

Hero King 391

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Chapter 391: CH 357:FEAST (2)

The party was more enjoyable than one might think at first glance. After all, Sol knew very well that not all of them liked each other. Furthermore, with Isis added, there was bound to be some problem.

At least this was what he thought.

“Hehehe. You should have seen him. He *whoosh* *Whoosh* *Bam* and he was like *Ahem* Do not worry. I have never felt better. Kyaah~ It was so dreamy!!”

A bubbly...Too bubbly voice filled the banquet as all the women listened with smiles on their lips but rapt attention.

Sheherazade was awake. Her awakening was as sudden as her slumber. There were no special effects or special phenomena. But what he did know was that she was now a Duke.

A tiny Duke.

As he anticipated, the feast had been a little calm at first. But the moment Sheherazade appeared, everything changed.

The little fairy was joy itself. Furthermore, they knew that she posed no threats to them so they were all the more willing to listen to her.

“So you are telling us, that on their first meeting, she acted like she was someone else without knowing that Sol already noticed her true identity.”

“Hehehe~! You should have seen her face! She went like *I am not Sheherazade* and Sol was like *I know* Hahaha!”

“Pfft!”

“Sheherazade!”

“What! I am not lying!”

Sol chuckled while the others were barely restraining their laughter.

“You were indeed pretty cute back then.”

“Et tu, Sol!?”

The comical expression of betrayal on her face was the last straw for some. At the very least, Theresa did not hide her mirth as she laughed openly.

“Your adventure in the Astral realm seems to have been very interesting.”

“They were.”

He looked down at his cup which was filled with red wine.

Currently, Camelia was sitting on his left, while Lilith was on his right. Milia and Setsuna were standing behind him, having absolutely refused to sit down. Next, after Camelia was Chloe and on Lilith was Lilin.

All the witches except Ambrosia were present and Clara was also participating.

It was a gathering that warmed his heart. Not everyone here was necessarily his lover. But they were one way or another very close to him and seeing all of them together made this a very precious moment that he would not forget.

After Sheherazade calmed down, Sol began to give his side of the story. He could have talked about his few dangerous moments. But he was tired of dealing with serious bullshit every time.

For once, he simply wanted to have fun.

So he spoke about the more jovial aspect of his journey.

The wondrous sight he witnessed. A world with more than one sun and moon, a world where Islands were floating in the sky. Endless desert or sea, attraction park.

The wonderful people he meet and had the joy to befriend or become even closer to. The gentle Gabriel, the prideful Tiamat, the calm Kiyohime, the sad Nent, the unlucky Fafnir and so many more.

Sol talked and talked as everyone listened in rapture, trying to imagine the scene he was describing. After all, even witches could not randomly visit a divine beast's territory.

It was even more so for Gabriel's world since the phoenix was very isolationist.

None of them were stupid. They knew that Sol must have gone through his fair share of hardship.

They could feel how he had changed. The confidence he exuded. The way he spoke, even the way he moved.

With Sol's talent, becoming a Duke was nothing impressive. Even a King was just a matter of time and once this happened, he would become a demigod.

Unlike anyone else, his path to success was already assured from the very moment he was born.

But the aura of the strong could not be acquired simply because one had a high level. It was an aura that was slowly cultivated through bloody fights.

Furthermore, Sol had amassed enough killing intent that he could have condensed it in a zone if he wished. This was something they could not miss.

Still, they did not interrupt him. Matters of death and blood was all too common for them and this was why, like him, they were cherishing this rare moment of simple joy.

They did not think about Lilith's health problem. Did not talk about the impending war with Wratharis or the Wings of Freedom.

Observing them all this, Hathor would have usually thought that those people were acting like ostriches, hiding their head in the sand and thinking that it was enough to chase away all problems.

But clearly, this was not the case. She did not feel any hidden sense of despondency.

Even when she explained to Sol how hard saving his aunt would be, all he had shown was mere annoyance. Clearly more pissed about the additional steps necessary than scared about a potential failure.

'This place is interesting.'

One day here had been more fun and interesting than the last thousand years back in the Astral realm.

Hathor was an adventurer at heart. She loved traveling but she had already traveled through most of the Astral realm and she wasn't arrogant enough to enter the Abyss.

Right now, her tired heart was stirring. She could almost smell it. By staying here...No. By staying close to Sol, she was sure to live through a few great adventures.

She smirked as she tasted the drink on the table. They were nowhere the level of what she usually created but they were still pretty good.

The mana in the Mortal realm was thin and murky but it was enough for her since she did not plan to fight.

'Let's have some fun before leaving.'

Divine Beasts as old as she generally ended up killing themselves because of the weight of the years or simply choose to fall asleep for long periods of time. Even if they managed to keep their sanity, boredom was like a poison that would slowly corrupt them.

There was no way she would let go of such an occasion to satisfy her craving. Perhaps she would even witness the birth of another mortal demigod.

It would without a doubt be a worthy event.

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The discussion and the fun lasted for hours and hours on.

They did not do much all things considered. They simply talked, joked, had fun and relaxed. Musicians would play to animate the room and the food was delicious and he w

It was not some grand party with nobles. Though he would certainly have to make one in the coming days. It was simply a time with his family.

Sol could feel himself relax considerably now that he was back home. He just had a party with his second half of his family not long ago and now was doing the same with the first half.

Time like this was cherished. Sadly, nothing could last forever and the same went for this party.

The first one to get up and leave was Lilith. She was pretty tired and needed to rest a little. It was humiliating for her in a way but she knew she had no choice. Inwardly, she saw this as a wall she had to overcome.

She had meditated quite a bit over the meaning of life and death now that she was at death's door and found herself becoming calmer as time went on.

She was followed by Lilin who wanted to take care of her and then Theresa who simply wanted to go home since she had work to do. She wanted to talk to Sol alone about the industrial discovery he might have made and what his future goal would be.

She already started a discussion in private with the Dwarf's King. Even though Greed Dike had to impose sanctions on Lustburg because of the damage the three witches, Medea; Freya; Kali, caused when they fought near the border.

Theresa had great influence and was perhaps the richest woman alive in the mortal realm. Her influence was no joke and she would not hesitate to use it to have more control over her country.

She just wanted to know what Sol would choose to do.

Once three lefts, the others slowly did as well and Milia began carrying the dirty dish away.

The reunion had been simple and joyful and even if it was finished, it would not change anything in their situation.

Sol meanwhile began to seriously consider his next set of actions. After all, he had many diplomatic visits he had to make to assure that everything was alright.

Envia of the demon and Souther Pride of the elves, as well as Salem of the witches.

He needed to take care of Lilith's health, find a book of research and references to reconstruct her body, convince the witches to help him, and convince the goddess to not intervene.

He had to fight a war against a bloodthirsty maniac and might become a bloodthirst maniac himself. Perhaps he already was?

Sol swore that one day he would take a month-long vacation and simply pray that the world wouldn't vanish without his presence.

'When everyone left, as if by some kind of tacit understanding, the only present Medea.'

Even Isis had left alongside Setsuna.

"Sol, we need to talk."

Sol kissed her, interrupting her in the way. They could talk later.

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Chapter 392: CH 358:THE CURSE? (1)**

For a witch who controlled Time, Medea had never felt time flow from her mind like this. One moment Sol was giving her a fiery kiss that melted away all her thoughts and the next moment she found herself lying down on his bed as he worked on taking off his clothes.

She felt feverish and delighted as Sol held her in his arms. As if everything was alright in the world and that nothing could ever goes wrong as long as he was here.

All her fears and worries seemed to melt away and all that mattered was swimming in the sea of pleasure.

When his lips pressed down onto hers, she closed her eyes and accepted the kiss.

Her face was tinted in a pink hue as she reciprocated his kisses with as much as passion if not more. She had missed him so much.

His tongue smoothly ravaged the inside of her mouth. He slowly made his way around her teeth and the sides of her cheeks.

Medea felt a jolting pleasure when his tongue met hers. Their tongues wrestled while their saliva mixed.

He was focused on exploring the inside of her mouth through kissing. His tongue twisted and sucked on, then let go of her.

“Ah~ !..”

A low moan escaped from deep within her throat. The soft kiss gradually heated up and article after article of her clothes were discarded on the ground.

When he parted from a particularly long kiss, Medea lightly gasped for breath. With only this much, it felt like they had done more than enough already.

“I really missed you.”

Hearing this made her heart beat so wildly in happiness as she shared the same feelings.

“Me too.”

Her voice was barely audible, as she was embarrassed to be so dependent on someone so much younger than her. But anyone looking at them right now would never guess so.

For Sol, nothing looked more adorable than her. She was like a little squirrel and he loved how her heartbeat accelerated as he held and caressed her.

After an intense kiss, Medea was barely able to huff a thin breath in. Sol’s swollen lips climbed down her chin, then along with Medea’s ear, trailing down her neckline and settling down on her collarbone.

His hot, heavy tongue ravenously gobbled up her soft flesh and sucked and rolled it out of his mouth. Medea’s toes curled as the pleasure spread through her body.

Her body’s aroma was like he remembered. His taunt nerves seemed to relax and everything seemed to fall into place for him. He had never doubted his love for Medea. She was his first love after all.

“Ah!”

A jolting pleasure from her breasts forced Medea to let out a short moan. He took a mouthful and sucked on it, eliciting even more moan from her. Like a fine, he gently and slowly savored her.

He lightly bit her nipple and tickled it with his tongue. Medea got breathless as he licked around the areola before sucking on it once more.

“Ah~...”

His lips proceeded down to her lower abdomen and then to her inner thighs. A sweet scent filled the air and Sol gulped as he felt his desire to eat her out overflow. His lips brushed against the deep portions of her inner thighs and began sucking.

“Huh!”

As soon as Sol’s red hot tongue reached her enlarged clit, Medea’s spine curved back, round. Her whole body instantly trembled. At the same time, a lot of slippery fluid poured over Sol’s face.

The sensation of him licking and sucking her most intimate place was terrifyingly overwhelming, a feeling like no other.

As the stimulation continued, her lower region became slippery with moist juices, and the sound of wet noises grew increasingly louder. Her whole body was burning with heat and she felt her back shiver reflexively. A few more of his fingers pressed and rubbed against her.

It was a double attack and for someone as inexperienced as Medea, it was almost too much.

At that moment, a tingle surged up, flooding into her body and causing her muscles to spasm and her neck to jerk up as euphoria circulated through her entire body for a few seconds.

The short moment of bliss passed and her senses dulled, while her body had no strength left in it. She enjoyed the feeling of his fingers smoothly combing through her hair.

Raising his upper body, Sol looked down with a smirk as he watched Medea's disheveled appearance while she lost herself in pleasure. He used his mana to wipe away all traces of her delicious juice and muttered in her ears.

“I won’t let you rest tonight.”

Murmuring those words next to her ears, Sol's hot breath made her body, soaked with sweat, shiver in anticipation.

After completely disrobing her, he admired once again her beautiful body and pride filled his heart as he once again realized how beautiful this woman was. Her beauty did not pale in comparison to Nefertiti and he wondered how it was even possible for a human to be so perfect.

At the same time, having this perfect woman moan and cry under him satisfied his dragon heart like no other.

He raised her leg with both of his hands and entered into her soaked insides. He went a bit slowly at first, his sensitive part brushing slightly against her moist flesh as if to feel it out.

Medea was filled with thrill when he began to push his full length inside her. She could feel the rock-hard erection spreading her vagina wide. She could feel her sexual lips being spread wide as its full length was pushed inside. The sensation of him filling her up gave her a sense of satisfaction and fullness. They were not simply fusing their body but also becoming one in mind.

Feeling his thirst for her made her giddy with joy and the pleasure she felt was increased manyfold. The once-foreign sensation of his penis penetrating her felt so comforting now.

Her entire body was more sensitive so his hands simply sweeping across her skin caused her to ache in excitement. He shifted a little more weight down and thrust gently.

His penis and the movement of his member deep inside of her seemed tireless but also full of tenderness.

She could feel it all so vividly and distinctly. Every stimulation to her body, every bit of pleasure experienced by her pussy, and everything felt by every cell of her body flowed into her mind.

They were not having sex, nor were they fucking. They were simply and purely making love. His movements, slow and gentle made her body move like a ship swaying on the sea.

There was no special technique, no special nor fierce movement, and no wish to supply reach the height of climaxes.

It was simply gentle and tender and the more it was so, the more Medea realized how much she loved this.

Rather than simply seeking a release, what she had always wished for was a connection between two souls. Of course, the pleasure she also received was a bonus.

Sometime he would kiss her, sometime he would mutter sweet words in her ears, all this while carefully moving and avoiding applying too much of his weight on her.

Slowly, the pleasure began to build up. She could not tell if his cock had gotten bigger or if her pussy was squeezing it tighter, but her mind was filled with the pleasure of it having its way with her body.

Like this, their release was as quiet as he released his semen in her body while she reached climax.

His dick throbbed within her vagina, shooting semen everywhere and filling every part of her body. He continued to move within her vagina as if to squeeze it all out and with each movement, the semen made sticky sounds and spilled out of her.

It was a silent climax that filled her soul with joy.

Even after finishing, he did not pull out of her but simply continued to kiss her and gaze at her not with lust but with love-filled eyes.

“I love you.”

Those words slipped out of her mouth but she did not feel embarrassed to express her feelings in words. After all, Sol was always the first one to do so.

Words could never be enough to explain what she felt for him. But it was the best she could do.

Sol showed a brilliant smile as he whispered in her ears, “I love you even more.”

Her heart was filled with warmth and joy. But it was then that she realized something. Her eyes widened as she carefully felt her body but there was no mistaking this.

“Sol...”

“So you finally noticed.”

He smiled and gave her another kiss.

Medea was speechless.

All the life energy she had just absorbed from him vanished as it went back to his body.

She did not know how he had done this. But this did not matter.

Tears of joy began to gather at the corner of her eyes.

"How?"

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Chapter 393: CH 359:THE CURSE(2)

Medea was so entranced by what just happened she lost all her words and could only ask in a dumbfounded way

"How...?"

Sol smiled, "Do you really want me to explain such a serious problem while we are still connected like this."

His blunt words caused Medea to blush heavily and Sol laughed seeing her cute reaction. This enticed him to tease her a little, which he did, before letting her go.

"Let's talk with your mother. This is a very important discussion that will definitely interest her and your sisters too."

He didn't want to have this conversation twice, which would help him determine Ambrosia's position on the matter regarding Salem.

"Mhm..."

She could only nod shyly as she already felt his hot white liquid slowly leak out of her quivering snatch...

After trying to frolic around a bit in the shower, but being unsuccessful for the most part, Sol gave up on the idea as he understood that she was too worried about what was exactly happening to entertain him anymore.

Once they were ready they took the corridor until they found the door to her former prison and current home.

There... In the usual small garden, was Ambrosia with her three daughters and surprisingly Isis was present as well.

Of course, once he remembered that Ambrosia was friends with Anubis her appearance became less surprising.

"Good evening Ambrosia. I hope you have been keeping well."

Ambrosia responded to his greeting with a smile, "Welcome back Sol. I didn't join your small gathering because I guessed I might have made most of them uncomfortable,"

Sol chuckled, "I would have been happy to have you."

Of course, he understood what she meant. If Ambrosia was present, the atmosphere might have become more restricted. After all, she was a Demigod powerhouse. The only ones she couldn't kill or harm in the room would have been Sol and Camelia. Everyone else was fair game.

Few people would be happy sitting in the same room as a stranger that could decide their life and death in an instant.

Sol and Ambrosia continued exchanging pleasantries when Freya chimed in with a curious expression as she took out a notebook.

"You already finished? This was faster than I calculated. Are you perhaps tired? I think Persephone has some concoction that could help in prolonging your sessions."

Sol was absolutely baffled for a short instant before he understood what she meant. The funniest thing here was that analyzing her expression, she was clearly not even trying to tease him but was sincerely concerned about his sexual stamina.

"Freya!"

Everyone, except for Sol, blushed due to her brazen remark. Even Persephone coughed a little with embarrassment while Sol began laughing aloud like no tomorrow.

He didn't think he could have missed that quirky pink witch that had once nonchalantly asked to have children with her. But her antics were really golden at times like these.

He grinned, "Trust me, I have no problem on that side of things."

Isis nodded repeatedly as she remembered her first night and the wild second time when everyone had been involved. Sol had taken on three Phoenixes, a Dragon, and a Titan all alone. She might not have much knowledge in this department, but she doubted it was something most people could do.

Sol was not embarrassed in the slightest. He was basically broadcasting his sex session whenever he did it with someone. Before it was Medea, then the witches, then Gabriel, then Tiamat. There was also the fact that Luxuria should be watching him 24/7 or something along those lines.

Embarrassment due to nudity or anything related to sex had long since vanished from his mind.

"Oh? How much would you say your performance has increased then?"

Freya was really curious. Not only because she was into writing erotic books, but of course, because sex and reproduction was a matter that interested her a great deal.

She moved her head in reflex and avoided being smacked by Ambrosia as she put back her notebook, "Alright. Time and space. Time and space, I understand. I will ask him about this at a more appropriate time in private."

She raised her hands in surrender. Normally a simple smack shouldn't even tickle her but Ambrosia could simply add the intent of pain or punishment in a simple slap that would make her really feel it in her bones.

She had her buttocks smacked many times when they were still apprentices. Thankfully not as much as Kali did.

"I feel like you just had a very rude thought about me right now?"

"Heh, you must be imagining things."

Kali was still wearing her maid uniform as she looked at Freya suspiciously. The two of them were the most mischievous out of the four. But Freya had a way of almost always getting away from punishment while she was more of a bullhead.

The fact that she was currently serving as a maid for Sol as a punishment was already proof of her personality.

Shaking her head she looked at Sol. She wanted to talk about her <<Railgun Development Project>> a little more with him later on. After all, Setsuna was Sol's servant and knight.

Ambrosia massaged her temples, "Enough chitchat everyone, Medea is fidgeting so much it looks like she will explode. Just what kind of news do you want to share? Is it about Salem?"

Sol looked up before closing his eyes and seemingly taking an important decision that may change the course of history for the witches.

"I have a question. If I said, I found a way to break the curse. What will you do?"

Immediately, the air stagnated and an oppressive atmosphere surged forth, covering the earth and the sky.

If it had been Sol before his travel in the Astral Realm, he might have been kneeling down right now because of the incredible pressure.

But now, while his heart thumped, it was not out of fear but simply pure excitement and desire to fight. His eyes gleamed with a cold light as his own aura surged forth.

So small. So ridiculously small in front of the torrent of power that was Ambrosia. Like a small boat advancing on a stormy sea ready to capsize at any moment.

But even then, he did not waver.

Was he strong enough to face a demigod without that divinity from an unknown source?

No. Not at all. Even winning against a King would be hard. A peak King like Lilith in her prime would destroy his dimension like a knife cutting through butter. So it went without saying that he was less than an ant in front of Ambrosia.

But... Did it matter?

Only the strong could truly be kind and only the weak could truly be courageous.

Slowly the raging sea of power vanished, as Ambrosia released a sigh,

“Forgive me for this unsightly display.”

She closed her eyes and was quite ashamed of herself. After all the years she had lived, she thought she had seen everything and that nothing could truly surprise her.

Clearly, she was wrong.

She turned towards Isis and apologized. Thankfully, the one to receive the full brunt of her aura had been Sol. So Isis was only slightly shocked by the sudden change.

“I am sorry, child.”

“Oh! Nono! It’s alright, really. I am fine.”

‘Such a good child. Anubis really got a good girl.’

Ambrosia really felt like burying herself. Losing her control like this in front of so many children was something she had never wanted.

She took a deep breath and forced her trembling hands to calm down.

“Sol, those words, can you take responsibility for them?”

“Ambrosia. I never utter words thoughtlessly when it comes to such important matters. You should know about that already.”

The others witches were speechless. Not truly able to understand what was happening. Rather, his words had been so shocking that their mind went blank for an instant.

“Is it really possible?”

Freya mumbled as she took out her notebook again. Her eyes slightly quivering. She had long summarized that Sol would be the key to undoing the curse.

But in her expectations, this would happen for the next generations if Sol managed to have children with witches.

Then those children should be able to have the best of both worlds. It was pure speculation of course but it had been logical.

But what? Breaking the curse? Something that not even Ambrosia nor the four of them had been able to do despite thousands of years of research?

The more she thought about this, the more she shivered in fright and excitement.

If Sol was telling the truth. If he really found a way.

Should they be happy? Happy at the fact that they could finally realize their dreams?

Or should they be sad? Sad that the solution to their problem that lasted thousand years was found by a boy that was barely an adult.

The calmest one was undoubtedly Kali. After all, she did not really care about the curse. She was not interested in having any kind of relationship, much less having children or anything of the like.

This was why she was able to ask,

“What is the catch?”

Sol shrugged, “Equivalent exchange. The curse is the price to pay for your powers. So...”

Ambrosia finished, “Losing the curse would mean losing our power.”

“Bingo.”

Sol was calm. There was always a price or at the very least a hindrance. Sol had yet to reach the level where he could disregard the rule of equivalent exchange.

This moment was merely the first step toward a much bigger goal.

If he could reliably cut the connection between the witches and Asmodeus then... Once he became stronger... He would have much more confidence in cutting a contract of a much higher degree.

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Chapter 394: CH 360:TIRE OF BULLSHIT

Kali intervention had managed to help Ambrosia get back her calm. She was without a doubt the witch that was the most by the curse.

At least the other could still have physical relationships with long-living race even if a few times.

In her case though it was literally impossible.

Despite this, Ambrosia was not really interested in breaking the curse for herself.

In her time of need, Asmodeus gave her a contract and he had been candid. Hiding nothing about the price she would have to pay.

She had no intention of betraying him.

The same should go for the other witches but...Should they get at least the option of getting out,?

Freya wasn't the only one feeling dejected. Kali looked down at her maid clothes as she pondered with a slight loss expression.

She had nearly betrayed her sisters and took the dangerous path of joining the Wing of Freedom all of this so that she could find a way to break the curse.

But this...What the hell was this?

‘Haha. I guess there is a really a difference even between reincarnated.’

Even after reincarnating, Kali had never seen herself as the protagonist of the world. Even though she had been quite talented as a witch, she feared what would happen if she was noticed.

Despite her power, she was not particularly arrogant for she understood how small she was in this world.

She knew very well that the true protagonist were those who could do the impossible. People like Sol.

But still, it was quite shocking to see this difference.

“Hum...What is exactly the curse in question?”

Ambrosia was brought out of her reverie by Isis’s voice. Had it been anyone else, she would have ignored them. But since she was facing her old friend daughter she did not become irritated.

“Curse of Love, Curse of Luck, Curse of Birth. This is how we call them but they basically all function the same way.”

She then proceeded to explain the situation as best as she could. Doing so gave her the time necessary to organize her idea.

“Sol here, thanks to being a Chaos dragon possess a high resistance against all type of magic. Curse included. So he was able to enter into a relationship with my daughters.”

Isis opened her mouth wide, “All of them?”

“Hey, don’t add me in the mix. I am not interested in him.”

Kali was pretty blunt. Sol may be handsome and possess many qualities but what did it matter to her?

“As for me, I got rejected. Though I am not giving up.”

Freya had been rejected when she wished to make babies with Sol. She had been rejected then but she was tenacious.

“Please. Could we just focus on important matters?”

Sol chuckled as Medea whined. “Currently, I have two ways. One permanent and one less but I am sure you will love it.”

He took a move his hand as a ring appeared, “When I was in the dragon territory, I managed to learn a new skill, to imbue some power of my dimension in accessory.”

This was the skill Tiamat stole and taught him, “With just that one ring, If I add some of my power with the specific command, I can make it so the energy stolen will be immediately sent back to the one being stolen from.”

They all looked at this with delight evident on their faces. It was like a hypnotizing device.

“This will allow witches to have as many relationships as they wish without fearing killing their lovers. For now, it’s impossible to change the situation with the inability to have children. But as I create more I will become better.

“Does it work?”

“Ask Medea.”

Sol grinned, not willing to explain more.

“What about the more extreme decision?”

“This is simple. Just that you will have to forsake your power and have a chance of dying if all the years suddenly crash down on you. For this, I would need a living witch willing to cooperate or some Death row.

“...And I believe you won’t tell me to accomplish the second option?”

“Yes, I won’t.”

This involved too much for him to simply give everything he knew. Even more so since he only knew the first four witches.

“Persephone already filled me in about the current situation with Salem and I talked a little with Medea on the way. Let me be clear. I couldn’t care less about the witches as a whole.”

Even though he was facing a demigod he showed no fear, “My sense of responsibility isn’t high enough that I would fight to apologize for the action of an ancestor that was alive one thousand years ago. The only reason I proposed this is that I love Medea and wish to give her peace of mind.

“For this, I am willing to apologize publicly and even erase the fake bad deed of the witches. But that is as far as I am willing to go. In the past I would have given the way out free of charge but not anymore. They need to pay for their hubris.”

Sol did not care if he came off as arrogant or ridiculous. But he had aspirations and for those aspirations to realize, he had to make his words a reality.

“I am willing to participate in that hearing.”

His eyes were calm, like a deep sea.

Until now, he had always been pretty passive about the event happening to him. But now he was a little tired of all of this.

The witches thought they did not anything from him.

Then he would show them just how wrong they were.

He wanted to see what they would do when their future happiness would entirely become dependent on his willingness to help them.

The atmosphere became tense but in the end, Ambrosia sighed, “This situation came out because the council let their greed grow out of control.”

Since she had decided to be neutral in the first place, then she would do it all the way.

“Do as you wish, I will not intervene.”

Sol smiled but then shook his head, “Let me finish.”

How could he stop there? At the end of the day, no matter how strong the witches were, they were nothing more than fish and shrimp.

Only the four directions were White Shark but he already had one on his side. The only one left was the Great whale.

He did not need a neutral ally.

“Ambrosia. As the strongest witch, you possess the knowledge and power of all witches, right?”

Sol was not a hardcore player.

Why should he go through a lengthy and hard sub-quest when he could directly skip everything by using a glitch or a cheat code?

“I need your help.”

He firmly believed in working smarter, not harder.

“With your power and skill, all Hathor would lack is the knowledge of the succubus and human body. Once again something that shouldn’t be a problem for you.”

The library in Salem was an important place as it contained the thesis and research made by all the witches. But this was only the physical manifestation of such knowledge.

The all-knowing witch.

Why should he finish the quest using a level 40 NPC when he could obtain the power of a level 90 Boss?

“--and why should I help you?”

He shrugged and showed the ring in his hand, “Your choice. You can refuse, in which case I will make an unfair deal with the witches and use their desperation to my advantage or you can accept and make everyone happy.”

Scale slowly grew on his body as he used the war mode to mute his feelings.

He did not like what he was doing.

He did not want to threaten Ambrosia.

But he had already wasted too much time doing things step by step.

He was done playing nice.

He had just realized that despite being able to help, Ambrosia did nothing until now.

Persephone may be struggling to keep Lilith alive but as a demigod, it should have been much easier for Ambrosia.

Medea could only rewind the time of Lilith’s body up to 24 hours but once again, Ambrosia could have done better.

Even now, as they talked about La Befana.

Furthermore, in the alternate reality where Skuld once lived, Lilith still died.

This shouldn't have happened as he had already put Hathor as insurance before going to the dragon realm.

Logically speaking even without him present, Hathor should have met and observed Lilith and should have come to the same conclusion and Ambrosia would have choice to help or not.

This was nothing but speculation. But chances were high that he was right.

Of course, Ambrosia was in no way obligated to do anything.

She was not Lilith's friend and neither and he was not particularly close to her either.

It was her freedom to help out of her own volition and it was his freedom to blackmail her into helping him.

Freedom was truly a beautiful thing.

"One day. You have one day to make your decision."

He left on those words. Tomorrow he would visit Camelia in order to have a talk with the goddesses.

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Chapter 395: CH 361:MY KINGDOM(1)

After Sol finished what he had to say, he slowly turned around and began walking away from them, leaving Medea's world.

Medea wanted to follow him but he stopped her from doing so. Right now, he wanted her to stay with her family and play the devil's advocate in a sense. This would tilt things in his favor even if by a slight margin.

For a powerhouse like Ambrosia, simply threatening them was the height of stupidity. It was necessary to know how to advance and exactly when to retreat.

Isis hesitated for a sliver of a moment before giving a bow of respect toward the sitting Ambrosia and immediately ran after Sol.

Now alone, Ambrosia glanced at Medea and spoke calmly. If the previous events had done anything to hamper her mood, she showed none of it. "It seems like your lover finally snapped, dear daughter of mine."

"I apologize in his stead. Sol is under tremendous pressure and this situation isn't really helping him.."

Medea bowed deeply, apologizing to Ambrosia. She had been truly surprised by Sol's sudden outburst. But she did not fault him for that. She knew that the weight on his shoulder was enough to almost crush him and it was normal for him to snap sooner or later.

If the situation had been a bit different, she was sure that he would have not threatened Ambrosia and would have indeed given them the way to change the curse. The very fact that he already prepared this showed how much he cared for her and the witches.

Sadly, the witches disappointed him by trying to take advantage of him in a situation of need, and the situation with Lilith didn't help at all. Medea decided to firmly stand in Sol's camp and try to appease her mother so that she would not act in anger.

Ambrosia waved her hand dismissively, indicating to not think much of it. "I would rather have a straightforward boy like him than a treacherous man like Jupiter who hides blades behind his charming smile."

"What will you do now, mother?"

Ambrosia closed her eyes and contemplated deeply. Her insistence on neutrality put her in this situation.

She could teach Sol a lesson here for transgressing a demigod like her. Kill Lilith and erase half of Lustburg before leaving this place. After all, the only ones she couldn't touch were the Blessed.

But doing so would be immensely petty of her and she was not the kind of person to do such a senseless massacre just because someone tried to threaten and blackmail her.

'Did he take my personality into account before deciding to blackmail me like that?'

Ambrosia didn't know whether she should be impressed by his courage or be pissed because it seemed like he was taking her as a pushover.

It was quite a subtle feeling if she had to be honest.

"Medea, explain what happened to you."

Right now, she was not interested in embarrassing her daughter. If the things Sol said were true then...

Did she even have a choice in the first place?

She began to reflect on all the years she had spent pursuing this neutrality.

Ambrosia did not want to be like the divine beasts who used their children as weapons of war nor like the goddesses who oppressed their creation.

This was why she had always been neutral, observing her children from above but never meddling in their choices. Whether they made good choices or bad choices, she was adamant about leaving them to fend for themselves.

One thousand years ago, when Medea foolishly fell in love with Jupiter, she did not intervene and when she was imprisoned, she did not help her out.

Recently, when Kali joined the Wings of Freedom, she did not act, and even when she felt Nihil's presence, she only observed from the sidelines.

The same went for the witch council and their decisions controlled by greed.

In all those instances, Ambrosia had always chosen neutrality... Passivity.

Was it truly such a bad thing to do?

After Sol left Medea's world, with Isis walking behind him, he stopped for a short instant.

"Do you think I was too harsh?"

He still had a cold sweat after facing Ambrosia and truly needed a way to calm his heart down.

This had been pretty exhilarating yet exhausting. After all, he still had many clutches to rely on. His status as a Blessed, Medea's love, his relationship with Anubis and Tiamat.

One day, he would not have to rely on all of those. This was a promise he made inwardly.

Isis snickered, "Isn't it a little too late to ask this?"

She then laughed, "Though, I had to admit you looked quite cool and dashing."

"Hahaha."

"So, what will you do now?"

"Go sleep. Rest my mind a little or something."

"Do you even need to sleep?"

"Hum...Not really..."

With his current body and the strength of his soul, he could go on for days without needing to sleep. It was more of an habit at this point.

"Then...Why not take me with you and visit your city? This is my first human city. At least living human city."

Sol pondered before nodding, "Let's go. Perhaps walking outside will help me freshen my idea."

"Yeah!" "Me too! Me too!"

Sheherazade flew out of Isis's body and landed on Sol's head. The excitement was clear in her eyes and this gave Sol more desire to go out.

After all, how could he disappoint one of his saviors?

"Let's sneak out."

Sol gave a grin. For one night, he wanted to act like the young boy he should be and play some prank.

Responsibility could be left for later.

Sol wanted to use his dimension to move, but he couldn't really put Isis and Sheherazade in his dimension.

So they diminished their presence and began to walk out.

Sol felt like a child as they hide in corners and avoided the maid or the guards. The funniest thing was that he had felt some members of the crown shadow hidden in...well hidden in the shadow.

Even though Sol could move stealthily, neither he nor Isis had really received such a training. As for Sheherazade, she was basically a flying signal. There was no way they hadn't noticed them.

But they acted as if it wasn't the case. Willingly playing around with his little game.

It was pretty fun.

Sol had never been mischievous even as a child. After all, he did have the memory of his past life. But he faintly began to regret this.

Rather than acting mature for no reason, he should have truly enjoyed his life as a kid. It was a shame but those years would never come back.

A child would always want to grow up fast and be more adult. As the world of grown up would seem dazzling and mysterious in their eyes.

But it was only after growing up that they would realize the bitter reality and would wish to go back to their more innocent years.

When everything was simpler.

When they had no responsibility and could truly enjoy life.

It was with those thoughts that Sol finally left the confine of his castle and walked out alongside a phoenix and a fairy.

--

"#78 here for report. The crown prince walked out. Should we follow him?"

In Milia's office room, she listened as a woman entirely clad in black explained the situation.

As Sol had summarized, there was no way they hadn't noticed his movement. It would have been one thing if he had used his dimension to escape but as it was, they had been ignoring him as he moved not so stealthy.

Looking at the report, Milia smiled before nodding, "Do not follow him up too close. Simply make sure to erase any possible situation that would affect his amusement."

Currently, Lustburg was in a festive atmosphere but such a rowdy moment would give place to all kinds of problems.

She didn't know what had happened for him to think he needed to "sneak out" but it wasn't her place to think about such a thing. If his Highness wished to have fun, she would make damn sure not even a cockroach would pass through the net and ruin his day.

--

Meanwhile, in the church of Castitas, looking at a mirror, a smile hung up on her Aurora's face before slowly slipping up.

"Hum... This won't do."

Looking at her face, she slowly rose her fingers and pulled her lips in a smile once again.

It was a more innocent smile. Filled with kindness and faith.

"Much better."

She stood up and looked at the sky, observing things that only her could seemingly see.

"Should I go out?"

She hesitated for a few moments before shaking her head. Now wasn't the time.

She just had to wait.

It didn't matter how long it took. All that mattered was reaching the goal.

Time was meaningless after all.

She went back to her mirror and once again trained her smile.

Smiling was the best way to make friends after all. At least this was what she remembered.

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Chapter 396: CH362:MY STORY (2)

When Sol finally walked out of the tower of Babel, he could faintly feel like a huge and oppressing weight had been lifted from his shoulder.

Right here, with no one in sight but Isis and Sheherazade, he did not have to keep his pretense of strength or maturity.

Out of all his women, Isis was perhaps the only one to whom he could show his more childish side.

"So, where should we go?"

The tower of Babel was at the very center of Lustburg's Capital. But there was not much in sight yet.

"The Black Knight covers the tower's entire perimeters. They are our elite trope."

He pointed toward the distances, where shadows could be seen walking as they took guard.

"Elite...?"

Isis's eyebrow rose slightly as she gazed at those soldiers.

She could indeed see the discipline and the fervent expression on their faces. But, elite? Really?

She could feel t

Sol understood her disbelief as he laughed, "Don't use the standard of the Astral realm to judge. In the mortal realm being a Duke automatically put you in the top 100 or 200 in the world."

Isis was quite surprised. A single divine beast territory would have more than a hundred Duke in their armies and a few more that were not directly affiliated with them.

In the first place, on the battlefield, Dukes were just captains of small dispatch groups or glorified cannon fodder.

A duke could never change the direction of a battlefield...Well. A 'normal' Duke could never do so.

Isis knew enough that people like her or Sol or even those at the level of Nidhogg and Kaiser were more of the exception than the rule.

"So, you still didn't answer. Where should we go?"

Sol coughed, he couldn't exactly say that he didn't know where to go, right? He had only visited the city two times;

It was then, that a maid approached one of the guards. Even though the distance was quite far, it was possible for them to hear what they were saying,

"How are you guys, I am bringing you some food."

"Ohh. Thanks miss!"

"Haha, do not worry. Today is pretty calm. The ones busy are those out currently to keep everything in check for the festival."

"Heh, indeed. This a festival made to welcome the coming of the prince in good health."

"Thanks the goddesses."

"The south District should be particularly active, right?"

"Indeed. It has always been the one that welcomed tourists the most and it's the wealthiest. I heard Duchess Milaris even used her own coffer to help in the organization."

"She is truly a woman favored by the goddesses."

The men lowered their heads slightly as they gave their prayer of gratitude to the goddesses and the generous Milaris and the maid left quietly.

Once this episode went past, Sheherazade and Isis both looked at Sol with sparkling eyes.

To which he could only laugh awkwardly, "No need to look at me like you want to devour me. We can go take a look."

"Yeah!"

Sol chuckled as he watched the two girls jump with joy before giving a meaningful look in the direction of the maid that left.

He remembered her as one of the maids who had shared his bed in the past. All the maids who did so were generally Milia's closest confidantes. Girls who passed all her tests and she deemed worth trusting.

Why would such a maid come out at this time?

'Haha, it seems like I need to give some reward to Milia later.'

"Well, let's go to the south. I wonder what Milaris prepared."

--

The moment they left the zone protected by the Black knight, Sol found himself facing the sculpture of his father holding a sword while riding a dragon, in the central plaza.

He remembered taking a look at this when he went out during his date with Lilith. Though the date had been a failure when all things considered.

At the very least, Sol didn't consider a date that ended up in a graveyard to be a good date.

"Ohhh! Are they your parents?"

"Yeah. My father is considered to be a hero in this kingdom."

"Heh, father was right then, most heroes end up dead."

She said so then her expression changed when she realized what she said, "I-I am sorry! I didn't mean to insult your parents."

"Heh, don't worry. I am not the most respectful son either."

Sol advanced toward the monument and looked up. It was really a work of art. He wondered if Milaris was the one who did it. This wouldn't surprise him after all, she had a talent so high in this domain that the goddesses themselves rewarded her and that woman was batshit crazy about his father.

"You know, I never liked my father and never found what was so admirable about him."

As a reincarnator, Sol had no particular feelings for his parents in this world. This might have changed if they had been alive and raised him. Sadly, this wasn't the case.

Because of this, all his life he had to live as the Son of the Hero King. Not Sol, the crown Prince.

His worth and his own talents were always overshadowed by his father as everyone always compared him to a dead man and expected him to surpass his father.

It wasn't easy. The pressure that was on his back when he was young was already insane. Living up to the expectations people had of him seemed like such an impossibility.

So Sol resented Mars. He resented the fact that a stupid naive fool like his father could garner so much love and respect. He resented that he was forced to live to the same standard for no reason.

"I wondered what people would do if I didn't reach a level similar to him. Would they give up on me? What was my worth? Hah..."

Isis and even Sheherazade calmly listened, "What about now?"

His hazy and lost expression vanished as pride and confidence filled his eyes.

"In the past, while I could say that I was not my father and could refuse being compared, it was mostly out of a feeling of inferiority as I thought there was now I could surpass that monster. But now?"

“Hahah, now I can say with absolute confidence and without a shred of doubt. I am me. I am not father and I am not just the Son of the Hero king.”

A boyish smile formed on his face as he pulled Isis by the hand and began to walk away,

“When the last page of my story is written, I will have created my own legacy. One that will surpass everything before me.”

Isis was dazzled by this smile. It was a smile she rarely saw on the face of the ever-polite Sol.

One pulled with pure joy and anticipation for the future.

His future was his own and he would be the author of his story.

He would never let anyone else dictate who or what he should.

At the end of the day, he could not change his ancestry. He would always be the son of the hero king.

But his legacy will overshadow his past.

Of that he was sure.

“Heh, then what will you be called in the future?”

Sol stopped. He still didn’t know what title he should choose for himself.

“Oh! Oh! I know! I know; What about the Supreme King?”

Isis chortled at the funny title Sheherazade gave.

“Not good? Then Omega King?”

“Nope.”

“Super King?”

“Never.”

“Harem king?”

“Over my grave.”

“Pfft! Hahaha!”

“Phoenix’s robber?”

“Oh, I might like this one.”

“Hey!?”

Like this, the three of them walked away from the monument. Isis laughed at the stupid nickname, Sheherazade gave and Sol swears to never let Sheherazade have influence high enough to affect his future title.

The future held many secrets and no one knew really how things would end. But at the very least, right here, right now, they were as happy as they could be.

(AN 1: I have super big news. A few months ago I talked about Amazon and it's finally happening. If nothing goes wrong at least. Normally in around 3 days max, Son of the Hero King should be available on amazon as an e-book for 5.99\$. Around 400 pages. The book is a fusion of Vol 1 to Vol 3 of the Web novel. I didn't change much yet. But if Book 1 Part 1 sells well, the second one will go from Vol 4-Vol 5 (Duke visit arc and WoF attack arc) and will be edited and partially rewritten to change some little parts that were boring and other parts. Basically enhancing.

Anyways, whether you are reading this on WN, Pa treon, or a Pirate site, I would be really happy if you could support my book when it's out. 5.99\$ is honestly a pretty fair price I believe. Not even the price of a good burger. The better SHK does on amazon the more I can invest in editors and illustrators in the future and I might even get an audiobook and comic adaptation.

Even if you don't plan to buy it. Please leave some reviews on Amazon once it's out. As you know the first volume was pretty heavy on smut and this could push away some readers. Having good reviews would help tremendously.

This is a very long AN but I don't have any other way to warn you guys. I will officially announce this on discord when the Book is really out. But I wanted to give an early warning.)

(AN 2: Second new I decided to make the illustration category on my Pa treon free and accessible for public. Those who want to see some of the characters just have to search the <<Illustration>> tags. All pictures should be accessible to the Public now. If some aren't then you can ping me on Discord. Some of the old pictures were commissioned but the newest ones were made using AI. Since I don't spend much other than the monthly subscription for them I decided to make them free and accessible for everyone. Once again they are free and visible for everyone.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 397: CH 363:SHADOW DATE

As the three of them walked and joked, Sol began to remember the distribution of the different districts.

In the past, The imperial city of Lustburg was divided into five great districts.

The central one belonged to the church and the tower of babel.

The North district was under the supervision of the Highland family.

The South was under the Milaris.

The West was under the Travers.

And finally, the East under the Gorfard.

Four Duke families, one Church, and one Royal family. Those were the powers that stood at the apex of the Lustburg kingdom.

Despite having their own territory, each heir of the Duke family had the obligation to live in the imperial city until they took their obligatory position as the head of their household and officially replaced their predecessor.

The problem was that after the Gorfard became traitors and were stripped of their titles and position, a vacuum was created.

The royal family took partial control of that zone and shared the rest with the three remaining Duke families.

After the whole fiasco with Gorfard and the past with his grandfather, Sol did not want to give too much power to the nobles again.

The Highland, Milaris, and Travers may be loyal now. But he did not know what would happen in the future.

“Speaking of, they said that this Duchess was blessed by the goddesses. What does it mean?”

Isis asked, curious to know more about the Kingdom that Sol ruled. After all, she was now part of it.

“Duchess Milaris is....Hum. Well, let’s say she is an incredible woman whose talent was recognized by the goddesses. So they gave her a gift.”

“Seriously!?! Whoa! She is like, super awesome, then!! Can we meet her!?!?”

Sheherazade was beyond excited. It wasn’t like it was the first time the goddesses gave a gift on a whim. But one would need something really impressive to make them act.

“What are her talents?”

“Art.”

Sol chuckled as he remembered the rather disturbing paintings of her father in that woman's house.

Arachne Milaris's obsession with his father was on par with Lilith and perhaps even superior. She had never really liked Sol and she never hesitated in making this clear.

Their relationship had grown closer after the fight against the traitor but that was all. The two of them would never go beyond a simple relationship of acquaintance and superior/Subordinate.

“Ohhh! Art, huh? I don’t know much about art. I am curious.”

“Well, the monument we saw earlier was made by her.”

Sheherazade and Isis opened their eyes wide. The amount of detail on those monuments was simply insane. Even if one knew nothing about art, one could still understand that this wasn’t something that could be done without great love and passion.

Sol though simply shrugged. He had always wondered why his mother was depicted in her dragon form rather than her human form and deduced that this was simply a small way for Arachne to take a small revenge.

‘Haha, a woman in love can really be petty.’

“Well, we are finally here.”

--

The south zone was under the control of the Milaris family and her family was pretty wealthy all things considered.

Furthermore, since her true territory was on the border, the Milaris family enjoyed a very great reputation as they helped protect the country from invaders and welcomed tourists of all kinds.

The moment the three of them entered that zone, it was like they were entering a different world.

Everywhere, light could be seen floating as they illuminated the streets.

People were playing and moving around and joy could be seen on everyone's face.

The eyes of the two girls began to sparkle as they observed this scene they had never witnessed.

Festivals were not exactly easy to organize in the underworld and Sheherazade had been pretty ostracized by the member of her race and was unable to participate in most of them.

As for the festival in the Phoenix realm, they were few and far between and Isis did not participate in them. She did not want to go to a place where people obviously did not like them.

“What should we do? What should we do!?”

Sheherazade began to fly and buzz everywhere as she looked all around. There were so many things she wanted to try. So much so that she felt like she was becoming completely dizzy.

It was funny but Sol just realized that he had forgotten one very important fact.

They lived in a very capitalistic world and there was one thing that the three of them lacked—Money.

‘Fuck.’

Sol sweated heavily. As a prince living in the Tower, he never had to buy anything. Everything was directly delivered to him. In the Astral realm, gold was worth shit and only Faith coins had any value. But this was not the case in the Mortal realm.

“Hum...? Is there a problem?”

Isis was quite perceptive and immediately noticed his awkward expression. Sol briefly debated between lying and keeping his pride or telling the truth.

“I forgot to bring money with us.”

“Pfft!”

“Hahahaha!”

He covered his face. Indeed. His pride had been crushed.

Both Sheherazade and Isis were merciless in their laughter. They did not even try to leave him some dignity.

“You always call me an airhead but it seems like our dear old prince isn’t without flaws after all?”

“Laughed enough?”

“Nope. Never. This will go in the annals of history.”

“Heh, like how you trying to play a prank on me ended up with us facing Kidnappers?”

“*Cough* *Cough*”

Isis coughed awkwardly to hide her embarrassment at the sneak attack Sol launched. She should have known that he was not an easy target to tease.

“So, what should we do?”

“I can go back and take some money home.”

“No no no no! We don’t even need to buy anything. We sneaked out, right? It would be a shame to simply go back. Let’s have some fun!”

Sol looked at Sheherazade and grinned before taking out a wig to hide his hair. He also keeps his horns above his head. Demi-humans were not rare in Lustburg so it would be a disguise enough.

As for their clothes, while Isis was covered in a thin robe and jewels, Sol could see many nobles moving around in even more outrageous clothes so there was no problem.

The three began to move around.

The current festival reminded him of a mix of the kind of festival that was most current in countries like Brazil and Japan in his old world.

Everywhere he looked, people were singing, dancing, or selling something. In the corner of some street, he could see couples kissing or doing even more daring things but people would simply ignore them.

This was the country of lust after all.

Soon, Sol realized that he had been worried for nothing as money did not even become a problem.

Along the way, even without paying anything, they would receive free gifts. The vendors would say that it was for a beautiful couple, causing Isis to blush greatly whenever they would compliment how good they looked together or how beautiful she was.

The hands of Sol were already full and Sheherazade was cheering as she munched on street food. Sol had verified that there was nothing dangerous in it so it was safe.

He had been curious if the others were getting the same treatment but no matter how much he stretched his senses, this was obviously not the case.

“Why think too much? let’s just enjoy.”

Hearing Isis. Sol nodded. He wouldn’t have many opportunities to have fun after this. So he should just enjoy this day.

—

What Sol would have discovered if he used his dimension to scout was that, a little farther in the South district. In a closed bar, a veritable operation was taking place.

A holographic map of the capital with three red dots moving around was floating in the air as people busied around.

Standing in her maid clothes with her hands behind her back, Milia observed the map as the red dots moved in real-time and keep giving her orders.

“Zone B6 and B7 clear.”

“Zone C5 and C19 clear.”

“Here Bishop. The vendors in the 2nd alley have all been replaced by our agents.”

“Good job everyone.” Milia praised them as they received positive feedback. “Continue clearing out anything that might disturb his highness. Drunk should be pushed away and ruffians need to be put down and sent to jail.”

She looked around, “Everyone, this is a very important mission. I will have your head if you fail.”

Everyone shuddered as they simply did not know just how serious Milia currently was.

So the crown shadow decided to move as if their lives really depended on it.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 398: CH 364:HAPPINESS

As the festival went on, Sol slowly began to pay more and more attention to Sheherazade, and the more he did so, the more curious he became about her as a person.

“Sol! Sol! Look at this!”

Sol smiled as he watched Isis receive an ice cream for the drolling Sheherazade. It was a funny scene as it was clearly too oversized for the small fairy. But watching her slowly devour it while using magic to keep it from spilling over was so cute it was heartwarming.

“You know, I have always been curious. Why are you always so happy and bubbly?”

When Sol first became close to Sheherazade, he only considered her as a naive airhead. It was only after learning of her past that he understood that this was far from the truth.

Unlike him or Isis, Sheherazade was not born in great conditions. She was not noble nor had a powerful parent. She was a simple commoner in her own race facing her own hardship of daily life.

For her, her talent and power were no blessing but a curse. She lost the little she already had. Became a target, had to live in hiding, and had anxiety fearing the day she would be caught only to nearly die after being caught in a spacetime vortex and falling into a desert.

Only luck helped her meet Isis.

Why could someone like her still live such a happy life and still be so kind? Why did she not think of revenge? Why was she not consumed by fear or hatred?

Sol did not know why he asked her this. But the more he thought about Lilith's life, the more he wanted to know the perspective of people who did not fall in the face of despair.

"Hum..?"

The two girls were clearly startled by the sudden question.

Sheherazade tilted her in confusion before musing.

"You know...I am not really super smart or strong. Haha~"

She gave an embarrassed smile before continuing, "--But you see. I don't really have a choice, right? It isn't like crying or being angry will change my situation. I don't like sad things. So I do not want to become sad myself."

Sol was speechless by such simple reasoning, "Then are you forcing yourself to show happiness?"

"Heh? Not really? I mean, I can eat well, live well, I have Isis and now I am even visiting the mortal realm. Hahaha~! My life is so blissful. So why should I only see the negatives? Life is much more fun when you laugh."

Seeing Sol looking at her with a weird expression, Sheherazade became flustered,

"Sorry. Like I said, I am not really smart. I don't know how else to explain myself."

"No..."

Sol shook his head, "You do not have to apologize."

He looked up at the sky. "I don't know whether your way of thinking is right or wrong. But surely, the world would be a far happier place if people thought like you."

Sol could not accept Sheherazade way of thinking.

For him, only seeing the positive and being content with what one had means that you accepted stagnation. That you refused to advance and evolve.

People became stronger by facing and overcoming hardship. Humans evolved because they were not satisfied.

Rather than Lust, greed was the greatest motivating factor for being blessed with intelligence.

But....Did this mean that he was right and that she was wrong?

No. Some people found happiness in reaching greater heights. Some others like her were happy with the little things in life.

There was no such thing as right or wrong in your way of pursuing happiness.

"Thanks for answering me."

Sol felt his respect for the little fairy soar.

When faced with hardship. Some people could only give up and kneel and curse at the world.

There was nothing wrong with that. The way one deals with sadness was personal and no one had the right to judge them.

But there were some people.

People would call them, fools, simple-minded, naive, and stupid. Without understanding the depth of their inner strength.

Even when facing the most devastating moment, they could smile and stand up and find joy in simple things.

Those people no matter how much they were struck by fate could still move on and advance, without looking back.

Thinking about it, one could say that Sheherazade mental strength was even superior to that of Lilith.

One chooses to give up on life after losing the one she cared the most for. Living only in the past and ignoring the present or the future.

Another choose to laugh at the face of Fate even after losing everything she had and decided to focus on the present and the future.

“Hahaha, you are really incredible.”

“I am? Hehehe~! Of course, I am! Bow in front of my awesome self!”

“Of course, your fabulousness.”

Sheherazade laughed and flew before landing on Sol’s head between his horns, “Let’s go! My proud stead. Let’s stop thinking about the difficult thing and let’s have fun!”

Isis opened her eyes wide when she saw this. Even though Sol was not raised by dragons, she knew very well how angry they could become if someone they did not respect tried to mount them.

But when she saw Sol show no negative reaction and only laugh out loud, she felt a weight was taken off her shoulders and she also laughed alongside them.

One of the reasons Isis had managed to keep her smile even when living in a place where everyone disliked her was that she had someone like Sheherazade by her side.

The fairy would always bring joy and happiness to her and soothe her worries. She was glad to see that she had the same effect on Sol.

She took Sol by the arm and the three continued to visit the stands.

After Sol decided to stop thinking hard about everything, he slowly began to enter the pace of Sheherazade and Isis.

Suddenly he found that the world was not so complicated after all.

They would visit stands where they could get prizes. After the prize reached a certain amount, the stand owner would even give keep for them and even ship them later to the Tower.

The fact that none of them showed surprise at this was quite telling but Sol simply ignored them.

He felt like he was becoming younger. Like a kid running around and simply having fun, not knowing how vast the world truly was.

The light in the sky, the people dancing or moving in intricate disguises, everything was simply joyful and beautiful.

In this place, there was no distinctions between nobles and commoners. People were simply having fun.

This might be seen as escapism. Ignoring reality for a fleeting moment of happiness.

But Sol did not bother thinking too deeply.

He was having fun.

This was different from the joy born from fighting and crushing a skilled opponent.

It was also different from the happiness of spending time with his lovers.

It was a purer and simpler form of joy. One that had long been repressed in his heart because of all the responsibilities weighing on him. But now he could freely express them.

Sol had always wanted a friend. Someone he could talk to as an equal and share joy and sorrow with.

He thought he had a friend in Chloe, the Holy daughter from the Angel side. But the time they had spent together was simply too small.

He then thought that he could become friends with Ares. But after what happened with Gerald and their subordinate/Superior relationship, it was simply impossible.

But now, he realized that had two true friends.

Isis and Sheherazade.

All things considered, they had only spent a few months together.

But what they faced in those few months was more than more people would see in their entire lives.

Sol had always been leery of giving his trust to someone after what happened with Gerald.

But with them, he had no such fear.

Was he being naive again?

Perhaps.

Should he always keep his eyes open just in case?

Most likely.

But would he do so?

Not at all.

Trust was earned. Not given. The two of them had fought alongside him. Put their lives in danger for him and decided to follow him no matter where he went.

If he did not believe in them, in whom could he believe again?

On this night. Sol laughed like a kid.

Tomorrow he would face many things that simply surpassed him.

It would be hard. He might become disappointed.

His efforts might not get rewarded in the end.

But this was alright.

He just needed to continue walking his way until the end.

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Chapter 399: CH365:FIREWORKS

Back in the base, Milia observed as the date went as well as possible. She had noticed them stop a short instant but it did not matter. From what her spy had said it seemed they had just been discussing something serious.

Milia knew Sol enough to understand that he must have asked something to Isis to satiate his curiosity.

She would have to remind him later that while curiosity was good, it was sometimes a mood breaker. Even more so when people were trying to have fun.

"Everything is going well."

Even though she had acted on her own accord on the fly, Milia had to admit that she felt pretty proud about what she had just accomplished.

In the grand scheme of things, it wasn't much. But this did not change what she felt.

Hah. I have missed this feeling so much.'

It has only been two weeks, but not catering to Sol's daily life had been like torture. Her greatest pleasure in life was serving him and seeing him happy made her all the happier.

Now she could once again work on her purpose.

"Okay, guys it's time to wrap up everything with a bang. Prepare the final!"

"Understood."

She smiled and looked at the screen. It was nearly midnight.

She would make sure that this day would be etched in her lord's memory forever.

'I hope you will appreciate my efforts, your highness.'

Unlike the other girls, Milia did not feel envious. She was a shadow. Forever walking hidden behind her Lord and protecting from all that was bad.

Even though he was stronger than her now and did not need her protection any longer, it did not matter.

A king did not deal with filth. It would be her job to take care of all menial tasks that could stop him from focusing on his objectives.

“Did you finish profiling the two new companions of his Highness?”

In the room full of people whose faces and bodies were entirely covered in black, there stood two women in maid attire and a man wearing a stylish tuxedo and a monocle over his right eye.

They were Ketia and Edgar, two of Fingers, the leaders of the Crown Shadow.

After being called out by Milia, Edgar adjusted his monocle before explaining the situation.

“Do you think this is a kind of identifying magic? It takes time and Data.”

Edgar sighed and continued, “For now we believe that the two news are sincere. You should know how stringent the first contract is.”

Milia nodded, “We will slowly gather more information about her. The maid that will take care of her daily life will all be part of the Crown Shadow and only those of them who had received complete spy training.”

Milia believed that Isis was trustworthy. There was no other way. After all, she had signed a contract with Sol and it was his first contract. This made it so Isis was a very valuable ally.

But Sheherazade was different. She had gotten a vague outline of her power when Sol introduced her during the banquet. But if that fairy had even half the potential of what she deduced from Sol’s word, this fairy was a walking calamity and should be disposed of as soon as possible.

Sadly, she knew that Sol would never do this and unlike Camelia, Milia did not wish to hide things from him and treat him like he was a kid. He was her lord and she had to give him due respect.

Since she was his shadow, she would always do the dark job he did not need to.

She would be the one to be suspicious of everything in his stead and would carve a bloody path before covering it with a carpet so that he could walk unhindered in without being stopped by anything.

If the two ended up being “good” people then all the better. She would be the first one to celebrate the good news with them. After all, her main goal was his happiness. Not trying to prove a point to show that the two women were indeed suspicious.

“They seem to have slowed down and the normal vendors are slowly packing up. Should we proceed and start the plan?”

“Hum. Very well. So let’s finish this impromptu Date operation in high spirits.”

On Sol and the two-in-one girl's side, even though they were still having fun, they could feel that the festival was slowly dying down.

From what Sol understood, this would be a 7 days festival to honor the 14 goddesses and thank them for keeping the prince safe.

This was total bullshit as the goddesses had no hand in him coming back alive but as they were more a theocracy, he couldn't exactly say that he did not like the goddesses.

"What should we do now? Go back?"

Sheherazade was a little disappointed to end things so soon but she was also happy to have participated in this event.

"Everyone! It's nearly time for the Grand finale! Are you ready!?"

It was then that they heard the announcement, causing them to tilt their head in puzzlement.

Everyone was the same as they wondered what was about to happen. But the one doing the announcement simply chuckled.

"Do not forget the dear citizens of Lustburg. Everything that is happening now was sponsored by the Royal family and the four nobles. Now let's go! Ten! Nine!..."

As more and more people began to follow, they slowly went down.

"Zero!"

His voice was immediately followed by a red light shooting in the sky before exploding into thousands of light.

It was followed by a second, a third, and many more.

"Whoa!"

Sheherazade looked up with amazement while still standing on Sol's head, while Sol held Isis's hand tightly.

Standing under the illuminated sky that was shining with thousands of colors.

Sol whispered gently, "Thanks for being here with me."

They did not know who was the first one to do it. But as their lips slowly overlapped, they realized that this did not matter.

This was the sweetest kiss Isis had ever received and she knew that even if ten thousand years were to pass, she would never forget this kiss.

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Chapter 400: CH 366:EVERYTHING FALL IN PLACE

The light of the fireworks slowly faded away, signaling the end of the festival for the day.

Watching the light die out from the screen, Milia felt her heart fulfilled.

"Good job everyone."

She clapped and everyone nodded.

It was then that Ketia who had been silent until now changed her expression as she received a message,

“We have a situation. The Dark Phantom is moving and approaching his Highness.”

Milia frowned. Dark Phantom was part of the demon race. A B+ race with the ability to move through the shadow dimension. Thanks to this they were all very powerful assassin.

The only known Dark Phantom in Lustburg was the demon contracted to Duchess Milaris.

It would have been nearly impossible for her agents to catch him if he tried to sneak up so this means he was openly showing himself.

“Leave him alone.”

Milia sighed, ‘I am sorry your highness. All I could give you was one night of dream.’

Sol was not a kid anymore. He was the to-be King of all humanity. A night where he could act like a child was rare and she was happy that she had at least been able to give him a good time.

“Why do you think he is approaching him?”

“Most likely it’s about their guests.”

If the Travers family was related to Greed Dike, then the Milaris were closer to Envilya.

An important guest had recently contacted the crown shadow through the Milaris family. Still, Milias had been unable to do much as she did not have any authority pertaining to the diplomatic envoy.

“Ketia this is your job. Immediately rejoin his highness...” Milia began to give orders to keep everything organized.

The crown’s shadow was composed of three divisions: the hand, the eyes, and the feet [1].

The Feet was the division charged with foreign relations. Diplomacy was their bread and butter. It was also the Organisation under the order of Ketia.

The eyes were the spy division placed all over the kingdom and a few foreign kingdoms. Finally the hand—was the assassin division. The one tasked to protect the crown in the dark and to do the dirty jobs when necessary.

“Edgar, take care of the rest of the festival. Begin circling Milaris mansion and see if anything weird happens.”

Milia did not believe that Milaris would do anything funny now. But better be safe than sorry.

“Well, I am going.”

Ketia took a few steps back before sinking in the shadow and moving away in a flash.

Ever since they had been crushed by the Undead Puppet Berthold which was controlled by Drei, Edgar; Ketia and Arias had been working hard in order to develop new skills.

She was glad to see their current progress.

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Sol, who had been basking in happiness and savoring the gentle kiss he was sharing with Isis sighed inwardly when he felt a flurry of movement in the surroundings.

He had been suppressing his senses until now, but it seemed that the beautiful night had ended. Like cinderella escaping from the ball as her transformation slowly undid, Sol had to cast away his childish self once again and wear the oh-so-fitting mask of prince and future King that he had been wearing all his life.

Slowly separating his lips from Isis, his smile changed in a calm and mature one as he patted her head and looked in the distance.

“Come out now.”

“I am sorry for disturbing you, your Highness.”

A black-haired man wearing a butler attire slowly walked out of the shadow and bowed with an expression full of respect.

What else could he do? When he had been tasked by the Duchess to come to invite the Prince, he had thought that this would be an easy mission. After all, the prince in his memory was still nothing more than a young pup. A small wolf that had yet to grow his teeth.

But now...He felt all his instincts screaming at him that if he was to show the slightest disrespect, his head would be sent flying. Even now, standing up upright was a difficulty as the aura seemed to weigh on his shoulder and gave him the urge to simply kneel.

“Sol...”

Sol gave an impassive look at the butler but lowered his pressure when Sheherazade tugged at his horn. Her voice was filled with worry.

Since he did not wish to startle his little fairy friend, Sol put on a gentle smile and faced the butler. It was as if his oppressive aura had been nothing but a lie.

Still, this didn't mean that he had calmed down.

“I remember you. Since when can a vassal call their superior as they wish? Did Milaris become a queen while I was away?”

“I would not dare.”

The butler sweated profusely and shook his head. “The Duchess cannot move as she is entertaining an important guest.”

Sol mused a little while before looking behind him, “Ketia, come out.”

“I am here your highness.”

“It has been a while, I hope you have been well.”

“Everything is perfect.”

The difference in treatment was clear for all to see, but the butler did not—could not complain. So he only watched on.

It was hard to say when, but the entire zone had already been cleared of all pedestrians, only leaving a few moving members of the crown shadow slowly circling the perimeter.

“Very well. Since you are here, I suppose that Milia sent you. Pray, tell me who is the guest I am supposed to meet?”

This was a test in a way from Sol. The crown shadow was supposed to have evolved and doubled on the surveillance.

If anyone could enter the Capital without them being aware then they were useless.

Ketia was not stupid and she could clearly feel the edge in his voice. She understood that the only reason he was not more direct with his words was that she was Lilin's personal maid.

“We already uncovered the identity of the Guest of Milaris. She is a diplomatic guest that had been waiting for your arrival.”

“Name?”

This time he was very curious about who it might be to cause such a fuss.

“Anastasia Invidia [2]. The second Princess of Envilya.”

Sol closed his eyes and chuckled, causing bewilderment to appear on everyone's face except Isis and Sheherazade who were astonished.

In the end, all Sol could murmur was.

“Fate is truly mysterious.”

It seemed that he suddenly would not need the help of the witches as much as previously.

He wondered what kind of expression Ambrosia would show if she learned of this.

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