

The rules were weaker in that place and the presence of a pure being of Chaos there would create many problems.

But she wasn't worried as she knew that Sol would be able to come visit her no matter where she was. For that, they just needed to have Tiamat reverse engineer the ring used by the wings of Freedom, and things would be good.

Now, filling his lips on hers, Skuld had a sense of fulfillment and peace. Something she had not been able to sense for a long while.

She was happy. She had succeeded and brought a new starter with the less amount of losses. Everyone was happy and this had opened the road of many new possible futures.

Straightening up, Skuld continued to look down on Sol, her eyes sparkling with joy,

"It was pretty good, but you will need more than that to impress me."

The mischievous tone in her voice was unmistakable. The two of them perfectly knew that Skuld would fess up everything as long as Sol asked. But then, there would be no fun in that.

Skuld loved Sol to the point of madness. But because of this, she did not wish to have the same relationship as the Skuld and the Sol of the other timeline.

The relationship between those two had been one of a subordinate and a lord. The Sol back then was filled with grief and sadness and while he treated her well, there was no hiding the fact that he was also using her to fulfill his goal.

Skuld did not mind and in fact, loved the fact that she was of use to him and even wanted to be of more use. Was it Stockholm syndrome as Sol called it? She didn't care. She was happy and that was all that mattered.

But now...Now she had a chance to be even happier than her other self. After all, not only would she still be useful to him....But she could also gain his love.

Skuld did not want an equal relationship. But she sure wanted a relationship akin to that of lovers.

Moving down, the string of her white greek clothes, her robe fell down and showed her beautiful body.

Under the light of the stars, her beautiful pink color seemed to shine slightly, giving her an exotic appearance that made Sol's heart pound in excitement.

Raising his head, he was about to hold her but Skuld swatted his hands aside,

"No touching."

He raised his eyebrow in interrogation, "I thought I was supposed to impress you?"

"Mhm..." Skuld hummed in agreement as she turned around, showing her ass. They were now in a sixty-nine position with the woman on top.

"You don't have to do anything."

She held his pants and brought them down, showing his massive and erect member.

"This part of you is already doing a good job impressing me."

'So this is the thing that skewered me the last time.'

She hadn't managed to get a good look at it the last time since Sol directly entered her but now that she looked at it, it was a weird mix of grotesque and cute.

From Sol's perspective, he was busy looking at her pink small but springy ass.

Sol had always been surprised about the body structure of beings from different races. From what he knew, Titans did not leave physical waste like organic beings. Everything they ate was completely converted into energy.

Still, her body was unmistakably beautiful and a work of art. Sol idly wondered what she looked like in her true form, but shelved this thought for another time.

Moving her robe away, he found blue underwear within. It was small enough to be hidden by her butt and it had bowties on the left and right hipbone. In other words, it was a thong.

The underwear was clearly meant to entertain the male eye.

"You are wearing panties?"

Skuld moved her ass left and right as if trying to hypnotize him.

"I have asked some of the servants in Kiyohime castle about how to entice men and they said this could help."

Skuld wasn't much for underwear and in fact, wouldn't care about waking outside naked.

She had no feelings of shame and no one cared about nudity in her world. Only if you were tasty enough or not.

But Sol was not a Titan. As such Skuld always searched for ways to make him happy and that underwear was something she decided to try on.

He pulled on the right knot to easily untie it. He did the same for the left one. The transparent cloth fell away from the crotch.

'Oh. This certainly feels slightly exciting to have a piece of clothes removed.'

Skuld wiggled her hips in excitement as she discovered the importance of clothes for sex, Sol placed his thumbs on either side of her plump labia and spread them wide.

"...!"

Her sexual flesh glistened stickily. Like her skin color, it was a lovely pink, though a deeper shade of it.

"Ah~!"

Skuld moaned and nearly jumped in surprise when she felt a hot breath and tongue on her intimate part.

His tongue passed from her clitoris to the bottom of the valley. Her love juice had a certain sweetness to it, causing him to lick with even more ardor. [1]

As he licked at her from below, the love juices dripped down into his mouth, but he did not mind and swallowed them.

“I thought I said no touching?”

“I guess I am a bad boy. How will you punish me?”

She could hear the laughter in his voice and knew that he would tease her as much as possible. After all, Sol clearly had quite the sadistic impulses.

Skuld held her moan and continued to hold his manhood between her hands and played with it like it was a new toy. She coated it with her saliva, kneaded it with her tongue tip, and then wrapped her lips around it and sucked hard.

Of course, Skuld would give as much as she received.

### Son of the Hero King

#### **Chapter 336: CH305:SKULD (4)\***

The stars were bright and the mood was quite right. In the small room that was barely lit by those celestial lights, two bodies were entwined in each other's embrace as they brought the heights of pleasure to each other.

Holding Skuld firmly by the hips, Sol could instinctively feel that her body was reacting very well to his ministrations and as such, he redoubled his efforts on her. Sticking his tongue out, wriggling it deep inside her vagina, as deep as he could with his slithering organ, he moved it all around her pinkish cave with skilled movements. He used all of his oral skills, tongue, lips, even going as far as to use the tip of his nose to stimulate every part of her puffy and soft vulva.

It went without saying, but Sol was very experienced when it came to pleasuring women, and while Skuld wasn't a human, simply unlike any being that he had familiarized himself with over the years, her current body was as close to a human's as could be possible. And thus he was able to elicit the same kinds of reactions out of her.

One of the things Sol learned early on in his many sexual encounters was that no two women were the same and one had to be careful in order to truly find the weak points and bring even more pleasure to the other. It was necessary for one to slowly explore the body of their partner and understand them more on an instinctive level. They should be able to understand each and every rhythm of their bodies.

The result of his careful actions was clear to witness for anyone. Skuld stopped licking his rod and raised her voice in a mixture of shouts that consisted of screams and sultry moans. Beads of sweat quickly covered the area of her pink skin and those droplets flew off her as she twisted her limbs and writhed madly. Her reactions would make one feel as though electricity were surging throughout her body.

But once again, Skuld was more of a giver than a receiver. Rather than feeling more and more pleasure, she wished to make Sol reach the peak as quickly and as pleasurably as she could.

Skuld's slender fingers mercilessly wrapped around the sensitive bulbous head of Sol's thick meaty shaft. With pre-cum coating all of her fingers, she moved them back to the head and began stroking with gyrating motions along the head – the fluid thus acting as the perfect lubricant for this endeavor.

To Sol, it felt not unlike how one would feel when jolts of electricity ran along one's body, the only difference being, it brought him pleasure instead of pain. The delightful sensations surged from the surface of contact and his body perked up from the immense pleasure. Veins bulged out on the thick shaft as it grew until it seemed that it would explode at any given second.

“Hehe, it’s twitching so much. Am I making you feel good, Sol?”

She teased his penis while mischievously inquiring him with a rhetorical question. Clearly, she was feeling extremely happy about the response she was receiving from him due to her care.

“Ah ha! It’s so damn cute. I want to tease it even more. I don’t think I’ll ever be able to stop myself.”

Skuld felt as though a whole new world had opened up for her, and she was honestly liking what she had found out.

Of course, she knew for a fact that Sol was just letting her have her fun. He was going easy on her. But she didn’t mind even the slightest bit. This was just part of the game they were playing with each other.

Knowing that she was reaching the limit of pleasure she could bring him with her fingers, she let go of his penis.

The pleasure faded slightly, but she made sure to make her new attack known before the sensation completely went away.

She kissed the very tip of the bulging head like it was some kind of sacred ceremony. When she pulled her lips back, a string of precum attached her lips to his penis.

She licked that up before running her tongue along the head.

Her saliva made all sorts of naughty, sloppy sounds as her tongue stroked, poked, pushed, and licked the head. Soon, she swallowed the tip inside her heated mouth.

A warm, shuddering breath left the saliva-filled space and her red tongue wriggled within like it had a mind of its own.

— — —

“Kh~”

It took all of Sol’s willpower to avoid moaning as he watched her do her best to bring him pleasure.

He was supposed to be getting back at her, so he was a little annoyed that she had suddenly taken over like this. At the same time, it felt highly arousing for him, it was a refreshing feeling as it had been quite some time since Sol didn’t have to take the lead in sex. All in all, he was relishing the moment.

Without warning, she took the head inside her mouth. Her upper lip stickily stimulated the ridge of the head and her lower lips rubbed at the circumference with its soft touch.

“Oh...”

Sol took a deep breath as he felt his large penis throbbing delightfully inside her small mouth. Skuld showed a level of seduction that did not befit her small body in the slightest.

'Incredible. I can feel the blood pumping through the penis this way.'

She grabbed the grotesque rod without a hint of displeasure on her face, neither could displeasure color her mind, and lovingly rubbed her cheek against the head.

Her little nose twitched as she sniffed and showed an intoxicated expression on her lovely face. Clearly, she had just discovered her new favorite scent.

She slowly moved her nose up to the head and then placed her lips along its round surface. Her lightly pursed crimson lips pecked at the tip and sucked along the surface of the sensitive skin.

She pressed her lips against his penis as lovingly as someone might place it on the lips of their sweetheart's. She was clearly worshiping his cock with no shame or hesitation.

Sol's blood reacted by pumping even more of itself straight into his penis, making it swell even larger but despite this, Skuld had no problems whatsoever. In fact, she even considered swallowing it down to the very root.

She had been learning different tricks and it seemed that it was one of the actions that really pleased men.

She parted her lips, stuck out her tongue, and sent it crawling down his shaft.

The saliva dripping from it wet his penis, making it glisten visibly. At the same time, he was filled with a pleasure that felt like a pleasant warmth was surrounding his penis.

Her lips and tongue crawled everywhere along the entirety of his rod, coating every last bit of it with saliva, from the base of the shaft to the tip of the head.

She squeezed her lips tight and pulled her head back up along the length of his penis. Then she swallowed it all again. From there, she repeated the process.

Sol's hips trembled from pleasure so powerful he thought she was going to suck his dick right off him.

The rhythmic motion of her head picked up speed.

She could tell his trembling penis had grown to the bursting point inside her mouth.

To fully enjoy its scorching heat on her tongue, cheeks, palate, and deep in her throat, she moved her head so much she felt like she was rattling the brain inside her skull.

For Sol, the intense but soft sensation raced from his penis straight to his brain.

Holding it in any longer was simply not possible. He felt the pleasure in his lower body taking control of his mind.

Pre-cum oozed from the tip and a bitter flavor spread through her mouth. She upped the intensity of her oral technique to taste even more of it.

She released his penis from her mouth. It briefly felt chilly in the open air, but that feeling soon vanished. She grabbed the shaft with her silk-like hands and began roughly stroking up and down with gyrating movements.

The unrestrained speed was just right with the mix of saliva and pre cum coating it.

She also wrapped her lips around the head and used her mouth and tongue on it.

“Kh...that simply feels incredible...”

The attack was several times faster and rougher than before, so he almost pulled his hips back but Skuld was going to have none of it.

“Please, cum in my mouth.”

She pressed her head against him to swallow about half his penis, an impressive feat with such a small mouth as hers.

She begged him to do it with her mouth still packed full of cock. The words provided enough stimulation to push him over the edge.

Semen passed through his dick while it jerked around inside her mouth— a gushing stream of white erupting from the very tip.

He had been brought to the edge repeatedly before and she finally gave him the release he craved, so it squirted mercilessly throughout the little Titan’s mouth, flowed down her throat, and even entered her nose.

For anyone else, this would have been very uncomfortable, but Skuld did not need to breathe so she simply savored the taste of the thick cum on her tongue and it flowing down her throat.

The more she drank, the brighter her eyes shone. The amount of energy she was devouring was simply insane.

It even surpassed the best ingredient she ever devoured and made her feel like she was completely satiated.

‘I need to bring my sisters to him.’

She could not keep this pleasure alone and she did not wish for anyone else but Sol to have the power over the Norns sisters.

For that, the first step was to bring them physically closer.

How did they call it again?

A foursome, was it?

The mischievous Titaness thought...

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

#### **Chapter 337: CH 306:SKULD (5)\*\***

As Sol released copious amounts of his seed with a guttural grunt in Skuld’s throat, he realized that he had been rather helpless this time around. He usually made it a point to make his partner cum at least once before doing so himself but Skuld was a tough nut to crack.

Her desire and willingness to bring him pleasure and suck him dry could only be equaled by Milia and Nefertiti.

Thinking of Nefertiti, a gentle smile spread on his face. She was a gentle and attentive girl that was completely devoted to him and him alone. While the amount of time they had spent together was quite short, in comparison to his other women, there was no mistaking what he genuinely felt for the girl.

“Oh... If you can be distracted and reminded of someone else, then it seems like I didn’t do such a good job after all.”

The slightest hints of bitterness that colored Skuld's voice brought him back to reality and Sol couldn't help but berate himself inwardly for committing such a basic mistake.

After slurping all of his cum inside her, she turned around and placed her head gently on his manly chest while gazing at him with her deep black and scarlet eyes. He could feel those eyes of hers peering deep inside of him as if trying to guess who he was thinking about at this time.

Since he had a harem, it was impossible for him to be absolutely fair to all his women and love everyone equally. But at the very least, when he held one of them in his arms, all his thoughts should only be focused around that one person and one person only.

This was the minimum amount of respect all for his haremmates deserved.

Of course, there was also the fact that many of his women were rather unstable in the mental department and he didn’t know what they could do if they felt like they were being ignored or worse being abandoned...

After being called out, Sol did not show a flustered expression. Lying was useless so all he could do was apologize for his wrongdoings, so he did...

“I am sorry.”

“Tututu~ Saying sorry isn’t enough, you know. Now you have to promise me to leave everything up to me for tonight, deal?”

Sol grinned at her inquiry, “I will let you have your way with my body, madam.”

The two of them laughed lightly as Skuld moved around until she found the most ideal position.

She faced him, spreading her legs wide and placing them on either sides, and stood above the rod standing up from his crotch. She had already pulled down the top of her white dress, so her boobs were now exposed for him to witness and relish, adding to her allure and seductivity.

When he looked down, he saw that her beautiful navel was peeking through her dress. The extremely short mini skirt below that was pulled up to reveal her secret place which was still glistening with his saliva and her love juice.

He gulped when he imagined what it would feel like inside that horny Titaness. The last time had been a little bit too rushed in their union. His mind and thoughts had been pretty preoccupied with the incoming danger but now he was free to explore her body as he wished.



Skuld must have guessed what he was thinking about as a full smile spread along her luscious crimson lips. Grabbing his manhood in her left hand, spreading her labia with her other hand, she brought them both together.

“Ah...”

Her hot and wet folds of delight and wonder touched the head of his penis. Her sticky love juices dripped down along his throbbing dick.

Finally, she slowly lowered her hips as if savoring the ecstatic feeling of the penis entering inside her. Her honeypot swallowed the stone-hard rod little by little.

The tip of the penis entered the small hole that was her pink vagina...

“Ahh!”

Skuld cried out a little but there was no hint of fear or pain on her face. She was staring down at the place where they were connected with only the expectation of joy and pleasure.

Since Skuld had asked him to not touch her with his hands, he placed both of his hands behind his head and savored the delicious sight as her slender hips continued to move downward.

Her slit had looked like a single line earlier, but now it was obscenely spread out to take his thick cock.

A wet sound came from between the union of their sexuality as his dick filled up her vagina to the brink and was still burrowing for more.

She cried out while also panting as though all the pleasure was robbing her of her ability to think.

“Yes, yes! It’s only halfway in, but the entrance is spread so wide!”

She sounded impressed. Large wet folds wrapped around his dick and finally...

“!!!”

Skuld sat down entirely and his penis was fully buried inside her tight vagina.

Sol opened his arm wide after taking them out from below his head and, after a moment of hesitation, Skuld accepted to lay down in between them as they wrapped her in their reassuring embrace while his penis was still buried deep in her.

With her head on his collarbones and her nose buried next to his neck, she took a deep breath and closed her eyes while feeling the flow of blood and the thumping of his heart.

Like a drum, the rhythm was fast but soothing to her. She felt like she was at home and that absolutely nothing could ever hurt her.

“Thanks for everything.”

Sol gently caressed her back and hugged her tighter.

“Why the sudden sweet words?”

Sol ignored her joking tone, his voice was thick with repressed emotions that were brimming in his voice...

"Thanks to you, I have become stronger than I ever hoped. Thanks to you, I managed to survive a deadly crisis. Thanks to you, I did not have to lose anyone I love."

Sol knew that this wasn't really the best moment to be so forthright. It could even ruin the mood going on between them.

But right here, right now, as he held the small girl that had become such a huge part of his life so suddenly, Sol couldn't help but spill what was buried all this time in his heart.

Ever since Sol had seen the vision of his counterpart, he had been filled with fear.

Sol was someone who could throw all his pride aside and kneel on the ground if he was sure that he could protect his loved ones.

He could not imagine a world where one of them lacked.

But what about that Sol? The one who had lost everything and decided to bring down the world alongside him just to create another chance?

Sol could only weep at the despair the other him must have endured. But thanks to Skuld's unwavering loyalty, he had been able to avoid the worst scenario and was given the chance to walk on a new road.

To say that he was thankful was an understatement.

"Why do you always thank me every time we have sex."

Skuld laughed in order to hide the tears threatening to spill out through the corners of her eyes. Just because you gave your everything to someone did not mean that it would be reciprocated.

Skuld knew this more than anyone else. If you helped someone with the expectation to be thanked, then more than likely, you would end up disappointed.

But Sol did not disappoint her.

He believed in her and recognized her efforts.

This was enough. This was more than enough.

Stopping her tears from falling, Skuld gave another short laugh and raised herself up.

"Enough with the cheesy lines. Let me work on this bad boy now."

Skuld was happy because of Sol's words and her happiness made her Libido soar to all new heights.

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

#### **Chapter 338: CH 307:SKULD (6)\*\***

Skuld just decided to go all out in bringing him utmost pleasure, or at least as much as she possibly could, and tightened her core with that thought in mind. He was shocked by the sudden sensation of delightful pressure around his erect shaft. Seeing his reaction, and undoubtedly pleased with it, she

slightly rose her hips in order to better adjust herself and his dick in order further the pleasure she could give to Sol.

Her vagina wriggled in undulating motions to apply waves upon waves of pressure to his dick. The waves moved from the base to the very top of the head of his hard rod; it seemed like the waves were coaxing his member to move deeper and deeper inside her tight depths.

The intensely pleasurable sensation made him thrust his hips up even further inside her to enjoy this delectable feeling more and more. He just couldn't get enough of it.

“Well? Do you like my pussy, my love?”

Skuld tried to speak a little more vulgarly with him. In short, she was trying to dirty-talk him while riding along his wonderful meat stick. She wasn't sure if Sol would like such a thing, but she wanted to try everything in her power to bring him the best experience he could possibly get from her.

She spread her legs wider, placed her hands on her knees, and leaned back as if to show off the sight of their union to him.

“Very much so.”

He continually nodded toward the beautiful and exotic face of his giddy Titaness. To his nodding gesture, she responded with a satisfied nod of her own and asked no further questions from there on.

With her body being small and wonderfully lithe, her vagina was bound to be small as well, fitting that size of hers. But that was joined by the waves of pressure that pulled his rod back in as if to prevent him from leaving her side.

That movement provided an intense amount of pleasurable force that seemed to suck him back in the moment he thought that his dick would slide out of her small hole.

Then he would thrust his hips to penetrate her again fully.

The movement of her internal flesh now worked with him to guide him inside her. The difference between going out and then sliding back in provided a set rhythm that increased the pleasure more and more for both of them.

“Kuh, I can't stop.”

The next thing he knew, he was now attacking her vagina with enough force to produce a loud rhythmic slapping noise that reverberated throughout the room.

Each movement of his dick caused her sticky love juices to produce a wet sound that would make most people blush in shame should they hear such a wonderfully lewd and equally shameful sound.

The intense and rhythmic thrusting brought a strange feeling to her.

She felt almost feverishly warm, but without any of the lethargy, one would feel when weakened by a fever or any other illness of similar properties. Only an unbridled sense of intense pleasure rocked throughout her body and caused her thoughts to melt away like a cube of sugar placed inside a cup of tea.

“Ah~! Ah~Ah~!”

She could sense the hard penis thrusting into her as vividly as though she could see it with her own eyes.

Her vaginal folds wriggled with movements akin to a small boat rocking undulated in the ocean’s waves.

The tip of the head hit her deepest parts, the ridge of the head rubbed against the walls, and the entire thing seemed to pull out her entire body from within her depths.

She was being invaded and attacked, but at the same time, she was also devouring and swallowing his member.

Her love juices would not stop flowing no matter how long they went on with their intense session; it just kept on producing more and more wet sounds and the juices were always abundant. She even felt a tingling sense of pleasure from where his hands were placed and held her hips tightly. Even her breasts felt pleasure as they bounced from Sol's intense thrusting.

“Ah! Wow~ It’s so good! I’m going crazy! Sol~~”

Thanks to his previous words, she felt that some kind of mental barrier had been breached in her psyche, and then, as a result, her entire body began to tremble like she was convulsing from seizures.

Her vagina squeezed even tighter than before, on its own accord, and she could tell it was going to push the penis out of her. While he was moving his hips, Skuld was also doing her part, well intent on making him cum before she did.

Looking up at that divine or rather chaotic beauty of hers while she rode his cock was a very powerful sight to him. Knowing he was having sex with such an unbelievably beautiful woman – no, being fucked by her – was nearly enough to make him cum with that alone.

But this wasn’t enough and Skuld knew that fact.

“Then how about if I do this?”

She began lightly moving her hips in unpredictable ways. She teased his dick by moving it within her in every way imaginable. By using her strength and putting her hands on his chest, she was telling him once again to not move and while he was well intent on moving later, he didn’t mind letting her have her fun for a while.

“Wow...ah...”

She was in control while being on top, so he was now at her mercy. Like a prey that she was about to devour completely. Her squeezing vagina felt good, but the visual effect was even more fantastic to him.

A young-looking woman with an incredible figure was jiggling her tits around and moving her hips vigorously enough to send her sweat flying everywhere. Seeing that left him completely entranced.

Instead of the guy fucking the girl, she was very clearly fucking him. She did not move her hips like a virgin or someone who was only having her second time, but with all the experience her research and memories from her past lives gave her.

Looking at his face brimming with pleasure, Skuld licked her lips in delight as she moved her hips and almost blurted out her most pressing question, knowing whether or not his other lovers made him feel as good. But she knew that it was a big no-no.

She didn't want to show him her ugly desire. She wished to always be the beautiful and happy-go-lucky Titan that he saw her as.

His penis was sucked at and squeezed by her wet internal flesh. Love juices soaked his manhood like a shower.

She was not going to let go until he had squirted his cum inside her. She was turned on all the more by her own greedy sexuality

'Wow, how tight can she get?'

Sol was surprised by her reaction, but it felt so good he could not possibly stop her even if he could.

In fact, it was so tight that he couldn't help but wonder if she intended to crush it.

"Wow. I'm about to cum already."

This was way faster than he was used to, but Skuld was really working hard at milking him dry so it was understandable.

"Cum ~Cum inside me~! Fill me up!!"

She said that with a thoroughly melted smile and then she raised her upper body without warning.

It felt like she was enveloping his entire body. He could feel the feverishly elevated body temperature of her arousal.

Her voice filled with passion pushed him over the edge.

His semen squirted out all at once and she milked it out of him. His hot male juices erupted out and her body trembled as it filled her.

"Oh, wow. It's squirting out inside me."

He shot more and more semen into her vagina. The ejaculation never seemed to stop, so he kept thrusting his hips but Skuld was too far gone to even care about his movements at this point.

Skuld felt like she had reached nirvana. The energy of Sol was coming into her, feeling every part of her body. She cried out her pleasure to the sky and arched her back, causing her two pink mounds to bounce even more than before, and looked up to the heaven before going limp.

He caught her in his arms when she slumped forward. Her body was very soft and warm. She felt nice to hold, and he did not want to undo their union, so he simply held her there.

After a bit, she lazily opened her eyes.

When their eyes met from so close, she gave a bashful smile.

"It was...Incredible."

Incredible did not even begin to cover it. But as tired as she was, she could not find any better words.

“That it was.”

Skuld smirked as she felt that he was still hard on her,

“Shall we go for another round?”

“I thought you would never ask.”

Thus, the cries of pleasure of a Titan continued to resonate without stopping for a few hours in this beach house.

### **Son of the Hero King**

#### **Chapter 339: CH308:MORNING AFTER**

[Dragon realm.]

On the beach house, standing on the island that was assigned to Sol, a woman clad in a black robe with red eyes and black hair, dangling down her head parted to both sides in equal distance, was walking and humming leisurely.

The sounds of the crashing waves and the cry of the seagull made for a lovely combination of sounds that helped in soothing her nerves.

Ever since he had woken up, she had been on this road many times. But every time, she would get cold feet and walk away from him.

It was pretty embarrassing. Even more so since she knew that he could feel her coming close and then walking away without even trying to contact him.

But this time... She had decided to not run away. Acting cowardly like this would not change the situation.

It was with such a thought that she finally opened the door of the room but what greeted her was a powerful and rather stimulating scent.

Blushing as she realized what this scent was, she couldn't help but let out an outcry

“Ugh! It reeks of sex.”

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“Ugh! It reeks of sex.”

A lovely voice woke up Sol in the morning or at least what his internal clock was telling him should have been morning in the mortal realm.

It was really hard to get used to the eternal night system.

Looking down, he could see Skuld still sleeping soundly in his arms. There was no way that her senses didn't pick up the sudden intruding situation. So she must have simply gone back to sleep after judging it wasn't a serious matter.

Once this was done, Sol sniffed a little and gave a wry smile. Now that he wasn't in the midst of the action, the 'odor of sex' as the intruder so gracefully pointed out was indeed overpowering.

A few hours ago, after a rowdy activity and a delicious bath, Sol had simply changed the sheets and gone back to sleep with Skuld.

"So, did you really come to me just for that?"

Laughing quietly, Sol gently pushed Skuld away and covered her with the blanket before standing up.

"You are pretty shameless."

Of course, he was completely naked and his thick penis was hanging down unhinged.

"Well, you should have been able to guess what state I would be in when you entered. Furthermore, you have already seen everything. Right, Isis?"

Isis blushed faintly as she made the action of looking away. Of course, her eyes were still trailing down to take a peek. This was after all the thing that took her precious virginity.

"Put on some clothes, please."

Sol shrugged, unbothered by his nudity. Shame was dead to him long ago. One could say that he had reached the level of a sage in other such matters.

After all, whenever he did something intimate, it was with the knowledge that someone may be observing him.

In Lustburg, it was the witches.

In the Astral realm, it was either Gabriel or Tiamat.

And every time, there was the possibility that the goddesses were watching.

If Sol still cared about shame and privacy despite all of this, he would have gone crazy long ago.

"So, what brings you here? I thought you were avoiding me?"

"I... I wasn't avoiding you."

"Heh, said the person that didn't come to visit me even once."

Sol gently teased her while searching for a pair of pants. He knew that Isis had, in fact, been visiting him regularly.

It was just that she would only come up to the beach, stay around and fidget for a while before finally walking away.

Sol could have come up to her and stopped this farce but in the end, he did nothing.

For one, it was simply too funny and interesting seeing her acting this shy about meeting him.

Another reason was that he knew that whatever was stopping her was something she had to deal with on her own.

He could more or less understand her feelings. Even though they signed a contract, it was done in a hurry because of the pressing situation.

Even though they did have feelings for each other, those feelings hadn't been cultivated enough in his opinion. Ideally, Sol would have liked to spend a few more months with Isis before advancing their relationship to the next stage and thus forming a contract.

The first contract was no joke after all.

Marriage was only a contract that could be torn at any moment and unlike earth, there was no such thing as losing your wealth or any other such consequences.

This mainly stemmed from the fact that most people simply lived too long. Even a peasant, as long as he was careful and didn't meet any sudden death could live up to a hundred years or a little more with no problem.

How many people could stay as a couple for a hundred years if not thousands?

Because of all of this, the importance of marriage was pretty low, outside of forming alliances.

But a contract was different. More so in the case of the first contract.

Isis had a part of his soul in her and he had a part of hers in his. The two of them were now linked forever in the most intrinsic way possible. Even if Isis were to ever leave or if she died, the CP used to form the contract would never come back to him.

For a human, the first contract was a very important matter. After all, the vast majority of humans who even had enough CP to form a contract would only be able to form one in their whole life. Their first one would be their only one.

Sol was luckier in this case, but he still had to be careful.

'Well, Isis is perhaps the best choice possible for my first contract.'

Sol smiled and finally found the pants he was searching for and added a white shirt.

"Let's walk outside."

Sol approached Skuld and gave her a kiss on the forehead. "You can go to sleep for real now."

He chuckled at the smile that tugged at her lips as she still acted asleep.

"Let's go."

Isis gave a look to the contended Skuld and gave a light bow, "Thank you."

While she didn't have a clear picture of everything that happened, from what Sheherazade told her, the existence of this Titaness had been paramount in the success of the war.

Like all divine beasts, Isis felt a sense of revulsion toward Skuld. But she stomped down on that instinct and threw it into the trash.



As the direct recipient of misplaced discrimination from the divine beasts because of her origin, Isis knew how hurtful it could be to be judged solely based on what you were rather than who you were.

“I hope we will have more time to know each other.”

Then she left.

Now alone in the room, Skuld opened her Obsidian eyes and looked at the room devoid of presence now and surveyed her surroundings.

Her thoughts went back to the delicious time she just had with Sol. It was like she had been receiving premium-grade food.

For Isis, this Sol reeked of sex, but for Skuld, it was like a heavenly scent as her instinct made her think of this place as her territory.

Thankfully she had enough control over those instincts of hers.

‘That girl... Isis is a good girl.’

Skuld smiled, she had no memory of Isis. After all, Isis died shortly after making a contract with Sol in the other timeline.

This was also one of the reasons why Anubis had been helping Sol in his plan to reset the world.

Skuld smiled and went back to sleep. All the little and big changes she observed made her happy. It means that they were walking on the right road to success.

Anubis became an ally much sooner. Tiamat wasn’t an enemy.

Those two facts alone changed everything completely.

But, there was one worry gnawing at her mind.

‘Is it one of the memories I sealed?’

If she could feel like this, it means she had unsealed that memory not long ago. She easily deduced that it must have been shared with Tiamat.

What did this mean?

It simply means that it wasn’t her problem to worry anymore. If the situation was really dire, all her memories would automatically unseal.

Skuld had put many fail-safes in place.

‘Everything for a better future.’

Now there was only one step left to instigate; for this dream of hers to become a reality.

They had to save Lilith.

“Ugh...”

Skuld massaged her throat, feeling a phantom pain at the memory of the searing pain she received when she fought Lilin.

From what she knew, both Lilin and Lilith were the result of an experiment by Sol's grandfather with Lilin being the perfect product and Lilith a more or less failed one.

Even then, Lilin was a monster who managed to create an art that could directly affect the soul.

Immortal Slaying Art.

A name that perfectly fit what it could do and much more. Skuld couldn't even count the number of dead bodies that Lilin left on her trail.

But every time she would marvel at this, she was always told the same thing.

Lilith was much more dangerous.

Of course, this wasn't just a question of power. Not saving Lilith had been one of Sol's lifelong regrets.

In this life, her goal was to make sure Sol knew no bitterness.

That was all.

It was with such thoughts that Skuld drifted back to sleep. Dreaming of a perfect world where her beloved only knew happiness.

Of course, in that perfect world of hers, she was the queen and Tiamat was her dog.

The smile on her sleeping face couldn't help but stretch wider at that thought.

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

#### **Chapter 340: CH 309:HOLY DAUGHTER (1)**

What was a church? What was the concept behind it?

No matter what name a center of religious beliefs may take – a church, a temple, a mosque, and so on and so forth constituting so many possible names – these centers were essentially a place of reverence for the worshippers.

A place where people joined and prayed toward the God or gods they believed in, they venerated.

In principle, it was a saintly place that allowed no disrespect, neither toward the almighty existence nor toward its agents, and where only the faithful were allowed to join.

Of course, reality was obviously far different than what mere words of ideality could describe. The world itself did not run by mere ideology alone, so it was not a surprise.

Most beings – be it humans, elves, demons, or even angels – only turned towards the divine entities in times of great turmoil in their personal lives.

They did not come to pray, to worship, or to respect. But simply to beg and demand divine grace when they were even in the slightest pickle, without caring about the inevitable question of whether they were worthy or not, to receive the grace of the almighty existence they seemingly venerated.

Those people would beg the divine beings for help when they needed their help the most and then...just conveniently forget about them when they did not require their help or grace anymore.

People of true faith were really few and far between.

But why was that, really? Why were people so harebrained to not be faithful towards the almighty, even when they were aware of the benefits and the reality that their faith would generate.

The answer to that question was also pretty basic. Twisted yes, but basic nonetheless...

Most beings, of this world and any world for that matter, born with the ability to reason, hated following something or some entity they could not see or even feel, and for what? The only thing promised to them was a slightly possible intangible reward that would only come after they were not of the mortal world anymore, only when death would embrace them to lull them into the depths of eternal slumber.

Even though the goddesses had done many miracles and their existence was proven for a fact, for most people in this world, their existence invoked a sense of dread...

The goddesses weren't a source of worship, but simply a source of fear and respect, like how the weak bowed to the strong due to their inability to cross them.

This monumental fact held true for both of the two main religions running camp in this universe – Chaos and Order... Even the smaller religions consisting of the faith of the goddesses of Virtue and Sin followed the same principle.

Goddesses were feared, for their whims could end everything and anything without them being able to say or do anything about it...

Goddesses were respected for their almighty power that could do anything imaginable.

The truly faithful were thus summed up to become few and far between.

But on this day... Standing in the balcony and observing the pious and reverent expressions of the people as they kneeled and prayed while shooting fervent gazes toward the small figure of one single woman... Camelia couldn't help but wonder just what in the world was happening.

Aurore Highland.

Granddaughter of Gerald Highland and grand-niece of Tyr Highland.

A girl that had been affected by a disease of unknown origin that made her fall asleep for innumerable years.

The sleeping beauty, as people were now slowly calling her inside the walls of Lustburg, was now awake and dandy, holding mass.

Camelia had to admit, Aurore was truly a beautiful woman few could compare to.

She had the most wonderful fair skin, as fair as the purest snow, that Camelia had ever witnessed. Her plump lips were a shade of luscious captivating red that could draw the lust of any man, dying to devour those lips on theirs. Her riveting golden hair rivaled the intensity of the sun, paired with her deep blue

enchancing eyes that held the majesty of the clear skies in them. She was a marvel— a work of art manifested.

She had a rather small body despite her age, the most likely cause being her stunted growth due to her long years of slumber. However, it could do nothing to diminish her overflowing beauty, and even, in some places, enhanced it somewhat. It added a frail flavor to her, making her a frail beauty that anyone would die to protect from any and all harm.

At the same time, she had a glamorous body, with curves prominent enough to make even the most staunch man fall in perdition. Her clothes did nothing to elevate this situation as it revealed all of her curves fully. Clad in a white robe that ended just below her navel, and then joined in the middle, merely hiding her most secretive parts while revealing her round hips and luscious butt along with her plump thighs. Even the stocking was tightly snug to her legs emphasizing her plump thighs further that could make any man drool in that sight. She wore a nun hat atop her head while adorning gold-white themed shoes. Her beauty was simply transcendental.

But rather than her physical beauty, mere flesh that would decay with time, what truly attracted the eyes was the holy aura overflowing with love that emanated from her mere presence.

As if she was a holy mother overlooking misbehaving children but still willing to forgive them as long as they repented wholeheartedly.

Despite her clothes that seemed to show a little too much of her body, there was no lustful gaze directed toward her luscious body. Only pious and fervent ones, filled with absolute reverence.

As if a goddess was truly among them.

As Aurore recited the litany, the fervor in the church went up to a new level.

The peasants and nobles alike kneeled down in worship and prayed together with no distinctions between their standings and birth.

The more she watched this, the more unsettled Camelia became.

People were scared. The news of the incoming war was slowly spreading to everyone and as such it was normal that they turned to religion. It was human nature to seek for salvation when doomsday was approaching.

But this... Something was not right.

‘Does she have the same power as me?’

Camelia was born with two unique powers she could not really comprehend the source of. The first one was to see the souls of people. Most people’s souls were a simple and deep gray in color. But there were some exceptions. People whose souls were totally different, with a distinct flavor to them.

The second power was to ‘charm’ people and have them listen to her order. This was an innate power she had possessed from birth. [1]

That was more Akin to brainwashing. She had used that power unconsciously when she was younger before she became a Holy daughter.

But now, she hated using that power. Robbing people of their free will when it wasn't necessary was something she loathed to do.

'But I can't feel any fluctuation from her.'

Camelia couldn't help but wonder if Aurore was simply that charismatic and if she was looking too much into the situation.

All of this stemmed from one fact.

Aurore Highland had indeed awoken from her long slumber.

When Gerald sold out all the conspirators, Camelia had sworn to wake up Aurore. Furthermore, she had received orders from Castitas to do so recently.

But the problem was... Camelia was not the one who woke her up.

After years of slumber caused by her disease— Aurore woke up on her own.