

## Hero King 351

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

#### Chapter 351: CH319:FEELING HAPPY

From the Duke level onwards, the thinking speed of an individual was equal to that of a very powerful supercomputer. This was even more the case for Divine Beasts or beings of their level and beyond.

Normally, this ability was a godsend. Something extremely necessary to fight during high-speed battles that approached or even went beyond the speed of light.

Even in everyday life, the ability to think faster was without a shred of doubt a very useful thing. As it would generally let you have more reaction time for practically anything.

But recently, Nefertiti realized just how cursed this natural ability of hers could be in certain situations such as the one she currently found herself into. She almost dreaded it to no end.

“Nefertiti, I think we need to talk.”

Nefertiti felt as though she had never heard more frightening words in the entirety of her life.

Sol’s face was the epitome of calmness and his voice was as soothing as she remembered it to be. His eyes held a concerned light as he gazed at her visage. His gaze suggested as though he was looking at a pitiful child.

The more he acted like this, the more worried Nefertiti became inwardly and it almost peeled into reality through her bodily reactions. Her heart began to beat so fast that it felt like it would leap out of her throat at any moment. She felt a lump in her throat that almost made her suffocate like never before.

Ever since she came into this territory, worry and self-doubt had suddenly become her best friend and life-long companion of ill fortunes.

What did he want to say?

What should she do?

Would he abandon her?

Would he ask her to apologize to Isis?

Hundreds of thousands of suffocating thoughts stormed in her mind at lightning speed, drawing different harrowing scenarios, each more somber and bleak than the previous one.

Nefertiti was currently swimming in a swamp full of negativity that almost made her lose her mind. The more she tried to walk out of that swamp the deeper she sank and the light in her eyes slowly dimmed into nothingness.

“Why are you thinking so much?”

She was brought back to reality as she felt a warm hand on the back of her head.

Looking up, her eyes wet with tears, Nefertiti could see Sol giving her a wry smile before he gently hugged her in his embrace.

Isis, standing on the side, gave a warm smile at the sight before walking out of the room to give them some space.

She could have stayed but unlike Nefertiti, Isis had no doubt about her place in Sol's heart. Her talk with him was in no way urgent and she could afford to wait a little more.

'Well, I should visit Sheherazade in the meantime.'

Her little fairy friend had been asleep all this while. Her wounds were healed but she stayed asleep, digesting the gains and evolution she had obtained.

The last time she visited the fairy, a cocoon had entirely covered her whole frame. Isis couldn't help but wonder what her friend would transform into once she came out. [1]

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Even though Isis left, Nefertiti noticed nothing, her eyes were still glued on Sol, awaiting for salvation of her broken spirit.

"I have been thinking about our relationship, you know?"

Sol spoke as he led her toward a chair for her to sit. Nefertiti only sat once he gestured her to do so.

This made Sol reaffirm the conclusion he came to.

Sol had been thinking about how he should go about his relationship with Nefertiti.

The mistake he made initially was treating her the same as he did his other women.

No matter how broken women like Medea, Milia, or Camelia were, it did not change the fact that they had their own independence.

They knew what they wanted and while they may not act on it, they did not need someone to control them.

Camelia for example was a pure masochist but it did not mean she really saw Sol as her master. She was very independent and did not need anyone to take care of her.

In fact, since she had helped in raising him, Camelia still sometimes saw him as a naive child.

But Nefertiti was different. If Camelia was a masochist, then Nefertiti was simply a pure submissive.

She took no particular enjoyment from pain or humiliation like Camelia.

What she wanted, what she needed, was someone to give her orders. To guide her to a goal she could follow.

She took solace in the position of not thinking about her life and leaving everything to someone else.

In the past, the one who took care of everything for her was Nent and now, it was his turn.

How could he have missed this crucial trait of hers?

But thankfully, it wasn't too late. He simply needed to make things right.

"I will ask questions and you will answer me honestly."

Sol ordered quietly and once he saw her nod, he began,

"Tell me, what do you want?"

Nefertiti closed her eyes for a short instant as she thought back to everything she felt during his absence.

"I wanted to see you. I saw your face in each and every mirror, even the wind at night reminded me of your breath, making me unable to fall asleep."

Those days had been pure torture for her and even as she trained, she could never get rid of the sensation that something was missing in her life.

Sol continued, unperturbed. He was well intent on finishing this in the best way possible.

"Tell me, what am I to you?"

Her eyes shone with clear fervor as she knelt down and took his hand in hers,

"My soul and heart yearned only for you, my eyes saw only you, my lips felt the breath filled with your warm love, my hair remembered your hands. My hands, my clothes, everything you touched... All the things I did with you made me flounder in the valley of joy."

"Do you resent me, do you hate me?"

"How could I!?"

Nefertiti's eyes widened as if this was the greatest blasphemy possible for her.

"I love you more than anything in this world. You are the master of my breath. My everything belongs to you to do as you wish."

This was the moment of truth. Once he took this step, there would be no turning back.

"Then...will you put your life in my hands?"

The eye of Akasha opened on his forehead and Sol's Zone activated,

"Before you speak, know that I am currently weaving our fate together. As long as you do not resist, your life will be tied down to mine and one thought from me would kill you."

Sol was more serious than he had ever been,

"Even then, will you still give your everything to me?"

Sol was using a seal similar to the one that was linking him with Camelia and that was placed on him by the goddesses back then mixed with a slave seal used on slaves in Lustburg.

The result was pretty frightening. Like with the Rule of Three, to use this he needed a prior narrative.

He had expected that it would take some energy, but the feeling of servitude Nefertiti had towards him were so overwhelmingly powerful that it felt like the thread of fate were literally begging him to tie her to him.

When Nefertiti saw Sol's shining hand, what she felt was neither fear nor anxiety.

But only a deep sense of relief.

"There is no hesitation in my heart."

"Very well."

Nefertiti could not see it, but she could hear the rustling of chains covering her body and the sound of a Key closing a lock.

Around her neck, a mark similar to that of a pink choker with a heart at the place of a lock and a keyhole drawn on it appeared.

With this done... Nefertiti now belonged to him.

Of course, should anything happen to him, nothing would happen to her.

But she didn't need to know that.

Taking her by the hand, Sol brought her towards a big mirror on the wall.

"Take a look."

Nefertiti was transfixed on her appearance and her hand passed around her neck, feeling the mark as it slowly vanished.

"This is the mark that dictates that you belong to me and no one else. That you are mine for eternity."

Nefertiti could only watch in disbelief.

"Now that you belong to me, you do not need to fear being abandoned. I am a greedy dragon that will never give up on what is mine. After all."

"My Lord..."

Nefertiti was ready to cry from the overwhelming joy she was feeling right now.

Never had she been so happy to be alive.

"Good girl."

Sol patted her head, as if calming down a small pet.

"But you see..."

His hand trailed down, "You need to be punished, you know?"

"I will accept any punishment, my Lord." [2]

## Son of the Hero King

### **Chapter 352: CH 320:DRUNK (1)**

After an emotional moment with Nefertiti, Sol had seriously considered ending the night with him in her.

But in the end, he decided against this. Nefertiti was now his slave in both mind and body and he knew that she would only feel no dissatisfaction even if he was to abuse her.

But he wanted to treat her right. Not abuse her. After all, being a submissive didn't mean you wished to be treated like shit every time. [1]

A pet didn't need abuse. It needed as much care and love as any other living being.

Of course, Sol didn't really know yet all the kink Nefertiti might have. He wouldn't make the mistake of once again assuming without at least trying to understand her better.

'Well, there is also the fact that she fell asleep.'

Sol looked down at the sleeping Nefertiti with a smile full of love.

As a divine beast of the Duke rank, the need of sleeping was extremely small for them. The fact that Nefertiti collapsed like this showed just how stretched and tired her mind have been.

He couldn't even begin to fathom the level of stress and emotional pain she must have gone through because of him and he would make sure that she never had to go through such pain again.

'I will need to slowly heal the wound in her heart.'

He let out a long sigh as he shed the calm and coldness he had shown while speaking to her.

Sol was truly not used to act like this towards his women.

He always wanted to treats them like the princess they were and bring them warmth and happiness.

Initially Sol planned to directly apologize to Nefertiti but then here came the problem.

Apologize for what exactly?

Apologizing for leaving her on the Phoenix realm?

For not signing a contract with her?

For not understanding her sooner?

He didn't know.

He was lost and could simply do what was the best possible at any given moment.

After all, at the end of the day, the experience Sol had was simply too shallow.

In front of his women, he needed to show a strong front to give them confidence.

But inwardly, he knew very well that he was still fumbling and trying to find his way.

He had been lucky until and this led him to arrogantly believe he could easily understand them all.

This arrogance and lack of foresight were what hurt Nefertiti this time.

'I am sorry. I promise I will do better.'

Sol caressed the hair of Nefertiti, careful in not waking her up.

He might be wrong, but he believed that what Nefertiti needed earlier was a clear set of direction to appease the fear deep in her heart.

Now that this was done, he would slowly give her all the sweetness in the world.

The time they lost could never be brought back but they could make better and more meaningful memories later on.

And Sol had learned a valuable lesson.

He would not repeat the same mistake.

'I wonder if I could use my power for something like this.'

Sol seriously contemplated trying to find the answer through his zone. After all, he could find the 'best path to victory.'

This didn't necessarily need to be a battle, right?

But he discarded this thought.

It would be cheap and would cheapen his feeling for the girls as well. Cheating in a fight was perfectly normal. Not so much in a relationship.

Thinking like this, Sol stood up after putting a blanket over Nefertiti.

There was someone else he might have hurt because of his negligence. He needed to act to right his wrong.

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While Sol and Nefertiti were now resting after an emotional talk, Isis was walking in the garden.

She liked the atmosphere and she wanted to think a little more about her current situation.

Soon, she would go live in the mortal realm with Sol.

The good news was that since Anubis was a mortal demigod and Nephtys was a Phoenix, the two of them would be able to visit her in Lustburg.

Sheherazade was no divine beast so as long as there was a portal it shouldn't create any problem. She would have to verify this with Sol later just in case.

'I wonder how life will be there?'

She had never visited the mortal realm. For one she knew that the flow of time there was constant, unlike the flow in the Astral realm that changed constantly.

She also knew that the structure of space was different and the relative amount of mana was far lower.

In short, it would be like going to a backward village after having lived in a castle her whole life.

Isis chortled at this thought, well intent on sharing it with Sol later on. She was dying to see what face he would make. Though she was sure that he would retaliate fiercely.

After all, she never won any of their arguments.

‘Perhaps I should take lessons in rhetoric?’

Banters with Sol were always fun and while she never won, Sol never went too far, always staying within the margin of what she could take.

It was a little infuriating in a way how good he was with words. Then again, it was a necessary skill for a king and a womanizer.

“You seem to be in good mood.”

Isis looked up, and saw Nent, walking with a bottle of wine and two glasses in her hands.

“Well, I was about to drink a little. Care to share with me?”

Isis hesitated a little. The two of them had never really been all that close, but then, remembering her goal of creating a faction, she decided that a drink wasn’t so bad.

It wasn’t like alcohol could make her drunk.

At least this was what she thought.

...She was wrong...

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#### **Chapter 353: CH321:DRUNK(2)**

‘How?’

Isis discovered a new sensation. One she had absolutely never come close to feel in her entire life.

The feeling of being completely wasted.

And she hated it.

The loss of control was simply awful. As a divine beast, she was used to having absolute control over her thoughts and body.

Even when she was fighting a hard battle while controlling an army of undead, she was still stable.

But now she was feeling a slight buzz and her mind became so slow she felt like she became stupid.

‘Do mortals really like this sensation?’

How the hell did she become drunk in the first place?

Alcohol was considered a form of poison by the organism of Divine Beast and as such was automatically purged.

Even deadly poison could hardly go past their defense. Much less some weak alcohol that barely registered as poison. As such they could not get drunk.

Sitting face to face with Isis, Nent let out a chuckle as she gulped the content of her glass in one go.

She had warned Isis to be careful but the girl didn't listen. Nent was more than happy to let her face the consequences of her disregard.

"I made a deal with Hydra once. He created a special kind of Poison that temporarily weaken the immune system of Divine beast and allow the Alcohol to infiltrate the blood. Sadly, this wine never went into large-scale production."

Neither Nent nor Hydra were crazy. The wine was indeed good for consumption and Next was sure that it would have been the best of the best.

For people as old as them, there were very few things they hadn't tried. So a new feeling such as 'becoming drunk' would have been a great interest to everyone.

Nent was sure that with this she could have brought enough money for the phoenixes to become very rich, even if she had to split the interest with Hydra.

Sadly, the two of them had to fight off their greed and close down the factory. This wine could never be sold.

The wine itself was absolutely safe. Hydra was a true master in this domain and knew how to handle poison. But the effects of lowering the defense of the immune system were simply too dangerous. It was a moment of weakness few could afford.

There was also the fact that Divine beasts were already dangerous enough when sober. So one could imagine the danger when drunk.

What would happen if a King ranked monster went into a drunk frenzy and destroyed an entire kingdom?

Neither Hydra nor Nent wished for something like this to happen. So outside of the initial batch, there was no more of this alcohol.

"Why...Why do you drink something like this?"

Isis groaned as she felt her eyes grow heavy. Her speech was a little slurred and she had a hard time putting her thoughts into words.

"Why?"

Nent looked down at the crimson in the bottle with a smile.

"I guess because I want to be drunk."

Her voice was calm but the smile on her face could not hide her sadness.



Nent had not been able to close her eyes for the last few days.

It was simply too much for her.

'I killed him.'

She was of course thinking about Drei, or rather, Hansel.

The truth of the matter was that while she fought him, Hansel had chosen to explode himself and was then stopped by Anubis.

She had in no way killed him.

But this did not matter. During the war, she had made a choice and it was to end the life, or unlife of her old friend.

Did she regret it?

Not at all. She knew that it was something necessary.

The world that Drei wished to create could never see the light.

So she acted.

So she turned her back on her best friend.

'I never thought it would hurt so bad.'

Nent could not sleep. Whenever she tried to, Hansel and Gretel would appear in her dream, asking them why she betrayed them at the moment when they needed her the most.

So she decided to drown herself in alcohol.

'How pitiful.'

Nent was not so weak that she would let this keep her down. She was sure that she would be able to handle this sooner or later.

She just needed more time.

"Perhaps a century or two will be enough?"

"Two centuries seems like quite a long time."

"You will see. One day you will realize that a century is nothing but a moment in our long life."

Nent looked up as Sol approached and sat next to the now-sleeping Isis. She had lost the battle.

He looked at the bottle with suspicion and it didn't take long for him to understand what was happening.

"Is she drunk?"

"Dead drunk. She even forgot that she could simply purify the alcohol with her holy flame."

Nent chuckled merely. Clearly lightly buzzed as well but she was still in total control of her mind.

“You tricked her.”

“I just wanted a partner to drink with. Drinking alone is pretty sad you know?” She simply shrugged.

“Why did you not call me?”

“Heh...So the Dragon Emperor finally has time for poor little me? I am so honored I could cry. Hahaha.”

“...”

“...”

Silence stretched between them. One that was finally broken by Sol, as he took the half-filled glass of Isis.

“You are drunk.”

“Indeed I am.”

“Then let’s get drunk together, shall we?”

“...Why not?”

Under the light of a stars, a beautiful woman gave a lonely smile as she lifted her glass.

But she did not drink everything in one go like before and simply sipped on it. At the end of the day, she did not wish to act so uncouth in front of him.

“So, why did you grace me with your presence?”

Sol ignored the sarcasm behind her words and nursed his drink. The slight buzz was something he quite relished as it slightly reminded him of his year as a university student.

“Nefertiti and Nephtys are here.”

“I know. But what does it matter to me?”

Nent was unusually blunt now that she was drunk. The usual Nent had the habit of hiding her thoughts behind her words and action. Making so you could never really guess what she was thinking.

‘So Isis is the sleeping type while Nent is the type that speaks words she would regret later.’

“Nefertiti is your granddaughter.”

“Heh...Sol, after living with us for a few months now, you should have realized it clearly, right? The weight of the thing called ‘family’ is very small for us Divine beasts. We only act based on what interests us the most.

The same goes for you. Were you not this talented, Tiamat would have never given you the time of the day. So, do not talk about family, please. That thing is simply worthless.”

Sol nodded, in no way enraged by her words for they were the truth. In fact, he found this situation highly interesting.

'I wonder how she will act when she purges the alcohol from her system and remember her conversation now.'

This would certainly be a sight to behold.

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#### **Chapter 354: CH 322: SOBER (1)**

[Dragon Realm]

The wine in the bottle continued to diminish as the two downed glass after glass. The drink session was relatively silent as Nent was simply focusing on brooding and washing away her sadness.

The more she drank, the hazier her gazes became and she could even feel herself going back to a time when everything was easier.

She always wondered what could have been if she had appeared sooner in Lustburg and saved Hansel and Gretel before they were executed.

She knew it wasn't her fault even then.

The flow of time between the two worlds was not constant and she could not stay there for long for no reason or just to fool around.

She also had her own duty to perform and it was impossible for her to be at a different place at the same moment.

But regrets were called thus because of all the 'What If'.

What if, she had paid more attention when they began to develop their theories?

What if, she had made sure that they completely settle in the Phoenix territory rather than stay in the mortal realm?

There were so many possibilities. So many ways it could have gone better.

All of this would have been possible if only she paid more attention and had been more careful.

But all those IF were useless.

The reality could not be changed.

She had lost her friend not once but twice.

She had also let him down twice.

Once by failing to save them and the second time by ruthlessly deciding to not stand on his side.

How hurt he must have been? She could see that Hansel had the complete belief that she would take his side and she shattered that belief without hesitation.

All of this was because of a boy she barely knew.

'Hahaha, how pathetic.'

Now here she was, drinking her sorrow like a pitiful loser. She was drinking in order to forget.

But the more she drank, the more she remembered, and the more she remembered the more she wished to forget.

This created a vicious cycle that she had difficulty escaping.

But...Did she even want to escape?

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When the bottle was finally empty, Nent looked down at her glass before looking suspiciously at Sol.

“Did you cheat?”

She could see that despite being lightly buzzed, Sol showed no sign of being drunk.

This was pretty surprising as even one drink was enough for one to see stars usually.

The perfect proof of this was Isis who was sleeping so soundly on the side that it looked like she would not wake up even if there was an earthquake next to her and even Nent was feeling completely drunk.

“Would I tell you if I was?”

Nent was startled before nodding, “Indeed, cheaters like you are sly bastards that act as if they know everything and never show their hands.”

“Haha. Well, honestly thought, I didn’t ‘cheat’, as you put it. The poison Hydra put in this is most likely unable to go past my defense. That or I am just a natural at drinking.”

“Oh my. This is pretty surprising. Let’s drink to that!”

At this level, she did not even know why she was drinking, she simply wanted to drink even more.

She moved to take another bottle but a hand from Sol stopped her, “It might be cliché to say this, but being drunk won’t change anything. When you wake up, reality will still be as shitty.”

“You say this as you snatch the bottle from me and already filling another glass for yourself, seriously?”

Next was baffled at the shameless attitude of Sol just now and complained rightfully so but Sol smirked and ignored her complaints.

“We are not the same. You drink to forget your pain. Uselessly trying to flee from your sad reality. As for me, I am only drinking because I like the taste.”

Nent massaged her eyebrows with a tired expression. His words were beginning to affect her inebriated mind and not in a good way.

“You are truly good at spewing bullshit.”

“I am good at spewing the truth, you mean.”

“So you believe you have all the answers!?”

She looked up fiercely at Sol and even shouted a little, something the sober her would have never done.

‘Ohoh, I really wish I could record everything and show it to her when she is sober.’

It was interesting to see her lose her usually stellar control like this and this helped him better understand her.

He knew very well that alcohol always made one show their ugly side. As such, he did not become angry no matter what she said and simply listened,

“I do not have all the answers. I am not omniscient you see. Still, I search for them like any other one and one of the wisdom I learned is that alcohol when consumed in excess is dangerous and bring you absolutely nothing but more misery.”

It was of course not the health aspect that was the problem but the mental one

Sol knew how devastating Alcohol addiction or any kind of addiction for that matter, could become. Currently, Nent was numbing the feeling of loss by drowning herself in alcohol.

She might think that she was strong enough. That she would stand up eventually and she may be right. Perhaps Sol was underestimating her mental strength. Perhaps he was worrying for nothing and using his human standard on Nent.

In the first place did divine beasts even produce the exact same kind of chemical reaction as humans? Could they become addicted?

What could addiction even do to them? He doubted it would affect her health and that she could become sober at any moment using her holy flame.

So indeed. He was most likely worrying for nothing.

But...Why take the risk?

‘Should I push her buttons?’

He wanted a more explosive response from her. Only then could he make sure she could snap out of it.

“You know...You look pretty pathetic right now.”

He thought he might need more. But those words, more than anything, resonated strongly with that Nent had realized herself and this triggered her past her limit.

“What do you know!?”

They said that nothing hurt more than the truth and they were right.

Thunder rumbled as Nent grabbed Sol by the throat, moving so fast they were already a few hundreds meters away from the table.

Her eyes shone with fury and resentment as she looked at him,

“Who the hell do you think you are!? Your whole life is a blessed one, nearly free of all pain. Everything works out for you, no matter what you do. So what the hell do you even know about loss!? Nothing, you know absolutely nothing!”

Nent shouted as she raised Sol high with one hand, lightning flowing out of her body and her grip strengthening.

At the end of the day, she was still a King, one of the oldest and most powerful kings, the difference in raw power and skill between her and Sol was simply that high.

Still, even as she held onto his throat, even as she completely overpowered him when she looked up and held his gaze, she could see absolutely no fear nor pain, only a sense of disappointment,

“So you decided that resorting to violence was the answer.”

By using <<whisper>>, despite his throat being partially blocked, Sol was still able to convey his words perfectly.

“!!!”

As if realizing what she had just done, Nent hurriedly released her grips and turned around.

She was so ashamed of herself, she couldn't believe that she had lost control of herself like this and even struck at him.

All the alcohol in her system had been immediately purged by her outrage.

“I guess you are sober now?”

Sol calmly arranged his clothes, the flow of the conversation was completely in his hand since the start and now was time to strike while the iron was hot.

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#### **Chapter 355: CH 323:SOBER(2)**

Sol had no experience in dealing with such a situation. And for that reason, he decided to use a rather forceful method from the get go.

His goal had been to make her snap out of her delirious state and he had succeeded in that endeavor. Now he needed to steer this narrative in a way that would give him even more advantage over her.

As if totally unfazed by what happened earlier, Sol approached Nent, who slightly flinched when he placed his hand on her shoulder.

She was still scared by her earlier outburst and realized once again that not commercializing this drink might have been one of the most sensible decisions she had ever made in her life.

The results otherwise would have been very dangerous for the world as a whole.

She was brought back to the ensuing reality by Sol's words. She was surprised by how calm and unfazed he was by this whole situation.

She even wondered if she had dreamed the whole thing in a drunken haze but the smell of ozone and petrichor in the air made her perfectly understand that this was indeed reality— a reality she dreaded.

“I personally know nothing about loss. Nor can I understand what you might be feeling.”

This was the usual truth. After all, Mars and Blaze meant very little to him. He might feel a little sorry for their demise, they were his parents at the end of the day, but it was hard to really feel invested in them.

Furthermore, thanks to Skuld's assistance, he did not have to go through the same pain as his other self. He was able to change the future and walk a new path. A path toward true happiness.

Surely, he was the least qualified to talk about loss with Nent. He was so unqualified that it was even hypocritical of him to do so.

But... what of it?

Sol always knew that he was a hypocritical bastard whose best strength was none other than his sophistry and his self-confidence that had no place to exist when talking with people who lived for so much longer and experienced so much more than him. It was a long winded thought process that led to the conclusion that he was nothing but sanctimonious ingrate.

However, if he had to walk a path filled with lies and hypocrisy that was completely essential in order to protect their hearts, he would gladly continue to do so with no hesitation whatsoever.

"I knew you would not really hurt me."

He was partially lying. He indeed knew that Nent would not really hurt him, even if under the control of alcohol overdose.

But even she wanted to harm him, there was nothing she could have done.

By simply entering his dimension, he could make it so she could not even catch him, much less hurt him.

By partially phasing, he could become intangible and escape her grasp.

By using dimensional encroachment, he could have created an infinite distance between the two of them, completely reducing her speed advantage to null.

By simply shouting 'Help!' he was sure that Tiamat would have struck Nent down immediately before she could even make a single move.

Hell, even if she killed him, he could simply come back to life using Nirvana.

There were so many possible ways for him to get out of this mess, that it was simply laughable. This made him realize once again just how much of a cockroach he had become.

A truly and completely sober Nent would have realized that he was never at any risk.

Sadly, in her current state, Nent did not have the mental capacity to proceed with all that information. This was the sad thing with alcohol. When drunk, even someone as quick-witted and smart as her would see her overall mental capacity drop tremendously...

Of course, this was to his advantage since it made his shock therapy much more effective.

"Sol... I am sorry... I...I shouldn't have..."

Nent was so shocked that all she could do was mumble and try to form complete sentences but fail inevitably. Her incoherent words were stopped by a gentle kiss from his.

Their kiss lasted a few seconds before he hugged her tightly against his chest. It was impossible to guess that such a frail body could hold so much power.

“Do you remember the deal we made back then?”

Her head against his chest, Nent could feel the powerful beating of his heart, the rhythm of which caused her own heart to slowly calm down as it synchronized with him.

Feeling her change in mental state, he continued unhurriedly...

“On that night. The two of us struck a deal. We are more than simple lovers. Our relationship goes beyond the simple pleasure of the flesh. We are partners in crime who decided to stand and fight together. Was I wrong to think like that?”

Sol's words contained a strength so compelling that all Nent could do was listen...

“I do not know your pain. I cannot understand you and I am sorry I cannot give you comforting words. After all, Drei might have been a friend for you but he was simply an enemy to me.”

Sol had no love for Drei, merely hatred. The man had even killed one of Milia's few friends and used his body as a puppet to infiltrate Lustburg.

There was simply no way he could feel any kind of sadness at the situation.

“Even then, the Nent I know is a strong woman who refused to give up and walked her own road even though she was continually despised for it.”

The road Nent took was not one that could be accepted by many and Sol could never personally accept it.

Still, there was a strength and reason to it.

Despair and pain might have changed her forever, but the proud phoenix decided to not fall down without punching back.

“Mourn your loss all you want. Cry all your heart out. But... Please, do not show such a despondent sight to me ever again.”

Sol respected and even admired the version of Nent who, with her cold pragmatism, continued to walk unhindered.

Anubis might say that her soul was filthy back then, but there was a strength to it like no other.

This was why seeing her so down was even more unacceptable.

‘I am sorry for being so harsh.’

Sol couldn't help but smile bitterly at his own words.

“If you wish to share your pain, I will always be there for you. I do not know much, and I may not necessarily be able to give you the best advice. But I will always have a shoulder for you to cry on and lend you an ear to listen to all your fear and worries.”



'I am really trash.'

Moments like this made him hate himself all the more.

Even though he was supposed to completely focus on comforting her, he was also using a godsend occasion to tie her even more to him.

To become an anchor and make her so dependent on him that she would never let go of him or even think about it.

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

#### **Chapter 356: CH324:HOTBATH**

When Isis's consciousness began to rise on the surface, the first thing she did was to scan her surroundings with all her senses.

But her eyes promptly flew open when she realized where she was.

'What the hell happened?'

Looking around, she immediately recognized Sol's bedroom in Kiyohime's castle. How could she not? After all, it was here that she lost her virginity.

But this wasn't what shocked her. Outside the fact that she had completely passed out, what really startled her was the fact that she was lying down on the bed with two other women she recognized very well.

'Nefertiti and Nent?'

She groaned as she tried to remember exactly what the hell might have happened. She remembered leaving Nefertiti alone with Sol so that they could sort out their relationship.

Then she wanted to relax in the garden but she bumped into Nent who proceeded to invite her to a drink.

She had followed her and then...Nothing... Total Blackout.

'Just what the hell was in that wine?'

The good thing was that she felt no so-called headache or discomfort. So she could at least think properly.

Her movement seemed to have stirred the other two from their sleep and soon, the three phoenixes gazed in each other eyes in silence, unsure about what to do or say.

In the end, Nent was the first one to sigh and stand up from the bed.

"Shall we take a bath together?"

Neither Isis nor Nefertiti had reasons to refuse.

---

'Oh my goddess, you crazy bitch!'

As the three of them walked towards the bathroom; as Sol predicted, now that the drunk haze had completely left Nent, all she wanted was to scream and punch her past self before completely vaporizing her.

Nent had never so much cursed her perfect memory as she could remember absolutely everything that had happened.

From her outspoken and bitter words, her pathetic display, and her outburst before finally being treated like a child by a man that did not even have a hundredth of her age.

This wasn't just humiliating. It went way past that level.

Still, even as she berated herself inwardly, she couldn't hide the smidgen of happiness that was blooming deep in her heart.

'I really softened too much.'

Nent was not stupid. With her mind working perfectly, she could understand that Sol had never been in whatsoever danger from the start. She had simply walked up into a small trap he had sprung on her as he manipulated her like a fiddle.

A normal woman might have been offended. But all Nent felt was admiration. She had really underestimated how Sol act once he was focused on a goal.

She was also happy.

Since Hansel died, Nent was under the impression that she was now all alone in the world. That there was no one left that would care for her.

Her relationship with her mother was not the best.

She did not particularly like her sisters and they were more akin to business partners.

She had destroyed so much bridge with Kiyohime that it was impossible to even hope for their relationship to come close to what it was before she fucked up everything.

Nent had been alone, sad, scared, and besieged by guilt.

This was why she had decided to resort to alcohol. She didn't want to become addicted. In fact, no matter how powerful Hydra poison was, it was impossible to make her addicted.

Even if he did create such a poison and used it on her, she simply had to die once and come back with Nirvana to be back to normal. This was what it means to be a phoenix.

Still, while she couldn't get addicted, she knew that she was fleeing from reality by trying to numb her mind.

But now, after the discussion with Sol, she was still sad and besieged with guilt. Those feeling might never completely vanish. After all, guilt had been her constant companion for 700 years.

Still, she did not feel scared or alone anymore.

She knew that even if the situation was bleak, there was one shoulder on which she could lean on and cry without hesitation.

'The boy really went a long way.'

It was always so fascinating to see how people with mortal minds could change so much in such a short period of time.

The Sol with whom she had made a deal back then and the one she talked with yesterday were the same men but at the same time so much different.

She truly appreciated his growth.

---

When they reached the bath, the three of them realized that the water was still cold. The heating system had yet to be activated since there was basically no one present in the castle lately.

"Allow me."

Nefertiti did not let this bother her as she crouched down and put a hand in the water. Soon, steam began to rise as the water began to boil.

"This should be more than enough."

Nent narrowed her eyes slightly at this sigh, "You have control over heat."

Phoenix were elemental creatures with the majority of them being related to fire. But the power to control and manipulate heat itself was different from simply controlling fire.

It wasn't so much a unique power but even out of the four King-ranked Phoenix, only She and Nepthys could completely control heat as they wished.

'Her talent increased, is it because of her True Name?'

Nent realized she needed to take a look at her granddaughter's progress during her absence. After all, the fact that Nefertiti even had a name was not normal.

Nent realized that her experiment alone shouldn't have such a great result.

"I trained a little more during your absence."

Nent tilted her head in confusion, 'How weird.'

In the past, she could always feel a certain feeling of respect and reverence toward her in Nefertiti's voices and actions. But now, while the respect was still present, she could feel none of the reverence she was used to.

"Good work."

Isis ignored the discussion between the two as she slightly dipped a toe in the bath.

Her resistance to heat was vastly lower than that of normal phoenixes. This had always been a source of problems for her life in the desert. Walkings out under the light of more than one sun was not funny.

“Oh my.This is perfect.”

As such, she was happy to see that it was just the right temperature for her.

“Thanks!”

Nefertiti nodded to Isis before lowering her head and entering the bath. She was still a little uncomfortable because of her earlier words to Isis even though the girl had done nothing wrong.

She wanted to apologize, but she didn't know if it was the right moment to do so.

‘I should ask my lord later.’

Once Nefertiti realized that she did not have to think too hard about this and only had to accept her punishment and follow orders, her mind immediately relaxed.

This was such a bliss.

Like this, three phoenixes entered a hot bath.

Nefertiti and Isis gazed at the body of Nent with slight envy before looking down at their own.

Their only source of comfort was that the two of them weren't so different. Nent was simply an outlier.

It was their loss if they got upset because of this.

Silence lingered for a while between the three as they tried to relax. They knew very well that bathing was just a pretext.

The true discussion was about to take place. A discussion that would decide how things would go between them.

But it was then,

“Oh my! What a coincidence~!Would the three of you be able to accommodate two more?”

The three phoenixes turned toward the door as two new people intruded.

One pink-skinned girl accompanied by a blue-haired one.

A smiling Skuld and a slightly uncomfortable and frowning Kiyohime.

From the way Skuld was holding and pulling Kiyohime forward, it was clear that Kiyohime was not particularly willing to be here.

But she still accepted to follow the small Titans.

The awkward atmosphere grew even more so when the two of them entered the bath. Though, once Nefertiti and Isis gazed at Skuld and Kiyohime, the confidence that had dimmed in their eyes came back in full throttle.

‘At least I am not the smallest.’

This thought flew by in their mind at the same moment.

## Son of the Hero King

### **Chapter 357: CH 325:COLD BATH**

Five women were in the bath at the same time, each of them more beautiful than the others, yet they didn't fall behind each other either.

All of them had their own characteristics and personalities and were powerful enough to destroy mountains or entire continents on their individual right. Some of them could change the fate of an entire territory with just one word and others were beautiful enough to make everyone fall for them with a single gesture of goodwill.

The atmosphere was awkward but the two who felt it the most were undoubtedly the duo of Nent and Kiyohime.

The first reason for their awkwardness was that the two of them were partially avoiding each other for some time already. While their relationship became better, the wounds Nent inflicted on Kiyohime could simply never heal no matter how long it may take, maybe nothing would change throughout their lifetimes.

No matter how you tried to repair it, a broken plate would never go back to its normal state. Nent understood that, if not for the existence of Sol, Kiyohime would simply hate her down to her very bones. Now, at least, she tried to hold herself back and bare with her so she had no complaints.

The second reason for their awkwardness was definitely the small pink-skinned ball of chaos that was humming as she swam in the bath with no care in the world.

“Hmm~ Hmmhmm~ Hmm~ Hmmhmm~”

At first glance, she may merely seem like a cute girl with an exotic skin color. But all of them knew that behind this face was a dangerous Titaness that once stood on the side of chaos.

In a way, it was incredible how obtuse this Titaness was but for Kiyohime and Nent, who actually fought her kind since the day they were born, they couldn't help but feel tense in her mere presence.

The only reason they were not being outright hostile was that they knew that one of the reasons the war went so well was because of the intel that this Titaness gave them.

“Why is everyone so silent, I thought you wanted to talk?”

Finally, as if she had enough fun already, Skuld swam back to them with a cryptic smile,

“We would have. But your arrival surprised us.”

“Heh...”

Skuld looked up and down toward Nent,

‘Meeting people who should have died is always so fun.’

Skuld let out a girlish laugh, hiding her dark thoughts behind her cute mask...

“Well, I divined that you guys were going to hold a talk and I thought, why not bring the full team together?”

She then proceeded to reach a corner and hoisted herself out of the water before sitting on the marble floor. Her skin, still glistening with droplets of water, was a lustrous sight through and through.

“You guys may already know, but my name is Skuld. I am one of the Norns and also someone who betrayed the side of Chaos. But I am sure all of this doesn't matter, right? Hahaha, the most important thing is that...I am Sol's woman. Just like the rest of you here. It's my utmost joy to be able to meet all of you.”

Skuld came out strong right from the start, unwilling to waste any time with any misleading talks, “I already know most of you guys. Nent, Isis, Kiyohime, and...”

All three of them should have died during the fight against chaos, knowing that they were alive thanks to her gave her a sense of superiority. But the real reason why she was here was different.

Her smile stretched further when her gaze landed on the last one, “You must be Nefertiti.”

Nefertiti tilted her head in confusion when she saw the obvious goodwill brimming in Skuld's eyes. This was the first time the two of them ever met, so this left her pretty confused.

“Oh. Do not mind me. I am just happy to see someone so devoted to Sol.”

Skuld briefed her with a partial truth. Actually, she herself did not know why she was happy to see Nefertiti. For the simple reason that the girl did not exist in her memories.

This could only mean two things.

Either the girl died off in some ditch or...

“Heh...Well, should we focus on the present? I am sure most of you must have realized it by now, but we will be stuck together for a long time. Wouldn't it be better if all of us were on friendly terms? Or at least be each other's allies?”

“Sigh. I was wondering why you pulled me here but I see that this is just a waste of my time. I will go now.”

Skuld shrugged, “I would have never thought that the dragon queen was a coward when it comes to love, or perhaps it's because you fear being betrayed again?”

Kiyohime immediately glared at Skuld but the Titaness simply smirked, completely unfazed by her menacing state that only promised pain and suffering.

She could even laugh in front of Tiamat, much less a mere Kiyohime.

“You say you want us to become allies but it seems more like you wish to sow further discord in our relationship. Then again, I guess it's as expected from someone from the side of Chaos.”

“You call this discord, I call it a bounding experience. After all, to really give our back to each other, it's necessary to know our flaws. As for me being from the side of Chaos, hahaha, at least I would never treat my offspring like lab rats like you.”

This time, it was Nent's turn to scowl menacingly.

“We are not lab rats.”

Skuld gazed at Nefertiti's strong stance before nodding, “The current you can without a doubt say this.”

Finally, she turned to Isis, “You... Well, I have honestly nothing to say against you. Though I also think that a normal girl like you really does not suit this harem.”

Skuld knew from memories that basically all the girls, if not them all then most, were broken in some way or another.

At this level, she even wondered if this was a coincidence or fate.

But in this large swarm of broken women full of trauma, there stood Isis.

The weirdest thing about her was that she used the power of undeath and the worst she went through was being disliked by some phoenixes who did not even have the courage to insult her to the face.

Both her parents were alive and loved her. She never really went through much suffering throughout her life. She was born as a perfect hybrid with all the advantages and none of the disadvantages.

Her father was one of the strongest demigods in existence and her mother was one of the most powerful Kings as well as the Queen of the Phoenix realm.

In a way, the girl was even more blessed than the true Blessed themselves.

In another way, she was like a luckier version of Sol.

“Haha, now I feel so refreshed.”

Skuld really hated how she couldn't orchestrate the death of a few of them. As such, the most she could do was tell everything she had in her heart right this instant.

This was a very important moment and she could not afford to fuck it up.

Out of all of the women here, three should have died and one was someone she had no memory of.

In short, they were all uncertain factors and for a seer like her, the more uncertain factors existed, the worse she felt.

Spying the future was becoming incredibly harder.

Sol's future was in a constant flux. Changing so fast that it made her want to barf.

Even if she gazed at hundreds or thousands of futures, one second was enough for that same future to crumble and change to completely different outcomes.

It didn't help that there were so many singularities or demigod powerhouses in those futures, making it so it was even harder to predict things.

Skuld did not like the current situation. But she had to deal with it.

The least they could do was to let her curse out a little now, right?

## Son of the Hero King

### **Chapter 358: CH 326:THE PATH**

Skuld stood up and with her arms akimbo, placing her hands on either of her sides, “Now then, everyone... I am sure we have already established the fact that all of you guys' puny existences really irks me to no end. I wish you could all just drop dead any moment or it would've been better if you were never even born in the first place.

“Likewise, I do not need you to like me nor do I even expect you to like me. If I had to be honest with you guys, man, I hate all of you so very much. If it was in my power I would have killed nearly all of you with a single snap, I am not joking about that. But I'm sure that you guys already know that part, don't you?”

There were only a few girls, among the ones sitting in this bath with her, that Skuld considered extremely useful and beneficial to Sol and his future plans. If she had to say something about the rest, then it would be that they were mere redundancies that Sol could honestly do without.

In fact, they could just go and die on an abandoned ditch somewhere for all she cared. Sadly, their deaths would make Sol unfathomably sad which went against her very goal of bringing him happiness. If Sol were to be sad and wrought with grief, then her very existence held no meaning anymore, and neither did this timeline, at least that was her consensus about this matter.

This time, hearing the venomous words of the pink-skinned Titaness, packed with the craziness that could make even the worst of the worst lunatics give a run for their money, the luscious girls, naked and resting in the bath, were all so very surprised that they were simply left speechless. They just couldn't find any words among themselves in this situation.

And to be honest, how could they even...after the words Skuld directed toward them. Like...it wasn't every day that someone literally told you they hated you straight to your face like that and merely wished to kill all of you. Moreover, the mad lunatic in the name of a woman said everything, every single fucking thing without exception, with a soft smile hanging on her face.

However, none of them could even feel the slightest bit of killing intent coming from her and this made this situation all the more frightening in a certain way.

“Some people would say that I am a crazy bitch and perhaps, after all the things and all the timelines, I probably have gone nuts already. After all, no matter how I spin the matter in my head, why would I just go and tell you guys about my wish to kill all of you otherwise? Wouldn't it make you antagonize me even more? And as expected, from those lovely expressions coming from your face it's easy to understand that...that particular ship has set sails already. In the end, this was the case. But you, I don't really want to kill you like that.”

“Hmmm...? But, you just said...”

“I know what I said, dear Isis, you need not remind me about that. The thing is, of course, I really really want to kill all of you. I want to do that with my own two hands. But no matter how much I want to do that, I also don't want you guys to die. After all, if you guys die, then Sol will be really unhappy and will enter a path of self-destruction so fast and with such surety that I could do nothing about it.”



She sighed theatrically, even going as far as to make all the sounds and gestures, before finally revealing the rest of her speech, “So you see, what I really want doesn’t matter now, does it? What really matters is that I would do anything and I mean any...thing possible, just to be of use to Sol and I realized—”

‘After fucking it up in a few possible futures.’

“ —That the best way to be of help is to keep everything in harmony.”

Isis’ lips twitched violently hearing the last bits of her venomous speech. She couldn't help but retort, “So your best way to keep harmony between us is to insult us or threaten our lives?”

“Like I said little Isis, this is where you are wrong. I believe that we should all be honest about our feelings toward each other. We love Sol. Loving Sol doesn’t mean we have to love each other though. But it certainly means that we have to work with each other to some extent. Knowing each others' true thoughts will put our minds at ease...

“I believe he would be happier if we all appreciated each other though. Your reasoning just feels wrong.”

Skuld smiled toward Nefertiti, it was a smile of pity, “Your naivety is so cute little Nefertiti. Now now...don’t be offended but, do you seriously think that it’s possible? Let’s see here, could all of you seriously be able to say that you like me? What about those two?”

She said as she pointed toward Nent and Kiyohime, “ —You might not know about the matter but they have quite the history with me and this is without even counting the ones back in the mortal realm. The women there are pretty damn dangerous, to say the least.”

Skuld massaged her neck on reflex as she said those words. She really didn’t want to meet those women. They were all insane in their own way. She didn't want to have a battle of insanity with them in this timeline too.

“Long story short, us liking each other is simply impossible. The fact that some aren’t killing each other already is practically a miracle. This is the simple reality.”

Sol had the knack for getting emotionally broken but very powerful women to fall in love with him. If she didn’t know him, she would think he was doing that intentionally in order to get women that would be easier to control. It was uncanny in a certain way but Skuld didn’t care about that.

What she cared about was that...with so many powerful women all bonded to the same man, friction was literally destined to happen. From what she knew, there was currently no truly powerful woman among them that could silence the dissension and take control of the entire harem.

The bigger the harem became, the more problems would rise among the participants and the time Sol could spend with each other would drastically reduce as well.

How could any of them be happy about that?

“I believe you are wrong. My Lord would wish for all of us to stand together and take care of each other.”

Skuld chortled at her words, trying hard to keep the tears from falling off from the corner of her eyes, "But we don't have to like each other to do this now, do we?"

"You want peace through compromise, but I believe true peace would bring him more happiness."

"Then tell me, how do you plan to get all of us to really like each other?"

"I believe you have the right approach. Opening up to each other is certainly a good way. But just supporting each other is not enough. Sooner or later you might snap and commit the irreparable or someone else might end up doing something regrettable."

Nefertiti spoke calmly, her eyes clear and her aura was unwavering even though she was facing a King-ranked Titaness.

She gently caressed her neck, feeling the mark Sol imposed on her. She was in no way a naive woman. That's for sure...

She knew very well that this so-called "slave seal" had basically no binding powers to it. After all, there was basically nothing in her knowledge that she wouldn't do for him. With or without the seal.

But this seal was a type of proof. A wedding ring of sorts, that appeased her and gave her the courage she did not know she lacked.

Nefertiti was still feeling vastly inferior to the others.

This would not change as she might really be the weakest in Sol's harem currently.

But she knew she could do better. Unlike before when she was walking in the midst of a dense fog, the moment Sol gave her this seal was like a revelation to her. Her Name whispered to her with words of power.

She now had her own goals and even a direct path of reaching the King rank. This was more than enough for her to grow some much-needed backbone.

'Slave' she might be but only for her Lord and only he knew about it. This was their little secret and simply knowing that she shared something that no one else had made her the happiest woman in the world.

"Since we love my Lord, then why maintain a rift between us? Loving and appreciating each other may perhaps be really helpless. But it would be a sin for us to not even give it a try."

Skuld narrowed her eyes, "The way you talk about Sol is really interesting you know."

"I have simply realized my own path."

The smile that tugged on Nefertiti's lips was so very bright and beautiful that for an instant, even Skuld felt her heart miss a beat from pure awe.

Her eyes widened and she immediately looked aside, unwilling to look at her face. Skuld immediately realized what that smile meant and she wasn't the only one.

Kiyohime and Nent both stood up at the same moment, eyes opened wide in realization as they remembered one man from their distant memories.

There could be no mistake. The aura the little girl was emanating right now was unmistakably the one and the same.

He was one of the very first Divine Beasts of the day. Maybe, he was the very first Divine Being to come into existence alongside the likes of Lucifer, Asmodeus, Gabriel, and the others.

He was once one of the strongest Demigods there ever could be. So strong that even the False Gods would flee at the mere mention of his name. His unfathomable, heaven-shattering might was enough to make everyone shiver in fright.

His words alone could take down a whole nation as he instilled the greatest feeling of faith and reverence in others.

To this day, he was the most devout and pious divine beast. The one who held the greatest feeling of adoration toward the goddesses.

His name was Michael... The one and only messenger of the goddesses and his concept...was that of blind, relentless, and unbreakable...

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

#### **Chapter 359: CH 327:BACK TO THAT PLACE**

The moment she felt the power brimming with the concept of <<Servitude>> emanating from Nefertiti, Nent's eyes shone with unconcealed joy, delight, and a fervent madness that she was trying to suppress for some time now.

It resurfaced due to being faced with a situation that transcended all her expectations.

Her heart was beating so wildly that she felt like it would burst out of her chest from all the frantic thumps. This was without a doubt a moment she would never forget even in the thousand years to come.

She thought that Nefertiti had already surpassed all of her expectations of her by obtaining her Kingly name as a mere Duke, but now...from what Nefertiti had shown her, she could say without a doubt that she had underestimated the girl way too much. The concept she was currently showing a glimpse of wielding was far beyond anything she could ever have hoped for.

'No, this can't just be because of Nefertiti.'

She fought hard to keep her heart calm and collected, using all her might to bring it back into a normal beating rhythm. It wasn't as if no one had ever tried to follow the footsteps of the deceased powerhouses and a few even partially succeeded in their endeavors. But those individuals were generally born with the innate power to charm others from the very start.

It wasn't really something that could be trained or acquired through artificial means.

Despite this glaring fact, however, people still did their best to obtain this power by hook or crook.

After all, if one managed to obtain such a powerful and prominent concept, they would have a straight beeline toward becoming a King at the bare minimum, and the chances of becoming a demigod and even a false god would also increase tremendously for that individual.

But most of them failed in their pursuit of this divine path and those who did succeed could only bring a pale imitation of the power, falling much too short in scale with the real deal.

'I guess Nefertiti's blood somewhat helped with the results.'

Nefertiti was a hybrid born between a charm spirit and a Phoenix. Perhaps the absurd mix between holy power and the power of charm gave birth to such a result?

This was the most logical explanation she could reach, but at the same time, it was unsatisfactory, to say the least. After all, there were thousands of succubuses and charm spirits with stronger innate talent than Nefertiti when it came to the power of <<Charm>>. There was no way she would be able to beat them just cause she was a hybrid.

She also wasn't the only Charm Phoenix hybrid to ever exist. There practically was a surplus of them in her faction; Nefertiti just turned out to be the most powerful of them all.

She didn't really understand why Nefertiti obtained this power just now but she could venture a guess. It was related to a charming boy, the boy that had turned all of their lives upside down with his arrival.

'Sol is without a doubt the key.'

She did not doubt that fact. Everything was simply too coincidental for it to be otherwise.

Nefertiti obtained her Kingly name right after meeting Sol for the very first time and now she obtained a concept after meeting him after a few months after their separation.

If this wasn't suspicious, then what was? There was nothing left to doubt, at least that was so in her mind.

'I can think about this later.'

What mattered now was how to nurture this concept and make it mature into something on the level of Micheal's.

The concept of <<Servitude>> was a twisted concept that instilled absolute faith and irrevocable reverence in the user as well as the ones they were influencing.

This wasn't just something as mild as mind control. But the true and absolute change that would make one the staunchest of believers.

The era of Michael was the era during which the faith of the fourteen goddesses was the strongest, unlike now where most people only reluctantly believed in them and much less chose to worship them with all their hearts.

His presence alone could change hundreds of thousands of people right into the most devoted fanatics.

Greed began to grow in her heart at the mere thought of what this concept implied for the future, but as fast as it came, she immediately stomped it out with scary momentum. Almost feeling disgusted by her thoughts.

'What the hell am I even thinking? Fuck!!'

Nent closed her eyes before sighing out loud, "Congratulations. You just took the first step toward becoming an extremely powerful being of this world. I believe soon your zone will adapt to your new Truth."

The Duke rank was the most important rank as it gave a lot of flexibility to an individual. One could 'easily' change the Truth and obtain a different far better zone than what they wielded.

Of course, once they built a True name at the top of it and became a King then it was all over for them.

Nefertiti was an odd case as she already had her name but had yet to really incorporate it into herself. She could make some small adjustments to her truth and her true name and she needed to do it all fast and with extreme precision.

"Of course, you can also choose to become a King. I believe the integration will not take long now."

Standing on the side, Isis approached Nefertiti and gave her a warm hug, "Congratulations! I am really happy for you!"

Isis was not lying. She was happy to see that Nefertiti took a new step in her path. She had no reason to be jealous of her.

After all, with her talent, becoming a king was not a question of 'If' but only 'When'.

In fact, she had once obtained her own concept when she had deeply contemplated it.

<<Death>>

This one was pretty easy and basically, all necromancers treaded on this path.

But Isis rejected it with absolute indifference.

At the end of the day, the power of Necromancy was a path created by her father so that he could fully integrate with the concept of Death and reach Godhood through it.

She didn't know if it was possible to become a god. But on the off chance that such a possibility existed, even if it was so small it was nearly non-existent, she did not wish to walk the same path as her father did.

She had her own path to tread on and she already had an inkling about what she had to do to take the first step toward that path.

"Congratulations, it seems like the Phoenixes will soon have a new King among them."

Kiyohime sighed once her surprise wore off.

Instinctively she hated the concept that Nefertiti had chosen to tread upon. This went against basically everything all the dragons stood for.

<<Rebellion>> and <<Defiance>>.

They were opposite concepts of such magnitudes that they could be easily said to be the antithesis of each other.

At the same time, she respected and admired the unassuming girl whom she thought of having nothing else other than her beauty going on for her.

There was nothing more gratifying than finding your own path. Even if that path was one of servitude, this was her own choice and no one else could despise her for choosing this.

This was way better than walking aimlessly with no purpose. Most beings were like that so the end result was also similar.

'I just hope she doesn't end like some of those I know.'

There have been a few King-ranked dragons outside of the main four. But generally, they all reached a bad end.

It seemed this rule applied to all divine beasts. As if Fate was trying to keep the number of King-ranked Divine beasts balanced.

"Well well, I must say. I guess the two of us might end up becoming friends after all."

Skuld laughed. The girl here was so devoted she literally ended up inheriting a concept related to her feelings for Sol.

This was the kind of person she wanted to work with.

"Now then, why don't we talk about a few basic rules to respect?"

Rules were the cornerstones of society.

Skuld did not miss the irony that was a being of Chaos like her talking about rules and regulations but thus was life.

It was something full of surprise, and even a seer like her was allowed to be surprised sometimes.

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[TARTARUS, 5th circle of hell]

While the girls were having a 'discussion', Sol had decided to work on his own little side project. He wished to leave the territory on a good note and in a good mood.

So the sooner he finished his exploration of Tartarus, the more time he could actually spend with those he cared about.

Along the way, he had simply used his dimension to walk unhindered. He had no wish to deal with the small fries.

He could already kill them before becoming a Duke and now...it went from easy to simple boring clobbering.

The reason he stopped at the 5th floor though was pretty simple. After all, he was planning on meeting an old acquaintance of his.

"I have been wondering where the two of you were. To think you were hiding in this place."

"...Used to it... More comfortable..."

Sol looked at the white dragon that was lying on the ground with a white cat sitting proudly standing on its head.

They were, of course, Nabu and Sekmet.

It seemed that after the victory, the two of them had decided to make this place their temporary residence.

He wondered what was comfortable about this place but it was easy to guess why Nabu did not wish to stay in the Nine Heavens.

"So, why did you come here?"

Sekhmet asked lazily while Nabu gazed silently, "Do you wish to...fight?"

Sol smiled. Despite her ice-cold voice, he could feel the blazing fighting intent in her words.

Sadly fighting her wasn't his goal.

"I do not."

It seemed that his answer disappointed her as she yawned and decided to go back to sleep.

But Sol's next words definitely woke her up.

"I wish to make a deal with you."

It was always necessary to prepare for the unexpected.

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

#### **Chapter 360: CH 328:REJECTION**

"I wish to make a deal with you."

Sol's voice was calm and composed as he decided to proceed with his main goal in stopping at this layer of Tartarus, also called the 5th circle of hell.

Nabu, hearing his proposal, found her interest suddenly revived,

"I..."

But, just as she was about to speak out her thoughts about the charming boy's proposal...

"We refuse."

Bastet coldly broke in, stopping Nabu from speaking any further, not even giving her a chance to relay her view about this matter...

Hearing Basket's cold objections, Sol could only show them a smile... a smile filled with all the bitterness she felt at her sudden interjection and clear disinterest. But, he wasn't one to give up so easily. Time and events were a testament to how stubborn he could be.

"You did not even hear what the deal even is about."

"We do not need to. I already know that whatever you ask will be problematic and a pain in the ass for both of us."

Sekhmet really didn't want to have anything more to do with the boy named Sol. If there was one fact about history that has been proven to be accurate, it was that those who followed and helped the Blessed along the way generally didn't have a good ending for themselves.

It was alright when Fate still favored the Blessed, nurturing them with utmost care in their grueling path. But once the favor of faith stopped, then everything generally went to hell and still the Blessed turned out to be the lucky one among everyone concerned.

The unlucky ones were those who got sacrificed along the way to protect the Blessed during their lives. Poor chess pieces that were cast aside by Fate for the rise of one being.

Sekhmet knew that this wasn't the fault of the Blessed. Being a Blessed meant that you could find a treasure while going out for a random refreshing walk or something along those lines. It also meant that you could suddenly face a demigod while taking a random walk too.

The law of this world was clear and concise. Equivalent exchange in everything and anything governed by the laws of the universe. Nothing came from nothing. Being lucky means that you took the luck of someone else.

"There is nothing you can give us or even hope to offer us that will make me change my opinion about this matter. I honestly do not want to be further entangled with you. Leave, leave us alone and never seek us again."

Blesseds were normally a pain in the ass. But Sol was a Blessed among Blesseds. An absurd being that was against the very definition of this world itself. How many people could say that they faced a goddess and survived to tell the tale?

Sol had faced Ymir herself even before becoming a Duke. This was followed by him fighting a bunch of demigods and Titans, still before becoming a Duke. It was another matter altogether that he had been powered by some divine source, but it didn't change the fact that he was still not even a Duke when he faced those damned Demigods. He was just on the process of being one and had consolidated himself into the realm after the battle was over and he was fully rested.

What would happen when he becomes a King or even a Demigod?

She wouldn't be surprised if he ended up fighting a bunch of goddesses or even the Mother Goddesses themselves and somehow still live to tell the tale. Maybe, the worst would happen... He would come out triumphant and fuck this world in its entirety. Nothing was certain when it came to this abominable bastard.



If it was in the past, when she was still Bastet, she would have agreed to follow him at a moment's notice. Who knows, perhaps he would show her the road towards godhood?

But she already died too many times. Out of her nine lives, she only had one left. This was her last chance. She simply wished to sleep and spend time with her disciple in peace.

Seeing her like this, Sol couldn't help but let a bewildered expression appear on his handsome face. Then, as if a realization dawned upon him, he fell silent before laughing out loud.

"Care to enlighten me about what is so funny to you?"

Sol laughed abated as he recovered his breathing rhythm that got disarrayed by all the laughing, then he spoke between intermittent heavy breathing, relaying his apology to Sekhmet, "Sorry, sorry. I just realized that I had become slightly arrogant."

He waved his hand and turned toward the feisty cat, "Sekhmet, I will not bother you further. Also, if you wish to do so, I will ask Tiamat if you two can simply leave and roam the universe as you wish."

Like this Sol vanished in front of their eyes, moving towards the 6th Circle of hell.

Now alone, Sekhmet couldn't help but let a sigh leak from her cattish mouth, "I am sorry that I spoke for you there, Nabu."

"Do not worry...I have waited for a master for so long that I can't even recount all the years...I will follow your will, forever."

The small cat gave a human-like expression as she patted the large dragon under her paws and sighed again.

She didn't know if she made the right choice in refusing someone hailed as the future dragon emperor so clearly and with such bluntness. She knew that her chance of forming a greater relationship with Sol and obtaining more benefits in the future was now close to zero.

But it didn't matter to her. Since she was the one who made the decision, then the consequence would fall on her and her alone. She thought she would be able to live with that. At least, this way, she could ensure that they lived. That was enough for her.

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As Sol walked into his dimension, his gaze was calm and even refreshed. He had intended to ask for help from Nabu so that she could descend in Southern Pride in case of any dangerous developments.

After all, if something did happen, he wasn't sure that Kiyohime and the others could come in time. Having a backup would have been useful for any scenarios.

But when Sekhmet refused him so clearly, Sol had to admit that he was greatly shocked. In fact, on the fly, he thought of threatening her by saying they owed him or by using his power to manipulate the situation in his favor.

Those thoughts completely sobered him up, almost horrifying him to his core at the first thoughts brimming in his mind.

He then realized that from the start, he had never even entertained the thought that he would be refused. He had been so sure that the deal would be accepted that the refusal was like a slap to the face that woke him up from the arrogant train ride that he was recently onboard 24/7.

The clear and concise refusal hurt him a lot, but what hurt him even more was the thoughts that were brimming in his mind.

Until now, Sol had never tried to threaten someone that had never done anything bad to him. Even less someone who helped him.

'Is it because of my new powers?'

They said absolute power had the caveat of glorified corruption attached to it.

<<Deus Ex Machina>> was a power that entered in the territory of the gods or goddesses to be exact. He could observe Fate from a superior point of view and even manipulate the strings of Fate to his heart's desire to some extent.

In a way, when he used his power, the world became like a stage and he became its puppeteer.

In another way, he became like a being of a superior dimension looking down at the lower-dimensional being.

No matter how powerful a 2nd dimensional character became they could never even affect a insect residing in the 3rd dimension.

No matter how powerful a mortal became, they could never surpass the goddesses.

Unconsciously, Sol might have begun to look down on everyone. As if he was the only one able to see in a kingdom of the Blind.

"Well, at least I noticed this before it was too late."

Sol had the right to be proud of his powers. But the line between Pride and Arrogance was very thin, too thin in fact. There was a reason that Pride was the worst of all sins. He needed to be careful of that from now on.

"Though, now that I think about it, it's the first time a woman I am close to rejected me. Is my charm finally failing me?"

Sol laughed as he began to make light of the situation.

He was not particularly disappointed. Facing rejection sometimes wasn't so bad. He thought lightly about the first rejection of his life.