

Hero King 39

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 39: SPECIAL CHAPTER: WRATHARIS REPUBLIC

The world, Gaia, was divided into seven superkingdoms and seven religions. Each of them represents a sin and a virtue.

Out of the seven, the most powerful was without a doubt Gluttony Foss, under the might of Echidna.

But, the one with the most diverse population was without a doubt the Wratharis Republic, home of the beast-kin and also known as the kingdom of hundred clans.

The national religion of the republic was Patientia, the virtue of patience, while the royal family was under Ira. The sin of Wrath.

The Wratharis kingdom was both large and rich in resources. Its position close to the sea made it a kingdom that mainly relied on ship transport and seafood. They were the greatest exporters of seafood in the world. It was without a doubt the second richest kingdom after Slothstein.

"Miko-Sama! Miko-Sama! This is incredible! I just received incredible news!"

In the hall of an old temple, a young girl wearing a white and red Miko clothes was running with an expression of shock on her face.

Her blue eyes and golden hair were particularly glaring, but what really caught the eyes was her two long fluffy tails and two fox ears that were flailing around as if mirroring her uneasiness.

"Miko-Sama!"

"Silence."

The moment she reached the door of the main hall of the temple while still screaming, another older voice immediately shushed her.

Once silence fell, the voice continued.

"Sigh. Sakura, how many times must I tell you? As my heir and future Miko, you have to always uphold majesty and pride at any moment."

The door opened to show a beautiful and mature woman.

She had long golden hair, fox ears, whiskers, and six golden tails. She was wearing a loose kimono that partially showed her large breasts and a monocle. In her right hand was a large gourde containing an unknown liquid.

She was talking and walking with a bored expression, but the grâçe of her demeanor was unmistakable. But, the moments she took a swig of her gourd and began gulping down what was contained in it—

"But, but, Miko-Sama! I just received a report from the Anbu. A Saint fall was performed in Lustburg."

—she was shocked speechless by this incredible news.

"*Pfft* *Cough* *Cough* Fucking shit! How many times did I tell you to not give me news like that while I am drinking my Sake? *Cough*"

Sakura blushed at the admonishment of the woman whose otherworldly demeanor completely vanished as she spewed all those curses.

Finally, after calming herself, she ignored Sakura and turned toward the shadow.

"Ginkaku. Kinkaku."

"Ah. Kiku-Sama!"

Two figures, draped in black clothes from head to toe, hiding their features, immediately appeared next to her. Still, even though their features were hidden, it was easy to guess from their figures that they were women.

The Miko, Kiku, sat down roughly on the mat with her legs crossed and took another swig of her Sake as she gulped down greedily.

"Fuck! That hit the spot!" Her face flushed, she squinted as she faced her two closest companions and most skilled kunoichi. "Explain."

One of the kunoichi, advanced while kneeling with one knee, her visage facing the ground.

"As Sakura-Sama said, We just received news from the spies planted in Lustburg. We have witnesses that claim that a large pillar of light appeared above the church of Castitas. From the old information they have, they ascertained at 90% that the ritual that took place was Saint fall."

Kiku, hearing this, frowned heavily before sighing.

"Did that ambitious Young pup receive the news?"

This time, it was the second kunoichi who answered.

"Yes. Even though the imperial family was weakened after the event of thirteen years ago, Lupus Ira, hold tight the power."

"Sigh. I guess new skirmishes are inevitable. Fuck!" Taking another swig, she frowned as she continued to curse. "Why did that little girl use that spell? She doesn't even have an inheritor for fuck sake—"

The relationship between the seven religions wasn't particularly harmonious or contradictory. The simple fact was that all the fourteen goddesses were under the goddess of order. So religious war simply had no meaning.

"—and that spoiled little shit, Patientia. How hard could it have been to at least give me a warning? I am sure it must be another of their sick games. Fuck."

All the other three women simply lowered their heads and ignored the fact that the supreme daughter of Patientia, who should have worshiped the goddess, was openly cursing her. Though, from the lack of surprise on their face, it was clear that it wasn't the first time it happened.

"*Sigh* Fuck it. Anyway, double the surveillance on the pup. I am sure that arrogant bastard will begin some skirmish within the Lustburg kingdom. We fought too hard for peace to let it be destroyed by some bastard like him."

As she said so, she got up and walked back to her main room.

"Dismissed."

"Yes!"

The imperial capital was divided into two grand half parts, reminiscing of the Yin and yang. The temple was in the Yin part, and in the yang part, was—the imperial castle.

The imperial castle was made out of a special wood that was as hard as metal and could conduct mana very well. Using this wood for construction allowed an easier application of different formations and even boosted their power.

This was something that could only be produced in the elven lands at an astronomical price.

Currently, in the main hall of the imperial castle. A scene nearly similar to what happened in the temple was being reenacted.

Two people wearing armor and a face mask were kneeling obediently before a seated man. The seat of that man was a large and regal throne made out of gold, diamonds, and mana stones.

The man on the throne was currently closing his eyes in thoughts. He was a man of average height with recognizable golden hair.

Even though he was completely silent, the pressure he was emanating was slowly crushing the two warriors in front of him. Said pressure vanished the moment he opened his eyes and a smile formed on his face.

"My dear samurai! This king is really happy. it seems like it's time for a new war."

The two samurai were shocked. Even though they had a king, the Wratharis Republic, as the name implied, worked in a semi-democracy. Each of the most powerful clans had a power of vote, and the two largest clans, the kitsune, and the blue wolf had three votes and a power of veto.

The king could without a doubt take many decisions without problems, but something like war?

"What? A problem?"

Those simple words froze the blood in their veins. Making them remember that they just had to follow the orders. They didn't need to think.

They immediately lowered themselves in dogeza.

"Forgive us! Your highness. Your will, will be done."

They sweated while begging in their hearts for Him to forgive them. They knew very well what would happen should the king be in a bad mood. Thirteen years ago he didn't hesitate to kill his brother and

sell his niece as a slave, all that for the throne. Killing two insignificant samurai-like them would be too easy.

"Humph!! Be grateful. This king does not want to deal with trash of your kind right now. Go and prepare the convention. This king wants to know if that old fox will dare to stop me this time."

Biribiribiri

The anger behind the voice was real, it was followed by hundreds of golden sparks flying around him. Thankfully, the throne was created specifically to resist and transfer the electricity toward different zones of the castle.

The two samurai hurriedly gave their salute and left. They didn't want to test the patience of the king. They would in no way be the first victim of his Wrath.

"Wait!"

"Yes!"

'Are we going to die now?'

"This king remembered. My unworthy niece is sheltered by the Luxuria Kingdom right?"

"Indeed."

"Then, bring her back. She should be old enough now. It's time for her to become useful and bear a kid for this King. Only our royal blood can give birth to an even more talented child."

He spoke with a completely disinterested expression as if the fact of asking his nieces to bear his child was an everyday thing.

The world was moving. Not just Wratharis, but also the five other kingdoms.

The saint fall meant the loss of a Supreme daughter. Each Supreme daughter was a powerhouse into themselves who could reverse the flow of a war. Losing her meant a substantial loss in power for the kingdoms.

What will be the consequences of Camelia launching this spell?