

Hero King 41

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Chapter 41: CH 36: WAR

"You just have to put your hands on it and circulate your mana."

Taking a deep breath, Sol did as he was ordered.

The crystal ball immediately began to illuminate the surrounding with a deep golden light. The number continued to climb at a very large speed and finally,

Gasp!

Both Chloe and Camelia exclaimed in surprise.

Capacity was extremely important for any human.

As he looked at the numbers, Sol remembered his discussion with Edea

"What is the probability for one to be born with 10 points in capacity?"

"10%"

"What about being born with 100 points?"

"0,0001%"

Mars capacity was the highest known in history, reaching a startling 350. The moment this information was known, every kingdom exclaimed in surprise.

But if they were to know Sol capacity, they would surely stumble in shock.

500 CP!

A normal S class had a capacity of about 100 CP. Sol's mother, Blaze, as the direct daughter of Tiamat, the dragon of pride had 150 CP.

"Incredible !!"

Camelia screamed in joy as she jumped into Sol's arms.

She was in complete exhilaration. Thanks to the bet with the goddesses, Sol had a chance to obtain a Phoenix with a qualification in no way inferior to Blaze. What more, he would still have enough CP for more of the same kind.

Sol hugged back Camelia with an absent-minded expression. For the first time in his life, he had finally managed to surpass his father in something.

He didn't know what to think, should he be happy? Proud?

He sighed as he controlled his emotions.

His aunt could become a powerhouse even without CP. It just means that, even though he has a higher capacity than his father, he won't necessarily surpass him.

He couldn't let himself be controlled by some useless pride. This is just the starting point. He still had many things to learn.

But for now, ignoring Chloe's expression of shock, he bent down and kissed Camelia before sweeping her in a princess carry. From what Edea said, in a little more than 48 hours he would experience hell on earth. So he needed to finish things with Camelia.

After all, he still had some spanking to do.

While Sol and Camelia were enjoying themselves, Lilith was having a serious headache as she sat in the main seat of the conference room while facing four people.

For some weird reason -that she ignored- Mars had decided that the room where the court would happen and the greatest noble would discuss should have a round table.

It was truly outrageous since such a table made put the king at the same level as the other nobles seated, but Mars never really cared about the rules of nobility and the likes.

'Sigh, big brother really had many weird ideas.'

She thought idly while listening to the endless tyrad of a black-haired man. He was wearing a white and gold suit and his eyes were full of confidence.

"My Queen, as you must know, Yesterday during the night, an important ritual took place in the Castitas Church. From what happened the last time it was used, we already can already guess the nature of the ritual and its consequences. I think that it's necessary to negotiate with the church for the selection of a new Holy daughter. In the meantime, I ask that the supervision of church be given to Elsmere Gorfard."

"I object!"

The one who was speaking frowned before asking, "Pray tell, Duke Travers. Why do you object to my proposal? Elsmere is without a doubt the currently highest ranked of the church in the absence of the two daughters."

The one who interrupted was an overweight man with a rather cunning expression. With a large sunny smile, he faced Lilith as he said.

"*Ahem* Your majesty, as it stands now the most important is to reorganize the entire structure of the church. I recognize the good intentions in my dear friend Duke Gorfard, I also recognize the rank and authority of Elsmere, but she is in no way a good replacement for the previous Supreme daughter, even if temporary. What about... "

Lilith didn't intervene as she languidly observed Gorfard and Travers biker with each other. She wasn't wearing her usual stunner clothes, but rather a long red Qipao that highlighted her impressive curse.

No one was a fool here and they all understood why they were trying so hard. But she didn't particularly care and was patient enough to listen to this play.

"Enough. Do not show such an unsightly sight in front of her Majesty."

An old man with an eye patch wearing a long white coat raked lightly the table with his fingers. Despite his long silver hair and his obvious old age, his bulging muscles that were visible through his loose clothes made a rather impressive sight.

He was the Duke Highland. A man renowned through the kingdom for his numerous military exploits. He was also the oldest Duke, having obtained this title since Sol's grandfather's generation.

Gorfard and Travers humphed before stopping arguing. Truthfully, they did not particularly fear Lilith as a monarch even though they knew that she could kill them all without breaking a sweat.

The most important thing in this world for a king or a queen wasn't personal power but rather the blessing.

This was why the peaceful king could take over after Jupiter's death even though he was only 10. This is also why Mars's father, Neptune, stayed on the throne even though he was completely controlled by the nobles.

Lilith, for all her power, wasn't blessed and as such could never have complete control of the power of the kingdom. The only reason she could even act as a queen was because she swore to give back the throne to Sol once he matures. Otherwise, she would have literally been killed by a divine punishment.

One of the greatest reliance for the stability of Lilith power was Camelia and her absolute control over the church. But now—

"Duchess Milaris, what do you think of the present situation?"

Gorfard asked with slight trepidation. He could scorn Lilith despite her power because she was sane. Sane people didn't act recklessly and observed the situation first.

The duchess was anything but sane. She was fucking crazy and no one knew how far she could go and when she could snap.

Today once again, the duchess was entirely clad in black. Black heel, black robes, black veil. When you added her black hair and eyes, anyone looking at her would have the uncomfortable feeling of being swallowed by darkness itself.

Since the day Mars died, the duchess rarely, if never, wore any color other than black. She never explained why but everyone understood even without explanation.

Despite having her name called, the duchess didn't answer for a long while before finally turning a gaze filled with ridicule to Gorfard,

"Do you really think that simply by losing her blessing, Camelia's authority is something you lot can discuss and share so easily? Tell me Gorfard, did those years of peace make you lose your cunning? Or were you just always that stupid?"

All the people present and even Lilith winced at those words while Gorfard face reddened in fury,

"You!"

A large amount of mana began to leak out of his body, increasing the pressure in the room. But,

"Me, what?"

"Ugh!"

Compared to the overwhelming pressure Milaris suddenly released, Gorfard seemed simply like a silly child.

The atmosphere in the room immediately chilled as the usually dark eyes of the duchess changed to a deep scarlet,

"Hey, do you want war?"

She asked in the most monotonous way possible as if she asks about the weather. But,

'That crazy bitch is having another fit.'

None of them doubted that if Gorfard spoke out of way again she would immediately leave this room and declare war on him.

Gorfard was sweating buckets, his pride and his reason warring against each other. He looked at the other people present, hoping that one of them would act. But he was obviously disappointed. Duke Travers was gloating, Duke Highland was impassive and Lilith was still languidly seated with a bored expression as if everything that was happening wasn't of any importance to her.

The pressure continued to slowly increase and when it seemed that the duchess was finally about to explode and the Duke, understanding how useless pride was, was about to concede as he bowed his head in defeat.

"Enough."

All the pressure was immediately shattered by this voice.

If the Duke was like a child in front of the Duchess, then the duchess was like a kid facing a giant when this new pressure was added.

Everyone turned their attention to the only one powerful enough to create such a result.

Lilith.

The war maiden. The Saint of the sword. The demon of the battlefield.

"You guys are like children fighting for useless reasons when we should pay attention to the truly important things."

The scarlet color receded from the duchess and the other three straightened in their seats.

They might not take Lilith seriously as a queen. But, they all recognized that she was without a doubt, one of the most powerful beings in this kingdom.

No, since for them Camelia lost her blessing, Lilith was now the strongest being in this kingdom if the witches weren't added.

Lilith though didn't care about all that,

"Duke Highland, the fact that Camelia lost her blessing should have already reached all the other kingdoms by now. This wouldn't be a problem normally since we are in a time of peace. But, there's one problem."

Waving her hand, a large amount of mana gathered before taking the forms of a map. The same way Edea did when discussing with Sol.

The only difference with this map was that all the points were green except two.

One, the largest, was Gluttony Foss. The country of Echidna. The other was—

—The Wratharis Republic.

The others weren't idiots. They immediately understood the meaning behind this map.

"So the wolf king is finally going to bare his fangs."

Lilith nodded to the murmur of the Duke of Highland.

"The current wolf king is different from the previous pacifist one. He is a warmonger and now that we have lost an important war asset, he will not miss this chance."

A somber mood filled the room. What was the use of fighting for power when they were about to lose all of it?

"How long?" Duchess Milaris asked calmly. Her territory was the nearest one to Wratharis and once war happened she would be the first line of defense.

"Winter is about to come. Even for the beast-kin, it's impossible to fight under such weather. What more, the supreme daughter of Patienta will not let him act as he wishes. As such, from the estimates, six months at earliest, eight at the latest."

Lilith was eerily calm as she answered back. Though behind this calm, a certain fire was brewing. A certain madness that dwarfed even that of the Duchess Milaris.

It has been too long since she set foot on a battlefield or even simply fought. It seemed that her sword was about to drink blood again.

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Chapter 42: CH 37: PINK?

"*Ugh! Argh!!!"

Under a beautiful sun and the gentle breeze, a bloody scene was being enacted.

A groan of pain echoed, sometimes followed by stifled screams.

On the clearing, one man, or rather a young boy, was laying down and fighting against the pain, while his four limbs were bound by powerful translucent chains seemingly made out of energy.

The young boy should have been rather handsome in normal times. But currently, he looked more like a demon from hell or a tortured prisoner.

His long beautiful golden hair and his handsome angular face were stained by blood as a bulge seemed to split his skull.

His dainty but large hands were bloodied as his nails were falling off. The same went for his mouth as his teeth were falling and being replaced by new one.

This wasn't all. Such changes, while painful, weren't enough to deter the boy with such a firm will.

The true problem was what was happening internally. If the boy still looked somewhat human externally, internally it was a totally different situation.

His muscles' fiber were snapping and reconnecting. Stronger and tougher than any human.

The same happened to his bones. It was literally like having his entire skeleton fracture then reconnect, again and again.

His organs were shifting, strengthening.

Since he was currently nearly naked aside from a boxer that hid his private parts, it was possible to see the eerie sights of his internal change as his muscles bulged and his body deformed.

It was a slow but gradual change, an evolution of life, something anyone should be happy to receive, but-

'It's so damn painful!'

Sol thought as he gritted his teeth to stifle another scream of pain.

The worst was that he absolutely couldn't let himself faint. This was the first condition the goddess Luxuria sent him.

The creation of his core was the best moment to strengthen his bloodline, so if he wanted the maximum benefit, he had to go through all the processes awake and without any form of drugs to inhibit the pain.

'Fuck! Fuck! Fuck !'

Constantly cursing in his mind, Sol continued to fight through the pain, doing his best to increase the benefits.

Despite the pain, each second that passed he could feel himself becoming stronger, stronger to a point he could have snapped his yesterday self with his hands.

He had never particularly sought power, even though he wanted to surpass his father. But now, the situation was different.

War was upon them.

He couldn't allow himself to be weak.

He had to protect all the people he cared for. He had to become strong enough to be seen as a reliable shield that could protect his loved one from the rain and the snow.

"Ugh!"

Another spam of pain went through his body, making his vision swim and his mind felt faint, but he steeled his mind and refused to give up.

From what Luxuria told him, his total bloodline evolution would be done in two steps. The first one here, and the second one after he obtained his first contract and finally met Tiamat.

Of course, this was on the premise he held on now. If he did, Luxuria swore that the second step would give him an incroyable benefit.

So, while thinking about his loved one, he held on. He fought and fought.

His body bathed in his blood and his mind clouded, he continued to fight.

Meanwhile, observing this situation were two women. Though they looked more like young adults.

The first one was without a doubt Edea, clad in her usual absolute black dress that seemed to absorb the light.

"I must say, I am truly surprised. Who would have thought that I would see such an interesting boy? I am really getting old."

The second woman, tilted her head as she remarked.

If Edea could be described with the colors black and white, then this woman could be described with only one word, one color—Pink.

Pink hat, pink skirt, pink shirt, pink heel, pink gauntlet, pink hair, pink eyes.

Pink, pink pink, so pink that it hurts the eyes simply by looking at her.

Her eyes were very particular, since her pupils, rather than the normal rounded one, had the shape of a broken heart. This gave her a rather frightening look.

"Freya, please, stop looking at my students like a predator. I am warning you, if anything happens to him, I will make you pay."

Edea, who was already worried sick while looking at the suffering Sol was going through snapped rather heavily at her sister. The pupils of her Heterochromia eyes, changing to a diamond shape.

Freya, despite knowing that Edea wasn't joking raised her hand in mock surrender while smiling,

"Scary, scary. Seems like my dear sister fell in love again, what more with the descendent of her first beloved—who incidentally betrayed her. I wonder what Master will think once I inform her of that."

Edea flinched before clenched her fist while hanging her head in shame. Freya had really hit her where it hurt and she had absolutely no come back.

Freya on the other hand winced once those words left her mouth. She had been angry because Edea threatened her for a boy she knew for less than fifteen years but she also knew she went too far with her words. She was supposed to be the eldest sister of their quatuor.

"Look, I am sorry okay! I did not mean it like that."

She was a head taller than Edea, so ruffling her head, she said calmly,

"You know how hurt all of us were about what happened to you. Now you finally contact me about ending your self-exile only for me to learn that you once again fell in love. Please understand my frustration."

Edea had nothing to refute to this once again. The four of them were sisters even if not connected by blood. Their link transcended blood.

"I am also sorry. But I am alright now, Sol is a good boy, I know you girls will appreciate him once you begin to know him more."

A warm smile formed on Freya's face. She really hoped that Sol was a good boy. There was no way she was going to let her sister suffer again. If Sol showed any signs of being like his ancestors, she didn't mind incurring divine retribution by killing him.

Anyway, at her level, she could easily flee and create her own pocket dimension.

She was Freya Asmodeus. In terms of pure power, her sister, Kali was superior to her, but, out of the four Ouroboros, she was the trickiest to deal with.

After all, she was the witch of space. No one could stop her.

Looking aside so that Edea couldn't see the intention in her eyes, she asked another question.

"Just how much do you think he will earn?"

Under a different situation, Edea would have immediately understood the sinister thoughts her sister had. But currently, her mind was mostly filled with Sol.

"I went through all the records mother had about hybrids from S class and this is a first in history." She took a deep breath before continuing. "No matters how powerful a hybrid is. A hybrid will always be a hybrid. There's a limit after which they cannot go further. Some very lucky one may obtain a core but that's it. Sol on the other... "

Edea frowned before shaking her head, she knew why Sol was able to go further than any hybrid, but she couldn't tell Freya. It wasn't a question of trust, it simply wasn't her secret to share.

"Anyway, Sol won't just receive things such as a core. It will be a true physical change. His talent will go through the roof."

Freya saw Edea's hesitation but didn't inquire. She also acquiesced with Edea's opinions.

What made magical races so powerful was their innate ability to use magic, while humans were able to absorb a part of the talent of all their contracts.

How far would Sol go if he managed to obtain all the benefits of the two groups? She shivered a little in happiness. No matter what, she was a witch, a seeker of knowledge. She thought she knew nearly everything there was to know in this world, but it seemed that she was wrong.

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Chapter 43: CH 38: FOUR DIRECTIONS

Huff *Huff* *Huff*

"Fuck *Cough* *Cough*"

Cursing for the last time, Sol kneeled down with a haggard expression.

Two days. It has been exactly two days since the start of this excruciating transformation.

Pain, pain, and even more pain.

During those two days, Sol couldn't count the number of times he wished to simply fall unconscious and wake up once everything ended. But he knew he couldn't.

During all this time, sometimes his will would waver.

He would ask himself.

Why am I doing this?

Why shouldn't I give up?

Do they even need me to protect them?

He would ask himself those questions and began to give up, but each time it happened. He would wake up by repeating one truth.

A man who couldn't protect his loved one was lame.

Nothing more, nothing less.

It didn't matter how powerful they were.

It didn't matter how independent they were.

It didn't matter that they stood near the pinnacle both in terms of influence and personal power.

They were his women.

And it was his duty to give them a sense of security.

Some people might call it sexism or something of the like.

But it wasn't so. He recognized their worth and their power. He respected their personality and their wishes.

But, no matter how cringy or naive to think so, he wished to become their rock. He wished to be the one they relied on and not the one who relied on them.

So—

No matter how painful, how tiring, how excruciating it was, he had to hold on.

For them, he was willing to kneel down and beg.

For them, he was willing to stand up and fight.

"*Cough* Edea *Cough* *Cough* come untie, please. Hehe, I really need to take a bath. *Cough*"

Throwing a joke, as lame as it was, in order to sooth Edea's worries, Sol grinned cheekily.

Edea on the other hand winced when she saw his smile.

It couldn't be helped. Sol's face was entirely covered in blood and the same went for his teeth and the rest of his body.

What more his current teeth were new, as the old ones were currently laying on the ground in a puddle of blood. Some bits of organs could also be seen in that puddle so it was honestly rather disgusting.

Still, Edea didn't care about all that. She had seen way worse when she was still a street urchin a few hundred years ago.

Stepping on the blood in an uncaring way, she reached the bloodied Sol and took him in a tight hug.

"It must have been hard right?"

Sol's who was about to shake her off since he didn't want to stain her further, stopped once he heard those words.

'It is the first time. She hugged me on her own.'

It wasn't like the curse prohibited human contact. But Edea was particularly traumatized about it and always did her best to avoid most direct contact with him.

Clap *Clap* *Clap*

"This is extremely moving and all, though a little disgusting and disturbing. So, could you perhaps untie him first like he asked? I feel like I am witnessing a BDSM play that went wrong."

The peaceful moment was disturbed by a voice Sol did not recognize. Finally paying attention to the presence that stood next to Edea, Sol immediately closed his eyes.

'Fuck! I feel like I was blinded!'

It was the first time he had seen such a high concentration of pink on one person.

Edea, a little embarrassed, separated herself from Sol, before waving her hand and dispersing the chains of mana that were binding Sol.

Finally free of all restraint, Sol did his best to not slump, and slowly, very slowly, began to stand up.

Crack *Crack* *Crack*

His bones seemed to cry in protest from the movements, but he ignored them and finally stood up in his full glory.

The first thing Sol remarked was that his vision seemed to have shifted a little. Looking down on Edea, he finally understood the reason for this shift.

'I have grown?'

Looking at his bloodied hands, that were a little larger than usual, Sol frowned a little.

Seems like I will have many things to re-adapt to.

Clenching his fist in wonder and feeling the power coursing through his muscles, he activated his mana and threw a punch on the side.

Boom!

A mini Shockwave burst surprised him and the other two.

'I am really stronger now.'

Thump *Thump*

And he would continue to increase his power.

Sigh

Taking a grip on his emotions, he let out a sigh and once again focused on the blindingly pink young woman in front of him.

Her clothes made him remember the magical girls style. A short skirt that seemed to show a hint of her equally pink panties as well as a tight top, that clung to her curves. Though she wasn't particularly curvy, she wasn't that slender either. He would tentatively give her a B cup.

He wanted to smile, but from the previous reaction of Edea, he knew that he wasn't particularly presentable.

"Hello, I am sorry to meet an acquiescence of Edea in such situations. Still, I am Sol Luxuria. Happy to meet you...?"

Edea, catching the question in his words gave the identity of the woman.

"She is my big sister, Freya. In your history book, she should be known as the witch of space!"

Edea clothes were already pristine clean thanks to using time magic to reverse the state of her clothes.

Sol though didn't pay attention to this rather impressive and, wasteful, usage of magic.

He was doing his best to not squeal in excitement like a fangirl.

The four Ouroboros. The Four directions. They had many names but they were all known by their titles.

The witch of the West, Edea the witch of time.

The witch of the North, Kali the witch of destruction.

The witch of the south, Persephone the witch of creation.

And finally,

The witch of the East, Freya the witch of space.

Each of the four witches and their master were legends in this world. Even more so in Lustburg. They had created an organization that was nearly equal in power with the church.

Walpurgisnacht.

Barely concealing his excitement and cursing his currently uncouth appearance, Sol turned toward Edea.

"I really need a bath right now. I feel bad talking to a new acquaintance like that."

Looking at Sol walking towards Edea's cottage while being helped by her, Freya couldn't help but feel a little weird.

With her experience, how could Sol's emotions be hidden from her eyes?

She was just rather surprised. After all, the four directions were more infamous than famous.

Seeing such a pure excitement at the mention of her name was rather rare. Then again, Sol was near Edea since he was young, so he was most likely aware that most of those tales were heresy weaved to make the witches seem worse than they were.

A small smile etched on her face. She was still suspicious and would do her all to understand this young boy, but at least the first impression he gave her was rather good.

"Ohhh~!"

Sol echoed like an old grandpa full of rheumatism as the hot water gushed over his head.

He had never felt so alive. What's more, now that the pain was subsiding, he could feel more deeply the different changes he went through.

All his senses were enhanced, all his capacities were boosted. It wouldn't be a mistake to call his current situation a complete makeover.

'Let's enjoy the shower then the bath first. I can observe all of my changes better in the future.'

Discarding the thoughts about his change, he focused on the place he was currently in.

Edea's bathroom.

It was somewhat exciting. It wasn't the first time he entered her house, since he sometimes took his lessons in her living room. But it was the first time he entered her bathroom.

Her bathroom was pristine white. The bathtub itself being equally white gave a Victorian feeling. Very noble like and rather large, large enough to hold two or more people.

'Hum.'

As less than orthodox ideas flashed through his mind, Sol could feel his little friend rise at the occasion.

'Sigh. I should stop behaving like a creep.'

Getting a hard-on in the bathroom of his future woman was rather weird. Though it would be less so if she was officially his.

'Well, I shouldn't be in a hurry.'

Thinking so, and after washing off all the blood from his body, he began to walk toward the sole mirror in the far end of the bathroom.

It was a large body mirror that allowed Sol to admire himself in all his naked glory.

His hardened shaft aside, he could feel the change in his appearance more clearly. He was taller and his frame a little larger. He didn't become some hulking mass of muscles but he did become a little more rugged.

Ignoring the black lace panties and her small bra placed on the side, Sol finally entered his much-awaited bath.

"Ooh~! This is heaven!"

Soon, in a few days, it would be his birthday as well as his first true public appearance. This will be followed by the annual event of the Astral realm opening.

This would be perhaps the last time for him to truly rest.

Closing his eyes, Sol slowly fell into slumber. He didn't have to fear drowning in his bath. So, free of all worry, he began to rest.

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Chapter 44: CH 39: MAGIC?

"Now that you have taken a good bath, it's time for us to observe the changes you went through."

Sol now sat cross-legged on the clearing of Edea's world, Freya and Edea standing on either side of him.

He was once again had his upper-body naked, but he didn't particularly mind. He liked the way Edea was covertly peeking at him and feeling the appreciative glances of a beautiful woman like Freya wasn't bad.

"Well, Sol, before we begin we need to be clear. We already know your capacity, so today we must understand and judge your Mana Quantity."

Three principles were used to judge humans and magical beings, Mana Quantity for the two, quality for magical beings, and capacity for humans, this was the norm.

Once Edea was sure that she had Sol's attention, she waved her hand and made threads of blueish energy appear in her hand.

"Those who manipulate mana can do it in two different ways. Those who follow the first way are called mana users, or simply warriors. They manipulate mana in its raw form and can use it in different interesting ways."

As she said so, the thread of mana she was holding wiped around toward a rock not far from that and—neatly slashed through it as if it was butter. Before coming back to her, all that in less than two or three seconds.

Edea, undisturbed, continued her explanation, "Those who follow the second way are called mages."

As she said so, the mana threads in her hand suddenly changed in a fierce fire.

"Mages can create and manipulate physical and fantastical power, by using mana as fuel change and transforming it into another form. Of course, pure humans cannot become mages without having a contract and then being lucky enough to obtain an attribute. But, there are three exceptions to those rules."

Edea smiled as she pointed at herself and Freya, "The first exception are witches, we obtained the ability to use magic unconventionally, as such we do not obtain attributes. Our power isn't instinctive but born from knowledge. This is a booth and incredible advantage and limitation."

This was the case, witches could use absolutely any magic, but the fact was that they had to understand what they were using, how it functioned, why it functioned, etc.

That's why witches were seekers of knowledge. The sentence knowledge is power was the best way to describe them.

Magical beings, on the other hand, could only use the magic of their attributes. At the same time, they had an instinctual understanding of their magic.

Depending on how smart she was, a witch could take two years to learn something a young magical being could do from the day he was born.

"The second exception are nuns. By serving a goddess, they become able to use holy magic and it's as instinctual as the way magical beings use their magic. Holy magic is extremely versatile, healing, warding, shielding, protection, etc. Nuns don't need to train their magic, they receive as much holy power as their goddess allows them and in the same way, can lose everything once their goddess will it."

This was indeed so, the power of a nun mainly depended on how favored she was by her goddess. That was why holy and supreme daughters were so dangerous. While rare, some daughters were so favored that they were able to ask for a divine descent.

"The final exception are hybrids. Hybrids are," Edea chose her words wisely at this moment. "Should I say that hybrids are representatives of impossibility? Genetically speaking, people of two different races shouldn't be able to procreate. But sometimes, this impossibility becomes reality. Though, the higher the quality of the magical being, the lower the probability of this happening."

"Indeed," This time it was Freya who quipped from the side, "Edea was sealed here, but for me who lived all those centuries outside, I have met many hybrids between low-quality magical beings and humans, but a hybrid between an S rank and a human are almost unheard of. Even more so for someone like Blaze. Rather than S rank, she should be called a Super S rank."

"Thanks to this situation, this impossibility, Hybrids can have the gift of the two groups. Mainly, being able to use magic even without a contract and having the capacity to make contracts. As such, the most important thing we must determine before knowing your mana quantity is what attributes you have. The only problem is that this use isn't as instinctive as it is for pure magical beings. They need to determine their own attributes before being able to use it."

Freya continued while taking out of nowhere a bit of white squared paper. At first glance, this seemed like there was nothing special about it.

"We are going to determine your attributes, then your combat power, and finally the quantity of your mana. After today, your training regimen will completely change. Even though you don't need witchcraft, it will help you make your magic stronger."

Edea spoke nonchalantly as she pointed at the paper in Freya's hands, "This paper will determine your attribute after you circulate mana in it."

"How?"

Sol asked for the first time. Until now all they said was something he already more or less knew. But it was the first time he saw something like that.

"This paper was created by our sister Persephone."

It was Freya who answered as she looked at this paper with a little smile.

"That girl, has many hybrid friends, or rather she has many friends in general. She is the most fragile and the most gentle out of all of us. She created this to help them."

As she said so, she injected her own mana in it, but absolutely nothing happened.

"As you can see, even though I can use different elements outside of my main space one, I am considered to have no innate attribute. But for you, it will be different."

Taking the paper in his hand, Sol took a deep breath finally injecting his mana in it as he was told. better finish and be over with it.

Freya, Sol, and Edea focused on the paper and waited. At first, nothing particular happened, but then, Freya and Edea exclaimed in surprise at the changes.

"Very interesting, Sol, Your element is..."

While Sol was learning the base of what would make him a powerful being in the future, unknown to him, another event was happening.

On the road, a standoff was unfolding.

The protagonists were a caravan and a group of bandits.

"This road is mine. If you want to pass, leave the money and the women."

The group of bandits was composed of nearly fifty individuals, it was rather large as bandits went, their equipment weren't particularly special, but from the wicked expression on their face, it was clear that they weren't at their first attempt.

The leader, a rugged and dirty man was looking lewdly at the three women, his eyes roaming their plump bodies. He could already feel his shaft harden at the thought of what he would do to them. As the boss, he would clearly take them first and fuck them hard for a few days.

Weirdly, the caravan that was composed of only one old man and three young women were in no way flustered. In fact, from the frown of one of them, they seemed more impatient than frightened.

"Seems like the security became worse since the last time I was here. To think that they would dare to act so close to the capital, I wonder what gave them such guts?"

The one who spoke was the girl that was initially frowning. Most of her features were hidden by a cloak but it was easy to see a part of her expression. The more blatant those bandits were the worse her expression became.

"Hum~! Hehe~! Don't you think it's really weird? As you said bandits shouldn't be so courageous. So, the question is, what gave them such courage?"

The young woman standing next to her, a brown-haired girl, spoke while adjusting her glasses. Her tight clothes alighted her rather large curve. She spoke as if those bandits were not even existing in her eyes. Her mind, already filled with different ideas.

The last woman, who was wearing skimpy maid clothes, gave a cold smile as she tilted her head,

"Isn't it clearly because we wanted to catch those bandits that we used such a simple ride without any insignia? Why bother guessing when we can just ask them?"

"Indeed,"

The first girl gave an equally cold smile as she lowered her cloak. Long purple hair became immediately visible.

"Let's not waste time, I missed him so much. We just have to finish here fast."

What followed was a bloody dance. One dainty purple-haired woman wreaking complete havoc on her paths. The bandits, nothing more than weakling, unable to even react to her sword.

All it took was three minutes, for the fifty bandits, to become no more than three.

The clearing around them became filled with blood, cut limbs, and grisly intestines. The girl walked with an impassive impression as if what she had done was nothing more than stepping on some bugs.

In her mind, only one thing mattered, meeting once again the sole source of warmth in her life.

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Chapter 45: CH 40: MIRROR

Sol frowned in concentration as he sat cross-legged on the grass while facing Freya who was also seated with her legs gathered under her.

Edea was currently in her house, at the beseech of Freya.

The fact that she had pink panties didn't really surprise him, nor the fact that she was utterly unashamed to show him her underwear. No, what was bothering him was his element.

It would have been one thing if his element was something like metal or fire or lightning, but no, his element was something super hard to grasp.

It wouldn't have been a problem if he was a full dragon. But as a hybrid, he didn't have the instinctual ability to use his element. He needed to at least get a feel for it by himself before some sparse instinct began to kick in.

It has already been more than 3 hours since they sat like that, but Freya didn't seem particularly bothered. She was just looking at him with an empty gaze. It was particularly unnerving since she had seemed so bubbly at first.

Feeling frustration at the fact that he was still unable to contact his element, he let out a sigh of defeat as he laid down heavily.

Now facing the not so blinding artificial sun, he couldn't help but ask himself,

'How do I do it? What I am doing wrong?'

It was seriously frustrating. Even more so since his use of mana had been so easy until now.

Freya meanwhile, still sat as she looked at him. For witches like her, patience was a virtue. She had modified her own body with science and magic so that biological needs such as eating, defecating, sleeping, and others were basically unnecessary.

She had been with their master/mother the longest out of any of her other siblings and as such had an even greater and almost fanatical Greed for knowledge.

That's why Sol was shaping more and more to be an absolutely interesting subject of research. His magic, his physique, his birth. Everything was new for her and she liked new things.

'Should I kidnap him?'

She had considered doing so many times in the few hours she had observed him. Sol was a wonder who could make witchcraft and Biology evolve a great deal. The only thing stopping her was the fact that she would have all the Lustburg kingdom in her pursuit and that she might get hated by her sister.

'Well, perhaps I should simply get close to him.'

"Already tired?" She spoke for the first time in hours.

Sol on the other simply answered, "Objective and method."

"What do you mean?" She tilted her head in wonder.

"A sage once said, "repeating the same actions and expecting different results is the very definition of insanity." Since my current actions don't bring results it means my method is wrong and I need to change it."

"Interesting quotes. What is the name of that sage? Perhaps I have met him?"

Sol forgot sometimes that despite their young appearances Edea and Freya had witnessed the creation of this kingdom and were even alive long before it.

But how could he say that he was inspired by Einstein? He didn't want to lie either so he simply changed subjects.

"You should be able to help me, right? After all, my magic is very similar to yours."

Freya gave out a mischievous smile, her earlier blank expression melting like a lie.

"Magic can be used in three different ways. One using absolute reasoning, this is witchcraft. One using faith, this is holy magic. The final one can be called bloodline magic as it is based on the species and such things. Hybrids are in a very weird situation. Their magic, if they inherit one, can be classed between bloodline magic and witchcraft."

Sol grimaced a little. It seemed that all the witches liked sharing their knowledge a little too much. He just asked a simple question and he was getting a complete essay.

Ahem

"Oh~! Sorry sorry. So, in short, even though our magics are more or less similar, I can't do much for you about the initial phase. You need to feel it in your blood."

"...and that's why I have been seating for so long."

"Indeed. Hum. Then why don't you focus on an emotion? Bloodline magic affects heavily the personality of the user. Fire is generally related to anger or lust. Ice to calm etc."

Sol tilted his head. Confusion etched on his face.

"This is beautiful and all, but what kind of emotion does dimensional magic represent?"

Silence settled. This was the problem. Sol innate attribute was Dimension magic.

As he said previously this was truly something close to space magic. But it could also be seen as an evolution or a derivation of space magic.

"Do you have any records of dimension mages?"

"This is the thing. Dimension magic is rare. Like, really really rare. Even I didn't reach the level of knowledge necessary to dabble with dimension. So I am fucking jealous—oops! I mean I am really intrigued."

Freya hides behind a chuckle. All witches hated bloodline mages. There was nothing more frustrating than studying years and years to master a specific type of magic while some barbar could just be born with an instinctual control of the same magic.

'Well, nothing is fair in this world. Anyway, 99% of those so called genii died while we are still alive. So at the end of the day, innate talent isn't enough.'

Sol, unaware of Freya's thoughts, frowned.

"You didn't reach dimensional magic? But then, what about this?" he waved his hand vaguely, showing his surroundings. Edea world had been created with the help of Freya. He was pretty sure it was an alternative dimension.

"Sigh. How to explain it?"

'Why does she act like an adult trying to explain math to a child?'

He felt a little offended. He wasn't that dumb, right?

"Well, this 'dimension' or 'world' isn't really so. The best name would be folded space. I tweaked the interior of the tower and made it larger than it should be. Then Edea filled this world with her power, making it 'her world'. But this is in no way an alternate dimension. The astral realm for example is an example of an alternate dimension. No matter how powerful I become. I can only use my power of space in the same dimension. Not through different ones."

She sighed wistfully at that. How she wished she could enter the Astral dimension at will. There were so many things to explore. So many new knowledge to unearth.

'Well, he might be the key.'

Thinking so, she became way more enthusiastic at the idea of teaching him.

"The first important thing to know is that all dimension mages have at least one dimension that is entirely their. You could say that it's born with the mage. This dimension can be anything. From a habitable world to a world without life."

"...So the first step should be to connect to that dimension?"

Sol stopped thinking and pondered. A rather bold idea forming in his mind.

'Perhaps I can visit earth one day?'

Discarding this thought, he took once again a cross-legged position and closed his eyes.

He didn't really know what kind of emotion could be related to something like dimension, but what was a dimension for him.

For him, a dimension was endless and at the same time-limited.

A dimension could also be related to the way we perceived our world.

Be it two dimensions or three dimensions. Be it another world or another space. They were all related to the word. Dimension.

Sol fell deeper and deeper into concentration. He felt as if he was slowly falling into a sea.

His body began to sink deeper and deeper. His breathing became laborious.

He was being disconnected from the world.

What is a dimension?

An answer came from his heart. It was in no way something he thought about.

"The other side of a mirror is a dimension."

Then he felt it.

Opening his eyes, he looked at his unchanged surroundings as he stood up slowly.

It seemed that nothing had changed. It seemed that he was still in his initial place, Freya still stood in front of him, a puzzled expression on her face.

But he knew, deeply he knew.

Even though he was still in the same place, even though Freya was still in front of him,

'He' wasn't really there.

Looking at Freya whose eyes went from confused, to surprised as she looked everywhere. He couldn't help but come with hundreds of applications to this dimension.

It was a world that was the reflection of his normal one. A world he could sneak into but still see what was happening elsewhere.

It was his world. His dimension. It was... The mirror realm.

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Chapter 46: CH 41: HELL AND INTENT

After Sol managed to enter his own dimension, he thought that what would follow would be a simple training. Something to adapt himself or so.

What's more, he didn't really have that much time before his birthday and his official party.

How wrong had he been, he had totally forgotten that Edea could accelerate the time difference between her world and the outside one.

What he lived through was hell, his training was divided into mana use with Lilith and magic with Freya and Edea, they had decided to focus first on his mana use, since he had a ceremony to go through—fighting in the colosseum.

He didn't need to hide his capacity to use magic, but he did not want to display it either. Not for any weird reason like hiding his true power, but simply because his mirror dimensions was simply too much of a powerful trump card to be exposed so easily.

Just how much information could he steal with this power? It would completely change the war that would happen in a few months.

As such, they decided to focus on his martial art and mana use first before focusing on magic.

On the day he took Camelia's virginity, he had already about two weeks before his display in the colosseum where he would fight against the gladiator and the queen of gladiators. Since he had already awakened, the two parts will be fused, this was what happened with Mars since he also awakened early.

Now that about four days passed since his night with Camelia and now he only had ten days to go. It definitely wasn't sufficient for any meaningful training, but that was only when one didn't have someone like Edea on your side.

Edea could manipulate time quite freely in her own world. She could reach a 1 to 4 times difference. Meaning that those ten days could be changed to forty.

Forty. Absolute. Days. Of. Hell.

At first, he expected a period of “basic training,” where Lilith would grind him across the washboard for a while to break down any bad habits he had and prepare him to receive her wisdom and knowledge, and in this, Lilith did not disappoint.

He expected something hard, he just didn’t expect to literally crawl back in through the door that night feeling as if someone had shot needles of salt into every inch of muscle tissue he possessed. Lilith had run him for the equivalent of a hundred or so kilometers, then made him move boulders that weighed more than nine hundreds kilograms around a clearing, then push logs up the hillside, then carry a boulder on his back as he ran another twenty kilometers.

It was more of the same the next day, and the next, as Lilith systematically broke down his ability to regenerate and then physically exhausted him.

She broke him down so severely that his regeneration couldn’t completely recover to face the next day, a day that was even more strenuous than the last. She pushed him beyond his physical limits, pushed him so hard that he would collapse daily, physically incapable of carrying out her tasks, and that was what she had been waiting for.

After a ride of this torture, he finally demanded to know why he had to kill himself daily when she intended to teach him how to use mana, which had nothing to do with the body.

“Pfft,” she had snorted in her typical manner. “I thought you’d know better than to ask such a stupid question, the limits of mana are physical limits, how much power your body can handle. You can increase it by being fit, if I wasn’t in such good shape, I wouldn’t be able to do half of what I do.”

“That’s why dragons are so strong in magic,” Sol said in a moment of clarity. “Because they’re so big and powerful.”

“Size has nothing to do with it,” Lilith said in a scathing tone, bursting his bubble. “Dragons are strong in all magic because of what they are. If you want to find the most powerful mage or mana user, pound for pound in the mortal world, then don’t look any further than angels.”

“Angels?” Sol asked in surprise.

She nodded abruptly. “Indeed. Do you know why?”

Sol did manage to figure that one out rather quickly. “Because they fly.”

“Exactly. Flying is very demanding work. You’ll never in your life see a fat angel.” She glanced at him. “Dragons are the same way. It’s not their size, it’s because they’re so fit. If you think it’s hard for an angel to fly, imagine how much work it is for those behemoths to drag all that body mass into the air. The stronger they are, the more mana they can use in one go with their horns and core.”

With that answered, Lilith must have felt that if he was able to talk, he obviously wasn’t working hard enough.

For nearly a month (Edea world time), Lilith wore Sol down to the bone every single day, with progressively more and more difficult tasks that involved moving more weight further, carrying it longer, and repeating it more times. Sol would drag home so tired that he could barely open the front door, so dirty that his footprints left footprints if another stepped upon them, and he was too weary to even care about cleaning up. Eating was more of a chore than a chance to restore some energy to his depleted frame, and he slept absolutely any time he was not eating, training, or traveling to his next destination.

The worst part, he felt, was the running. Running in itself wasn't a strenuous pursuit, but when one carried nearly a ton of additional weight and was expected to keep up with an unburdened, harshly critical mentor, it became an extreme exercise in willpower not to dump his heavy burden and attack Lilith with the sincere intent to kill.

At one point, he had dreamt up one hundred and seventeen distinct and separate ways to murder his aunt without getting killed in response, and every day he would go through them one by one in his mind and decide which one was the one that would bring him the most pleasure without getting destroyed in return.

The purely physical phase of his training ended the next after that first month, and it ended quite abruptly to Sol. Lilith had been making him run with his favorite boulder up and down a small but steep hill, but abruptly told him to stop, set the boulder down, and then curtly informed him that it was time for him to learn.

At that moment he had made the mistake of thinking that his hell was over. After all, there were only a few days left. What could he do more?

Lilith showed him that everything he did until now was only the basics of the base. The mana training was way worse, incredibly worse.

"As you must know, bloodline magic uses instinct and emotions, witchcraft uses knowledge and Holy magic uses faith. But what is the fuel for mana users? Simple. It's their will. More precisely their intent."

Lilith said as she stood in front of him. As a way to illustrate her words, suddenly, Sol felt as if he was thrown into a deep pit full of ice.

Jumping away in reflex, he looked with surprise at Lilith.

"This was killing intent. A rather simple trick as things goes. Though, some mana users have reached such a high level in this trick that they can actually kill or stun weak-willed people. But this isn't all."

Waving her hand, all the grass around her was immediately cut.

"By fusing the intent to cut with my mana I obtained a blade that cut anything. The stronger my intent, the stronger my blade. Do not confuse emotions and intent. Intent is the will behind an action. A goal you set for yourself."

Sol nodded at those explanations. He already had some experience with raw mana manipulation. Like how he used it to bind Camelia or create a collar for her.

"Mana manipulation isn't inferior in any way to magic. That's why Sol, never let your talent go to your head. You must work hard. Harder than anyone. A genius is terrifying, but a genius who works hard is a monster."

At the end of those words, a new hell began for him.

In the morning, he would put different intents in his mana, reaching different results. If the result didn't please Lilith, he would have to begin everything again.

In the afternoon, he would have sparring sessions with her where she would proceed to absolutely trash him within an inch of his life. What's more, since he had such a high regeneration power, she didn't hesitate to give him wounds that would have been potentially fatal to anyone else in his position.

During the night, she would instruct him on different strategies for one VS one or one VS many situations. She would also instruct him on some elements he needed to pay attention in situations of war both as a general or as a soldier.

As he laid down while breathing heavily after taking out a sword from his gut, he remembered now why his cousin had fled from the house and joined the academy. He knew that she had completed her training, but after that, her relationship with her mother had never been the same.

Lilith was simply too harsh. So harsh that sometimes he wondered if it was really the woman who had always spoiled him rotten.

Still, he held on.

He cursed, vomited, cried, entertained thoughts about killing her, about giving up, was ready to use his mirror realm to flee in another kingdom, entertained suicidal thoughts.

But every time, every damn time he was about to give up, he would simply grit his teeth and continue.

Only one thought holding him up.

'One day, I will spank her so hard her ass will redden.'

It was a rather lascivious thought, but since he couldn't win in a fight, one day, he would win in bed.

For the time being, giving up wasn't an option.

But truthfully, what made him held on, was the knowledge that Lilith wasn't acting by some sense of sadism. Every time she hurt him, every time he suffered, he could see it in her eyes.

The way she was wincing, the way her eyes would redden, the way she would look ashamed.

He knew she did not wish to make him suffer. But it was necessary.

It was better for him to bleed here than to die on the battlefield.

Still, during all his training, one problem nagged at him.

It was something briefly mentioned by the goddess. It was something Camelia leaked by mistake but refused to explain.

Lilith had a big secret. Something related to the previous king, his grandfather.

Sol decided, on the last day of his training, he would ask her.

He didn't want to force her, but he hated ambiguous situations.

Generally, it was the kind of secret that always get out in the worst possible moment and fucked up everything.

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Chapter 47: CH 42: MOCK BATTLE

"This will be our last fight before the start of your ceremony. Are you ready?"

"I am, don't forget our deal. If I succeed in breaking your sword or wounding you in a place that should have been fatal, I win. Once I win, you will listen to one of my demands."

"Breaking my sword would mean that your intent was stronger than mine, any warriors need to be rewarded. So I will listen to any requests from you."

Sol and Lilith stood apart on the clearing that was repeatedly bathed in Sol blood during the span of those forty days.

Perhaps in the future, he would look back to those days with fondness, but currently, he just shivered at the thought and decided to lock those days behind a wall.

Lilith was wearing her usual ridiculously revealing purple Qipao, a glowing blue large sword in her hand, while Sol stood in his trousers and a glowing golden long sword in his.

This was a pure mana construct. Few if any used intent in such a crude way in a fight. Each hit would cost too much mana to maintain the sword and the intent necessary to maintain the form would mentally tire the user. But it was perfect for training.

At first, he thought that he could easily beat Lilith since this kind of fight was more demanding on the mana quantity.

He was both wrong and right.

Mana was necessary to maintain the shape and as such people with more mana had an edge. But people like Lilith were different.

She had ten times less mana than Sol, but she could use each unit of her mana hundreds times better than him. When paired with her firm will and her superb skills, Sol found himself outclassed in every way possible.

But today, he would win.

Silence settled between the two of them. Their mana, rising slowly from their bodies and sharpening their swords. Even though they didn't add the intent to kill in their sword, it didn't mean that it wasn't dangerous. At the very least they could wound themselves quite badly.

To avoid any dangerous situations, Edea was seated further aside under her parasol with Freya, the two of them elegantly sipping some expensive tea. Edea could simply rewind time and avoid the danger.

–Having a time mage next to you was always damn useful.

They didn't have to say anything, they didn't have to prepare a signal. As if they were of the same mind, they moved exactly at the same time and crossed their sword exactly in the middle.

Body-wise, Sol was stronger than Lilith. But, mana wise, she was way outside of his class. This created a rather equal situation as they fought each other to get the edge.

They stared at each other's eyes, their intent to fight clear in them.

A smile lit up Lilith's eyes as she took a step back and kicked him in the stomach, taking out the air from him.

Using the moment his breathing was disrupted, she twirled on herself and used the centrifugal force to bring her sword even faster on him.

Boom!!

Since they were mana constructs, they logically shouldn't have weight. But adding different intent such as cutting and crushing, Lilith could make something similar.

Dust rose, obscuring Sol from her sight. But she was in no hurry.

Whoosh!

Using the cover of the dust, Sol rushed toward her at full speed, wind stirring behind him before he crashed into her, but she calmly avoided him with another twirl before kicking him in the side.

There were no rules in their fight. No limits everything hit was allowed and Sol knew that if he did not use his racial traits to his advantage, he would simply lose.

Still,

'She is incredible.'

Humans were physically the weakest races in this world. Even goblins had more strength than them. Sol on the other was half-dragon and had many innate advantages. Despite that, he was still unable to completely overpower her. What more, he knew she was holding back, limiting her capacity to his level.

'Well, let's not stress.'

Discarding those distracting thoughts, he used her kick to take some distance from her and focused on himself.

Slowly, he began to change. He became taller, his white skin became bronze, and two glowing golden horns formed on his forehead.

Immediately, Sol felt the difference. It was like all his stats were immediately boosted tenfold. Still, he didn't let this power go to his head, because,

'As I thought.'

The moment their sword greeted each other again, Sol was unsurprised to see that they were once again equal.

The simple fact that she could so perfectly gauge his power was a proof of the gulf that separated them. But, it didn't matter. In the first place, he never thought he could win against her using conventional ways.

They were so close, they could feel their breath and it was like that, while looking at each other, that Sol talked.

"Aunt. You know, I really really love you."

"Wha~!"

'So cute.'

Her flabbergasted and blushing look at his confession was so cute, but he had a match to win.

Kicking her in the stomach like she did, since he was all for equal treatment between men and women. He grabbed her feet as she was about to fly away and brought her down hard on the ground.

Boom!

This wasn't enough to break her defense, but since she was still a little stunned, he immediately sat on her and put his sword against her throat.

"I win."

Huff *Huff* *Huff*

His rough breathing was the only sound in this oppressive silence. He felt a little pathetic how he was the one tired when she was the one down, but it couldn't be helped. What was a hell training for him was just a normal workout for her. The difference was simply too much from the start.

If it had been a true battlefield, he had no illusion that she would have cut him down in an instant. Perhaps so fast that he wouldn't even have been able to escape in his mirror dimension.

Still, this world wasn't determined by what-ifs. The reality here was that no matter how sly he acted, he was the one with a sword on her throat. It was a fatal wound, so he won.

Searching his gaze, their eyes locked for a short while before her mana sword vanished.

"Indeed, you have won. Congratulations."

She didn't seem particularly dejected, but Sol could feel some disappointment in her eyes. It wasn't disappointment in the way he won. Lilith had told him many times that war and battle had no places for silly honor. If you could win by playing dirty then you should do so. This was also why she always wore those clothes when fighting. Men had a hard time giving their all while watching her and she used it to her advantage each time.

'Ah~!'

"Just so you know, I was serious with my confession. I am aware that now isn't the time and you may not share my feelings. I just wanted to make it clear."

Saying so, he got up from her and stretched his hand toward her to help her up.

He had acted on the spur of the moment, but he did not regret it, one should always be honest with their feelings. In this life, he refused to be wishy-washy.

Lilith's cheeks reddened again, but Sol did not point it out. He knew he didn't let her indifferent, but it was hard to equate it to love.

"Fufufu~! To think you would be flirting with another woman in front of Edea, you are really bold?"

Sol was a little startled as he felt Freya behind him. He had to force himself to not use a sword in reflex. It seemed like Lilith had beat many good habits necessary for survival in him.

"Why do you think so? I am doing nothing wrong. In fact, acting behind her back would have been the wrong thing to do. Me acting in front of her is more a mark of respect than acting all sneaky and insulting her intelligence and trust in me."

A harem wasn't the easiest of the situation. Even though it was the norm in this world, few women would be truly happy to share their men. That's why, for a harem to work, Sol thought honesty was necessary. Well, it was a necessity in any relationship. Even the normal one.

Of course, he did not have the illusion that everything would always work out. It seemed that all the women he was attracted to had some rather problematic past. Sooner or later something would go wrong, some people would be hurt, but he believed that they could go through everything together.

Ignoring the dumbfounded Freya, Sol faced the now fidgeting Lilith.

"Since I have won, I will make my request now."

Lilith, who was previously blushing a little, had her face pale at the speed of light the moment she heard his words.

"Please, tell me your greatest secret."

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Chapter 48: CH 43: A WHAT?

"Since I have won, I will make my request now."

Lilith, who was previously blushing a little, had her face pale at the speed of light the moment she heard his words.

"Please, tell me your greatest secret."

The wind stirred as Lilith faced the resolute eyes of Sol.

She didn't bother to play dumb. For him to ask something like that would mean that he had already received some hint from someone else. Most likely Camelia.

Of course, she also knew that Camelia was unlikely to have given him too much information, and as such she could easily lie to him, but she refused to do it. At least not now. Sol wasn't a child anymore.

Still...

"Please ask something else."

She wasn't ready yet. She did not want to reveal this secret. If possible she would have loved to take this secret to the grave and never let Sol discover it.

Surprisingly, Sol didn't insist,

"Alright. So how about that. Let's have a date."

...

...

...

"A date?"

What kind of nonsensical idea her nephew had again?

Sol, standing in front of his mirror in his bedroom, admired his new look.

He had put a wig to hide his blonde hair. His blue eyes weren't a problem by themselves so he didn't bother searching something to hide them.

He was wearing a simple undershirt and a leather armor composed of a breastplate as well as some arms guards. He had a steel sword on his right hip and a mid sized shield on the back.

Thanks to his month-long training in Edea's world, he was also a little more muscular than he was after the transformation.

All in all, he looked like a particularly handsome but somewhat rookie adventure with enough training under his belt.

Next to him, Milia was observing his attire with a grimace. As a maid and a servant of the royal family as well as a fervent supporter of Sol, she hated seeing him wear clothes that didn't display all his good points.

Still, she understood that it couldn't be helped. The mood on the street was currently festive since the ceremony of adulthood by the crown prince was a national event.

If the crown prince and the regent queen were to be seen on the street, the uproar would be of epic proportion.

Once she was sure that everything was well and done, she sighed a little before nodding.

"It should be enough. At least it isn't too shabby. Though I would have preferred something more eyes catching."

Sol, not really bothered, smiled a little before giving a quick kiss to her lips.

"Thanks."

They hadn't had the time for any intimate time lately and their discussions were still up in the air, but he wasn't in a hurry. A secret was a secret because it was something hard to share. Be it, Milia or Lilith, he would never brusque them just to satisfy his curiosity.

—Even though he would really like to avoid the situation where an enemy somehow got hold of that information and sprinkled it on him at a decisive moment.

"Well, it's time to go."

While Sol was finishing his preparation, Lilith was also seated in front of the mirror of her bedroom.

Her eyes, lifeless as she looked at her reflection.

No maid was in her bedroom. She refused that anyone set foot in here. It was her sanctuary. Her world. Not even Edea peeked in this room as a form of respect for her.

Right now, her mind was in a complete turmoil.

She was a powerhouse who survived countless battlefields.

She was a queen (even if temporary) lording over millions of people.

She was both a mother and an aunt as well as a tutor.

But, despite all her experience, she had never gone on a date. She didn't think any noble had such an experience.

When people thought about nobles, they only saw the opulence and the seemingly easy life. They did not see the intrigue, the suffering, the manipulation and the lack of personal freedom.

If she hadn't been as strong as she was, her destiny would have been way different.

Of course this didn't mean that she wished to have been born as a commoner. She knew the pasture always seemed greener on the other side and had enough reports about burned villages and bandit attacks to know the truth.

'Sigh, what should I even wear?'

She knew that she should wear something inconspicuous and something like a wig. Purple hair wasn't a trademark like golden hair and blue eyes, but it was still rare enough that anyone with purple hair was immediately connected to her.

It has been a long time since she seriously thought about what to wear.

Her usual clothes were just things she picked haphazardly without much thought. But, right here right now, she was stumped.

She looked through all her clothes before her eyes fell on a special one, folded in a box.

'Oh.'

Taking them out, she exclaimed quietly before pondering.

'If the size adjustment enchantments still work perhaps I should use it?'

She didn't have any better idea so might as well.

Thirty minutes later, Sol stood near the sculpture of his father holding a sword while riding a dragon, most likely his mother, in the central plaza.

Every time someone passed near the sculpture, they would bow a little before continuing

Standing there and watching the respect the citizens still had for his father, he couldn't help but become lost in thought.

"Your father had always been respected even before becoming known as the hero king because of all the changes he made to make the lives of commoners easier."

Sol turned around, recognizing Lilith's voice. His breath immediately stopped as his brain fried.

Lilith was like her usual self. She seemed to have followed the same ideas as him, wearing adventurers clothes.

Her attire consisted of a short skirt and leggings that would hide the spring view, some daggers around her thighs and a skin loose black shirt. Her hairs were tied in a bun and were blue rather than the usual purple. It was clear that this wasn't a wig like Sol, but rather a dye. What's more, her usually large chest was nowhere to be seen.

Right now, Lilith didn't look like the queen regent, nor a seductive and powerful woman, but rather a young and delicious young girl who just reached adulthood.

"... How?"

Finally closing his mouth, he asked in confusion.

"This was a concoction created by hours alchemist in the team's your father and I were part of. It can make you look ten years younger or older for about five hours. So, how do I look?"

Sol could feel a certain nervousness in her voice and decided to reassure her.

"You are magnifique."

Saying so, he came close to her and took her hand in his before beginning to walk.

Lilith fidgeted a little, she wasn't really used to human contact anymore. Still, she didn't take her hand out.

'His hands are so large now.'

Walking next to him, her hand in his, Lilith looked at his side profile and marveled at the difference in height. Lilith wasn't particularly tall, even among women, but people generally dismissed this because of her massive power.

Still,

'He is taller than me.'

Thanks to his awakening and subsequent training, Sol looked more like an eighteen or nineteen year old than a teen of barely fifteen years. She now had to raise her face, to look up to him.

It was weird that she had never managed to remark this truth during their training session. Perhaps she had been too focused on making him stronger.

'He is now, more and more like a man. He is basically an adult now.'

This recognition brought an odd feeling of loss and pride in her heart.

Discarding those thoughts, a single conclusion reached her mind at this very moment while she looked at the sculpture they were walking away from.

'It seems like my duty will be finished sooner than I thought. Then...'

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 49: CH 44: A DATE

Sol was somewhat ashamed. In his nearly fifteen years of life, the moments he really spent time outside of the tower, while albeit rare, were quite numerous as he regularly visited the church and also visited the coliseum when he was younger.

But the moment he truly spent exploring this city? Never once.

He generally was in a carriage extremely protected or directly used the gate for his movement. As such, even though he was the one who initiated that date, the one giving the direction was Lilith.

Lilith wasn't some introverted queen who thought she was too high to step to the commoner level. At least, before becoming a queen, she spent much of her time as an adventurer and explored many parts of this city or the world.

Sol had some experience dating in his past life, but this experience couldn't be completely used here. Still, it was enough to not become an embarrassment.

They mutually decided to omit the shopping part. All their clothes were tailor suited and created with the greatest silk and by the best tailors, the same went for accessories and weapons.

What was left was sightseeing, they quietly walked together, hand in hand, through different parts of the center zone, and admired the different views the city had to offer.

During all those moments Lilith would tell him an anecdote and he would with a smile, his eyes filled with interest as he silently urged her to continue.

In her eighteen years and 204 months of her life, since the truth was that all women were eternally eighteen no matter what their age, it was the first time that Lilith felt such a giddy feeling in her chest.

The way Sol was acting really made her happy. Has a man ever treated her like she was the only one who really mattered in his eyes? Never.

All those who came close to her always had clearly impure motives. She would never let anyone that could threaten the takeover by Sol in the future.

"The city seems really peaceful."

They were now seated on a bench in a park. The shade of the trees in the surrounding protected against the sun and even without that, the currently mild weather gave a pleasant wind that calmed the mind.

Currently, the two of them were holding little boxes filled with ice cream. It was a creation of Venus, the bloodthirsty Queen, daughter of Pluto the peaceful and granddaughter of Jupiter the Conqueror.

Sol sometimes wondered what kind of title he would receive once he became a king.

"Indeed. The capital city is really peaceful."

Lilith agreed with a bitter smile. She hesitated a little before finally closing her mouth. There were so many things she wished to explain about the current situation of the kingdom but now wasn't the time. It was a date, her first date, no way in hell she would let anyone ruin it.

"So from what I know, it seemed that each king or queen brought new technology or knowledge or power once they took the throne or during their years before it?"

Hearing this, Lilith tilted her head.

"Indeed, and you aren't any different. Though the ideas you had, for now, are more about fashion, like your father."

Sol remembered the clothing design of the maid as well as their underwear and swimsuits and coughed lightly.

"For example, the first king brought totally new tactics of war, he even wrote a book called the art of war, his most popular sentence was, if you know your enemy and know yourself, you need not to fear the result of a hundred battles."

"*Cough* *Cough* Seriously? How come I never heard that?"

"It isn't something particularly circulated, even more so since he lost so horribly before dying. His son, the peaceful king, was a politician of renown, he completely changed the dry and clumsy political system of Lustburg, who at that time was still a fledgling kingdom who was surrounded by enemies. As for Venus, she developed many types of sweets such as ice cream, chocolate and so. This boosted incredibly our economy."

Cold sweat gathered on Sol back.

'Were all the previous kings and queens originally from my world?'

One or two times could be called a coincidence, but 9 times? That was pushing it.

He shivered at the thought of his future son being in reality the reincarnation of some 40 years old Otaku dude or worse! His daughter—being the reincarnation of some 40 years old Otaku dude.

'Seems like I really need to discuss with the goddesses later.'

Discarding those disturbing and, seeing as he was himself reincarnated, rather hypocritical thoughts, he put back his attention to Lilith.

So far the date seemed to go well, he had managed to see more of this world, who was weirdly more developed than it thought thanks to what was known as magitek.

Magitek was a form of using magic by imbuing the effects of a spell in a device. It wasn't anyone could do without years upon years of research. In this kingdom, the only one specializing in magitek were witches, making the Walpurgisnacht one of the richest organizations in the whole world, their only concurrent being the dwarves and the angels.

Monopoly was truly a scary thing.

"Well, let's continue our date."

They decided to leave the central zone and walk toward the South zone.

The capital of Lustburg was divided into five zones.

The central zone was where the tower of Babel and the church were placed.

As for the South zone? It was the 'territory' of the Milaris family, under the Duchess Milaris.

Her true name was Arachne Milaris. She was more known as the crazy black widow.

The Milaris family was without a doubt the richest one after the royal family and the church. The simple reason for that was that the Milaris duchy was full of mines, rivers, and forests. Basically, it was the duchy with the most natural resources and was also connected to Wratharis and southern pride.

This sadly also meant that her duchy was the first line of defense in times of war against those two countries. You could say that this was both the best and worst territory.

Reflecting on the wealth of the Milaris family, the zone under their control in the capital was the wealthiest and most active. It was generally the zone tourists were advised to visit if they wanted to buy many interesting goods.

"Welcome to our establishment!"

The first step of their visit was a restaurant. The sun was already high in the sky and a simple ice cream wasn't enough to satiate a powerful warrior like Lilith and a hybrid like Sol.

The restaurant was rather rustic and the customers already present were quite rowdy, but neither Sol nor Lilith minded, Lilith already lived as an adventurer long ago and Sol was initially a commoner in his last life.

Choosing a place in the corner they sat and waited for a waitress to take their commands.

Seating like that and observing the other people present, Sol felt once again that this world was weird.

He didn't know how to explain it, but it was like someone had mashed different cultures and different time-line from his world into one.

For example, the style of Lustburg kingdom seemed to be close to Roman or Greek. What's more, the clothes Lilith usually wore were clearly of Chinese origin while the official clothes he wore gave a French or English noble feel.

This also reflected on the style of clothes the commoners were currently wearing. If he had to give an example, the majority seemed to follow the style of worn during the renaissance meanwhile he would see some of them wearing a leather mini skirt and shirt.

It was honestly very confusing. But it wasn't really something he could ask. Since it seemed to be the common sense of this world.

"Here! Hot and delicious. The chef even added an extra service for the couple. I hope you will like it."

The waitress came back while holding two plates. Sol had commanded some braised chicken with a little bit of rice and Lilith had just asked for a bit of wine as well as a chicken and some chips.

This was another thing that surprised Sol at the start. The culinary culture was surprisingly developed, some of the restaurants could even be called fast-food with the type of food they made.

Sol smiled at the mention of them looking like a couple and didn't try to correct her. As for Lilith, while she had been a little flustered when Sol confessed to her, she was still a mature and adult woman. Rather than denying in a flustered way, it was better to simply ignore it and smile.

The food was rather tasty and the two of them began to eat in silence.

"So, I have heard that tomorrow the prince is finally going to show himself."

"Indeed. His fifteen birthday is close so he needs to go through the usual ceremony in the coliseum."

"Hum, I wonder what he looks like."

"Well, not really hard to imagine, they all look the same, blonde hairs, blue eyes, and a handsome face."

"Hahaha! Cheer! Indeed they all look the same!! Boy a new beer for my friend!"

Sol smiled bitterly as he heard the conversation between the people in the restaurant. They weren't talking particularly loud, but having super hearing wasn't easy.

From what he knew, not just him and the Lustburg kings, but all the kings of all the seven kingdoms had the same features. Blue eyes and golden hair, the same went for the supreme daughters.

This feature was supposed to represent the blessing of the goddesses and were a reference to the blue sky and the yellow sun. But still—he couldn't help but think that they would be Hitler's wet dream if they were to be all present in the same room.

"Still, what kind of prince do you think he is? I think that dame Lilith should stay on the throne. We know nothing about him after all."

"Shhh! Are you tired of having your head on your shoulder?"

"No worries. Even if we are caught we aren't doing anything wrong. I don't think we would be hanged for something like that. Hell, we aren't important enough to be hanged because of our opinion."

"Still be careful with what you say. Though I am with you on that, from what I knew, at his age king Mars was already known throughout the kingdom, meanwhile, the current prince does not seem to be very active."

"I have heard that he can't manipulate mana and that's why he does not show himself."

"I have heard that it's because the queen wants to control the power that he never showed himself. If it wasn't because of the ceremony he would still be hidden."

"Then, we will have another puppet king like King Neptune?"

"What does it matter who the king is? As long as we get to eat and we are protected I wouldn't care if even the nobles usurp the power once again."

Different murmurs of the kind were going through the pub. Most were about the mysterious prince and others were about his talent or his ability to govern.

To be honest, it was a little upsetting, but this once again showed a truth to Sol.

'Why should I sacrifice myself for people who do not care about me?'

Perhaps the mentality of Mars would stay the greatest mystery for Sol. Sometimes he wished he could ask Mars himself.

'Hey, father of mine, what did you think as you were losing your life for this world? What were your last words? Did you feel regret? Happiness? I am really curious.'

Lilith on the other hand, even though not gifted with the same ears as Sol, could already more or less guess the subject of discussion.

Finishing her food and seeing that Sol was also finished, she called the waitress and paid with a rather generous tip, to the delight of the waitress.

Once they were finally out of the restaurant, Lilith took Sol's hand and began to walk away.

"Where are we going?"

"Somewhere interesting."

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 50: CH 45: NOT SO SWEET

Leaving the south zone, they entered the North one. They were completely opposite and quite far apart, but compared to his hell training, walking such a long way was just relaxing.

The north zone was under Duke Highland. The Duke was directly responsible of the army as well as the highest-ranked soldier.

If the zone under the Milaris family was full of stores, restaurants, and others such things, the zone under Highland was calmer and sparsely populated. The atmosphere felt more deary and full of solemnity.

This was the zone where different martial art schools could be found.

All the humans could awaken to mana once they reached 15 years old. But only 10% of them could have a capacity high enough to make a contract with a rank E magical being and if they were lucky to obtain an element could they use magic. Only 1 out of 100 people could make a contract with a D rank magical being.

In short, 99% of the human population was unable to use magic. The fact that even a queen like Lilith was unable to do so showed how rare they were. Though Lilith and her daughter were an oddity in themselves.

Looking at the different dojo on their way, Sol couldn't help but feel his hand itch a little.

Since the day he awakened, the only one he fought against was Lilith and it frankly wasn't pleasant. Before that, the sole sparring partner had been Setsuna.

"You will be able to fight all you want tomorrow. For now, let's continue. I didn't want to do it today since it's a rare occasion, but I guess it's necessary."

They continued to walk a little until finally, stopping in front of a very large terrain.

Sol's eyes opened wide at that because it was

"A cemetery."

A hill, a large stretch of green filled with tombstones, and at the highest place, a black monolith in the shape of a large pillar.

"People get old and get hurt. When they're tired they collapse. Eventually, everyone reaches their limit. Whether it be an adventurer or a hero. Even if he doesn't die. These days won't last forever."

Lilith spoke with a slight melancholia in her voice as she walked in the cemetery, Sol in tow behind her.

The first he remarked was how the air felt different the moment he went through the door.

Then, the hundreds of tombstones suddenly changed into thousands or even ten thousand. what's more the monolith that seemed so close seemed so far now.

"So you felt it. This place was created by Jupiter. More precisely, Jupiter used his connection with the witches to create this place. Through space manipulation, the interior of the cemetery is hundreds of times larger than it seems and through time magic even the oldest of the tombstones still seems new and pristine."

"I see... So why come here?"

Lilith stopped in front of one particular tombstone. On it the word, <<Here rest one of the greatest general Tarrik Luxuria.>>

'Luxuria?'

"In the capital, we have three special cemeteries. The first one is the one that houses all the kings, the second one house all the supreme daughters, and the final one—this one, houses all the dead soldiers, noble and members of the royal family with the highest merit dead during wars and the members of the royal family—when I die, this will be my final place."

Sol didn't like the way she phrased her last sentence. A bad feeling filled his mind but he decided to not interrupt her.

She then pointed at the monolith. "Those who have their names there are the individuals who paid the highest price for the kingdom. They are recognized as heroes and the members of their family are assured to live in luxury without having to work for at least three generations."

With his eyesight, it was easy for Sol to see the name inscribed on the monolith. That's why he recognized the two highest ones.

<<Mars Luxuria>>

<<Blaze Dragna Luxuria>>

"My parents."

"Indeed."

Silence settled between the two as the fresh breeze blew in their face. Finally, after a short minute of silence, Sol asked.

"Why bring me here?"

Lilith didn't answer directly, as she closed her eyes before for a short while.

"Sol, it has now been more than a decade since I took you under my wings. Tomorrow, under the eyes of all the citizens, you will officially become an adult and will become capable of flying by yourself."

She smiled bitterly at that. "I wasn't the greatest parent. Because of my own problems, I pushed my daughter too much and made her flee. The same went for you. I always kept a certain distance from you. This had made our relationship rather strained in many ways. So, today I decided to act like the parent I should have been and give you some last advice."

Another bad premonition filled Sol's mind.

"What do you mean?"

"Don't mind the small details."

A large smile formed on her face as she faced Sol, "Let's reach the monolith first."

Then, without waiting for him to answer, she began to walk away.

Up close, the monolith was incredibly large and tall. It easily reached a height of four meters.

What struck him the most, was the hundred of name marked on it.

"During the long history of our kingdom, we had many dangerous situations and many people sacrificed themselves to assure that we would continue to prosper. Now Sol—let me ask you the most important question. Something I should have done long ago but had always pushed back."

He tilted his head in confusion.

"During all your life, I had burdened you with many expectations, many dreams, and many obligations. I had forced you to train for as long as you remember and I forced you to cram different knowledge in your head. But, I just realized that by doing so I was just acting like my father and like all the king before me. So I want to ask you, here and right now, Sol Dragna Luxuria—Are you ready?"

'Am I ready?'

"I had wished that your coming into power would be in a peaceful era, but it wasn't to be done. Soon, we will go to war against Wratharis. No matter what the outcome, we will be pulled into a spiral of problems. War, diplomatic issues, internal issues. There are so many problems we will have to face. In those turbulent times, new heroes will abound. Some of them will shine while others would fall. I—do not wish for you to be one of those who fall. So here and now I am asking once again."

With eyes more serious than anything, she repeated with a low voice, "Are you ready? 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?"

She took a deep breath as she continued, "To be honest, Wratharis is our greatest enemy. Since the founding of the kingdom and the death of our first king, Jupiter, against them, the two kingdoms fought and fought, from simple skirmishes to full-scale war. Each of them, extremely violent and extremely extensive in casualties. We have been fighting for so long that we even forgot why we fought in the first place. As such, you must be ready."

Generally, it was the moment where he should have affirmed his resolve. He should have patted his chest and assured her that everything would be alright.

But he didn't do it. Sol wasn't the bragging type. He would never presume of his capacity or his knowledge.

What did he know about war? He never even killed a person with his own hand and he wasn't conceited enough to think that reading a few books about strategy would make him a genius.

What did he know about running a kingdom? Quite a bit to be honest but, he knew that at the end of the day, theory was never enough. And more than anything,

"Am I even suited to be king?"

This time it was Lilith's turn to be surprised by this sudden question.

"During the ritual, I discussed with Luxuria and she compared me to all the previous kings before me."

He asked with a little smile full of gravity,

"Say... Do you think... that I should really become king? I remember the words of goddess Luxuria. A king is a father for the nation. Someone who abandons his own self and only thinks and acts for kingdom's

sake. Using everything he can use and discarding everything he should. But... if I had to choose between the kingdom or you guys, I would undoubtedly choose you. I am not like my father. So... Do you still think I am fit to become a king? If I were to become a king, I would be a very selfish one."

Lilith was a little dumbfounded before finally exploding in laughter, the sound she made was like that of beautiful singer bells.

"So what if you are selfish? Isn't changing yourself the same as running away? Why can't you just accept who you are?"

"But, don't you want me to become like my father? A great hero appreciated and respected by the mass?"

Lilith didn't deny this. She truly saw in Sol the second coming of Mars. But, this wasn't the subject right now.

"Do you know what is the difference between a naive fool and a hero of justice?" She clenched her fist, a fierce expression on her face. "It's their strength. The first requirement of being a hero isn't being right. It's being strong. That's why the hero always wins."

"As crude as it may be to say that, what made your father a hero wasn't his lofty but naive ideal, neither was it his gentleness. But it was his strength. No matter what, no matter how, there was only one truth. Your father was the strongest and as such he was the representative of Justice. This is the sad truth of this world."

She sighed,

"Sol, there's no one born with the quality to be a king and there's nothing wrong with being selfish. What matters is how strong you are. On the day of my awakening, I was deemed as nothing more than a stain to the royal family name. A girl with absolutely no talent aside from her beauty and whose sole goal in life would be to give birth to more children of royal blood. But now, people praise me and call me the representative of all mana users. Why? Because I am strong."

"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 for 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."

As she said this, she walked toward Sol and took him in her arms.

"Sol, a parent's duty is to guide the children. Do not take my words today as an absolute truth. They are nothing more than the way I decided to follow after many struggles. But, you are not me."

"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, always stand up and one day, you will find the answer that fits you the most."

Many years later, Sol would remember this day with a slight smile. Until that moment, many things made him understand the importance of power, but those words said under the shade of the heroes' monolith were something he never forgot.

It was the moment the path he was destined to walk stopped being foggy in his mind. The day he made his greatest resolution.