

Hero King 401

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 401: CH 367:OBSERVATION

When Sol heard that Anastasia Invidia was currently present in Lustburg, he could not help but chuckle bitterly as it felt like all the pieces of a missing puzzle were perfectly aligning themselves for him one after another.

This was definitely not a feeling he really appreciated in the least. But in this case, he had to know why she was here in the first place.

Anastasia was a powerful knight who shone brightly on the battlefield many times over and slowly built up her reputation as one of the most powerful beings in the Mortal Realm.

The only reason she was not the current Crown Princess of Envilya was that she was not a Blessed. Even so, her influence and power were unmatched by any other entity in the kingdom of demons except for the church of Humanitas.

She was also the daughter of Pandora Invidia, the current queen of Envilya, and a previous member of Mars' team.

Those two were the very reason why the church of Humanitas could not take total control of the Kingdom despite their power being superior than the current royalty, at least that was what he had read on paper.

Not only was it forbidden, but the populace supported the royal family quite a bit.

Why did such a bigshot come to Lustburg as a diplomat but refused to show herself openly? It was a red flag no matter how he thought about it.

His mind began to move as he made some possible conjectures but no matter how he looked at it, Envilya needed their help.

Now, Sol could use his position as king to make clear who had the upper hand in this inner conflict of the kingdom of demons in order to make them fold more easily. He would have done so if it was a normal diplomat.

But as she was a princess and one with important political power on her sleeves, he decided to play the gentleman for now.

Sol smiled as Sheherazade flew from his head and landed on his shoulder, "Ohh! Are you going to meet that talented woman you spoke about? Can we follow you?"

Sol gently shook his head to deny her. There were some things he needed to do on his own, "Not this time. We might have some unpleasant discussion."

He had to be firm here. After all, he didn't want to spoil her too much. But, seeing the disappointed expression on her face, he decided to relent a little to the cute and adorable fairy, "Don't worry. I will organize a meeting for you later on when this situation is sorted out."

“Yessss!!”

Isis chuckled after hearing this discussion of theirs. Seeing this scene, it was hard to remember who was the oldest of the two.

“We won’t disturb you. Either way, I do want to rest a little before that wolf decides to challenge me.”

Sol felt a little conflicted when he heard this piece of information but ultimately said nothing. Setsuna was strong. She was an A+ rank after all. In terms of pure talent, she was not that much inferior to a divine beast. But Isis was simply at a different level.

If she went all out, even Sol was not sure he could beat her head on. Even if Setsuna had grown quite a bit, she was not a Duke yet and that alone was a great handicap in itself.

Of course, he had no intention of stopping that fight from happening. He believed in Setsuna and the strength of her mind. He knew that she would not crumble because of a simple defeat. She was his knight after all.

“Ketia, fetch a carriage for my companions. Also, I want you to assign a few maids to her for some shopping tomorrow. In fact, bring Lilin with you.”

He ignored the butler and focused on Ketia as he gave his orders. Ketia did not even think about bringing up that Milia had asked her to follow him.

She nodded almost instinctively and this was despite the fact that Sol was not even trying to intimidate her.

“Hey! My clothes are alright, okay?”

“So you are telling me that you are going to wear the same clothes, every single day?”

Divine beasts could create their own clothes using mana. This was very useful as when they shapeshifted, normal clothes would be completely destroyed. But still, even if she decided to use mana for the purpose of her clothing, it would be interesting to have her move around the kingdom and interact with the populace on her own.

Isis had never really managed to walk around in populated settlements without having to hide her face and aura when she was in the Astral Realm.

But here, in his kingdom, he would make damn sure that she became as happy as possible.

Shopping as she wished without having to hide, was the first step toward this.

Ideally, Sol would have wished for Setsuna to follow as well, but since her sense of duty was too strong, she would act as their knight and guard without having any fun herself. Thus it would’ve just been a waste of time to throw her into the mix.

“Your highness, then, if you would follow me?”

“I know the way.”

Sol simply vanished there and then, leaving a completely bewildered butler and a bitterly smiling Isis behind.

Sol had not been the only one to observe the fireworks.

Sitting in the true office of Arachne Milaris was a young woman wearing a black bodysuit and a few pieces of armor covering the bare minimum. She had long purple hair adorned with a golden rose and her purple eyes shone with splendor even after she watched the firework slowly die off. It was a long time before her eyes returned to their previous cold brilliance.

“I must say, my country should seriously take some notes and try new things like this.”

Arachne did not speak, she was not particularly interested in the festival. The only reason she had put money into this was because the news of war was putting pressure on the citizens and making them uneasy. She planned to fund a few more festivals like this in all the major cities of Lustburg to further relax the dreary atmosphere settling throughout the kingdom.

“Why are you keeping this form?”

The purple-haired girl laughed at her words, “She is pretty, isn’t she? I really did a good job with her. Beautiful, smart, kind, strong. I like immersing myself in her personality. She has such a beautiful way of seeing the world. Sigh. If only...”

‘Anastasia’ spoke until this point before shaking her head.

“You lament the fact that she is not a Blessed, I suppose...”

“Even though it might be cruel, that is so. Thankfully, the second daughter, Minerva has a great talent when it comes to <<Acting>> so I am not really disappointed.”

The two women continued to chat as if there was nothing wrong with what they were speaking. They were mostly silent, but sometimes they would just reminisce about the past.

“I wonder if he will come.”

“Are you that impatient to see him?”

“It’s Mars’ son, you know? I always wanted to meet him. But after the stunt those bastards from the church pulled, I didn’t have the courage to do so.”

“You are pretty pathetic, you know that right?”

“What can I say? The last war against Lustburg ended with our strongest Queen getting killed. Since then the royal family never recovered.”

Arachne nodded to her words. This was the result of the fight between Mars’ grandfather and the queen of Envilya as he lead the army against the kingdom of demons.

As a result, both the royal family of Lustburg and Envilya got incredibly weakened.

For Lustburg, the nobles managed to take control of the royal family. For Envilya, it was the church that did so.

"Mars is really incredible. I wish I was able to revert the situation as he did. Haha, sometimes I wonder if I am truly Blessed like him or if the Blessed of Lustburg are just built different."

"I sadly do not know enough about Blessed to answer this question of yours."

'Anastasia' or rather, Pandora disguised as Anastasia simply shrugged. Even the Blessed themselves do not know much about how it works out for them anyways. No need to be sorry about that.

Pandora had never really been curious about the origin of her blessing either. Demons, like angels, were discarded divine beasts who had their thrones usurped by a new generation of divine beasts.

She knew her place very well and did not seek more than she needed to. She had managed to become a powerful King rank succubus and she believed that her powers were not far from rivaling the previous Nightmare queen's.

"By the way, I have never asked you this, but how is his personality? What do you think of him?"

Arachne tilted her head.

Her view of Sol had been changed repeatedly in a very short time frame.

In the past, because of her resentment, she simply hated him and viewed him as a sheltered prince who would never become equal to the splendor of his father.

When they met during the traditional Duke visit, she realized her bias and began to view him as a child with a potential no lower than that of Mars'. But ultimately, that was it.

After the attack on Lustburg and Lilith slowly stepping away from power, she deduced that he would become a reliable King. Though one that would need much support from his surroundings to stabilize his position.

But now... After returning from the church and witnessing his return from the Astral Realm, she realized that he had gone beyond everything she had ever expected him to accomplish.

So. What did she think of him now?

"He is a monster that keeps growing without showing any signs of reaching his limit."

Talented people would always exist out there.

Geniuses were really not that rare in the realms.

But in every generation, there would always exist those few oddities that broke all semblance of common sense and created their own rules.

In her opinion, Sol was such a monster of this generation.

The new wave would always push the old one aside.

Arachne closed her eyes. No matter how much she did not want to admit it...

She knew that one day, Mars would not be remembered as the Hero King anymore, but simply as the father of Sol.

What the two friends did not notice though — was that they had never been alone from the start.

Unknown to them, all along, a third individual had been sitting right next to them and listening to their discussion.

Quietly, calmly, pondering how to best make use of the information he had obtained with a cold and calculating gaze.

The fun had just begun...

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Chapter 402: CH368:GRINDING NEVER CEASE

Sitting on a chair not far from them, Sol crossed his legs and leaned back as he quietly observed them while wondering how he should use the new information he was receiving.

He was slowly starting to understand why all those who had their own realm suffered from voyeurism. There was just something empowering about being able to observe and listen to all the secrets of someone without that person being able to do anything.

‘When I become a demigod I should try covering Lustburg entirely.’

It would be impossible to do so in theory. Even though Tiamat had covered the entire Dragon Territory with her own Dimension, this was because the territory belonged to her in the first place.

The mortal dimension belonged to no one and even a demigod like Nihil could only cover the caver for a short time.

But after his face-off with Lucifer...Sol had discovered that his power was quite useful and unique.

If all the conditions were present, it wouldn't be impossible for him to repeat the feat of Anubis— Stealing a part of an entire realm or perhaps, even more.

Of course, all of this was for the future.

Right now he had to deal with more mundane problems. Such as saving the life of his aunt who wanted to die, getting an alliance with a group of witches who hated his Kingdom, and ascertaining how useful the woman named Pandora was.

<<Divine Weapon: Eye of Akasha>>

When he finally opened the Eye of Akasha, from his perspective, everything stopped in its tracks.

The world itself became completely still as if time itself became a meaningless notion. All that remained was a world filled with threads connected to each and every thing in existence. It felt as if a great puppeteer was moving strings to control reality.

The world...was weaved by threads of different colors. This was at least how he perceived and identified the strings of fate that he was granted the opportunity of witnessing thanks to the amalgam of all his powers.

'How blurry.'

Sol once again regretted his own weakness. Back then when he had the power of a demigod, everything felt so vivid. He had felt all-powerful. One whim of his could change the destiny of an entire world if he so wished.

But now... he felt like those strings were more like shackles restraining him.

'Forget it.'

He started by observing Milaris. The strings linked the two of them were fused with a pink thread so large and sturdy that it seemed to equal Skuld or Nefertiti. The thread representing subordination was rather small.

Sol immediately understood that in Arachne's mind, even the relationship between a ruler and subordinate was worthless. Only her love for Mars made her interested in Sol. Creating a feeling of contradiction. Seeing him as a nephew but also a reminder that she would never see her love.

Arachne did not like him. In fact, from what he was seeing, he wondered how it was even possible for her to like anyone at all. Her love for his father was basically blinding him.

Shaking his head, he decided to focus on the important target.

Pandora.

Like Arachne, Pandora had a pink thread linking her to Mars. Though this was much much smaller when compared to Arachne. Her love for Mars seemed to be more in the realm of admiration and crush.

He also observed the thread linking her to Invidia, the goddess of envy. He briefly wondered if he could cut it. But unlike the last time when he had absolute certainty that he could do so, now he was drowned in doubt.

'So, only by becoming a demigod can I cut those threads.'

It was a good thing to learn. He wasn't worried about becoming a demigod. For him, it was a certainty as long as he didn't get killed on the road.

'Now what should I do?'

He didn't want to start affecting the Fate of those two women as now. He wasn't so far gone that he would start manipulating people who had done nothing wrong to him and could become potential allies.

Pandora was a King, so the influence he could have would be limited and even without that, she was a staunch ally of her father in the past and from what she said, the royal family was in an even worse situation than they initially thought.

Currently, though, he needed two things from her.

The first one was of course to have an open or secret alliance with Envilya. One that would make sure they would have help when facing Wratharis.

Currently, Nefertiti should have already landed in Southern Pride. He didn't know how much she could help. But he would have to visit the elves anyways.

On the map, Wratharis was enclosed on nearly all sides by the three countries. The only escape being the sea.

Wratharis might have Sun Wukong. But if Lilith was healed, he was sure that she would be no weaker and Southern Pride also had Siegfried. The man was strong enough to kill a rampaging crazy dragon at the King rank, one thousand years ago.

'Does Envilya have a powerhouse outside of Pandora and their Supreme daughter?'

He had never heard of one. But this was an avenue worth exploring.

The second thing he needed from Pandora was... allowing Hathor to explore her body.

Lilith was created by Neptune who used the gene of the Nightmare Queen. Pandora was the closest thing to the base form that was used and having her data should be more useful than the ones obtained from normal succubi.

But would Pandora accept? After all, in the eyes of many, the existence of Lilith was an abomination and even if Pandora had once been friend with Lilith during their adventures, they had not seen each other in nearly twenty years.

Nothing was eternal in this world. Parents could backstab their children and the same went for friends.

Furthermore, if Pandora learned that Neptune had used such a forbidden art to create Lilith, this would be a powerful tool in her hand to threaten them. If the world were to learn about this, it would allow Wratharis to have a righteous cause. Perhaps accusing them of walking in the footsteps of Echidna or insulting the goddesses.

If the entire Lustburg royal family was deemed as a heretic, they would lose much of their influence over the populace and the political world at large.

'As I thought, should I use try to manipulate her?'

Sol's mind warred between the two.

Trusting Pandora meant giving her a loaded gun and hoping she would not shoot him.

Manipulating her now mean that he was taking one step closer to losing all restraint and justifying all means.

So Sol decided to take the middle path.

Give her his trust once and if he failed. He would simply erase her memory. Even if he had to use a part of the remaining divine power for this.

In short, he was giving her an empty gun, while making her think it was loaded. If she tried to shoot, then all she would hear would be an empty click.

'How time has changed.'

Sol already missed the festival and the time spent with Isis and Sheherazade. He did not really like how he was becoming colder and warier. But if there was something he had learned from his father's history and even his own.

It was that the word <<Betrayal>> was not created for enemies.

Only those close to you could betray you.

Trust was not a right. It was a very rare and precious commodity.

'Well then, this is enough. Time to act.'

He was about to close his Eye when something caught his attention.

Hum?

Looking down on himself, he could see a great number of pink-colored threads covering him, connected to his soul like last time. The number was ever-expanding, showing that he was quite the scumbag all things considered.

But this was not what really caught his attention. Last time, he could also see one bright golden thread, clearly representing Luxuria, and two dimmer ones, representing Castitas and Superbia, standing out among them.

It was normal. As a human, he was under both Luxuria and castitas and his ancestry from his mother's side linked him with Superbia.

He could also perceive different feelings from those threads.

Greed, from Luxuria. Worry, from Castitas. Indifference from Superbia.

This was how it should have been even now. But this time, what he was seeing was different.

'One, two, three...four?'

A fourth golden thread had appeared and the feeling coming from this one was very different.

All he could feel was...Hostility.

Sol's eyes twitched in frustration at this sudden discovery. He wondered just what the hell had happened and which of the goddesses did he suddenly offend for such a feeling of hostility to be born.

'Perhaps I should have stayed in the Dragon realm.'

One day.

No

It hasn't even been one day since he came back.

But already there was so much bullshit happening.

'I want to sleep.'

Life could really be a pain sometime.

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Chapter 403: CH 369: ACTORS

Sol stood up as he entered deep in thought. What was happening was outside of his expectations.

He was being targeted by a goddess.

He could not determine who it was yet. In fact, the hostility was rather faint as it was. It seemed more like dislike fused with wariness rather than an outright desire to kill. Furthermore, it was only one goddess. This means that none of his dangerous ideas had been leaked yet.

Ever since he woke up and realized the potential of the new skill he had unlocked, he had realized that once he became a demigod, and reached the level of false god, he could pose a serious threat to the goddesses.

Not only could he possibly steal a part or the entirety of the mortal realm, but he could also possibly give irreparable damage to the goddesses. Like how Nihil had been unable to heal.

The divine power seemed to have property even more devastating than the Immortal slaying art of Lilith. He didn't simply attack the soul. But erased it. Bringing it to a permanent end.

Perhaps he could even kill a goddess with that power? He didn't know but it was worth experimenting.

All those ideas were extremely dangerous and completely heretical. People had been hanged by the church for much less.

This was why he was sure that this wasn't the worst-case scenario yet. If the goddesses had discovered his plan, it wouldn't be a faint hostility from one goddess but an outright desire to kill from all of them.

But then, this still mean that they were becoming suspicious and wary of him.

'I need to be more careful.'

As he was now, he could not afford to become enemy with the literal rulers of the universe. He was still too weak.

'Sigh...Okay. Let's play the little good boy for now.'

He took a deep breath and calmed down.

He would have been quite panicky by now if it was in the past. After all, he was being targeted by a goddess right now.

But right now, all he felt was mild annoyance.

Did he become too arrogant for his own good?

He didn't think so. While his pride had definitely grown quite a bit, he also knew his place in the world and never underestimated anyone.

If so, then why was he so calm? Why did no fear appear in his heart?

He didn't know.

'Well, let's deal with the matter at hand'

Either way, he was going to talk to the goddesses soon. He would be able to understand the situation more by then.

Thinking like this, Sol finally took one step outside of his dimension and sat boldly between Milaris and Pandora.

"Hello, ladies. I believe you invited me."

Pandora had been speaking about the past with Milaris as she waited for the arrival of Sol.

But at the same time, she had felt quite restless. She didn't know why, but she had a faint feeling that something was wrong.

But how could anything be? She was in a room with only one person and she felt the presence of no one else. If so what was causing this weird discomfort in her heart?

This did not matter in the slightest.

After all, she was a King ranked Blessed. She had long since learned that her instincts should never be underestimated no matter how illogical they seemed.

If they were telling them that something was wrong then it was.

Subtly she laced keywords to Milaris. The two of them had been companions and fought in wars together and went through many adventures. They had long since developed some codes and even if it had been nearly twenty years now. She believed her friend wasn't rusty.

Thankfully she was not wrong. Milaris noticed her sign and also slowly changed her position from a more relaxed one to a battle one.

It was at that moment,

"Hello, ladies. I believe you invited me."

The two of them did not even wonder who was the originator of this voice or how someone could sneak past all their senses and appear so close to them.

They immediately reacted.

A sword shone with scarlet light in Pandora's hand.

[Life drain]

It was an exclusive skill of powerful succubi like her and she had long since learned how to infuse it in her weapon.

At the same time, hundreds of nearly invisible threads covered the entire room before surrounding the enemy.

[Golden threads: Golden Cocoon]

Those threads had been bestowed by the goddesses to Arachne. While it was a divine weapon per se. The threads were nearly indestructible and if filled her mana could become even deadlier than the best sword.

The two moved in total synchronization as the thread ensnared the body of the intruder, robbing him of all movement, while the sword stopped at the throat.

Anyone else would have been frightened at the swiftness and the perfect synchronization of those movements.

But Sol's smile never wavered.

"I must say. This is quite an interesting reception. Though I am not particularly into bondage. At least not when I am on the receiving end."

Pandora's eyes widened when she noticed those golden hair and blue eyes. There was only one person who could have those features in Lustburg.£

Milaris was no less astonished. But she gathered her wits quickly;

"Your highness, you should understand that you are trespassing."

"Trespassing?"

Sol tilted his head in confusion, "Surely you jest dear duchess. Do not be mistaken. Everything in Lusturg belongs to the royal family and no one else outside perhaps the goddesses. We are merely lending this place to you. After all, Duke families or whatnot will come and go but the royal family is eternal."

Milaris scowled a little causing Sol to laugh mischievously, "You should not show such an expression. I am merely joking. I came because I was invited to meet a guest. I suppose the lady with a rather sharp sword near my throat is the guest in question?"

Pandora and Milaris shared a look. It seemed that Sol did not know Pandora's true identity yet. After all, even when she had attacked she had not used her King power.

"Your highness is quite relaxed."

Still, she was quite bewildered. After all. Despite being completely helpless and with a sword close to his throat, he showed absolutely no fear.

His heartbeat did not even seem to particularly accelerate.

"For one Duchess Milaris can not harm me. Even if indirectly and secondly..."

Sol pushed his throat against the sword but all that happened was the sword passing through his body.

This was followed by him leaving the constraint of the threads as if they did not even exist in the first place.

“You two cannot harm me. So why should I fear for my life?”

Sol smiled as he stood up with no problem after having phased using his dimension. In that state, only people like Lilith who could destroy space could hurt him.

Of course, he would not underestimate Pandora.

<<Acting>>

A cheat-like power that belonged to the succubus of the royal family.

Sol did not know all the limitations but what if Pandora <<acted>> as Lilith for example?

It would then be quite a problem for him.

Thankfully, his intention had never been to fight a King rank being in the first place.

He wanted them to believe that he did not know Pandora's true identity. This was a small card that could be useful for him at later date.

The atmosphere was quite tense but the more Sol acted like this, the more Pandora was sure that Sol did indeed not know her true identity.

She took a deep breath and went more into Anastasia's personality while pushing back her own.

“Your highness, your small joke could have caused quite a diplomatic issue.”

“Hum...Is that so?”

He simply smiled and bent down before taking ‘Anastasia’s’ hand in his and giving a kiss on its back.

All of this with a charming smile on his lips, “Well then, how may I apologize, princess Anastasia?”

Anastasia seemed quite surprised, “There is no need to. I am merely here as a messenger. Nothing else.”

“Oh, so a messenger from a foreign country came to one of our dukes rather than the royal family itself?”

“Duchess Milaris is not just a duchess in our eye but a dear friend and once a companion of our queen. This was merely a visit of courtesy. Or are the rule in Lustburg so strict that visits between friends are prohibited?”

“Of course not. How could this be? Queen Pandora is someone I respect very much. I have heard of the tales of the adventure all of them had with my father. Truly contemporary heroes.”

He let go of his hand and went to another place to sit, “I also heard of how beautiful the queen was and now that I see her daughter, I must say, if she is only a fraction as beautiful as you then the rumors were not enough.”

She chuckled, “Your attempts at flattery are quite humorous. Trying to charm a succubus?”

“Well, what can I say? I lack experience in dealing with women of your standing. Forgive me if my words may have sounded frivolous to a knight such as you.”

Inwardly, Pandora laughed. She had been quite surprised by his personality at first but now that she saw this, she could not help but bask in the nostalgia.

While he seemed more experienced with women than his father, it was clear that his experience was not that high.

She was not surprised. After all, despite being the royal family under Luxuria, nearly all the previous Kings or queens had always been monogamous or only formed a very small harem.

This boy here had only recently awakened. Dealing with him should be quite interesting.

Like this, two actors began to stage a play.

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Chapter 404: CH 370: LACK OF INFORMATION CAN BE DANGEROUS

Arachne Milaris was slowly cast aside as Sol and Pandora continued to discuss.

As a bystander, she could see that Pandora was leading the discussion quite skillfully as she sometimes praised Sol and sometimes raised important questions about governance and the like.

But she could not say why, no matter how she observed this she had a sense of incongruity.

She had met and discussed with Sol in the past. Be it when she was antagonistic toward him or when they started working together.

One thing she had noticed earlier on was that he was no doubt his mother's son.

It might not have shown yet at that time, but she could definitely feel the hidden pride in his bones and while he lacked some confidence in himself, it had never been to the level of acting like a shy man.

—

In the first place, he said he didn't have much experience.

She doubted this a little. Thanks to the work of that annoying maid, no nobles could get a glimpse of the inner workings of the Tower of Babel.

But still, she could see the signs. Sol was in no way inexperienced. She even remembered him being a little frisky with his knight in her house when he visited her before the attack on Lustburg.

The final nail in the coffin was the image he projected when he came back from the Astral realm.

All in all, she was sure of one thing. Sol was acting.

'Did he discover Pandora's true identity?'

This would be quite disadvantageous for Pandora. If the knowledge that the queen was not present spread, not only would her daughters be in danger, but this could create diplomatic conflict against countries.

King level weren't allowed to move as they wished. They were literal weapons of mass destruction. For one to enter another country while hiding their identity was no different from an act of aggression.

Just by discovering her identity, Sol would have the advantage in any future discussions and deals they might make.

Of course, it was just a suspicion that was worth sharing with her friends.

The only problem was—Should she?

Arachne was torn between warning her friend or keeping silent.

At the end of the day, she was a Duke working under Sol. Even though she did not particularly like him, she recognized him as her future ruler and sovereign.

Whether the deal the two make in the future is a deal between two rulers that would affect the future of their kingdoms and all the population.

If Sol had managed to get a certain advantage in the negotiations before they even began

She was a Duchess before being a friend after all and she could not jeopardize the well-being of the people who believed in her just because of her own selfishness.

'Sigh..He is indeed very different.'

She felt even more conflicted. Mars rarely resorted to trickery when negotiating.

In the first place, he did not need to do so. His overwhelming power and Charisma made sure to bring in most people he talked with.

Furthermore, thanks to his relationship with Pandora and the then-holy daughter of Slothein as well as Theresa, few people actually dared to cause problems for him.

Could she say that he was wrong in acting thus?

From a personal point of view, she thought so. But from a political point of view, she could affirm that his approach was the right one.

Move with wariness. Never fully trust anyone. Do not show all your cards, mix lie with truth and try to find a common ground.

He first showed his power, making clear that he was no pushover and was not the weaker party and he then started acting as a kind gentleman whose sword would never be used to hurt anyone.

'I...I am tired.'

Arachne was tired of trying to compare Sol with Mars. She had already realized it long ago but now she had the confirmation that it was futile and a waste of time. Sol was not Mars.

The father-son pair had their strengths and weakness and trying to compare one with another was just a complete waste of her time and simply made her heart weary.

Rather than focusing on the past, she should think of the future. She had already trained an heiress. A niece of hers. When that Heiress was ready and after the war ended, She would pass her title and go back to her territory to retire early and rest.

She did not need much more.

She sighed when she felt her partner and butler coming close and signaled him to not worry through their link.

Meanwhile, after Sol and Pandora became closer, he finally started to talk about the main topics that had intrigued him.

“So, could I ask why you walked all the way to Lustburg?”

Movement between kingdoms was quite harsh. They still had yet to develop reliable fast cars or the like. As such, one had to be ready for a long time on the road, taking days to complete what could be done in hours in his old world.

“It’s simple truly. For one, we would like to take custody or eliminate the stain of our kingdom that is in your hand.”

Sol frowned, before remembering someone, “Zehn?”

When Sol had been attacked by those members of the Wing back here, he had faced a clone of Drei and another member of the Wings. A vampire.

Back then she had seemed to be pretty powerful Though now, he was sure that he could crush her with one hand behind his back.

Ever since Zehn had been captured, she had stayed asleep and they had been unable to wake up her even to this day.

“Zehn?” Pandora seemed confused before the light of understanding dawned on her eyes, “So this is her code name? Well, since she discarded her true name this is indeed easier.”

She smuggled for a while before nodding, “Zehn, as you call her, was a member of Envilya. More precisely, she was the heiress of one of the four generals, Dracula.”

“Hum...I see. So what is that you want?”

Pandora stopped. Wondering if she should really continue. What she was doing was pretty foolish. Giving information before even starting the negotiation was a big no-no.

The more desperation she showed for something, the higher would be the price she had to pay.

The vampires were up to something shady. When she acted as Anastasia and visited the Elf country, she was able to destroy one of their conspiracies alongside Lilin who was visiting the elves at that time.

Logically speaking, what were the chances for two royalties of two different countries to find each other in a third kingdom and work together to deal with a problem?

Furthermore, as it was, the one she had worked with was the daughter of her friend and the niece of her old flame. Now a little later, one vampire who might have the information she needed attacked Lustburg and got captured.

Pandora chuckled, wondering if Fate was helping her by aligning everything.

"We wish to capture her and hold a judgment in our country."

Pandora spoke nonchalantly, "Of course, we will also be willing to pay compensation to Lustburg since even though she was banished, she still caused problems for this kingdom."

'Haha, look at this.'

One did not need to be smart to know that she was spewing total bullshit.

He didn't know exactly why they needed that vampire. But he could make an educated guess based on the information he already had.

"Speaking of vampires, if I remember well, it seems like they caused some trouble in Southern pride not long ago. You were the one who helped my cousin deal with that problem. I forgot to thank you."

Pandora showed no reaction of surprise and smiled, "I have made a good friend and it was my duty to put down those deserters."

"Heh...So many vampire deserters causing troubles for other countries."

"Well, there are always bad apples in every country. Like how Lustburg went through a rebellion not long ago. It must have been quite hard."

"Hahaha."

"Hahaha."

'Perhaps I should leave?'

Arachne felt the tension slowly rising and wondered whether her presence was necessary.

In the end, though, the situation was broken up by Sol,

"Well, whether we will give you that Vampire needs to be discussed with my advisors. In the meantime, I would like to invite you to live in the Tower of Babel."

Sol smiled. The tower was his absolute territory. There were simply too many powerhouses in that place.

The moment Pandora stepped there, he would have all the time to deal with her.

Furthermore, this would make it easier for Hathor to observe her.

Finally, Sol did not Zehn as he had already obtained all information from Leo, someone much higher ranked than her.

So if he could sell her and get even more advantage then all the better.

"Very well, I believe we have discussed enough for now. Dawn is approaching and I have an appointment I cannot miss. A maid will be sent to take you to the tower."

He gave a gentlemanly bow and vanished on the spot. Leaving the two women alone again.

Pandora sighed. She was not dumb and had managed to understand that Sol was not all he appeared to be.

No matter how much he tried to act like his father, his inner pride would show from time to time.

As an old-time actress, Pandora knew very well that she ought to not underestimate the young man because of his lack of experience.

Blessed were not people who cared about logic and common sense. She would need to observe him more to be sure.

She also understood that his parting words were more akin to order and he wished to put her in a place he could more easily control.

But she was not worried. She was still a King rank after all and from what she remembered, the only one who could harm her in that tower was Lilith.

She had nothing to fear.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 405: CH 371: THE STEPS HE WALKED

As Sol walked into the monochrome world of his dimension, he smiled as he thought about what kind of expression Pandora would show once she entered the Tower of Babel.

"Busy~Busy~Busy."

Sol hummed slowly as he arranged his future schedule.

Dealing with the goddess, Healing Lilith, dealing with the witches, signing a contract with Setsuna, preparing the coronation ceremony, preparing supplies for war, and discussing with Pandora about an alliance. Discussing with Kiku and Shouten about an alliance with the Church of Wratharis. Visiting Southern pride to discuss with the King and Queen.

Then there would be the actual war. Sol did not like how the war was nothing more than a game for some people. But he knew that it was something he could not escape from.

Thankfully, he was not a King rank. So he could participate in the war from the start without breaking any convention. Even so, the war would have casualties. It was an inevitable reality.

People of his kingdom will take up arms, and shed blood and many would die in order to protect their countries from harm.

What did a soldier feel as he left his home and his family behind, knowing that this might be very well the last time they would see their loved one?

What did a husband or a wife feel when they received a message telling them that their significant other fell in the battle?

What about the children or the Parents?

Would they be happy to learn that the loved one died with honor?

Perhaps Some would indeed think like this. But for most people, for the widow, or the children, rather than money or honors, what they wished was to see once again the one who lost their lives.

War was the game of those at the top while those at the bottom were the ones getting dirty and mentally crippled

'I need to take this more seriously than ever'

Sol could not end the war singly handly but he could try and minimize the loss of human life. If it was necessary, he would even fight against the King of Wratharis. Though he did not know yet if he could win.

'So busy.'

So many things to think about. So much intrigue. He had to play political games with so many people and send so many others to their death.

All of this, because he was the prince.

All of this, because he was Blessed.

But...Even though he was tired. Even though he wanted to give up. Sol continued to hum as he walked toward the Tower.

He was born as the prince and with a Blessing. No matter how much he hated the goddesses, the truth of the matter was that he had obtained a great life thanks to them.

He was born rich, handsome, and talented. He had met many incredible women who shared their love with him. Those women were ready to walk even the harshest path in order to stay with him.

What could he ask more? All those benefits were thanks to his current identity.

Responsibility was equal to the power bestowed. A true King was not a tyrant who ruled without care for the citizens.

But this wasn't all. When he was walking down the road with Isis earlier today. He realized something.

No matter how much he refused to recognize or be responsible for them, the population of Lustburg recognized him as their prince and ruler.

It was time for him to grow up and take seriously the responsibility that would soon fall on his shoulder.

If he was not ready to become king, it was better to simply leave now. This would be more useful than simply hesitating and ending up doing a poor job. After all, there were few things worse in this world than a half-hearted leader.

Was he ready to become a King? To truly make decisions that would affect hundreds of millions of people on a daily basis?

What about conquering the whole world? Let's say he succeeded. Wouldn't it mean that the responsibility of taking care of billions of people would fall on his shoulder?

Sol shivered just at the thought. But there was nothing he could do by escaping from his thoughts.

'Haha, I have really changed.'

Sol stopped when he realized where he was. It was the place where Lilith had taken him during their first date. One that had been quite disastrous. At least he considered any date that ended up in a cemetery to be disastrous.

Outside of normal or private cemeteries, Lustburg had three great Cemeteries. One for the Kings and Queens. One for the Holy and Supreme daughters and finally this one. The one housing all the war heroes.

Standing in front of the Monolith in the center, Sol looked at the list of names and stopped at the two highest ones.

<<Mars Luxuria>>

<<Blaze Dragona Luxuria>>

He remembered his discussion with Lilith that had taken place here.

[Sol Dragona Luxuria. Are you ready?]

He felt like he could literally hear her next to him.

[Are you ready to fight for your kingdom? Are you ready to brave the tumultuous time ahead of us? Are you ready to direct your soldiers to face the enemies who are threatening our safety?]

What had been his answer back then?

'I acted like a smartass.'

Sol laughed. Back then he did not know how to answer her. So he deflected the question. Acting like some kind of grand philosopher. When in fact he was just a kid that was burdened by the high expectations that rested on his shoulder and was confused about the role he had to play in the future.

He talked about how he would only be a selfish king. How he only wished to protect his loved ones and nothing else. But her answer had been something he had not expected.

[You say that you want to protect us? That you only want happiness for your loved ones? Alright. But, be it me, Edea or Camelia, we all stand near the pinnacle of this world. Anything that can threaten us would be a mortal danger to you. So you need to be strong. Stronger than anyone else. Stronger than us, stronger than your father. Then, even if you are the most selfish king ever, people will still praise you as the best king ever.]

'Hahaha. How simple and direct but so realistic.'

But this had indeed been the case. Protect them? Protect them from what?

His words must have sounded so childish and ridiculous to Lilith back then as he spoke without even truly understanding the gravity of his words.

Now though, he was different. He had faced even the strongest demigods and soon would bargain with the goddesses themselves.

[Sol, my dear child. Your life will be full of struggle and you will live through many things. Some will be good and others will be sad. But, no matter what, never give up, never look back, and always stand up, and one day, you will find the answer that fits you the most.]

Indeed. It was back then that he began to realize that Lilith was not feeling well mentally and that she was exhibiting suicidal tendencies.

Like she had anticipated, his journey had been full of peripeties. He was not the blissfully ignorant young prince he had once been. His journey was still far from finished. He still had so much to learn. So many sights to witness.

To the question. "Are you ready?"

Sol could say now with certainty.

"Yes, I am."

Not because he was invested in the spirit of kingship. Not because he wished to protect his kingdom.

But simply because he truly understood now what it means to be a King.

Sol left his dimension and sat on the ground with his back against the monolith.

From here, he observed as the sun roses over the distant mountains, lighting up the entire world with its golden rays of light and chasing the darkness of the night away.

He was surprised at how bright this morning was. The air feels warm and inviting; as if every breath could lift him up into the heavens.

He couldn't help but smile at the sight before him. The birds were chirping their songs in the trees around him. A few squirrels were already gathering the last nuts for winter.

Everything looked so fresh and new today. It was the start of a new day. A new beginning for all.

'Let's take things slowly.'

He did not have all the answers. He did not know if he was walking on the right road either.

But it was alright. Even if he stumbled a bit. Even if he fell on his knees and bleed. He knew that all he had to do was never give up and stand up and continue to walk his way.

It was time for him to face the goddesses. In fact, it was almost ironical.

The first time he faced all the goddesses, it was to beg for Camelia's life. This time it was for Lilith.

He had a feeling that things would not go easily for him. He could still feel the faint hostility coiling around him.

But it was alright.

He was not the young inexperienced boy who could do nothing else but kneel and beg the goddesses to save his loved one.

Things would be different this time.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 406: CH 372: WHO ARE YOU?

While Sol was reminiscing back to the steps that he took until now and thus reaffirming his will to stride forward without stopping in his path, Camelia was facing a very important question of her own.

To bleed or not to bleed?

She was currently deep in the entrails of the church, standing in front of the magic circle she used to activate the Saint Fall ceremony for beloved.

Thinking about it now, it had only been less than two months from her perspective. So many things had happened in such a short amount of time that it was mindboggling. It reminded her of the time of war, back during the time of Mars' reign, when every moment was precious as it could be their very last.

The day before, she had received a piece of disturbing news from the shadows under Milia's order. Sol needed to face the goddesses once more in order to obtain absolute permission for healing Lilith.

If she had the choice to speak out her thoughts on the matter then she would have told Sol to act first and apologize later. But as the one doing the healing just so happened to be a divine beast, Camelia understood that they could not move carelessly and do as they pleased.

So now came the existential question. Whether to bleed or not.

The blood she had used for her ritual was not just blood of purity but one that was fused with divine power purified to the maximum limit possible.

Camelia had already paid a heavy price by using the <<Saint Fall>> ceremony to help Sol. Of course, the price had been worth it in the end. As Sol was able to obtain so many advantages that would surely smoothen his path ahead.

But the catch here was that...she had also used her divine blood to activate the <<Holy Territory>> not long after during the widescale attack caused by WoF. A territory strong enough to even resist Lilith's slashing power at full capacity. In order to create such a territory, the price she had to pay was quite heavy and as a result, she had been quite weakened for a while already.

Now, if she were to shed blood once more then....

'Am I already being targeted?'

She sighed. Her luck had certainly dwindled quite a bit due to her using her powers extensively and now with Aurora appearing, Camelia did not know how much longer she had to live and tread on the mortal realm.

“Why I am even worrying so much?”

She sighed ruefully. She had one easy solution to this. After all, spells like <<Saint Fall>> and <<Holy Territory>> were never meant to be used by only one person.

They needed the support of both a Supreme Daughter and a Holy Daughter as well as many believers to fully enact the spell in a safe procedure that would allow the spells to achieve their maximum capacity.

If back then, during the attack on Lustburg, she had all those ingredients in hand, then not even Nihil could have broken that barrier so easily.

So right now, the solution was pretty simple. Go fetch Aurora and ask her for help in enacting the ritual.

If so then why was she hesitating so much?

The answer was also plain and simple as the solution itself. She simply did not wish to increase the influence Aurora held in the church before she had become absolutely certain about her moral standards and where her loyalty and aspirations lay.

Camelia was not easily jealous. She wished for Sol to amass as much power as possible even if it meant that she would not be there by his side to witness the scene, She just wanted her beloved to be safe and happy. That’s all.

Camelia did not particularly care about the power of the church either. She had slowly and masterfully indoctrinated most of the current nuns and all of them held a certain feeling of loyalty and love for Sol. Enough that they would never think of going against him unless they were thoroughly rewired by external means.

At the very least, there would be no problem for the next two or three generations of the church. That was her belief.

If only Aurora had been a good and simple girl, Camelia would have been happy as it would mean an additional ally for Sol in his endeavors ahead. But now she was beginning to wonder just what was the girl’s goals.

Aurora was not a normal girl. That much was certain at this point.

From what she knew. The girl called Aurora had to have fallen asleep years ago when she was merely a child.

Even though the years went past and her body continued to grow, her mind should have stayed stuck in her childlike mentally.

This was the norm for patients in a coma. The girl should have possessed a child’s mind in an adult’s body. Someone with basically no experience and without a clue of the real world and how it worked.

But that was not the case for that child— the girl named Aurora. Soon after she woke up, she was already working ceaselessly on rising through the ranks and trying to control the church on her palms. Moving with no hesitation nor confusion and even leading a mass.

She also seemed to exhibit a suspicious level of attachment and attraction toward Sol even though they had never met before in their life. She was fully certain about that fact, having done enough investigations beforehand.

‘Is she able to see Souls like me?’

Camelia pondered on that thought for a while. She had already observed that the girl could use something akin to the same mind manipulation skill as her. From what she had observed, the effect seemed quite weak overall. At least from what she showed till now that seemed to be the case. After all, Camelia had been able to make an entire village love her and used her will to force tens of bandits to die with a smile on their faces even at the time when she had no idea about her powers. [1]

Either way, it wasn’t impossible for Aurora to have the same set of powers as her. But even so, she doubted that it would change anything in the long run.

The reason she was more focused on Souls than anything else was due to the fact she had been blind from her birth until the day of her awakening as the then Holy Daughter of the church. Because of this, even though she had obtained sight and could see the real world in all its shapes and colors, she still found the world of the heart all the more beautiful.

Without her background story, it would be hard to develop the same kind of feelings for an individual.

‘Does she want power that much?’

Camelia began to walk towards the door. So many questions. So many uncertainties. All of this could only be resolved by taking the first step in the right direction.

“Call Aurora.”

She immediately sent her orders and began to wait.

She was so used to living in a world of intrigue and conspiracy that she had forgotten one simple fact.

If she was curious... Then she just had to ask.

Nothing more, nothing less...

It did not take long for Aurora to come down and join her. Even though they had a slightly antagonistic relationship, the vertical relation of power between them was absolute and Aurora could not really defy the order of the Supreme Daughter.

Not that she had any intentions to do so in the first place.

“Good morning, I hope the goddesses will grace us with a beautiful day.”

Aurora bowed gently and observed her surroundings with the corners of her eyes.

“He is not here yet.”

“Oh...”

Aurora let out a short exclamation of disappointment before nodding, “May I know why I was called suddenly. I was preparing for the mass.”

The reasons she had come so fast was because she had expected Sol to be present. But since he wasn't, she was rapidly losing interest in staying here longer than necessary.

This place was completely under Camelia's control. No different than a demigod in its territory in a certain way. Though, even without that, Camelia could smash her completely with no problem.

No one would like being alone in front of a beast that could tear you apart in an instant.

“Today you will help in beginning a ritual—”

“I—”

“It's for Sol.”

Aurora closed her mouth and pondered a little before taking a step back, “What do I need to do?”

Camelia narrowed her eyes. As she thought, this girl was hiding something.

“Before we begin, I have a simple question and I hope that you will give me an answer.”

Aurora tilted her head, wondering what Camelia would ask. But the questions, in the end, surprised her.

“Are you really Aurora?”

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Chapter 407: CH 373: GOING TO THE CHURCH

“Are you really Aurora?”

Camelia's voice as she spoke was calm and devoid of any emotion in appearance. But Aurora suddenly felt like hundreds of spears were pointing at her.

It seemed like if she gave the wrong answer, Camelia was ready to skewer to death no matter what the consequences would be for her.

The pressure was impossible to explain and anyone with a guilty mind would have at least faltered.

But...The smile on Aurora's face never crumbled.

“Am I really Aurora? I fear that I am unable to understand your question. I am myself and this has never changed.”

‘She is telling the truth.’

Camellia frowned but she knew that everything depended on the words.

“Let me repeat again. Are you really Aurora? Yes or No.”

“I am Aurora. However, I must say that the way I am being welcomed in this sacred place chills my heart. Did I displease you?”

Camelia ignored Aurora's question and walked before standing in front of her, "Then. Let me rephrase. Were you always Aurora?"

For the first time, the smile on Aurora's face crumbled a little, "I did not come down here to get interrogated like a criminal. Excuse me, but I have other tasks to attend to."

Her smile came back as she looked into Camelia's eyes, "So either kill me now and fall with me or give me a break."

The killing intent increased as Camelia seemed really ready to strike. There was no limitation for Blessed under the same goddess to fight and kill each other. This was how the current Wolf King usurped power from his brother. [1]

But even then it wasn't like it would go without consequences. Camelia was not a forgiving person.

She did not care either that this was Gerald's granddaughter.

If the bitch proved to be a menace then she was ready to put her down without hesitation.

"One last question. Will you ever hurt Sol?"

"Why should I answer any more of your question?"

Her words came out calmly. An instant response and not even a shadow of a smile on her face. Her gaze changed as she looked at Camelia like she was looking at a small kid throwing a tantrum and for an instant, a very short instant, her blue eyes shone with a golden luster. But she simply bowed her head fast enough before Camelia could notice this and choose to hide all her changes of expression.

Placing her hands on her face, she made sure she was smiling once again before raising her head up.

"I believe it's time for me to go."

She was about to turn around but stopped after giving a glance at the circle drawn on the ground, "Also, that circle is inefficient. Those three lines increase the consumption of divine blood necessary."

She gave a bow and walked away—leaving behind a bewildered Camelia.

She might not have seen her eyes, but she did not need to. After all, the soul of that woman had flared with a golden light and for a short instant....It looked like a small rising Sun.

—

Walking alone in the corridor of the church, Aurora's steps were light as she radiated a light of insouciance.

'I wonder. What will happen now.'

Thankfully...Camelia should not be able to understand what was going on so her memory would not be read.

'I am still so weak currently.'

She hummed. She wanted to move fast. She had so much work to do before the others started waking up.

She was lucky to have a greater advance and she would capitalize on that.

“Holy daughter. His highness, Sol Luxuria will soon visit the church.”

She was stopped on her walk as a few nuns came to report to her. The young ones in the church were slowly gathering around her and it was making many tasks far easier for her.

“Today is a bad day.”

She wished to meet him and talk to him. But it seemed like it would be better to avoid him for the time being.

Too many eyes would be on him.

She had been lucky enough until now. There was no need to tempt Fate now. It was already wild enough as it was.

“Hum~Hum~Hum~!”

After leaving the cemetery, Sol began to move fast. He had already wasted enough time by being sentimental.

He did not enter the tower. As he did not wish to face Ambrosia nor any of the witches now. It was necessary for them to think about the way they would act in the future.

Now he did not need the witches as much but if possible, he wished to make Ambrosia leave her hypocritical neutrality.

Having an ally like her would be truly helpful and while he didn't need her to fight for him, he wanted to at least have her at his back.

After all, you could never know what you will be facing in the future and he did not wish to have a bad relationship with his mother-in-law.

He used his link to send a message to Isis, asking her to warn Milia about the visit of the 'princess'. He really wished he could see what she would look like when she finally stepped in the tower.

Truly, he had never been more grateful for the secrecy Milia had always insisted on. He could also understand now why some people liked acting weak before using their true power and surprising the crowd.

It sure felt good to do this.

Once he was sure that this was taken care of, he focused on his incoming face-to-face against the goddess.

From what he remembered, his grandfather, Neptune, had slowly started to lose his blessings.

He wondered if it had happened because of all the experiments he made or if it was because of his incoming birth.

Even so, he did not wish to take any risk. He still needed his title as Blessed for now either way.

Once everything was ready, he started walking toward the Church but was soon stopped by a carriage from which a few maids came down before asking him to enter.

The interior of the carriage was quite luxurious and comfy and Sol did not even feel the movement or the shaking.

“Your highness, should we go back for your to change?”

He was still wearing the same clothes as yesterday and from the way, the maids were looking at him with uneasiness, he decided to appease them by changing the clothes he was wearing using mana.

He did not really like doing this because there was a high chance he could go naked by losing control. But it would not matter where he was going.

“You three...how have you been?”

He smiled as he recognized the maids, they were part of the groups with which he had his very first orgy.

From the symbol on their maid attires, he could see they had jumped in grades and were now a senior maids. This was quite an achievement.

“Your highness remember our poor selves?”

He smiled as he leaned on his seat, “I never forget my partners. No matter how shallow our relationship was and I had a good memory of our time together.” [2]

He sure had. One cat girl, a dark elf, and three humans. Currently, the three maids present were two out of the three humans and the cat girl.

Back then, he had just lost his virginity to Milia and was going wild because of all the sudden privilege bestowed on him.

Who wouldn't? An entire castle full of nubile young women entirely dedicated to him and selected with precision by the woman who had the greatest dedication for him. [3]

“So, what do you think of life in the castle? Is it boring?”

The cat girl almost nodded before shaking her head, “It's boring sometimes but the handmaid always makes sure we can get some entertainment and we can sometimes visit our family. Though sometimes some maids choose to not come back after doing so.”

Sol's eyebrow rose at this. He was not an accountant but he knew that the salary of those maids was pretty high and they received many advantages.

There were only two possible reasons for early retirement.

Either they found someone they liked and decided to leave or...They talked too much and Milia gave them an eternal vacation.

Sol found nothing wrong with Milia's approach. The security of the tower depended on how tight-lipped the maid could be. So any form of betrayal should be met by death.

'Well, way to bring my mood down.'

He showed no changes on his face as he continued to speak with the maids. They were pretty innocent and he had taken their bodies. So the least he could do was entertain them a little.

If he wasn't so busy now, he would certainly have some fun with them.

Sol nearly laughed at his ridiculous thoughts.

Here he was, about to face the true master of this universe but all he could really think of was sex.

'But seriously. I need to find a way to relax later on.'

One small orgy after facing them wouldn't be a problem, right? A man needed some encouragement.

It was only after the carriage stopped in front of the church and he saw Chloe waiting for him that he shook off his lewd thoughts. He would have all the time in the world to have sex as he wished.

Now was the time to get serious.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 408: CH 374: ENTERING THE LAIR

Stepping out of the carriage, Sol approached Chloe with wide open arms and a charming smile on his face, "Chloe! How have you been?"

Chloe smiled brightly as she reciprocated Sol's hug with one of her own before taking a step back and looking at him up and down. Sol was still in his hybrid form and Chloe had to admit that she found it quite charming.

But more than anything else, the aura of power he was emanating astonished her. As a friend, she was happy to see the changes in Sol as the stronger he became the more at ease he would be.

"I am good." She was a woman of few words and her life had been pretty simple in the church.

"Sorry, we didn't really have much time to talk during my welcoming party."

"It doesn't matter. It was quite an enjoyable gathering and seeing you come back in good health is enough as it is."

At the end of the day, their relationship was just that of friendship. Quite a shallow friendship too as they had not spent much time together. But still, they were friends. She, of course, understood that he needed to pass some time with his loved ones and prioritize them over his friends.

Sol smiled and followed behind Chloe as she brought him to the Church of Castitas.

Like any other Blessed, the most prominent features of this girl were her long golden hair and her charming blue eyes.

No matter how Sol thought about it, the tastes of those high and mighty Goddesses were pretty hard to understand. Even though there was some deep explanation for this, hair golden like the incandescent sun and eyes blue like the vast and deep sky. He sometimes wondered if they had just chosen this because of the prominent fairy tales of earth.

After all, in those tales, the prince and princesses were always golden-haired with fair complexion and deep blue eyes.

Chloe was not currently adorned in her usual set of armor. What she was wearing instead was a simple one-piece white robe that reached just below her ankles.

“Why the change of attire?”

“As you know, I came here as a sort of an exchange student. So, of course, I need to learn the ins and outs of the church. I was about to hold a mass alongside Aurora today and it demanded a wardrobe change.”

Aurora Highland. Gerald’s granddaughter.

Sol frowned slightly at hearing her name. He had not particularly liked her vibe when she introduced herself yesterday after he came back from the Astral Realm.

Though he didn’t know if it was because of her origin or because she had interrupted his moment of fun with his close ones.

Sol did not want to judge people with a biased mindset. But it was hard to look favorably at the reason he lost the closest person he ever had to a father figure in this world.

‘Speaking of a father figure... Gerald should have joined the frontlines by now.’

Wratharis had sent some probing personnel to the border of Lustburg but did not go too far with their provocations...yet. Most likely they were just observing the situation and sending in spies to learn about the overall atmosphere of the human kingdom. Since Lustburg had a high percentage of foreign races, it was very easy for spies to mix in without being noticed by the guards or anyone for that matter.

He wondered if the old man was still alive. After all, he had been exiled because of his crimes and lost all his noble titles.

‘Then again, if he had died, Milia would have informed me by now.’

He massaged his forehead before focusing on Chloe...

“So. How have your days been in Lustburg?”

She shrugged, “I am getting used to it, you know... When I first came to your kingdom I was surprised by how backward the countries outside were. But thankfully my mother had already warned me about it.”

Sol laughed out loud. Calling Lustburg a backwater country was quite a stretch. Thanks to the different kings who came before him, even though the kingdom still had a medieval lifestyle, there were many kinds of infrastructure that did not suit the style and catered more to the modern side of things.

The roads were clean and well-paved. The kingdom did not stink to the high heavens, which was a blessing in itself. People took baths regularly and agriculture was well ahead of its time.

Furthermore, thanks to Magitech, they had something akin to electricity and even TV. Medicine was well-developed as well.

“Well, I guess when compared to the literal city of science and innovation, my country does seem like your average backwater nation.”

Chloe chuckled slightly, “It’s pretty normal you know. We, the angels, are lazy yet extremely stubborn when it comes to certain matters. So we need to be lazy in an efficient way.”

Science was developed by lazy people. People who had the imagination necessary to dream of a better world. This was a funny way of saying it but the truth was that most scientific discoveries were made in order to make life easier and inevitably it profited the lazy people the most.

Running is hard? Create a carriage. Raising horses are a pain? What about a bicycle? You don’t want to use your legs to ride it and want something more comfortable instead? Then how about a car?

It was an extremely simple and crude way of putting but it was still the unavoidable truth.

“True laziness isn’t laying down and doing nothing. But ensuring the fact that...even when you lay down and do nothing, something else is doing the job for you.”

She gave a proud smile before shaking her head. “Still, I like the atmosphere of Lustburg more than Slothein. At least here even the weak are taken care of by the kingdom.”

She gave a wistful smile as she spoke the last bits of her speech. Slothein was an extreme meritocracy where all citizens were classified depending on their results in sciences or combat. It was not a city worth living for the weak and untalented. In a world where talent meant everything, not everyone could fit in.

“No kingdom is without its flaws. At least yours suffer from no war.”

The only one who even dared to defy the angels was Echidna and even then she made sure to not cross their bottom line. No one wanted the angels to go crazy and start dropping weapons of mass destruction on their kingdom.

Since angels did not bother anyone, other kingdoms made sure to not disturb them. They were also the ones to make sure that all the Warlaws were properly enforced. In a way, one could call Slothein the ultimate police organization of this world.

“Indeed. I guess the pasture always seems greener from the other side.”

Chloe conceded with a nod and continued to chat calmly with Sol.

“Speaking of the Holy Daughter... What do you think of Aurora?”

“Aurora is... I guess she makes me uneasy? Sometimes I feel like she is just pretending to be someone else, someone she is not. But every time she holds a mass, she seems so sincere.”

She shook her head, “I don’t want to talk ill of people behind their backs. But just be careful around her. I think she is hiding a huge secret.”

‘Don’t they all do in the end?’

Sol smiled. At this point, he would be more surprised if he met people who didn’t have some kind of deep secret identity or things of the like.

“Well, I guess I will decide once I meet her.”

Sol did not want to judge Aurora before having a personal discussion with her. After all, the two of them would become the leaders of Lustburg in the future. So they needed to at least get along well and not be at each other’s throats. The last thing he wanted was to be mortal enemies with the future leader of the church. Unless absolutely necessary, he intended to be on good terms with her.

“Well. We are here.”

Sol looked at the huge gate that showed the goddesses facing each other.

The first time he went through this gate, his life had completely changed in its entirety. Now once again he was about to go through this gate and he hoped that the change that would happen would be in his favor once more.

[South District, Milaris’ Mansion]

While Sol was about to meet his destiny. Someone else was making preparations of their own.

“Are you sure that you want to enter the tower?”

Pandora, sitting on a stool as she prepared herself, looked at Arachne from the reflection of the mirror.

“Of course. That little boy invited me, didn’t he? It would be rude to not go, right?”

“It could be a trap.”

“Heh, I am sure it is. But he is underestimating me. He thinks that I am only a Duke, after all. Furthermore, Lilith hates things like that. If she wanted to catch me, she would directly come at me. As for Camelia, that snake is in her church currently. I have nothing to fear.”

Arachne’s expression did not change even after Pandora had ignored her goodwill. She had already given her enough warnings. No matter what happened next wasn’t her problem.

“Well, it’s your choice.”

She didn’t plan to intervene more. There were lines that should not be crossed after as a vassal. After all, the information about the tower was top secret. She did not have all the details, but she knew that Persephone and the other four directions should be present in the tower.

'Well, I guess this would be a good lesson for her.'

Arachne was not worried about Pandora. She knew that they had no reason to hurt her as Pandora could become a staunch ally in the long run. Still, she was sure that it was a prank from Sol when she invited her to his stronghold.

Hopefully, this would give her a lesson in humility and information gathering.

'The young boy became quite the cunning man.'

She was now more and more sure that Sol had pierced through Pandora's identity. But once again she simply stayed silent and observed from the sides.

Once Pandora was ready, she changed into Anastasia's form and patted Arachne on the shoulder.

"Let's go. You will at least accompany me to the carriage, right?"

Arachne nodded her head while she silently prayed in her heart, 'May the goddesses be with you.'

This was the only prayer Arachne Milaris made for her long-time friend as she watched Pandora step into the carriage that was brought by Ketia...

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 409: CH 375: SHE WOULD NEVER FORGET THIS DAY

The carriage was advancing slowly through the street as the second day of the festival continued in full swing. Looking at the people singing and dancing, with joy evident on their faces, Pandora couldn't help but feel a little envious—which was pretty normal with the Sin she bore.

Envilya was a country no less developed than Lustburg and in a way far more so. After all, demons were also divine beasts in the past. Though now they in grand part stuck in the mortal realm.

Even so, despite their technology, the life of the citizens was not particularly great.

This mainly came from the fact that Envilya was full of undead and undead mages who didn't mind massacring a village or two to get the material they needed.

As if it wasn't enough, the rift between the royal family and the church caused many repercussions which made protecting the citizens more complicated. After all, the church of Kindness and faith could only come from destitution and poverty.

Only those who could give everything they had could be accepted in the Heaven Kingdom of Goddess Humanitas or so they said.

Pandora found this sick. But there was nothing she could really do. The Supreme Daughter of Humanitas was from the Nightmare Queen generation and that bitch had the power to evolve and regain her divine status at any moment.

The only reason she did not do so was because she decided her mission was to stay in the mortal realm and guide the poor people who were drowning in ignorance.

'Sigh. I hope Sol won't disappoint me.'

The alliance with Lustburg was very important. She had worked hard years ago to make it happen only for everything to crash down because of some assassins mixed with the delegation and nearly killed Sol when he was a kid[1].

Even though they were able to retaliate thanks to this and worked alongside the Crown Shadow of Lustburg to kill off a few heir with great potential from the supporter of the church, all talk about a true alliance had been pushed off.

This was why this time she came in person. She was ready to use all her charm and wit as well as pull her old relationship in order to succeed.

“Now that I think about it, how is the Queen doing? My mother asked me to inquire?” She was still playing a role actually so she was careful with her words.

Ketia, who had been staying silent all this while, simply bowed her head, “Her Majesty is doing well.”

‘Hum...A well-trained maid. Adept in fighting. An assassin.’

She mused as she observed the maid wearing clothes so revealing she wondered how she could work with them.

“I guess this is Sol’s taste?”

Ketia stayed polite and shook her head, “His Highness did not grace me with his seed. Nor did he ever impose any dress code. I simply like such clothes.”

“Heh...”

‘I guess I shouldn’t waste time with this one.’

Pandora had the power to dream walk. If she so wished, be it by using her charm or hypnotizing the woman and entering her dreams, she could obtain any answer she wanted.

Sadly, she knew that pros like this one generally had a way to tell if they have been compromised by a succubus.

She didn’t want to set off any alarms and risk destroying her second chances.

“We have reached our destination.”

Once the carriage stopped, Pandora walked and gazed at the huge tower.

‘As impressive as I remember.’

It was hard to think that such a gigantic monument had been created to simply to imprison one witch.

‘Speaking of, Her name was Edea, was it? I wonder if she is still imprisoned or finally left.’

She knew that Mars had received some teaching from the witch locked in the tower. But despite his innate charm, he had never been able to make her walk out.

It was quite a shame. Persephone alone had been a huge help during their adventure. If Edea had joined, then many things would have perhaps been different.

“Princess. Why are you stopping?”

Ketia’s voice woke up Pandora from her reverie.

‘I don’t know why, but I really don’t want to enter.’

She suddenly felt like that coming to this place hadn’t been such a good idea after. No matter what she tried to do, her body seemed unwilling to listen to her and advance.

‘But do I even have a choice?’

She gritted her teeth and for the first time in her life, refused to listen to her instinct as she entered the courtyard of the tower.

“Welcome, Princess Anastasia.”

The first one to greet her was a woman with voluptuous features no less impressive than that of a Succubus. Her charms were undeniable but seeing that it was just a cow beast woman, Pandora was about to dismiss her when she felt a chill go her spin.

‘Dangerous.’

She looked deeply at the maid and slowly became bewildered,

“Hello...?”

‘What the hell? A Duke?’

Like demons, Beast men were composed of more than a hundred sub-races. Still, she knew enough about them to know that cow beasts were only the lowest of the low. Did they even have access to elemental magic?

How the hell did one become a Duke?

In the first place. Why in goddess name was a Duke class working as a maid?

“Princess?”

Shaking off her surprise and showing none of it on her face, Pandora returned the greeting.

‘Well, mutants and exceptions always exist.’

“I am sorry. I was just a little surprised. My mother always told me how impressive the Tower of Babel was and I realize her words didn’t do justice.”

‘Yes. Let’s stay calm. It’s just a Duke after all.’

“My name is Milia. I am the head maid as well as his highness’s personal maid. I will take care of you during your stay here. if you would?”

Pandora nodded and began following behind Milia. It was then that the sound of sword clashing caught her attention.

“Can I take a look?”

Milia hesitated before nodding. “As long as we don’t disturb them.”

Pandora was quite happy as it would help her gauge a little the way knights trained now compared to the past.

But when she reached the training ground.

All she could see was two young girls moving faster than the sound as they repeatedly clashed their swords.

Pandora’s eyes twitched a little when she realized that one of them was a Duke and even more so when she realized who it was.

‘Lilin?’

She had fought with Lilin during the vampire invasion in Southern pride. So she was less surprised. At the end of the day, Lilin was of royal blood and Lilith’s daughter.

But the one keeping up with her was....’A storm wolf?’

All storm wolves were part of the royal family of Wratharis.

“Who is that wolf?”

“She is Setsuna. His highness’s knight.”

“*Cough* *Cough* What?”

A member of a royal family was working as his knight?

Pandora felt her heartbeat accelerate as her instincts once again began screaming at her and this time she decided that perhaps she should listen to them.

But it was then....

“Oh! Milia! What brought you here? We were just about to wrap up.”

Pandora realized that she had been unconsciously ignoring the presence of a third person.

It was another maid.

“Who is....”

Her voice slowly drifted out and she had to summon a will of steel to not take a step back in fright.

The one who had spoken was a young girl with red hair and red eyes wearing a cute maid attire. She was a young beauty with a pubescent body.

But if that was all, Pandora would have never been surprised. After all, there was nothing new about a young maid being cute.

But....But...

“This...”

‘Oh, my goddess.’

For an instant, Pandora began to wonder if she was currently trapped in the dream realm of another succubus.

This was the only way to explain what she was currently seeing.

After all. What else could explain the fact that a King rank being was working as a maid?

‘This...This doesn’t make any sense.’

“Princess?”

“Hahah...Sorry, sorry. I am just feeling a little dizzy. Could we just please go to my quarters?”

Milia seemed puzzled but nodded nonetheless. “Kali. I am taking care of a guest. Don’t push Setsuna too much.”

“Heh, I know how to take care of my railgun.”

‘Kali....? No. This isn’t possible. I am sure I just heard wrong.’

Pandora began to walk even faster. Nearly walking past Milia.

She needed to take some distance and breath in a place isolated. She was beginning to feel a little suffocated.

But it was then...

“Hey! You why don’t we go to the festival again!? Sol said we should do some shopping.”

“I am not interested. Let’s wait until he comes back.”

Pandora stopped short when she gazed at the two women walking out of the tower.

This time, the fact that they were two Dukes did not even register in her mind. Nor was the fact that one of them was a fairy even matter.

‘How is this possible!?’

She felt like all her common sense was being challenged.

Demon, as they were now, was nothing but a devolved form of the pure demons of the past. Those who were able to stand as Divine beasts.

Even so, sometime, some demons could get back their original bloodline and become True Demons.

The difference between a true Demon and a mortal one was like the difference between a commoner and an Emperor.

They were two beings of a different states. There was an absolute difference in pedigree.

Pandora had to bite her tongue to fight the innate desire to kneel down in front of that woman as a sign of respect.

'Why? Why is a True Demon here!?'

Pandora would never forget this day.

Even more so since this was just the start of her surprises.

After all...She had not even stepped into the Tower yet.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 410: CH 376: WORLD VIEWS SHATTER

The next few minutes were basically a form of torture for Pandora. After the girl with the blood of a True Demon flowing in her veins gave her a confused glance, she left with the fairy, clearly uninterested in her existence.

After having been asked by Milia if everything was alright with her, Pandora managed to barely answer with a nod and forced herself to calm down her disoriented mind.

She was a King-ranked being. The one and only Queen of Envilya. Even though she was currently being overwhelmed by all the information she was getting one after another after just entering the outskirts of the tower, there was no reason for her to be feeling so helpless.

'Calm down. Calm down. This is nothing.'

True Demons were part of the Invidia faction. So they could not enter into the territory of Luxuria without having the explicit permission of the Divine Beast of Lust, Asmodeus himself. The fact that a True Demon was present in this place meant that she was most likely a contracted partner.

She remembered that Sol had recently returned from the Astral Realm. It seemed like that girl had been the one he came back with after his journey in that realm.

'But I thought it was supposed to be a black phoenix?'

Pandora's thoughts stopped there as she reached an absurd conclusion. But she could not accept it. There was just no way that something like that could be possible.

'Sighhhhh. Take a deep breath. It doesn't concern you...'

Yes. None of this ultimately mattered. Clearly, she had underestimated Sol's influence.

Back in his day, Mars had been able to gather a group of very powerful and influential women by his side with his charm and charisma alone. Even Camelia, who did not really like Mars very much, was still willing to follow his orders.

But this... This was on a completely different level altogether.

Truly the Blessed of Luxuria were of another level it seemed.

'Okay. I am calm now. Nothing else can surprise me.'

Observing the changing expressions of the succubus queen, Milia had to force herself to hide the growing smile from peeking out of the corner of her lips.

Sol had sent her a message so she knew very well that this woman was neither the knight nor the princess of Envilya but the Queen herself.

Her mission had been clear from the start. Put her in a situation that would completely crush the queen's mentality and make her understand the difference in power between the two parties. This was to establish the dominance of Lustburg in her mind.

In this way, any discussion they would have in the future would undoubtedly go in Sol's favor and ultimately in the favor of Lustburg.

As for the possible leaks? They were not worried about that for a single bit. For starters, Pandora was indeed an old ally of Mars so they were sure that she would keep her mouth shut and even if she didn't, it wouldn't be a problem either way.

They were already ready to display Setsuna and Lilin as idols and war heroes to help increase the morale of the people of Lustburg.

The same would be applicable to Sol and most likely Isis too.

Some of the battle maids alongside the black knights were already dispatched to the temporary frontlines to prepare the fortress and provide food as well as get a better idea of the overall situation.

The war itself wouldn't happen soon. But preparations were still necessary.

'Speaking of that... I hope that girl is alright.'

Nuwa had insisted on being a part of those being sent to the frontlines. She was yet to enter the realm of a Duke, but her power was already impressive as is. Milia had accepted her request since she surmised that the small skirmishes already happening on the frontlines would be a very valuable experience for her.

Though it was a shame that she had missed Sol's return to the Mortal Realm. After all, she had already been dispatched through the use of a teleporter long before his return.

"Well, my lady, should we continue the visit?"

"Haha. I think I will just go to my quarters if it isn't a problem."

"Of course. Then let's continue."

Pandora followed with a light smile on her lips. She had already steeled her mind. No matter what happened next, she would not be surprised.

—That resolution was quite literally shattered to innumerable pieces the moment she stepped inside the Tower and felt the gaze of a demigod on her.

Even though it was only for a mere instant and that demigod seemed to have lost all interest in her immediately, Pandora felt like years of her life were shaved away directly with just that one glance alone.

The fact that she didn't rush out running as if her life depended on it was already a testament to her strong will.

But what followed was simply too much.

She saw a drunkard whose power seemed to surpass her even with the slight power she was leaking from her body.

She passed by a woman clad entirely in pink sitting with a silver-haired woman clad in black.

She also finally met her friend Lilith, accompanied by Persephone.

Those five were clearly discussing something important and while they didn't seem all that friendly, the fact that they were working together was indubitable.

Pandora nearly crumbled when she realized that the three other women outside of Persephone and Lilith were also King-ranked beings.

“Haha...”

In the Mortal Realm. Dukes were the highest powers one could normally reach even with great talent. Only a very rare minority could enter the fabled King rank. The fact that not even all the Blessed could enter the realm of a King was a testament to how hard it was to break through that limit.

As such, it was rare for the number of King-ranked beings in any generation to go beyond ten or so. Perhaps 20 at best.

But, right now?

Forget the impossibility of a Demigod. The Tower of Babel alone was holding five King-ranked individuals. No, if they also counted the one outside that would be six. It was equivalent to half or a quarter of all the King-ranked beings in existence officially known in the present times.

If there were no war regulations, this number alone was enough to crush most kingdoms within minutes.

All that power was held in the hand of just one man?

Pandora felt a chilling shiver crawl down her spine as goosebumps literally covered her skin from head to toe.

Was Sol preparing to reenact the actions of the Conqueror King? Or perhaps something even bigger?

Did Lustburg even need their help at all for the upcoming war?

No matter how powerful Sun Wukong was, it was impossible for that monkey alone to face 6 kings of such caliber. Even more so if Lilith was part of that team too.

So now was the question that she needed to ask herself.

Which side did she want to be on when Sol inevitably started to use his powers for his future goals?

‘It seems like I need to change my plans.’

She had made a very detailed speech for their future discussion. Analyzed the pros and cons of Lustburg and detailed what Envilya could bring to the table for them.

Now it was clear that all her plans were worthless and as good as literal trash in front of the behemoth that was Sol.

At the same time, Pandora realized why Sol had asked her to come to the tower. This was obviously a show of power from his side.

A way to put her in her place and make the negotiations more advantageous for him.

But... There was nothing she could do even if she was feeling unhappy about it.

This was a completely open scheme that was basically screaming at her that her opinion on the matter was worthless to them.

The difference in power was simply too great.

If she could find a way to have Sol intervene in the affairs of Envilya in a legitimate and proper way then....

'Anastasia doesn't have anyone she likes, right? What about Minerva?'

It seemed like it was time to think about the marriage of her two dear daughters.