

## Hero King 341

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

#### Chapter 341: CH 310:HOLY DAUGHTER(2)

When the mass finally ended, the believers were walking out of the room with relieved expressions etched on their previously fearful faces. As if a great weight had been taken off their shoulders, they could finally see a ray of hope in these troubling times. They had a feeling that all was good in the world, as if everything had finally come back into the right track.

All this while, Aurore kept her characteristic enchanting smile on her face, never dropping it for a simple second as she waved her hand as they left the hall of the grandiose church.

When the hall had finally become bereft of all the followers and worshippers, she finally let go of her act, her expression dropping as she leaked out a sigh full of tiredness... The day had been greatly hectic for her, especially as she felt extremely weak...

“Great job there, your eminence, the Holy Daughter.”

One of the nuns in her service approached Aurore and handed her a bottle of water and a wet cloth to wipe the sweat off her enchanting face. The moment she had let go of her composure, her natural responses had kicked in as she started sweating profusely. The cloth had been a great help in that regard.

The nuns couldn't help but pity her. Talking and standing for hours was a mentally and physically straining job and they all knew that Aurore was still physically weak, so they were trying to do everything in their powers to help take some of the burdens off her shoulders.

“Thank you, everyone. But this wouldn't have been possible without your help. So don't give me all the credit as this event wouldn't have been complete without each and every one of you.”

Aurore demurely replied, taking note to give them their due appreciation, and gave them a beaming smile. The humbleness in her actions and the frailty of her expression made them appreciate her even more than before, greatly elevating her position in their hearts.

Humans had a weird instinct to them that made them inwardly take care of the side of the weak and cute beings. For this gave them a certain feeling of superiority and stroked their egos. Aurora, being one of the core members of the Highlands, knew how to evoke the maternal instincts in the nuns taking care of her. This way she could easily make them do her bidding if she so wished. Which she was going to take advantage of right now...

“May I visit the main hall, please?”

The few nuns standing before her looked at each other with hesitant expressions, unsure as to how to reply to her. They really wanted to follow her request, they really did, but just yesterday, Camellia had absolutely forbidden everyone from entering the main hall at any and all costs. Reminding them that failing to adhere to that order would result in unimaginable consequences.

There was a very explicit reason behind that order. The main hall in question was the place where the portal leading to the Astral realm was placed. It was Sol's only anchor to this world.

“Holy daughter... I'm sorry... We... We really can't.”

“I see... I am sorry. My question must have inconvenienced you.”

Aurore looked forlorn and sad as she looked down, causing them to greatly panic...

“No no no... You did nothing wrong, your eminence!”

“I mean... You are the Holy daughter, after all so...”

“Yes yes yes... Technically, you do not have to listen to Lady Camelia.”

They were all searching for excuses, excuses to accept their request and take off the troubling mask from her face, but then...

“What do you mean by that exactly?”

A cold voice sounded behind them, causing the nuns to all freeze up in absolute fear and horror. Terror ran through their souls at the mere sound of that voice. Hurriedly, they immediately turned around and put one knee on the ground in perfect synchronization.

“We are truly sorry. May the Supreme Daughter punish us for our slight. Thousand deaths aren't enough to pay for our sins. Please punish us, your holiness.”

They were all afraid. But, before Camelia could speak, Aurore acted instead, taking the nun's side and shielding them from Camelia's eyes...

“Please, dear sister, forgive them as they have done no wrong. I am the one who wanted to go there. The nuns simply wished to help me, that's all. Again, I implore you to find it in yourself to forgive them, oh sister!”

Camelia stayed silent as she watched this absolute farce happening. Now, no matter what she said, the appreciation would fall to Aurore.

Sure enough, once Camelia waved her hand to dismiss them, the nuns stood up and directed a small smile full of immense gratitude toward Aurore before scurrying away like rats facing a hungry cat.

‘Sigh... Now it's like I am the bad guy in this scenario.’

Ever since Aurore woke up, the atmosphere inside the churches walls had been weird, and that was putting it lightly. Camelia understood the reason behind the phenomenon quite well, which led to increasing her headache.

The relationship between the Supreme and Holy daughter was different from that of the King and the Prince.

The relationship was more horizontal in nature, which meant that the Holy Daughter had more power and responsibility than the acting Supreme Daughter of the same generation.

Furthermore, everyone knew that with the existence of Aurore, Camelia could thus die at any given moment.

Normal people may not know about the Divine rules, but they were not stupid to not notice the obvious. They could see how every time a new Holy Daughter appeared in the world, the previous Supreme Daughter never stayed long and departed for the life after...

If Camelia died, this church would fall into the hands of Aurore. So young nuns were already currying favor with her one way or another and trying to enter her good grace.

'This is why I didn't want to have a Holy Daughter for now.'

A ship could not work smoothly with two captains manning it.

"Sister, I am sorry if my demand was inconsiderate. I just wanted to take a look at the portal used by his highness, Sol."

Camelia narrowed her eyes at that statement. She felt something fishy in those words of hers, "Why would you want that?"

"I... I have vague memories of his highness and I know how much grandfather cared for him throughout his life. I just wanted to pray for his safety and safe return."

Camelia snorted with disdain, clearly not agreeing with her words, "Do you truly think that praying changes anything?"

Aurore gasped in shock and terror, "Sister! Do not disrespect the goddesses, please. We will be punished with Divine Retribution otherwise."

'Was I also like this?'

Camelia's eyes twitched, as her body started to cringe at her reaction. She slowly remembered that she also used to have a feeling of awe and reverence toward the goddesses when she had been a Holy Daughter.

Of course, that feeling soon vanished completely after she became a Supreme Daughter and had the chance to directly interact with the goddesses.

Humans revered and feared the unknown.

This was the reason why science and knowledge was the bane of all religion since times immemorial.

This was also why people should never meet their heroes. It generally ended up in disappointment for the admirers.

'Am I really looking too much into it?'

Camelia couldn't help but doubt herself. Perhaps she was too sensitive because her place was being threatened?

After all, in terms of stature and age, Aurore was a better partner for Sol than her. If Sol ever went on adventure like his father did, the one to follow him would be Aurore, and not her.

This meant that her importance was sorely diminished and while Aurore still lacked the power now, she would one day become a King class being just like her.

Of course, there was also the matter of Camelia's Fate weakening and her chances of dying increasing.

But this wasn't as important.

"Sigh, forget it. I do not want to pursue this discussion. As for entering the main hall, it's still a no, unfortunately. I can't accede to that request of yours, I'm sorry."

Camelia did not know if her doubts were legit or simple paranoia, but she refused to take the risk and let anything happen to that portal.

Until Sol came back, the main hall would stay closed. No matter what, no one would be allowed to pass, this was her conviction.

On those words Camelia turned around and began to walk away. But a thought just struck her,

"By the way, do not call me Sister. Just Saintess would suffice."

"I see... But, I wish I could call you mother instead."

Aurore covered her mouth as she let out a small laugh at the flabbergasted expression on Camelia's face.

"Do I look that old?"

Camelia, despite her age, still looked like a woman in her early twenties. It was quite shocking to be suddenly called mother by someone who was a total stranger to her just a few days ago.

A mysterious smile floated on Aurore's face as she shook her head in denial. An incomprehensible and mysterious look flashed in her eyes but it disappeared as soon as it came as she smilingly replied to Camelia.

"You simply remind me of my mother. I am sorry if I offended you, Saintess."

Aurore gave a bow and left, her smile still tugging at the corner of her mouth as she left a confused Camelia behind.

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

#### **Chapter 342: WITCHES'cOUNCIL (2)**

[SALEM]

The pocket dimension was created by Ambrosia in order to accommodate the witches and hide them from the persecution of the outside world.

Salem.

The haven of all witches in a certain way.

Salem was under the control of four great departments.

The Hunters, also known as the Executioners, whose job was to eliminate all witches that had gone astray from their destined path. They were under the direct control of Kali, the witch of Destruction.

The Judges, whose role was, as the name implied, to judge criminals or civil cases, and also decide if a witch had committed a sin great enough to be put on the hunting list. This department was controlled by none other than Persephone, the witch of Life...

The Finance Department had complete power over the funds of the council and decided how to attribute them to witches who needed them for their projects. Those funds were given to promising but poor witches and would be taken away if the witches showed no results. This place was controlled by Freya, the witch of Space...

Finally, the council of wise women also known as the Council of Walpurgisnacht, convened regularly to establish the different regulations and take care of the everyday life of the witches. Which was technically under the control of Medea, the witch of Time. [1]

Sadly, because of Medea's prolonged absence, she had lost a great part of the control she once held.

It didn't help that because of her past decisions, the witches had to face some hard times which many judged to have been a waste of their time and energy and more importantly... life.

Because of all the above reasons, when Medea appeared after a few centuries of absence and asked that the gate of Salem may open to the mortal world once again, the council had been understandably upset.

In this matter, Ambrosia had decided to act as a neutral party and did not help Medea in any way in convincing them. She was going to completely leave it to her daughter for the time being...

Thanks to that, the discussion had been ongoing for hours and days without any signs of ending any time soon, but Medea didn't intend on giving up. They had dismissed her demand at first and put the discussion on hold.

But as time passed, Medea was able to slowly bring some of the witches to her side.

After all, at the end of the day, Medea was still a legendary witch. She still had a great appeal to the young witches who very much admired her for her amazing feats and equally amazing power and the position she held as a Cardinal Witch.

But... This wasn't enough.

Medea needed at least  $\frac{2}{3}$  of the assembly to accept her motion, but it wasn't going well in the slightest...

This was mainly because Medea's case lacked one determining point.

Benefits.

What benefits would opening the gate for her give them?

Salem was a self-sustaining dimension. It could even be referred to as a world of its own.

Not only were the witches present here, but there also existed a great number of natural or artificial spirits who served to take care of the realm.

The witches who specialized on earth would take care of farming and the likes. Some witches worked on manipulating the weather.

Some others worked on water and some on energy resources and distribution.

In a way, despite their low numbers, Salem was akin to a super nation and only the Angels and perhaps the Dwarves had higher technology than them.

If it wasn't enough, witches could travel to and from the Astral realm at will and many witches explored different worlds and planets there and brought strange resources to continue sustaining the realm.

In short, should Salem open their gates, the ones to benefit would only be Lustburg, the nation of humanity.

Medea still had an ace left with her... Sol Dragona Luxuria, her lover, the reason for her existence...

But she did not want to use that ace.

No matter how small the loss of life force was, it didn't change that having an intimate relationship with witches did drain him off a little of his life.

Whenever this happened, Medea could not stop herself from feeling guilty and sad. She simply could not accept using Sol as a bargaining chip without his consent.

'Perhaps I should give up.'

Standing in the midst of another heated reunion, Medea couldn't help but smile bitterly and in defeat.

In the end, she decided to not use her ace. She simply could not do something like this in good conscience.

But it was then,

"I just received some important news!"

One of the witches who had been absent until now, #10, as we may refer to her as, barged into the room. Even though she was entirely clad in a black cloak from head to toe, like all the ten non-permanent members of the council, it wasn't hard to discern the shock in her voice.

"#10, Not only are you late, once again, but you are creating a ruckus and undermining the authority of the council. Hold yourself properly."

The one who spoke was #1. The number did not mean a ranking of power but simply a time of arrival in the council.

#10 was not at all cowed by the harsh voice.

For one they were all equal and the only leaders were Medea and Ambrosia. Secondly, she had been one of the first to join Medea's side.

After all, she wanted to visit the mortal world once again and the news she just heard might really help.

"Hahaha don't mind this."

Taking her place, she immediately opened her operator and shared the information she had received.

A blue screen appeared above them with an article scrolling down.

At first, most of the witches looked with simple curiosity but the more they read the more baffled they became.

Terms like, "Blessed", "War", "Order vs Chaos", "Dragon Emperor" and more importantly, "Sol Dragona Luxuria" kept appearing, making them wonder if they were put into an illusion.

The one who was the most shocked was none other than Medea herself, as she was left completely speechless.

In the end, she clenched her fist.

'You are truly a wonder, dear.'

Initially, she didn't want to use Sol as an ace for the simple reason that all he could offer was his body.

For the Witches, this was the extent of Sol's usefulness.

But this was only about the Sol of the past.

If this information was to be believed, then her beloved had gone through great changes.

She worried if he would still be the same man she loved but now...what she had to do was simple.

"My dear sisters, I believe it's time for new votes."

Sol had given her a golden opportunity and she would not miss this chance.

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

#### **Chapter 343: CH 311:THEY ARE FINALLY HERE(1)**

[Astral realm, Dragon Territory.]

Sol, fully unaware of the events that were happening back at his home in the Mortal realm, was flying towards a certain island with Isis in tow.

"So, you are sure that you don't want me to carry you?"

"No thanks. The last time you carried me around I nearly vomited out all my insides. Never again!"

Isis immediately waved her hands in a quick refusal. Adventuring with Sol in the desert had been a rollercoaster of emotions and sensations for her. She was not willing to experience the bitter parts of it again, not now at least.

"Your loss then."

"Hey! Don't you dare laugh over there! It was a seriously traumatizing experience for me, you know!?"

Sol fought hard to keep the wide and hearty smile, that was constantly tugging at his lips, from showing up.

It was quite the hard fight for him, possibly one of the hardest of his life even, that sadly ended in his utter loss.

"Pfft! Hahaha!"

"I said don't laugh, you idiot!"

Isis shouted out loud and began chasing him all around in the sky, fleeing across its vast borders to catch the troublesome fellow, while Sol continued to dodge all her attempts to catch him with polished ease...

In the end, she could only give up with a tired huff and fly towards the Tower all alone, leaving Sol behind.

"Haha. Don't be mad, Is..."

"Bleh!!!"

Isis stuck her tongue out at him in an attempt to mock him, trying to raise his ire just like he did to her, but she had underestimated Sol's current speed after his most recent power-up.

By the time she had retracted her tongue, she felt herself being hugged tightly in Sol's strong and warm arms. Immediately following that sensation of warmth was a sense of searing warm heat that spread all throughout her body when she felt Sol's hot lips land on hers.

Isis tried to fight back instinctively, but there was nothing she could do to fight against his strong and demanding kiss that wouldn't budge without having what it desired— her.

Their lips mashed against each other, their tongues fought as they tried to dominate the other throughout the make-out session.

But once again, Isis could only surrender to Sol's passion. What could she do? His burning passion was just incomparable against her adamant stubbornness...

When the two of them finally separated, their faces still lay close to each other's. Sol just smirked, seeing the dazed expression etched on Isis' flawless face.

"Still mad, my love?"

"I..."

Sol didn't wait for her to answer before placing another kiss on those plump and fiery crimson lips of hers, then a third and a fourth, and so on...

In the end, Isis was left breathless as she continued to hug Sol even after their kiss ended.

"This... This is cheating. Cheating I tell you..."

This was all she could say as she buried her head in his neck, too embarrassed to show how red her face had currently become due to all his teasing and shenanigans.

To her cry of outrage, Sol merely answered with his usual smile and replied with a subtle teasing note, "Cheating is sometimes a necessity."

"Huff."

Isis snorted before she began laughing lightly at the teasing that still continued.



"Dork."

"Well, as long as I am your Dork, it's fine, isn't it?"

"Ugh! You two make me want to barf for days. Stop with the rainbow stuff and sweet words and move on already."

"Father!?"

Isis was shocked and hurriedly pushed Sol away, but Sol was having none of that.

Tightening his embrace, he turned around to greet the intruder that intruded upon their quality time together— Anubis...

"Hello, father-in-law."

Sol gave Anubis the respect he deserved from him. Even though the two of them could now be loosely called friends to some extent, it didn't change the fact that Anubis was still his father-in-law first and foremost.

"Stop that bull crap. I feel like some fancy noble. Just call me Anubis."

Sol tilted his head to the right, not understanding what he was trying to insinuate. From the little he knew about his father-in-law, Anubis was originally the son of the Demon King when he was still a mortal.

Which could mean only one thing... That he was a royalty belonging to the land of demons.

Why then speak like that?

Of course, he only thought about it in his mind and didn't voice his thoughts out loud. Sol had enough know-hows about the world already that he could avoid asking useless questions that could only make the situation tenser.

Giving a look toward Isis who was obviously doing absolutely everything ok her being to avoid meeting his eyes, a lopsided smirk emerged on Anubis' lips. Her daughter could really be too cute sometimes...

"I hope you didn't forget our little chat there, dear daughter of mine."

From the way she fidgeted, he was sure that she did not forget in the slightest.

'Hah. Teasing my cute Tsundere daughter is really fun, all things considered. But, doing so to my wife is even better. Nothing can compare! Sorry daughter, your mom is just far cuter than you...'

Anubis thought mischievously as he ignored how Sol was hugging Isis. He did not mind these public displays of affection and in fact, even welcomed them.

This proved that at least for now, the couple was doing well and this was all that mattered to him. Sol was as close to the perfect son-in-law as he could possibly envision. So, these small moments that showcased their strong bond were all the more welcome to him.

"Well, shall we go, then? It's about time that they arrived..."

There was one reason why the three of them were flying in the same direction.

Nephthys and Nefertiti were coming and the three of them would be there to welcome them. It was going to be a joyous reunion for all the parties concerned...

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[Phoenix Realm]

'Finally, my torture is about to end.'

Glancing back at the Phoenix territory, the scene of Gabriel, Nephthys, and Nefertiti standing together in the same place they did with Sol, Nent, and Isis when those three left could be seen by one's watchful eyes.

Nefertiti was so excited that joy could literally be seen oozing out from her every pore.

Her wait had been torturous, but soon it would be completely rewarded, she was sure of it. She just had to hold on for a little bit more and everything would be alright.

Looking at the girl that was normally the incarnation of grace and poise fidgeting like a drug junky that was suffering from withdrawal symptoms, Gabriel couldn't help but wonder just what kind of magic Sol casted on her.

At the same time, she knew she made the right decision in booting him out of her territory as fast as possible, or the result might have been pretty drastic for her to recover.

'Well, not like my daughter is any better.'

Gabriel fought the urge to facepalm herself.

After all, while Nephthys was trying to look indifferent, the eagerness that was practically slapped all over her face was impossible for one to miss. If she had a tail, Gabriel was sure that Nephthys's tail would be wagging so fast that it couldn't even be seen by ordinary eyes right now.

The two women were like little loyal puppies about to meet their owners.

'How shameful!! Haiyaahhh!'

Her smile was bitter but still, she was happy that they could be reunited with their loves.

Of course... There was one thing she wanted to be sure of before opening the gate.

"Nefertiti... Will you come back? Or... Is it time for farewell already?"

Nefertiti was surprised at suddenly being called. Her interactions with Gabriel had been few and far between.

In fact, Gabriel made a point to generally avoid Nent's children. Nefertiti knew that it was because Gabriel was uncomfortable with the reason behind their birth.

But in Nefertiti's opinion, this was pure sophistry mixed with hypocrisy.

Divine Beasts had the ability to give birth through energy separation for the simple reason that they were weapons that needed to be created fast.

Gabriel had given birth to children and grandchildren perfectly knowing that from the moment they were born, their Fate was to become weapons of mass destruction. Furthermore, none of those children ever had a choice in the matter.

In Nent's case, while Nent had her own selfish goals, she had at least given the option to her progeny. She had never imposed her belief on anyone nor forced them on anything.

If the two were evil, at least Nent was a lesser evil, in her opinion.

Hiding the distaste from her voice and expression, Nefertiti gave a succinct answer,

“It will depend on my Lord's will.”

Nefertiti made no plan in hiding who she considered as her Lord and it was certainly not Gabriel nor even the goddesses.

“Haha...”

All Gabriel could do was give a dry laugh at the clear-cut response.

‘Seriously. Did he use some kind of mind manipulation power on her?’

This went well past the level of creepiness and simply crept into the territory of a full blown mind-blowing phenomenon.

What she had seen in Nefertiti's room had been rather disturbing and shocking, to say the least.

Indeed, it was the quiet ones who were the most dangerous.

Since she could feel the distance Nefertiti was putting by drawing a line on the sand, Gabriel did not insist on continuing the conversation.

She understood very well that their relationship was not that close.

This was a very common sight in the Astral realm between the Divine beasts.

Gabriel was just one of the better ones. But not by much it seems. Such was the cruel fate of these realms...

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

#### **Chapter 344: CH 312:THEY ARE FINALLY HERE(2)**

With Anubis present, no matter how bold Sol was, he could not flirt with Isis as he had done so for the first half of their flight toward the realm portal.

Anubis might be an open-minded father and pretty free-minded in general, but there were still limits one shouldn't cross when it came to in-laws. After all, one shouldn't reach out and crave for a mile after being given merely an inch.

With the teasing part of their journey now behind them, the three of them flew faster toward their destination, far faster than they would've were it to be only Sol and Isis present in the journey. The place they were heading to was the very same island where Sol, Isis, Nent, and Sheherazade first landed at.

Reaching the island, Sol couldn't help but look at the surroundings with a nostalgic bout of emotions brimming inside of him.

It had only been a few months since he entered the dragon territory, but it felt way longer to him, as though an eternity had stretched between that time and their present times... He couldn't believe just how much change had happened in such a small span of time.

Be it in terms of skills, power, mindset, and even knowledge – the difference between the two was so great, so very incomparable that it was laughable, to say the least.

Were all those changes positive? Were all of them good for his future...

Sol could not really give out an answer to this question as he was now. Still, there was one thing he was absolutely sure of...

He was growing and changing with each possible moment and he did not wish to stop this process in the slightest. His mind was thoroughly sculpted by his experiences, the good and also the bad, and he wished to have more such experiences in order to better understand the world he was part of in this life.

"It really takes you back, right?"

Sol wasn't the only one reminiscing about the past. No matter what, this place also held dear memories for Isis too. That fateful day, she had taken her first step towards her independence and her own changes that helped in her further growth.

While her changes were undoubtedly to a lower degree compared to a monster like Sol, Isis considered the maturity she had obtained throughout this short yet meaningful storm of events as a well-earned bonus for herself...

During this trip, she was able to firmly open her eyes to the world of the living, being able to better understand how the world worked and what part the people living inside it played in it. She was able to shed off the spoiled princess aura that she once wielded that seemed to cling to her no matter what she did to remove it from herself.

More importantly, she had sealed the deal with Sol. Becoming as much a part of him as he had become a part of hers...

Her hand grasped that of Sol's almost unconsciously, as though it belonged there in the first place. Her sudden bold action surprised Sol a great deal, to the point that he almost subconsciously gawked at her, but he did not intend to reject what was given to him so he naturally grasped her hands with his own responding back to her action and cementing the warmth between themselves.

"Indeed. It's crazy how much and how little things have changed at the same time."

Anubis, meanwhile, simply observed the flow of time and space around them. He had killed many people in his lifetime using the mastery he held over those two elements and had a clear and concise knowledge about how they worked.

In fact, Anubis was thoroughly sure that the only ones who surpassed him in the domain of wielding those powers were Tiamat and Ambrosia.

After all, he did manage to steal a part of the Afterlife for himself. This was no mean feat no matter how you looked at it. The amount of knowledge necessary for pulling such a stunt was mind-boggling to anyone the least bit knowledgeable about the world.

But thanks to his Library inside his Mind Palace, all that knowledge was at his fingertips to use at any moment he so wished. Then again, he had to kill many people to get that knowledge in the first place.

In no way was his current goal to steal a part of Tiamat's territory for himself, that was for sure. It would be stupid of him to forsake such a good relationship between them, and hamper more and more relationships along the way, just for a part of her territory and there was also the fact that she would most likely stop him even if he tried to do so. So he would have lost an ally and in turn few other relationships he had along the way for practically nothing.

He just wanted to observe and learn how to open large secret tunnels between two realms.

What if he connected his own world with one or two territories this way? With that in his hands, he would be able to visit home whenever he wanted to without wasting the time of his tired undeads.

"Well guys, it's starting."

Anubis wasn't the only one observing the process, Sol was doing the same as him with the same intentions in mind only to a much higher degree.

While Sol's understanding of space was far lower than Anubis, he had the innate advantage of possessing his own dimension which would help him a lot to decipher the laws around this place.

Anubis was like a scientist who observed how birds flew in the sky and came up with the idea to create a plane.

While Sol was the bird itself trying to learn how to more efficiently do what he could naturally do with time.

One needed knowledge and understanding. The other only needed the intuition to kickstart his future powers.

The fabric of space and time on the island began to twist as the connection between two dimensions took place.

A tunnel was formed and a bluish black gate, emanating the aura of void and nothingness, appeared as the connection was soon completed.

'This is...'

Sol felt like sparks were going off in his brain as his understanding of the dimensional arts deepened just by observing the phenomena.

Becoming a Duke had truly changed many things for him and the benefits were merely starting to show. He was sure that he would slowly discover more and more of these benefits with enough time.

Once the portal was completely stabilized, all they could do now was wait for the people they were restlessly waiting to meet...

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[Phoenix Realm]

"I guess this is it."

When the portal opened, Gabriel released a sigh of resignation. Why wouldn't she? There was no turning back now that the deed was finally done. She would have to face the consequences and pay for her decision.

Still,

'How long has it been since I have seen her so happy? I've lost track of the time...'

Gabriel smiled inwardly, she may have to sacrifice her pride, but she was no dragon. It was a cheap price for her to pay in exchange for the happiness of her daughter.

'Perhaps I should try more in the future?'

This feeling was something she liked. While Gabriel didn't have to deal with constant rebellion and betrayal of her children like Tiamat, they weren't exactly close either.

Because of her own shortcomings, she might have lost Nent forever. If not for the existence of Sol, perhaps she would have had to put down her own daughter by her own hands.

It was a future she had never wished to witness much less live through in this timeline...

"Thanks, mother. Really, thank you so much."

Nephtys teared up slightly and hugged Gabriel tightly. Words couldn't express just how much grateful she felt towards her.

"Oh? Why the sudden display of affection? I hope that this doesn't mean you are about to get kidnapped again by that bastard."

"Shut up and hug me back."

Nephtys laughed, perfectly understanding that Gabriel was just awkward and at loss about what to say and finally simply did as she was told by her reckless daughter.

Standing on the side, Nefertiti only spared a glance at the display of affection before immediately losing interest.

While she was not particularly close to her biological parents, they had an alright relationship with them. Though truthfully speaking, her servants had been more parents to her than those that had given birth to her.

Had it been a few months ago, she might have watched this scene with faint jealousy, but now, she couldn't care less. All she wanted was to traverse that accursed portal that was separating from her goal.

"Hahaha. Let's go. From the way that girl is looking at us, I feel like she will snap anytime soon."

Nefertiti was surprised at those words and immediately bowed, "I am terribly sorry, I did not mean to show disrespect."

Nefertiti couldn't help but berate herself. Impatience was the enemy of success. What if she was forbidden from going through the portal?

Thankfully, her fear did not become a reality. As Gabriel knew that Nefertiti was not really in the best state of mind currently, she did not wish to dilly dally any longer.

"Do not worry. All is forgiven."

Finally, after one last hug and Nefertiti giving a bow of gratitude to Gabriel, the two Phoenixes went through the portal.

Now alone, Gabriel sighed ruefully. It was a weird sensation. Three of her daughters had now left the realm. It felt a little lonely.

"Well, time to make my relationship with the youngest a little better."

This would help in taking her mind away from the incoming humiliation.

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

#### **Chapter 345: CH 313: THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING**

[Dragon territory, 1st Heaven]

The first thought that went through her mind was the inevitable fact that... going through the portal was not a sensation she appreciated too much.

It felt like she was being squeezed and stretched at the same time, time and space became momentarily meaningless to her.

A moment became an eternity and the concept of distance had become nothing but an afterthought.

When she finally stepped on the other side the portal connected to, Nefertiti couldn't help but take a deep breath. All of her senses were cheering at the fact that she was finally back to reality.

The fresh breeze of the sea, the sound of the birds flying around as well as the subtle ringing of the waning waves.

For her, who had lived in a world of never ending desert for as long as she could remember, those sensations were both odd and wonderful at the same time.

It was truly a confusing situation for her. A sense of oxymoronic feelings raced through her head.

At any other time she would have slowly deciphered those new sensations and fully analyzed them.

But right now...

Right here...

The moment her gaze landed on him.

Everything else lost its importance. Only him and him alone was left in her sights.

Nefertiti had dreamed of this very day for as long as she could remember but now that she was here she was suddenly at a loss as to what to do.

What could she even do in this situation?

How should she greet him? Was there a certain way to greet someone you've met after a long time?

She didn't know, nor could she think up anything suitable. Her mind was drawing a complete blank at this moment.

"I..."

She opened her mouth, but was unable to speak her mind. But she soon realized that she didn't need to do any overthinking nor did she need to say anything... He would do it for her...

"I am so happy to see you, Nefertiti."

She felt herself tightly ensnared in his embrace. Unable and unwilling to move from that position.

She had never felt so much at ease as she did at this moment. That embrace, his loving words, those were enough to completely make all of her worries vanish into thin air.

This was truly a magical moment for her. The ones that were spoken of in fairy tales, and she was thoroughly relishing in this moment...

While all of this was happening, Isis took a step back and observed Sol and Nefertiti briefly before gazing at the scene that was truly interesting to her.

The reunion of her dear parents.

Anubis had vanished for many many years so the last time those two had been together had been quite long ago.

In a corner of her mind, Isis couldn't help but become worried about this sudden reunion of theirs.

She couldn't help but wonder if her parents would still share the same intimacy that they once shared.

After all, even the greatest love could fade away with time.

"My dear and beloved wife. You are as stunning and breath-taking as I remembered you to be. You haven't changed a bit..."



Nephthys smiled. She knew very well that Anubis did not care about physical appearance in the slightest.

What mattered to him was the beauty of the Soul itself. Something that was difficult to change for any being.

But even though she was happy to see her husband after so many years, wouldn't it be too easy if she simply accepted all of this so easily?

Crossing her arms below her abundant chest, a movement that greatly offended Isis by the way, Nephthys moved her head to the side.

"You are very mistaken if you believe that just some sweet words are enough to compensate for the time you've been gone."

Isis cringed a little and when she heard Sol approaching her with Nefertiti walking one step behind him, she couldn't help but mutter.

"Is this how I sound usually?"

"Oh. You have no idea."

While they had tried to be quiet, there was no way Nephthys couldn't hear them.

"\*Ahem\*"

Coughing a little to hide her embarrassment, she ignored Anubis who was giving her a cheeky smile and approached Isis before giving her a hug.

"I am glad you are safe."

Once they separated she looked her daughter up and down and nodded to herself.

She could feel that Isis was no longer chaste and the reason for this was standing right beside her.

Giving a look at Sol, Nephthys couldn't help but nod in admiration inwardly.

'Such startling growth.'

The young man who had struggled when facing two Duke level bandits was no more.

"What should I call you now? Dragon Emperor or Son-in-law?"

Sol shook his head, "The title of dragon emperor comes from a power that is not mine. Though it's quite a mouthful, I do like being called son-in-law."

Sol did not like people calling him Dragon Emperor that much.

They had called him so because of what he did during the war.

But the problem was that all that was only possible thanks to that foreign Divine power.

This was a title he did not deserve yet. Furthermore he was not particularly interested in becoming the "Dragon Emperor."

If he had to get a title, he wanted something that uniquely belonged to him.

Nephthys covered her mouth with the back of her hand as she chuckled. She was happy to see that despite his growth in power, his personality did not change that much.

He was still a proud but kind boy with his head on his shoulder.

Her daughter had found a good man.

She didn't know how long it would last, but at least it wouldn't be a problematic relationship.

"Well, I think we will leave the two of you be."

Sol gave a nod at Anubis and Nephthys before taking Isis and Nefertiti by the hand and flying away.

"Hey! I also want to see my mom."

"Stop being a busybody. Let them have their time alone."

As the three of them walked away, their voices still reached the two adults.

Then as if remembering something, he turned around and shouted—

"Take your time. No need to go salute the Empress now. I will take care of it."

—Then left with a grin etched on his face.

Now alone, the atmosphere between the husband and wife solidified for a short instant. But the atmosphere broke pretty fast.

"I really like that boy. Hahaha!"

Anubis laughed out loud, thankful for the opportunity to be alone with his wife.

Nephthys, though embarrassed by her earlier actions, felt much the same.

The two of them gazed deeply into each other's eyes. Searching and hoping to find the same spark that had existed since the start of their relationship.

Neither was disappointed by what they saw.

"I am truly sorry."

Anubis. The Necromancer King, Master of Death and one of the most powerful beings in existence bowed his head with no reluctance on his face.

His expression was contrite with none of the earlier clowning.

"Why are you apologizing?"

"I did you wrong many times and for that I am truly sorry."

"Will you stop your exploration if I ask?"

"Yes."

Anubis did not even hesitate for even a single instant. His family was everything for him.

Anubis wanted to go home.

But this was mostly nostalgia and obsession as well as a need to find the truth that was compelling him.

Keeping his head low, Anubis felt Nephthys' hands gently cupping his face and raising his head.

When he looked up, he could see infinite love and compassion in her eyes. The same love that enchanted him once upon a time.

"Since when did my husband become such a doofus?"

Nephthys gave a quiet laugh before putting her forehead against his,

"The man I fell in love with is the incarnation of freedom itself. In the past, I was nothing but a bird trapped in a golden cage. But you were the one who freed me from it."

Nephthys could never forget what she felt while following Anubis through the many adventures they had in the Astral realm.

Not everything was good of course. They had their moments of dispute and doubts.

They sometimes faced nearly impossible odds and she had to face the cold eyes of her relatives when she came back with a kid from a necromancer.

Indeed. Her life had been filled with both hardship and delight.

But compared to the time when she was nothing more than a soldier fighting for a cause she did not even understand, those days could only be called heaven.

This was why Nephthys had no regrets.

"You are the one who taught me what freedom truly is. There is no way I will become the chain that binds you."

"But..."

"No buts. You raised Isis into a fine woman with a clear set of values. You always took time to make it. I never felt like I was abandoned."

Her eyes became wet with tears, "You certainly are not a perfect husband or father but no one can be perfect and I love both your good points and your flaws."

Anubis closed his eyes. It was in moments like this that he really felt like a scumbag.

Rather than shouting or cursing, this quiet acceptance of his wife hurt him all the more.

But it also made him realize how Nephthys and Isis were the best things that had ever happened to him.

'I am sorry for being such a bad husband.'

"Thank you."

'I am sorry for making you cry so much.'

"Truly thank you for everything."

'Once I find the truth, I promise that I will dedicate my whole life to make up for everything.'

Thus Anubis solemnly swore inwardly while looking lovingly at his beloved wife.

### Son of the Hero King

#### **Chapter 346: CH 314:NOT A PRETTY FEELING**

While Anubis and his wife, Nephthys, were laying their feelings for each other bare out in the open, closing the gaps that had naturally formed over the long years of absence and staying apart from each other, Isis, Nefertiti, and Sol were flying toward the Tower of Babel.

As a guest, it was imperative to salute or give your greetings to the host. This was the most basic form of respect after all, no matter which race's customs you may follow.

Sol had bragged about providing some time to Anubis and Nephthys but in reality, his help was completely unnecessary. After all, Anubis was at the same level as Tiamat, in terms of power and authority, and his wife thus had no need to bow down to anyone or anything. She would still do so, as a representative of all the Phoenixes, but there was no hurry to do so.

The same couldn't be said in the case of Nefertiti, however...

Nefertiti had no great authority or power etched in her name, nor was she the representative of anything noteworthy. She was practically a nobody so to speak. She didn't even need to salute and exchange greetings with Tiamat— for the simple explicit reason that she was simply unworthy to be standing directly in front of the Dragon Empress.

At most, she would have to exchange greetings with the Dragon Queen, Kiyohime, or perhaps only Aqua for that matter as she didn't even have the authority to invoke some of the time of the Dragon Queen as some would obnoxiously point out.

Anyways, greeting either of the two would have been more befitting of her status as being the close relative of Gabriel, the divine beast of Chastity...

But there was one small thing that changed the whole equation altogether.

She was Sol's woman. One of his loved ones.

While Sol was definitely not at the same level as Anubis, being miles apart from him in both power and status, he was still Tiamat's beloved grandson, in the end of the day, so he needed to have Nefertiti at least exchange the usual greetings with his grandmother even for courtesy's sake...much less the fact that he was hoping for them to meet each other and form a bond, no matter how light and superficial that may be...

It would be good if she liked his women and was in good terms with them but he would be satisfied with just her knowing and acknowledging them at the every least...

Moreover, it wasn't just Nefertiti who needed the meeting with his grandmother for the exchange of greetings.

Sol had realized, while he was journeying with Isis, that he had yet to go to Tiamat with the necromancer of the Phoenix race, that was Isis, in tow with him and introduce her formally to the Empress of Dragons.

He was absolutely certain that, for a person such as Tiamat – his beloved grandmother – this kind of niceties might simply be a waste of her valuable time. But he was not really doing it for her. He was simply going through this troublesome scenario for those two adorable girls.

In one way or another, Tiamat was the only direct relative who can also be called a guardian or parent figure that was alive and kicking in this world. So he at least wished to have her blessings being the person who represented the place of his father and mother. As weird as it may seem, that was what he truly desired.

“Did you truly have to take me away with you? I wanted to spend some more time with my parents. It's not every day that I get to be with 'both of them' together you know...”

Isis couldn't help but complain as she kept looking back behind her time and time again. She had truly been curious about what would happen between them and was dying to witness the long awaited reunion of the two people who were among the short list of people she loved and cared for in this rotten world.

“I mean... If you are so curious about your parents having sex, I can certainly send you back.”

“...What?”

Isis froze for a while, not understanding what Sol meant. But then her reaction was also a shock to him.

“Seriously?”

He turned around and looked at her incredulously.

“Your parents didn't see each other for years. What do you think they will do after getting such an opportunity? Hold hands and sing a love song or something?”

“Hah...”

Isis was speechless and reality just struck her like a barrelling truck. She remembered what she felt when she became one with Sol.

Indeed, if she was deprived from such a feeling for years, she would certainly want to get everything paid back to her with interest.

“Pfft!”

On the side, Nefertiti chortled a little but hurriedly covered her mouth, “I am truly sorry.”

“Apologizing makes it even worse!”

Isis blushed and flames covered her wings before she accelerated and left a trail of holy flames in her wake, leaving Nefertiti alone with Sol.

Sol was not surprised by Isis' reaction. For all her bluster, she was a girl with a very thin skin that would get embarrassed very easily.

Sol found it very cute and endearing. Since even when she was embarrassed, Isis rarely used needless violence.

Gazing back at Nefertiti, a bitter smile formed on his mouth . He wasn't even actively using his Eye of Akasha, but he could see one incredibly pink and red thread tying her to him.

The string seemed so robust that Sol wondered if it was even possible to cut it when he had the power of an absolute demigod.

'I wonder what I will see when I take a look at Camelia and Milia.'

This was a rather frightening thought worth pondering greatly about.

"You seem uneasy."

Nefertiti was startled when she felt a hand on her face.

"My lord..."

"It seems like we need to have a talk. But this can wait. For now, let's hurry before Isis throws another tantrum."

"Very well."

She was about to accelerate when she felt a hand around her waist taking her in a princess carry and then flying forward far faster than she could have ever hoped to with her powers.

Feeling the searing warmth of his body, gently enveloping her whole being, Nefertiti released a sigh of contentment. Her mind was stabler than it had been for the last few days and now she could really feel like she was herself.

"By the way. I do not know if I already said this, but I missed you tons. I am happy to see you."

Despite the rushing cold wind of the sea, Sol's voice perfectly reached her ears and her heart.

She could now feel that all this wait had been truly worth it. Of course, back in the corner of her mind, there was this voice whispering to her that she was nothing to him but a mere sex sleeve.

That even this pitiful place of hers that she held in his heart and mind would soon be taken away.

After all, she was neither blind nor deaf. It was easy to see that Sol and Isis' intimacy had long since gone past the level of friends and Nephthys' words had confirmed the truth.

At the end of the day, the one Sol chose to form a contract with was not her but Isis.

As for her, she was nothing more than a gift given to him by Nent.

This was where her value started and unfortunately also stopped.

Nothing more.

Nothing less.

As cruel and disheartening as that fact may be...

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

#### **Chapter 347: CH315:FEELING WORSE**

After catching up to Isis, the rest of the flight till their destination point of the great tower was pretty uneventful in summary.

This came from the fact that while Isis could be a handful at times, she was not so careless that she was unable to notice the somber mood that hung between Sol and Nefertiti.

Though this atmosphere seemed to mainly originate from Nefertiti rather than being a concentrated aura converging from both as a pair.

Isis had never been particularly close to Nefertiti during all her time in the Phoenix realm. The two of them were from different factions and while they weren't enemies, they were in no way friends either. So, keeping tabs with her was never in either of their priorities.

However, Isis knew for a fact that this circumstance was bound to change now that they fell in love with the same man.

'I am joining a harem after all.'

Isis didn't believe for a single second that a group of strong and independent women – she had no doubt about that fact about Sol's women – could all equally enjoy the love of a single man with no conflicts and only happiness and cooperation.

Time was a precious resource and the larger the harem became, the less time Sol would be able to provide or allot to everyone involved. He could do nothing about this, his hands were tied when it came to this problem.

There were also the thoughts of future children that would surely come with enough passing of time. Isis had been at the helm of the underworld alongside Anubis for a long time and she knew very well how merciless the battle for succession or power could be.

The saving grace here was the knowledge that only a Blessed, chosen by the goddess of sin— lust, could become a crown prince or princess and her children would obviously become the ruler of the underworld one way or another.

Succession wasn't really a problem in this case but one could never know of the unpredictable future. Throughout history, siblings had killed each other for far too less.

Simple pettiness for the others could turn into an all consuming jealousy for not being the better or more lucky of the lot. This, in turn, would surely lead to a deadly feud that could threaten to harm the very foundation of the family.

This was why she needed a companion or rather companions. Like-minded girls who would join her to create a faction to not yield to the others.

'Me, Nent and Nefertiti. Perhaps we can also put Kiyohime into the mix? What should we be called? The Phoenix faction? Though with Kiyohime present, that seems unfair. Then perhaps we could be the Astral realm faction? Seems good enough, I guess...'

She giggled at the thought, gathering strange gazes from both Nefertiti and Sol. Sol couldn't help but think if the girl had gone cuckoo from anger or not, but was quick to dismiss that thought and focus more on the journey ahead.

---

At the speed they were traveling, undoubtedly high due to all of them being in the Duke realm, it did not take long to reach the tower. Sol was honestly becoming pretty tired of traveling all this distance. Perhaps he should ask for the authority to directly enter the different Heavens as he wished from his grandmother? He did not know if Tiamat would grant him this request but it was definitely worth giving a try at the very least.

"So this is the Tower of Babel, huh?"

Nefertiti muttered, great curiosity brimming in those enchanting eyes of hers. The term phoenix eyes were eponymous after all. The tower was a striking monument that went so far above, directly piercing the clouds in the air, that it seemed to be without an end.

"You knew about it?" Isis exclaimed in wonder.

"Indeed. Since I knew we would come here, I decided to explore the history and custom of this territory in order to not make a fool of myself."

"Seriously? You are quite studious. I didn't study anything. It was quite interesting to have Kiyohime tell us the story and the history of this realm."

Isis laughed a little embarrassedly. She realized that she had been quite carefree when coming to a territory she knew nothing about.

"I am sorry but not everyone has a powerful father or mother that makes us more important than we can ever hope to be."

The atmosphere suddenly froze solid. Chilliness permeated in the air due to the phoenix girl's sudden remark. Nefertiti's words, dripping with utmost bitterness, surprised both Isis and Sol quite a bit.

But the one that was the most surprised among them all, was none other than Nefertiti herself.

She couldn't believe that she said something like that out loud.

"I... I am terribly sorry. I..."

The poor girl was utterly lost as to what to do. She wanted to apologize, wanted to say that she did not mean what she said, but she did not want to lie either about the true feelings that was brewing in her heart.

Nefertiti was truly envious of Isis.



While she was never mistreated nor forced to do anything, there was no lying that she was not born from love or anything of the like. She was not even born for war. Simply for the machinations of one woman who had a very selfish goal. She was one of the many pawns, simply a means to an end.

From the moment of her birth, she had been assigned to a single role and while she had the choice to reject it, there was not much else she could do with her life either.

Unlike her, Isis was born from two powerful parents who loved each other while receiving the blessing, albeit slightly unwillingly, of Gabriel.

Some phoenixes might despise or even hate Isis, but there was absolutely nothing they could do to her. After all, even without her parents supporting her, she was still stronger and more talented than all of them combined. Another trait she received due to her heritage and parents.

No matter how one looked, at least on the surface, Isis's life seemed to be far more beautiful than hers.

Nefertiti knew it was an illusion. The pasture was always greener on the other side after all. She knew Isis didn't have some idyllic perfect life. There was bound to be a moment or a string of moments she hated. Moments she regretted with all her being and her fair share of pain and suffering.

No one had a perfect life.

But knowing this did not stop her from being envious.

Using reason and logic to fight against envy and jealousy was the most laughable and useless thing to do in the world.

They were fierce and ugly feelings that burrowed deep in the heart and once they took root, gradually polluted it until there was nothing left but darkness.

It was a slippery path that could lead to a point of no return if one did not act fast. She knew all that. But it changed nothing.

In the end, all she could do was hang her head down in shame.

'Why am I being like this?'

Tears were forming at the corner of her eyes. She did not wish to act like this. At least not in front of Sol.

She did not wish to show her ugly and petty self.

Her beauty was all she was worth to anyone and she hoped that she could at least stay as the most beautiful in his eyes.

But now...

Isis, far from being angry, gave an awkward laugh instead, "Well, there is no need to apologize. It was indeed careless of me to not do research to at least know what kind of place this was."

She did not wish for the atmosphere to deteriorate further.

"Well, shall we go?"

The door of the elevator opened and Sol entered, not commenting on anything.

The two women gave a look at Sol, but he was surprisingly impassive and his face a mask of indifference. So all they could do was follow him and enter as well.

Nefertiti had been focusing on keeping her tears from spilling out and was at least partially successful. Though, there was no hiding how her eyes had reddened due to her emotions.

Isis wondering if the space in this elevator had always been so small. The atmosphere was slightly suffocating as Sol continued to stay silent.

Isis opened her mouth, but one look from Sol made her shut up immediately.

It was the first time Sol had looked like this in front of her. She could tell that he was well and truly pissed. She couldn't help but feel a little wronged,

'Why the hell am I also getting punished?'

Still, she did not wish to take the fall for whatever was about to happen now.

Nefertiti was feeling even worse. She felt like a criminal walking toward her just execution. She knew very well that she was the cause of Sol's current mood.

'Is this it? Will he give up on me?'

Such negative feelings kept forming in her head, causing her to feel like she was about to suffocate from all the anxiety.

It was the first time Nefertiti realized that breathing was such a hard thing to do.

But, unlike what Isis and Nefertiti were thinking, Sol was not angry at any of them.

He was more angry at himself.

'I have been too careless.'

A harem.

It was the dream of many men. At least, if it was a fully functioning one where everything remained in idyllic harmony.

That was but a fool's dream...

But in reality, a harem was not such a beautiful thing.

The women in his harem were not robots devoid of emotions that would smile no matter what he did.

They had their own thoughts, goals and feelings, like any other beings capable of reasoning.

Sol couldn't help but berate himself for not thinking more deeply about how Nefertiti must have felt when he took Isis over here and left her all alone in the Phoenix realm while leaving with Isis and Nent.

He could not imagine how she must have felt, but one did not need to be a genius to know that it must have been truly a bitter and awful feeling.

Even then, Nefertiti did her best to show a happy face.

Sol remembered what happened when he asked her to come with him to the Dragon realm.

Back then, Nefertiti had refused, claiming that she would only be a burden and wished to become more useful.

Sol had picked up her feelings of inferiority but, after being around many independent women, he had simply nodded and did not pursue further. He respected Nefertiti's goals and ambitions.

This was a mistake on his part. A mistake that had reared its ugly mouth at this moment.

'I shouldn't deal with all the women as if they were the same.'

It didn't take long for them to reach their destination.

"Girls, let's go. We will talk later about what happened a few moments ago."

No one was perfect. Mistakes would always happen.

The most important thing was to rectify them before it was too late.

Too late to look back and think that something could be done better...

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

#### **Chapter 348: CH 316:FEELING AWED**

When the ding sound of the elevator resounded Isis looked up silently toward Sol.

"Tiamat probably already knows what happened earlier but it doesn't really matter. She will not intrude on my personal matters..."

Sol stopped there, not speaking for a beat, before shaking his head with a wry smile etched on his face, "Well she might tease me or mock me a bit here and there but I doubt she would do such things in front of you. In the end, all you need to do is pay your respects to her and your job is done."

Sol suddenly felt like he was some Chinese Emperor who was going to greet and have an exchange of subtleties with the Empress Dowager with his concubines in tow.

It didn't help much that Tiamat's style of clothes looked to be Chinese in origin as well.

'My bad habit of escaping reality when there are problems is rearing its head right now.'

Sol scoffed at this stupid habit of his and discarded all stray thoughts from his mind.

Then he held their hands and began to walk forward, his voice noticeably warmer than before,

"Nefertiti, you will present your apologies later to Isis. No matter what, you had no right to talk to her like you did, so it's inevitable that you apologize."

"Sol, it isn't really a problem, I..."

"Do not interrupt me, please."

Isis wanted to speak some more but held her tongue when she heard Sol's words. She could see that Sol was giving her a pleading gaze.

<<Let me take care of this, please...>>

Isis was a little startled at the voice that suddenly sounded inside her mind, but since she was used to fusing with Sheherazade, it wasn't surprising enough that she would show a reaction outwardly so Nefertiti wasn't able to find out anything strange.

<<If you want to talk, just focus...>>

<<I...Sol...>>

It didn't take long for Isis to take a few tries and she was soon able to perfectly speak out her thoughts with just a few tries.

<<Since when can you do something like that?>>

<<I explored the limits of our contract. As long as the distance isn't too big between us, I can discuss things like this with you. But we can speak about that later.>>

For divine beasts, such simple multitasking was easier than breathing. So the two of them were able to converse and walk at the same time without having any trouble or it feeling unnatural.

<<I won't keep this up for long. You just need to understand that I got everything figured out. I will take care of Nefertiti myself...>>

<<Very well...I will not insist in that case...>>

What else could she say after he spoke like that? She wasn't close enough to Nefertiti to clamor like there was no tomorrow.

Furthermore, she didn't wish to get on his bad side by pissing him off for no reason. So, the only logical thing remaining was to agree with him.

<<I am sorry for having reacted so coldly earlier and thank you for not beginning a dispute with Nefertiti despite her slight towards you. I can't begin to say how grateful I am because of that...>>

Isis was not the kind of good girl or even a pushover who would take an insult laying down.

The only reason she didn't explode when Nefertiti spoke like this was that Isis could feel the difference between true malice and simple jealousy or loss of control.

Nefertiti was clearly in the latter case. At least, that was the case till now. You never knew what jealousy would turn into malice after all...

---

When they finally reached the large door that separated them from Tiamat's throne room, Sol knocked on the door lightly, even though he knew he didn't need to.

"We are about to enter. Please don't forget to turn off any kind of force field you may have on."

Once bitten, twice shy. Sol had no problem facing her passive gravity, but he doubted Isis and much less Nefertiti could do so.

Nefertiti was already feeling pretty down. There was no need to make it worse by destroying any self-esteem she still might have left inside her.

Silence greeted him for a few seconds before Tiamat's voice finally reached him,

"There was no such thing in the first place, though."

"Haha, indeed, I totally believe you."

Sol's lips were pulled into a boyish grin as he pushed the gate open.

All this while, Nefertiti was watching in awe, nearly forgetting how upset she had been a few moments before.

This was the Dragon Empress. The strongest Demigod alive on the side of Order and most likely the strongest one ever to walk on both sides and Sol was talking and even joking around with such an existence?

Normal people would say that it was normal since Sol was Tiamat's grandson but Nefertiti knew firsthand that being 6 it'sFamily did not mean particularly much to Divine Beasts.

When she finally took a step in the throne room, Nefertiti gulped deeply and the only thing that stopped her from making a fool of herself was the fact that she refused to cause humiliation to Sol.

Plainly spoken, Tiamat was a scary being.

It didn't matter what she looked like. At the current moment, Nefertiti could feel with all her being that all that was needed was one thought for her to be erased completely.

Isis was faring a little better than her, but this was simply because she was used to being in the underworld. Still, she had to admit that from the little she could see, Tiamat was worthy of her reputation as the strongest.

She averted her eyes, unwilling to gaze deeply into the soul of that monster.

Tiamat had long, waist-length hair as black as the darkness of nihility itself. The top of her hair was tied up with an intricate gold hairpin with a pale blue tassel hanging from one end.

Her right eye was of a deep golden, while her left eye was covered by a red eyepatch. Golden dragon-shaped earrings that matched with the color of her eyes and hairpin were dangling in the air.

This time, rather than her usual qipao, Tiamat was wearing an intricate black and white themed imperial dress. The dress was quite skimpy, not reaching past her upper thighs, in fact it barely reached it. The off shoulder dress revealed much of her upper boobs and cleavage and it was long sleeved in nature. The end of her sleeves being overly spacious keeping up with the imperial theme. To add the final touch, a dark colored robe, originating from her neck, flitted over her back and went past her dress to reach her feet.

Finally, unlike the last time, her beautiful dainty legs were not unprotected as she wore a pair of white stockings and traditional sandals. Her dressing sense became a mix of regality added with elegance but still paired with her usual sexiness.

Tiamat was a beautiful and enticing woman without a shred of doubt.

But there were very few people in this world who would focus on her beauty.

The regal aura she emanated, even when she tried to contain it, was simply too overpowering for the vast majority to focus on her appearance.

Of course, our dear brazen boy was without a doubt one of those people.

When the three approached, both Nefertiti and Isis bowed deeply in respect, almost instinctively so.

This was the normal reaction. The simple fact that they did not kneel down in fright was already a testament of their strength.

But Sol was different, it might be different if she actually used her aura to overpower him consciously, but there was no way he would be covered by her natural Aura.

"You changed your look? For what occasion?"

Tiamat shrugged playfully, and raised her hands, "Since you are bringing your women to me, I decided to look a little more serious. What do you think?"

"Please, even if you walked naked, people would still worship you without daring to take a look."

"Sigh, that's true. I guess I am simply too powerful for mere mortals."

"Bragging, I see. Still, I can assure you that your clothes clearly make you look like an evil enchanting Empress."

"I cut out everything except the Beautiful Empress part, thanks for the compliment."

Like this, the small banter between the two continued for a short while before she finally took a look at Isis and Nefertiti.

"Isis, was it? I did not have the occasion to talk with you until now. But I heard you showed off quite a bit on the battlefield. Great job."

"Your words are too kind."

Isis humbly accepted the praises, but inside she was jubilating.

After all, how many people could brag that they had been praised by the Dragon Empress?

"As for you..."

Tiamat looked up and down at Nefertiti before nodding, "Gabriel told me that you obtained your true name recently. I must admit that I am pretty impressed."

The true name was the first step towards obtaining the power of a King.

At this rate, the Phoenixes would have two more King ranks.

The importance of a King rank did not need to be stated.

They were strategic class weapons whose presence could determine the flow of an entire battlefield.

'Then again it doesn't matter, those two are with Sol.'

Her grandson was truly surprising. It seemed like his best talent wasn't Dimensional magic but rather picking up talented girls with some slight mental problems.

"Well...Since you are here, I can't really let you go like this, right?"

Tiamat pondered for a moment, "Yeah

let's do this."

She snapped her hand and pointed at the two girls.

"I will give you two access to one of my lairs. There you can take any two treasures of your choice."

She looked down at them with the smile that only a grandma who wanted to spoil someone could do.

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

#### **Chapter 349: CH 317:FEELING LIKE SHIT**

"I will give you two access to one of my lairs. From there you can take any two treasures of your choice."

When Tiamat spoke till this point with that regal voice of hers, Isis and Nefertiti, even more so in her case particularly, were elated beyond words.

It wasn't because of the treasure to be exact. Isis could obtain all the riches in the world if she so wished for it and despite being lower ranked than Isis, Nefertiti was still a very important figure in the Phoenix realm. She was supposed to be a King ranked phoenix after all, of course she would be an important figure of the realm.

What elated them the most, however, was the fact that Tiamat, a dragon— the dragon empress herself for that matter, was willing to part with some of her treasures just for them. And they were given the choice of choosing whatever they wanted. This was a great show of favor no matter how you looked at it.

In a way, Tiamat was showing that she had wholeheartedly accepted them as being part of her family. That was certainly a great feeling to have. The two young phoenixes both agreed on that part.

"You have chosen some fine women, my beloved grandson. I am pretty happy with them if I say so myself."

Tiamat offered them a wane smile as she praised both Isis and Nefertiti wholeheartedly. But Sol knew for a fact that the praise she was giving them was neither for their appearance nor for anything along those lines as one may think. This praise was directed towards the influence they were wielding for themselves.

One could even say that...through them and also Nent as a whole, Sol had a nearly unmatched influence in the Phoenix realm itself.

Then when adding Kiyohime into the mix Sol also had a great control over the Dragon realm as well.

Tiamat could see that Sol readily understood the slight meanings behind her praise and couldn't help but laugh inwardly at the brains of her cheeky grandson. It was really funny how, even without his own power that was unprecedented in all realms, Sol had enough influence to overturn worlds without any problem through his women and the subsequent connections alone.

All of this was possible simply by using the power of the women in relationship with him alone. He was a Casanova that all Casanovas could worship as their god.

'Should I say, as expected of Luxuria's Blessed? Seems about right...'

She chuckled slightly at that thoroughly amusing thought before shifting her focus on both Nefertiti and Isis.

Truth be told, she cared not for them nor their influence or allegiance in the slightest. The fact that Isis was Anubis' daughter did not matter in the least in her mind. She just wasn't that sort of person.

The most that she could bring out of this relationship would be if she lent some powers or a hand in need of trouble to Isis and inadvertently make Anubis owe her a debt or two if needed

But when they entered her chambers with Sol, they weren't introduced as someone's daughter or the relative of a mighty being...rather their only identity was as Sol's women.

This was a totally different matter altogether.

This was perhaps only the second time Tiamat was able to play the role of a mother-in-law and this time she was dead set on wanting to do it right. She was going to do her all to keep things in the best shape possible.

She would be pretty sad if her indifferent attitude chased her beloved grandson, Sol, away from her.

"So, Sol what do you plan to do later on? A ceremony or some sorts?"

Sol was taken aback by her words and he could suddenly feel two hot gazes latched on his back, searing him with their intensity. It needed no mention as to where those gazes originated from.

He threw a look full of bitterness toward Tiamat for bringing this sensitive issue up at this moment, but he still chose to think about it carefully.

He had never really thought about conducting an official marriage ceremony.

This was a mistake on his part.

But, to his defense, the reason for not thinking about it was simply because he didn't think a ceremony was particularly important to prove his relationship.

But this was what he was thinking alone. In all his thoughts he had forgotten to include a very important outlook...



What about the girls? What did they want? Were they the same as him in their stance about the ceremony or not?

Sol thought back to those in the mortal realm. He didn't know for the others, but he was sure that Medea would be ecstatic at the idea of an official ceremony and a marriage.

This would wash away all her shame and redeem her image in the eyes of history. She would also be able to talk proudly about her relationship and wouldn't have to hide like a criminal anymore.

From the searing hot gazes on his back, he could sense that both Isis and Nefertiti would also be overjoyed at this idea.

But the more he thought about it, the greater his headache developed into a full blown migraine.

Should he marry all of them at the same time or separately?

Where should the marriage happen?

What title would he give them?

So many small and big questions that needed to be taken into account.

A normal marriage was enough to make a groom go crazy because of all the things he had to take into account.

What about ten or more marriages?

'Ugh... Is this my retribution for creating a harem?'

Sol wasn't the only one deep in thought.

Isis didn't really want a wedding per se. But she would be happy to have one. She knew that Divine Beasts weren't really into such tradition but she hated how her mother had to live in shame for a long while because of her relationship with Anubis.

She wanted to realize the dream her mother was never able to realize. Get married with the man she loved under the blessing of the many— if possible everyone she loved and cared for.

Meanwhile Nefertiti was simply uneasy. Wondering if she was worthy of receiving such a grace.

In the end, while there were many doubts in his mind, Sol refused to disappoint the two girls behind him as well as the many who would hold the same expectations.

"I will hold a ceremony."

Tiamat kept a smile on her mouth as she looked at Sol's troubled countenance. Messing around with Sol was really fun after all.

She was beginning to like it. Of course, there was a time for playing around and a time for getting serious.

"Sol, for how long do you plan to stay?"

"I do not know exactly but as soon as I am completely rested and healed, I will visit Tartarus one last time then I will go back to the mortal realm."

"I see..."

Her finger tapped her armrest rhythmically, her mind rapidly spinning some thoughts before she spoke out...

"Firstly, since you are officially a prince of the Dragon race, you should visit the Elf kingdom later. I believe they will be great allies for you."

Sol looked up, "You do know the Elves and Humans are bitter enemies, right?"

Tiamat tilted her head, "I was pretty sure the humans were bitter enemies with all races except angels?"

"Well... Dwarves aren't our enemies either."

"That's because dwarves only care about money. They would sell their own parents for money and many did so throughout history."

Tiamat casually revealed some gruesome secrets whilst she was grumbling under her breath.

She couldn't believe that despite the sin of greed existing, her side was the one with the greatest amount of traitors. It seemed absurd to say the least. But pride had always been the worst of all sins so she didn't voice her complaints about that matter.

"Either way, do not worry. The past grievances between Elves and Humans are only remembered by some old elves and even so..."

Tiamat had a confident expression, "With your current status, it matters not."

"You do know that one of the Wings of Freedom is an elf, right? An elf that hate dragons."

"So?"

"So I am basically hundred percent sure that the moment I set foot in the country of elves the man will appear."

"Oh? Did you foresee this perhaps?"

"I cannot foresee, I follow the thread of destiny. And no I didn't follow the thread to come to this conclusion. I am just used to the fickle bullshit that is my life already."

Fate was fickle and what would be more interesting than the prince of a dragon race fighting against the man who hates dragons?

"Are there any demigods alive in the elf races currently?"

"None currently. Though, I remember there was one who could have become one. Sadly her road was destroyed after a fight."

Sol was suddenly interested, "What happened?"

Tiamat smiled mischievously, "She fought against Ambrosia's daughters and she was utterly crushed."

"Ah..."

"By the way this happened during the Era of your ancestor, Jupiter. When Lustburg was expanding."

"..."

Sol groaned inwardly, "...and I suppose that one is still alive?"

"Hahaha! Not only is she still alive but...she is also the current Queen of the elves. Her name is Satella. Satella Superbia." [1]

Tiamat of course did not remember the name of a failure like this for nothing. She had just been expecting the birth of a new mortal demigod.

So her disappointment was equal to her expectations.

"...Fuck..."

Sol could only curse vehemently.

If before he had any doubts, now there was none.

Without a shred of doubt, some bullshit will happen the moment he sets foot at the country of elves.

He could feel this in his bones down to his very marrow.

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

#### **Chapter 350: CH318:FEELING SCARED**

Sol had discovered early on about this fact— the law of Fate seemed to follow a system of narratives. Those suspicions of his were confirmed when he had been able to peer into Fate itself through his Divine weapon.

This was how he had been able to twist the threads of Fate around him and Nihil to establish a new fate under the Rule of Three.

<<Deus Ex Machina>> could make the impossible possible at its peak form, but Sol had only been able to make an event with 'an extremely low possibility' become a 'certainty' through his ability.

This was perhaps because his Zone was not assisted by any Kingly name or because the power of a demigod was still lacking in some aspects to reach the Ultimate form of his Zone.

Either way, Sol was sure that the moment he set foot in Southern Pride, he would be pulled into a new narrative.

In fact, he might have already been pulled in one already.

How it ended would depend on him.

When his thought reached this point, Sol couldn't help but think of the green-haired witch, Persephone, the Witch of Life.

For that woman, life was nothing but a never ending story.

It seemed that she had been right all along. Her view of life had been the closest to the truth of Fate and the core secrets of this world.

‘Well, this will be fun.’

After he was done dealing with the pressing matters of Lustburg, that needed his attention, he would visit a country full of half-naked beautiful elves who would worship him.

This might be pretty fun, all things considered.

So what if he had to deal with a King-ranked criminal who might attack him as well as a King ranked elf queen that could have transcended if she didn’t fight his lovers?

Worst case scenario he would just flee.

No... He wouldn’t flee. He would just make a tactical retreat.

Those were two very different concepts.

This was the greatest advantage of being a Dimensional Mage and Sol had no problem fleei...retreating in the face of danger.

“Well, this will definitely be fun.”

Tiamat laughed, glee covering her majestic face, “In fact, I hope those bastards appear. We currently cannot find them but if they dare to appear in Southern Pride, I can have Kiyohime or Fafnir descend and help you just in case.”

Since the dawn of the new era, the rules binding divine beasts to their realms were pretty strict.

Divine Beasts at the demigod level could not normally descend into the mortal realm. If they did, they had to have their full strength sealed through a rather painful process.

Descending in such a situation was basically begging to get assassinated. The only demigods she knew who dared to descend despite this rule were Asmodeus and that Nine-Tailed Fox under the virtue of Patience, Tamamo no Mae.[1]

It was crazy how those two crazy bastards did this in order to have children.

Asmodeus at least had a relationship with Echidna. Another demigod.

But that crazy fox went and fell in love with a pure mortal. Giving birth to the one who would later become the Supreme Daughter of Patientia in Wratharis — Inari Kiku Patientia.

For Divine Beasts below the demigod level, they had permission to descend but could not leave the confines of their territory in the mortal realm.

Dragons could only move in Southern Pride.

Phoenixes could only move inside Lustburg.

So on and so forth...

This was the rule.

To change this rule, it was necessary to ask the permission of the Beast of Sin ruling the area they wanted to move in.

If divine beasts below the demigod level wanted to enter Southern Pride, they needed the permission of Tiamat.

If they wanted to enter Lustburg, they needed the permission of Asmodeus. [3]

The only exception to this rule were third generation divine beasts like Sol who could move as they wished.

Tiamat's hand tightened on her armchair at the mere thought of Asmodeus.

While she was asleep, Kiyohime and Fafnir had wanted to descend and take Sol to Southern Pride. So that he could be raised by dragons.

But Asmodeus had refused them passage.

In hindsight, this was the best decision possible. She didn't know how Sol would have turned if he had been raised by dragons from the start in a country that would basically worship him.

There was also the fact that Asmodeus was most likely just following the orders of Luxuria.

Still, this didn't abate her wish to at least punch him once in the face.

"Also, you need to understand that outside of those under a contract like Isis, divine beasts from the Astral realm can never participate in a war in the mortal world."

This was an absolute rule with no exception and in fact, was a rule that applied to all beings from the Astral realm.

This was pretty normal.

After all, in the mortal realm, reaching the Duke ranks was an exploit while King ranks were basically unheard of outside of the Blessed.

If citizens from the Astral realm could participate in the war below, then things would get complicated very fast.

"I understand. Either way, I did not plan to ask for help. Even Isis cannot participate in the war. Or if she does, she can't do so as a Necromancer."

Despite how backward the mortal world seemed, there were many conventions put in place to avoid needless massacre.

Like how King rank could not directly participate in the war or attack ground soldiers or how Necromancers were not acceptable on the battlefield.

Sol found those conventions to be bullshit but he also understood the necessity. Without those rules, what stopped a King rank like Lilith from entering the city and massacring people?

Without those rules what would stop Angels or Dwarves to use their weapons of large-scale destruction?

There were also the Demons whose country was filled with necromancers just waiting for someone to break the rule first.

Sol did not wish for Lustburg to become the enemy of all the other countries.

He did not yet have the power to face them all.

Of course, once he did...

Well, that would be another matter.

After all, conquering the world seemed like a pain.

Simply imagining the amount of paperwork that would fall on his lap made him shiver in fright.

Standing behind Sol, Nefertiti hated how she felt slightly happy at the thought that Isis would not be able to be much of an assistance in the war.

She realized once again how ugly jealousy was. And how ugly her inner self had become.

“Well, I guess I said everything I needed to. Come visit me alone at a later date. Now though, I think you have your own matters to attend to.”

Nefertiti took a sharp breath. For an instant, she had felt Tiamat's gaze on her. She couldn't help but feel her heart constrict at the thought of what would happen next with Sol.

“Very well. This was indeed a delightful and insightful discussion.”

Sol gave a bitter smile as he felt the heartbeat of Nefertiti accelerate. He had been keeping track of her condition all this while and he realized that he really needed to act.

“Let's go.”

Isis and Nefertiti both bowed to Tiamat once again before following Sol out.

But, just as he reached the door, he felt Isis pulling at his shirt with a frantic expression.

‘What is...Ah.’

“Sorry. Before I go. You must already know but I think Nephthys won't be able to come to greet you soon.”

Tiamat waved her hand dismissively with a smirk,

“I honestly do not care. The price Gabriel will pay for their entry is more than enough to satisfy me and not care for such courtesy.”

“Huh? What did she have to pay?”

“Well...Let's say it's a little secret for now. Though perhaps I might inform you of it later. Now go. I wish to rest.”

With a wave of her hand, Sol, Isis, and Nefertiti found themselves back on 8th Heaven, on Kiyohime's island. More precisely, in Sol's room.

Sol was incredibly puzzled about what kind of secret this transaction might be. But now he had more pressing matters to attend to.

“Nefertiti, I think we need to talk.”

Nefertiti never heard more frightening words in her life.