

## Hero King 431

### [Son of the Hero King](#)

#### Chapter 431: CH396:BLESSING OF FLIGHT AND SHADOW

After receiving the good news, Sol immediately rushed in the church's direction, not even willing to wait for another second to put his plans into motion.

He was quite happy that Lilith was already there as it would make her meeting with Aurora much easier.

He didn't feel any gazes on them, but he was still sure that Invidia would observe Lilith regularly for some time.

When Sol finally appeared inside the church, it was rather deserted with only a few nuns passing by here and there.

At this time, the majority of the nuns were either taking care of the believers who came for prayers or were giving donations in the name of the Goddess.

The way the church worked was very interesting and it was even more so since the nuns actually had holy power they could use.

Thanks to the existence of the goddesses, all the countries in the world were in essence, Theocracies.

The goddesses were the absolute source of faith, fear, and respect and imagining facing them was blasphemy in itself.

'Though I am about to go against them myself.'

Once the operation started, the slightest mistake meant that Sol might officially become the enemy of the Goddesses. All of the goddesses.

'Well, I will cross that bridge when I get there.'

Now wasn't the time for any hesitation.

He walked out of his dimension and the nuns were quite startled at the sight of a man suddenly appearing out of nowhere.

One of them was already about to scream at the top of her lungs but she caught herself when she recognized the man to be none other than the Prince of Lustburg.

The way her eyes opened wide while she covered her mouth was quite a funny sight.

"I am sorry for startling you."

Sol noticed at first glance that they were only novices. After all, higher-ranked nuns wouldn't have stopped like this even if they recognized him.

"I need your help. Do you know where the Supreme Daughter's right now?"

They nodded so fast that he feared their necks might snap at any moment and one of them pointed in the direction of Camelia's current location.

"The third room on the left."

The one who answered had a soft voice as though she revealing that information took everything she had in her.

"Thank you."

Sol smiled as he watched them blush and walked away.

'I am acting like an old man.'

Strictly speaking, those girls should be in the same age range as him. Perhaps a little older than him even.

But in his eyes, they simply all looked like cute little children.

He chuckled. He was feeling quite relaxed right now.

Completing all these side quests that had been slowing him down was such a relief that he couldn't even express how he was feeling right now. No words could describe the serenity his mind was feeling.

He could feel his mind being finally freed from its constraints and the weight on his shoulders seemed to fall off.

Of course, he knew this was just an illusion. He would soon face an even greater peril.

But he believed that he could face them all head-on.

'Is it here?'

Sol stopped, briefly wondering if he should first enter using his dimension or not. But soon, he dismissed that idea.

He didn't wish to think too much or prepare plans anymore. Only do what he had to do.

He knocked on the door and no one answered him at first.

It was only on the third one that a groan sounded from the other side.

"\*Ugh\* Enter."

Sol tilted his head and opened the door only to witness the astonishing sight of Camelia hugging Lilith while they were laying on the sofa.

Well, hugging was not the best word to describe their current entanglement. As it looked more like some grappling move of submission. He wondered how Lilith was even able to breathe.

The room was trashed beyond belief and everywhere he could see huge bottles of alcohol sloppily lying on the ground.

The one who had answered him was Lilith but it seemed that she had only been able to barely keep a little of her mind awake. Just enough to utter those words with tremendous difficulty.

She also seemed to have some difficulty breathing because of Camelia's choke hold.

'So Camelia is a hugger? Or does she have some hidden talents for wrestling?'

This was all the belated reaction he could give to this absolutely ludicrous scene.

Unlike what Camelia wished, Sol knew very well about her slovenly side.

In fact, he hoped that he could see even more of it. Even if it was quite hypocritical for someone like him who tried to never show his true side to others.

'There are many things I need to correct.'

Be it his relationship with Camelia or the rest of his lovers.

He realized that he did not give them the time they deserved since coming back because of how busy he had been with Lilith's case.

Of course, it had only been a few days. But even so, it was unjust to them in his heart.

"Well, now what to do?"

Sol groaned out loud. It wouldn't be good if some new maid saw this scene. They might immediately have their faith shattered into a million pieces after seeing the contents of this room.

But there was another thing going on here. Something even more impressive. More impressive than anything he had ever witnessed in the entirety of his life.

Lilith...was begging for help.

This was such a surprising situation that he lagged a little before fighting the urge to laugh.

He knew of course that Lilith could easily break free of this hold if she used her powers. But she obviously didn't want to hurt Camelia.

Meanwhile, without her powers, Lilith was even weaker than most humans her age.

Sol laughed quietly before proceeding to help out his dear aunt.

---

A few awkward moments later, and some sweaty moments as well as even Sol was surprised by Camelia's grip, she was now sleeping on her bed while Lilith was free of her torment.

"I definitely will never let her drink again."

Lilith complained under her struggling breaths. The last time this had happened the one being hugged had been Blaze.

Seeing the prideful dragon show a helpless face as Camelia hugged her tightly had been a great moment of serendipity for her.

Watching the awkward face Camelia made the next morning had an even greater thrill.

"Shall we go?"

Lilith looked at Sol while she purged the alcohol from her system and nodded.

Sol gave one last kiss to Camelia before moving aside fast before the Supreme Daughter caught him in her sleep. Then he left alongside Lilith.

Now alone in the hallway he couldn't help but notice, "Still, I am surprised that she didn't wake up."

The instincts of a warrior were no joke. Much less a King-ranked warrior. Camelia should have been already partially awake from the moment he knocked on the door.

"She can only be like this because she let go of all her doubt and really trusts us."

Camelia's instinct did not ring for the simple reason that Camelia never considered the two of them like strangers.

Sol nodded before slowly steering their direction toward an unconventional destination.

"Hmm...? The teleport room isn't in that direction though."

"I know. I just want to visit the Chappelle."

Lilith was quite confused as she followed Sol. But the moment they reached the place, she frowned.

"There is someone there."

"Oh? Seriously?"

He acted surprised as he spoke out the line but Lilith immediately noticed that he was acting.

'Weird.'

When they finally entered the isolated Chappelle, Lilith saw a girl she recognized quite easily.

'The new Holy Daughter...?'

When she noticed them, Aurora showed a pious expression on her face as she bowed toward them with dignity oozing out of her every minute action.

"I welcome the two Majesties. How may I help you?"

Sol smiled slightly as he answered back, "We were just passing by."

He then had a thoughtful expression on his face as he joined some more words to his previous statement...

"Well, since we are here already. Why don't we take a blessing from the goddess?"

'A blessing? Is he talking about Castitas?'

She was once again surprised. Sol had never been the type to actively pray and from what she knew, the goddesses didn't exactly welcome her existence— being the abomination that she was.

Furthermore, if he really wanted a blessing, why not ask for a prayer from Camelia? The effects would be much more effective.

She felt that the situation was getting more and more suspicious.

But rather than interrupting them, she simply listened and acted along.

She knew that the one person the least likely to ever wish ill of her was none other than Sol himself.

"Then, if you are satisfied with my meager skills."

Aurora kept an enchanting smile on her face before clasping her hand together with her head low.

"May the Light of the goddess always be on you and chase away the shadows plaguing you."

Sol clenched his fist as he observed the phenomena with his Divine Eyes.

At the same time, he sent a warning to Aurora.

[I will not blame you if you fail.]

The girl was not even a Duke. Though he suspected she was once a very powerful being, she was extremely weak at the moment.

As such, failure was a possibility.

But...

[If you leave some trick in this so-called blessing...]

A gentle smile formed on his face...

[Even if you flee to the edge of the universe.]

—A smile that sent chills down Aurora's spine.

[I will find you and I will make you beg for death.]

### [Son of the Hero King](#)

#### **Chapter 432: CH397:THREE SWORDS**

After Sol and Lilith left the church and appeared back in the Tower of Babel, Lilith directed a complicated glance toward her nephew Sol. The boy was getting more and more mysterious the more she watched him.

The moment that shady girl had given her the so-called blessing of the goddess, Lilith had immediately felt the foreign power enter her body. She had received a blessing from Camelia in the past. So she recognized that the power that she was emanating inside her now was clearly different from the one she received from Camelia.

The power felt stronger and purer than the one she had received before. And it goes without saying but something like that should be impossible. After all, the goddesses were the highest beings in this world below the Mother goddesses.

Lilith was well on her way to tearing apart that Blessing at that moment but she was stopped promptly by Sol.

'Something is happening.'

Something huge was about to transpire...

“Sol...”

“Why don’t we have a fight?”

“Hmmm?”

Lilith almost doubted her ears for a second. The difference in power between Sol and Lilith at her peak was extremely high. But she could not use her mana right now without shortening her remaining lifespan.

If she fought Sol without using her mana, no matter how skilled she was, the only result would be absolute defeat. Like how her realm was far higher than his, in terms of physical strength, she doubted there was anyone in the whole Mortal world who could match Sol outside of Sun Wukong and Siegfried. Even then, she believed that Sol would come out triumphant,

“Why suddenly?”

“No holding back. Let’s fight and give it our all. This would be a rematch of our last fight.”

Lilith frowned as she felt like Sol wasn’t actually having a dialog with her. But rather was simply giving her some pre-established lines.

Was it also a part of his plan?

She sighed and nodded. In the end, it didn’t particularly matter to her. Nothing really mattered to her in the first place.

“Alright. Let’s fight.”

She knew that Sol had grown incredibly powerful compared to his past self. But she wondered just by how much. She was actually a bit excited to witness her nephew’s growth for herself.

Sol nodded tersely before walking ahead with Lilith behind him. Leading her on to the place their ensuing battle would take place.

When they finally reached the top of the Tower of Babel, Lilith opened her eyes wide as she saw all those who were present at the scene.

Pandora, Kali, Medea, Freya, and finally... Ambrosia.

The Ouroboros. The five strongest witches and part of the most powerful beings in the Mortal World, maybe all worlds, were all standing in the hanging garden while looking at her.

As if that wasn’t enough, Isis and Hathor were also present in the scene.

The last one present was none other than her own daughter Lilin, holding her sword in her hands and fully equipped for battle.

Lilith looked at this ludicrous gathering with utter bewilderment, realizing once again just how much influence Sol had in his hand.

Milia appeared from another side of the floor and walked in silence while holding a large greatsword that was taller than a grown man.

It was Lilith's signature sword.

Once she reached Lilith, Milia bowed with the sword in hand in her direction while Sol walked and stopped once he was at Lilith's side.

"What is going on?"

"I said let's go all out, didn't I? Two Dukes against one King. Shall we give it a go?"

Light flickered in her hollow eyes as she gazed at everyone present before nodding and gripping the sword with her hands.

Whoosh.

The moment Lilith took hold of the sword, an incredible resonance of metallic sharp intent permeated the surroundings. Placing a heavy intent of sharpness and lethality above everyone.

Milia stood up from her spot and bowed before leaving the premise.

This moment had nothing to do with her and she knew it all too well. Her only role had been to deliver the sword.

'I hope I will see you tomorrow, Your Highness. I hope you survive... For your sake and Sol's...'

It would be a shame to lose such a warrior and queen. And even further shame to see the impact her loss would have on her beloved.

Even though Milia left the scene, no one, not even Sol, directed a glance toward her from start to finish.

Looking at Lilith holding her sword, even a battle-crazed lunatic like Sol had to admit that he was feeling sweaty and dry in the mouth. He was once again reminded that, no matter how monstrously stronger he became... His aunt was still in a realm of her own. Dying or not...

This was different from his fight against Surtr and Nihil. Facing those two False Gods could never even come close to the feeling that was chilling his bones right now.

Even though Lilith had not even taken a step from her spot and was just loosely holding onto her humongous sword, he felt like a razor-sharp blade was placed close to his neck, ready to behead him at any given moment. The resonance of her intent to cut anything and everything had reached such a level that it had manifested without any conscious intention on her part.

A maniacal grin formed on his face as his desire to fight began to soar. His repressed urges as a prime battle junky started revealing themselves at this point. His horns shone with an ominous light and draconic scales covered his entire body as Sol unleashed his ultimate form from the get-go.

The air that was already filled with the razor-sharp sword intent became heavier suddenly with the overbearing aura of a war dragon overlapping over it. As if a weight ready to crush everything was placed in the zone, Sol's aura began to pressure everything that existed within this plane.

Lilith smiled when she felt the weight and pressure of his aura and looked at her daughter.

“I am thankful for the occasion to fight. I always wanted to check your progress.”

“Mother...”

Lilin held her sword tightly. Unlike Lilith’s heavy sword, hers was a long sword but it was so long and thin that even the world long paled in front of it. It was a sword bestowed to her by the elves after she helped them during the incident with the vampire. [1]

An aura filled with the smell of blood stretched out of her body and mixed with the two previous intents, causing the atmosphere to warp. Lilin's intent moved in a way that even space was affected.

Looking at this one would think that the three were about to fight to the death.

Kali whistled aloud at the scene, “Truly a family full of monsters.”

It was hard to believe the current sight in front of her. Even though among the three, Lilin’s power was slightly lacking, there was no doubt that she also reached a level of talent beyond measure.

“Freya, Ambrosia, please.”

There was no way they could fight in this place without absolutely destroying everything and potentially putting everyone in the vicinity in danger. As such, they required an isolated place to fully duke it out.

Ambrosia waved her hand, causing space to wrap around all of them and expand. They went from being on the rooftop to standing in a large clearing with a beautiful moon hung up on the clear night sky.

This was Medea's world.

Freya directed a glance toward Medea to which she could only give a helpless shrug. No matter how sturdy this place was, there was no way it would stay standing after what was about to happen. But Medea did not mind it for a bit.

This place had been a refuge for her and a place for her to escape to for a long time already. But it was finally time for her to step outside of this gilded prison and walk once more under the light of the sun.

But now the most important thing was to witness this fight.

---

For the three individuals, facing each other, the location they were on mattered no more.

All they could see was each other.

Lilith slowly began to relax her stance. But the more she did so, the more she seemed dangerous.

Lilin held her sword as she crouched in an Iai sword stance and even Sol was holding a sword loosely in his hand.

This was one of the weapons he received from the dragon territory so they were also created by elves. It was a straight sword with a style similar to western blade in his previous world.

That sword was not particularly sharp. It only had two specialties.



The first one was extreme durability.

As for the second one? It was the ability to absorb mana in a great capacity.

<<Sword Zone: Limitless Swords>>

Everything started in a flash.

Lilith held her sword with one hand and placed two fingers in front of her as hundreds of light swords appeared all around her.

When she pointed at both Sol and Lilin, those blades immediately rushed at them with an unimaginable speed.

“This won’t work, mother”

Lilith muttered. All her life, she had dreamed of fighting her mother at her full power.

For that, she honed her sword. Sadly, Lilin knew— Her mother was a genius beyond belief when it came to swords. This alone would never be enough for Lilin to match her.

This was why she learned more about her power. The fact that this power was the result of her grandfather's experiment disgusted her. But she was not so naive that she would reject this power.

Bringing the fantasy into reality.

In the past, she wished to be one with the world. But she had learned a new truth, refined her power, and finally — surpassed her old self.

‘Watch this, mother. Since your swords are Limitless, then...’

Lilin’s eyes shone with a purple luster while horns grew on either side of her head. Currently, there was no doubt left that she was in no way human.

“Welcome to my world.”

<<Zone: Boundless sword.>>

For Lilin, right here, right now, Distance became absolutely meaningless.

The world all around her changed. From her perspective, be Lilith standing far away or all those swords approaching from different directions, she felt like they were all at her fingertips.

In order to reach them, in order to break them, all she needed —

<< Re-Immortal Slaying Technique: Zero Distance>>

— Was to take one step.

Unlike last time when she needed to take three steps, this time, one step was all it took to go beyond space and find herself in front of Lilith.

At the same time, rays of light filled the world, as if everything had been cut a hundred times and completely erased all traces of the swords Lilith had thrown.

\*Clang\*

The clear sword of metal clashing sounded as Lilith blocked the slash. Her eyes were filled with surprise and at the same time, pride.

“Beautiful.”

She was entranced by the technique Lilin had just used.

“But still too shallow. You wasted too much power cutting all my other swords.”

She moved her sword and deflected Lilin's before striking on her own.

Lilith's sword was extremely heavy and the pressure building up looked like it would crush Lilin before even cutting her.

Lilith of course wasn't trying to kill her daughter. She just wondered how she would respond to this attack.

It should be fast enough that Lilin would need to use all her strength to block it.

This was why she was surprised to see a grin on Lilin's face.

'Why...'

Her question was quickly answered. When she suddenly felt a gush of mana filling the world, she understood—

“I only had to hold you down.”

Above them, a golden blade that was more than five meters long shone as mana roared.

Coming down with so much power was none other than Sol.

“Don't forget me!”

Sol was not a swordsman. He knew how to use the sword but he had no particular technique.

Even then, in front of pure unadulterated power—All techniques were meaningless

<<Mana Burst!!!>>

BOOOMM!!!

[Son of the Hero King](#)

**Chapter 433: CH 398:END OF THE ACT**

『 Mana Burst 』

BOOOMM!!!~

With that chant, the golden blade of mana descended from above. Everything that shining blade of mana collided with turned into nothingness as the pure blast of mana decimated everything and anything in its path.

The kaleidoscopic blade shot through the air and collided with Lilith's own. A pure shockwave of unadulterated and concentrated power hit everything in its radius as a pillar of ominous light shot out from the collision point. A deafening roar shook the very foundation of the dimension they occupied.

Sol was right... Before overwhelming power, everything was meaningless. The current change in the landscape was proof of that statement.

But, there was one thing that was to be noted in that statement. In the first place, Sol was not the one with overwhelming power in this fight.

Shooosh~

An all-encompassing line of sword light. For an instant, it felt like the entire world had been cleanly severed into two equal parts.

All it took was just a single slash. Following the vertical flash of light, the attack created by the Mana Burst Sol launched at Lilith was completely divided and disintegrated with so much ease that it was utterly ridiculous.

When the dust slowly scattered, all the people occupying the space could only glance at the great divide that had completely split the ground and the edges of the realm into two, distorting the fabric of space that this place was standing upon.

'Incredible.'

Sol looked down at his body and his eyes narrowed when he saw the fine line going from his torso to his stomach. Even though he wasn't in his War Mode, his scales were still more durable than even the most solid armor in the Mortal World. Even after having equipped such hard armor, a delicate wound colored his midriff with trickles of blood oozing out of the crevice that was created by the wound.

What if this fight had been a fight to the death?

'I would have lost then and there.'

The worst thing was that such a wound should have usually healed immediately. Even before even a drop of blood could ooze out of such a wound. But, in this case, the healing became incredibly slow. To the point that one could not even tell if he had a healing factor or not.

The Immortal Slaying Sword Art. A sword technique specially created by Lilith to deal with creatures who had a strong healing power and who never knew the meaning of death.

Sol nodded his head in acknowledgment of Lilith's prowess. Indeed, his beloved aunt was truly a monster of the highest order.

Lilin, who had used her powers to move away from the trajectory of the explosion sighed with despondency. Even though she had acted in perfect sync with Sol, they had still been unable to even put a scratch on her mother.

No... Worse than that even... She had yet to move a single step from her spot.

"I would be quite disappointed if this is all you can show."

Lilith spoke gently while hiding the trembling of her hand and the few cracks that were already spreading along it.

“Very well, far from us to disappoint you. Lilin, let’s continue.”

Whoosh~

The two appeared next to Lilith in an instant as though they had teleported from their previous spot. Sol by using the properties of his dimension and Lilin by moving through space with the use of her Boundless zone.

The two attacked at the same time, but two floating swords manifested in the air and blocked those attacks for Lilith without her even having to will it.

What followed after was a true battle between monsters, that went beyond the limits of anything that the Mortal Realm could hold...

Lilith knew that she did not have enough mana in her to last an entire fight. She knew that after this, her time remaining in this world would be close to nothing and it would be impossible for her to face the Wolf King or even being able to witness the fight with her own eyes.

But she was not worried anymore. Be it Sol or Lilin, they were showing her that the Kingdom was in good hands. She would be able to die in peace even if she were to meet her demise at the end of this fight.

“Then, let me give you a good lesson then.”

‘Perhaps final lesson, if you will.’

Firstly—

“Was it called Mana Burst?”

Lilith grinned with a maniacal glint in her eyes. People seemed to believe that she had no big moves or finishing moves set aside outside of her innate powers as a King-rank. But they could not be more wrong about that piece of information.

She stepped on one of her swords, which materialized beneath her feet, and slowly levitated in the air until she was standing high above in the night sky.

“Sol... what do you think of this?”

Sol, at first, was confused by his aunt’s sudden declaration. Even though she had said those lines he wasn’t able to spot anything to block. That was until he picked up the crazy turmoil of mana in the air and looked up.

“!!!”

The sky itself seemed to have torn apart as a gigantic blade of unfathomable size slowly materialized from the void above and swiftly descended down the night sky.

Lilith's hand formed a sign, and the materialized blade was concentrated with all her intent and mana. The descending blade, with the heaviness to crush the world into pieces and the sharpness to rip the fabric of space asunder was directed toward Sol and Lilin's destination. This was it. She was showing them just what a prime King like Lilith was capable of even in her extremely weakened state.

"What the..."

Sol looked up, wondering just what the hell he was looking at right now. The feeling of being dwarfed by that monstrosity made him feel like the sword was bigger than even the biggest mountain on his previous planet. The sword intent mixed into the sword was so sharp that it simply crushed and annihilated everything that stood in its path without discrimination.

"I need to stop this."

Sol's main role in this fight was to be both a tank and support for Lilin. And he was not about to shirk away from that role just because of one deadly attack.

Wings sprouted from his back as he shot into the sky with the speed that easily surpassed that of sound. The closer he came to the descending heavenly blade, the more lacerations and cuts formed on his body, even with his scales on, but Sol simply muscled through the residual intent of the blade with no care for his body.

Not yet. It wasn't the time yet for this fight of theirs to end. He needed to move in the most natural way possible to make everything flawless. To make their plan a success.

Finally when Sol reached the descending blade with the heaviness and sharpness to even ostensibly split the world in half...

『 Ignition: Overdrive 』

Sol immediately went all out and delivered a punch with all the power he could gather in a short instant.

Crack~

The sound of something breaking resonated in the air as the gigantic sword was surprisingly more fragile than he had intuited it to be.

"See, Sol, my dear, you are certainly powerful. But see, overwhelming power simply bred habits that can be easily exploited."

The sword shattered in an instant— creating thousands of shards that were all under Lilith's control as they pounced on Sol like starved beasts ready to tear their prey asunder at any moment.

Sol covered his body with his overwhelming quantity of mana, hardening his body to withstand the infinite barrage of razor-sharp intent, as the explosion of the gigantic blade propelled him back to the ground and the subsequent barrage of broken blades whittled away at his protection and made a bloodied mess out of his body.

Lilith, still standing on her sword and levitating in the air, looked at the bloodied and battered Sol lying on the ground while keeping a part of her attention on her daughter.

Lilin could not fly. This was a fatal flaw of her Zone as it only covered her surroundings and not the realm above and below her.

'What will you do now?'

The answer was more surprising than she thought it to be.

Even standing beneath her, far from the distant sky she now stood on, Lilin simply swung her sword.

Clang~

Lilith instinctively moved and blocked the blow and the metallic sound of the sword clashing made her eyes widen in disbelief.

She had felt no mana or intent coming at her at that moment. If she had not acted by following her years of experience, then this sword might have been the decisive move that would've beheaded her at this moment.

"I don't need to move."

Lilin smiled at this sight. Her zone was pretty simple. She could erase all distance between her and her target.

This did not simply apply to her body. But to all her attacks.

She didn't have to extend her mana like Lilith when she attacked.

No matter how far the enemy was, as long as she could see them, any of her attacks would immediately reach her target if she so wished. That was the power she had earned through her will to surpass her mother.

In an instant, the mother and daughter pair exchanged hundreds of intangible blows that ripped and smashed the kaleidoscopic fabric of space in their wake.

Both parrying and retaliating even while standing miles apart from each other.

The means were different but the results were so similar that they gave a strange beauty to the fight between the pair.

But as time passed, it became clear that Lilith was gaining the advantage in their bout.

For every strike Lilith sent her way, Lilin needed 3 or four to block them.

Furthermore, Lilith would always attack using tricky angles that deviated the sight and senses with her infinite number of swords.

"This is your problem, my dear daughter. You are just too straightforward."

Lilin had no time to respond to her mother's quip as her left side was slashed by an attack she was not able to block.

Blood oozed out of the freshly drawn wound while Lilin groaned to suppress the pain that was emanating out of her mother's Immortal Slaying Art.

Looking at her bloody daughter with no signs of the wound closing anytime soon, Lilith could only sigh bitterly, "You have certainly grown more powerful since the last time we fought, my child. But your mindset has yet to change and adapt to your powers."

This was the simple truth. Lilith did not wish to give more information or hints to her daughter as she thought it was enough. She had already given enough hints to her daughter for her to realize the weakness in her current state and powers. She hoped that her daughter would realize this simple truth of her weaknesses sooner than she did.

—In a fight, there was no such thing as being cheap.

Everything was allowed, there was such thing as a chivalrous spirit, and no method that allowed victory was to be discarded.

"Your strikes are monotonous and predictable.

"You pursued speed and space but forgot that the basis of your power should be the sword— causing a lack of variation in your techniques."

Lilith smiled as she saw the frustration that emanated on Lili's face.

Frustration was good. This frustration meant that she would work even harder from now on and perfect her sword even more than what she wielded currently.

How could a sword be boundless if it was limited by just your sight?

To truly be unbound meant... Being free of any and all limitations...

One day... Her daughter would without a doubt stand at the summit of the world as a swordsman and— she would not be there to witness that glorious moment.

Lilith's heart missed a beat as sadness colored her eyes at that harrowing thought. She once again realized that her time was coming ever closer to its end.

For the first time, in a long long while, she began to seriously wonder... Was it really alright for her to die?

Would she truly be satisfied to vanish right now even though there was so much she had yet to witness? So much she had yet to live?

Lilith shook her head to break out of those thoughts, she had more pressing matters on her hands...

Boom!

She looked to her side, only to see a literally blazing Sol grinning at her while his sword strike was blocked by the tens of swords she had manifested in place to block his strike.

His entire body was covered in blood and small wounds marred his visage from head to toe. Her sword intent should be burrowing in his blood and making him feel an inconceivable amount of pain as it even slowed down his healing factor to a crawl.

When facing Lilith, any and all beings always felt the same thing when they realized that the body they were so proud of offered no defense against her merciless attacks.

It was fear. Pure and unbridled fear. The most primitive and pure emotion in existence that every being felt at least once in their life.

But all she could see in Sol's eyes right now was absolute enjoyment and satisfaction of their current clash. Like a beast that was finally released from its restraints and could afford to go all out.

"Sword."

With that one word, thousands upon thousands of swords manifested into reality, in all shapes and sizes, and surrounded the duo. What followed after was a realm-shaking clash in the air as Lilith moved with thousands upon thousands of her manifested swords following her command and attacking Sol continuously from all directions while he chased after her.

"Hahaha!"

Sol's cackling loud laughter filled Medea's world as the blaze covering him simply grew brighter with each breath he took. Like an incandescent inextinguishable star ready to burn everything into ashes. Sol simply smashed everything that was on his way using his strength and decimated the rest using his flames until finally...

Clang~

...Finally, his sword reached hers.

"I got you."

Lilith stayed silent as she looked in the eye of the boy— nay, the now grown-up man in front of her.

She still remembered how not long ago, Sol was not even able to bring a percentile of her true power out while they trained. She remembered those days when she had to be careful with each swing and slash just not to cut her nephew apart with her power. Those days were no more.

From her perspective, not much time had passed by since then, but the current Sol was simply so different that they could not be compared.

Sol could already be said to be an absolute powerhouse of the highest order. His current power could even pose some threat to the King-rank beings and she knew that he was going all out at this instant against her.

Crack~ Crack~

Fine cracks formed around Lilith's arms, shoulders, and face. She knew that her limit was fast approaching but she gave no heed to the destruction she was causing her body to go through.

"You have grown."

"I have."



“It’s a shame that I won’t be able to see more of it... Won’t be able to see you reach the pinnacle of power...”

“It is. Isn’t it?”

His smile didn’t change not even for a second throughout this heavy talk. He had no mind to even trying to change Lilith's ideals and desires anymore.

“I am tired of trying to force you to change your opinion. I guess in the end, I have been going at it the wrong way. Hey, Lilith.”

Sol stopped speaking politely to her as he addressed her directly by her name, “What do you want? What do you truly want for yourself!? Tell me...”

Sol spoke no further as he increased the pressure on his sword. His muscle tightened and his arm swelled as a blistering amount of mana was concentrated in his body.

The deadlock between them was broken as Lilith went sent flying like a shooting star toward the ground with the usage of Sol’s mana-enhanced body.

The earth rumbled and the space cracked as she collided against the ruined grounds of Medea’s world...

Sol was about to rush at her to continue his onslaught but was stopped as more than hundreds of thousands of blades manifested all around him, forming a perfect sphere imprisoning him on all sides.

『 Immortal Slaying Sword Art: Heaven’s Net 』

Sol felt a shiver run down his spine, and his face scrunched up as he saw all those swords shine at the same time.

“Explosion.”

A dome of light in the shape of the Immortal Sword formed in the sky. It was a power not inferior to Sol’s earlier Mana Burst. Worse, she had embedded her Sword Intent into each and every one of her blades that resulted in razor-sharp intent bombarding him from all sides in all forms. It would be a blessing if Sol was able to stand after being hit with such an attack.

Lilith had no time to observe the result of that deadly attack as she responded instinctively. She moved to avoid an attack from Lilin at point-blank range.

“You cannot use your full power anymore.”

She looked down at Lilin. Most of Lilin's techniques needed an Iai stance or a two-handed grip with the current comprehension she wielded of her art. She surmised that her daughter could not even bring 50% of her maximum strength.

“It doesn’t matter!”

Lilin screamed with all her might as she slashed again and again with wanton abandon.

Mother and daughter fought again for what may be their final bout. Tears of agony and pain slid down Lilin's face. Not from the pain of her wounds but the simple truth of what this battle entailed.

“You say you want to teach us? You say you want to give us a good lesson, huh!? Please stop spouting your bullshit!”

The aura of despair and melancholy filled each of her attacks as the sharpness of her sword dulled over time. They became even simpler, even more direct than they were previously. Too easy for Lilith to avoid or counter.

But more than her sword, what pierced Lilith the most was the word of her daughter. Her own flesh and blood.

Lilin’s eyes reddened further. The sound of the sword clashing grew harsh and bitter, Lilith wasn’t even trying to avoid Lilin’s sword at this point. She just didn’t need to...

“You are selfish and delusional. You think only of yourself while bathing in the memory of a long-forgotten ghost and suddenly you want to act like some kind of good mother while giving her final words!?”

Lilin laughed maniacally as Lilith kicked her in the stomach. Blood dribbled from her lips but her smile remained unchanged. A light of melancholy and unbridled madness flashed in her eyes as her eyes grew so red that it felt like she was about to spill tears of blood at any moment.

“Don’t fuck with me! Don’t you dare act like a fucking good mother! Not now! Not here! Not after everything you’ve done!! Not with you thinking of dying because of a ghost from the past!”

Lilith bit her lips so hard that they bled incessantly, she had nothing to say back to the words of her daughter. She had always moved with the best intention in mind for her daughter. But there was no denying that she had not been the best mother for Lilin.

Two swords formed in front of her to block a slash of mana as Sol also appeared not far from her spot.

“You really messed me up well.”

Sol smiled as he walked up slowly and stood next to Lilin.

Calling him bloody now would be the understatement of the century. There was nearly not one part of his body that was not covered in wounds and blood continuously oozed as his regeneration fought against Lilith’s intent of her Immortal Slaying Art.

“I resent the discrimination.”

While Lilin was slightly wounded, he looked like a fountain of blood.

He said as he gently wiped out the tear from Lilin’s face, though his expression grew a bit awkward when the stream of tears he wanted to remove was replaced with his blood instead.

Lilith sighed as she watched this lighthearted scene, “Your body is stronger. So I can be rougher on you.”

Lilin bit her lips. She understood the argument behind her mother’s actions. But in essence, Lilith was simply saying that Lilin herself was unable to bring out her true powers.

“Haha, don’t be so frustrated.”

Sol laughed to shake away the awkward mood, "After all. She has yet to even use her True Name."

Lilin lowered her head after she heard him speak.

She had no way to refute that. Nothing to retaliate with. No power to challenge those words. As those words were the absolute truth,

She was the only one who had been going all out from the start. Lilith did not bring out her true powers as a King, the usage of her true name, and Sol did not even bring out his Zone into the fray and only used his draconic powers.

Her frustration grew larger with each passing second. With each passing thought. With each passing realization of her weakness. She was angry. Angry at her own self. She thought she had grown. Thought that she could finally stand shoulder-to-shoulder with him.

But all of this had only been her misunderstanding all along.

She was still weak. So incredibly weak and brittle,

"Lilin..."

"Don't take a step further."

Lilin spoke in a low and hollow voice when Lilith tried to comfort her. She refused to receive any form of pity from her mother. Lilith was her idol, the one she wanted to reach more than anyone else in the world. The one she desperately sought to surpass.

She looked up at her mother one more time and said in a resolute voice, "I give up."

She had already shown her what she wanted to. She had reached her limits and now she wished to witness the limits of both Sol and Lilith. Witness what she had to reach and eventually overcome.

Her role in this play was at its end.

She turned around and walked away. But she had one last thing she wanted to say to her dear mother...

"Mom...you know... You may have not realized it. But I know... Out of all of us, you are the most frustrated one."

She gave a meek and despondent laugh, "You say you are sad you won't be able to see us reach the peak of our powers? You delude yourself into thinking that you are happy because you know that I will reach the peak of the sword? Haha, don't make me laugh."

"Aren't you jealous? After all... You will never be able to reach that peak yourself."

She walked away after saying those words. Without even looking back or waiting for Lilith to respond.

Now, a still silent Lilith was left to look down into her Immortal Slaying Sword with myriads of complicated emotions flooding her eyes. Her mind was so complicated right now that she herself didn't know how to word what she was feeling.

The words of her daughter had made her remember the memory of her past once again.

“Well. Shall we continue then?”

Crack~

A fissure appeared on Lilith's face, marring her once beautiful visage, it showed that she was slowly reaching her limit but Sol paid no attention to it.

“Will you continue to use a sword?”

Sol shrugged at her question. “I don't really need a sword, right? But see, I guess watching the two of you fight gave me some enlightenment about the way to use a certain power of mine.”

Sol grinned, “Since your sword is Limitless while Lili's is Boundless. Then I guess I need to do something myself, right?”

Lilith felt goosebumps run down her skin at the end of his words and instinctively took a step back but—

Swoosh~

She looked in disbelief as strands of her hair were cut before she was even able to tell what happened.

‘Wha—’

“What did you do?”

『 Eye of Akasha: Void 』

From Sol's perspective, the world as he knew it was no more. Just like last time, this accursed world was now covered in innumerable threads, linking everything in existence to the power of Fate.

“I am simply reaching the most optimal path by reading thousands of possibilities simultaneously.”

Sol wiped the blood coming down his nose as the smile on his lips stretched further and further.

His brain was literally going on overdrive after using this move. This was not a power he should be using as a mere Duke-rank. But did it really matter right now?

“I guess in a way. My strikes are nearly unstoppable now, I guess.”

Lilith had no time to think as she tried to move from her spot. Her instincts were screaming warning bells in her brain of the incoming danger. But it was all futile.

Rather than moving away, from the point of view of those watching the fight, it was like she had thrown herself in the trajectory of his sword instead.

One strike, two strikes. Again and again. She was not able to escape Sol's grasp.

The more this went on the more precise Sol became with his sword strikes.

When she attacked, he would take a simple step back and that was all it would take to nullify her attack— the most optimal way to avoid her attacks was executed with each of his movements.

Furthermore, when he attacked, she could barely block it and could only helplessly watch as the attack landed on her body.

In the end, she was finally unable to stop his sword from slashing her body.

Drip~

Blood slowly trailed down from a wound on her forehead. It was a small wound. But it was the first true wound she had received in this fight between them. Perhaps this was the only wound she had ever received from a Duke after advancing into the King realm.

'I was wounded?'

Lilith could not believe it. During all this fight she held the upper hand with no problem whatsoever. She wished to share her experience with Sol and Lilith using this fight and in no way was she thinking of taking this fight seriously.

But suddenly... She was wounded?

If this had been the result of Sol going all out with a powerful attack, she would not have been this shocked. Her power was at an all-time low right now. Her body was breaking down with each passing second and she was weakened in both body and soul.

Meanwhile, Sol had an infinite reserve of mana and a nigh-indestructible body. There would have been thousands of reasons to not be surprised by her wounds.

But this was not the case. Sol did not use his strength, nor his mana, nor his dimension.

She was wounded... By a sword. She was beaten in the realm of pure skill.

"Lilith, you know... I can say with absolute certainty... You can never beat me while only limiting yourself to your zone. So you see?"

His eyes grew cold and sharp as he spoke to her in a cold emotionless tone, "Stop looking down at me, will you?"

Lilith looked at Sol. And Sol gazed at her enchanting eyes...

"Haha... I like the look in your eyes. I guess even you can have your pride wounded, huh?"

"Have you reached the supreme state?"

"I honestly don't know what the supreme state you are talking about is... This technique doesn't even need the use of a sword... I am just using it to piss you off in all honesty. After all, wouldn't it be funny if the best sword user in the universe lost a sword fight against someone who isn't even a swordsman?"

With those taunting words, the fight between the two of them resumed once more.

Unlike earlier, there were no big explosions. No powerful sword intent that could reach the heavens and tear down the earth. It was just a clash between two swords.

Clang~

Swords clashed.

Blood flowed.

—And Lilith was gradually getting cornered.

Sol moved leisurely as he moved his head to dodge another one of her sword strikes with utmost ease.

“You have reached your limits.”

His words were cold, harsh, and blunt. Uncaring of what the one they were directed towards may feel...

“All your movements are now apparent in my eyes.”

His lips trudged to form an arrogant smile as his sword pierced her shoulder.

“You thought you could beat me as a Duke?”

He laughed at her words as he blocked her sword without even breaking a sweat.

“Don’t make me laugh.”

He laughed when he saw the frustration that gradually marred the entirety of her face,

“Admit it, Lilith.”

He looked down on her with a condescending smile on his lips.

“You know it too, right? That you can never go further than this. That the path of the sword you so cherish can never truly slay an immortal.”

Lilith’s eyes grew cold at those words.

“Sol.”

"Are you feeling angry?"

He grinned maliciously...

"Do you refuse to accept the simple truth?"

He taunted her to no end...

"Then show it to me. The strongest attack you are so proud of."

"Do not force me, Sol..."

Lilith growled out each and every syllable. She could not use her true name. Could not rely on her avatar to attack her nephew.

In all her life, she had never been able to control a sword strike while using her full power. Using her accursed avatar.

"My sword can cut down anything."

Space and time. There was nothing her sword could not cut and she knew it more than anyone else.

This was why, during the fight in Lustburg, she had been unable to bring out her powers before Camelia activated the Holy Territory to protect the land.

Had she gone all out without any precautions, the entirety of the capital would have been erased from reality.

"You say that you can cut everything."

This time there was no mocking expression left on his face.

Only a pitiful smile, the kind you would give to a kid who could not understand the reality they lived upon.

"But you cannot even sever the strings of Fate that bind you to your misery."

His sword stopped short of plunging into her stomach.

"Use it, Lilith. Show me your power, the entirety of your powers, and let me show you how I break it into pieces."

Lilith's face became expressionless at that instant.

She knew Sol was taunting her. But...

No one. Absolutely no one could mock her sword.

『 Avatar — Tyrfing 』

Crack~

Her body broke further, almost shattering into pieces then and there. Unable to support the devastating power flowing through her after the activation of her True Name.

Tyrfing...

Sol's lips finally relaxed to form a peaceful smile.

A cursed sword... That could cut absolutely anything on its path. In the myths, every time this sword was used, someone had to die and the user would be followed by misery.

Facing this power, Sol knew immediately...

He could not avoid this sword by any normal means in his arsenal...

No matter how he looked at the strings of Fate. No matter which path he took, this sword would absolutely reach him beyond a shadow of a doubt if he stood in her path.

But he did not care...

This had been his goal all along.

He had been playing the director, the actor, and the producer of a long play and the first act was finally coming to an end with the climax that Lilith enacted.

'Did you watch this, all of you goddesses?'

Sol immediately entered his dimension. A place that should be untouchable by anyone else. But he knew—

『 Immortal Slaying Sword Art: Zero 』

A sword that could cut anything.

A sword that could destroy anything in its path.

A sword that would even destroy its user to slay the one that it was used against.

To such a sword, even the limits of dimensions were as flimsy as paper. Easily cut and destroyed.

Crack~

Standing in the monochrome Inverse World, Sol smiled as he observed the long ominous gash of kaleidoscopic light forming and breaking apart the gap between dimensions...

The void between the gap of dimensions was torn open into a horizontal gash as the sword strike of kaleidoscopic light swiftly approached his destination with the full intention of erasing him from reality.

The horizontal sword approached to tear him apart, but before it could touch him...

Shriek~

Another dimensional wall was erected between them as Sol literally erected another whole dimension between them using the power of mirrors of his Inverse World. The sword violently cut through the might of a whole dimension. It shrieked and screeched and finally... It dissipated into nothingness and he was left intact...

Sol heaved a strained sigh, his body was covered in blood and sweat and his mind was a little faint. Had he received this sword head-on, he would have died.

No ifs. No buts.

It was a sword of absolute destruction and demise. That would have erased every trace of him if he hadn't used the might of his dimension to hold it back. He looked up into the dimensional gap in the shape of a half-shattered mirror...

Watching Lilith stepping in his dimension out of her own free will, Sol smiled as he closed the dimensional gap behind her.

Her body had reached beyond the limits of her breaking point.

Her mana veins had gone completely dry and she could not even summon the slightest intent or will from inside her.

Sol flew and carefully hugged her in a princess carry to stop her from falling.

Her body was so fragile and brittle that he feared that she might break and shatter if he put too much strength in his arms.

"I told you... I can cut everything."

Sol smiled at the feeble words coming from her Lilith,

"I have never doubted it."



“Hehe...”

Lilith smiled feebly like a child happy to have been praised for her efforts.

She looked up and gazed at his face with a loose smile...

“I...am...glad...that you are alright...”

Lilith had gone beyond her limits with that attack. Beyond the powers of her accursed sword. She had used all her might and finally was able to control her powers to a certain extent and stop attack. Her depleted mana and body had also helped.

Sol knew that he could have not avoided that attack if she had been at her peak and if she had truly intended to kill him. Though he had been ready to use Nirvana on himself.

After all, for a short fleeting instant—Lilith power had reached that of a demigod.

Looking at the feebly smiling Lilith, he couldn't help but sigh...

'I am sorry for all the harsh things I said.'

But this was the most optimal path he could follow.

Everything had gone seamlessly and according to his predictions.

From now on, there would be no unwanted observers. The Goddesses could not gaze into his dimension.

Now that the first arc finally ended. It was time to continue on Arc two.

It was time for the second biggest con in the history of this world after Anubis stole a part of the afterlife to take place.

No matter what happened, no matter how it ended — There would be no proof of his crime of denying the order of the goddess.

— —

(EN:

Though the skies are dark with roiling storms,

I shall set the heavens ablaze with my iron drawn,

For I've vowed on my life to bring you home.

You can still end this story the way you want.

### [Son of the Hero King](#)

#### **Chapter 434: CH 399: PLAN**

The world inside Sol's dimension, the Inverse World, was a place that was the perfect copy of the real world, yet it was lacking in vitality as there was no life on this side. This was something Sol had never truly managed to understand. But now wasn't the time to think about that

“This place makes me feel strange.”

Hathor muttered as she observed this place while the others that entered did the same.

The most uncomfortable one among them was, of course, Isis. After all, thanks to her name she was able to fight back the weird intent that was constantly trying to invade her mind, she was not a proper King and that’s why there was only so much she could do. Sooner or later, if she were to continue lingering in this place, she will have to give in.

But she knew for a fact that she didn’t have to stay here for long so she was willing to bear with it. Her place in this plan would be short.

Ambrosia stayed silent, her gaze fixated on the slumbering Lilith cooped up in Sol’s arms.

‘What is that monster?’

She had to give her all to keep her expression neutral and indifferent. The last strike that Lilith launched had completely torn apart the dimensional walls as if they never existed in the first place.

That attack had the might of a demigod even though it did not have the energy necessary to back it up. Ambrosia had a headache just thinking about this illogical reality.

No matter how skilled you were, to reach a certain level of power, a certain amount of energy was still necessary.

It was like a clear and absolute formula. One the witches had been working on for almost a millennia now in order to perfect.

But Lilith, with her dying body and nearly dry mana reserves, launched a strike that went beyond what should be theoretically possible and entered the realms that few beings could ever hope to reach.

‘This could be the next step for humanity as a whole.’

Humans, by definition, were the weakest race. Even strong humans needed the power of a contract to reach their maximum power levels and fully unearth their potential and all those who did were either Blessed or had a relation to the gods.

This was an absolute and unshakeable reality. A clear fact. Even Sol or Lilin did not escape from the confines of this rule. As most of their powers came from their hybrid origin. The same went for the witches or the priests.

But Lilith?

‘Hahaha. From what I was told, the previous king named Neptune said that Lilith was a failure?’

Ambrosia leaked a low hollow laugh, wondering what that man would think if he could see his creation right now.

‘I truly need to save her.’

Ambrosia decided resolutely. Not only to help Sol, nor to simply pay back her debt, but because she was seeing a new possibility— a clear path for all humans to tread.

Even though she doubted that many humans could actually thread the same path as Lilith, if they could obtain even a tenth of her power, things would change drastically.

“Sol, are you alright?”

Medea approached Sol and asked in a quiet tone. They didn’t have much time to speak with each other ever since what happened last time in her world. But none of them were worried about the clash as they knew it would change nothing in their relationship.

“Hah, don’t worry. I should have put an end to this sooner but I was interested in seeing how I would fare against Lilith’s sword intent. The ultimate sword, I wanted to face it.”

He grinned and looked down at his body, “The result is much better than I thought. Given that she did not try to cut my soul, that is.”

Medea was speechless at how Sol could still laugh even though he looked like a tomato that became too ripe with all the blood covering him from head to toe.

Persephone silently approached him from the side and Sol gave Lilith to her to take care of. It was important to stabilize Lilith's current state without filling her body with energy. Bringing her to the brink had both been a tired and bloody work. One he did not wish to participate willingly in the near future.

Sol sighed as he brought out the Holy Flames to accelerate his healing factor while chasing away the intent that was gnawing away at his wounds.

It would take a little bit of time for him to fully recover but he simply needed to be in a good state to enact their following plans.

“Do you think we can really fool the goddesses?”

“Oh, no. Not at all. They aren’t stupid. They will definitely ‘know’ that we did something. What matters though is to make sure that Invidia cannot ‘prove’ that we did something against their orders. This will be an open crime per se. After all...

“A crime is only a crime when you are actually caught.” [1]

Sol smiled at the dumbfounded expression the witches were giving him. He knew that he had to explain himself a bit for them to fully understand his approach. After all, any hesitation might prove fatal.

“Honestly, this isn’t some master plan that will blow your minds away. I like to believe that I am smart. But I am not so great that I can somehow fool a group of beings who have lived since the dawn of time.”

Sol knew his limitations very well. This was why the presence of Aurora had been a game-changer for him.

“For starters, there is one thing I noticed after my interactions. The goddesses are not truly monolithic.”

This was normal. As long as it wasn’t some sort of a hive mind, there would always be different opinions in a group of individuals.

“Currently, Luxuria and Castitas are on my side.”

This was an absolute certainty. From the way none of the goddesses even mentioned his goal of conquering the mortal world, he was sure that whatever Luxuria was doing, she was moving behind her sisters' backs and she had placed all her bets on him.

As for Castitas, he was friendly enough with her, not enough to warrant full support, but still what he had noticed was that in this large group of 14 goddesses, each twin goddesses were obviously closer to each other than they were with their other siblings.

"Superbia will not attack me."

This also meant that Humilitas, Superbia's twin, would not oppose him as well.

"I do not know about the others goddesses as I have never met them, but I think the goddesses of the Chimera race won't be particularly bothered by what I am about to do."

This would mean that he had between four to six goddesses on his side and hopefully, a few more would take a neutral stance. Sol hadn't only been silent during his attempt to bargain. The moment he realized things were going in the wrong direction, he simply decided to shut up and observe.

Only by obtaining more information would he have been able to deal with the problem more effectively. In the end, he noticed something clear in the way the goddesses acted.

"They underestimate mortals so most of them won't move as long as we do not go too far."

This was a simple reality. Of course, it did not stop here,

The whole reason why Invidia tried to incite him into acting out. The reasons she clearly wished for him to not accept her judgment.

"Invidia will not or can not attack me without enough justification on her side."

He smiled, "So we will give no obvious proof for her to latch on. As long as I give a reasonable script, then most of them will be happy to turn a blind eye toward our transgression."

Ambrosia closed her eyes. There was a young boy who awakened only a few months ago, when all things considered, and he was already plotting so much against the goddess.

This was a great plan. But...

"You rely too much on hypothesis. Nothing in your plan is absolutely concrete outside perhaps Luxuria's desire to protect you."

Indeed, this was the greatest hole in Sol's plan. But she could see his smile stretch further when she pointed this out.

"I know."

He obviously knew this more than anyone else. There were so many variables in his plans that he would not be able to finish listing them all. However...

"I have two things that will make sure this plan will not fail."

"Which are?"

“Firstly, on my side, I have you, Anubis, and Tiamat. Even Lilith herself would join the fray once she is healed. Camelia and perhaps even Gabriel can also be listed. In the end, antagonizing me without proof will only make the situation more complicated for the goddesses.”

He had too many powerful people on his back. The goddesses wouldn't wish to see him join the Chaos faction with them in tow and while he didn't plan to ever do that, as he did not adhere to the faction's ideology, he didn't need to tell them about that.

But his second and greatest assurance was of course...

“As long as the probability of success exists. I can change this probability into certainty.”

The divine energy he had saved in his body for this moment began to boil and churn as if it were to be woken up from a deep slumber.

“Well then, shall we start?”

The last time he fought Nihil, he had used his power to establish the Rule of Three, bidding Nihil so that she would never be able to face him before he was ready.

This time he would use Fate to write a new story.

The story of a woman who after facing hardship after hardship all throughout her life, realized her true self and finally managed to break through to a new level.

The most standard trope in a power fantasy.

Divine power swelled and churned inside his body as it radiated in an overbearing golden aura of absolutism. And with that flashy show of power, his realm spiked to that of a bonafide demigod.

He ignored the astounded gazes thrown at him from every single person while adjusting his power and the feeling of his sealed strength.

『 Zone: Deus Ex Machina 』 [2]

### [Son of the Hero King](#)

#### **Chapter 435: CH 400: VAJRAYOGINI**

『 Zone: Deus Ex Machina 』

This was the unique power Sol had achieved from his desire to not be bound by Fate back in the Astral Realm.

A zone that was closer to a divine ability than anything else, any power that didn't include the goddesses. The power to write stories as he wished to a certain degree.

When using this power as a Duke, Sol was faced with different and very frustrating limitations due to the large amount of energy necessary to enact the power.

But now, by using the divinity dwelling in his body and bringing back his body to the power level of a Demigod, Sol had to admit that he felt almost invincible.

He felt that, even if he was to fight Tiamat or Anubis while winning was impossible and absolutely out of the equation, defeat could also be avoided.

This was simply the result of forcibly improving his power without having a proper base to build it upon. Neither a True name nor an Avatar. He didn't even have a Territory.

Once he properly reached the level of demigod? Sol shuddered in anticipation of that time to come.

"Sol..."

Isis's voice brought Sol back to earth. Thanks to the link between them, she could currently share a part of his feelings.

"I am sorry. Getting used to this feeling is a daunting task."

The euphoria coursing through his vein currently was mind-numbing. Power was indeed the greatest and most powerful drug a man could ever desire for.

But Sol knew that he could not let himself be swept away by the flow and corruption of power. He had to control it, master it, and steers it in the direction that was most appropriate for him.

Standing in the world filled with the threads of Fate, he felt like only one thought from him was enough to change the law and even the very foundation of this world.

He took a deep breath, then exhaled out loud.

'Focus.'

The threads all around him became clearer in his eyes.

He had many small goals when conducting this act.

He gazed at the golden thread related to Invidia connecting Lilith. It was a faint thread and cutting it would be easier than ever.

"Let's start."

The four witches looked at each other and prepared themselves.

They had been extremely surprised by the sudden rise in power Sol was now showing. They had heard about his feats during the war. But seeing this phenomenon with their own eyes was quite a bit different.

Thankfully, they knew that they could keep their questions for later and so became serious about the important task ahead.

The four witches advanced together until they were standing around Lilith in four different directions.

A star with six branches, taking a hexagonal shape, appeared on the ground with Lilith laying down perfectly in the center.

When they reached this part, Isis and Hathor also walked forward and took positions on the two remaining branches of the hexagon that were unoccupied till now.

The hexagram, as the witches liked to call this formation, started to shine as the six powerhouses began to fill the circle with their mana.

"We are a tad bit short."

"Sorry. My realm isn't enough to keep a perfect synchronization with everyone."

"Don't worry. We already anticipated something like this."

Kali spoke lightly. Even though Isis was a divine beast, the quality, purity, and quantity of mana she could bring in as a mere Duke was relatively low when compared to a King.

A portal opened as one of Isis' undead at the King level appeared and poured mana through her body.

In a fight, this would have been an outrageous and stupid waste of energy.

But there were no constraints in place here.

The mana of different colors continued to meld and fuse and when the equilibrium was finally reached, the multicolored hexagram changed into a deep black and eerie color.

"The alchemy circle is ready."

Ambrosia muttered. In terms of alchemy, she was inferior to no one as she had been one of the main participants in the G.O.D project alongside Anubis and Echidna.

The work Neptune had done during his insane project was truly the work of a genius. But the lack of experience could be seen clearly.

The alchemy circle they were currently using could be seen as a six-pointed star or as two inverted triangles.

The mystical union of the two triangles represented the concepts of creation and rebirth.

"First we need to stabilize the two bloodlines in her body."

One of the reasons for Lilith's plight was that her human and succubus blood were not in harmony and, in fact, constantly fought against each other for dominance over her body. Thus, it created negative results where her body became too weak and her succubus blood tried to devour her own body as a result.

"Kali. You go first."

Kali closed her eyes. When she had been asked to participate in this madness, she had thought that Sol had finally gone crazy.

She took a deep breath and looked at Sol, asking him silently if he was really serious about this. Asking him for one last assurance so that she could escape from this madness.

To this, Sol simply nodded his head. His expression was grave but his decision was made.

Seeing this, Kali could only grit her teeth. Either way, it was already too late to stop after invoking that circle. Her previous thoughts had just been a way to escape her current reality. Nothing more.

『 Avatar : Shiva 』

Even though Kali summoned the power of her True Name, there was no great explosion of power nor any noticeable change that occurred in her.

After all, she had brought out her Avatar, not for a fight but in order to help her operate even more carefully.

"I am ready. What about you two?"

She gave a look toward Hathor and Persephone.

Once she received the confirmation from them she slowly brought her hand forward and a ball of light flickered in her hand before floating toward Lilith's body.

Kali was the Witch of Destruction. A power she honed after years and years of research and training.

There were few things she could not destroy and this did not only relate to big things that were found in nature.

The ball stopped above Lilith's chest and slowly, very slowly, entered her body.

Kali extended her senses. She could not allow herself to make even the slightest semblance of any mistake.

The energy spread slowly through the interior of Lilith's body.

Had she been awake or had her body been filled with any mana, this action would have been impossible to enact. After all, Lilith was no weaker than her in terms of both power and her status as a Kinge-rank being.

But this impossible situation became possible after Sol made sure to reduce Lilith's mana to near zero.

Once Kali was sure that Lilith's whole body was filled with all of her energy, she did something that could be considered one of the most heinous things to do to an individual and a warrior no less.

Using the power of destruction... She neatly and perfectly — Erased all of Lilith's mana veins.

Lilith's body trembled as blood began to leak out from her lips. Even though Kali had been extremely meticulous in her task, the trauma and backlash one would receive due to losing all of their mana veins were simply too much for the body to bear.

Hathor and Persephone acted immediately and began to use their power to heal Lilith as fast as possible.

It took a few minutes, but when they were done, she was perfectly healed and healthy.

There was only one problem. If nothing changed, Lilith would only be a normal person from now on.

Furthermore...

"Medea."

"I am on it."



『 Avatar : Chronos 』

Without the constant protection of her mana veins, the ordinary body of Lilith was now even more fragile under the devouring of her bloodline.

If she was left like this, Persephone and Hathor would have to continuously heal her for her to even sustain her life. But Medea managed to change this by freezing the body in time directly after Persephone and Hathor had healed her body to its most optimal state.

"Isis, how is it going?"

"She is alright. I managed to stop her soul from leaving her body."

A sigh of relief leaked out of their mouths after hearing that statement. One of the most important mana veins in a human's body was close to the heart.

For an instant, Lilith effectively died after having that vein destroyed due to Kali's powers. Had there been no one to prevent it, it would have been possible for her soul to fly out of her body and simply enter the afterlife.

Thankfully, Isis used the power of her True Name — 『 Ereshkigal 』 — without hesitation to help them out.

She wasn't a true King yet, but it was more than enough for now.

The operation had only started for a few minutes but they were all already sweating from the nerves of the dire situation.

The only one who was feeling a little relaxed was Freya. But she knew that her main role in this operation was simply to provide the necessary energy required for this operation.

High above them, Sol was floating cross-legged with his eyes closed as he continued to observe the threads of Fate.

Whenever a small mistake could happen, he would simply prevent that Fate from unfolding by deviating to a more optimal path leading to their success.

He was consuming far less energy than he did during his fight against the two demigods, but he knew that this one wasn't much different in terms of consumption.

Ambrosia, who was floating next to Sol, looked down with curiosity.

– For a new beginning, there is a need for there to be an end –

This was what Sol mentioned to them when they asked him why he was so adamant about breaking her veins.

They understood then that Sol didn't just wish to heal Lilith.

He intended to completely revamp all the functions of her body and create her anew.

If he succeeded — Her thought stopped when she felt an aura of dread that made her soul shiver in fright and immediately distanced herself from Sol.

"You..."

From who knows where a pair of black scissors appeared in his hand.

At first, it looked like an ordinary pair of scissors with an odd color scheme.

But she could feel that this was a dangerous weapon, one having enough power to even make her feel dread and despair that she had stopped feeling after having stepped on the path of a demigod.

'What is he doing?'

Her eyes widened further as Sol moved his other hand and seemingly caught something out of thin air.

She could not feel it. She could not see it. She could not even sense it.

But— \*Snap\*

Without a shadow of a doubt, even though she did not know what it exactly was, she knew that something was cut. And it was something that had the power to affect reality itself.

'What the hell?'

She watched as Sol groaned and a trace of blood poured from his eyes, nose, and lips.

She approached him hurriedly but he stopped her from coming closer.

"Do not worry. I just underestimated the repercussions slightly. It won't happen again."

His voice was light and his eyes were bright like the sun.

She could feel his aura slowly change as he seemed to have come to a realization.

"Kali. Start phase two. Now..."

Kali nodded and this time she was even more nervous than before.

If what she did previously was still in the realm of possibility, what she was about to do now was logically and scientifically so stupid that she nearly slapped Sol when he proposed this.

What she had to do now.

— was to burn away Lilith's succubus bloodline.

'This isn't a Xianxia for fucks sake!'

Kali cursed inwardly. Her brain kept telling her that things like adding or erasing a bloodline were purely impossible. It was no different than completely collapsing the entire genetic code of a person and killing them entirely.

But she also knew that this was not a world of logic in the first place. As such, she stopped thinking altogether and merely focused on her task.

She spread her senses to the extremities of her control and this time Freya intervened as well and helped her using her True Name.

『 Avatar : Ouranos 』

But even then this wouldn't be enough for them to do such a daunting task. They would need someone experienced in this field.

"Mother. I can't do it alone."

"Do not worry. Simply follow my lead."

Both Sol and Ambrosia floated back down close to the magical hexagram.

Ambrosia had also been shocked when Sol proposed this part to them. But unlike Kali, she knew that it was surely possible. As Chimera worked on a principle close to this.

Lilith as a homunculus was not much different in that regard.

Sol stayed silent as he brought his wrist above Lilith's mouth.

He wasn't crazy. All he needed was for Lilith to become fully human. By cutting the link with Invidia, with those black scissors of Causality, he made sure that the following operation would be even easier for them.

One of Lilith's greatest limitations was her weak body. She did not need her succubus power and had never needed it, to begin with.

As long as she obtained a body and mana vast and strong enough to sustain her powers, then it would be more than enough and who else in this realm had a stronger body than him?

"Now."

Everyone immediately worked in concert with each other. Kali with Freya and Ambrosia helped destroy Lilith's accursed bloodline.

Lilith seemed to crumble in herself. Her body distorted as her genetic chain completely collapsed.

But she did not die yet.

Medea, Persephone, Hathor, and Isis made sure of that by continuously restoring her body and holding in her soul.

Kali heaved and puffed out strained breaths. This was far more complicated than simply destroying the mana veins in her body.

This part of the operation lasted for more than a few hours as she had to continuously keep a constant flow of energy.

She still had enough energy, but from a mental viewpoint, she was nearing a breaking point.

Thankfully, at last...

"It is done."

She heaved a sigh of relief but could not look at Lilith.

Her body was deformed beyond belief. She looked more like a clump of flesh than anything else.

But — She was still alive. Her soul was still present in her body, if that could even be called a body at this point that is.

This was all Sol needed as he slit her wrist and began pouring golden divine blood on her deformed body.

Not the divine blood of Luxuria nor even that of Superbia.

—But the one generated by the new divine power inside his body.

Sol closed his eyes.

Currently, Lilith was a 'Human'. The purest of all humans to be exact.

While he was a divine beast at the demigod level.

When the witches were studying Lilith and Pandora's blood, he had been busy studying what made the witches what they were.

And just like how Asmodeus created her own variation of humanity.

Sol too would create his own— starting with his dear aunt, Lilith.

He placed his hands together and started to manipulate the threads of Fate between them.

It was time to induce the ultimate enlightenment for Lilith.

<<A story of enlightenment: Vajrayogini>> [1]

Like a maestro conducting the greatest musical, Fate moved under his will and slowly created a new connection between the two of them.

"Hathor, Isis, the three of us will start Nirvana now."

The elevation of the Blood, Body, and Mind.

He had started the prologue of a new story. But the next pages of this epic would depend on Lilith and only herself.

Was she up to the task?

### [Son of the Hero King](#)

#### **Chapter 436: CH 401: I AM NOT A SWORD**

When Lilith opened her eyes, she found herself in a world filled with thousand upon thousand of swords and buried in snow.

Even though there was no moon nor sun in the cloud-covered sky, a dim light was still present, illuminating this whole place.

In the far, one could see a hill with even more swords and on that hill—Was a Blade piercing the top. A blade so large it looked like a mountain.

At one glance, it was a world filled with an infinite number of blades. But from another viewpoint, it was a world filled with an infinite number of graves

“This place...”

Emotion flashed in Lilith’s eyes as she recognized this place and the giant blade.

This was her mindscape and her Door of Truth.

The state of the mindscape reflected the mentality and personality of the user.

For Lilith, it was impossible to dissociate swords from Snow and Death.

“I am finally dead?”

What happened after death? Lilith didn’t really know. From what the scriptures said, once someone died, they would go through the Afterlife and forget their past life before being reincarnated. What life they would have next would depend on the Karma of their previous life.

“Death is pretty boring.”

She lay down on the snow-covered ground and looked at the dark and cloudy sky. All this time, she had wished to die, wished to leave the world as her end was a determined and inescapable reality.

“I wonder if Lilin is crying.”

She doubted it. This girl should hate her, right? After all, she had truly been a bad mother all her life.

“I wonder if Sol is cursing at me.”

She had sworn to take care of Sol but in the end, she had also been quite neglectful. The ones who truly took care of and raised him were Camelia, Medea, and Milia.

She smiled as she thought of Camelia and how the woman should still be sleeping after being completely drunk.

Her smile slowly vanished when she realized that she could have spent way more time with her friend if she had stopped isolating herself.

What if she had opened her heart to Camelia about her trouble sooner? What if she had truly tried to survive?

She thought about her other friends. Pandora and her bad habits of overthinking. Persephone and her way of seeing life and death, Theresa and her absurd luck, Arachne and her talent with art, and even the innocent and naive Iris who was now the Supreme Daughter of Industria.

It was hard to say that all of them were her close friend in the same way Camelia was. But they were certainly the people closest to her.

“Haha...”

Lilith let out a hollow laugh as she covered her face with her forearm. Even so, it was impossible to hide the tears that started streaming down her face.

She would never be able to drink or fight with Camelia. She would never see Lilin or Sol grow up.

Even when they fought and faced difficulties, she would not be present to help them carry the weight on their shoulder.

—Finally...She would never truly be able to reach the peak of the sword. She would never be able to draw the most beautiful and perfect movement and truly live up to the name of her sword.

“How Pathetic.”

She did not understand why suddenly all those emotions she had been repressing came at her like this. She thought that she had gotten rid of all her regrets. But clearly, she had been wrong.

They say that it was only after losing something that you realized how important it was.

She had bathed in self-loathing and hatred for so long that she forgot that, while it was important to not forget the past, it was as important if not more to never stop looking at the future.

How long did she stay like this? She did not know.

In the end, she simply wiped the tear away and stood up. She wondered how long she would stay in this place before moving to the afterlife.

She wondered if this was a punishment for her indolence or if she would be forced to stay in this place eternally.

“Should I take a look?”

She had never truly been interested in her mindscape after becoming a Duke. If this place was supposed to become her Eternal hell, then she should at least take a look.

She walked up in the field of snow and sword silently and finally approached her gate of truth which was in the form of a sword.

On the gigantic blade, she could see words engraved on it. Even without reading them, she knew very well what those words were.

When one became a Duke, it was necessary to find the Truth in one heart, and only after becoming a King would that Truth become unchangeable as it would serve as the foundation of the True Name.

“I am a sword.”

This was the Truth she had chosen to follow all those years ago and this was the truth that should have been engraved on her Gate.

But...

\*Crack\*

A small crack appeared on the Gigantic blade at the place where her Truth was written.

“What...?”

Lilith could not believe her eyes.

“What is happening.”

She took a step back as more and more cracks appeared on the sword.

But it wasn't this. The ground, the sky, and everything as far as the horizon could see. Cracks appeared everywhere, spreading longer and farther until there was no place that was spared from them.

In the end, the inevitable happened.

Like a castle made out of the sand, or like a stack of domino, the cracks reached the limit and finally the world — broke.

Lilith was speechless as she observed her inner world getting completely destroyed for no apparent reason.

She could say nothing, do nothing, the world slowly vanished and in the end, when everything else broke, all that was left was one sword, a large sword no different from the one she usually use but when compared to the previous gate, it was so small it was negligible.

She gazed silently at this sword floating in a world of infinite pure white. There was no sky and even though she was not falling, she could feel no ground.

Above, below and all around her, she was alone in a silent world with nothing in it but a sword and herself.

She could not feel her power anymore. She could not resonate with her truth nor could she summon her name.

There was only one time when she had felt so powerless.

It was before she ever held a sword in her hand. Back when she was just a pretty experiment and when it was revealed that she had no Capacity and as such would never be able to form a contract.

Weak, powerless, helpless, and completely alone.

Lilith looked up.

What should she do?

She contemplated simply giving up and laying down. But something—Something was telling her that she could not. That this was a second chance. A chance to redeem herself. A chance to reach a new horizon.

<<Tyrfing>> was a failed sword. Even though she had reached a height that allowed her to cut space apart, it was too hard to control.

Lilith slowly walked until she reached the lone sword standing proudly. She put her hand around the handle and pulled the sword out.

It was only now, that she was holding this sword that she felt her fear and confusion settle down.

Now that she had no mana she could feel and had neither a Truth nor a name, all she could do was the most basic sword movements with no intent behind them.

There were eight simple attacking angles in sword fighting. Down to the left, slantways down to the right, crossways up from the left, diagonally up from the right, and left and right strikes in parallel.

If one had to simplify it even more, moving a sword boiled down to four simple steps. Cutting, Thrusting and Measuring the distance and Tempo.

'How long had it been?'

Either since Mars's death, she had never truly tried to reach a higher level nor did she try to improve. She was unable to do so as it was necessary for her to carefully manage the energy she consumed less she hastened her death.

Even though she had trained Lilin, it was only during their last fight that she had truly gone all out with no regard for her health.

But now...Since she was already dead—Then she could do what she had missed all along.

Lilith moved her sword. It felt slow and clunky. But she did not stop.

This was her mind space so she did not feel fatigued. Tirelessly, she simply swung her sword.

She repeated the most basic movement, ten, hundred, or even a thousand times without ever stopping. Always improvising, always making her sword reach a higher degree of precision.

As she did this, she began to think about herself and her reason to wield the sword.

Why did she wish to slay immortals?

Perhaps because she wished to bring down those proud beings who could boast an eternal life while looking down on an abomination like her who only had a limited amount of time.

Immortal beings could afford to train slowly for hundreds of years with no fear as time was meaningless for them.

Meanwhile, mortals had to toil every day like it was their last. Working from morning to night, making sure to make every last moment count.

For immortals, Time was a common commodity. For Mortal, Time was a luxury.

'Hah...'

Even though there should have been no air, the sword finally made a satisfying sound as it cut through the wind.

The feeling of joy that swept through her heart as she made one true and good strike was like nothing before. This reminded her of what she felt when she first learned how to use sword.

For her, it was not a duty. Nor an obligation and even less something she had no choice but to do.

Moving her sword, learning to use it in the best way possible. All of this was her joy and brought contentment to her heart.

The reason she first took the sword. The reason she learned everything she did now.



When she was still learning about the world, the sight of that young boy moving under the snow with his sword in hand.

This was where everything began for her. This was the first time she had thought of something as truly beautiful.

‘Why did I forget this?’

It was not because she wanted to be a sword. A sword could only be used but could never be the user.

A sword alone could only be a sharp weapon. But without an equally masterful handler, it could never go beyond.

In order to truly feel this reality. Being a sword was the wrong way.

What she had to do. What she should have done all this time — Was to become one with the sword.

Rather than becoming the greatest sword, she would reach the peak by becoming the greatest swordswoman. One could use all swords and cut everything in her path even if she was holding nothing but a leaf between her finger.

The sword in her hand changed. Large sword, long sword, short sword, rapier, curved sword, or even double-edged sword.

From nowhere, mana slowly swirled in her body but she did not pay attention to it.

<<Sword Intent: Thousand sword Mastery>>

But it wasn’t enough. She could not reach the peak with just this.

She needed more. Her movement became faster but sharper and much more precise. No matter what sword appeared in her hand, she could master it instantly.

She wanted to master all swords.

<<Sword Intent: One with the Sword>>

Suddenly, she felt a complete serenity. Like a calm lake. Her mind was at peace, void of all distracting thoughts.

She was not just swinging her sword anymore. Anyone who watched her would be mesmerized as she moved like she was dancing. Her figures, traced a graceful arc in the fully white void.

She was not a sword. Swords were just an extension of her body.

She was no one slave. She simply choose to wield her sword for those she cared for.

What she wished for, what she truly wanted more than anything in this world. More than following Mars, more than protecting Sol or anything else.

It was a thoroughly selfish and self-centered goal. But...It was Her goal. Her wish. Not one imposed on her by a madman. Not a wish born from the shadow of a ghost nor a feeling of obligation.

What she wished for was — To sever everything and surpass all limits.

<<Zone: Beyond The Boundaries.>>

It was a simple horizontal slash. But it was the most beautiful one she had ever done.

The infinite white void broke. A new world appeared.

Unlike the previous snow-covered ground filled with swords, it was a world of mountains each larger than the other.

In the sky, hundred of thousand of stars stretched into infinity. But if one took a closer look, they would realize that those stars were in fact swords. Beautifully carved swords in all shapes, lengths, and forms, as numerous as the sea of stars.

Looking at this new beautiful world that was so unlike her previous one, Lilith smiled as her eyes twinkled with the light of enlightenment.

“One sword to cut space, one sword to cut time, and one sword to cut even the Heaven Apart.”

She muttered slowly as a new technique was created in her mind. It was the second chapter of her Immortal Slaying Sword.

A sword that was meant to cut gods themselves.

A God Slaying Sword. A sword that went beyond Time and Space.

A sword that could do the impossible. Break the unbreakable and kill what could not be killed.

It was—<<The Sword of the End.>>

Lilith gasped as mana filled her body even more. In the past, she was born with an above-average quantity of Mana. But it was nothing particularly impressive when compared to the monsters surrounding her.

But now...She felt like her mana was simply limitless.

Her power grew, her strength increased and her mind expanded.

Shadow lurked behind her, chains tightened around her, trying to keep her to stay back. Screaming at her. Asking her if she was ready to truly give up all the convictions of her past life. To give up on the only one who had ever cared for him in the past. To forget the past she had cherished so much for all those years.

But she ignored them.

The past was history. Something that could never be changed.

The future was full of mystery. She did not know if she would ever regret her decision now.

But all of this did not matter. The present was what was shaped by her own hands.

“Bygone!”

The shadow receded, the chains broke and she walked free.

The world itself screamed as the name <<Tyrfing>> was completely erased and a new Name took its place.

<<Avatar: Musashi>> [1]

Names had power. Lilith did not know the myth or legend and power bestowed to her name. But she knew that she finally went from simply being a cursed sword that could not be used, to becoming the most skillful swordswoman to have ever existed.

“I...am a king once again?”

Lilith laughed in disbelief. She thought she had died. She thought she was being punished.

But this was completely different.

In terms of pure raw power, it was hard to say if she was truly stronger than her previous self with her previous Name.

But even though this was the case, Lilith felt that the current her could destroy her past self with nearly no difficulty.

‘No. I am not just a King.’

She could feel it faintly. Her power went beyond what a King should have. But she was unable to access that power as she lacked one important step, creating her own territory.

Once that step was completed—She would become a Demigod.

Lilith looked up at the highest mountain, where there was a door shining with a bright and warm light.

She began to walk towards it. Her instincts were telling her that it was time to leave. That she had yet to have digested fully the energy that was bathing her soul and that she could only take that last step in the Real world.

One more step.

Until she finally reached the door.

She took one last look over her shoulder.

A world filled with a mysterious and solemn air. Mountains so high, they reached the sky and were surrounded by clouds. A pure air filled with mana, an unnumerable amount of swords in the sky.

This was her mindscape.

This was the realization of her new truth and understanding of the world.

It took ‘dying’ for her to understand this truth.

She knew very well that she was given a second chance.

One more chance than many in this world would ever have the luck to obtain.

She would not waste this chance.

—

When Lilith opened her eyes. She found herself in the monochrome-colored dimension belonging to Sol. She could see all those who had worked hard to bring her back to life. She had never felt so alive than at this moment.

She had already felt it in her soul, but her current body was beyond her previous self. In the past, without mana, she had been physically weaker than most adult of her age.

But now, she felt like she could break everything with just her fist. This new life was a priceless gift.

But, what could she say? How could she express just how thankful she was at this moment?

“Welcome back.”

Lilith looked absentmindedly at Sol before finally giving a soft smile.

“I am back.”

—And this time, it was to stay.

[1]: Miyamoto Musashi is considered by many as the greatest swordsman in the world or at least the greatest in Japan. Musashi learned the sword at 13 and the first thing he did was beating a samurai. Later fought 60 duels and never lost a single one, even taking on legendary swordsmen like Sasaki Kojiro. Musashi arrived late and only fought with a wooden sword he had carved out of an oar on the boat he used to get there. He killed Kojiro with the wooden sword and then quickly fled from his vengeful allies. The dude even used dual sword. The creator of the Nito Ryu style. Basically, my dude is a Black swordsman by excellence. He literally recognized as: “Unrivalled Under Heaven”

### [Son of the Hero King](#)

#### **Chapter 437: 17:YoU LOSTTHIS TIME**

[Divine Realm]

A little earlier...

The divine realm was a place where time and space were extremely blurry and distorted. Even more so than it was in the Astral Realm.

Another difference in this realm was that the divine realm was divided into different Divine Kingdoms rather than just simple Territories.

Those were the places where the goddesses dwelled. Among the endlessly stretching ocean of stars.

If one could have a bird’s eye view of the entirety of this place, then one would realize that there were far more than just fourteen Divine Kingdoms in this place.

But outside of the fourteen related to the sin and virtues goddess, one related to Ymir, and two more Divine Kingdoms, the rest of the kingdoms were now in a state of ruin beyond even the faintest hopes of restoration.

Above all the Divine Kingdoms were three gigantic palaces that seemed to stretch beyond the horizon of providence.

Two of the palaces were showing a faint dim light while the third and largest one was also in a state of ruin like the other kingdoms.

It was in that ruined palace that the goddesses reunited when they had to discuss important matters.

This was the Divine Realm. A place where a magnificent pantheon once existed with all its insurmountable glory. A pantheon that was now nothing more than a shadow of its past self.

---

[Invidia's Divine Realm]

When the goddesses were not convening in the main palace, they would stay in their respective Kingdoms and observe the world or just experience the innumerable strings of the future.

Gods were absolute energy beings and the form they took was nothing but a matter of convenience for them.

The rules between the goddesses were rather simple.

They could not intrude into each other's dominions. Be it in the Astral Realm or in the Mortal Realm. Observation was still possible but no direct attack was allowed otherwise repercussions were required to be endured.

In the end, goddesses rarely observed the territory of the others as they had no interest in doing so.

This wasn't the case for Invidia, however.

Ever since the altercation with her sisters about the treatment of Sol, she had been observing Lustburg non-stop like a stalker.

Not only that she had even tried to observe the future of the individuals involved, but she could feel too many interferences hampering her observation.

Not only was Sol's future absolutely blurry and hard to read, but it was clear that Luxuria was also interfering.

She also tried to observe Lilith's future, but not only Lilith was basically a Singularity, but she could feel something like a fog blocking her sight whenever she tried to peer in and see beyond.

Invidia chalked it up to her relationship with Sol and did not think much more of it.

When she initially felt the fluctuations of power, Invidia's eyebrows rose in surprise and bewilderment.

She knew very well about Lilith's current circumstances. It wouldn't be a mistake to say that each swing of her sword now was paid with her life as collateral.

Her already dwindling lifespan was melting like snow under the radiant and merciless sun.

When she heard the name of Lilith's sword art, Invidia scoffed at the hubris of mortals who wished to do the impossible and reach beyond what they should be allowed to.

But she did not take her eyes away from her. Not even for a single second. Not even when she felt absolute disdain at her mere tricks in the name of arts.

Even though they were nothing but small ants fighting helplessly against the impossible, Invidia had to admit that there was something beautiful about chasing a seemingly impossible dream.

The reason gods observed mortals was that there was something beautiful at the core of such an inferior species.

Even more so when it was an ephemeral abomination like Lilith. Born from the struggle of another mortal who wanted to play god.

Their struggle was amusing. Their passion was attractive and the despair they felt at the end of their fleeting life when they realized that everything they did was futile gave her a rush like no other.

As such, she watched on.

She was absolutely certain that— Sol would never let Lilith die. No matter what and how he behaved.

It was an impossibility.

She had even taken into account the possibility of Sol hiding in his dimension to cure Lilith and as such, she had recently strengthened the link between them in order to be able to monitor her situation even if she could not observe her directly.

In a way, the current Lilith was as close as possible to Invidia without the possibility of her being her Blessed.

When Lilith broke the wall of dimension with her Sword, Invidia was indeed surprised. This was something that no one could do with just pure power.

One needed a deep understanding of the Laws of Time and Space to replicate this feat. Something Lilith didn't have. Neither of Space nor of Time. What she did have, however, was an intent to cut. To sever. To annihilate everything in her path.

But this was as far as her surprise went.

Lilith was dying. The last sword had hollowed her out of all her mana. Her body was devouring her own life.

Furthermore— Sol had closed his dimension.

'This is the moment!'

Invidia, in her human form, stood up and looked down below. She was feeling emotions like never before.

This was it. This was the moment she had been waiting for all along.

Sol would never let Lilith die. He would go against her order and save her. Then she would have the perfect justification to order a Holy Crusade against the sinner.

Finally, she would show her sister that her new toy was nothing more than a rebellious ungrateful bastard like all the others before him.

Her sisters would understand that she was neither crazy nor jealous nor a whistle-blower.

If she had a heart, her heartbeat would have accelerated enough for her to risk getting a stroke. If she could sweat, her palm would be sweaty because of how much stress she was feeling.

This was why....

When she felt the link between her and Lilith severed....

Invidia screamed with rage.

"This is impossible!!"

Her rage born from the mixture of disbelief, disappointment, and pain created a storm of annihilation as she shrieked out loud.

The only possible reason for the link to vanish was Lilith's death. There was no other way around it.

Because of how much she strengthened the link between them, she felt a deep pain in her soul due to the severance of their connection. But this pain was nothing in front of the absolute rage that was boiling inside of her.

But...

"This must be a play."

Invidia forced herself to not lose her wits.

She could not accept this reality.

She tried to read the future, but in all the few futures she could see, Lilith was indeed "dead".

But even then, she continued to believe that this was a play. An illusion. Created by the mortal she hated without equal.

The futures she could see were too severely limited to believe in them.

"I have to go down. Right now."

Invidia took a step.

Immediately, all semblance of her being a human vanished as her body grew to disproportionate dimensions.

Tall and vast enough to overlook the stars and hold them in her hands if she had the desire to do so.

She decided to break the dimensional walls and land in the space of that accursed play. That damnable illusion.

Goddesses could not see what was happening in dimensions belonging to dimensional mages.

But it wasn't like they couldn't forcedly enter if they wished to.

Tiamat was a false god. So it was one thing. But Sol was nothing more than a Duke.

No matter what trick he had, even if he used the divine powers of Luxuria to temporarily become a demigod, this would change nothing.

She did not have the coordinates of Sol's dimension but she would be able to find it if she focused on the task.

"Have you gone absolutely mad!?"

Her advance was stopped as an even more gigantic being appeared in front of her.

Luxuria. The eldest and strongest of them all.

"Sister! Why must you stop me!?"

Invidia screamed but Luxuria paid her no heed.

"When you used the rules we established against me, I stayed silent. Now you too must bow to the rules. If you move even an inch from this spot, I will attack you."

Invidia was not reconciled. She could not accept this.

It was one thing for Luxuria to scold her when she tried to break her toy.

But to even threaten her?

"Sister. You are letting a toy create a chasm between us?"

The fourteen of them had stayed together all the way since time immemorial.

Even when the Twilight of the Gods happened, they survived the madness-induced slaughter of their father by staying and protecting each other.

When Chaos and Order started to fight, they still protected each other.

Luxuria was now acting as if all those events were not even as important as a simple toy.

Seeing Luxuria staying silent, Invidia slowly lost hope.

She was losing the affection of her sister to a mortal, a mere mortal? A simple toy? A poor lost soul that was summoned to this world on a whim?

"Sister."

"Go back. Lilith died and was resurrected as an undead by Anubis' daughter. If you wish to declare a holy war against him for that then be my guest."

Invidia clamped her mouth shut.

She could see the others slowly gathering as they observed the situation.



In the end, the first one to step in was none other than Industria. The twin sister of Acedia and one of the angels' goddesses.

"The two of you know the rules. No infighting between us."

Out of all the rules they had created, this was perhaps the core one. The one that should absolutely never be disobeyed.

The only reason they survived all those ordeals was because of their unity.

Invidia bowed her head, "I wish to call for a new god summit to brand Sol Dragona Luxuria as a Heretic and declare a holy war against him."

She did not believe for one instant what Luxuria uttered just now. Undead were nothing but a shadow of their past self. Cursed and unnatural monsters unable to change or grow.

Even though they could look no different from their living self, there was something fundamentally lacking about them.

The other goddesses stirred at her declaration but Luxuria showed no expression.

In an instant, all of them projected their divine consciousness into the past in order to understand what happened for Invidia to ask for such a gathering.

Sadly for her...

Industria closed her eyes and shook her head,

"Luxuria's Blessed broke no rules as he let Lilith die. He may have used a loophole but it's not enough to accuse him. Innocent until proven guilty. The motion of branding him a heretic is rejected."

Luxuria smirked and turned around.

"Give up, sister. Stop obsessing over my Blessed."

The other goddesses looked at each other and slowly left.

The only one standing close to Invidia was her twin sister, Humanitas.

"Do you also believe I am crazy?"

Humanitas sighed.

"None of us are stupid, you know?"

Humanitas shook her head, "I do not know what he did exactly. But in the end, the rules are the rules. You lost this round."

Invidia closed her eyes.

This was indeed her loss.

—At least for now.

## Son of the Hero King

### **Chapter 438: VOL 12/CH 402:MY DEARCITIZENS**

[Lustburg]

Lustburg, is one of the seven kingdoms standing tall in the mortal realm. The kingdom represented all humanity and a few more mixed races.

It had now been two weeks since the Prince came back from his travel in the astral realm and the different territories surrounding the capital could feel the slow change that were happening.

The first startling news had been when all the bandits' groups who had started to settle and extort the traveling merchants near the capital were exterminated.

On that day, it was said that blood covered the ground as the Prince alone ravaged more than ten campgrounds.

Not only did he massacre a great number of bandits, but those who did survive were forcibly conscripted to serve as cannon fodder during the war.

It was for the reason that not all bandits were necessarily evil. Most of them were just young or old starving farmers who had no choice but to turn to banditry in order to have something to eat.

While they were still guilty, their circumstance allowed them to not be directly executed.

The prince made an open announcement that if they survived the war, those bandits would be released and given proper citizenship as well as a chance to redeem themselves.

As if not satisfied, the Prince followed by giving an extremely large reward in Lust coins, promising anyone adventurer who would bring the proof of bandits' presence in a place or exterminate them would be rewarded handsomely.

It was said that many nobles complained. As this would greatly affect the coffer of the kingdom. But all of this was useless as the Prince simply ignored them.

Overnight, the security greatly improved as Bandits who had been rampant went into hiding.

It was hard to assure this in the fringe of the Kingdom, but at least the center was slowly going back on the good track.

Aside from showing his might through his power, The Prince also announced the First Royal Examination which would take place in a month.

Education was not something particularly uncommon for peasants. All the previous Kings or queens had preached the importance of schooling children and King Mars had made sure to create an Academy in the capital where both nobles and commoners could enter.

Even King Neptune, despite being a simple puppet king funded many school courses, that were mostly related to science as a whole.

But the Royal Examination was different. No matter what was your position, your blood, or your origin. Whether you were a scholar or a fighter. Anyone could participate as there were different characteristics judged.

If this was all, people would be surprised but not particularly thrilled. But the rewards were simply too attractive.

After all, those who succeeded would be given permission to join the government.

All the citizens knew that after the recent rebellion, the administration had been quite affected.

They understood that the Prince wished to unearth talents and they knew that this was something they could not miss.

The number of young people with dreams in their eyes who started to walk toward the capital was unprecedented.

There was no one in this world who wished to live in mediocrity all their life. So all those who had even a shred of confidence in their talents were ready.

The first phase of the examination would happen in the three main Duchy. For the territory that were previously under the Gorfard Duchy, they were to find the examen center in the Marquis territory.

Once the first phase was finished, the winner would walk through a portal and reach the capital where they would have the chance to see the Prince and even receive the reward directly from the Prince and the Supreme Daughter if they finished with a high enough rank.

The last news that shocked people was the start of recruitment for the soldier.

This news gave the confirmation that all citizens had feared—War was coming, and there was absolutely nothing they could do.

At least that was what they thought until they were told that there would be no mandatory conscription.

This left many people speechless. After all, even the previous king did not get rid of mandatory conscription in times of war. Back then, Lustburg had been fighting against Greed Dyke so there was absolutely no leisure for them.

This time, rather than forced participation in the war, all those who decided to join the army would receive an annuity high enough to be free from the pain of hunger for a long time.

The consolation reward given to the family of the bereaved was also tripled and it was officially announced that people with enough achievement could, not only become knights as it was common but also receive a true hereditary noble title as Baron with a land.

This was perhaps the greatest news all citizens had heard in decades and it was even more so when they learned what followed.

.

.

On that day, all the citizens of Lustburg looked at the sky as the picture of a young golden-haired man sitting on a golden throne was projected in the sky.

The last time they had seen this young man was during the prince ceremony as he fought in the Gladiator arena.

The prince back then had been dashing and powerful but anyone could see that he still had much to learn.

The one they were looking at right now was completely different.

Wearing a simple white military suit embroidered with gold medals. Showing an easygoing but heavy smile.

Even though they were separated by a screen, none of them dared to focus on his face as many of them lowered their head and another vast majority outright kneeled on the ground.

“My Dear citizen.”

His voice was calm,

“I am the Bearer of bad news, but it is my duty to share this to every last one of you.”

Their heart started to thump as they anticipated what would be announced,

“War is coming.”

The reactions were varied. Old people closed their eyes as they remembered the time they wished to forget.

Mothers hugged their children while thinkings of the deceased that would never come back, children looked around, confused by the solemnity in the air, while some young people showed excitement at the news. Already imagining themselves riding on the battlefield and fighting for honor.

“The ruthless Tyrants of Wratharis; the ungrateful man who seized the throne by slaying his own blood-related brother, decided to break the peace earned by my beloved and respected father.”

Few people noticed how the prince covered his face while seeing this but their hearts went to him. Thinking that he was overwhelmed by rage and sadness.

Silence reigned for a while before the Prince took away his hand, “My dear Citizens, I apologize.”

All other Lustburg, citizen opened their eyes wide. They could see the reddening of his eyes. The emotions in his voice but more than anything — The Prince apologized.

“My incompetence led to the Tyrant landing his hungry gaze on us. It’s because he believes us weak that he so brazenly decided to attack. But— He made a mistake.”

Everyone looked up, their eyes hanging on every word that came from his lips, wondering what he would say.

“Weak I may be. Inexperienced surely. But...WE are not weak! Lustburg is not helpless! My citizens are stronger than anyone else!”

The sadness was replaced by a blazing inferno as the Prince stood up and clamored.

The blood of the crowd began to boil at his words.

“I, Sol Dragona Luxuria. Crown Prince and Future King of this land hereby declare.”

The tension was at its maximum.

“Be not afraid — For victory will be ours!”

It was like a wave.

Many people were septical. Many more knew that this was nothing more than a speech said to appease them.

But... Even so...They could not stop the feeling blooming in their heart.

All of them clamored, excited, and shouted alongside the prince.

Even so, deep down, many of them felt fear.

Those with experience knew very well that nobles always put their well-being first and when a war started, the ones who suffered were the poor citizens. Not the noble.

As if he could hear them, the prince smiled,

“I address this message to all nobles of my beautiful Kingdom.”

The nobles who had been scoffing as they looked at the stupid peasants who were shouting and crying were startled.

“This war will be fought by us all.”

His voice was low now, filled with threats,

“Once again, I, hereby declare — All nobles who increase the taxes during those tirings time will be demoted by one rank.”

The nobles opened their eyes wide. But it wasn't the end.

“All nobles refuse to participate in the war or conscript anyone against their wills. Will be demoted by two ranks.”

Finally,

“All nobles who refuse the punishment as dictated will automatically lose their noble rank and become commoners. That is all.”

The screen went dark and the projection stopped.

The nobles were speechless. They could not understand what the prince was doing.

Lustburg was a large country. Too large for one king to rule effectively all parts of it. Even more in times of war.

Was the prince not worried about them rebelling and joining Wratharis? After all, even though humans could not hurt the King directly, there was no obligation that forced them to be loyal.

Commoners cheered. Understanding that Sol would be a king who cared for the people.

But Old nobles snorted. Those who had been acting like kings in their territories seethed.

The Kingdom fell into a strange state of calm. But great undercurrents were moving everywhere.

Meanwhile, Back in the Royal Capital, the one who had made such a provoking speech was looking down between his a beautiful cow-horned maid unbuttoned his pant.

Sol closed his eyes as he felt his lower part being engulfed in Milia's moist lips and released a sigh,

Even though it was only through a screen and he had not been able to see the reaction, his heart had been beating like never before as he spouted bullshit after bullshit with no hesitation.

He would have never thought that speaking like this to millions of citizens could give such a rush. A mixture of feeling between stress, anticipation and feeling of power.

Sol finally understood one of the reasons why Politicians in his world liked power so much.

### [Son of the Hero King](#)

#### **Chapter 439: CH 403:JUST A PLAY**

Closing his eyes, Sol leaked a groan when he felt Milia's tongue gently wrap around his hardened shaft.

As always, she was neither clumsy nor forceful with her action. She gave him an all-encompassing feeling of being taken care of and spoiled.

When he was with her, he didn't have to take the lead or act strong. He simply had to let her do as she wished. Which was to bring him as much pleasure as possible.

In the end, he grabbed her by the horns as he released his seed inside her mouth. A small smile formed at the corner of her mouth and her throat moved as she gulped down the load without even a frown. Even more so she sucked even more, as if she wished to bring out all the sperm in had.

When Sol finally finished his long ejaculation, Milia opened her mouth wide, showing that there was nothing on her tongue. She had swallowed everything.

Sol caressed her head with a sigh, "I am always helpless in front of you."

A mischievous smile formed on her face as she stood up and gave an elegant bow. Watching her like this, one would never guess that the prime and proper maid standing here was in fact a woman who could make the most vulgar actions as long as it was for her beloved.

"I am always happy to serve."

Sol grinned, "Thanks I really needed it."

He then closed his eyes for a while, "Well, enough playing around. I am sorry that we can't go all the way now. But it would be quite disrespectful to go to the meeting while reeking of sex."

"Then, I hope I will have my rewards tonight."

She gave a coy smile, arranged her hair, and bowed before walking toward the door of the throne room.

Giving one last glance and seeing him nod, she opened the door wide and stood aside. On the other side, stood three people, Athena Highland, Arachne Milaris, and Hermes Travers. Two Dukes and the representative of the most loyal ducal family.

"You can enter."

The three advanced and once they reached the middle of the room, went on a knee. Since they were dukes—Or represented one, the three of them did not have to kneel to a crown prince.

"We greet Your Highness."

But all the people here knew very well that Sol was already the King in all but name. The entire Tower of Babel was already under his control and Lilith had never contested his hegemony.

They had also worked with him enough to know him and respect his power.

"You can rise."

Sol sat languidly on his throne. For him, it was simply because he was lethargic after releasing his load. But all the Dukes could feel was simply a clear show of power. But none of them summoned the slightest ill will.

Athena had already considered Sol as her king. Milaris simply did not care much and as for Hermes, Sol had reached a level so beyond him that even standing here made his instincts scream in terror.

Once the three rose, they all hesitated a little before finally Athena spoke. She was the youngest and the one with the lowest rank here so it was her job to do so.

"Your Highness..."

She hesitated a little but Sol grinned and cut her misery, "Are you here about my announcement?"

Athena sighed, "Indeed. For the last two weeks, we have talked about war and adequate preparation. But nowhere did we talk about the second part of your announcement."

She was ready to receive remonstrance. After all, a king did not need to inform them before doing anything.

"Indeed you are right and I apologize for that."

"Your highness!?"

Athena took a few steps, "We don't dare, we did not come to ask for apologies."

'Haha, how fun.'

Sol really found it funny how people reacted differently when he made unexpected moves such as apologizing.

This was normal. The weight of one word depended on your position. The apology of a King and that of a peasant were incomparable.

But this was a serious moment, "Okay, enough teasing. To be honest I am not really happy with the current state of Lustburg."

He waved his hand and Milia approached with a stack of paper, giving it to the three,

"This is a summary of the information my secretary managed to assemble. As you can see...Well Lustburg is bleeding money."

"Your highness—"

"Stop. Duke Travers, I am not accusing you of embezzling. But it's a fact that even though we managed to wipe out the few majors traitors, the kingdom is still full of parasites that need to be exterminated."

He sighed and leaned back on his throne, "I am not so naive as to search for a completely clean kingdom. This would be impossible without mind manipulating all the Kingdom. But I am not interested in doing this."

The three shivered a little. Even Arachne who had been mostly indifferent didn't miss the meaning behind his words.

It wasn't about him being unable to manipulate everyone. Simply being unwilling.

Sol ignored them and continued, "Take a look at page four for example. My father had established many rules about the caretaking of slaves. Even personal slaves are eventually the property of the state and as much must be treated like servants rather than being with no rights. Furthermore, children of slaves are given free citizen status. But, it's clear many people are not respecting these rules."

"I have been asking myself, why are those people not doing as demanded? Some do not even try to hide the atrocity they commit. Why does this happen? Then I came to answer."

Sol gave a chilly smile, "They why doesn't matter. Those who do not listen can be punished. But for those who toe past the bottom line—"

He passed his thumb over his neck, "Death penalty."

A chilling air seemed to sweep past them.

"Your highness....Do you wish to become like the Blood Queen?"

The Blood Queen, Venus. She was, of course, one of Sol's ancestors and during her era Lustburg had observed the highest number of execution.

It was the era where the nobles were the most repressed. But it was also the era where Lustburg faced the most disturbance. After all, the King could not govern the Kingdom alone. Nor could she fight on all fronts.



“The Blood Queen... hum.”

Sol remembered his discussion with Lilith during their first date which ended with a visit to the cemetery. The Blood Queen was also the one who had introduced the development of Sweets and Ice cream of all kinds.

It was funny how such a woman could be considered a blood thirsty monster. But this mostly stemmed from her control over blood after she signed a contract with a powerful vampire.

“Don’t worry. My goal is not to massacre indiscriminately. All I need is a just cause.”

Hermes, bit his tongue, “So your announcement.”

“Public sentiment is easily swayed. Now I am the just and naive King who side with the common people and the nobles are the evils bastards who don't even fight and steal their taxes.”

He shrugged, “From now on, I just have to manipulate public sentiment until everyone is on my side.”

A smile formed on his face, “All humans have a mentality of Us vs Everyone else. Once this mentality is created. Then everything will be easier.”

Athena gave a bitter smile. She remembered the somewhat clumsy but kind young and prideful young man she meet not long ago during the Duke's visit.

The same young man was now coldly talking about executing a large number of people if they did not follow his will while using the sentiment of respect the populace had for him with no hesitation.

It was hard to put his past image and the current one together. The difference was simply too great.

As a King, this was surely an admirable growth. But Athena couldn’t help but feel a little lost.

### **Son of the Hero King**

#### **Chapter 440: CH 404: MAKE THE FIRST MOVE**

After he finished informing the Dukes about his plans, Sol found himself once again alone with Milia.

“Do you think I am wrong?”

“Whether you are right or wrong does not matter now. A king's words cannot be taken back. Otherwise, he would lose all respect. Our job is to make sure your vision sees the light and to take care of anything that will stand in between.”

Milia looked up at Sol sitting on his throne with a fervent gaze. Her loyalty for the young prince knew no bounds and she would sooner kill everyone than let someone stop him from accomplishing his dream.

Of course, she knew that she couldn’t just be a Yes woman.

“The situation of Lustburg is very unstable currently and executing even more nobles will make the situation even more complicated.”

“I know. But this is the result of stagnation. There has been no major change in the Nobility since my great-grandfather. This led many nobles to see themselves as superior beings. This cannot continue.”

Sol ultimate main goal currently was the conquest of the world. But this didn't just stop at the military. A true conquest involved control over all states and for that, competent subordinates were necessary.

"With the Royal examination, I will be able to pump some new blood; By the time they are ready, they will be working on a much bigger scale. As for the current war, it's perfect to take some of Wrathari's territory under our control. Once we beat Wratharis, others will be a little warier but it doesn't matter."

His plan was pretty simple. Conquer wratharis and make it a vassal state. Use the land to reward the new nobles. Take the lands from old nobles as rewards for a select few he wants to have in his faction and completely reshuffles the order in Lustburg.

This was going to be long works so he needed very competent subordinates.

"How's the situation with Isis?"

"We are testing the new implementation. But many workers admit being uncomfortable working with the undead."

"Don't need to tell them they are undead. Say they are holy warriors or something of the like. Either way, her undead are clad in armor and holy energy so no one can guess without being told. Is there any other problem?"

"The undead shine greatly when used for simple labor. But their self-awareness seems relatively small. I doubt we can use them for the administration. The King-ranked undead is stronger and more self-aware. Able to think and act by themselves but from what she said, since they are not natural undead, she needs to constantly use her energy to keep them activated."

"I see. I guess this is too bad. We will have to wait until she becomes a Kind rank to see the result."

Milia gave a rueful smile. Clearly, in Sol's eyes, the king rank was just a mere formality for Isis. Then again she couldn't say much against this. Simply being able to use the King rank undead made a difference in power so clear it was startling.

Isis was in a completely different level and the same went for Sol.

Milia sighed. In her case, she did not feel much inferiority. She knew very well that Sol still needed her. But, the image of a blue-haired wolf flashed in her mind

'I wonder if she is alright.'

---

Setsuna was not alright.

The speech Sol had just given had been transmitted in all Lustburg and of course, the Capital was no exception.

War against Wratharis was becoming a reality.

Her people would bleed and die, her kingdom would suffer. All that, because of a usurper. A tyrant without honor. A man who should have never obtained the mantle of King.

No matter how she looked at it. Wratharis had absolutely no reason to fight Lustburg right now.

It was nothing more than a desire for conquest or petty vanity.

“Damn this...”

Thunder roared alongside Setsuna as she swung her sword, creating a clear path.

But the weight on her heart could not vanish with just this.

She hated her own powerlessness more than anyone.

‘In the end, what do I truly want?’

She was lost and confused. Her sword moved but her mind was not with it.

“Stop.”

Setsuna stopped moving her sword. Her head was covered in perspiration and her chest heaved up with difficulty.

She had been swinging her swords for hours now and it was showing.

“I am not much of a swordsman but I know those attacks were lacking.”

Kali, unfortunately back to her maid attire rose an eyebrow as she spoke to Setsuna.

“I guess you are distracted now.”

“I am sorry.”

“Don’t be. It’s understandable. Either way, we reached a plateau and the only way for you to break through it is to either awaken your blood and reach Rank S or become a Duke.”

Setsuna bit her lips. Neither of them was easy.

“Normally going back to your original race. Calamity wolf should only be possible after you become a demigod.”

Once someone becomes a demigod, they would be able to become a partial energy being and have to rearrange their body structures.

This was the ‘easiest’ and most straightforward way. But it was different for mutants like Setsuna.

“You are a rare Storm wolf. The highest possible variant of Blue wolf. So the blood of Fenrir should be pretty strong in you. All you need is something to induce it.”

That something was a great understanding of the bloodline power. By becoming more adept in handling power, one could reach greater heights.

“Don’t be mistaken Setsuna. You may be using a sword. But you are not a pure swordswoman like Lilith. Lilin understood that and found her way. Nor it’s your turn.”

Simply using the sword did not make you a true swordsman. Of course, Kali knew that using Lilith as a comparison was absurd. If the only way to be seen as a swordsman was to follow Lilith's path, then no one else could obtain the title.

A swordsman was someone who followed the path of the sword and made everything else secondary.

"For you. The sword is secondary and elements are necessary."

Of course, being variants like Setsuna did not assure evolution. Pandora for example was also a variant of Succubi as she was of royal blood. But she was far from becoming a True Demon.

"Well. Now I believe there is a third way."

Setsuna rose her head in a hurry. "What do you mean?"

Kali shrugged, "You should ask your prince. I believe it's time for you two to sign a contract. Don't you think so?"

Kali had seen what Sold did when they were saving Lilith. Even now, she could not believe what she had witnessed.

The advent of a new race or the variant of Humanity. Like Witches. A superior race that had access to power humans did not normally have.

If witches were humans who could use magic as easily as some divine beasts, then Lilith's new races were humans whose physical bodies were not inferior to divine beasts.

It had been jaw-dropping. Sol had said that he could not do something like this again since he didn't have divinity. But this also meant that once he officially became a demigod, he might be even more terrifying.

"So, what do you think? Gonna sign your contract?"

Setsuna clenched her fists, "I...This has always been my dream."

She had dedicated her sword and her life to Sol long ago. So signing a contract with him would be a dream come true.

But,

"Does he even still want me?"

Isis was so much more superior. Her chance of becoming a Rank S in quality were low. But Isis was beyond that. Wouldn't taking a more divine beast as a contract be more useful than her weak self?

"I mean...If you are curious why don't you just go ask him?"

"It...It isn't easy."

If there was something that Kali hated more than anything, it was extended drama born from a misunderstanding;

"It is. You are just too scared to do it."

Kali shrugged, "We will stop here."

Kali waved her hand as she walked away, "My advice is. Take Sol for some time outside. Have fun or something and ask him. You two need to spend more time together anyway. Don't you think so?"

Now alone in the garden when she trained. Setsuna gazed at the sky thoughtfully.

Whether she was too weak or not, worrying endlessly alone would not change her situation and in fact, might make it worse.

She clenched her fists a few moments before nodding,

"Let's do it today."

Setsuna gathered her courage and moved toward the interior of the tower. This time she planned to make clear her current situation with Sol.

But first...She had to take a bath.