

Hero King 361

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 361: CH 329:TESTING

[Tartarus – 6th Circle of Hell]

When Sol finally entered the fabled 6th circle of hell, he was disappointed to find that it was in a rather deserted state.

Even after stretching his senses as far as he possibly could at his current level, all he could find were some chaos spawns proffering about here and there. Doing what beings of chaos were expected to do. Spreading chaos and carnage.

There were a few Duke rank beings there and here but nothing particularly interesting, at least to the current Sol it wasn't.

Sol then suddenly recalled some thing Kiyohime once said to him. The dragon queen had personally culled the entirety of the sixth circle slightly before his breakthrough. This had been done in case they managed to escape and Kiyohime went at it with gun-blazing, full kamikaze style.

“Well... I guess I will have to use the weak ones. It is what it is, can't do anything else about it, *sigh*...”

—

Doro was a Duke-ranked being, or rather a Lord-ranked chaos spawn. One of the oldest ones in this layer but as well as one of the most cunning of them all.

Appearance-wise, he looked like your average lamia. His upper body was that of a muscular man while his lower body was akin to a long snake's slithering tail. Their race could also be referred to as Nagas but they had more characteristic matches to Lamia's. All in all chaos spawns had a chaotic characteristic to them that led them not being able to be classified in a single species.

Of course, even though the chaotic bastard had such an appearance, this was simply the most optimal path he had taken toward his evolution.

Before being captured and well before he became a Duke-ranked being, he had the honor of witnessing a fight between Asmodeus and king Skryrim— the king of all Ice Titans.

The fight had been of rather epic proportions and it was a miracle that he was even able to survive that encounter. Still, what he learned from the fight he witnessed was that...the most important thing in a fight was survivability over anything else. If you survived, you triumphed. There was nothing above being alive and kicking.

King Skryrim had been far superior to Asmodeus, the divine beast of lust at that time. But even then it changed almost next to nothing. The snake was simply too hard and too slippery to be killed.

This was the path that Doro sought for himself. The path that was established through developing his hiding, healing, and escaping skills. And using this path he had lived to this day, through all the culling that had transpired in this realm.

But...

But...

'Oh mother of chaos, why send me such a trial?'

Doro cursed while he slithered on the ground as fast as possible for him. His tail left absolutely no trail on the ground and his movements were perfectly silent and unnoticeable.

Even then, no matter what he did he could not fully escape.

Everything began a few minutes before. When he felt the presence of a Duke, the first thing Doro did was hide and observe the individual.

Doro knew that a culling had happened not long before. As such he didn't have to worry about another one for a few centuries at the very least.

The young boy was without a doubt a test taker one extremely talented.

What did Doro do when he saw such a delicious prey?

He fled.

Without hesitation, he fled into the distance.

The danger he felt emanating from that single entity was so high that all his instincts were screaming at him to run for his life.

Sadly, no matter what he did, he seemed unable to escape from the dastardly boy's grasp. The shadow of death seemed to follow him everywhere.

"Oh, you are finally here."

Doro wasn't running aimlessly. This place was a true maze that he had created for his explicit uses. It would take that boy a few hours to even think of succeeding in escaping.

'This place is an ideal hiding place for me. Let's see how that bastard can find me inside where'

At least this was what he thought. But sadly for him, the same bastard was waiting for him in his path, smiling as he finally reached him. It sent a chill down his spine.

"How...?"

"Well, let's say I just deduced the place you would go to."

Doro had his mouth open. This made absolutely no sense to him.

Sol smiled as he approached Doro. He ignored the surprised expression smeared on the being's face and focused on the matter at hand.

"Now, I guess it's time to kill you, huh?"

Sol bore no animosity toward the man staring at him with an absolutely frightened look etched on his oddly human face. Unlike last time, he was not under the throes of insanity.

He simply did not care very much about the life or death of this monster.

It didn't matter to him if Doro was good or evil.

In the first place, the war between Chaos and Order had nothing to do with good or evil. It was just a war forged for principles.

Doro, feeling that it was useless to try and flee, decided to face him head on in one last bout for survival.

In a place polluted by Chaos, the divine beasts of Order found their energy diminished without means of absorbing energy as they liked.

Furthermore, it was just a Duke-ranked Dragon, it did not necessarily mean that he wouldn't be able to triumph or survive this encounter.

'I just need to incapacitate him. Break a few bones, then flee.'

He did not even entertain the thought of devouring Sol. Not because he didn't want to. He wished to eat Sol so much he could die.

But he knew that if he did eat Sol, he would without a doubt die a gruelling death.

[Assault Mode]

Since they reached the level of Lord by devouring their own kind, Chaos spawns did not possess a zone. After all, they had realized no truth, their very concept of power was different from those of the side of Order.

But this didn't mean that they were weaker than any Duke. In fact, they were generally stronger because of their own version of a Zone that was ingrained in their very essence.

A form that allowed the user to bring the full strength and talent of their bodies. One could say that it was the War form of the Chaos spawns.

When Doro entered this form, his human upper body began to contort and distort until all that was left of his previous form was a monstrous entity.

Then, holding a trident made out of one of its very bones, Doro attacked with all his might. Well intent on absolutely beating Sol in one attack.

Watching the incoming attack, Sol remembered the last time he fought against a Lord level being of Chaos. The fight had been pretty hard since they ganged up on him and even without that, that dude was strong.

In the end, he had to use his War form to win and could only watch as a few managed to escape.

The man in front of him was surely stronger than the ones he fought in the past now. The old him would have been forced to dodge or transform in order to have a chance at defeating him.

But for the current him....

"I guess I have really gotten stronger."

Sol did not even bother transforming. He did not even clad himself in mana nor did he enter his dimension. Muttering absent-mindedly about his growth, all he did was to raise one hand.

Seeing this, Doro smirked. A coward he might be. But he was still strong. Just how much did that young dragon want to mock him with his actions?

His anger changed to strength and the power contained in the spear increased tremendously. Strong enough that it could change the entire landscape if it landed.

At least, that should have been the case.

But...One hand. With just one hand, an attack that contained the full might of a Lord-level Chaos spawn was stopped.

No worse. If it was just stopped, the shock wouldn't be so great.

But the trident actually ended up getting destroyed. Simply snapping as it was a vulgar toy.

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Chapter 362: CH 330:FLAMES

When the trident finally made contact with Sol's hand, inevitably the only thing it resulted in was in the teeth of the trigonal weapon shattering into pieces like they were made out of the most fragile glass and the shaft of the trident snapping in half, as though it had been brittle down due to the passage of time. It was an absolutely unbelievable and gobsmacking scene.

From a scientific standpoint, however, the explanation was rather simple. The counterforce had simply been too high and broke through the threshold that the weapon could bear at perfect condition.

It was not unlike the metaphorical example of an egg sent flying against a wall. It was as simple as it could get. His weapon was just too brittle when compared to the area it struck. But nothing was ever simple when it came to beings of their level. The simple explanation was the very thing that made the chaos spawn stare blankly at the end result— his most prized weapon shattering into absolute pieces. A phenomenon that should never be possible.

This went beyond the common sense he had been taught and had observed throughout his long long life. He was so shocked that he simply froze on spot

Sol, meanwhile, moved his hand around, observing it with his keen eyes, and nodded in satisfaction when he felt no pain and saw no wounds on his immaculate hand. The weapon had not even been able to leave a scratch on his perfect skin. It was a satisfying result indeed, knowing the implications the result entailed.

“Hmm... I guess your core isn't in your weapon. I am glad that's the case. My hand wouldn't have been left unscathed as it is now if you slid your core into your weapon.”

The last time he had fought in the depths of the 4th circle, that chaos spawn, which gave him a hard time being his opponent, had hidden his core inside his weapon— effectively empowering his weapon and hiding the most important part of chaos beings that made them so horrifying. A pretty smart move when all things were considered. At the end of the day, their cores were their only weak points...that could lead to their demise.

While high-level chaos spawns like the one he was currently facing had organs close to that of mammals – such as a brain, heart, lungs, and other organs of similar nature – those organs were in a way just there for decorative purposes.

These served next to no purpose in their living circumstances, so it was ideal to call it decorations that served in giving them a more humane form.

Destroying the brain would not stop them from thinking. Piercing their hearts would not kill them. How could it? They didn't need it to pump blood into their bodies as their entire bodily functions were marginally different from the creatures of order. They did not have the need to breathe either. In short, they had apparently no fatal points and could regenerate themselves from any and all wounds.

Even after cutting all their limbs apart, chopping them into pieces, pulling their tongues out, piercing their eyes and gouging them out, decapitating them and crushing their heads, or even dicing all of their body parts into pieces. They would still live. They would still regenerate. They would still fight on. Such was the absolute terror that was a chaos spawn. A living, breathing, killing machine.

But, there were no beings without weaknesses. Such was the fundamental law of this universe. The chaos spawns also held weak points but the only true weak point of note that they all had was their core. Something that fully formed once they became close to the Lord level— Duke-rank in beings of Order terms. Only by destroying their cores could they be completely killed. But therein lay the problem.

The emplacement of the core was only known to the spawn and that being alone. Not that Sol cared particularly for all that hooahaa. If they can be killed he would kill them, such was his simple thought process.

Now, he was only focusing on assessing his strength.

'If we were to talk about the physique side of things, I should now be a little stronger than Nabu was during the time I saw her fight. So, this is the strength my body now provides me, huh?'

Sol chuckled and clenched his fists to form a fist. Power surged throughout his body with that single action. His body had now gone beyond the threshold that could be said to be normal even for a pure Dragon. Nabu was the strongest Duke he had ever fought and back then, she could have totally destroyed him if he didn't have a dimension to help him escape and cut the truly short corners.

Even Kaiser, despite using his zone, was completely beaten up by her in her base form with just pure strength and now he was basically equal to her in terms of raw unbridled power alone. He couldn't help but be awed by that fact.

'I wonder if I could transform into a full-fledged dragon now.'

He idly wondered. He remembered that Nidhogg, despite being a hybrid, could do so. He just wasn't particularly interested in transforming into a super big flying target.

'Now then.'

Since he had tested his physical body, it was time to see the results of his contract.

Sol had obtained three innate skills from Isis.

Nirvana.

Super Regeneration.

And lastly...

Holy Fire.

The Nirvana and Regeneration were basically two of the three core skills the phoenixes had. The third being Elemental Intangibility. He wasn't able to obtain that but he obtained something else, something that he required for his arsenal.

A bright golden flame formed around Sol's hand as he approached the frightened Lord-ranked chaos spawn.

"I don't really need to know where your core is. Not when I have this."

The flame engulfed Doro entirely, that too in just a mere moment, and all he could do was release screams of pain as he helplessly tried to fight back.

"I just need to reduce you to ashes."

Sol watched impassively as Doro's body broke down into mere particles with the advent of time. The screams resonated the fear and anguish that came from his very soul as the holy flame had the power of purification against Chaos and any kind of unnatural power like undead.

"Man, Anubis is really a goat."

Sol laughed when he realized just how badass Anubis was to have chased after a woman that represented his very opposite.

"Hmm... The flames are a bit too weak. Something's not right."

When all that was left was nothing but ashes, Sol scratched his chin thoughtfully before examining the remains of the chaos spawn.

The Holy Flame was a power that was extremely harmful to creatures of Chaos and evil. It was a flame of purification; A flame of good.

But, Sol remembered clearly using those flames to heal Skuld and Verdandi alongside Sheherazade when he woke up after reaching the Duke rank.

So then, if it was a flame to purify the so-called beings of evil. Why did it heal them? Chaos should be the true evil of this world after all. That was what the goddesses dictated.

Sol formed a simple conjecture but decided to test the waters a little more.

...

...

...

A few hours later alongside a few more stack of ashes marring the desolated lands of the 6th Circle, Sol was now sure of all his conjectures.

“This power is pretty broken.”

The Holy Flame was indeed a flame of purification. But it followed the will of the user.

Long story short, if the user wished to heal, it would. If he wished to burn it would.

But it didn't just stop there. The flame also followed the intent of the user.

Depending on the definition of <<Evil>> and <<Good>> the power and effect of the flame could be altered and strengthened accordingly.

Sol did not consider the people of chaos as “Evil” in general. In his opinion. This war was just one of ideals and not one that spanned between the morality of things. It had next to nothing to do with good or evil.

Because of this cognition, the power of the flame was weaker than they should be. But if he really decided and more importantly believed that someone was evil, then the power would amplify manyfolds to destroy that being and erase him from the face of this universe.

Rather than calling it the flame of good, it was more apt to call it the flame of judgment— his judgment.

“This isn't the normal Holy Fire, I suppose.”

Sol nodded. He didn't think that he was particularly smarter than the average being.

It was impossible that Tiamat or Gabriel didn't know about this feature. Much less someone on the caliber of Anubis who practically exuded the aura of a scholar.

If they said nothing despite wielding such specifications then...it simply means that the true Holy flame could only destroy “evil” as defined by a clear set of rules created by either the goddesses obviously or the divine beast that represented the core of that power— Gabriel.

As for the fact that he could actually set his own rules, Sol guessed that it was because of Isis' power. The one she had shown in the desert when she interrogated those slave traders. [1]

“My little cute phoenix is really something else.”

He sighed and stood up. He had already been here for far too long and he was becoming rather bored. At least, he now had a better understanding of his powers and evolution into the new realm.

As for his Dimension and Domain. Those could be slowly explored later.

‘Should I head out to the 7th circle now?’

Sol walked away, unhurried and carefree.

He had no intention of fighting the King ranked Titans or any traitors that were entrapped in the 7th level.

The difference between the King rank and the Duke rank was not so easily closed and fighting a King would surely exhaust him no matter how powerful he became.

What he wanted to do now, going up to the 7th circle of this place housing the damned, was to find the secret zone hidden in the 7th circle of Tartarus.

From what Tiamat told him, he would find something very interesting once he sets foot in there. [2]

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Chapter 363: CH 331:I MAKE THE RULES

[Tartarus, 7th circle of Hell]...?

“Well... So this is the true Hell, huh?”

The moment he stepped inside the 7th Circle, of this place known as the hell of the dragon realm, Sol immediately felt his body become heavy from a certain pressure that emanated from this dreary place. The heaviness and the extreme heat he felt was enough to make him have the delusions that he might've truly entered hell.

‘Still, I wonder what Gabriel would say if she were to see this scene, knowing that Tiamat's idea of Hell was something that looked like her territory. She should at the least be extremely pissed. If it were me, then I would have had a go at the offender no matter how powerful they might've been.’

“Are those even real?”

Sol's eyes twitched violently, seeing the world around him. This dreary world was in one word blinding and the heat was breaking through all of the barriers he has placed around himself. Easily, it could be seen that the place was simply disconcerting to say the least.

This wasn't merely “Heat” at the physical level. It was the very incarnation of Heat itself. The very concept of heat that transcended all dimensions and attacked the entirety of a being, not just the physicality of them. He thought that such a composition being present in hell was definitely understandable. After a certain level, mere physical damage could do little to beings that went on the path to godhood.

But what was truly marvelous was that, despite the obviously deadly heat that could burn everything down to cinders, this world seemed to be full of life.

Wherever he looked, he could see nature thriving and brimming with a vigor that could not even be seen in the liveliest of places.

When Sol looked, squinting as he focused on the heavenly bodies, at the suns hanging above in the clear skies, he knew immediately that they were not really suns in the real sense. They were merely simple projections of the real deal. Even then....

‘Sigh, why am I even trying to use my common sense here.’

Sol sighed at his ridiculous thoughts. There was nothing too weird in this universe. Everything was possible where demigods run amok like it was nobody's business. Even the goddesses could become

particularly playful in their creations, doing things that made absolutely no sense. Tiamat could do whatever she wanted in that sense.

Why did he have to care and rationalize the fact that a tree grew up to be so lively under the full horrifying heat wave of nine parallel suns?

No, what he should really care about though, a thing that felt rather astonishing to him, was that he could feel no aura of Chaos brimming in this place.

In fact, Sol was practically sure of the fact that he was technically not even in Tartarus anymore.

This was... Another dimension altogether. Someone else's dimension... Someone lost in the chronicles of the epochs...

[9th Heaven]

Sitting high up on her majestic throne, like a lazy cat who only cared for rest and indulgence, Tiamat was sifting through different styles of clothing the world had to offer. Strictly speaking, she was looking at maid attires, all the varieties that a maid attire could be in, in fact.

Like a spectrum, they went from super long robes that hid everything from up to down to uniforms that left so little to the imagination that one might as well be naked at that point. There were hundreds of varieties of such clothes in front of her.

This kind of thing was the little joy of Tiamat's life. So she wished to enjoy herself as much as possible. After all, this wouldn't be a common occurrence.

The only ones she could tease like this were Yggi and Lakshmi[1], the divine beast of Greed.

She was weirdly an interesting fellow. One that tried to scam her many times which had always resulted in Tiamat mercilessly retaliating by humiliating her in whatever way and whenever she could.

Saying that they were friends was a stretch. But they were in a way business partners with similar interest up to a certain point. As long as she didn't cross the lines too far, Tiamat was willing to humor that greedy woman.

Like this, Tiamat was spending her time idly when she suddenly frowned and looked down.

The entirety of the Dragon Territory was under her control and while her control was weaker in the realm of Tartarus, it was still there.

She knew that Sol entered that place but she didn't care because there was basically nothing that could threaten him as long as he didn't act dumbly.

But now, she found that she could not perceive him anymore.

Tiamat rose from her throne, there was something separating her from the 9th heaven. She was about to strike it down. But, once she recognized the energy signature, understood just what being it belonged to, she hesitated a moment before sighing and sitting back down on her throne with a hesitant countenance.

“Don’t do anything dumb, okay?”

She decided to give the benefit of the doubt to that man. Not simply because he helped her in the past or because she trusted him a great deal.

No, she didn't believe in that. She just did what she did because she had absolute faith in Sol. She believed that no matter what happened, he would walk out of it alive and moderately unscathed.

That and she knew he still had a little of that divinity left inside him in some corner. In the very worst case, he could simply use it.

‘Now then, where was I?’

Since she didn’t have to worry about this, she could just shift her focus back on choosing good clothes for Gabriel.

[7th Circle]

In the scorching depths of the seventh circle, the moment Sol realized that he had entered another dimension, different from his grandmother's, a voice filled the air in the next moment...

“I did not think that I would have another visitor so soon.”

It was a light voice, filled with the vicissitudes of life and tiredness. Still, the power behind it was unmistakable to say the least.

Sol looked up silently. There, high up in the sky was a slender handsome man clad entirely in black from head to toe. He had shoulder-length black hair and six pairs of dark as night wings fluttering behind him with its long wingspan.

The man himself was slightly translucent as if he was nothing but an illusion or a mere hologram.

“You do not seem surprised to see me here. You expected it didn't you?”

Seeing Sol's lackluster response, the man merely raised an eyebrow; surprised that Sol had expected his presence here.

“Hum...Well, what can I say? I am not one to be surprised easily anymore. I kinda expected it in fact. Whenever I meet someone new there is generally some test following it. I got used to it after a while.”

Sol shrugged and walked around idly, totally ignoring the apparition in the air,

“So, what are you exactly?”

He crouched down and took a look at the plant. As if the vigorous plants were far more interesting than the apparition of a man, clearly from an era long before.

“Oh my... This is surely a first. I am Lucifer. Lucifer Superbia.”

“Oh? I thought you died.”

“Well, I am not exactly alive currently. So, yes, you are right...”

“Hmm...I see. How interesting.”

Sol said so before nodding and focusing back on the plants. His eyes shone as he began to decipher something that caught his attention.

Lucifer meanwhile was left rather perplexed.

‘This is.... Not really going like I thought it would.’

“I am Lucifer, you know? The Lucifer... The Strongest demigod, kind of your ancestors, trained your grandmother a little. Rebelled against the goddess. Aren't you more interested?”

“You ‘were’ the strongest demigod. Now it's Tiamat. I am pretty sure you are not my ancestor. And I can say with certainty that my beloved grandma, Tiamat, would never accept anyone really training her. Finally your rebellion was an epic failure. So... Yeah... Not really interested.”

When Sol answered with a flurry of words, Lucifer couldn't help his eyebrows twitching slightly with irritation whenever Sol attacked with his reasoning.

“I guess the pen is indeed mightier than the sword. You have torn my poor heart.”

This time, Sol looked up from the tree. His eyes narrowed in thought,

‘He did not get angry. It doesn't seem like he is faking it either.’

From the moment Sol stepped into this place, he had been tense. After all, he was currently in the dimension of a Dimensional mage.

He remembered very well what he had done to Nihil and Surtr when they were blocked in his.

No matter how kind this Lucifer was, Sol refused to stay in such a situation. If that man wanted to discuss with him then it would be on his terms. Not anyone else.

“Say, what is the name of your dimension?”

Sol asked offhandedly to which Lucifer shrugged, “<<Blazing Sun>>”

Lucifer wasn't dumb. He could see that Sol was up to something, and he was curious to see what would happen.

“Blazing sun, heh.”

He stood up and mumbled, “Well, this should be enough.”

<<Dimensional Encroachment...>>

Lucifer tilted his head as he felt Sol trying to expulse his dimension, “This is useless you know? Not even Tiamat could win against me in that domain and that was before I completely pulled her into my dimension.”

Sol ignored him and continued,

<<Dimensional Encroachment...>>

This repeated for a few times before a grin formed on Sol's face,

"I got it."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't need to fight against your control."

A slight foreboding rose in Lucifer's subconscious. But alongside this was also a feeling of excitement.

Back then, Tiamat had astonished him with her talent. It seemed that he was about to witness something even more absurd.

What Sol had been trying to encroach had never been the real universe but rather...

<<Dimension Encroachment>>

<<Inverse World: Frigid Moons>>

"Welcome to my world."

Sol grinned as two crystal thrones appeared and floated in the air before he sat on one of them with a victorious grin.

"Now we can talk, I guess..."

He would never let anyone test him ever again. It would be him doing the testing now.

[1]: She is one of the principal goddesses in Hinduism. She is the goddess of wealth, fortune, power, beauty, fertility, and prosperity, and is associated with Maya ("Illusion"). Along with Parvati and Saraswati, she forms the Tridevi of Hindu goddesses.

By the way, the Divine beast of Charity is called Midas. Yeah, I like irony as you may have noticed. For those who didn't understand the joke, search Midas' Touch. Explaining jokes is pretty lame.

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Chapter 364: CH 332:CRYPTIC

The world of heat and warmth slowly blended with the encroachment of a deep shivering, wintry night. The blazing desert made way for white sand that gently reflected the light of the celestial bodies above. Up above, instead of the Nine Suns, there now lay Nine full moons, each with its own distinctive characteristics.

The suns had gone past the horizon, nowhere to be seen, and with their departure, the realm had been robbed of all its heat. What remained afterward... was an all-consuming chill that dug into a beings' very souls.

Inverse World. Inverted fate. Blaze made way for frigidness. Warmth made way for Cold. Suns made way for Moons. The world had been turned upside down at its very foundation. Such was the power of Sol's dimension.

He had inverted Lucifer's realm itself and took control of it and made it his own. He was now the dictator of this world that held the two of them. He was now the undisputed lord. And said lord was

now sitting on his throne while his cheeks lifted to form a cheeky grin, directed toward a somber-looking Lucifer.

The once greatest divine beast now looked deeply at Sol. That look made one have the illusion that perhaps he was looking at him for the first time. And indeed, Lucifer had finally looked at him for the being he was. Not as the young boy he wanted to teach, but as someone worthy of talking to as his equal.

“I must say. I am very impressed, Sol. Could I ask what you did right there?”

“I scanned your dimension and eroded it with a concept that could be termed as its antithesis.”

“You know that what you did is basically what Chaos does to Order, right? I need not remind you about the consequences of those actions.”

“I know and this is one of the reasons I was inspired to do such a thing. It seems that it worked out well, in the end.”

Ever since his fight against Nihil, he had been thinking hard. The last meeting would decide it all for the both of them. The Rule of Three was already in place, so the last encounter between them would be their final one. But then, how would he make sure to kill her for good? After all, Nihil was no easy target and even though he had played around with her. In the end, he had not been able to give a decisive blow to her at the end of their battle.

So, after rummaging through his mind for numerous thoughts, he focused on two things in particular. The first one was a power that he should be careful in using. Something was telling him to be very careful of that. At the very least, he should not be using it in the open until he was sure that the goddesses couldn't end him with just a single thought. But once he mastered that power, he was sure that he could give decisive wounds on Nihil.

Of course, his thoughts didn't stop there. Nihil was a dimensional mage and they were very hard to kill. He knew this very well. After all, he was such a mage himself. And he called himself the very incarnation of a cockroach.

Then an idea suddenly struck him. It was a moment of Eureka for him that provided answers to all of his problems.

“Do you know? Everything has a reflection in this world.”

In the past, Sol considered his dimension to be a mirror. He could now see much further. But this did not change the fundamental points of his power.

Dimensional encroachment was the fact of bringing a part of an outside dimension in the current one. This resulted in a fight for dominance.

Meanwhile, his dimension allowed him to bring the Invert Part of the space he was currently residing in.

As such Sol couldn't help but think I'm his mind.

If my Inverse Dimension really covers the entirety of this universe in theory.

Shouldn't I also cover the different dimensions that are individually made up in it?

It was a crazy thought that wormed in his mind. After all, not even the goddesses could take control of the dimensions of a Dimensional mage. At least this was the common consensus that was reached by the majority.

What could he do then?

"I am like a trojan horse. A virus that infiltrated deep in your control center and changed everything to meet my wishes."

Thanks to his Eye of Akasha, he could now study the structure of any dimension in depth.

By knowing the name of the dimension, he could better infer the main theme and concept governing it and then decide on his next actions.

Finally, by using his own dimension, he could push them in the inverse version of it.

This was how the <<Blazing Suns>> became the <<Frigid Moons>>... That was how he was able to invert Lucifer's whole realm.

"What a frightening power."

"Well, it isn't that impressive. I could do it because you simply watched me and did not interfere. I doubt an enemy would extend me the same courtesy."

Lucifer chuckled, "You do know that if the demigods learn of this power, even if you are Tiamat's grandson, they will hunt you down at any cost simply because of the fear you'd instill in them, right?"

Sol chuckled.

The territory was the supreme place where demigods could be akin to goddesses. One place where they had absolute control over every aspect.

But what if Sol used this technique in their territory?

"Well, I believe you did not make this whole show to simply praise me. Firstly, I would like to apologize for my disrespectful words."

Sol had mocked Lucifer earlier to gauge his response and determine whether he was an enemy or an ally.

Still, this was no excuse since Lucifer had still stayed polite despite all the insults he threw at him without holding anything back. Sol decided that it was necessary to apologize to him for his transgressions.

Not because he feared him or that he even cared for him. But simply out of a respect for a powerhouse that once dominated the world.

'Would you look at that?'

Lucifer was feeling more and more impressed by Sol's behavior.

He casually dismissed the words of apologies with a wave of his hand, "Your words were simply the truth. Past glory bears no weight. No matter who I was or how powerful I was. Since I died then it's the end."

Sol shook his head, "I do not believe so. There are no useless actions or intentions. You may have died, but your powerful will lives on in each and every Dragon to ever exist. From what I understand from history, divine beasts in the past were basically nothing but glorified slaves of the goddesses. But after your rebellion, the goddess eased their reigns and treated the Divine Beasts with a lot more flexibility and humility.

"Death only truly comes when you are forgotten. Is it not?"

There were two types of people in this world.

Those who died without ever changing anything.

Then you had those whose death would shake the very essence of the world. People who, when they were alive left a trace so great that even after thousands of years, they would still be remembered by history and everyone concerned.

This was, even more, the case in this world where people could live for so much longer.

All men should strive to create a legacy that would survive even after their deaths and be passed on for their prosperity and for the generations that would come after.

'Of course, it's even better to stay alive. No, it's simply the best thing there ever could be.'

"They once called me the devil. One who would mutter sweet words in order to corrupt and make people join my cause. But you, my dear boy, are even better than this at me, it seems."

Lucifer sat on the throne with a smile tugging at the corner of his lips,

"Initially, I wished to bestow you with my wisdom regarding your path. But I realized you are treading on a path no one ever took. Nor do I think anyone would ever be willing or even be capable of such a path. My advice would be useless or even harmful to you at this moment. Blocking you from fully tapping into the potential you have."

Back then when he first met Tiamat, the young girl was just restarting her journey from the Duke level. She was in search of so much power that she made the mistake of ignoring what truly mattered in this world.

While the time they spent together was short, Lucifer was indeed Tiamat's teacher. Albeit partially.

But Sol here was creating a completely new path. How could Lucifer bear to influence him? He hoped to see the boy once he reached his full potential.

Sol meanwhile was satisfied.

'My meeting with him was an important pivot in the past. Now, not so much.'

Had Sol met Lucifer before he became a Duke, many things could have changed. For the better or for the worse perhaps, but they would've surely changed. But now, as Lucifer said, Sol already had his own path to tread on.

He was the first and unique being to walk such a path as such he was kind of fumbling around. But it was his own path and he would reach the end with it on his own terms. Death and Failure were never an option. He would succeed no matter what he had to do.

"Still, I believe that sending you away like this would be a mistake. So let me give you some advice. Something that may be completely helpful or completely useless depending on the current situation."

"How, what might this be if I may ask? I am all ears."

"The End of the world is coming. A new Era is approaching. Doomsday will soon be upon us and at the end of all of this, 'They' will finally arrive."

Sol massaged his forehead to fight the headache that was approaching at breakneck speed...

"Did I say I hated cryptic messages?"

"Trust me. I also hate them..."

Lucifer could only smile bitterly at his accusing words.

Later on, after a hearty and less complicated discussion, Sol left the place. Of course after giving back full control to Lucifer.

He liked the man. He somehow reminded him of Anubis but less... Dissolute?

Either way, now all he wanted to do was simply rest.

He would also share the doomsday prophecy with Tiamat later on.

He really hoped that this was just a false alarm.

Sadly he knew it wasn't.

As such, it was with a heavy heart that he entered the 9th Heaven.

But all the sadness and uneasiness were shattered by Tiamat's next words.

"Let's have a swimsuit party."

While So was preparing to enjoy himself for one last time before his departure, Lucifer, now alone in his dimension that went back to being full of heat, couldn't help but sigh.

'I wonder how much time I have left.'

He didn't know why this shard of his soul was still clinging up to life.

But he was at least grateful that he could see such marvelous inheritors.

At the very least, his Rebellion had not been a mistake.

Of that, he could be proud.

[AN]: Wanted to do more with Lucifer but all the ideas I had ended in spoilers too heavy. Had to cut it short.

By the way, Initially, Lucifer was supposed to be Sol King's name. For obvious reasons. This was way before though in the past. Funny how things change.

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Chapter 365: CH 333:BEACH

The sound of the waves crashing against the beach, the slight breeze coming from the sea, and more importantly, the beautiful women walking around in swimsuits of numerous designs. From common, unique, picturesque to exotic, they had them all.

As he laid down on the refreshing beach with a parasol protecting him from the glaring sun, he couldn't help but wonder just what the hell had happened for this event to pop up out of the blue.

Looking at the sun and the blue sky in the skies that was so unlike the usual dreary look in the realm of the sea of stars, Sol remembered his discussion with Tiamat that took place not long before.

He had clearly just asked for a small party. A roundabout way for him to celebrate with his lovers and his family members. This way they could forget all the gruesome events of the war and the differences between them and enjoy each other's company. Or so he portrayed the scenario in his mind.

So how the hell did it transform into a worldwide transformation of such an epic scale like this summer beach scenario?

Not that he was complaining or anything. It was just...absurd and incomprehensible, to say the least.

"Sol! Come on, will you join us!? Please, it's so much fun but it will be so much better with you added into the mix."

"Continue playing along, will you? I am certainly going to join you soon. Let me just rest for a bit here."

Sol smiled toward the cheerful Isis. She was wearing a dark-reddish colored one piece swimsuit with a big hat placed above her head that was protecting her face from the glaring rays of the sun.

Despite the simplicity of her dress-up, it was a very typical beach get up all things considered, it gave her a certain charm and cuteness that was unique only to her.

Sheherazade was still undergoing her transformation so she was sadly unable to attend the beach party but Isis was still enjoying herself.

It was the first party she was participating in. The underworld was not exactly the best place to host such events and she was generally isolated in the Phoenix realm due to her origins and the nature of her existence. This was a first and a one of a kind experience for her.

"Is it really fun to gaze at us with such an obscene and covetous gaze like this?"

Appearing next to him, Kiyohime asked with a hint of curiosity. Like Isis, she was adorning a one-piece swimsuit that left little to the imagination. It was a sky-blue themed swimsuit that sadly showed her disappointing chest. Not that he was ever willing to say it out loud, but seeing the two of them together in such a get-up really pronounced her shortcomings even more.

"Your gaze is slightly irritating right now, you know that?"

Sol coughed, slightly flustered at having his thoughts read so easily by the dragon queen, before masking his gaze full of pity, smiling charmingly to cover up his blunder, "Well, there is a beauty in watching you girls from afar."

"Hehe, darling is a pervert I guess."

"That's is rich, coming from you."

Skuld of course was basically naked from head to toe. She was wearing a ... he didn't even know how to describe it. Could it even be called a swimsuit?

Rather they simply seemed like strings that barely covered her sensitive areas. In fact he was pretty sure that she would have loved to go out naked.

But she also seemed to have fun searching for a swimsuit and flashing him with all her spring glory.

Initially she wished to come with Verdandi and Urd, but their big sisters had yet to come.

It seemed that, after the recent attack, the divine beasts were not really inclined in letting Titans who could hide in History walk out away without any form of supervision.

Skuld found it incredibly funny how they thought they could really stop her sister from leaving if she really wished to.

But she also knew that now wasn't the time to burn bridges. As long as Sol was on Order's side, she would be loyal.

It was a shame though since she had hoped that they would dedicate their bodies to Sol.

She was sure that he would have loved a threesome with three nearly identical looking sisters.

Not far from Sol, another woman complained.

"I really do not understand what is so interesting about the beach. I have seen enough sand in my life that I am sick of it and I hate the sea."

"My lord, would you like a massage?"

The true stunners were none others than Nent and Nefertiti.

Nent's explosive body and tanned skin were fully displayed in a red bikini that matched her flaming red hair.

Her breasts looked like they would spill out at any moment and her butt was a pleasure to watch.

Meanwhile Nefertiti was even more beautiful than usual. She was wearing a simple white bikini that contrasted with her equally tanned skin.

Initially Nefertiti did not wish to wear a bikini. But she later accepted when she was told that this was a day practically designed to let some steam out, relax and show off their assets to the ones concerned.

She also wanted to be complimented by Sol.

Even though her proportions were smaller than that of Nent's, they were so perfect it was mind-blowing.

The perfect ratio as they said. She was the very definition of the golden number.

On the side, Anubis and Nephthys were approaching them from a distance. The two of them had a jovial smile hanging on their faces.

Though Nephthys was clearly embarrassed.

Her figure was no less explosive than Nent's and Sol had to admit that his mother-in-law looked good.

Though he was respectful enough to not stare too much.

They weren't the only ones on the beach.

Fafnir and Kaiser were both present and were currently working on a barbecue. Tiamat had strictly prohibited the use of any kind of magic or even using mana.

Clearly, without it they had a hard time getting results.

Welsh was standing next to them and laughing out loud while holding a drink. She clearly had no intention of helping them in any way.

Her bikini was also pretty wild. Since they were basically just bandages covering her breasts and lower body.

Hydra and Nidhogg were also present. Though they were standing a little farther.

Unlike the other men present, Hydra was wearing a simple shirt over his shorts.

Meanwhile, Nidhogg was wearing something that was more akin to a diving suit. Covering her entire body. As well as a mask over her face.

The beach they were using was incredibly wide and everywhere Sol could see people mingling, chatting, and generally simply having fun.

Tiamat had decided that a proper celebration was in order.

Not only for him as a new prince but also for their hard-achieved victory.

Dragons, elves, hybrid dragons, and spirits, beings of numerous races covered the beach. There were also dryads and some more exotic races that were not purely humanoids.

They could not spend all their time grieving. It was necessary for them to also let out their pent up frustrations.

Hydra had proposed serving the special alcohol he brewed but Nent absolutely opposed to it.

Simply imagining hundreds of Dukes completely drunk made her shiver in absolute fright.

The disaster would be of epic proportions.

Though, when she explained how dangerous that drink was. She could see both Nidhogg and Hydra's eyes lighting up in pure joy.

It was as if two mad scientists had found a new toy to play around with.

In fact, Kiyohime literally had to appear and catch them by the collar to stop them from leaving the premises.

Clearly, they were more interested in researching more about the topic of mentally weakening divine beasts than participating in a party.

In the end, no matter how one looked at it, it was a proper beach party.

Beautiful women clad in sexy underwear, men flexing their Greek bodies here and there will trying to chat up some girls, people drinking, though in this case they could not get drunk.

In a way, it was the perfect party.

People were simply playing around, having fun and joking.

They were able to see that the fight they they bitterly fought was not for nothing as it allowed the current peace in their realms.

There was a time for the dead and one for the living. Those times should not be mixed up.

For Sol, the only blemish in this part was the absence of one person. After all, the one who practically made this party possible and set up everything was nowhere to be seen.

Tiamat.

She had prepared and created everything for this day. From what she said she had made a perfect cycle of day and night for this very occasion.

Sol knew that it must have been hard since she was going a little against the thematic of her territory.

From the way Nephthys, Nent and Kiyohime nearly fainted when they understood what Tiamat was doing, he could also guess that her current feat was burning Faith coins like they were nothing.

She really went all out for this day and he was extremely grateful for everything she was doing for him.

Though from the way some of the elder dragons were giving him the stink eye, Sol could guess that they weren't really happy about how much resources were going into this event.

They were already unhappy about what happened to the dragon pool.

To this, Sol could only laugh.

There was no way he would let them affect his mood.

Tiamat had created what could be perhaps considered as the most expensive party in this entire universe and he planned to enjoy every last bit of it.

This would be his way of thanking her.

He just wished that she would also be here to enjoy this great time with him and her family.

That was his only wish and regret of this

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Chapter 366: CH 334:CLOSING ISSUES

After meticulously observing each and every one of his girls and complimenting them to no end, Sol decided to stand up and walk around the grandiose beach, observing the state of the other participants.

Currently, He had an ardent wish to mingle and have a slight conversation with people he didn't really have the occasion to have much interaction with during all of his stay in the dragon realm.

Since he would soon leave this realm and didn't know when he would be able to come back and interact with his acquaintances of this realm, it was necessary to at least have some sort of short discussion with some of them if not all of them.

In the corner of his eyes, he could see Nent and Nephthys talking with each other, laughing and having a good time overall, while Skuld and Nefertiti were playing around in the Sea. Skuld seemed especially close to Nefertiti these days which made him smile from the relief he felt.

He was happy to see that Skuld was in the process of making a friend.

At least he hoped they were becoming friends.

Skuld was a very problematic case among his harem-mates due to the nature of her existence. The very nature of Chaos was to be against Order and there was no two ways about it. Most of his girls would hate her instinctively, and the same was the case for her. With these troubling circumstances, her being able to get close to someone among the harem-mates was a godsend for him.

The same was the case for Nefertiti. Being the oddball of the group, he was worried that he wouldn't be able to get along with his girls. It was reassuring now that the girls he was most worried about had now confided in each other and had formed a bond that could support each other.

Speaking of Nefertiti, Sol was reminded of the talk they had about the enlightenment she had recently gained during the mingling session of the girls.

Nefertiti had very briefly informed him about the path she was shown through the enlightenment, a path of immense power through servitude and faith, but they really needed to speak more in depth about the whole thing later when they had more time on their hands.

Now, it was time for each of them to have fun and relax their strained minds. Having a serious conversation in this atmosphere would probably ruin the relaxing mood that had settled among them, and he would never want that.

However, his mind was a bit troubled with the nature of her powers, so he couldn't help but want to talk with her as soon as possible even though he knew that decision to be unwise. Well, this was a power that was once wielded by Micheal. 'The Michael'. The greatest and most powerful divine beast after Lucifer, and one of the strongest beings to ever exist. Knowing that Nefertiti had awoken to such an earth shattering power was deeply flabbergasting to him.

It seemed that he would have to visit the kingdom of angels later on after returning back to the mortal realm. Piles after piles of events stacked up in his to-do-list after returning back home. He was tired just thinking of the work he needed to conduct after the expiration of his current trip. So, he decided to just not think about it at all and focus on the task at hand.

While the party was going on, both Fafnir and Kaiser were staring at the BBQ as if it was the most alien thing they had ever seen in the entirety of their lives.

The houses in this realm all functioned through the use of magic stones, a powerful battery of sorts, that could be easily charged by simply filling it up by Mana that they could provide by themselves.

Recharging the different facilities was in fact a job assigned to the weakest of dragons or other species who weren't interested in simply staying idle but did not have the strength to go and explore the Cosmos like the others.

They would regularly recharge the main facility which would then distribute the accumulated energy through all the households that paid for the subscription.

This was another simple way Tiamat made money off the residents of her realm. Making them pay for doing something they could have easily done by themselves if they just put on the time and effort behind it.

Either way, the level of technology in the dragon realm was quite developed. So much so that both Kaiser and Fafnir, despite the power they wielded, could do nothing but bow in helplessness in front of this barbarous way.

"Pfff! Hahahaha! What's going on, brother? Didn't you say that you will show me the dignity of the second eldest. Hehe. Go on, my eyes are wide open. Show me!"

Fafnir blushed so much his face became nearly as red as his flaming red hair.

'Why do I always end up bragging so much?'

He couldn't help but scratch his head and give an awkward smile to his sibling.

Looking at him like this, it was impossible to imagine that this was the great and vaillant general who made sure his soldiers faced the least amount of casualties in the war.

"Perhaps I may be of assistance?"

Welsh, Fafnir, and Kaiser turned towards the approaching Sol, smiling as he observed their bantering. They had felt him slowly approaching but did not think he would stop here.

After all, the relationship between them was nearly non-existent, to say the least. They had never really taken the time to talk and know each other on a deeper level apart from the usual pleasantries.

Thinking like this, Fafnir swallowed his pride and nodded, "*Ahem* I would be thankful if you could help."

Kaiser opened his mouth to protest, but in the end he simply sighed.

"Please."

Sol smiled and approached the grill before expertly working on it, operating the machine with a skilled hand.

He would have never thought that his experience as a human on earth would be used on this occasion, and that too to operate a grill...

"Ohhh. How marvelous! You are truly skilled."

It was also pretty embarrassing to be praised for something like that. Even more so since he could feel that Fafnir was actually being sincere in his endless compliments.

"Tch. I guess my fun ended."

Welsh scowled in a bad mood. Teasing Fafnir was one of her small pleasures in life.

"So, what brings you here? Generally you play around with Big sis, right?"

'Well, I do really play around with her. Just not the way you must be expecting.'

It was clear that on the dragon's side, no one except Tiamat knew about Sol's true relationship with Kiyohime.

He was quite surprised since they should have been able to smell his scent entwined with her. But it seemed that as a warrior specialized in hunting, Kiyohime knew how to get rid of such traces.

Sol didn't particularly mind. He knew that Kiyohime wasn't ashamed of their relationship. Just generally reserved and still had no idea what their relationship was exactly.

Still, if there was one true thing in Welsh's speech, it was that he never really tried to come close to the other dragons.

"I am not trying to find excuses but just a few days after I entered this realm, I was thrown into Tartarus. Then we had the tournament and finally the war. There wasn't exactly enough time to socialize with you all."

The other three could only bitterly smile. It was incredible how so many events happened one after another just after Sol came.

They once again understood why Blesseds were sometimes considered as the scourge of all realms.

Wherever they were, events would spiral out of control and the one taking the fallout were generally other people while the Blessed would walk out unscathed and become even stronger.

"By the way, what kind of meat is this?"

Sol looked down at the meat of unknown origin.

"A special type of cow that grows by absorbing Mana."

'Huh...'

Sol looked down, feeling pretty conflicted. He had never really thought about it but, was it cannibalism if a cow beastman ate a cow?

He knew that Milia was vegetarian. But mostly because she said her milk would turn bad if she ate meat.

'I am really having weird thoughts now.'

He was missing his precious girl back home. It seemed that he needed to prepare some gifts for them.

'At least I am sure Setsuna and Nuwa will like this.'

Like this, the discussion between them slowly became more enjoyable.

There were no profound or important topics. In fact the discussion was pretty meaningless.

But it was this kind of meaningless conversation that helped create sturdy bonds between people.

Sol promised himself that on his next visit, he would spend more time with them and try to understand more about them.

They would become his greatest allies in the future, after all, and they were the ones who truly had a say in this world.

When the discussion began to tether off, Welsh elbowed Fafnir gently,

"*Ahem* Well, we need to go meet with someone. We will come back in a few minutes."

"Okay. But I swear if you guys flee I will also leave."

They chuckled as they left, leaving Kaiser and Sol alone.

The atmosphere became pretty awkward between the two.

The first time they had seen each other was not particularly the best memory...

The second time it was during the tournament where Sol ended up beating Kaiser into unconsciousness.

This would be the third time now and he wondered how it would go.

"I apologize for my previous misconducts."

Kaiser started with an apology.

'Well, I certainly didn't expect this discussion to begin like this.'

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Chapter 367: CH 335:FAREWELL

Sol continued to roast the meat while listening to Kaiser's conversation. If he had to be honest, he didn't want to be here right now.

Today was a day he was supposed to relax and enjoy. Not to listen to someone else's confession and apologies.

He didn't care what Kaiser thought of him. It was nothing special, actually, it was very simple. Kaiser was, at the end of the day, absolutely inconsequential to his life.

So why was he still staying here and listening?

Because he didn't have any male friends.

The only friend he somewhat made was Ares and there was the whole nearly getting poisoned by Ares and him putting Ares in his dimension to mind manipulate him shenanigan going around that...

Well...yeah, their relationship was awkward, to say the least.

"So, what brought the sudden apologies? I doubt it's because I am clearly stronger than you."

Kaiser gave a bitter smile at the sucker punch Sol playfully delivered but did not rise to the bait, "I do not like you."

'Well, figures. I don't like any of you either.'

"I would not have apologized if my actions were the result of pure dislike. No matter how much stronger you are, I couldn't care less."

Kaiser's eyes showed a firm will. He had seen the power of Sol. Seen how Sol toyed around with two mighty demigods like it was nothing and even revived himself from certain death.

To say that he was not impressed and awed would be a lie.

But that alone would have never been enough to make him cower. He had his own pride. Even as small and ridiculous that pride was, he was still a proud dragon.

So why did he apologize?

"I was jealous, envious and those feelings of mine made me have unfounded prejudice against you."

As he said this, Kaiser threw a glance at Isis who was playing around with Nefertiti and Skuld. For a brief instant, fondness flashed in his eyes before he released a sigh, killing that emotion from taking root...

"You have a very good girl who loves you very much. Take care of her."

"I don't need you to tell me that."

Sol sighed, now he understood why he didn't have any male friends.

'Well, I guess Anubis is something of a friend?'

Sol was really getting desperate.

“Anyway, I honestly didn’t care very much. Be it you, Nidhogg, or the others, I understand perfectly why you had no good feelings for me and I do not begrudge you for it. At least you guys were forthcoming with what you thought of me.”

Sol chuckled before turning over the meat. The sizzling sound of the grilling meat and the delicious scent made his mouth water.

Throughout his life, he had eaten many exquisite meals, but nothing could beat some good grilled meat. There was something about this that made it taste better than anything else.

“By the way. What are you gonna do now?”

“I will fight against one of the princes for the title. Nidhogg will do the same.”

“Heh...”

Sol drawled. He was also a prince. But the only reason he fought for that title was to get his reward.

A contract with a phoenix.

Now that this was done. The contract with the goddesses was nearly complete.

All he needed was to pass one last trial and he would have permission to come and go from the Mortal realm to the Astral realm as he wished.

‘I should be able to move through the realms with my dimension as long as I set some anchor points here. But better not provoke them.’

Even if one had the power to move through the realm, doing so without actual permission was no different from entering another country without permission from the authorities.

It was possible. But illegal, nonetheless.

‘I wonder what the third trial will be.’

He hoped that it wouldn’t be anything crazy.

While Sol and Kaiser were trying to get to know each other and form a more amicable relationship, Nephthys was looking at Nent like she was looking at an alien.

“Sister...? Is that really you?”

Even though she did not have the power to see souls like her husband and daughter, she was still an experienced old monster.

In the first place, one didn’t need to be a genius to see that Nent had seriously changed.

‘Just what happened during those few months?’

She was filled with disbelief. 700 years ago, the just, bubbly, and upright Nent changed into a scheming woman filled with bitterness and hatred as well as twisted ideals.

Be it her or their mother, they had tried everything to make Nent go back to her old self. But they miserably failed and finally simply gave up.

They were resigned and thought that all they could do was watch as Nent gradually approached a line that should never be crossed.

But... Now?

While Nent was not back to what she once was. She had without a doubt greatly changed once again and for the better.

“Was I really that bad?”

Nent gave a bitter smile at the look of disbelief her sister was plainly directing at her.

“Not gonna lie. You were pretty ugly.”

“Anubis!”

“What? I am only telling the truth. Her soul was severely rotten.”

Nent gave a look at Anubis, “Rotten because I was doing wrong?”

“No.” Anubis waved his hand, “Dear sister-in-law. You see. People have this funny idea that the purity of the soul depends on some flimsy distinction between good and evil. Mere social concepts created to bring order.”

A murderer was ‘bad’. But a soldier defending his country was ‘good.’

Someone stealing just to get richer was ‘bad’ but stealing from the rich to give to the poor was ‘good.’

“At the end of the day. Good and Evil are never fixed. They are concepts that change depending on the situation and the place.”

“So then... Why was my soul ugly in your eyes?”

“Because it was tainted by indecisiveness, hesitation, flawed goals, hatred, and self admonishment.”

Nent and Nephthys stayed silent.

“Did you know? The most beautiful souls I have seen came from the same kind of people. People with firm and unshakable belief in what they were doing. Whether they were doing evil or good did not matter.”

He gave another look at Nent, “Now though. You look freer. As if a great burden has been released from your shoulders. Your goals are clear now and you show no hesitation. While there is still guilt in your heart, it does not make your soul uglier but in a way even more beautiful.”

“Anubis. I...”

“I know what you want to ask. Is it about your friend?”

“I...Yes. I know that he did many wrongs and there is nothing that will change that reality. But please, release his soul. Let him enter the Afterlife. The true Afterlife.”

“Hmm... Honestly, I don’t care about his soul. But my darling daughter needs a general. Your friend would make a very useful first lich.”

Nephtys gently touched Anubis’ hand, gripping it tightly in a concerned fashion.

“Sigh... But, since it seems to be so important to you. I am willing to make a few concessions. I guess having Isis create her own lich will be more rewarding.”

He moved his hand and a small blue light appeared inside. This was the true form of Drei, or rather Hansel.

Now that his body and phylactery were destroyed, all that was left of him was this small flickering soul.

“I have already wiped out all his ego and he wiped out his own memory. All that is left is a pure soul.”

Once someone died, they would enter the Afterlife where their souls would be wiped clean of all ties from their life before being thrown into the cycle of reincarnation.

“I... Thank you.”

Nent took the soul of her friend in her hands, before walking away, her head down along the gloomy walk.

Looking at the despondent back of her sister, Nephtys sighed, “You are very cruel.”

“I know. But you still love me.”

“Unfortunately...”

“Oh my... That wasn’t what you were saying a few hours ago in bed.”

Nephtys flushed slightly and give him a hit in the side before running after Nent...

“I am ignoring you today.”

Looking at her acting like a mischievous young girl, Anubis shook his head, “I guess their relationship will get better after this.”

Playing the bad guy sure wasn’t easy.

“Now then. I need some meat. My dear son-in-law better have reserved the best part for me.”

A few minutes later, both Nent and Nephtys were sitting on a far and isolated corner of the beach. Nent gazing silently at the flickering soul in her hand.

“I am sorry about the way Anubis acted. He is...”

“I know he was simply acting. Anubis never talks so much usually.”

“Indeed.”

“Thank you.”

“For?”

“For helping me get his soul back.”

“He would have still given it to you even without me present.”

“It doesn’t matter. What matters is that you helped me.”

“...”

“...”

“Did you love him, sister?”

“I do not know... It has been too long. But I really cared for him. Both he and his sister were very dear to me.”

“But they died.”

“They were executed. Brutally. Unjustifiably.”

“...”

“...”

“I am sorry. In the end, we gave up on you without really trying to understand your pain.”

“I am sorry too. In the end, I was simply throwing a temper tantrum to hide my pain.”

“What will you do with his soul?”

Nent did not answer. she opened her hand, gazing silently at the soul of her friend.

Memories flashed through her mind as she remembered all the moments they spent together. It wasn’t always good. They certainly had some disputes. But all those memories were precious memories for her.

A single tear trailed down from her face as gentle golden flame erupted from her hand...

“Farewell, my friend.”

Before long, her hands were now empty.

“May your next life be filled with happiness.”

Watching as the soul dissipated into moths of light and flew toward the sky, Nent’s heart was both filled with immense sadness and relief.

But now, she realized that a new page for her life had finally opened.

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Chapter 368: CH 336: NEW PAGE

After staying some more time in the company of her dear sister, Nephthys, Nent chased her away ; almost embarrassed by the things she said to her.

She was extremely happy and grateful that they could spend some time together, after what felt like an eternity, with less tension between them than in the past.

However, that didn't change the fact that this was not where her sister should be at this moment. The whole point of her sister being her was to spend time with her family or more specifically with Anubis. Words couldn't describe the joy she sensed in Nephthys at being able to spend more time with her dear husband once again.

It was the kind of smile that she had seen on her after a long long time, way too long in fact. It was also the kind of smile she had forgotten how to make after the long centuries of bitterness and hatred that she felt deep within.

Knowing that being with her was making her miss out on the quality time she could be spending happily with her family, making that beautiful smile, she couldn't find it in herself to be selfish enough to make her stay by her side.

Thus she made her return to where she belonged, leaving her alone in this desolate place again. Loneliness and desolation, these were emotions she was deeply familiar with. The kind of emotions that she constantly experienced throughout these long centuries.

She sat there looking above at the sky, sitting by herself in that eerily comfortable loneliness. However, she didn't have to stay lonely anymore. Someone had come to keep her company.

“So you are here.”

Looking up, she could see Kiyohime approaching her from a distance. She was surprised to notice that she hadn't even managed to feel her presence. It was clear she had been too distracted.

“What brings you here, Kiyohime?”

Nent asked while trying to arrange her messy hair. The cool wind had brought with it a strong gust that led to having her hair ruffled. She was just trying to fix things here and there when Kiyohime spoke.

“Sol asked me to look for you. He was worried that he didn't spot you. Seems like we should hurry if we want to eat something before Anubis and Fafnir devour everything whole.”

“Heh. Indeed, I can almost see it already. Sorry, but I don't really feel like eating now. Just don't have the appetite you see. You can go on by yourself. Tell Sol not to worry, I'll be joining everyone soon enough.”

Kiyohime ignored Nent's words and sat on a rock beside the lonely phoenix. She gazed attentively at the sea, feeling more at ease than she ever had before.

“You were finally able to say goodbye to him, huh?”

Nent stayed silent, “Do you even care?”

“I do.”

The expression of surprise was evident on Nent's face. So much so that Kiyohime couldn't help but laugh out loud as though she had seen the funniest shit ever. Seeing her, Nent couldn't help but ask, a bit hesitant in her tone...

"I thought you hated me."

"Oh I did. Still do a little, I think."

Kiyohime stopped laughing as a slight aura of reminiscence flashed in her eyes, "You used me, made a mockery out of my feelings for you, then proceeded to abandon me when you discovered I had become useless for your goal."

She continued, her voice calm and devoid of any emotions, "You made me miserable. Made me doubt my self-worth. Destroyed my confidence, crushed my pride. I even nearly swore off of any future relationship."

The more she spoke, the more ashamed Nent felt inside. Her head was down; she couldn't even look in her eyes.

"As if it to add insult to injury. After doing all this, you come back nonchalantly like it's the most natural thing in the world. Then you simply said sorry as if what you did to me wasn't a big deal.

You acted as if all my emotions were a simple joke to you. Hahaha. Honestly, I don't know I held myself back from striking at you then and there."

"I..."

"Let me finish, please."

Nent closed her mouth; intimidated by her aura. She didn't think she could feel that emotion anymore, but it seems like she has been wrong just like so many other times throughout her life.

"I thought that I would never have anything else to do with you. That our way would be completely different from one another. But then..."

She gave a bitter smile full of sadness and derision, "I would have never thought that we would have to share the same man one day."

Even Nent released a helpless chuckle, one that was answered by a small smile from Kiyohime, "Funny right? But it is what it is. I still do not really know how I should define my relationship with him. But it is what it is. Nothing more needs to be said."

"Why bring this up now?"

"Because as distasteful as it is, that Titan is right. Even if we do not like each other, we will need to work and support each other. All the members of the pride should do so in order for the pride to keep cohesion."

"You are strangely proactive now."

"I was passive in our relationship and we all know the result. For years and in fact, even now I keep wondering. What did I do wrong? What if I had done more. What could I have done better?"

"You have done nothing wrong. Nothing you did could change the end result. The problem was with me, after all."

"I know. At least intellectually speaking, I understand that I have nothing to reproach myself. But feelings cannot be controlled by reason, can they? Most likely, I will keep those regret all my life. Like a scar that can never heal. But this is the past. Now that I have a second chance, I refuse to leave anything up to chance."

Her eyes shone with a fascinating luster, one the Phoenix had never seen before, "I will be open and forthright about my failures. At the very least, if it fails, then I will have no regrets this time."

"So, why tell me all that? What are you trying to achieve from all of this?"

"Because deep down, as stupid and dumb as it may sound coming from... I want you to be happy."

"...You..."

"My old feelings will never come back. But it doesn't change the fact that I once loved you from the very bottom of my heart. I failed to bring you salvation but Sol was able to succeed. Now that you have a new chance, I hope you will find it in yourself to cherish it."

"A second chance, heh."

A second chance. Nent never thought that she would hear something like this. More so from Kiyohime of all people. It made her feel horrible.

"You really think I can have a second chance?"

"Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me."

Once a glass was broken, it could never be the same even if it was repaired. But it was still possible to buy a new one.

Kiyohime could never really forgive nor forget. But she was willing to give a second chance. One final chance to Nent.

Kiyohime smiled as she stretched her hand towards Nent, "So let's do this from the beginning. *Ahem* Hello, my name is Kiyohime, though everyone simply calls me Kiyō. Happy to meet you."

Tears welled up once again in Nent's eyes as she lowered her head, unwilling to show the unsightly emotions brimming on her face.

She remembered clearly that when they entered the dragon realm a few month ago, this was how Kiyohime introduced herself to Sol and the others. [1]

At that time, this greeting had not been extended to her for obvious reasons and all she had done then was respond in anger to hide her shame.

But now she could truly feel it.

The her at this moment was very different from the her of a few months ago.

If sending Hansel to the afterlife was a way to close an old book of her life.

Now was the time to write a new page in the book that would define the rest of her life. A new chance, a new beginning.

One that she wished to live without regret. Bringing up her hand, she shook it with Kiyohime, her tears now uncontrollably trailing down her face but a bright and light smile full of the energy that once brimmed in her innocent self was shining through them.

“I am Nent. Happy to meet you as well.”

The two shook hands.

Their words and actions were awkward. But a deep and dark weight was taken off their heart.

This was indeed a new beginning. Not just for Nent, but for Kiyohime as well.

It may have taken seven hundred years for one and five hundred years for the second, but it was still better now than never.

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Chapter 369: CH 338:EVERYONE SHOULD HAVE FUN

The rest of the day went by rather smoothly and was filled with all sorts of enjoyment. Most of all, everyone just enjoyed this rare festive mood in each other's company.

While they couldn't get drunk on alcohol due to their natures, the atmosphere itself brought a certain euphoria to the people present that no amount of alcohol-induced state could ever bring. It was very refreshing for everyone involved, to say the least.

Stress about what happened, sadness about losing people they cared for, and relief about being alive. And myriad more motives and feelings had been clogged inside everyone for way too long; without any outlet for them to be relieved of this tumultuous burden.

All those feelings mixed like a cocktail and brought out one explosive result as they were released altogether on this day.

Dancing, singing, eating, together in each other's company and so so many more things.

People were just having fun. Being in each other's company, sharing everything they wished to share. Just absolutely letting go and not thinking about the future trials that may or may not come.

In fact, they even went as far as having a few contests with simple rewards at the end.

The beauty contest was overwhelmingly won by Nefertiti, of course. Her beauty had really transcended the threshold of common sense. Her beauty had been so intense and awe-inspiring that Sol even had to fight off a few dragons whose minds had been overtaken by lust at a mere glance of her visage.

The end had been a rather annoyance but that little spar had its own sort of merriment as everyone just laughed at his suffering. Well, there won't always be perks of having a beautiful girl, the most beautiful girl in this case, as your lover. The cons would always catch up one day, the trick was to smash them in their roots like he smashed the dragons to who knows where.

The running contest was won by Nent. Like with Nefertiti it wasn't even a contest in the way that the question was more about determining who was second rather than first.

The funniest one, in Sol's opinion, had been the art contest in which Anubis and Isis participated.

The two had lost so badly that it left everyone laughing out loud. How they changed the concept of drawing 'fun on the beach' to drawing about the 'futility of life and nihilism' left him absolutely speechless. The father-daughter duo were really in sync.

The drawing they brought out, in the end, was incredible but oh so dark. The concept creeped people out and made some depressed about life itself. In the end, the one who had won this competition was none other than Nidhogg.

He had been surprised at seeing the cheerful drawing full of colors from someone so depressed with life but when she explained that it was simply because the more beautiful something was in nature, the more poisonous it was, he immediately understood how she won the competition.

There was always the saying that...the world looked the most beautiful from the other end. Same could be said to be the case for her as well. Since she harbored a depressing view on life... she could see and appreciate the world in its most beautiful state.

Sol participated in all the contests, no matter how small they were. He never won but in fact, he did not even try to win, he simply wanted to have fun. To let go of everything and just be at peace. He was perhaps the one who needed that break more than anyone else.

When was the last time he genuinely had fun without having a worry in the world?

Sol could not remember. It seemed that ever since he awakened, problems had been appearing one after another without stopping, piling up to form mountains of pressure that he needed to withstand and overcome.

Even now he wasn't really without worries. Once he went back to the mortal realm there would be so many things he had to take care of.

The weight of responsibility was truly crushing. But he continued to hold on. He would not...could not...crumble...ever.

Too many people depended on him for him to simply give up.

'Well, let's enjoy everything without those depressing thoughts, shall we?'

Sol chuckled and patted Isis on the head. She was still demoralized about her loss in the art contest, pouting in his embrace due to the dejection and indignance she felt.

"I need to go see a few people. This is a party for everyone after all."

Isis nodded and rose up, still pouting but she didn't wish to keep him to herself, not on this day...

"No problem."

She waved toward him and went on to share her grievances with her mother.

[Tartarus, 4th Hell]

Back in Tartarus, both Nabu and Sekhmet were sleeping peacefully on a bed made out of ice.

The temperature didn't matter to them. This was simply a habit Nabu had developed and since Sekhmet always had a control over the ice elements so she was completely at ease in this sub-zero state.

"What could bring you here again? I believe that I have been clear about our refusal."

"Do not worry. I did not come here to ask for help again. Far from it."

Sekhmet gave a suspicious glance at Sol while Nabu opened her eyes lazily, still in her dragon form.

"You should know about the party."

"We do. Kiyohime invited us."

"And you refused to come because?"

"We...I...am not... Welcome, I guess..."

Sol nodded, he could understand where Nabu was coming from. Certainly, as a once traitor, she would have a hard time being accepted. But Sol didn't care.

"This party was made for all those who made achievements and helped during the war. Without your help, I would have most likely died before finishing my awakening. You have to participate."

"But..."

"There is no but. I know you may leave later. But don't you want to at least rekindle the relationship with your family?"

Nabu hesitated something Sekhmet caught on. She could easily understand. Despite her strength, Nabu had been imprisoned in this place for thousands of years. Her feeling of loneliness could only be imagined.

"Sigh...What if there are complaints?"

"Hahaha, I mean, even a Titan like Skuld is enjoying herself. Why would a dragon be alienated? Furthermore, should anyone complain, I will just beat them up."

"How overbearing."

Sekhmet sighed out loud again before standing and patting Nabu's head underneath her.

"Should we go?"

Nabu hesitated before nodding. A tempest of ice covered her and once it passed, the gigantic dragon was replaced by a beautiful white-haired woman who had a nearly expressionless expression.

Nodding to himself, Sol turned toward Sekhmet.

"Don't look at me. Taking human form as I am now is just a waste of energy."

"I really wonder just who put you in this state and why."

"Simple. I tried to go too far in history. It seems that I pissed off the wrong crowd. We fought, I killed some, and finally got killed."

Sekhmet shrugged. The past few wars were true meat grinders. Demigods would die and new ones would come and replace them pretty fast.

Even with her nine lives and her ability to travel and hide in history, Sekhmet had fought too many fights and died too many times to care much about it now.

“Well, since there is a party, why not go? After this, we can go roam the universe. I need to reestablish the link with my territory.”

Sol smiled, “You should go on guys. I will come later.”

“Hum... You aren’t coming.”

He shook his head, “There was someone else that need to be invited.”

Saying so, Sol looked up at the sky before leaving.

Now alone, Sekmet shook her head and jumped once again on Nabu’s head,

“Should we go now?”

“...Master...Do you think I will be welcomed?”

Sekhmet sneered inwardly. She had no care about the thoughts of the rabble. Their desires were as irrelevant as their existence.

But she knew that Nabu wasn’t asking to hear such a response.

Sekhmet chuckled, “My little darling is the cutest in the world. Even those nitwits ignore you, Sol and his close confidants will not. That's all that matters, right?”

“I see. Master is wise.”

“Hehe. Now let’s go. I could smell the scent of some great quality meat on his body. Now I am starving.”

[9th Heaven]

Tiamat was sitting comfortably on her throne as she looked down at what was happening below.

“Isn’t it boring? Looking at everything like this, I mean?”

“I must say, your growing control over your dimension is astonishing. At the same time, you are really shaping to become the nemesis of all dimension mages and demigods.”

Tiamat chuckled. She wasn’t surprised by Sol's presence as she had felt him move through the barrier of her dimension.

Still, the way he did it, even though she didn’t try to stop him, was incredibly startling. Rather than simply trying to overwhelm her dimension, he fused and meddled his power with her. Moving at the same frequency and infiltrating deep.

“I decided to call this move Trojan horse. It’s indeed quite insidious. As insidious as you trying to deflect my question.”

“Pfft. Hahaha. Indeed. I guess I am deflecting, huh.”

Tiamat shook her head. Her beautiful hair scattered behind her. “I have transcended concepts like boredom long ago.”

“I am pretty sure that it isn’t possible.”

“If I say it is possible then it must be so.”

“Haha, and people say I am overbearing.”

Sol chuckled and advanced near Tiamat, “So, why don’t you join us?”

“Don’t try to play this move with me. I am simply not interested.”

“You say you are not interested but you still watch? Even spent so much energy in bringing a true sun and a blue sky.”

“I did this for you.”

“And I am thankful. But this isn’t enough.”

“Why?”

“Because my time here is nearing its end. It’s time for me to go back.”

He had wasted too much time already.

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Chapter 370: CH 338:END OF THE PARTY

When Tiamat heard Sol’s words, she nodded to herself, acknowledging that fact.

“Now that I realize that it’s time for you to go, I must admit that I am feeling rather reluctant to part with my grandson.”

“Gonna miss me?”

“As surprising as it sounds. Indeed. I believe I will be missing you dearly.”

He grinned, giggling a fit after hearing those surprising words. No matter how much joy he felt, however, the answer he received left him a bit speechless. Something that Tiamat did not miss.

“Cat got your tongue, huh? Hahaha...”

“*Cough* Sorry *Ahem* I must say... I am quite surprised by that reply, if I had to be honest.”

“And so am I, dear Sol, so am I...”

“Is it perhaps because...I am Blaze’s son?”

“Huh...? I believe that's not the case. You and Blaze may have some traits in common, but for the most part, you are totally different from your mother. I have no reason to keep comparing her with you. Why the sudden question, however?”

Seeing as how Tiamat was genuinely confused, he could only release a sheepish chuckle as he scratched his head in awkwardness.

He was so used to people's feelings regarding him stemming from what they usually felt towards his parents that he must have projected some of his insecurities towards Tiamat too.

"Either way, there is no reason to miss me, grandma. As soon as I complete the third trial of the goddesses, I will be able to move as I want from the Mortal realm to the Astral realm."

"I already said I hate being called grandma. Call me Big sis.

Secondly, I understand that you will be able to come and go as you wish sooner or later. But, the flow of time in the Astral realm should enter a new cycle soon. Let's hope it doesn't go to a 1:100 rate though."

The flow of time in the Astral realm was not constant, as it should be obvious already. It was in a flux compared to the Mortal realm and changed in unpredictable patterns. Sometimes increasing and sometimes doing the opposite.

The current cycle was 1 to 12. But you could never anticipate how the flow would change in the next cycle.

Sol nodded and began to walk, observing the room in all its splendor and bleak solitude.

"You know, I am rather curious. Be it you or Gabriel and I guess the other Divine Beasts, why do you always take those giants' throne rooms and live alone there while observing people in your realm? Some kind of god's complex?"

Tiamat shrugged, "Why do kings have a throne room?"

"To inspire fear and reverence as well as a feeling of awe and inferiority in the hearts of the retainers."

"Bingo."

"But you don't need all that, right?"

"I don't. But it doesn't mean those feelings aren't necessary. Feelings of awe, love, worship, or even fear, all those powerful feelings are necessary to develop the territory until it potentially reaches the rank of the Fabled Divine kingdom. At least that is the theory most Divine beasts decided to work on."

Unlike other demigods, Divine beasts were bound and limited by the divinity of the goddess from their birth. So they had to find a different way to elevate their kingdom to a state that would help them reach true divinity and finally ascend.

Sol massaged his temple.

'Well, this isn't much of a surprise. *sigh*...'

From the moment the faith coins were presented to him, he understood the importance of those things in the greater scheme of things. Why would goddesses need faith coins? Why were faith coins necessary to strengthen a Territory?

One needed enough feelings of faith to light up the divine spark and create the divine kingdom.

Sol summarized that the birth of a new god would be pretty hard to accomplish with just that, if not impossible in its entirety just by pursuing this harrowing path as long as the seven goddesses were present.

He also realized how devious the goddesses must have been to implement such a heretical system that only played to their advantages.

In all seven kingdoms, it was basically obligatory to learn religion from birth. After all, the seven kingdoms were all creations of the goddesses. The goddesses of sins reigned over the royalty running the kingdoms while those of Virtues reigned over the churches.

As such one could say that all the seven kingdoms were Theocracies in their own right. There were no two ways about this.

The amount of faith received from this alone was astonishing. Then you had all the 14 divine beasts and their children. Then all the people needed to create faith coins in order to live.

Summarizing it, Sol could deduce two ways to become a god.

The first one was to gather enough faith and the second one was to embody a concept. Most likely both of those two conditions were a prerequisite simultaneously to finally ascend.

Sol thought this far before shaking his head,

“Stop trying to distract me.”

“Tch!”

Tiamat clicked her tongue. She really thought she could have continued this discussion for a while longer.

“Why do you want me to come down?”

“This is a day you created to honor the dead and enjoy our victory, right? You are the leader, so of course, you must attend.”

His lips were pulled into a small smile, “I want to do some good deeds before leaving this place. Don’t you think it would be interesting to at least try to make the relationship with your children a little better?”

Tiamat pondered silently, not answering for some time. “Truthfully, I don't really care.”

She wasn’t one to be swayed by sentiments. While she loved her children in her one way, she would be the first to recognize that she was in no way parent material much less worthy to be a mother. She had always considered her children more like subordinates she cared for than small children she needed to take care of.

Was she wrong?

Most likely yes. She would be the first to recognize that her way was not the best.

Did her children hate her?

Most likely no. But the bitterness in their hearts was unmistakable. Tiamat had never hidden that she was the kind to play favorites and she didn't plan to change herself in order to please someone else.

Some may call her selfish, detestable and many such profane names, all of them just might be true, but she was who she was. She would not have it any other way.

"So basically. You are doing what the goddesses did to you?"

Tiamat stopped and looked deeply into Sol's eyes, her tone a bit different from its usual laid-back self, "What do you mean?"

"*Shrug* The goddesses created you guys as weapons, used you, and manipulated you. Before Lucifer rebelled, you guys were basically glorified slaves and even now the situation only became slightly better."

"You are right."

"Then... What is the difference between you and them? You created more weapons of war, never really cared for their opinions, never raised nor took care of them, but still expect them to fight and die for you."

He grinned, "You guys are truly horrible people, you know?"

Tiamat stayed silent before a smile graced her lips. "So what? I am indeed horrible. I never pretended to be the opposite. I am not a hypocrite, at least, if that's what you're aiming to establish through your talks."

"Then why not become even more horrible? Come down with me, act as if you really cared for them. Pass some time with them, take care of them, and love them. Then they will be even more willing to fight and die for you."

Tiamat was stumped, she looked incredulously at Sol before exploding in laughter,

"Do you even hear what you are saying?"

"I do. But am I wrong? True zealots do not come from fear but because of the absolute faith and belief that exists in their hearts. If you are really such a horrible person, why not use their feeling?"

He grinned, "Of course, if the reality is that deep down you love your children but distance yourself because you do not want to use their feelings for your own use and manipulate them, then tell me. In that case you should still come down so that you can spend some time with those you love."

"So, either way, I still need to come down, don't I?"

"Indeed. Whether it's from a logical or an emotional standpoint, there are no downsides and only advantages. So why stay here and observe when you can follow me and have some fun?"

He stretched his hand toward Tiamat with a confident smile, to which Tiamat answered with a troubled smirk.

Standing up, she took his hand, overlapping it with hers, "Do not believe that your sophistry managed to convince me?"

“Oh. Do not worry, I would never presume so.”

Sol knew that his arguments were not that convincing. Though they were pretty funny he must say. If Tiamat really did not want to come, then nothing he said would have changed her opinion.

The fact of the matter though was that she did want to come and all she needed was an excuse. An excuse that Sol gave her.

“Let’s go.”

— — —

When Tiamat appeared on the beach, the silence that spread was suffocating. Sol nearly laughed out loud when he saw some dragons nearly spit the food in their mouth or try to run.

Thankfully, Kiyohime managed to calm down everyone as she approached Tiamat and gave her a silent hug.

The cheer that followed were deafening in the truest sense of the way and the party entered a new crescendo. It was like all of them were injected with some super drugs, that forced them to fight harder in the following contest.

All so that they could show off to Tiamat.

It was so much that when Nabu and Sekhmet appeared, while people gave an uncomfortable glance in Nabu's direction, they mostly stayed quiet. After all, if Tiamat herself did not mind them being here, who were they to think differently?

The highlight of the day came when they made a contest for the best swimsuit and Tiamat participated in it.

Everyone had their breath taken away.

Tiamat's bikini was in no way lewd, despite showing most of her skin. The aura she emitted was simply so overpowering that people didn't even dare to have lewd thoughts about her.

The one to win this contest was surprisingly Skuld. Sol couldn't help but praise how ballsy the judges were and he laughed when Skuld began to taunt Tiamat about her victory.

It ended with her being thrown around like some rag doll but from the way she still laughed, he summarized that it was worth it in her eyes.

Skuld also managed to convince Verdandi to come and while she wasn't as active as Skuld, it seemed that she still managed to have some fun.

It would have been perfect if Sheherazade was also present. Sadly, she was still evolving and couldn't be disturbed. He was sure that Isis would tease her about how she missed this day for quite a long time.

In the end, Tiamat released her control, and the fake sun and the blue sky slowly vanished before being replaced by the starry night, thereby signaling the end of the party.

For one day, everyone forgot the worries that plagued their heart.

For one day, people had fun together, irrespective of who they were or how large the difference in power or influence was.

It was a fun day. Truly a day Sol believed he would never forget.

He wished that in the future, he would be able to bring forth something even better.

It was on those thoughts that Sol decided to go back to his small house and sleep. After all, he would soon leave.

But what he saw when he arrived made all thoughts of sleeping vanish from his mind.